

## WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG, LAD.

When all the world is young, lad,  
And all the trees are green;  
And every goose a swan, lad,  
And every lass a queen;  
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,  
And round the world away;  
Young blood must have its course, lad,  
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,  
And all the trees are brown;  
And all the sport is stale, lad,  
And all the wheels run down;  
Creep home and take your place there,  
The spirit and the maid among;  
God grant you find one face there  
You loved when all was young.

## HIS UNCLE'S CHOICE.

If there was anyone in the world that old Mr. Mortimer loved, it was his handsome nephew Harry, and if there was any one thing that was the desire of his heart above another, it was that his nephew should marry to suit him, and at least five years had been spent in the search for some one good enough in all respects for his boy.

He was rich, old Mr. Mortimer, and besides Harry there was no one in the world to come into possession of all the immense estates.

"And if you suit me, my boy, in the choice of a wife, you shall have every farthing I leave. If you'll marry to suit me, you and your wife shall live in luxury and elegance. If you don't—but you are no fool, Harry."

And until Harry Mortimer was 25 he thought it was the easiest thing in the world to keep in Uncle Jasper's good graces. And then, as the fates would have it, he fell in love with Miriam Langton—a lovely, blue-eyed, golden-haired little girl, with a complexion like a sun-ripened peach and lips so sweet for kissing.

But she was poor and obscure, and a veritable nobody so far as social position went. And of all things Harry knew his uncle most desired him to make a most magnificent match, which the handsome fellow's attractiveness of manner, and the Mortimer wealth to back him, made an easy matter.

Brave, bold and honest, Harry went at once to his uncle.

"Uncle Jasper, his come at last. I'm in love!"

"In love! In love with whom?"

And for all there instantly came a thunderous look on Mr. Mortimer's forehead and eyes, Harry went grandly on:

"The sweetest girl, the prettiest little lady you ever saw. Uncle, she's lovely enough to captivate even you."

"Humph! I don't know that I'm so obstinate as to require any extra amount of attractiveness to please me. I'm not a stick, not a rock, for all I never married. Who is she—this divinity of yours?"

"The sweetest name—Miriam Langton."

And Harry pronounced it tenderly and earnestly.

"Pretty enough name—but a name alone is not much! Who is she? Where does she live? What's she worth?"

And then Harry knew that the tug of war was at hand.

"Well, uncle, Miriam lives at the Hampton's. She's nursery governess, and she's poor as a church mouse, sir, and I'm in love with her."

Mr. Mortimer frowned.

"Then get out of love again just as soon as you can, for if you marry any other girl than the one I've picked out for you you know the consequences."

Harry looked at him.

"The girl you've picked out?"

"Just so—Miss Arabella Burr, worth a cool quarter of a million, and an orphan and a beauty. She is visiting from Liverpool now at the Browns'."

Talk about your sweetness and your loveliness, Miss Arabella's the handsomest girl I ever laid eyes on, and I'm a judge, Harry. Something of the blonde, you know."

Harry shook his head.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I had already made up my mind before I spoke to you. I know perfectly well what I resign for Miriam's sake; but, sir, I love her, and nothing would compensate me for the loss of her."

"Stuff and nonsense. At your age, too, when there's pretty faces to pick from everywhere. You are not going to be a fool, Harry—an ass, I was going to say. Put on your hat, and come up to Mrs. Brown's with me, and I'll convince you you can be mistaken in imagining there's but one pair of eyes in the world for you. I'll guarantee that one glance from Miss Arabella's eyes will settle you. I've seen her, you know, at a distance, and she's—Well, come and see for yourself."

Harry laughed as he took up his hat.

"Of course I'll go. I never could resist the temptation of looking at a pretty girl. But I tell you, it's no use, I'm going to marry my little Miriam."

And for all Mr. Mortimer's face became very flushed, and his eyes angry, and his forehead full of deep wrinkly frowns, he did not say much more upon the subject while they were walking down towards the avenue.

But Mrs. Brown was not at home when they arrived there, and Mr. Mortimer was forced to be content with simply leaving their cards.

"Unless you wish to see Miss Burr, sir, she is at home in the back parlor."

But Mr. Mortimer had not as yet had the great happiness of an introduction to Miss Burr, and so he was obliged to murmur something about "some other time," and "regrets and pleasures."

Nevertheless, as they passed the rose-hung windows, where the lace curtains swayed to and fro in a soft,

perfumy breeze, Mr. Mortimer could not resist a glance into the precincts of the back parlor, and having looked, he nudged Hardy's arm delightedly.

There she is now! Take a good look at her! See her? Sitting by the back window, with her hair all crinkly and puffy. Ain't she a beauty? Did you ever see a finer turned shoulder in your life? Bless me! It makes me wish I was 20 years younger! Wouldn't I enter the lists and cut you out?"

But Harry made no answer. He stood staring at the lovely, graceful figure, with the golden hair lying loosely on the shoulders, and a tiny spray of blue hyacinths nestling among the glossy tresses.

"Is that Miss Burr? Are you sure it is she?"

"Am I fool or am I? I'm not purblind yet that I know of, if I am rising 70. Is it Miss Burr? Yes, it is—the girl I've picked out for you to make my niece."

They walked away together. Harry unusually quiet while Uncle Mortimer talked vigorously.

"Will you marry her—that's the question? Yes or no. Consider it well, Harry—a beautiful, ladylike, educated wife, with a fortune beside herself, my blessing and favor, and a luxurious, happy home, with no wish ungratified. Yachting, summer residence at the seaside, continental travel when you wish—everything, and that lovely girl for your own. Or—"

And the ominous silence was sufficient description for the reverse side of the picture. Then Harry laughed.

"If you wish me to marry that beautiful girl you showed me I'll do it. She has captivated me already."

And old Mr. Mortimer slapped Harry's shoulder heartily.

"Bless the boy! I knew he hadn't an idea what a darling she was. Now go ahead! Mrs. Brown and I have talked it over, and the lady herself is willing to meet you. All you've to do is an easy walkover. Tomorrow I'm off on a visit to the cape for three months. And when I come back I'd like to bring you a bride a wedding present—eh, Harry?"

"It shall not be my fault, Uncle Mortimer."

And while Jasper Mortimer was chuckling as he rode along in the trap 24 hours later Mr. Harry was sitting in Mrs. Brown's back parlor on a gray and crimson satin sofa, with his arm around the waist of the beautiful girl his uncle had pointed out to him.

"I never was so surprised in all my life as when he insisted upon it that you were Miss Burr, my darling! Even now I can hardly realize that it is you, my own little dear, domesticated with Mrs. Brown as companion."

Miriam lifted her lovely face to her newly engaged lover.

"I hadn't been here two hours, Harry, when your cards were left, and Miss Burr had only gone out of the room a moment before. There really is a general resemblance between her and me, which accounts for the mistake your uncle made."

Harry kissed the red lips.

"And what a grand mistake it was Miriam! He ordered me to marry you, and I shall obey his orders—inside of three months, too. Oh, yes, you need not look so startled, because it must be as he says, and as I wish, my darling. We will take Miss Burr and Mrs. Brown into our confidence, shall we?"

And a grand secret they all found it—even pretty, insipid, good-natured Miss Burr, who was enchanted by the romantic turn things had taken.

So the weeks went on, and a few days before it was time for Mr. Mortimer to be home he received a letter from Harry stating that his one wish was accomplished—he had that morning been married to the young lady whom his uncle had chosen and shown him, and that he would welcome him in his own house on his return.

Mr. Mortimer found his house brilliantly lighted when he reached it, early in the dusk of an autumn evening, and in the exquisitely decorated drawing room Harry met him, with his beautiful bride on his arm, blushing, smiling, lovely as a picture.

Mr. Mortimer kissed her rapturously.

"My dear, I am very happy to see you here. Harry has done the most sensible thing he ever did. Welcome, my children! My dear, you will accept this as my gift to you?"

And he handed Miriam a check for thousand pounds, just as Mrs. Brown and a pretty, fair-haired girl in trailing black silk and diamonds swept into the room.

"We are very glad to see you, Mr. Mortimer. Allow me to present my niece, Miss Arabella Burr!"

And instead of returning Miss Burr's bow Uncle Jasper stared like one who is transfixed with amazement.

"Miss—who? Miss—who?"

"Miss Burr, my niece. You remember—"

"Then, who the dickens is this?"

He waved his hand wildly toward Miriam.

Harry stepped forward.

"My wife, formerly Miss Miriam Langton, sir—the young lady you pointed out to me in Mrs. Brown's house and requested me to marry."

And Miriam sprang forward laying her lovely little hands on the old gentleman's sleeve, and lifting her eyes pleadingly to his face, looking so sweet, so enchanting, that even an anchorite would have felt his pulses stir at sight of her.

"Please forgive him, sir—please do! It was all my fault. I—I love him, and—"

For one minute Uncle Jasper struggled against the influence of her beauty and sweetness—for one minute he was full of wrath—and then he granted and said, "Humph!" and sighed lugubriously.

Then he smiled down in Miriam's upturned pleading face.

"Well, my dear, you are pretty, and no mistake, and I'll be hanged if I wonder at Harry's imposition on me. Your fault? Bless your sweet face, give me a second kiss! There children, we'll all live together, eh, until Miriam—that's your name isn't it?—decides what she will do with her check."

And so Harry Mortimer and his fair bride were happy, and Uncle Jasper never tires of telling them always to "obey orders" even if it "breaks owners," which in this case—well, Miriam often wonders who owns her, Harry or old Uncle Jasper, so much does he love and depend upon her.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## TEA AS AN ACTIVE POISON.

Its Characteristic Element Kills Cats and Rabbits in a Laboratory.

Tea tipping has become the fashionable dissipation. We have borrowed the habit from England. Over 80,000,000 pounds of tea is consumed each year in the United States. Women with overtaxed nerves are the great consumers.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg declares that tea is an active poison—that its active principal, a substance called thein, which can be distilled from tea in a dry report, is fatal to life.

The thein in tea is about 6 per cent. of the total bulk. Experiments have proved that about one-eighth of a grain of it will kill a rabbit and 7 1/2 grains will kill a cat. In one pound of tea there is an ounce of poison—enough to kill 50 cats.

Ten grains of them will make a man ill and a half ounce of tea contains from 10 to 16 grains.

Professor Lehmann, a German physician, gave several men from eight to 10 grains of thein each by way of experiment. None of them was able to work for two days.

There are tea drunkards. There have been cases of delirium tremens from tea drinking. By chewing tea leaves people can become thoroughly intoxicated.

The woman who is tired takes a cup of tea and is relieved of her weariness. But the sensation of weariness is a danger signal. Under the influence of a stimulant she does not know when she goes beyond the limits of safe exertion. Tea is a drug, not a food.

Not only does tea contain no nourishment, but it interferes with digestion. The craving for it is not natural—as is the desire for food. Taste must become vitiated by its habitual use before it becomes an apparent necessity. Children drink it for the cream and sugar, older people for the effect.

Every one knows that tea contains tannin. Add a little iron to tea and it becomes black. Tea made in an iron kettle is as black as ink. Even stirring a strong cup of tea with an iron spoon will make it turn black. The combination of the tannin of the tea with iron makes ink. Leather is made by soaking hides in a decoction of bark which contains tannin.

A man who eats a beefsteak and drinks a cup of tea starts a leather manufactory in his own stomach, for the tea, combining with the connective tissue of the steak, soon transforms it into strong leather.

To prove this, soak a piece of beefsteak in a cup of strong tea for half an hour. At the end of that time the steak will be so tough that it will be impossible to chew it.

Not only is tea a hindrance to the digestion of fats and albuminoids, but it prevents the digestion of starch. Saliva digests starch, and the tannin contained in tea hinders the production of saliva.

The 5 o'clock tea table has become a social evil. The prevalence of tea drinking is due to the fact that women are trying to do more than their strength will permit. When their energy is exhausted they turn to tea. But the habit is spreading among men.

If that were not the case the consumption of tea in this country would not amount to about \$9,000,000 per annum.—New York Journal.

## A New Kind of Fly.

An astonished, but apparently satisfied spider was one upon which a gentleman recently made an experiment. The result of his investigations is told in Public Opinion:

While watching some spiders one day, it occurred to him to try what effect the sound of a tuning fork would have upon them. He had a strong suspicion that they would take it for the buzzing of a fly. Selecting a large, fat spider, that had long been feasting on flies, he sounded the fork and touched a thread of the spider's web.

The owner was at one edge of his web and the thread selected was on the other side. Over his wonderful telephone wires the buzzing sound was conveyed to the watching spider, but from his position he could not tell along which particular line the sound was traveling.

He ran to the centre of the web in hot haste, and felt all around until he touched the thread against the other end of which the fork was sounding.

Then, taking another thread along with him, as a precautionary measure, he ran out to the fork and sprang upon it.

At this point he found out his mistake. He retreated for a short distance, and stopped to survey this new buzzing creature which should have been a fly, but strangely unlike any insect he had ever seen. At length, apparently convinced that the object at the outer edge of his web was more suitable for amusement than for an article of diet, he got on it again and danced with pleasure. It was evident that the sound of the fork was music to him.

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

A railway is to be constructed from Damascus to Mecca in order that pilgrims may be saved from a sea voyage. It is proposed that the line shall be built by soldiers.

Wasps eat honey, honey dew and the juice of fruits, but they also are carnivorous and live largely upon other insects. Pollen of flowers they are not supposed to use.

At one place in England, at least, slates are washed twice a day with a disinfecting fluid. The slates of children should be carefully inspected and great attention should be paid to the sponges with which they clean them.

Irrigation is of the utmost importance in Persia, as cultivation depends upon it, and water is extremely dear. It has been suggested that artesian well manufacturers might find an excellent opening once that the success of these wells was assured.

The application of scientific irrigation methods has recently given a new development to rice culture in south-western Louisiana, as explained in a bulletin of the department of agriculture. Rice requires wet lands, but on such lands harvesting machinery cannot be used. The difficulty has been met by flooding the dry practice lands during the growth of the rice, and then draining them by a system of pumps, canals and levees, when the crop is nearly ripe. On the drained sands it is possible to use reapers to harvest the rice; thus the cheap labor employed in foreign rice-growing can be met by American machinery.

The application of the turbine principle to the motor machinery of ships has achieved another triumph in the case of the British torpedo-boat destroyer, Viper. At a recent meeting of the engineers at the Royal Institution in London some interesting facts concerning the surprising speed of the Viper were discussed. On her second preliminary trial she attained a speed of 35.5 knots, equal to nearly 41 statute miles per hour. This is as great a speed as that of many express trains, and if it could be developed in a great passenger ship and maintained continuously would cut down the time needed to cross the Atlantic by about three days. When running either slowly or at top speed the Viper experiences little vibration, and it is anticipated that she will eventually surpass her own record.

The balloons used by the English army are different from those of other nations, gold-beater's skin being employed in their construction instead of oiled silk, it being much lighter, and much more impermeable. The envelope of 10,000 cubic feet capacity weighs but 100 pounds, and the complete weight of balloon and appliances ready to lift two observers is less than 200 pounds. The cable which connects the balloon with the ground weighs 87 pounds for a length of 550 yards. To inflate the balloons hydrogen is employed, and it is carried compressed in steel cylinders for use when desired, this method having been adopted in preference to generating the gas on the spot with chemicals. These reservoirs form the heaviest part of the equipment, as cylinders for one charge weigh 2 3/4 tons.

## An Inventor's Remarkable Luck.

Speaking of Bell's telephone, it is not generally known that he came near losing all his English patent rights and would have done so, but for a most remarkable piece of luck. At the time of the telephone's invention Lord Kelvin was in this country and he took back with him to Scotland one of the crude instruments which Bell had made, intending to exhibit it to his college classes as an American curiosity. At that time the transmitter had a spiral spring on the upper side, and while the model was knocking about among the scientist's baggage in its journey across the ocean this spring somehow got bent upward. When Lord Kelvin came to give the promised exhibition the thing would not work, because the spring was bent up too much. It is almost impossible to believe, but it is nevertheless a fact, that it never occurred to the giant intellect of this great scientist to press that spring down again and he had to apologize to his audience for the failure of the much advertised experiment. A publication previous to application for a patent is a bar in England, and when the great trial to settle the validity of the Bell patents came up over there it was sought to prove that there had been no publication in this lecture because the model would not work. Had Lord Kelvin pressed down that little spring and shown those Scotch laddies how the telephone worked it would have cost the Bell company many millions of dollars and made telephones very cheap in England.—New York Sun.

## A Mother's Faith.

During a recent visit to Chicago Dr. Robert Collyer told how his mother had heard him preach for the first time in her life at Leeds 35 years ago, and walked proudly away from the church on his arm. Looking fondly at him, she said: "I'm not sure, lad, that I understood thy sermon this morning, and I'm not sure I would have believed it if I had, but make sure, lad, I believe in thee."—Argonaut.

According to a German newspaper, there are at present in Europe 71 marriageable princesses and only 47 marriageable princes.

## WAYS OF KEEPING COOL.

Attention Should Be Given to the Arrangement of Living Rooms.

Not every one can flee from the summer heat, but the many may easily increase their comfort by a little judicious preparation.

As early as possible in summer carpets and large rugs should be sent to the cleaner's, then packed away in camphor for the season, and matting substituted for floor covering. The imagination plays such a strong part in the affairs of life that the mere appearance of the soft green and yellow of the matting makes one feel cooler. Small rugs may be placed before seats, as some persons are sensitive to the chill of the matting. Such rugs can be shaken every day, and thus kept free from dust and the possible germs that float so freely in the atmosphere during the summer.

The next point of importance is the covering of all upholstered furniture with cotton covers. Here again is relief to both body and mind. The fabric to be used is not necessarily the old-fashioned linen crash that had, it must be admitted, a somewhat funereal appearance. Art denims, so called, are used generally now as covers, and may be chosen in soft, cool colorings to harmonize with the matting.

A charming room seen lately had blue and white matting and furniture covers of blue denim, with decorative printed design of white fleur-de-lis, conventionalized. The lace and damask window hangings were replaced by blue and white muslin draperies that could be removed and laundered easily through the summer. Narrow window boxes on the outer ledge were filled with geraniums and other freely blossoming plants, while a large palm in a huge blue and green jardiniere stood in the middle of the bow inside. From each end of the window boxes a slender cord was carried up to the top of the window and across, and on this nasturtium vines clambered, framing the windows in green.

Even the pictures were made to minister to the idea of coolness; the brilliant and sunny sketches of Moorish houses and Mediterranean boats under dazzling blue sky, that seem so full of light and warmth in winter, were banished to another room, and on the walls of this "summer parlor" were New England snow scenes and dim forest interiors, infinitely restful and refreshing to look at on a sultry summer day.

Much of the dainty bric-a-brac that was the pride of the housemother's heart in winter was put away and the whole suggestion of the room was airy space. Even the multitudinous cushions on the broad divan were divested of their plush and velvet coverings and encased in India cottons and denims.

The electric fan is extending its friendly offices to the private house with encouraging rapidity. A few years ago it was reserved for business houses and restaurants, but now the electric fan may be installed in any home at a slight expense, and is a boon of the first magnitude.

Conspicuous among the "don'ts" of summer should be: "Don't shroud pictures in mosquito netting or muslin, as if in a cheap restaurant." If the flies are allowed such freedom as to endanger oil paintings and gilt frames—which ought not to be necessary—the best way is to remove such pictures from the wall, cover them carefully and put them safely in a closet. Then scatter the pictures that are left over wider spaces than they occupied before. If at first the walls seem bare, take comfort in the thought that in a day or two they will seem only cooler and more airy, and that when autumn comes there will be a new delight in recalling them to their places. Like old friends returned.—New York Tribune.

## A Persian Book Store.

In every big bazaar a certain number of shops are set apart for the sale of books. In these one finds the bookseller—in his long, dark, outer mantle and high, black, lamb-skin hat—seated on the floor, surrounded by his little stock in trade. The front of his shop is open like a butcher's, while his books are either arranged in shelves against the three walls or in heaps upon the floor. His collection usually consists of lithograph editions of Korans, school books, favorite poets and historians, but the assortment is limited. Besides those, hidden away in a corner, he often has one or two manuscripts which he has either bought as a speculation or is trying to dispose of for a friend.—The North American Review.

## The Discoverer of Johannesburg.

In a sense, the discoverer of Johannesburg, says the London Chronicle, was the late Sir Hercules Robinson (Lord Rosmead). Riding over the primeval Rand during his first sojourn in South Africa, he suddenly said to his companions: "There's gold underneath here, and plenty of it, too, if I'm not mistaken." He had previously been an Australian Governor for seven years, and his keen eye had detected certain superficial geological indications that carried his mind back to the gold fields of the Antipodes.

## Skating in Persia.

Capital skating is generally to be had in Teheran, Persia, at Christmas time, but the Persians have never taken keenly to the amusement. When the late Shah was alive he was so delighted with the performance of English residents on the ice that he got some skates for his Ministers, who were far too fearful of losing their heads to disobey his command to put them on. Their antics on the ice amused Nasr-ed-Din to such an extent that he nearly had an apoplectic fit.

The total number of compound locomotives built in the locomotive works of America is 1896 up to date.

## THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

My wife, she bought a cookin'-book that tells folks how to save the remnants of a simple meal—here's one receipt it gives:

"Th' dish is called 'The Poor Man's Friend,' which intimates that it is people short on money th' receipt had oughter hit."

Th' meat fr' th' foundation—jest a scanty ounce'll do— That does th' job th' nicest is th' kind from Irish stew. ('N' those small remnants that th' poor man allus throws away. His wife kin use ez corner-stones fr' coziness weath some day.)

Then take some fine spring chickens— this receipt'll call fr' three. (Which any poor man's larder kin supply 'at sight,' y' see). A pound uv homemade butter, 'n' some thyme 'n' celery, too. ('Fr'y' got to kill th' flavor in that ounce uv Irish stew.)

Y' place it on th' 'lectric range, inside a silver pan. Drop in a terrapin 'r two, a pa'ridge 'n' a quail. Then flavor it with celery salt 'n' epicure's bouquet. 'N' it's ready for th' table when it's simmered half a day.

Y' serve it 'n a golden dish, of one is kickin' round. 'N' garnish it with lotus buds—they add a charm 'n' color, too. 'N' workin' men sh'd thank their stars that this here book wuz writ On household economics, fer their case it's made to fit.

—Fred J. Eaton, in Truth.

## HUMOROUS.

Nell—They tell me the bride is quite gifted. Belle—Yes, indeed. I never saw so many presents.

"But seriously," said the moralist, "this is a funny world." "Laying all jokes aside," agreed the editor, "it is."

Ribbon Clerk—Your hair is parted just like the floorwalker's. Lace Clerk—Oh, no, mine is merely a counter-part.

"That," observed the duellist, after plinking his adversary in a carefully bloodless manner, "that is the pink of politeness."

"What makes you think their engagement will soon be announced?" "Well, the last time I called I saw her showing him her cooking class diploma."

The Benedict—I tell you, my boy, a wife is a great comfort. The Bachelor—Yes; it must be comforting to have some one to blame when things go wrong.

He decided that he'd win her. So he planned with insight grim That he'd pay her no attention— And she fell in love with him.

Deacon Goodly—Boys, don't you know that you shouldn't play ball on Sunday? Johnny Jones—Oh, that's all right, deacon, we ain't playing; we're practicing for tomorrow's game.

School Teacher—What little boy can tell me where is the home of the swallow? Bobby—I kin, please, School Teacher—Well, Bobby? Bobby—The home of the swallow is the stum-buck.

Mrs. Youngwife—I want to get some salad. Dealer—Yes, ma'am. How many heads? Mrs. Youngwife—Oh goodness! I thought you took the heads off! I just want plain chicken salad.

Smith—I understand you are working half time now. Jones—Yes, and loafing the other half. Smith—Well, working half the time is better than nothing. Jones—Yes, and half a loaf is better than none.

"And you think I married you for four money?" tearfully exclaimed young Mrs. Waxwing. "Why, Harold, you know I would have married you if you hadn't a cent—with the excellent prospects you had."

Ethel (perched on rear seat of tandem)—We're scorching, George. Aren't you afraid that policeman will see us? George (pumping away for dear life)—He? Not much. He never sees me. He's been owing me \$5 for more'n a year.

"Lady," said Harvard Hasbeen, "I'd thank you for a meal of some sort." "Ha!" remarked the bright house-keeper, "you're one of the after-dinner speakers." "Well, lady, I ain't that exactly or I wouldn't be so hungry. I ain't got as much as a chestnut about me."

## Where King Arthur Was Slain.

Lovers of our literature will assuredly not be backward in assisting to relieve the distress caused by the almost destruction of the little Cornish town of Camelot, because of intimate connection with the Arthurian tale, says the Westminster Gazette. It is not only that King Arthur's traditional castle of Tintagel is hard by, but that, according to no less an authority than Leland, the famous antiquary of the days of Henry VIII, "King Arthur our vector was there slain."

C Camden of Elizabethan times was not so sure on that point, though he admitted there were "certain verses in an unknown Poet living in the middle time, of Cambula"—now the river Camel—flowing with blood, shed in a battle of Arthur against Mordred; but he cautiously added: "In very deed (not to deny this of Arthur) I have read in Marlianus, that the Britons and Saxons fought in this a bloody battle, in the year of our Lord 825, so that this may seem a place consecrated to Mars."

This kind of "hedging," however, was not consonant with the idea of the contemporary historian Carew, who with precision declared that "A. D. 525, upon the river of Camel, near o Camelot, was that last dismal battle stroken between the noble King Arthur and his treacherous nephew Mordred, wherein the one took his death the other his death's wound."