For Sale, the Golden Queen

By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS.

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This is the story of the great Golden Queen deal, as Hy Smith told it, after he had recovered his sanity in a manner that has since been a source of mingled amazement and suspicion to the honest and simple-minded gold hunters of the locality.

Aggy and me were snug up against it. One undeserved misfortune after another had come along and swatted us, till it looked as though we'd have to work for a living. But we plugged along at the Golden Queen, taking out about 30 cents a day—coarse gold, fortunately—and at last we had 'bout an ounce and a half. Then says Aggy:

"We could sell this mine, Hy, if we only put our profits in the right place."

"Yes," says I. "This is a likely outfit around here to stick a gravel bank on, ain't it? Good old Alder Gulch people, and folks from down Arizony way, and the like of that! Suppose you tried it on Uncle Peters, for instance—d'ye know what he'd say? Well, this 'ud be about the size of it: 'Unh, unh! O, man! O, dear me! That ain't no way to salt a mine, Ag! No, no! You'd oughter done this, and that—that's the way we used to do in Californy—nice weather, ain't it? No, thanks—I don't care to buy no placer mines—lots of country left yet for the taking up of it—it's a mighty good mine, I admit—you'd better keep it.' That's what he'd say."

Ag combed his whiskers with his fingers. "I don't think we could close out to Uncle Peters," says he.

"And if you tried some of the rest of 'em, they'd walk on your frame for insulting their intelligence. Perhaps you was thinking of inviting Pioche Bill Williams up to take a look at the ground?"

"Well, no," says Aggy slowly. "I don't think I'd care to irritate Bill—he's mighty careless with firearms."

"I should remark. I ain't a cautious man myself in some ways, and I've met a stack of fellers that was real liberal in their idees, but for a man that takes no kind of interest in what comes afterward, give me Pioche Bill. O, no, Aggy, we don't sell any placer mines in these parts."

"I tell you what," said Ag. "Let's go up to town. Stands to reason there must be a mut or two up there—somebody just dying to go out and haul wealth out of the soil."

"We're a good advertisement for the business. We look horrible prosperous, don't we?" says I.

The main deck of Ag's pants was made of a flour sack. I had a pretty decent pair, but my coat was one-half horse blanket and the other half odds and ends. Ag had a long-tailed coat he used to wear when he was doing civil engineering jobs.

"We could fix one man out fairly well," says he.

"Yes; and the other would look like the losing side of a scarecrow revolution."

"Wait a minute," says he, "I'm thinking." So he sat and twisted his whiskers and whistled through his teeth.

"I've got it!" says he. "The whole business right down to the dot! Darned if it ain't the best scheme I ever lit on! Here's what happened to us: We're two honest prospectors that have been gophering around this country for years, never touching a color, grub running low, and—well, there ain't any use bothering with that part now. I can think it up when the times comes. Here's the cream of the plant. We've had such a darn hard time of it that when at last, under the extraordinary circumstances which I have recounted before, we light on the almost undiluted gold of the Golden Queen, your mind is so weakened that you can't stand stand the strain of prosperity. You're haunted with delusions that you're still a poor man, and I can't keep any decent clothes on you—fast as I buy 'em you tear 'em up. Now I'm willing to sell the Golden Queen for the merely nominal sum of —what shall we strike 'em for? Five hundred? For five hundred dollars, then, so I can get out of this country to some place where my poor pardner will receive good medical treatment."

"And I'm the goat?" says I. "Well, I expected that. But do you expect anybody's going to swallow that guff. It's good. Ag—it would do fine in a newspaper, but can you find a man to trade five hundred hard iron dollars for it?"

Aggy drew himself up mighty proud. "I'll tell you what I've done in my day," says he, "I've made an intelligent man believe that the first story I told him wasn't so."

"I know you, Ag," says I, "and I believe you can make it go." Then we had to slide down and see if we could get a small loan off Uncle Peters, for we didn't have enough dust to finance salting our sand bank and pay for a trip to town, too. Ag would have it that we must do our turn for the old man. "It'll amuse him," says he, "and he's more likely to come forward." Truth of the matter was, when Aggy got one of his fine idees, he had to let the neighborhood in.

Well, sir, Uncle Peters was that pleased, he forked over a cartridge full without weighing it. My play was to look melancholy and tear a slit in my clothes once in a while. I had to just make believe that part when we was rehearsing for the old man, as there wasn't enough material to be extravagant with.

So up to town we goes, and if you ever see a picture of hard luck on two feet, it was me.

"I'm going to strike for a gambling joint," says Ag. "You take a tin horn gam and he knows everything, and that's just the kind of man I'm looking for."

So when we hit town, Ag sails into the Palace Dance Emporium, where they had the games running in the middle of the place, between the lunch counter and the bar. He had nerve, had Agamemnon G. Jones.

"Hy," says he, "you'll have to watch the play a little, Mebbe you'd ought to charge some, just as it happens. I'll have to do my lying according to the way the circumstances fall, so keep your eye peeled, and whatever you do, do it from the bottom of your heart. I can fix it so long as you don't queer me by shacking along too easy."

So saying, he fixes the new necktie he'd bought down at the corner, tilts the new hat a little and braces ahead. He could look more dressed up on 20 cents worth of new clothes than some men could with a whole store behind 'em.

When we got into the place, the folks gazed at us some. Aggy was leading me by the hand.

"There," says he, very gentle, "now sit down and I'll tell you a story by and by."

I tore a hole in the coat and mumbled to myself, and sat down according to directions.

Then Aggy walks up to where the stud poker game was blooming.

"Gentlemen," says he, making them a bow, "I trust it won't inconvenience you any to have my poor unfortunate pardner in your midst for awhile? I can't desert him, and I do like to play a little cards now and then."

"What's the matter with him?" asks the dealer.

Ag taps his head.

"Violent?" says the dealer.

Now, Ag didn't know just how he wanted to have it, so he didn't commit himself to nothing.

"O, I can always handle him," says he.

"Well, come right in," says the dealer. "They're only a dollar a stack."

"Well," says Ag, "I'll just invest in $10 worth to pass away the time—you take dust, don't you?"

"I used to say I wouldn't take anybody's dust," says the dealer, being funny with such a good customer; "but since I've struck this country I've found I've gotter."

Ag pulls out the old buckskin sack that would hold enough to support quite a family through the winter. It was stuffed with gravel stones.

"O, here!" says he, whilst he was fumbling with the strings. "No use to open that—I've got another package—what you might call small change." Then he digs up Uncle Peter's cartridge shell.

I want to tell you I had my own troubles keeping my face together while Ag was doing his work. You never see any such good-natured, old-fashioned patriarch as he was. When they beat him out of a hand he'd laugh fit to kill himself.

"You're welcome, boys," he'd say. "There's plenty more of it."

At the same time, you wouldn't live high on all you could make out of Aggy on a stud poker game. He was playing 'em right down to cases, yet the way he talked, he seemed like the most liberal cuss that ever threw good money away. Of course, they had to ask him about his pardner and the rest of it while the cards were being shuffled, and a few inquiring remarks drew the whole sad story out of Ag.

"It's mighty tough," says he; "Hy's a fine looking feller when he's dressed decent; but the sight of new clothes on himself makes him furious; he foams and rips till he's tore them to gunwadding."

"Where did you say this here claim of yours was?" asks the dealer.

"Up on Silver creek—just below Murphy's butte," answers Ag politely.

Then that dealer put in a lot of foxy questions, making poor, innocent, unsuspecting Aggy give himself dead away. He told how there wasn't time to look for a buyer that would pay the proper price, and he wouldn't know where to look anyhow, so he'd have to take the first man that offered, even if he didn't get no more than five hundred for the claim.

The dealer breathed hard and fairly shuffled the spots off the cards.

"Now," says he, "I sympathize with you—I understand just how you feel about your pardner. I'm the kind of a man myself, that way. If I had a pardner in difficulties, I wouldn't mind what I lost on it so's I could fix him up."

Here's where I nearly choked to death, for if any man could get the price of a meal off that tinhorn, without sitting on his chest and feeding him with the dangerous end of a six-shooter, his face was one of the meanest tricks a deserving man ever had sprung on him.

"So, if I was you," continued the dealer, "I'd get him out of this country quick, and as for your claim, why, I don't mind if I help you out on that myself," says he. "I don't want no mines; I wouldn't bother with it, only I see you're a good, kind-hearted man, and it's my motto that such people ought to be encouraged. Now, what do you say if we start for a look at the territory this afternoon? Nothing like doing things up while you're at it." Aggy kind of scratched his head as if this hurry surprised him. "I didn't just think of letting it go so sudden," said he. "You know I'm kind of attached to the place."

"That's all foolishness," says the dealer. "Your poor pardner there wants attention—you can see that—and I don't believe your're the sort of man to let him go on suffering when there ain't no need of it."

"No," says Aggy thoughtfully, that's so."

"And would you mind," says the dealer, his hand fairly trembling to get hold of it, "just letting me have a squint at that gunny-sack full of dust you have in your clothes?" I didn't require any hint from Ag that it was my play to be violent. With one loud holler I landed with my ear on the floor and kicked the poker table on top of the dealer. More'n a half dozen men hopped on to me, and we had it for fair all over the place. I gave 'em the worth of their time before they got me in the corner.

"Whew!" says Aggy, wiping his brow, "this is the worst attack he's had yet."

"Just what I was telling you," says the dealer, very confidential and earnest. "You want to get him away from here quick—I've had some experience in those kind of cases, and when I see your friend's face, I knew you wanted to get a move on."

"It's dreadful, ain't it?" says Ag. "I believe you're in the right about it—but, say, I feel that I ought to pay for the lamp he busted."

"Not at all," says the dealer, as generous as could be. "Not at all! That's an accident might have happened to any gentleman. Now, I'll just take a friend along, and we'll sail right out to your place. Can you drive there?"

"Oh, yes," says Aggy. The roads ain't anything extra, but you can make it all right."

So away goes the four of us that afternoon. Ag and me, we felt leary of the fourth man at first. He let on to be considerable of a miner, but after a bit we kind of sized him up.

"Did you ever," says Aggy, whilst they was was talking this and that about mines, "did you ever run your pay dirt through a ground-sluice rocker that was fitted up with double amalgam plates, top and bottom, and had the apron sewed on to a puddle board that slanted up, instead of down?"

"Why, sure!" says that feller, judging from Aggy's tone of voice that this was the proper thing to do. "We didn't use to handle our dirt no other way out in Uckle-Chuckle county."

"Is that so?" cries Aggy, very much surprised. "Well, do you know that very few people do?"

"It makes me tired," answers the man in a knowing way, "to think of the way some folks mines. Now that you've called my attention to it, I don't recollect that I've heard of anybody using a ground-sluice rocker the way you speak of, since I left old Uscke-Chuckle county." And here I got a little violent again, because I can't conceal my feelings as well as Ag. I had to have several attacks on the way out when Ag was brought to close quarters, but we did pretty well on the trip.

"Well, gentlemen, there's the Golden Queen!" says Aggy when we turned the bend in the creek. "Seems funny that such an uninteresting-looking heap of rocks and stuff as that should be a gold mine, don't it?"

He see by their faces that they was a little disappointed and that he'd better get in his crack first. Then the question come up of how we was to get them fellers to dig where we wanted 'em: to without letting 'em see we wanted 'em to. But, Ag, he was able for it.

"Gentlemen," says he, "just stick your pick in anywhere's—one place is just as good as another. (That was the gospel truth for Ag.) But if you don't know just where to start suppose we try an old miner's trick, that Mr. Johnson there, I make no doubt, has done a hundred times."

Johnson, he smiles hearty. "Yes, yes! That old game!" says he. "I'd nearly forgot all about it—let's see—how is it you do it?"

"First you throw up a rock," says Ag.

"Oh, now I remember! Sure!" says Johnson. "You throw up a rock—" He stopped, smiling feeble and uncertain, waiting to hear the rest of it.

"Suppose we let Mr. Daggett (that was the tin horn) do the throwing?" says Aggy. "He's a new chum, and we fellers always feel they have the luck. You may think this is all foolish superstition," says he, turning to the gambler, "but I tell you, honest, there's a good deal in it," and that was the second true thing Ag said that day.

Daggett, he threw up the rock.

"Now, go and stand over it," says Ag. Daggett goes over according, but he ain't pointed in the right direction.

"Now, you turn around three times."

But after he done it we weren't no better off than before, for the chump landed just as he had started.

Ag surveyed the ground.

"Now you want back three steps, then four to the left, then back five more—ain't that it?" turning to Johnson.

"That's it!" says Johnson, slapping his leg. "That's her! The same old game! Lord, how it all comes back to a feller!"

"And just where you land, you dig," finishes Ag, handing Daggett a pick.

Daggett sinks the pick to the eye the first crack.

"Gosh!" says he. "Seems kind of soft here!"

"Is that so?" cries Aggy, highly excited. "Then you've struck gold for sure!" Having put it there himself, he felt reasonably certain about it.

Well, they scraped up the bedrock, and Aggy offered to let Johnson pan it, but Johnson said he's had to quit mining because his hands got so sore swinging a pan, so Daggett he kind of scrambled the dirt out after a fashion, and there at the bottom was our ounce and a half of gold. Well, I want to tell you there was some movement around there. We weren't in the same fix of a friend of mine who loaded a pan for a tenderfoot with four solid ounces, and when he slid the water around on that nice little yaller new moon in the corner of the pan, "Humph!" says the tenderfoot, "don't you get any more gold than that out of so much dirt?"

Four ounces to the pan only means about $100,000 a day income.

"Gooramighty!" says my friend, plumb disgusted. "I'd have had to borrow all the dust there is on the creek to satisfy you—did you think it was all gold?"

It broke my heart to see the way that man Daggett washed the fine gold into the creek, but he was familiar enough with handling the dust to know that an ounce was good money, even if it did look small. He turned pale, and began to dig for dear life. There was no prying him loose. Well, that's a point Aggy hadn't counted on. He managed to slide over near me.

"For heaven's sake, Hy," he whispers, "fly down to Uncle Peter's and get some more dust, or we're ruined! I'll put it in the pan somehow, if you'll only get it here! Hold the old man up if you have to—but get that dust."

I began to holler very melancholy and prance around. By-and-by I pulled my freight loose and careless down creek.

"Say," says Johnson, "there goes your friend, Mr. Jones. Shall I ketch him?"

"O, no," says Aggy; "let him alone—he's used to it around here—he'll be back right away again."

When I got out of sight I humped for Uncle Peter's.

"Sure!" says the old man when I told him our troubles. "Take the whole blahsted clean-up, Hy. We honest men has got to stand by each and one another—don't let that rascally tin horn escape!"

So I grabbed Uncle Peter's hard-earned savings and hustled back again.

As soon as I got in good view of the outfit I knew something was wrong by the look of Ag's face; but what it was got me, for there was both them fellers in the hole now, digging dirt like all possessed. Daggett had busted his suspenders and the other lad's coat was ripped up the back; but they didn't care; they were mauling the fair face of nature like genuine lunatics, and cussing and swearing in their hurry.

"Well, what's the matter with Ag?" thinks I. "Them fellers ain't got on yet, that's certain." but he looked as if he'd swallowed a stroke of lightning the wrong way. Never see a man—particular a man with Aggy's nerve—look so like two cents on the dollar. I didn't have to be cautious in my approach, as our friends were too busy to notice me.

"What the devil's loose, Ag?" says I.

"O, nothing," says he. "Nothing much! They're taking it out by the hatful, that's all. Look!

I looked, and, sure enough! There was the pan with a small-sized shovelful of yaller boys in it—pieces that would weigh up to $10, some of them. I couldn't believe my eyes.

"Where'd they get it?" says I.

"Out of the claim," says Aggy.

I nearly fell dead. "Out of the claim!" I yelled in a whisper. "Go on! Your whiskers are growing in!"

"Straight goods," says Ag, "and I had to stand here and see them do it! The Golden Queen is all my fancy painted her. The second pass that ice-pick-faced mut made, he brought up a chunk as big as a biscuit. 'Is that gold?' says he.." The truth comes out of me before I thought—it knocked me to see that chunk. First time I ever made such a break—well—well. Why didn't it occur to me to try the taste of that piece of ground before I put in my flavoring? I was so d—d sure there wasn't $12 worth of metal in the whole twenty acres! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! To sprinkle a pocket that's near half gold with a little old pinch of dust, is one of them ridiculous and extravagant excesses that my friend Shakspere mentions! If there was a lily around here, I'd paint it, so's to go the whole hog."

"What in the name of all the Mormon gods are we going to do?" says I.

"Leave me think," he answers. And again he pulls his whiskers and whistled through his teeth.

There came a horrible yell from the hole. Daggett held up what seemed like a yaller potato. "Hooray!" says he. "Ain't that a humming bird?"

"You want to think quick," says I. "I feel something like murder rising in my veins."

"By gosh!" says Ag, snapping his fingers. "I've got her! Come to, you son-of-a-gun! Come to!"

"How's that?" I asked, not just tumbling exactly.

"Come to!" says Ag. "Regain your scattered intelligence! How in blazes can I sell, then, without your consent?"

"Right you are! I'm off" says I. And with that I cut loose.

"Help!" howls Aggy; "help!"

The two fellers were too busy to want to stop, but after I sent a brace of rocks in their direction, they concluded it might be as well to quiet me first. Lord! How I did carry on! I gave Ag the wink and pulled for the creek, and it was not long before, with Aggy's help, in we all three went, kersock.

They pulled me out and laid me on the bank, insensible.

"He's dead, I reckon," says Daggett.

"No," says Aggy, "I can feel his pulse beat, but it does seem to me there's a different look in his face, somehow."

Then I opened my eyes.

"Why, Agamemnon," says I, "what am I doing here?"

"Hush!" says he; "you ain't been well."

"Dear me! You don't say!" And I rubbed my forehead with my hand.

"But I feel all right now—have I been this way long?"

"Nigh on to six months, Hy, old horse; ever since we hit it so rich on our claim—don't you remember about that?"

"Certainly," says I. "It seems like yesterday; it's as clear—but who are these people?"

Ag let on to be very much embarrassed. "Well," says he, "why—hunh—why—to tell you the truth, I thought I ought to get you out of the country, to where you could see an expensive doctor, and these are some folks I brought down to buy the claim—you being sick, you know!"

"Buy the claim!" I hollers, jumping up. "Buy the claim? What's this you're giving me? After all my toils and hardships and one thing and another, to sell the Golden Queen? Well, I want you to understand that nobody buys this claim except across my dead body," says I.

Aggy, he looks completely dumfounded. "My! this puts me in an awkward fix," he says. "Gentlemen, you see how I'm up against it? I can't sell without my pardner's consent, now he's in his right mind; and, as far as that goes, the only reason I wanted to sell is removed. The dicker's off, that's the long and short of it."

Oh, how pleased that tinhorn looked! He swallowed three times and got red in the face before he answered a word.

"This may be all right, but it looks mighty queer to me," he growls.

"The ways of providence is past understanding," says Aggy, taking off his hat. "To our poor human minds it does seem queer, no doubt. Now, Mr. Daggett," he continues, waving his arm in that broad-minded style he had, "I'm sorry things has come out this way for your sake, although a man that has such a sympathizing nature as you will soon forget his own disappointment in the general joy that envelops this camp. And to show you there's nothing small about me, you can have any one of those chunks you dug out this afternoon that don't weigh over $2."

Daggett sent the chunk to a place where it would melt quick, and then he expressed a hope that we'd follow it. With that he hopped into his go-cart and pulled for town, larruping the poor horse sinful. We had the pleasure of seeing the animile turn the outfit into the gully in return for the compliment. They scrambled in again and disappeared from view. Then Aggy reached out his hand to me.

"Don't tell me nothing but the plain truth, old man," says he; "I can't bear nothing except the plainest kind of truth, but on your sacred honor ain't your uncle Ag a corker?"

"Aggy," says I, "I ain't up to the occasion. There ain't a man on earth could do credit to your qualities but yourself."

Then we shook hands mighty hearty.

HOW THE ARISTOCRACY GETS MONEY FOR CHARITY

And Incidentally Has a Jolly Time Doing It---Doings and Appearance of the "Upper Ten" in Great Britain.

London, July 10.—The longer one watches here the doings and goings on of the "upper ten," the stronger must his impression become that they are only playing at being great and privileged, and are finding their real life-work in multiform and ever widening realms of philanthropy.

You could still, too, without using a very fine comb, rake out of the male nobility specimens of the Lord Dundreary type, whose chief distinction is to drawl and their chief use to show that if a man be asinine by nature any title he may happen to have can only make him a more conspicuous ass. But it isn't the exceptions that make the rule, nor is it the few black sheep that determine the complexion of the flock. Pretended portraitures of England's aristocracy, which give prominence to rakes and noodles and butterflies, are not portraitures but gross and shameful caricatures.

The typical nobleman of to-day is very likely to be a man of the Lord Rosebery type, though, of course, only a few can have his great ability or can climb so high in public service. And on the feminine side, if you would see the true type and the highest type of what it is fashionable now for titled women to be and to do, you must look at the Countess of Aberdeen, whose days are an unbroken succession of philanthropic activity, or at the Countess of Warwick, formerly that Lady Brooke whose name used to be coupled in a gossipy way with that of the Prince of Wales, who, not content with the adulation always paid to superb beauty, nor with the pleasures incident to great wealth and exalted position, rolls up her sleeves and goes in for business. She even for a time financed and managed one of the swell shops on New Bond street, but recently she had to give that up so busy is she in planning and contriving to open new ways by which her less favored sisters of this land, who outnumber the men by more than a million and many of whom have been kept in dependence hitherto by foolish notions of woman's sphere, shall in future be self-supporting without giving up any of their self-respect.

Of course, if you were to see a lot of these swell people together, as we who are here have had this week such most unusual opportunities of doing, you would be impressed that neither business nor philanthropy has lessened the interest of this favored class in the fashion plates or has diminshed in them the laudible feminine ambition to look as beautiful as possible. They still exhibit in quite their full measure those weaknesses of womankind in which so much of their strength is supposed to lie. Most of them after all are still quite suggestive of butterflies in the gay appearance they make especially so in the flimsy, etheral fabrics of the present summer, with the prevailing craze for ruffs and frills and streamers. Wonderful, too, is the ingenuity these swell women are displaying just now in effort not to sacrifice beauty at the shrine of courtly etiquette. Of course all the highest ladies are in mourning at present or at least in half mourning. But who doesn't know that many a forlorn creature sorrowing over a dead helpmeet has managed somehow to look almost as pretty in her widow's weeds as in her wedding dress; and as to half-mourning, who that takes any interest whatever in womanly attire is not well aware that ladies look charming in a gown of white lace or white India silk, topped off, as a concession to court etiquette, with a stunning black Gainsborough trimmed in the highest style of New Bond street art?

At the same time, if one should conclude as he zig-zags in and out amongst these titled devotees of beauty and fashion, noting haw tall most of them are, and how exquisitely gowned, listening to their merry laugh and marking especially what soft, musical voices they have in conversation—if, as one sees them thus on this afternoon or to-night, he should conclude that he is qualified by this view to interpret their lives, writing them down as frivolous, with no higher ambition than to shine and sparkle and dazzle, and eggregiously fooled that man would be and what rank injustice he would do to a class whom everybody in England has learned to respect and who are really the mainstay, practically no less than ornamentally, of nearly all those philanthropic agencies for which London is justly famous. Tennyson misled no end of people when he told us, "Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood." Certainly they are; everybody knew that before Tennyson started every railer against titles to quoting it at us. But what is to forbid that kind hearts and coronets shall go together? To-day amongst the aristocracy of England they do quite frequently, and in the same veins through which flows the bluest of Norman blood does there also flow, oftener than not, that simple faith which at once keeps virtue inviolate and prompts to good deeds in behalf of humanity.

These fashionable, high-priced women of England seem somehow to have struck a happy compromise between what the preachers would call this worldliness and other worldliness. They never fail of Sunday morning church and they go afterwards to Hyde Park almost as regularly, if not as religiously, to show off their sparkling eyes and stunning dresses and healthy English complexions and tall, strong frames—the finest product of English, out-door life—in the church parade.

It wasn't exactly to clothe the naked or feed the hungry that the Duchess of Sutherland gave that wonderful fete at Stafford house, to which anybody was invited who had $10 to put down for a ticket, but it was for an object just as important, viz., the rescue of the ship-wrecked by an improved life-boat service. Nearly all the quality of the realm gave at least their names to this project, and her grace of Sutherland was able to tempt a curious public—especially those visiting Americans who have a such a contempt for rank and title—by telling us that there would be at least five duchesses present, not to speak of smaller fry. She was sure there would because that many had given her their personal promise. What a bait for well-to-do democracy! Here was a chance to see a house which amongst the private palaces of London holds next to the first rank, an opportunity to "set eyes," so to speak, on most of the swell people of the upper ten, and the rare privilege of being a paying guest for a few hours under the roof of one of the most historic dukes and one of the most famous duchesses in the land.

Justly famed is this woman of 33 for personal beauty. Her husband is older by sixteen years, and rumor says that in all she plans to do he gives her free swing, which is only another way of saying that she is the boss of the house. But think of the good resulting from the free-swing of this beautiful woman! She is one of a family of five sisters, all leaders in society and each a leader in good works. From that single party a good cause profits to the extent of about $25,000. Of course, the two guineas' admission only take you in; to listen to the concert or to witness the variety show will cost another guinea, and if it is supper you want, you will either have to buy a small table by the payment of $250 or you'll have to be of sufficient consequence to get someone else who has paid the sum to invite you to a seat at his table.

Remarkably, too, have impressions and conclusions of this kind strengthened and illuminated by another event of this wonderful week. While the Duchess of Sutherland and her set were hard at work weeks in advance preparing for their life-boat fete, other circles of high society, and in fact one great circle taking in all the "quality" of all the counties in the realm, had been stirred and driven, not for weeks only but for months—ever since at the beginning of the year the gracious princess who is now queen had sent out her appeal on the subject—in preparation for what is called "The Counties Bazaar," held in the interest of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Relief Association. This society as a voluntary means of holding together and keeping out of indigence the families of men at the front.

Naturally a sale under these auspices, held in the imperial gardens of Earl's court at five shillings admission, with each county of the realm represented—each county, too, working for the needy at its own doors—would command unstinted support. To characterize it in a sentence one might say that the 58 stalls contained almost everything one might ever want and some things one might be puzzled to death to know the use of, that behind the stalls, acting as sellers and attendants, were nearly all the duchesses and countesses of the kingdom, and that before or in and out amongst these tempting booths of merchandise, buying, or trying to get beautiful, pleading, begging, coaxing ladies to excuse them from buying till they went home and replenished their pocket books, might have been seen, at different times during the three days, almost everybody else in the kingdom who was anybody, with, of course, a great many others who weren't anybody, and didn't pretend to be.

Georgina, the world-known and universally admired Countess of Dudley, you could see arranging the articles at her stall with all the zest of a cheapjack laying out his wares in the public market, and once in a while she would stop working in that way to work hard at getting cool by the vigorous use of a palm-leaf fan. The Duchess of Marlborough seemed to take as naturally to wrapping up parcels as though, instead of being born a Vanderbilt, she had always done that kind of work for a living.

The Duchess of Devonshire, one of the very proudest and highest of the grand dames of England, took charge of a stall, and assisted in making it go, with as little apparent reluctance as you would expect her to show in taking first place at a queens drawing room. Countesses would beg you to buy in the sweetest and most appealing tones, and if you said you would "when you came that way agin," they would say, "Ah, be sure that you do—so many have told us that." There were plenty of honorable misses who would pin a rose on your lapel, and smile and talk most prettily and saucily while they did it, if only you had the required sixpence to hand over, and there were some titled damsels, who, if they couldn't tempt you to pay a good round sum for the privlege of taking tea under such aristocratic patronage, would prove to be real temptresses in the fact that they would offer for sale a ticket entitling the holder to brandy and soda at the adjacent refreshment stand.

Of course such an affair was a great success both financially and socially, the profits being estimated at $100,000.

—Henry Tuckley.

400 Boston Physicians

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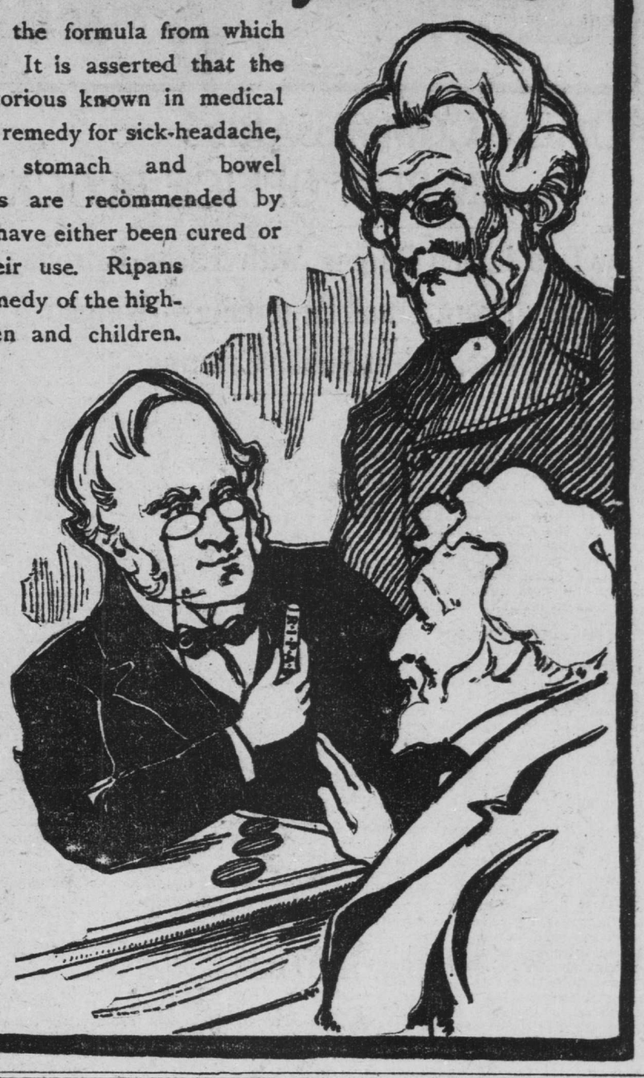

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