AN OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

Pell's Book.

STORY OF A USEFUL LIFE

Reformer of English Poor Law One of Last of Type-Nineteenth Century Rural Life in England.

LONDON, Nov. 21 .- Among the most inwas one of the last of a fine type of men, length of the building. The most serious part of Mr. Pell's life

dogged determination. A quotation from a minute or so in front of this exhibition, his epitaph in the church at Hazelbeach my father in a very solemn tone said: may well serve as an introduction to him; Eldest son of Sir Albert Pell, Knt., and of Honble, Margaret Letitia Matilda, daughter and co-heir of the 12th Baron St. John days, in seventeen years' work on the Metof Bletson. Born March 12, 1839, educated ropolitan Asylum board, did not forget. under Dr. Arnold, at Rugby, M. A. and L.L. D. of the University of Cambridge, M. P. for South Leicestershire 1868-1885. Of long experience as a guardian of the poor master, at the age of it. Very interesting in wondon and in the country, he condemned poor law relief as inconsistent with but too discursive for treatment here real beneficence and neverse to the best Notably good is a description of a drive interests of the poor. Honest in purpose, to London in the royal mail cart when fearing no man, he served his generation the Rugby fied home from cholera which by the will of God, and died April 7, 1907,"

Great Range of Reminiscence.

It would be impossible to read Albert Pell's story of his life without being interested in and insrtructed by his accounts of his work in connection with the poor his reminiscences of a day now long gone, of famous men and women, and his pictures of English country life will prove of greatest interest. Writing after he had passed his 86th birthday, with a mind and nemory untouched by years, he could look back to a period which to those of a younger generation seem almost as strange and far away as the middle ages, yet there are men still living who can remember

"My grandfather," he writes, "was living in the reign of George I. George III was should be partners. alive in the year of my birth. I was at my mother's breast when Thistlewood, the poleon died at St. Helena.

"We lived at the edge of a great wood. on the northern border of Middlesex, with by an eager escort up the town and along no neighbors within a mile save some of the road to 'our house' and so into the doubtful character, so the family blunder- hall. There 'Pickwick' was torn up into buss was fired at night about once a as many sheets as the number consisted of. fortnight, to announce that the household was armed. . . . My mother when a trations, was handed, with just consideragirl used to come to London for the tion, to its owner. As soon as the first season from Bodfordshire on horseback page had been read it was passed on to a with her sister. On these occasions they slept at Woburn abbey in order to cross while the second page was passed to the Pinchley common before dusk, traveling original proprietor; and so in the course with two well armed, mounted servants, one in front and one behind, as an escort. The plate, the linen and the tollettes were

He Knew Wilberforce.

One of the first well known men that come till a night had passed away." Pell met as a small boy was Wilberforce, who used to stop with his father in th Yountry. He remembers coming in to dessert, "or possibly earlier in the meal, as the tablecloth was still on the table. Wilberforce was not sitting square to the toast and making a fearful mess." Among Pell's older friends was a Yorkshire doc-

nurse was swept by an election mob to row, some too poor, some who, not having the very foot of the York hustings at a been at public schools, were fretting life Wilberforce was one of the principal se- reached me that there was here an optors. With all the earnestness and vigor portunity for getting up foot ball." slavery. Carried away by the depth of hack each other's shins and cling like leophis convictions and enthusiastic inspiration ands to the necks of their opponents withhe reached over the balcony and snatching out offense, but not so university men.

the baby from the arms of its astonished me held it up over his head in the face of the people, exclaiming;

"See this and hear my prophecy. Before Glimpses of the Past from Albert this child dies there will not be a white man in the world owning a slave." "My friend survived the civil war in the Inited States and virutally Wilberforce's prophecy was fulfilled.

English Village Life.

Here is a picture of English village life about 1834. The village was Pinner, near which was the Pells country home, from the lawn of which in October, 1854, young Albert Pell saw the houses of Parliament in flames.

"At the bottom of the village was a slow. muddy stream, on the other side of which teresting books published in London this was the workhouse. Thither I was taken year must be counted "The Autobiography on many a Sunday morning by my inof Albert Peil." This "fine old English dignant father, who immediately hasgentleman," as he is well called in the tened through the hall to a door opening intoduction of his own story of his life, on to a walk that bordered the whole

"Along this walk stretched for some was devoted to the reform of the English yards an iron yard, fastened to the wall poor law and to the general uplifting and at either end. On this rod ran an iron improvement of the condition, morally, ring, with a short chain and shackle. To socially and politically, of the English this shackle the village idiot was fastened agricultural laborer. For seventeen years by his ankle, and so, passing from in the House of Commons and throughout left to right and right to left to the blazing a long life out of it he devoted himself sun or the bitter wind, took his exercise to this cause with unflagging energy and and were away his life. Placing me for

> 'This sort of thing must be altered. If it is not done in my lifetime, mind you help to do it in yours." And Pell, in later

School Days and Rugby.

Pell went to Rugby school, of which the famous Dr. Arnold was then head are his accounts of his early school days, had reached the neighborhood.

One of his school fellows was Hinghes, the author of the immortal "Tom Brown's Schooldays." Pell says that Hughes' picture of life at Rugby was se complete that he had little or nothing to add to it But here he does himself an injustice. law. But for the general reader perhaps. His pages dealing with Rugby will be of deepest interest to any reader of "Tom-Brown's Schooldays."

This is how "Pickwick" came to the boys of Rugby. "Boz was coming into repute In a short time the fame of a story by Boz eached Rugby, and I heard people talking 'Pickwick,' which was then coming out in monthly numbers. There was a boy to 'our house,' to whom his father sent the current numbers of the "The Pickwick Papers fresh from the press. This was treasure trove in which we resolved that all

"There was a two-horse coach, the Pig and Whistle-the day on which the new Cate street conspirator, was hanged, and number of 'Pickwick' would be on the more than a year old when the great Na- road was ascertained, its arrival was watched, and on the precious print being handed to its owner he was accompanied

"The first page, together with the Illussenior boy, who commenced his study of it of twenty minutes quite a group of boys were all devouring 'Pickwick' peacemeal, in deep silence, broken every now and conveyed to town in one of the estate then by bursts of laughter. I was small and thus had my patience sorely tried in waiting my lurn, which sometimes did not

college, Cambridge. Foot ball was then established foot ball at Cambridge. unknown at Cambridge. Pell introduced it. "Rugby," he writes, "was famous for the table, but had one elbow on it, and the game, and when I left it was considered other hand was crumbling some overdone that the school field had lost a rather distinguished player. I loved the rough game as much on or more than cricket and for of whom and Wilberforce he tells the missed its excitement and conflict sadiy. It seemed that there were other outcasts "When he was an infant in arms his like myself. Some too heavy to hunt or famous centest for the county in which sway in constitutionals. An inspiration





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Farming a Primitive Process.

After Cambridge Pell took a farm in the Harrow Vale, twelve miles from London. This seems a strange picture of farming. man who died last year:

twelve acres of impervious clay under the ploughing was done by a wooden plough, heat cleared away the moist dew. The which distinguished him has was pressing. It was said that such a proposal could at length. The seed was sown broadcast, stones and the battles came in more frehis beneficent views on the abolition of not be entertained among men; boys might Threshing was done by the flath. The quent request and anxious glances were

> been in Saxon times. * * * ost 5 shillings a quarter of eight bushels. journed to the shade of the hedgerow. red probably the dressing up 18 pence more.

the jamb; across this notches were cut with day, sleep and shores for two if not I have no doubt you brought the pall into eral copies of his spurious plays. Several in the will of John C. McWilliams of New nil ray reached one mark it was luncheon again, well into the shades of evening. time; another illumination on a lower mark indicated dinner time."

Memories of Merrie England.

pictures of old-time English country live of maying good hay.)" which make one wonder how in the comparatively short space of less than seventy ears nearly every trace of that life can number of amusing stories of country and have disappeared. The English country of Pell's young days seems little removed . from the days of "Merrie England."

Here is a picture of haymaking on his farm in the Harrow Vale, twelve miles from London, which shows Pell, who makes no pretense to fine writing, at his best, except perhaps in the passages where he describes the mail coach drives of his

"The hay was made in a more careful and studied fashion than nowadays. No machines rattled in the meadows, nor was mechanical assistance called in at the building of the rick. At first not even a hand drag was in use.

"Early, very early in the morning, while the dew weited the grass, the strong, enduring mower entered the field. He took a sup of ale from his wooden bottle and then charmed the still, misty all with the music of the whetstone on his scythe. The patient team rested meanwhile and gathered flesh and strength undisturbed against the day of the hay cart. No such rest now; out of the monotonous cutter they are yoked into the horse rake, out of the horse rake into the

cart shafts. Procession of the Mowers.

"Then, with their throats moistened and their scythes whetted, the leading men of the gang swept down with a swish the first swaths. The next followed, and so on in diagonal procession, two, three, four, an their white shirts, sleeves turned up and straps buckled round their middles o hold their fustian breeches in position. Their ample calver swelled the home made stockings, and the whole was supported in patriarchal hobnail laced boots. "This powerful and somewhat solemn

irresistibly forward till the edge was taken a Cambridgeshire farm: off the blade and a halt was called for "In the early summer the sheep were would just have a look at them." whetting. Then up went the glittering washed in the river; a few weeks later "Upstairs Mr. Edminds went and in Perhaps we may add the following sayblades in the air, a lock of grass was those bipeds who had had the call re- about ten minutes came down with a small ing of Pell about Abraham Lincoln, his

back into the foins went the hand to withonly tweive miles from London upon ground draw the whetstone from the leather event of which due notice was given. On keep its pages loose. Holding it up, he if Moses had been out of the way, Lincoln now well built over, to be written by a signific. Then again the music of the an who died last year:

"The staple product was hay for the scyling at the far end of the field and pumping engine lower down tstream was ."This seems a curiosity. May I take it long trail in the wilderness to the Promised nounced the sad fall of buttercups, ox-eyed London market, but there were about daisies, lady's smocks and meadow grasses. "Meanwaile the sun rolled up on the plough, producing a modest yield of the horizon or over the wood, higher and finest wheat in the kingdom for flour. The higher, and the dazzling light and summer

with wooden b east, drawn by three horses wut became dry and harsh, the whetdressing of the grain was much as it had directed toward the gate or stile in the hedge. At last, but still due to time, the The whole operation was a tedious and wife or the child appeared with basket expensive one. I think the threshing alone and breakfast or 'munch' and all ad-"Very few words were spoken, but the

The machinery or implements employed clasp knives came out of the pockets and might have been bought for 40 or 50 shill- were soon at work on cold bacon, bread ing. Leaving his work the farmer came of the 'attic' treasures, and this little voland onlone. That over, the emplty The thresher made his own flall. Time basket went back to the cottage; was kept and marked in a primitive way. short pipe and tobacco closed the meal A crack in the barn doors when these were Then an hour's more work, and then beset back admitted a beam of sunlight on fore noon, during the bottest bours of the knife at different distances. When the three hours, and then work, hard work the house, I should like above everything, volumes were unique. The history of their Haven, who died in the Connecticut city a

"Before this, however, and before the mowers sleep, a troop of noisy, chattering haymakers, with straw bonnets and From this time or Peli became an en- aprons arrived in the field and the making thusiastic and scientific farmer. He took of the hay commenced with a thorough in hand the family estate at Wilburton in and complete breaking up of the swarths. Cambridgeshire, and his accounts of the Each woman had her own rake and fork. primitive state of things in the Pens not beavier than those in use now (for the org after he left Cambridge university are light steel, American implements had not eeply interesting. In reading these pages, appeared, and, after all, the hand rake and indeed throughout the volume, one gets Was the tool that best served the purpose

Some Short Stories,

Scattered throughout the pages are a

Item Welcomed By Many Men

This receipe can be filled at home so that no one need know of another's troubles, as the ingredients can be obtained separately at any stocked drug store. They are in rec-ular use and many different presert. tions are constantly being fieled with

tioem.

This will prove a welcome Lit of information for all those who are over-worsed, gloomy, ossponnent, increase and have tremoling dants, neart palpitation, digriness, cond excremates, insomnia, fear without cause, timidity in venturing, and general mability to act naturally and rathandiny as others do, because the treatment ran be prepared at home and taken without any one's knowledge.

Overworked office then and the lady victims of society's late hours and dissipation will, it is said find the restorative they are in need of. If the reader decides to try it, get three ounces of ordinary syrup sarsaparilla compound and one ounce compound fluid halmwort; mix, and let stand two hours; then get one source

told misery.

pound fluid balmwort; mix, and let stand two hours; then get one oduce compound essence carulol and one ounce tincture cadomene (not cardamom) mix all together, state well and take a teaspoonful aller cach meal and one when retiring.

A certifin well-known medical expect asserts that thousands of men and many women are suffered as the most dormant circulation the blood and a consequential impartment of the nervous force, which gets the most dreadful symptoms and untold misery.

picked from the ground to wipe them, ecived their Eaptist dipping at the same book or booklet bound in old limp velium, favorite hero: convenient spot. This was an important with leather strings instead of a clasp to one occasion the engineer of a large fen said: observed to be engaged in carrying a to London?" supply of water indoors. On being asked the meaning of this very singular operation employers offering Sir Charles £7 for this business."

ic said with a serious face: "There's to be a dipping tomorrow and my missis don't intend to drink all their sins as may drift down here."

Mr. Pell was a great drinker of milk, a amous physician having once told him that the life of a man who could drink tents of the attic. Then came revelations GIRL SCORNS GREAT FORTUNE milk was worth ten times more than that of a man who could not. A glass of milk, however, once lost him a vote in a parliamentary election.

his vote, he interrupted the man at milk- Charles at last was persuaded to sell some into the house and greeted Mr. Pell with a ume made £2,000. violent handshake and the boisterous inquiry, "What will you have to drink?" obliged to you for giving me the choice. As playbills of Shakespearian time, and sev- not a joke, for the money was left to her

except the promise of your vote, a mug of scarceness is that on account of their li- month ago. Nor was there any mistake milk." "Oh!" he exclaimed, "You are very centious tone all these publications had The \$300,000 was offered to her in gilt-edged welcome, but I'm damned if I vote for a been condemned under an episcopal order securities by her own father, Albert Mcman who drinks milk." His Other Drinks.

But though a believer in milk as a beverage. Mr. Pell, as was only fitting for an old-fashioned Tory country gentleman, knew and appreciated the beauties of port. "Fort wine," he says, "is the only wine worth drinking for drinking's sake, not sweet or insipid, but real old (say 30 years), of a good vintage, not to be gulped down, but to be dwelt upon and held on the pulate a while before it is swallowed. Champagne is good when one is fagged were not large enough to 'do up' a pound ment when it was learned she had declined out. The first glass then is divine; a second of butter, soap or sugar." may be allowed; the third is just guzzling "In grouse shooting behind setters carried nothing with me but a morsel of

"When walking in Switzerland or over the lovely North Country fells and hills I asked on the hustings by a heckler her refusal. She simply would not take the took an orange in my knapsack. This I whether he was the man who in his place money. There is no provision in the will rolled and pummelled until it was soft inside, then making a small hole through the poor men to maintain their parents. peel I dropped in some best brandy and sucked it, then poured in more of the hpirit "that is an older law. It was written by is made trustee, to keep the \$300,000 for his and had another taste, and so on until all God Almighty on two tables of stone and daughter until she learns to appreciate it. the juice was gone. If the day was hol I brought down by Moses from Mount Sinal, That may mean a long time, for just now put my orange in a mountain spring to and as far as I can make out, Thomas, it's Miss McWilliams is only 3 months old. ice it or in the snow if there was any the stone and not the law that has got into New York Press. handy.

which I sipped undiluted. Anything more,

I fancied, spoiled my shooting.

Discovery in a Drawer.

An interesting passage gives a good idea of how lietrary treasures of almost price less value have been lost and found in old English manslons. Sir Charles Isham, an old school feilow of Pell, determined to have his library catalogued.

"It contained," says Pell, "the usual collection of British and other classics in folios and quartos of very respectable dates -no modern books from Sir Walter Scott dawnward, and I never saw a single volume from those shelves in the hands of any render. The representative of a London firm was engaged off and on for some years at the work.

"At last it was completed, and Mr. Eumunds took his seat at the luncheon table before leaving for London. As there were some minutes to spare afterward Lady lahum said to him:

'Oh, Mr. Edmunds, there are upstairs

"In a few days came a note from his I can recall would have been equal to the

small copy of Shakespeare's 'Venus and Adonis' and 'The Passionate Pilgrim.' But Sir Charles said he did not want to sell books. So this one was returned, and shortly after Mr. Edmunds paid another visit to examine thoroughly the other con-"The 'Venue and Adonis' was the edition of 1599, perfect in every respect, and so No far unique. In the library of Trinity college, Cambridge, I have seen another copy Calling on a small farmer to ask him for of the same date, but imperfect. Sir

in the same way were Decker's poems and Whitestone rejected a legacy of \$300,008 Mr. Pell said: "Mr. Smith I am much others of a 'free' character. There were when it was offered to her. The offer was

to be brought in and burned of Lamport Hall, not wholly undisturbed packages, and, in his spring rounds, he accept R. was sent upstairs to bring down and pay for what he wanted. It was the small size

Answer to a Heckler,

that time they would never have thought ful in efforts to influence her. of neglecting. On one occasion Pell was Miss McWilliams gave no explanation of in parliament had made the law obliging for other disposition of the bequest. It is

At the age of 18 Pell entered Trinity Pell, however, got some men together and procession, with legs apart, was carried parliamentary life. Here is a story from in an attic in a chest of drawers some old your heart." The abashed heckler got his books-waste paper, in fact; perhaps you unswer, and for many a long day was known as Stony Hearted Thomas.

> "I have often thought how effectively, could have taken his people through the Land. No other character in history that

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Conditions Attached, Yet She Docan't Want It-Just

Now.

Cynics who consider women mercenary doubtless will change their views when they "Among other little volumes bound up learn that Miss Grace E. McWilliams of

Williams, who is a Manhattan attorney, and "The Isham of the day, however, who as familiar with testamentary documents of had seen a good deal of the world, re- all kinds as is the ordinary citizen with tained his copies, putting them out of sight rent and tax bills. McWilliams assured for safety, and there they slept in the attic his daughter the bequest was intended for here and that it was in negotiable form, for there was a Kettering bookseller who Nevertheless Miss McWilliams turned up yearly bought up waste paper for grocers' her nose at it and point-blank refused to News of the legacy gave Whitestone so-

ciety, in which Miss McWilliams is exof the sheets of 'Venus and Adenis' and tremely popular, an agreeable thrill. That other rarities that saved them, for they sensation was followed by one of amazeto receive it. Friends urged her to change her mind, but they falled to move her. Mrs. Mr. Pell was known to favor legislation McWilliams, the girl's mother, who was obliging children to perform duties toward Miss Mabel P. Macdonald, daughter of Dr. catcake and a modicium of old whisky their parents, which but for the encour- and Mrs. George A. Macdonald of Manhatagement given them by the poor law of tan and Riverhead, was equally unsuccess-

> assumed by Whitestone society the only "No." rapped out Mr. Pell in reply; thing to be done is for McWilliams, who

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