## THE MARIPOSA WAR By ROY NORTON

HEY were both miners and owned claims on the same gulch, but were neither friends nor well acquainted: otherwise there probably would have been no Mariposa War, to pass down in district legend, even though it escaped

the light of school his-But there was a war, as any man in Mariposa will testify.

Bill Thompson stood six feet three in his stocking feet, and wasn't given to much conversation. He owned Number Four on Mariposa, had good ground, and worked it well. Jim Tipton owned Number Two on the same creek, but didn't work it, save for assessment, because he had another good piece of ground across the low divide, on Goldpan, where he held forth. They were about the same age, and neither of them had any bad habits-that is, so far as any one in the camp ever knew. Maybe this was one reason why they weren't well known. A man has to have some bad habits in order to be what is generally called "popular."

The war was caused by two women, a bulldog, and a claim. The claim was Number Three, on Mariposa, which stood between their stakelines, and had once been owned and worked by Old Bill Banks. Old Bill had a good piece of ground, a waterright, and a hydraulic plant. Being a man who preferred telling about what he was going to do in preference to showing what he had done, he got just about that far and quit. He died. His heirs put Number Three in the hands of an eastern agent, who has since changed his home address, and perhaps his name. Anyhow, it's a certainty he never came West, where several of the boys wanted to meet him and give him a reception. He knew the kind of reception it would be, and wasn't anxious.

One noon when the sun was shining, in the summer-time, and dust was on the trails, the stage from Burdick came rattling along and dumped out a woman together with several boxes and bundles, and she wasn't the kind the camp knew. She didn't look as if she cared for dancing. She talked for a minute with the proprietor of the Palace Hotel, which really wasn't a palace, and he called Bill Thompson over from where he had been throwing supplies on the back of a mountain buckboard he always had when getting an outfit.

"Bill," he said, "this is Miss Esmerelda Brown. She's bought Number Three, on Mariposa, and is goin' to be a neighbor of yours. Can't you give her a lift up the gulch?"

Bill wasn't much of a ladies' man, and at first didn't like the job; but she put out her hand and gave him one of those smiles that a woman never learns until she is at least thirty years old, and from that min ute she owned both Bill and the buck-

They drove away out through the shacks and tents and over the riverflat into the canon, and she talked and Bill said "Sho," or "Do teil," or anything else in the way of conversation that seemed polite and interesting; and before they had driven two miles he learned that she had sunk all her money in buying Number Three, had read in the Weekly Woman's Advisor, published at Page Center, Iowa, of how women made the best miners in the world, and so had come West to make her fortune. She was willing to stay till she made it, even if it did take a couple of months. Bill thought probably it would take that long, anyway. He didn't tell her he had been mining for twenty years,

and hadn't made it yet. They drove away past the flats, and up where the timber grows big, and fine, stately, and the farther they drove the more confidential she got and the more certain Bill was that she had quite a little to learn about the West. He tried to picture her in rubber boots holding the nozzle of a giant, but somehow it didn't seem to work. Bill didn't have much faith in the Weekly Woman's Advisor, at least, not as much as she had.

Finally, when the sun was setting and they swung round a bend to the cabin on Number Three, standing there with its door closed and almost surrounded by big tamaracks, she seemed a little awed by the lonesomeness of it, and the only comforting thing he could offer was that his cabin was just "up the gulch a little farther." Then she reciprocated by inviting him to come back down for dinner, and he, being polite, accepted. Besides, he was hungry.

When she first came up on the big bank above the cut and watched Bill swinging the nose of the hydraulic toward the face, or shifting the muck off bed-rock at the bottom, it seemed very fine. The swirling of the water and the ease with which he handled it appealed to her, as she sat down in a clump of wild daisies, but it gradually became borne in upon her that it wasn't exactly woman's work, although the editor of the Advisor, in a soul-inspiring editorial, had counseled her readers to "Take their true places in the world." She recalled. with some faintness, a poem in those same pages:

Sisters, let us all be up and doing; Let us take our places in the mines. Let us show the hulking men-folk We are not behind the times.

It had sounded rather inspiriting then when read at "The Woman's Saturday Advancement Club," but when put to the test its ringing turned to pitiable tinklings. She decided she would have to have help.

So it was that one night she took Bill's advice. He agreed to hire a man for her, let the man live at his cabin, and "kinder boss the job." The hiring wasn't easy, as men were scarce in those days in Mariposathat is, men who would work for daywages; but Bill hired an ancient miner whose chief claim to notice was that he complained about most everything in sight, from the way the willows grew on the creek to his daily rheumatism. They called him "Doc," because he had never been a doctor, but had taken more patent medicines than any other man on the Big Divide, and titles don't count much, after all in hydraulicking. That latter part he understood, and in a few days more there might be heard each morning the mighty rush of welldirected waters on Number Three.

Miss Esmerelda did learn one thing about mining, though. She knew how to clean up the sluices and treasure the gold that came in inviting yellow grains between the riffles. So, before long, affairs on Mariposa were prosperous and pleasant.

There came a day, as before, when the stage came up with a jerk before the Palace Hotel and as if in renetition dumped out another woman who didn't have much luggage and was not alone. She was accompanied by about the ugliest brindle bulldog that ever came west of the Rockles. She stepped out with a self-confident air, glowered unabashed at the men who gaped at her, and said to the proprietor of the Palace:

"Here, yr"! Hook onto them things and look lively! I'm Mrs. Mirandy Tibbets, and I've bought Number Three gold mine on a river called the Mariposa. Take them things inside till I find some one who ain't too lazy to take me up to my property."

She was business, all right, and she knew woman's rights and Mrs. Pinkham from A to Z. She made folks step around lively, and, partly because he was afraid of her, and partly because he didn't want to work, the landlord "sluffed her off" on Jim Tipton. She started in to boss Jim from the minute she met him, but, he wasn't the kind to oe bossed. sized her up critically, and decided, as he afterward said, that if she were "well halter-broke and taught not to tangle her picket-rope, she wouldn't be a bad one to own." So he called her down.

"Look here Mrs Mirandy" he said with his soft drawl. "I don't know nothin' about wimmen's rights, nor none of your guff on that line. You ain't got no soft snap buttin' up agin There's a woman a-workin Number Three now, an' she says she owns it. Ef you've got the goods, it's your'n. Ef you ain't you've been bunked, an' somebody's peddled you a brick. Now, let's git down to business."

That took her down some. She looked at Jim for a minute, as if she thought of sicking the dog on him, but he didn't look the kind to be afraid. They stared into each other's eyes for about a moment, and from then on she belonged to James Tipton. She was a widow, and understood men. After that they got on amicable terms, and it wasn't very long until Jim was involved in all the trouble about Number Three. He pacified her as best he could, and told her that on the following day he would take her up to the claim and try to get the tangle straightened out.

The sun was shining, the birds singing, and everything bright and gay, when they came up to Number Three on the following morning, heard the boom of the hydraulic, and the singing notes of a woman's voice. Doc was hard at work, grumbling to himself as usual, and Bill was just coming down the trail when the visitors arrived. It all looked peaceful and very little like war.

"Morning'," said Jim, after stopping his horses.

"Mornin'," answered Bill, coming to a halt and looking at them. He confessed after that he thought by the way Jim assumed proprietorship over the woman and the buildog that he

owned them both. Jim calmly climbed down from his buckboard, after throwing the reins to Mrs. Mirandy, and sauntered forward. The singing inside the cabin had stopped, and Esmerelda stood in the doorway, looking with wonderment on the meeting.

"Bill," began Jim, "there's somethin' crooked about this deal out here on Three. This here woman with me is Mrs. Mirandy Tibbets, and she's got a deed of sale for this mine. She's come

Bill stopped an instant, aghast. He recalled now that he had never seen any papers conveying the claim to Esmerelda, and suddenly it came over him strongly that he would hate to see her worsted in something on which she had set her heart and

wherein she was happy. He knew that it was none of his business, but, somehow, after all, it seemed his fight. He would run a bluff for Esmerelda.

"Oh, the girl that's here's got the papers, all right, Jim," he said. "She's got the papers. Besides, she's told me all about it, an' I know it's on the square. There ain't nobody got no rights to this claim but Esmerelda Brown."

Now, Jim Tipton was a man of strong opinions himself, and was of an inquiring turn of mind, needing to have proof for any assertion made with such confidence. The bluff didn't work, and before Bill could interfere he had turned to Esmerelda and asked to see the papers. Esmerelda, being truthful, at once said the papers were in a safe-deposit vault back in lowa.

"Bill," Jim said, "this ain't my funeral, but I reckon this girl ain't got no papers, and Mrs. Tibbets has. Sc this here girl's got to go."

Bill felt his hair raise. This was too much. First because he felt himself to be Esmerelda's only champion. and second, because Esmerelda's word had been doubted, which was beyond endurance. Big as he was, and, therefore, according to the rules of size, good-natured, he flashed out, like a piece of fuse that has been overdried. "Got to go, has she? Well, not

while I'm here, my bucko. She don't go till I say so, an' I ain't done none so much talkin' about it yet. I ain't a-huntin' trouble, but it's a-goin' to take an officer to show me why she's got to git off Number Three." He advanced as he talked, until he

faced Jim, who stood his ground

squarely and unafraid. It's probable

the war would have broken out then

had not Mrs. Mirandy, with good judg-

trouble that he couldn't sleep, and down in the camp Jim was entertained by Mrs. Tibbets until he was ready to die for her, if it came to a question of right and title.

Two days' armistice went by, Bill and Doc awaiting events and Jim puzzling his head over the advice of lawyers, who always wanted a little further time to look into the case, and used Latin terms which he couldn't understand. The next day he took a trip to his own claim, but instead of working, crawled up on the ridge to see what was doing on Mariposa. Everything was as usual, the trees standing silent, the shadows crawling with regularity along the below ripping and tearing away at

shanty, walked gloomily around the camp for a while, and decided to talk to his protegee. She had taken to tears by this time, and that strength. ened his resolution. He went to bed resolved that on the morrow he would end the law's delay, conduct the affair according to his own code, and force a settlement.

It was barely daylight when he rode up the Mariposa trail, followed

out and he saw his antagonist still unburt, he cursed his luck and turned back down the trail, knowing that in a mere physical contest he would be no match for that giant above, who was also hurrying to his cabin for more cartridges. So the war ended that day, and Jim went under the camp surgeon's care to wait until his

wounded arm healed. Four days of waiting passed on Number Three, in which time Bill carefully cleaned up his rifle each morning, and passed the day with Doc, who was a triffe inconvenienced from the effects of the bullet which had glanced along his skull but had brought no more serious injury. Then the mail came, bringing with it the missing deed for the property duly signed, attested and recorded back in lowa, and Bill felt greater confidence. This was broken in upon by the sher-

It was well along in the afternoon when the officer arrived with a posse sufficient to make it interesting for the most desperate man in the range. and by his side triumphantly rode Jim Tipton, with his arm in a sling. Bill grinned maliciously at this evidence of his marksmanship, and with a nonchalant air chewed a pine-spill as the posse came to a halt in front of the

"Rill." the sheriff opened, "I think you're on the wrong trail. I've come up here with the papers from the court, and if you want to see it I've got the deed givin' this Number Three to the Widder Tibbets. Guess you'll

Bill's expression of confidence wan-

"Deeds, deeds," he growled, in surprised tone. "If you've got a deed, Hank, I'd like to see it. We've got one, too.'

It was the officers' turn to be sur-

canon wall, and the big giant down the earth. This last was too much Jim hurried back across the divide and then down to the camp, where, on the following day, he expostulated with the lawyers. "I tell you," he said, banging his fist on the nearest table, "this law game's all right, but it ain't the way to handle a feller or a woman, either, that's jumped a claim. "Easy, easy," urged the lawyer. "Easy be damned! Can't you see they're a-workin' the mine all the time, and a gettin' out pay while cabin. you're cadgin' around here and doin' nothin'?" Then he tore madly out of the

have to hike."

ed, and he thought of his gun,

ception awaiting him.



"ESMERELDY," HE SAID, AND HIS VOICE WAS HUSKY.

ment, swooped down on Jim, pintoned his arms, and called a halt.

"Don't pay no attention to him," she said. "You just take me back to town where I can get at court, an' I'll show him something. I'll have the law on him-that's what I will."

And Jim, being under her arms, and a little surprised, and a little slow, allowed himself to be tolled off to the buckboard and back to camp

As the buckboard went wobbling off down the trail in a cloud of dust, Bill's big fists relaxed, and he turned toward the weeping girl in the doorway.

"Esmereldy," he said, and his voice was husky, "it ain't true, is it, that this woman beat you to it? You have got real papers, ain't you? You didn't et nobody skin you, did you? I ain't wantin' we do nothin' that ain't on the square. If you've got dockyments it's all well and good; but if you sin't. I'm ready to fight for you, anyhow, an' if they clean you out they'll have to take me in, too."

And then he tried to comfort her while she sobbed against his shoulder and assured him that she had the papers, and that if there was any mistake she didn't know what it could be.

That night Doc, swearing alternately at his rheumatism, womanfolk in general, and his horse, rode to Burdick, where he sent a telegram East for the missing deeds. Then he whipped a somewhat coarse jester, who wanted to know how the "petticoat" was that "bossed the work on Mariby the brindle bulldog, which had adopted him as a master and seemed pleased with the new partnership. They came to the cut first and found Doc with the stream working.

't's possible that there would have been an arbitration had not Doc been so peculiar. He pretended not to see Jim, but spotted the bulldog and switched the lever. There was one frightened yowl, and for one quick instant the air was filled with water and dog. The bull landed about 50 feet up the bank, caught his breath, tucked his tail between his legs, and made a speed record for the camp

But, in the meantime, things were

doing with Jim and Doc. Jim unlimbered a Colt's of antique but trustw "hy pattern, and his first shot brought Doc into the air sprawled out and quiet. The report had barely died away when there came another "Bang" from up the guich, where Bill had appeared on the scene. Jim felt his left arm go numb, and dropped to cover until he could see where the shot came from. Then the two combatants arose and blazed away at each other, but with bad aim because between them was a sheet of spraying water where the hydraulic was playing silvery sheets aimlessly into the air, heedless of the part it was taking in the little war.

Jim soon realized that he had made one mistake, that of not coming prepared for a long-range duel with no other ammunition than the cartridges in his gun. As his last shot blazed

prised. They hesitated, dismounted, and held a confab wherein the two documents were compared, and found to have been issued on the same date and recorded in two different places at the same hour.

Matters were growing complicated Jim and Eill had nothing to say, and the sheriff was puzzled. He looked at the two papers again, and softly swore at the agent who had sold the property twice for the same amounts of money, and with different sets of witnesses. It was too much for him.

"I reckon there ain't nothin' to do but to take both these documents back to the court," he finally said, "but I don't think it's a square deal for you to keep your giants a-workin' on the bank, Bill, until it's settled."

Bill was about to explain that there wasn't any power on earth that he knew of that would keep him from turning on the stream each day as long as he bossed the mine for Idamerelda, but she herself, white, trembling, and wanting to avoid trouble, silenced him, and assured the sheriff the pipes should rest.

It was up to the law now, the thing that took away property by means not understandable, and always left people poorer than when they started along its devious trails; but there was nothing else for it. The next day found the big miner in the camp, seeking legal advice for Esmerelda and burdened with forebodings and gloom. Like Jim, he felt himself hopelessly enmeshed as he turned homeward after his errand.

as gently as possible; and at about the same time Jim Tipton was ex- LITTLE FRENCH LAD PUTS AUSplaining his forebodings to the widow in the camp below. Then came several days of waiting, with nearly every one in the camp making bets as to which one of the

the determination to break the news

It was dusk when Bill rode up to DRUMMER OF ARCOLA

TRIAN ARMY TO FLIGHT.

Napoleon's Great Career Built Upon

Herole Episode Which Illustrates

Extraordinary Military Value

of Spirit-Stirring Drum.

There stands in the French town of

Cadenet, his native place, a monument

to the memory of "The Little Drum-

mer of Arcola," Andre Estienne, the

here of one of the most remantic eps

sodes in French history. It was an

episode that illustrated the extraordi-

what Othello called the "spirit-stirring

Bonaparte, hemmed in with a small

hours. On the second day of the fight-

ing the Austrians obtained such a po-

derously swept the bridge of Arcols,

which the French had gained, and

which they must hold if they expected

It was an unlooked-for movement

No officer was near, but Andre De-

tienne, the little drummer, was there.

He went to his sergeant and told him

that he should cross the bridge with

his drum, and beat it on the other

"But," protested the sergeant, "be-

fore you place one foot upon the

bridge you will be killed. No man on

earth could live on that bridge. How-

"Then swim across with your drum."

"Impossible!" returned Estienne.

Should the drum become water-soak-

ed, I could not beat it on the other

But the sergeant was equal to this

difficulty. Being himself a fine swim-

mer, he plunged into the water, bade

Andre mount upon his shoulders and

hold his drum clear of the water. In

this way the two crossed the river,

Andre beating his drum lustily all the

way. Once on the other side, he

pounded it in a way to well-nigh wake

the dead. The Austrians who were

massed near were nearly all raw re-

cruits. Hearing what they took to be

the drums of an advancing force of

French, and remembering the terrible

French onslaught of the day before,

they fled. This left the bridge clear,

and the French began to pour across.

Andre was joined by other drummers.

The Austrian flight became a rout.

The French swept on, with Andre Es-

tienne, still drumming at their head.

Years late Estienne's heroic act was

concourse of French officers and sol

No Chop Suev In China.

China," said the foreign agent, "and

chop suey. While seeing the sights

fact is that they don't eat chop suey

in China. An intelligent Chinaman

tells me that chop sucy is eaten only

by pigs, cats and Americans. It is the

American corruption of some Chinese

dish that probably was very good.

There is a legend to the effect that

it was invented by some practical

loker in San Francisco's Chinatown,

and from there is has spread over the

entire United States and most of Eu-

rope. Even London, Paris and Berlin

now have their chop sucy joints where

respectable natives go and consume

the stuff under the impression that

they are being wicked. Chinamen in

American tell me that chop suey is

eaten only by the poorer Chinese, who

order it in the dingler restaurants be-

Lark Now a Pest.

Assemblyman Struckenbruck, the

time to getting votes for his bill to

permit the shooting of meadow larks.

One of the strongest bits of evidence

pied a dishonored place among the ex-

Observation in the fields has also

ing up the farmers' grain to devote

the inspiration of rhymesters, has now

become an ordinary thief.

cause it is cheap."

hibits as a "pest."

"I have just come from a trip to

treating, utterly beaten.

diers.

"I can," said the drummer.

to win the battle.

ever, can you swim?"

side.

contestants would win out at the next encounter, and all expectant and argumentative.

The result of this was that pretty nearly every man in Mariposa had taken sides, and was ready if it came to a final settlement to enlist actively in the war. Sympathies were about evenly divided, and things were quiet at night because nearly all the partisans were busily engaged in the back ends of their cabins cleaning up nary military value, so often attested their weapons. It promised to be by the world's greatest generals, of warm.

Both Jim and the widow had disap drum." It may be said, curiously peared from the rude public gaze, and enough, that Napoleon Bonaparte's were said to have gone to Burdick to great career was built upon a drum. consult other lawyers. Bill was re for the battle of Arcola was won by ported to be too busy nursing Doc the beating of Estienne's drum, and and guarding Number Three to ap the Corsican himself always dated his pear in the camp; and only the bull- confidence in his own fortune from dog was left to howl dismally in an this battle, won in 1796. The circumimprovised kennel until his mistress stances were these: should call for him.

And in the meantime the lawyers army at Verona, between two greatly were busy, and fussy, and important, superior forces, sallied out at night. most of them being very young men made a forced march, and with 14,000 or very old men who had come to the men fell upon the rear of 50,000 Aus-West because their talents didn't trians. The battle lasted seventy-two seem to be in demand elsewhere.

The break came unexpectedly. A man on horseback, partisan of the sition that they completely and mur-Bill-Esmerelda faction, pulled up one afternoon in front of Bill's cabin and hailed. Bill came to the door and peered out, his fingers clutched on a rifle-barrel behind the door until he could recognize the character of re-

"Bill," the rider said, throwing one leg over the pommel of his saddle and dexterously rolling a cigarette, "Jim's back from up at Burdick, but he ain't got nothin' to say. He jest naterally came in on the stage with that widder of his'n, acted grouchy as usual, and pulled out with her for his

claim over on Goldpan." "Yes?" said Bill, emerging from the door and looking disconsolately at his friend.

"Thought I'd better come by an' tell you, so's you can keep on the lookout. No tellin' what'll happen next, now them lawyers is fightin'. "Lawyers fightin' now.

"Yes, they ve got into a row among emselves, each one in the camp claimin' he saw you an' Jim Arst. Three of 'em's dissolved partnership and are fightin' over which one the case belongs to." "Humph! Yes?"

"You see, Number Three's a good piece of ground, an' they kalkerlate there's fat pickin' comin' in somewhere when it gits to trial."

"Thanks, pal." And the door shut with a bang. This was the limit. Bill walked up and down and thought out a solution which resulted in a trip to camp by the now-recovered Dog on the following morning.

It was late on the following evening when Bill, contented and whist- Soon the whole Austrian force was reling, his mind made up, crashed through the brush on the hillside of Goldpan, and came cautiously down celebrated by being represented in into the flat in front of Jim's cabin. stone on the front of the Pantheon at He was wise as to the frontier, and Paris. The funeral of the little drumbeing on an errand of peace, came mer of Arcola was attended by a great med and ostentatiously whistling and swinging his idle hands.

Jim saw him, made a quick reach for his gun, and then slowly dropped his tingers away at the evident signs of amity. He advanced to meet his enemy, and waited quietly for him

to approach within speaking distance. I found everything to eat there except "Hello, there, Jim," said Bill, and, without waiting for a return of his in various Chinese cities I would occasalutation, continued: "I've got no sionally drop into a restaurant to have shootin'-irons on my belt and no ill- a bite of native food. An order for a will in my head. I've come to be bowl of chop sucy invariably was met friends with you, Jim, if you'll let by a mystical shake of the head. The

Jim paused a moment and peered at him from under his heavy gray eyebrows, and then, as if satisfied, extended his hand, which was tightly gripped. They stood awkwardly for a moment, each waiting for words, and then Bill continued.

"I come to tell you I don't want the Number Three if I've got to fight for it. You can tell the widder she can have it. Esmereldy nor me ain't goin' to fight for it no more, and we don't want to be bad friends with either you or Mrs. Tibbets.""

A slow grin overspread Jim's face. The widder don't want it, either, Hill, and I'm mighty glad you come over. Somebody was bunked by that pesky agent, but it don't make no difference, nohow. Mrs. Tibbets got other things to think about now. We went up to Lurdick and got married, and she don't have to have Number farmer-blacksmith of San Joaquin, Three so long's I've got a pretty nice Cal., is devoting a great deal of his patch of ground myself."

"Hell!" said Bill. "That's kind of the same as with me and Esmereldy. He says that the birds destroy not We had the parson over from the only grain, but have lately developed a camp a couple of days ago, and we fondness for melons that is proving ain't in a fightin' mood none so's you disastrous to the cantaloupe crop. can notice."

Then they laughed together, slap- cited by Struckenbruck is that when ped each other on the back, and the agricultural demonstration train forthwith proceeded to talk it over of the University of California was with Mirandy.

sent through the state to teach the That's how the war on Mariposa farmers how to raise their crops on ended. There are two cabins on scientific principles the meadow lark, properly stuffed and mounted, occu-Number Three now, and any night you ride by there you can see two fellows smoking peacefully on the same bench, partners in this claim shown that the bird is too busy pickand several others, while a big brindle bulldog sleeps around their feet or is wooled about by a very old man, any time to singing. He claims that the lark, whose rippling melody, which who is taking a new cure for rheumawas once the harbinger of spring and tism and standing loyally by Esmereldy:

And the lawyers? Well, they didn't get the fees they expected and are the only enemies left.

Very Frank.

He was a great bore, and was talking to a crowd about the election. He ered a secret door in the bedroom said: that was used by Nell Gwynne, "Bunco is a good man; he is capawho was one of Epsom's fashionable

ble, honest, fearless and conscientious. He will make the very kind of M. P. we need. He once saved my life from drowning."

"Do you really want to see Bunco elected?" a solemn faced old man asked

"I do, indeed. I'd do anything to see him elected," the bore said. "Then never let anybody know he

saved your life," counseled the sol

## MARTHA WASHINGTON NOTE

Written to Mrs. Francis Washington and is Sympathetic Throughout.

A fine specimen of rare autograph a two-page quarto letter of Martha Washington, dated Philadelphia, February 10, 1793, written while George Washington was president, will be full of sympathy. It is accompanied by a letter of John Burkhardt, giving history (Henkels calls it "a very scaley one") of how he came into possession of it. He says that it was found near the Washington mansion at Mount Vernon by a member of his company, (Company F, One Hundred and Forty-Sixth Indiana regiment), who presented it to him. Mrs. Washington's letter is as follows:

"Since my last, your letter of the sold at auction by Stan. V. Henkels in | 25th January is come to hand. I am | your great affliction. I can with the that city. It is addressed to Mrs. sincerely sorry to hear that the poor Francis Washington and is a letter major's complaints continue. The All- president and myself feel very sincere year. My love (to) the major and a street, Epsom, there has been discov. a merry house."-London Daily Mail. emn faced man.

wise disposer of events only can re- ly for you in your heavy affliction and kiss to the children, in which the preslieve him and I trust he will in his good time deliver him from his great distresses and difficulties. I am sorry dear little Charles is not well, the season of the year is bad for all complaints, the weather being so warm; it is happy for you that Marie and Payette keep well, indeed my dear Fanny I am very glad to hear from you and am pleased that kind providence has -nabled you to support yourself under greatest truth assure you that the uncommon thing at this season of the

will take pleasure in doing everything we can to make your troubles as light with you.

"I will, my dear Fanny, have you s bonnet and cloak made and sent by the first opportunity. At this time there is no vessel here for Richmond, but I expect there will soon be, as the river is free from ice, which is a very

ident joins me. My love to your brothers and sisters, and to Patty Dandto you as we can. Thank God we are ridge; tell her that her brother is very all well—if Patty Dandridge can be well. Nelly and Washington sent their useful to you I hope she will stay love to you and children, and that you may be enabled to keep your health is the prayer of your most Affectionate."

Nell Gwynne's Secret Door.

During alterations on the first floor of the Nell Gwynne tea rooms, High

visitors when the town was noted for the health giving properties of its waters. The house is the one to which Pepys refers in his diary: "To Epsum by 8 o'clock to the well, where much company. And to the towne

to the King's Head; and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house and Sir Charles Sedley with them; and keep