

HIGHCLERE CASTLE, THE HAMPSHIRE SEAT OF THE EARL OF CARNARVON. It somewhat resembles the Houses of Parliament.

THE FAMOUS TROUT LAKE AT HIGHCLERE. Contains many large fish. It has never been emptied or cleaned out.

—The Tatler.

—The Tatler.

LA TRAPPE CHURCH.

Ancient Edifice Near Philadelphia To Be Opened for Visitors.

Norristown, Penn., Oct. 25.—The ancient church of La Trappe, which inspired Longfellow to write some beautiful verses, is to be opened on request to any pilgrims who visit the quiet little spot, a few miles from here, where the historic church still stands, a little shaky in its old age but dignified and beautiful still. If you are sufficiently interested in such ecclesiastical landmarks as to take a trolley trip to La Trappe the keys will be found for you and the ancient and rusty lock turned for your admittance.

Within the church you will see the unpainted pews just as they were nailed together by the pioneers. The woodwork is worn smooth by the pressure of successive generations of worshippers on the high backs of the pews, but just as they were constructed in 1743 so they appear to-day.

In one corner a quaint old pulpit of walnut, with the high sounding board of ancient days, is the most ornate feature, while upstairs there is all that remains of the pipe organ that was imported from Europe soon after the congregation settled down in its fine new church. What with the antics of the soldiers during the Revolutionary War, when music for ribald barrack room ballads was played on the old instrument, and the attacks of vandals and relic hunters, there is little left of the organ but the frame.

The pews, the records tell us, were occupied by the men on one side and the women on the other, while the apprentices, servants and children were watched over by the sexton in the gallery above.

The first regularly ordained preacher at the church was Henry Melchior Muhlenberg. He writes that the little settlement consisted of fifty families, and that there were a hundred communicants, when he arrived from Germany to preach in this country. Over the entrance to the church there is an inscription which says, in Latin, "Under the auspices of Christ, Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, together with his council, I. N. Crosman, F. Marsteller, A. Hellman, I. Mueller, H. Haas and G. Kebner, erected from the very foundation, this temple dedicated by the society holding the Augsburg Confession, A. D. 1743."

There is some controversy as to the origin of the name La Trappe. It is generally conceded, however, that it originated from the remark of an early settler who had visited a little tavern in the vicinity and who, on being scolded by his

wife, stated that he had fallen into the "trap" on his way home.

A curious inscription in the graveyard adjoining the old church records that one John Favinger was born in 1774 and died in 1721, "aged forty-seven years and seven days." It isn't



THE ANCIENT PULPIT. In the old Church of La Trappe.

recorded that the "trap" was responsible for this, but such may have been the case.

DESERVED ONLY A NICKEL.

A charity worker of New York said the other day about Miss Gladys Vanderbilt:

"When this good and charming girl goes to Hungary I know of certain hospital wards where she will be missed."

He paused and smiled. "But let me tell you," he said, "of an incident that befell Miss Vanderbilt last year."

"There was a children's hospital which she visited regularly, taking fruit and flowers to the little patients, and in a certain ward a boy was pointed out to her one day as a bad customer.

"Oh, he is incorrigible," sighed the nurse. "Miss Vanderbilt talked a while with the little chap, and when she arose to go she said: 'See here, I have heard bad reports about you. Now, I want you to promise me to be good. If you are good for a whole week I'll give you a dollar when I come again next Thursday.'

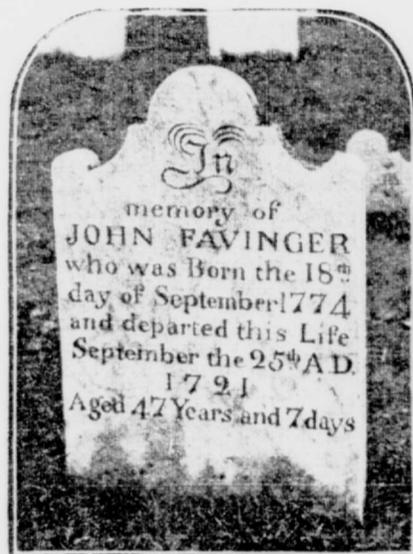
"The boy promised to try to be good. This promise, though, he did not keep. On her next visit Miss Vanderbilt, going to his cot, said:

"I shall not ask the nurses how you have behaved this last week. I want you to tell me yourself. Now, what do you think—do you deserve that dollar I promised you, or not?"

"The boy regarded Miss Vanderbilt with a troubled frown. Then he said in a low voice: 'Gimme a nickel!'"

SELLIN' A SHEEP.

Two Highland farmers met on their way to church. "Man," said Donald, "I wass wonderin' what you will be askin' for yon bit sheep over at your steadin'?"



A QUEER INSCRIPTION.

This man apparently died long before he was born.

"Man," replied Dougal, "I wass thinkin' I wad be wantin' fifty shillin's for that sheep."

"I will tak' it at that," said Donald; "but, och, man, Dougal, I am awful surprisid at you doin' business on the Sawbath."

"Business!" exclaimed Dougal. "Man, sellin' a sheep like that for fifty shillin's is not business at all; it's just charity!"—Scottish American.

HOMES OF SPORT.

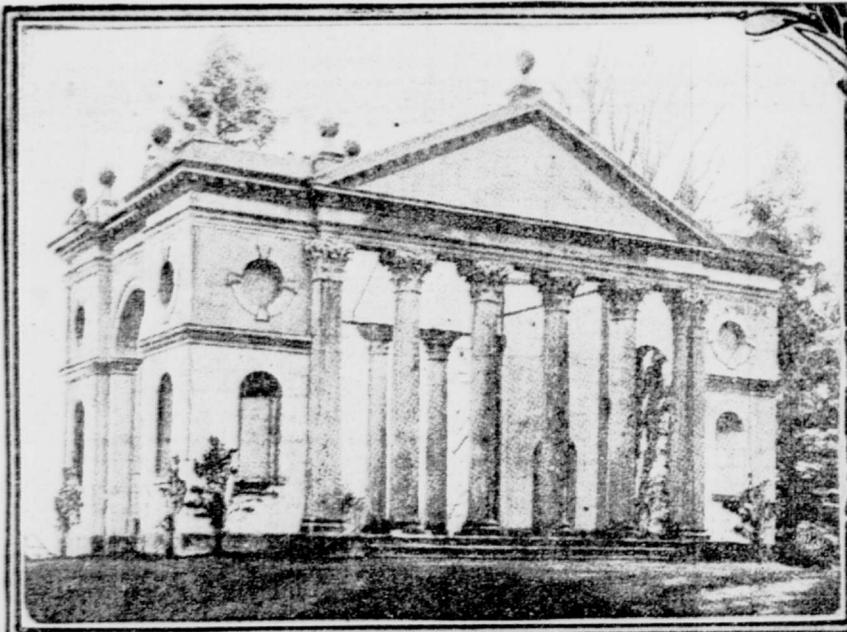
Earl of Carnarvon Has One of the Finest in England.

The Earl of Carnarvon's Hampshire seat is unquestionably one of the finest homes of sport in England. It is situated about five miles south of Newbury and is surrounded by a large and beautifully wooded park, in which there are several lakes full of pike and coarse fish and one with trout. The castle itself is an imposing building and much resembles the Houses of Parliament in style. The old building was of brick, but now it is incased in stone. In early days the estate belonged to William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, and it was his favorite seat. The hall is quite a feature, and around the walls are the names of the families with whom the Herberts have intermarried, including the sister of Catherine Parr. From the hall all the principal rooms open. The drawing rooms contain some of Gainsborough's finest works, and also some of Reynolds's. There are also many relics of Marie Antoinette and her chandellers of crystal. The library contains, in addition to the many valuable works, Napoleon's chair and table, which he used when he signed his abdication at Fontainebleau. Lord Carnarvon as an owner of racehorses is well known. He is also devoted, as is Lady Carnarvon, to motoring. But the shooting at Highclere is perhaps to be beaten nowhere in England. Record bags of pheasants have been made here in the woods surrounding the lakes in the park. Rhododendrons are grown extensively in these woods for the pheasants, which much like them as cover. It was here that these shrubs were first planted in England. The partridge shooting is also first rate on the estate, while hares and rabbits abound. The fishing is good, and the great lake must contain some enormous fish, for it has never been emptied or cleaned out. Lord and Lady Carnarvon have two children, a boy and a girl, the eldest being Lord Porchester, who is heir to these fine estates.—Tatler.

TROUBLES OF AN AMATEUR.

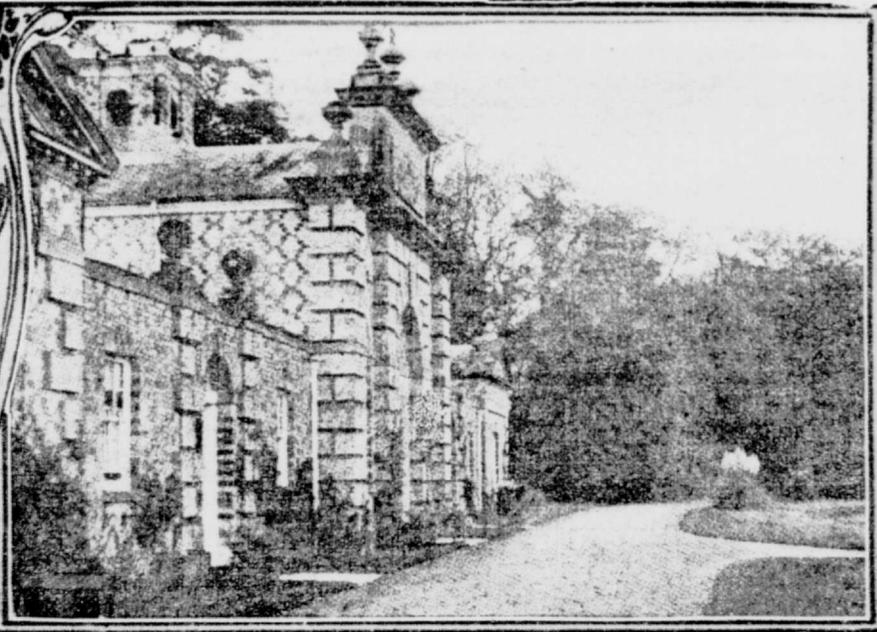
"I thought you had gone to raising bees," said the man from the city. "I don't see any sign of them around here."

"I had half a dozen colonies of the finest bees I could get," answered the suburbanite, "and a whole library of literature on bee raising; but they swarmed one day, and while I was looking through my books to find out what was the proper thing to do when bees swarmed the blamed things flew away, and I've never seen 'em since."—Chicago Tribune.



ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL PAVILIONS AT HIGHCLERE. Here 1,700 pheasants were shot in one drive.

—The Tatler.



SHOOTING LODGE AT HIGHCLERE. Where luncheon is taken during the big shoots.

—The Tatler.