

Their Daughter-in-Law.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

"Your last day? Dear, dear, must you go today, Harvey?" said Mrs. Seely, looking across the breakfast table at her son, with affectionate concern.

"Couldn't you have got off for another week?" said his father, breaking a hot roll carefully. "Now that your partner, though—"

"Now that I'm partner, it's hard work getting off," responded Harvey Seely. "It was all I could do—"

He paused suddenly. "What was all you could do?" inquired Kitty.

"Well," said Harvey, laying down his knife and fork, with a beaming smile, "here goes; Here's the news I've been saving up for you till the last, from a natural modesty. It was all I could do to get things arranged so that I could go on my wedding trip a month hence. I am going to be married."

Kitty's spoon fell into her saucer with a clatter, and Mr. Seely dropped his roll hastily.

"Married!" said Margery breathlessly.

Mrs. Seely alone remained calm. She rolled up her napkin, put it in its ring and looked at her son through her gold-bowed glasses composedly.

She felt, however, that this was an important crisis. "When Harvey—their only son—had, with commendable independence, left his pleasant home to 'get a start' in the neighboring city, they had all expected great things of him.

He would be rapidly successful; he would distinguish himself in the profession he had chosen and amass a fortune; and he would woo and win some sweet girl, with a long row of ancestors—the Seelys, being themselves a good family, were great respecters of blue blood—a host of accomplishments and a heavy dowry.

Their hopes had seemed likely to be fulfilled. Harvey had proved himself possessed of remarkable business qualities; he had risen quickly, and had recently exceeded their wildest ambitions by being made a junior party of his firm.

All that now remained to be desired was his safe conquest of the beautiful and aristocratic young person of their dreams, with her own talents and substantial inheritance.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the girls were trembling with eagerness; that Mr. Seely fumbled with his watch chain in nervous suspense, and that Mrs. Seely opened her lips twice before she found strength to propound the all-important question: "Who is she?"

"Who is a Miss Dora Berdan at present," said Harvey smilingly.

"Berdan?" Mrs. Seely repeated, and raised her brows inquiringly. "I don't think I have heard of the family."

"Not at all likely," Harvey rejoined. "They are quiet people."

"Berdan!" Mrs. Seely repeated, musingly. "No; I have not heard of them. Where do they live?"

"In Weyman street," responded Harvey.

Mrs. Seely fell back in her chair with a little gasp; her husband turned a dismayed face upon his son; and Kitty and Margery gave little screams.

"Weyman street! It was miles from the region of aristocracy; it was peopled with working girls, and seamstresses and small shopkeepers; with street vendors and old apple-women; for all the Seelys knew.

"Not Weyman street, Harvey!" said his father, appealingly.

"Certainly; Weyman street," Harvey repeated.

"But she is not—she cannot be of good family, living in Weyman street," said Mrs. Seely, anxiously.

"The family is quite respectable," her son responded, quietly. "Dora's mother is a widow. She sews for a lace-goods house, and Dora has been assistant bookkeeper in our establishment; that is how I met her.

Mrs. Seely frowned. "A bookkeeper—a seamstress!" she ejaculated. "Oh, Harvey, you could not have done worse!"

"A penniless girl!" said his father, solemnly. "And after all we have hoped for you! No; it could not be worse."

"A common working-girl!" said Kitty, in a choking voice. "And everybody will know it! Oh, Harvey, it couldn't be worse!"

"The young man looked from one to another in astonishment, hurt and half-contemptuous silence.

Margery turned to him, with a gentle sympathy mingling with the dismay in her face. "Perhaps," she said, hopefully—"perhaps there is something to make up? Perhaps she is a wonderful beauty, or a great genius, or something?"

Harvey gave her a grateful smile. "I think her pretty, of course," he said. "But I suppose that's because I'm fond of her. I don't think she would be called a beauty. And as for genius—she's very clever at accounts; but she doesn't sign, paint, or anything of that sort. She's never had the time or money for such things, poor girl!"

"On the ninth," Harvey rejoined. "Of course you will all be there?" he added, rather dubiously.

"By no means!" said his father, shortly.

"You could hardly expect it," said Mrs. Seely, reproachfully.

"Very well; if Mohammed won't come—You've heard the observation. We shall pay you a visit immediately on our return from our wedding tour, with your kind permission. You must know Dora."

When he left the house, an hour later, he had the required permission. His mother and the girls had even kissed him good-by, in an injured and reproachful way; and his father had shaken hands, coolly.

But his ears still rang with that ominous assertion, "It could not be worse!" and he thought of all the way back to the city.

The Seelys were in a state of subdued excitement. Harvey's wedding tour was completed; and they had received a telegram that afternoon to the effect that he would be "on hand" tonight, with his new wife.

The dining-room table was set for dinner; and Mrs. Seely wandered from one end of it to the other, nervously.

Her husband sat under the chandelier with his evening newspaper; but he was not reading it. Kitty and Margery fluttered about uneasily, watching through the window for the carriage from the railroad station.

"I hope," said Margery, with a nervous attempt at cheerfulness, "that she will be barely decent—presentable. Think of the people who will call! I hope she won't be worse than we prepared to see her."

"She couldn't be," said Mrs. Seely, diamally.

There was a roll of wheels, and the twinkle of the carriage-lamp at the door, and the bell rang sharply.

Kitty and Margery clasped hands in sympathetic agitation; Mrs. Seely dropped his newspaper and arose; and Mrs. Seely advanced toward the hall door with dignity.

It opened wide before she could reach it, and Harvey entered, his face suffused with genial, blissful smiles.

"This is my wife," he said, proudly. "My mother, Dora; my father; my sisters Kitty and Margery!"

And, with a caressing touch, he took by the hand and led forward among them—

Mr. Seely gazed with starting eyes; Mrs. Seely dropped the hand she had started to hold out, with her face growing ashy, and Kitty and Margery gasped.

For what they saw was a woman of apparently 40 years, with a face powdered and painted in the most unblushing manner, with thin gray hair crimped over a wrinkled forehead in a clinging affection of youthfulness, and with a diminutive, gaily-trimmed bonnet perched thereon; with an affected, mincing gait and a simpering smile.

"This is my wife," Harvey repeated. "Have you no welcome for her?"

The bride tittered. "Mebbe they think I ain't good enough for 'em, dear," she observed, tartly.

"Impossible, my pet," Harvey responded; and patted her falsely-blooming cheek affectionately. "Besides, if you were but shadowy a caricature of your beautiful self, they would have been surprised. They were prepared for the worst."

He looked at his horrified relatives meaningly.

The truth of his words flashed over them.

Yes, they had all said, repeatedly, that "it could not be worse." But this wretched, wrinkled, bedizened creature—had they dreamed of this?

Harvey watched them with an undisturbed smile—his father, turning away at last and rubbing his forehead with his handkerchief weakly; Mrs. Seely, gazing at her daughter-in-law with a dreadful fascination, and the girls, sinking into chairs in dismayed silence.

"Well, mother," said Harvey, lightly, "of course a new addition to the family is an object of interest; but don't forget that I have an appetite, and getting married has rather improved it. Take off your bonnet, my own. Here, Kitty!"

Kitty came forward with a set face and tightly-closed lips, to receive the marvelous combination of beads and silk flowers held out to her with a disgusting air of springliness. She was afraid to trust herself to speak.

Poor Mrs. Seely, sick at heart, had made her way to the bell and rang it, and dinner came down presently.

"Turtle soup!" the bride observed, looking round the table with a girlish smile; "ain't nothing I admire so! Just pass that celery, father-in-law. Delicious! ain't it, darling?"

"Extremely, my dear," said the bridegroom, complacently.

"Ignorant and vulgar! What dreadful things would they discover next? It was an evening they never forgot. The unfortunate parents sat with pale faces and unsteady hands, staring into their empty plates, or looking at each other with fresh horror at each simpering, senseless, ungrammatical remark of their terrible daughter-in-law.

Kitty and Margery excused themselves during the second course, and flew to their rooms to cry themselves to sleep, in an agony of dismay and mortification.

"I shan't think of setting up," said the bride, rising from the table with an apologetic giggle, and with the last of her dessert held aloft. "I'm too wore out. If—anybody calls—o' course everybody'll call—just tell 'em I'll see 'em tomorrow. Come on, dear!"

And she tripped up stairs, with a juvenile nod over her shoulder, and with her beaming young husband following.

Mrs. Seely wrung her hands despairingly.

"We said it could not be worse," she said, faintly. "But this! How shall we endure it!" said her husband; his face had grown almost careworn during the last two hours.

"I shall send them packing tomorrow, and if ever he enters my house again—"

He brought his hand down on the table threateningly.

"But that will help matters," said his wife, miserably. "He is ruined; we are disgraced; and everybody will know it."

There was a silence.

"I had pictured her to myself," said Mrs. Seely, beginning to sob, "as a young girl—a person of suitable age for my poor, misguided boy, decently educated, and at least a lady. And even then, when I did not doubt that it was such a one he had chosen, I thought myself the most unhappy creature in the world, because she had no wealth and an old name. Surely it is a judgment upon us. Oh, was there ever so dreadful a thing?"

"Probably not," said her husband, grimly.

It was a solemn group which waited in the dining-room, next morning, for the appearance of the newly-wedded couple.

There were marks of a tossing night on every face—in troubled brows, swollen lids and pale cheeks—save a general gloom prevailed.

Mr. Seely stood in front of the fireplace, watching the half-door with a stern face. He was master in his own house at least, and he was determined that it should not be disgraced by his son's wife for another hour.

"Please get them away before anybody comes, papa!" said Kitty. "It would be dreadful if anybody were to see her!"

"Dreadful!" Margery echoed, with a groan.

There were footsteps on the stairs. Mrs. Seely turned with a shiver, and the girls caught their breath.

The hall door opened.

The waiting group looked up slowly. Would she not be still more terrible in the broad daylight—that artificial, simpering horror?

But it was not the sight they were prepared to see which the open door disclosed; it was not a painted powdered semblance of a woman who came in slowly, with a timid smile and downcast eyes.

It was a slender, sweet-faced young lady, with shining brown hair crowning a charming head, peachy cheeks, in which the color came and went, and soft, dark eyes, which studied the carpet in pretty timidity; with dainty, slipped feet, and a lace-trimmed wrapper, fitting snugly to a perfect form.

"Good morning," she said, gently. Harvey had followed her closely.

"Well, Dora," he said, looking from one to another of his speechless relatives, quizzically. "they don't seem inclined to speak to you."

But Margery had come toward her hastily, and seized both of her hands.

"Was it you all the 'time?' cried Margery, joyfully. "And the gray hair was false, and the wrinkles were put on, and all that dreadful powder? Oh, Harvey, how could you?"

"I begged him not to," said the pretty bride, raising her dark eyes sweetly. "I told him it was cruel; and such a time as I had, saying all those shocking things he had taught me, and keeping my wig straight, and trying not to laugh! Shall you ever forget us?"

"Forgive you! Oh, my dear!" cried Mrs. Seely, incoherently.

And she hurried forward, with a sob of joy, and embraced her daughter-in-law wildly.

"It was rather rough," said Harvey, "but I felt like a villain when I saw the way you all took it. But you know what you said, every one of you—that it 'couldn't be worse.' I thought I'd demonstrate to you that it could. Dora is 19 instead of 40; she can speak correctly when she makes an effort; and I can heartily recommend her for a 'willing and obliging, good-tempered and thoroughly capable girl—the sweetest in the world.'"

Mr. Seely left the fireplace and came and clasped his daughter-in-law in his arms, with a beaming face, and Kitty kissed her effusively.

"It was a dreadful lesson," said Mrs. Seely, looking up with a tearful smile; "but I am afraid we needed it, my son.—Saturday Night."

Musical Sounds from Sands.

Perhaps the most interesting experience of musical sands is that recorded by Kinglake in his journey across the desert. He says: "As I drooped my head under the sun's fire and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep—for how many minutes or moments I cannot tell; but after a while I was gently awakened by a peal of church-bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlen, that never before sent their music beyond the Blagdon hills! My first idea naturally was that I still remained fast asleep under the power of a dream. I roused myself and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes and plunged my bare face into the light. Then, at least, I was well enough awakened; but still those old Marlen bells rang on, not ringing for joy, but properly, prosaically, merrily ringing for church. After a while the sound died away slowly."

Kinglake thought he had been the victim of a hallucination; but it is probable that he heard actual musical sounds, either issuing from the rocks beneath the sand, or caused by the friction of the particles of sand over which the travelers were walking; as in the case of a curious mountain which Darwin visited in Gulana. It is called by the natives El Bramador—or the Bellow—because of the sound given forth when the sand covering it is put in motion.—Chambers' Journal.

When a Man is Shocked.

The average girl may not be fitted for a man proposes to her, but it's a terrible shock to the average man when the girl accepts.—New York Press.

FARMERS' CORNER

Increasing the Farm's Fertility.

To increase the fertility of his farm is the aim of every thoughtful farmer. A couple of years of tenancy or of even wasteful or careless methods is likely to cause more harm than can be repaired in the following two years. In the study of the legumes, the clovers, the cow peas, soy beans, vetches, etc., lies the greatest hope of the soil improver or restorer.

Weed the Flock.

Poultry specialists advise the closest adherence to the law of the survival of the fittest. Culling the young stock is quite essential to the profitable raising of a flock. It never pays to try to raise weak, sickly chicks; kill them and get them out of the way as soon as possible. The most profit is in raising the best, therefore, we believe in the best to cull close and early. One gains in loss of time, and the birds stay tucked rarely ever make a gain sufficient to give a profit over and above the food consumed and they are very apt to contract diseases and give them to the others which would never get a hold on the flock if they had been culled out. Then the best of the chicks have a better show in their absence, having more room in the coops and a better chance for foraging in the day time.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

A New Method of Weed Killing.

Dr. R. Heinrich, professor of agricultural chemistry and director of the agricultural experiment station in Rostock, Germany, recently published the results of interesting experiments in the killing of weeds. It has long been known that many of the weeds which infest oat and barley fields could be destroyed by a sprinkling of a solution of vitriol, without harming the crops. Heinrich found that the same result could be obtained by the use of solutions of various manure salts, such as saltpeter, sulphuric acid, etc. The strength of the solution may vary between 15 and 40 per cent, and from 100 to 200 quarts should be used per acre. In favorable weather, results will follow within two hours. This solution cannot be used advantageously in the case of vegetables, as it does them as much harm as the weeds.

How to Grade Honey.

In preparing comb honey for shipment it should be sorted and graded, each grade packed separately and marked. It will bring much more in this way than if all grades are mixed together. The following rules should be observed:

1.—All sections to be well filled, combs straight, firmly attached to all four sides, the combs unsoiled by travel stain or otherwise; all the cells sealed except an occasional cell; the outside surface of the wood well scraped and free of propolis.

2.—All sections well filled except the row of cells next to the wood; combs straight; one-eighth part of comb surface soiled, or the entire surface slightly soiled; the outside surface of the wood well scraped of propolis.

3.—Must weigh at least half as much as a full weight section. In addition to this the honey is to be classified according to color, using the terms white, amber and dark; that is, there will be "fancy white," "No. 1 dark," etc.—American Agriculturist.

Economy in the Use of Farm Tools.

Economy in the use of farm tools is getting the most use with the least wear and breakage. How many costly farming tools such as cultivators, disc harrows, soil-blenders, rakes and plows are setting out in the field or sticking in the ground where they have been used, but have never been driven to the farm barnyard and left standing there where the farmer, hired man or boy unhitched from them when he used them last, there to be unsightly objects of wastefulness all winter? Tools left out exposed to the elements in winter are not ready for use in spring when wanted. Besides, many valuable tools are almost useless when treated in this way a year or two, which might be made to last a number of years longer with proper care. Now who regards the benefit of this carelessness? Not the farmer surely. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody good and his method of caring for farm tools blows profit into the coffers of the manufacturers. The wholesale and retail merchants and agents all make a profit on the farm tools. It has been said, and truly, too, that more than half of the farm tools rust out instead of wearing out. How many farmers will have to visit the sand bank to scour their plow before using it in the spring when two minutes and a little axle grease rubbed on the fall when putting it away would save all this time scouring?

This leakage on the farm could be stopped. It takes but little money in the hands of a man who has but some knowledge of carpentering to build a convenient shelter for all the tools used on an ordinary sized farm. We cannot afford to let our tools be ruined from the lack of shelter.—Farmers' Guide.

Breeding for an Object.

Thousands of horses are brought into existence without any definite idea on the part of the breeder as to the market requirements they are to meet. This conviction is based upon three considerations: First, the very evident fact that an inordinate proportion are fitted for no special market class, indicating that a large number of farmers are not acquainted with the market classes that have been established by the trade. Second, the glaring defects

that are passed unnoticed by the owners. Third, the fact that the average horseman is vastly better acquainted with the blemishes of horses than he is with the proper type and characteristics that go with the different use to which the horse is put. These three reasons are sufficient to account for the production of a mass of inferior animals which do not meet the eye of the critic until they are offered for sale.

Dealers by long experience and constant observation have learned to a nicety all the requirements of a horse, and in their minds clear-cut ideas exist as to what he should or should not be. If these ideas could be clearly established in the minds of the raisers of horses as they are in those of the dealers, we should have fewer scalawags produced to be held up at the markets and ultimately sold for a price that barely covers the price of growing. For one thing, there is too much mixing of blood in this country. It is not at all an uncommon thing to detect in the same horse traces of three or four different breeds, representing as many distinct classes of horses.

The expense of growing a horse that nobody wants does not greatly differ from that of producing one that fills the real need, and fills it so well that the prospective buyer is ready to pay good money for it. The difference is not so much in the added expense for the sire as it is in the minds of the men who do the breeding. As with cattle, or with any other farm stock, if the breeder has a clear-cut idea of what he proposes to secure, and uses good judgment in the selection of his sire, in nine cases out of ten he will succeed. If, however, he undertakes to produce as highly organized an animal as the horse without definite plans in mind, in nine cases out of ten, he will fail.—New England Homestead.

Pruning Trees.

Many inquiries are made regarding the proper time for pruning trees or shrubs, both ornamental and fruiting. It is impossible to answer except in a general way, as the individuals to be treated must be each one considered. Where considerable pruning is to be done, the need for a practical man with plenty of experience and a knowledge of all kinds of trees is evident.

In the case of fruit trees, it may be necessary to thin out the branches to permit the free circulation of air and light—very essential things to strong, healthy growth. Such pruning is done in the winter, any time after the leaves have fallen, though wounds will probably heal with greater ease if made towards spring. A careful painting of the wounds, however, makes it safe earlier. Should the growth of the trees be too straggling, they should be pruned lightly during the early summer, while the sap is active and growth is being made. At the same time, it will encourage the production of fruit buds, which are set on short spurts.

As regards the ornamental trees, the same rule will apply to the thinning out of branches; the weaker ones are, of course, to be removed, allowing the strong ones to remain. If they are to be put into shape, probably a little pruning in winter and a little more in May or June, when growth is resumed, would bring about the desired results. The flowering trees and shrubs must be pruned according to their respective characters. If it is desirable to retain part of the flowering plants should not be pruned very much until after they have bloomed, as the flowering buds are formed the season previous. Of course, a thinning out will do no harm in this respect, and will give more strength to the remaining branches.

One correspondent asks if the end of March is too late to prune apple trees in northern New York. Following the above principles it would not be—in fact, one could prune in any month if it is done judiciously with an understanding of the results that would follow.

It is practicable to remove the large lower limbs from trees at any season of the year. There might be an exception to removing them in the summer time, provided the number of branches removed is in excess of those remaining. This would tend to weaken the trees very greatly. The most favorable time for doing such work is in the winter. If left until nearly spring or early summer the wounds will heal in motion now bark is made at once. In any event it is desirable to paint the wounds with thick ordinary paint or something that will keep out the air and moisture until the new growth of wood covers the wound.

Much error is diffused by the use of improper terms. A work on forestry, before the writer, referring to attachment of labels or guards to trees, remarks that "it should be by copper wire which stretches as the tree expands." But there is no expansion of a tree in a physical sense. A wave flows over the sand by the sea shore, but not by expansion of the water. In like manner the new wood of trees flows over the older wood, but this is not expansion. If the wire attachment to a label is loosely over a horizontal branch, and yet so firmly that it will not be disturbed by the wind, the wire will be covered by the new growth, though there be plenty of room in the wire loop for expansion.—Mechan's Monthly.

Lived Happily, Though Poor.

"The late Robert Gammon of North Newcastle," says the Kennebec (Me.) Journal, "spent his life hunting the rugged coast and the rocky pastures for buried treasure and was never disappointed. He always believed that the next day he would find the gold; he was positive that he was always on the point of recovering it, and, therefore, all his life was happy. Even his latter days on the poor farm were made bright by his certainty that he would be rich before he died. So all his life he lived happily, though in direst poverty. Now, what a queer thing happenin' 's after all."

THE KING AND HIS KIN.

EDWARD VII'S BRITISH ANCESTRY OLDER THAN ENGLAND.

Dates Back to the Time When the Saxon Part of the Island Was Still Known as Saxony—Thirty-fifth Generation From Egbert.

The new sovereign of the United Kingdom has selected to be known as Edward, a name borne, as he says by six of his ancestors, and he was accordingly proclaimed as King Edward VII. In speaking of the six Edwards as his "ancestors" he, of course, used that word in its original sense of predecessors, and not as synonymous with forefathers, for as a matter of fact he is descended from the fifth of the numbered Edwards, the fifth and sixth Kings of that name having left no issue. Of the two Edwards before the Conquest, who are not numbered, he is descended from one. It was said of Victoria that she was the first really English sovereign they had for many years. We shall, indeed, find few sovereigns more truly identified with her countries by long descent than she was. The King's English ancestry is actually older than the name of England itself, dating back to the time when the Saxon part of the island was still known as Saxony, a fact which gives a peculiar fitness to his choice of the fine old Saxon name of Edward.

We may perhaps best begin the King's genealogy with the early Saxon family of Cerdic, a member of which, Balinud, bore rule in Kent in the eighth century. His son, Egbert, in the last year of that century became the King of the West Saxons, and in the year 828 became the first "King of England." Egbert's son was Ethelwolf, and his son in turn was that great Alfred the mellancholous anniversary of whose death is to be commemorated next October. From Alfred the line of descent runs through Edward the Elder, Edmund I, Edgar, Ethelred the Unready and Edmund Ironside. Then it passes away from the reigning line into the collateral line of Edward Atheling, who did not reign, St. Margaret, the patron saint of Scotland, and wife of King Malcolm III of Scotland, whose father, Duncan, was murdered by Macbeth, and who himself avenged that crime in the overthrow of the usurper at Dunsmuir; Matilda, wife of Henry I of England, and Geoffrey Plantagenet. It becomes the reigning line again in Henry II, and thence proceeds through King John, Henry III, and the three Edwards, I, II and III. Then it becomes a dual line. One branch runs through John the Elder, Edmund I, Edgar, Ethelred the Unready and Edmund Ironside; John, Marquis of Dorset; John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset; and Margaret, Countess of Richmond, to Henry VII, the other runs through Prince Edmund, son of Edward III; Richard, Duke of York, a second Richard, Duke of York, and King Edward IV to Elizabeth, wife of Henry VII. Thus in the first Tudor reign the two are united into a single line. Thence it proceeds through Margaret, wife of James IV of Scotland; James V of Scotland, Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots; James I of England, Elizabeth, Sophia, wife of Ernest Augustus, Elector of Hanover; George I and George II of England, Frederick Lewis, Prince of Wales; George III of England, Edward Augustus, Duke of Kent, and Victoria, Queen and Empress.

Edward VII is thus in the thirty-fifth generation from Egbert, the first King of England, though he is the fifty-eighth sovereign in the line. It will be observed that many famous sovereigns are not among his progenitors, among these being Edward the Confessor, all the Normans, Richard the Lion Heart, Henry VIII, the two Charless, and William and Mary. The line includes members of the Houses of Plantagenet, York, Tudor, Stuart and Hanover, and non-reigning Lancastrians. In the Wars of the Roses it was divided between the two sides. It has been said that the name of Edward VII will be observed that many famous sovereigns are not among his progenitors, among these being Edward the Confessor, all the Normans, Richard the Lion Heart, Henry VIII, the two Charless, and William and Mary. The line includes members of the Houses of Plantagenet, York, Tudor, Stuart and Hanover, and non-reigning Lancastrians. In the Wars of the Roses it was divided between the two sides. 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