

VISITING THE PREMIER DUKE

Famed Arundel Castle, Its Occupants and Surroundings.

A BUILDING WITH A STORIED PAST

Huge Ancestral Hall, Bewildering in Extent and Beauty, Filled with the Air of Romance and Ancient Armor.

Pascal once said that "past events cast shadows which reach to the end of time." To an American girl, with her imagination filled with the thought of the middle ages, such shadows seemed to envelop her with their brilliant and charming atmosphere.

We skirted the moat which encircles the castle on three sides and drove across the sonorous drawbridge and beneath the portcullis, just as Edward I. had done hundreds of years before. As we drove into the great quadrangle, large enough to hold 1,000 mounted men, and the clatter of our smart nineteenth century wagnettes sent echoes clanging against the enclosing walls.

But one's dreams of the middle ages vanished as we entered the Gothic portal, and our kind host met us at the foot of the great double staircase which fronts the main entrance; his simple, cordial welcome dispelling any strangeness one might nat-

cheesestraws the duke told us something of our surroundings.

The Castle. "Arundel," he said, "was begun by Alfred the Great, and was by him given to the great Earl Godwin, who was himself a sort of king, having many thousands of vassals attached to his fief. It is a certainty that it was a part of Earl Godwin's vast domain and that after the conquest in 1066 it was granted to Roger de Montgomery. But Henry I. seized it and left it to his widow, Adeliza, who afterward married one Alhina. He, by tenure, became the first earl of Arundel. It is a fact that it figures in Doomsday's book and must have been of importance, commanding, as it did, the entrance to the navigable Arun. It was besieged by King Henry in 1102 and again by King Stephen in 1139, but never successfully till 1643, when it surrendered after a seventeen days' siege. It was then seized and partially destroyed, for the astute monarch thought it wise to render less invulnerable such a stronghold of his enemies. It would be a long story were I to tell you of its many vicissitudes. Every foot of its walls has been dyed in blood and every room of these peaceful lawns has been tramped by armed men. From those narrow alleys high in the towers boiling water and the melted tar were poured down on the writhing enemies below and these very trees proved shelter for the arboreal warriors in shirts of mail, whose poisoned arrows clattered as ineffectually as rain against the walls."

The talk drifted to other things and soon we parted to dress for dinner. My room in the north tower looked far over the Arun valley, where the spires of Winchester cathedral shot their slender length into the twilight. Beyond gleamed the sea, with the Isle of Wight on the horizon. It is called "Eleanor's room," after the wife of the seventh duke.

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The corsage is made with one of the little fancy jackets which have retained all of their former popularity. Pleated back and front and bordered with bands of black velvet, it opens over a full vest of white velvet patterned with black polka dots. The pleats of the back part, dipping to a low point in front. The collar is a high band finished with a shaped ruff, whose lining is velvet, and a fan-pleated bow of velvet forms the cravat. Small circular puffs surmount the close sleeves at the top, while at the wrists they have the fashionable flare. The proper cut of this gown can be obtained only from the use of Harper's Bazar Cut Paper Patterns. Bunches of violets intermingled with marguerites decorate the hat of crepe-velvet.

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One cold winter afternoon Miss Bolton held us at the dinner table a little longer than usual to make the following announcement: "To those who have lately been interested in 'David Copperfield' I wish to state that his model for Miss Mowcher, the dwarf, will soon be with us. I have letters from England stating that she has recently sailed and brings me letters of introduction from my family there. Her real name is Boucher, and the very hard times in London this winter have compelled her to come to the United States for work. She will give lessons in lacquer inlay, hair work and wax fruits and flowers, and those who wish to join me and my sister in a class will meet me in the music room after dinner and put down their names."

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A Great Estate. The next morning I was awakened by the chapel bell ringing for matins, and I hurried down to find the other guests and servants already in the place. The church is about half the size of Grace church in New York and contains one of the finest organs in England. The morning sunshine streamed through the open windows to the altar, where hung the drooping, pathetic Christ, exquisitely wrought from a bit of wood of the Spanish armada. After a simple service from Father Francis and a benediction on the coming day, we went out onto the terrace, where we stood, quite ready for our breakfast which awaited us, in the morning room. This is a small apartment hung in gay colors, and in the center of the lawn. According to the English custom, there were no servants present to mar the freedom of the morning meal, at which we all seated ourselves, regardless of precedence. Great "four-in-hand" chafing dishes stood on the side tables, from which the men served the women, and in the center of the table were the coffee and tea on a silver turn-table, from which each one helped himself, as his or her taste dictated. Plans were made for the day, and we gladly acceded to the duke's invitation to see something of the park. An hour later we found him on the terrace where nescocks strutted to and fro in the sunshine. Rows clambered over the marble balustrades, and below stretched lawns as free from leaf or twig as a drawing room floor. At the foot of the steps bath chairs awaited us, drawn by tiny donkeys in gay trappings.

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Pushing the Maine Propaganda. WICHITA, Nov. 29.—Governor-elect Stanley and Charles G. Cohen, president of the Commercial club, have taken action to push the exhibit of maize and its cooked products at the Paris exposition. The state will be asked for an appropriation.



"LITTLE DEMONS OF WAR" is the apt title of an article telling the story of the United States torpedo boat service, written by the Secretary of the Navy, Hon. JOHN D. LONG, for an early Number of

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE five December issues of the paper will contain stories and articles by WILLIAM D. HOWELLS, HON. THOMAS B. REED, MARQUIS OF LORNE, MME. LILLIAN NORDICA and ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

The Companion Calendar for 1899 Free to New Subscribers

EVERY one who subscribes now, sending \$1.75 and mentioning this paper, or cutting out and enclosing this slip, will receive The Companion every week from the time of subscription to January, 1900. This offer includes the remaining issues of the year, and the gift of The Companion Calendar illustrated in twelve colors and gold—the most beautiful souvenir ever presented to Companion readers. YX104

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HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

usually feel among such unusual surroundings. This interesting man was Henry Fitzalan-Howard, fifteenth Duke of Norfolk, K. G. P. C. J. P., Earl of Arundel, Earl of Norfolk, earl marshal, chief marshal and chief butler of England, premier duke and earl, next to blood royal; K. G. of order of Christ, and the only man in England who by hereditary right can sit in the presence of the queen with covered head.

Our Host. The duke is 50 years old at the present time, but looks much younger. He is of medium height, with a splendid head set squarely on broad shoulders. His dark hair and pointed beard are slightly tinged with gray and from beneath a wide, low forehead a pair of brown eyes gleam; thoughtful, serious, yet full of merriment. His whole face is one of strength and gentleness, yet despite the latter one readily realizes that "the blood of all the Howards flows in his veins. He is a man of whom