OUR LITTLE ENGLISH COUSIN

BLANCHE McMANUS

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Our Little English Cousin

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THE
Little Cousin Series

(TRADE MARK)

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INTRODUCTION

ENGLAND entered the World War in order to protect the neutrality of Belgium, a little country whose independence had been guaranteed by treaty between France, England and Germany. When the Germans violated their agreement with Belgium by sending their troops through that country, the English did not fail their little ally; but at once sent their army to meet the foe.

During the early days of the war the British troops suffered heavy losses, for they were greatly outnumbered by the enemy; but they never lost heart, and again and again repulsed the on-rushing German hosts. The ruins of Ypres, where they made their glorious stand, will ever remain as a monument to English courage and English self-sacrifice.

England, from the start, realized the value of

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her great fleet and with it she kept the German warships "bottled up", where they could do no damage. She waged continual warfare on the submarines and cleared the seas, so that America could send to Europe, first food and war supplies to aid the Allies, and later two million of our own American soldiers.

We appreciate our English Cousins, now, more than ever before, because we realize what a tremendous part they played in defeating Germany and her Allies. Indeed, now that our own American soldiers have fought side by side in the trenches with the British "Tommies" and spent their furloughs in the beautiful old cities, or in wandering about the quiet countrysides of "Old England," perhaps we may say that today the boys and girls of England are more like brothers and sisters to us than just "Cousins."

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Introduction

THE lives of Our Little English Cousins are not so widely different from our own in America. It is only the more ancient associations with which they are surrounded that changes their manners and customs.

Their speech is the same and their amusements and tasks are to a great extent quite similar.

Certain details of home life vary considerably, and when they "take their walks abroad," "Our Little English Cousins," as often as not, visit some ancient historic shrine from whose associations have been built up the great British nation.

Little English cousins and Little American

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cousins alike, however, would have the same affections for the same things were they but to change places, therefore things are not so very different after all.

What Washington is to America, London is to Britain; meaning in this case England, Ireland, and Scotland as well, for our little Scotch and Irish cousins by no means like one to talk or write of England alone when one really means Britain.

"Our Little English Cousin" lives in a less rigorous climate than that which prevails for the most part in America. Their winters are in general not so cold (though they are quite as long) and not usually so bright and sunny. The summers are by no means so hot as ours and are accordingly most delightful.

The open-air pleasures of our English cousins, while existent in our own country, are at least more general than with us, and tea out-of-doors, in the garden, or on the banks of the

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Thames is an institution which is quite unique, and accordingly, as a summer divertisement, is greatly in vogue.

The Associations which link America with England are many and important; indeed they are so numerous that it were futile to attempt to give place to any in this introductory note beyond recalling to the mind of little American cousins that the great Washington himself was of a well-known English family before they settled in America.

To-day, if the English are not emigrating to America to the extent that they formerly were, our American cousins are returning the visits, if only for pleasure or edification, in astonishingly growing numbers each year.

All this makes for a better understanding and appreciation of each other and cements the growing friendship of years, which in our progressive times is a good thing not to overlook.

"Our Little English Cousin," then, extends

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a cordial hand of welcome, not only to her cousins across the seas who annually make visits to her native land, but to the stay-at-homes as well, who have that pleasure in store for some future time.

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Our Little English Cousin

CHAPTER I.

EDITH'S HOME ON THE THAMES

"Now it is really time to get ready, is it not, Miss Green?" exclaimed Edith, looking up at the clock for the twentieth time during the last half-hour, and breaking off in the middle of the list of English kings and queens which she was trying to commit to memory. Which king came after Henry III., in that far-away time, seemed a small matter compared to the outing which she and her governess had planned to enjoy on the river that lovely afternoon.

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Miss Green smiled indulgently as she closed her book. "It does seem a shame to remain indoors a moment longer than one can help such a day as this. Well, I will see Betty about the tea-things and pack them in the basket while you are getting ready."

You may imagine it did not take Edith long to put away her books; then giving her good-natured governess a hug she skipped off for her hat and coat.

"There are Eleanor and Clarence waiting for us now," cried Edith, as she and Miss Green, who was carrying the tea-basket, crossed the gardens. Running over the lawn, which stretched down to the river, she greeted her two little playmates from the vicarage. All three were bubbling over with glee at the prospect of an outing this bright June afternoon upon the river Thames. They were to go up-stream to a pretty little nook, in a quiet "backwater," which was a favourite spot with

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them, and have a "gipsy" tea under the willows.

The children were soon seated on cushions in the neat little shallow punt. Towser, the big collie dog, was already in the boat, for he knew he was a welcome companion on these trips.

Miss Green, standing at one end, poled the boat gracefully through the water. This looks like an easy thing to do, but it takes a great deal of skill to handle a punt.

"Does not the river look gay?" said Eleanor. "There are lots of people out." The river indeed was covered with pleasure craft of all kinds. There is probably no stream in the world so given up to pleasure as is the Thames, which flows through the very heart of England; indeed it has been called the "River of Pleasure."

It took all Miss Green's skill to steer through the many boats filled with gay par-

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ties. Daintily fitted up rowboats with soft-cushioned seats, the ladies in their bright summer dresses, with parasols of gay colours; the men in white flannel suits and straw hats. There were many punts like their own. Also tiny sailboats, some of them with bright red or blue sails; while every now and then a crew of young men from one of the colleges sculled past them, practising for the forthcoming boat-race. All made way for these swift racing boats, for one of the unwritten rules of the river is that boat crews must not be interfered with while practising.

Occasionally our party in the punt would get the effect of a gentle wave from an automobile boat or a steam-launch as it rushed by.

In the midst of it all were to be seen the swans gliding in and out among the boats. The Thames swans are as well known as the river itself. They are very privileged birds and directly under the protection of the gov-

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ernment itself. There are special keepers to look after them, and any person who injured a swan in any way would be punished. But no harm ever happens to them, for the lovely white birds are great pets with every one, and the children especially like nothing better than to feed them.

Along the banks, under the shade of over-hanging trees, were merry boat-loads of family parties making a picnic of their afternoon tea, as our little party intended to do.

You must know that everybody in England takes what is called "five o'clock tea," and would no more think of going without their tea in the afternoon than their dinner.

Presently the punt glided behind a clump of trees. You would think it was going into some one's garden, but out it came into a quiet bit of water, a miniature bay quite apart from the main river. This is called a "backwater." Catching hold of a tree with the hook on the

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end of her pole, Miss Green brought the punt up against the bank under the overhanging willows, and the young people were quickly out and on shore.

Then the tea-basket was brought from the punt. "Now, Clarence," said Miss Green, "you fill the teakettle while the girls help me."

Their kettle was especially constructed for these occasions with a hollow space in the bottom into which fits a small spirit-lamp, — this so the wind cannot blow out the flame.

"My! we have got a jolly lot of cake; that's good," and Clarence looked very approvingly at the nice plum-cake and the Madeira cake, which is a sort of sponge cake with slices of preserved citron on top of it, — a favourite cake for teas.

In a few minutes the water boiled in spite of everybody watching it attentively, and Miss Green filled the teapot. Then they all gath-

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ered around the dainty cloth spread on the grass, and the slices of bread and butter, known as "cut bread and butter," and the lovely strawberry jam quickly disappeared.

"Why do we always eat more out-of-doors," said Edith, "than when we are indoors eating in the proper way? I suppose it is because we are doing it for fun that it seems different from tea in the schoolroom."

"Perhaps the fresh air has more to do with it than anything else," laughed Miss Green, as she cut them the sixth piece of cake all around.

"Now you rest, Miss Green, and we will pack up everything," said Eleanor.

"Yes, and let's wash up the tea-things. It will be fun," said Edith, "and Betty will be surprised."

So the little girls amused themselves with their housekeeping, while Clarence and Towser ran races up and down the greensward until it was time to return.

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The sun was setting when they pulled up at the steps of their boat-landing where Colonel and Mrs. Howard, Edith's parents, were sitting in comfortable wicker garden-chairs, waiting for them.

Oldham Manor, Edith's home, was a fine old house built in the "Tudor" style, of red brick with stone doorways and windows, and quaint, tall, ornamental chimneys, with the lower story entirely covered with ivy.

Colonel Howard was a retired army officer who had seen much service in far-away India. He had to leave the army on account of his health, and now devoted himself to his wife and two children, and his lovely home. Mrs. Howard herself was a handsome and stately woman, rather reserved in her manner, but devoted to her children.

Tom, Edith's brother, was at school at Eton College, so Edith had a double share of petting, and led a very happy existence with

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OLDHAM MANOR

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plenty of work and plenty of play. She had a pretty little room, with a little brass bed, and an old-fashioned chest of drawers for her clothes. The little dressing-table, which stood in front of one of the windows, was draped with pink-flowered muslin, and the window curtains were of the same material. The chairs were covered with a bright, pretty pink, green, and white chintz, and the carpet was pale green with pink roses.

From the window of this delightful room, one overlooked the rose-garden. Adjoining was the schoolroom, a big room where Miss Green and Edith spent much of their time.

Edith usually dressed quickly, for, when the weather was fine, she and her papa always took a walk around the gardens before breakfast. Colonel Howard was very proud of his roses, and the rose garden of the manor was quite famous; many of the rose-bushes were trained to form great arches over the walks.

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Another hobby of Colonel Howard's was his fancy chickens and ducks, of which he had a great variety. Edith had her pet chickens, too, and she and her papa could never agree as to whose chickens were the finest, when they went to feed them in the morning.

Edith would run each morning into the breakfast-room, a bright-faced little girl with sparkling blue eyes and golden brown hair tied up with a pink ribbon and waving loosely over her shoulders — as all English girls wear their hair until they are quite young ladies. Her dress was very simply made, and around the neck was a pink ribbon — pink was her favourite colour — tied in a bow. There was a "good-morning kiss" for mamma, and Edith must help to fasten the rose in her hair, which Colonel Howard always brought his wife.

Edith had a good appetite for her breakfast of porridge and cream, milk, eggs and toast, or fish, or perhaps grilled kidneys and to-

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matoes, which is a favourite English breakfast dish and very good indeed. Always she finished with marmalade.

Breakfast over, then came the lessons in the schoolroom until one o'clock, when Edith and Miss Green had their dinner served to them here. After dinner she was free to walk or drive with her papa and mamma, or Miss Green, or play games with her little friends in the neighbourhood. Then for an hour in the afternoon Edith studied her lessons for the next day, curled up on the big green sofa near the window, while Miss Green read or sewed beside her, ready to help her out with a hard word. Finally she had tea with Miss Green in the schoolroom at six o'clock, and soon after this was ready for bed.

Thursday was a red-letter day for Edith, for in the afternoon she always took tea with mamma and papa in state, in the drawing-room. This was so that she should learn how to go

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through with it in the proper manner, which is a very important part of a little English girl's education. Mamma received her just as if she was a grown-up lady visitor, while Edith put on her real "company" manners, and Colonel and Mrs. Howard often could scarcely repress a smile at her great dignity when she began the conversation with, "It's a charming day, is it not." "I take two lumps of sugar only, thank you." Rainy afternoons she often worked on fancy articles for the bazaars held by the Children's League of Mercy. Edith was a member, and the money from the sales was given to help the very poor children in their neighbourhood. So the little girl's days passed pleasantly enough, as you may imagine.

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CHAPTER II.

A DAY AT HAMPTON COURT

"No, Towser, you can't come with us; you know you will not be allowed to go into the palace, and what should we do with you then," said Edith, patting him on the head, as she closed the gate and left poor doggie looking wistfully after them.

Edith had been looking forward to a visit to Hampton Court for some time. Her mamma had promised that she could invite Eleanor and Clarence Whitworth and that Miss Green would take them all to spend a Saturday half-holiday, or rather a whole holiday, at this beautiful old palace, which was on the river, not very far distant from Oldham Manor.

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Several Saturdays had proved disappointingly rainy, but to-day was all they could wish for, and after calling at the vicarage for Eleanor and Clarence, they went down the little village street which led to the river landing, where there was a sign, "Boats to let."

Miss Green intended to engage a waterman to row them up to the Court, as it was a rather long and tiresome pull.

The Thames watermen are quite an institution, and are one of the oldest of English guilds or societies. They are banded together for the mutual protection of their business, which is to hire out boats — and to row boats and the like. Each man wears a badge, and is very jealous of his rights. A new man who wishes to join their band must go through a long apprenticeship before he can become what is publicly known as a "Thames Waterman."

"Good morning, John," said Miss Green, to a bluff, good-natured man who lifted his

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"IN A FEW MINUTES THEY HAD LANDED"

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cap to them. "Have you a good boat for us to-day? we want you to take us up to the Court."

"Yes, indeed, miss, one of the best of the lot." John was their favourite waterman, who often rowed them when the distances were too great for Miss Green.

It was a pretty row past the green lawns of handsome homes, and one or two small river villages, where the principal business is the letting of boats and of fishing-tackle.

John's sturdy strokes soon brought them in sight of the park belonging to Hampton Court, surrounded by a high wall past which the river winds for some distance. Soon they caught sight of the red brick towers of the palace itself, and its beautiful gardens, and in a few minutes they had landed near one of the small excursion steamers that ply between London and Hampton Court, on which so many folk take a charming day's excursion on the Thames.

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There is also a little village at Hampton Court, as well as the palace, but one never pays much attention to it, except when one begins to get hungry, for it is mostly made up of little shops, that hang out signs on which is the one word, "Teas," which means one can get there their afternoon tea.

Our little party made straight for the big iron gates which lead into the entrance court. On one side are barracks where soldiers live, and before them rises the red brick lodge or gateway through which is the main entrance to the palace itself.

I fancy one often thinks of a palace as a great, tall, imposing building of many stories. Well, most palaces *do* cover a great deal of ground, but many of the English ones are not so very tall. This palace is only two stories high, with a sort of attic at the top. Another strange thing about these old-time palaces is that most of the rooms are very small ac-

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cording to our modern ideas, except for a few long rooms, called galleries.

"Let us go through the two courtyards into the gardens and sit on a bench under one of those old yew-trees, and I will tell you children something of the story of the palace; then you will enjoy seeing it much more," said Miss Green, as she led them into the lovely gardens where they could see the building to the best advantage. The children crowded around her as she began:

"It was built several hundred years ago by the great Cardinal Wolsey who was minister or councillor to King Henry VIII. Wolsey became a powerful favourite of the king, who loaded him with royal gifts. He became wealthy and proud, and built for himself many grand homes, until at last he founded this Hampton Court, which was to be the most splendid of them all. But the cardinal had become by this time such a power in the king-

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dom, and was so arrogant and wealthy that the king was jealous of him, fearing that the cardinal would become his rival.

"To counteract this, the cardinal presented his palace at Hampton Court to the king, and so it became a royal palace. But this did not prevent the cardinal's downfall.

"Until a hundred or more years ago this palace was a favourite home of the Royal Family, but now it is only a show-place for holiday-makers."

"I don't see how the king could have treated the poor cardinal badly after he gave him such a beautiful home," remarked Edith, as they entered the palace.

"Ah, well! perhaps he deserved it," said Miss Green, as they went up the grand stairway and through room after room filled with pictures, and some of the furniture of those old days.

They could see the beds on which had slept

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many royal persons. Around this furniture were drawn ropes so no one could touch it or sit upon the chairs. The floors were highly waxed, and in every room was a guardian or sort of policeman, who closely watched visitors to see that nothing was disturbed.

"Well, they did have a great number of rooms," said Eleanor, after they had walked through many bedchambers, anterooms, and reception-rooms.

"Yes," answered Miss Green, "they were necessary not only for the Royal Family itself, but for the many people who were always attached to the court.

"Here is the 'throne-room,'" she continued, "where the king or queen sat in that gilt chair which stands on a dais or platform raised several steps above the floor." Above the chair was a velvet canopy surmounted by a gilt crown. Usually the arms of England (the "Lion and the Unicorn") were embroid-

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ered in gold and coloured silks on the velvet background behind the throne. Here the kings and queens held their audiences, and saw those who wished to present some petition or ask some royal favour.

"This is one of the most splendid old-time 'banqueting-halls' in our country," said Miss Green, as they came into the great chamber with a high roof of great carved wood beams and windows of coloured glass. Around the walls were great stag heads, and over the entrance door was a gallery where the musicians played while guests ate dinner at the long tables. The guests sat on wooden benches or stools, while the persons of high rank occupied chairs at a table at the end of the hall, which was placed on a raised platform which separated them from those of inferior rank.

"Can't we see the big grape-vine now?" said Edith, as they left the palace itself.

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Miss Green led the way through the rose-garden, and past Queen Mary's Bower, a shady and favourite walk of one of the queens, so shut in by trees that it looked like a green tunnel. "There is the vine-house," exclaimed Clarence, as they came to a long, low, glass house which covered the huge vine, nearly two hundred years old, the largest single vine in the world. The trunk looked like that of a small tree, and its branches, hanging thick with bunches of grapes, covered the glass roof. At various times its home had to be added to, and still the vine has to be constantly pruned to keep it within bounds.

"I should like to eat some of those grapes when they are ripe," said Eleanor, looking up at the clusters over her head.

"You would have to be one of the Royal Family to do that," Miss Green smilingly said. "They are all kept for the king's own use."

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"Well, are you young people ready for dinner?" asked the governess, looking at her watch as they left the vine-house. "It is nearly one o'clock, so we had better have our dinner, and then we can spend the afternoon in the gardens and park."

"Afterward we can go through the Maze, Eleanor," cried Edith, as, holding each other by the hand, the little girls skipped through the garden paths.

"Yes, but dinner first, by all means," said Clarence, "and let us go to one of the places on the river, please, Miss Green, where we can watch the boats."

On the gallery of one of the inns that overlook the river they found a round table that would just accommodate their party. Here they could enjoy a fine view of the palace and the river, and a substantial meal at the same time.

"Now for the 'Maze,'" cried the young

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people, when they entered the gardens again. The "Maze" is an elaborate labyrinth, whose pattern is laid out in high-clipped hedges of box-trees. One can lose themselves for some time amid its tangle of paths before it is possible to reach the centre, and come back again to the starting-place.

"By paying a penny I can watch your efforts," said Miss Green, as she paid her penny to the guardian, and mounted a little platform which overlooks the tangle of paths.

"I think I shall enjoy this more than rushing around through the hot sun," she said, smiling down on her charges.

Finding the right path through the Maze is one of the favourite amusements of the children when they visit Hampton Court, and our three young friends were soon rushing around laughing in the wildest excitement.

It took nearly an hour's fun before they were able to reach the centre and get out again,

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Clarence being rather crestfallen that the girls had beaten him out.

"Oh, we *are* warm," said Edith, as they ran up to Miss Green, panting and fanning their faces with their hats.

"Indeed you are. Come, and we will rest and cool off in the park. The chestnut-trees look lovely with their spikes of white flowers."

Under the great trees, groups of children were playing about, or having picnic lunches, or amusing themselves with the deer, which live in the park, and are so used to visitors that they are very tame, and will even eat out of one's hand.

"I should like to come here next Sunday; it will be 'Chestnut Sunday,'" said Clarence, as they threw themselves on the soft grass.

"Oh," said Edith, "that is always one of the first Sundays in May."

"Yes," continued Clarence, "the first Sun-

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day after the chestnut-trees come in full blossom."

Thousands of people come here from London and the surrounding country on that day, that they may drive through this long avenue that leads directly through the park to the palace and admire the display of blossoms on the great trees that line the avenue on both sides.

Clarence grew enthusiastic. "It's a jolly sight, I can tell you, to see vehicles of all kinds, from bicycles and coster's carts to big four-in-hand coaches and automobiles. There is such a jam on the avenue that they can only creep along; it's like a big picnic."

"Is it not nearly tea-time? We are so thirsty, Miss Green," said Eleanor, as the sun began to drop behind the trees. The little girls had amused themselves by making endless daisy chains, and decorating their hats with the "may" as they call the hawthorn-bloom, while

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Miss Green read to them from a story-book.

"Yes, we must not be too late in getting home; we will stop at one of the little tea-shops near the boat-landing."

It was a neat little cottage which they selected, covered with vines, with a small flower-garden in front. The pleasant-faced hostess soon brought in a big tea-tray covered with a dainty cloth on which was a big pot of tea, cut bread and butter, and delicious strawberries, such as only grow in England. "Nearly as big as my fist," declared Clarence, but this was perhaps putting it rather strongly, though each one made a big mouthful as the young folk ate them, dipping them first into sugar.

They sang songs as they rowed home, and the tunes were taken up by other boats full of young people out for the Saturday half-holiday.

"We have had such a lovely time; thank

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you so much, Miss Green," said the young Whitworths as they parted at their gate.

"It *has* been a nice day, and we will have some others, too, when Adelaide comes, won't we?" said Edith.

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CHAPTER III.

A DRIVE TO RICHMOND AND KEW GARDENS

ADELAIDE STAMFORD was Edith's first cousin and lived in London. She was not as strong as Edith, and during the winter her mamma had taken her to Brighton, which is the great winter seaside resort. Although it is also a very fashionable place, many invalids go there to enjoy the warm sunshine. Adelaide was taken up and down the fine promenade in a bath chair, which is a kind of big baby-carriage which a man pulls, or pushes along. She also sat in the glass "shelters" along the sea front, which keep off the wind nicely, and are like small glass houses.

So Adelaide had become much stronger, but the smoky London fog had again made her

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rather pale and thin, and so she was coming to spend a few weeks with the Howards, to see if Surrey air would not be beneficial.

She was Edith's favourite cousin, and the little girls were nearly of the same age. Edith looked forward to having her share her lessons, and planned many pleasant drives together in their neighbourhood, which is one of the most beautiful and interesting in England.

"My dear, we must not only have roses in our garden, we must get some into your cheeks," said Colonel Howard, as he lifted a little pale-faced girl with dark hair and eyes out of the dog-cart which had brought her from the station.

"She must stay out-of-doors as much as possible, and on the river, and Edith will take her on some of her favourite drives, and we will soon have her looking as plump as our little girl," said her aunt as she kissed her.

Mrs. Howard then took Adelaide up to

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Edith's room, where another bed had been put up for her.

"Kate will arrange your things in their proper places," said Mrs. Howard, as the neat-capped maid came to take her coat and hat. "I must leave you now, we are very busy. Edith has probably told you that the 'Sunday-school treat' is to be held on our lawn this afternoon, so, when you have rested, come into the garden and help us amuse the little ones."

"A treat" in other words is a picnic, and often only an afternoon picnic, as in this case. The children of the neighbourhood had early gathered in the churchyard, and were marshalled by the vicar and their teachers into a procession.

Marching two by two, they came down the street, and through the big gates of the manor, where they quickly spread themselves in merry groups over the lawns. Soon everybody was

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in full swing for a good time; games were started, and Clarence with some of the older boys put up a cricket-pitch in one corner of the grounds. The croquet lawn was also well patronized.

Colonel Howard had generously arranged for a small steam-launch to take the children for short trips up the river and back again; this was perhaps more popular than anything else.

Meanwhile Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Whitworth superintended the setting of the tables on the grass under gay red and white awnings.

The summons to tea was welcome, and the children joyfully gathered around the well-filled tables. There were huge plates of sandwiches, cakes, buns, jam, and big strawberries. All the good things melted away so quickly that it kept the older folks running to bring more, while nobody stopped to count the cups of tea that each one stowed away.

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There was a little lull after this, while they listened to a band of music placed under the trees.

Adelaide greatly enjoyed it; it was more of a novelty to her than her cousin, and she was much interested in helping feed the swans, who had evidently got wind of the entertainment and knew that their chances for food were good. A number of these graceful birds had gathered along the river bank, and the children were stuffing them with pieces of buns. There was one greedy old swan that amused them very much; he was always trying to peck the more timid ones away and gobble up everything himself, just like some greedy children we all have seen.

The twilight was closing in when the last band of young people left, singing songs, and waving their hats and handkerchiefs; all of them very grateful for the happy time they had enjoyed so much.

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"Miss Green says if we are very good she will take us for a drive in the governess-cart to Richmond and Kew Gardens this afternoon," Edith confidentially whispered to Adelaide, as they went up to the schoolroom the next day. Lessons were learned as by magic that morning, and Tony and the cart were at the door early in the afternoon.

Tony was one of the dearest of ponies, and was almost as much of a playmate with the children as Towser.

"Look at Tony as we get in, Adelaide; he has the funniest little way of looking around at you." Sure enough, Tony was peering around at them as much as to say, "I'm watching you; aren't you almost ready to start?"

They halted a moment at the vicarage to arrange that Eleanor and Clarence should meet them at the bird-pond in Kew Gardens. Soon they were driving through the beautiful

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Richmond Park. Miss Green pointed out White Lodge, one of the many royal residences; a rather small, plain, white house in the centre of the park. "It was here," she continued, "that young Prince Edward, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, who will some day be King of England, was born. His birthday was celebrated by a great dinner which was given by the late Queen Victoria to all the children of Richmond. Tables were set under the trees in the old park, at which hundreds of children feasted, and speeches were made in honour of the young prince. Afterward each child was given a mug, on which was a picture of the queen and the date, which they could always keep as a souvenir, or remembrance, of the day."

"Oh, yes, Miss Green," said Edith, "you remember that Betty's little sister has one of the mugs, and Betty once showed it to me."

"Look at the deer, Adelaide," said Edith,

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as she caught her cousin by the hand. "See, they want to cross the road, and are waiting for us to go past." Sure enough, there stood, watching the cart, a great herd of these graceful creatures, very erect, with their dainty heads crowned with big, branching horns. They were evidently undecided whether or not they had time enough to cross the road before the cart would reach them; then one made up his mind and darted across, another followed, and then the entire herd swept swiftly by, then turned again to look at the cart, as much as to say, "Well, we did it."

"Here is the famous view from Richmond Hill, known all over the world," said Miss Green, as she pulled up Tony for a few minutes, that the girls might admire the winding River Thames, far below them, lying like a silver ribbon between green meadows and wooded hills. "Authors and artists alike have helped to make this view celebrated,"

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said Miss Green, "and that big building on the left is the famous 'Star and Garter' hotel. It used to be the fashion to drive down from London and lunch on its terrace, from which one gets a most beautiful view down the Thames valley."

Edith was trying to point out to Adelaide the tower of Windsor Castle, where the king and the Royal Family live when they are not in London. "We will go over there some day while you are with us, Adelaide."

"Miss Green," continued Edith, as the pony trotted down the long, narrow street into the town, "won't you please stop at the 'Maid of Honor' shop, so we can buy some cakes?"

"I can never get Edith past this place," laughed Miss Green, as she pulled up in front of an old-fashioned shop, painted green, with a big sign over the front: "THE ORIGINAL MAID OF HONOR SHOP."

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While the little girls make their purchases you might like to hear the story of these famous cakes.

It is said they were first made for King Henry VIII., by one of the Maids of Honor at his court, and this is why they are called "Maid of Honor" cakes. A *Maid of Honor* is not really a maid or a servant, but a lady who attends upon the queen — a companion.

Well, the king thought the cakes tasted so good that many more were made for him, and the recipe was kept safely guarded in a fine chest with a gold lock and key; but somehow it became known, and was handed down until it became the property of the present owner of the shop, who claims that his cakes are still made by the same recipe as those eaten by King Henry hundreds of years ago.

By this time the little girls were driving past the "Green." Every town and village in England has an open grass plot which is either

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called the "Green" or the "Common," which means that it is common property, and it is here that the young people play games.

"There is all that is left of Richmond Palace," said Miss Green, pointing to an ancient gateway with a part of a dwelling attached. "Once it was a favourite residence of the great Queen Elizabeth.

"Many great men lived during the reign of 'Good Queen Bess,' as she was called, but you must not forget the greatest of them all — Shakespeare."

"Oh, yes," said Edith, "papa and mamma are going this summer to visit the village where he lived, and they have promised to take me. What is the name of the place, Miss Green? I have forgotten it."

"Stratford-on-Avon, and you must never forget the name of the town where lived the greatest English poet, my dear," replied Miss Green.

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"Did not a great many kings and queens live in Richmond, besides Queen Elizabeth?" asked Adelaide.

"Yes, it was a favourite home of royalty, and that is why it was called 'Royal Richmond,' and the town has always been proud of the numbers of great people who have lived here, poets and writers and painters as well as kings and queens.

"I will have the cart put up at one of the little inns near the big gates," said Miss Green, as they drove up to the entrance to Kew Gardens.

Soon our party were strolling over the soft grass and among the lovely flower-beds, for here people can walk and play over the grass as they like, for there are no horrid "Keep off the Grass" signs..

If you want to know what any plant or tree in the whole world looks like, you have only to come here and you will find a specimen of

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it, either growing out in the open, or in the museum, which makes these gardens of great value. They were begun first by a certain King George, whose palace is still standing in one corner of the gardens, and who afterward made it a present to the nation.

Our party made straight for the pond where they were to meet their little friends.

"There they are now," cried Edith, "and Clarence is feeding that funny old bird that follows everybody around."

"I have given this old fellow two buns already, and he is still begging for more," said Clarence, as the two little girls ran up.

It is a great treat for the children to watch the queer water-birds from all parts of the world whose homes are in and around this pond.

On Saturday afternoons especially, numbers of young people of all ages gather there at the hour when the birds are fed. The birds are

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petted and fed so much that they are very tame, and the gray gull that Clarence was talking about, follows every one about begging like a kitten or a dog. There are ducks of all kinds, and all colours, that scoot over the water, swallowing the unwary flies and water-bugs who stray in their path, and dive for the bits of cake and bread which are thrown to them by the children. There are beautiful red flamingos, and storks that stand on one leg with their heads under one wing, and all kinds of queer birds with long, stick-like legs. But the funniest of all are the big white pelicans.

"Do look at them," cried Adelaide, "they know their dinner is coming." The five pelicans had been huddled up in a bunch in one corner, with their eyes tight shut, one might think fast asleep. Just then the keeper came down to the water's edge with a big basket of fish. Such a flapping of wings! The pel-

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icans were instantly wide-awake, and, rushing forward, crowded about the keeper, opening their enormously long beaks, to which is attached a kind of natural sack or bag which they use for holding their food until they can better masticate it.

As each one's share of the fish was tossed into its big mouth, it disappeared like lightning. Meanwhile, all the other birds, big and little, had rushed up demanding their share. Such "quacks" and "gowks" and "squeaks"! You never heard such a funny lot of voices. The greedy old gull hopped right under the keeper's feet, until he got the biggest fish of all, and dragged it off into a corner all by himself.

Our young people watched the birds for some time, then went through some of the big greenhouses full of palms, and all sorts of tropical plants, and finally drove back home through the quaint little village of Kew.

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"In this churchyard is buried one of our most famous painters," said Miss Green, as they passed the quaint church which stands on one side of the Kew Green, — "Gainsborough, who was especially fond of painting portraits of beautiful women. But we must not stop longer, as it is growing late," she continued, so touching up Tony, they went along all in high spirits, though Adelaide confessed she did feel a bit tired, and both the little girls were quite ready for their tea when they reached the manor.

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CHAPTER IV.

WITH TOM AT WINDSOR CASTLE AND ETON

"WHEN do we start, papa, and which way are we to go, and are we to see Tom first, or the castle?" asked Edith, all in one breath, as soon as she had kissed her mamma and papa good morning in the breakfast-room.

"Oh, you little fidget!" said Colonel Howard, good-naturedly, "sit down and eat your breakfast and we will try and answer one question at a time. Now, which would you rather see first, Tom or the castle?"

"Tom, of course," cried Edith, without hesitation, for she and her brother were great chums, though she was only a little girl, while in her eyes, as well as in his own, Master Tom was quite a man.

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"Well, then, Tom first, and we will take him to the castle with us. Though he has been there before, he will enjoy the day with us.

"We will drive along the river road, for that is the prettiest way, though the longest, and we will start as soon as mamma is ready. Now, miss, all of your questions are satisfactorily answered, and it only remains for you children not to keep us waiting."

There was no danger of that. The young people were in the carriage before Colonel and Mrs. Howard came down-stairs, and soon they were bowling along the shady road, the hawthorn hedges on either side perfuming the air with their white blossoms.

They passed through several quaint little riverside villages with queer little inns, where those who want to fish or boat on the river go for a lunch or tea, which they can enjoy on a gallery, or in a garden overlooking the water.

"There's Windsor Castle," cried Edith.

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"I knew it from the pictures; it is a real story-book castle." And, sure enough, high up over the trees rose the great gray towers and walls at whose very base flowed the Thames.

"There is one of the most historic spots on our river," said Colonel Howard, pointing to a small island covered with trees. "It does not look very important, but tradition says a great event took place there. Way back in the early history of our country the kings had such absolute power that they could do almost anything they liked, and if they were not good men this led them to oppress their subjects and take away their liberties. So the great barons of the country forced King John to give them their 'Charter,' on this little island, called Runnymede. All this is difficult for you little girls to understand, but some day you will read more about it in your history."

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"You can see, Edith, over those meadows yonder, where Tom lives. That is Eton, and this is one of the prettiest views of the college," said Mrs. Howard.

In a few minutes they were among the old buildings of the most famous of boys' schools, and found Tom ready for them, full of enthusiasm at the prospect of a day off in company with his family.

The Howard family was a very devoted one, and no wonder they were proud of Tom. He was a fine, healthy, rosy-cheeked boy with frank, blue eyes and short-clipped brown hair. He had on a suit like that worn by all the Eton boys, which has now become the proper dress for English boys of certain ages, especially schoolboys. It consists of long gray trousers and a short black jacket, coming just to the waist, known as the "Eton jacket"; over this is a broad white collar, and they wear with this costume a high silk hat, just

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like the one your papa wears, except of course it is smaller.

"I wrote to you that I was in the 'eights' that is to row at Henley, papa; well, we are working hard to beat them. By Jove! we have got a strict coach; he is keeping the fellows up to the mark," and Tom talked on with enthusiasm about the boat-races at Henley-on-Thames, at which their crew of eight was to compete for one of the prizes known as "The Ladies' Plate."

As he talked, he led them through the colleges and into the chapel, pointing out everything to the little girls with a lofty air of proprietorship which greatly impressed them with his importance, and when he showed them the "playing fields" where cricket was going on, and spoke in an off-hand manner of "our men," the little girls looked at him with great awe and admiration.

It was all new to Edith and Adelaide, so

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Tom took them through some of the old class-rooms, where many celebrated men had learned their lessons. The rough, wooden benches and desks had been hacked and cut up by the knives of schoolboys for many hundred years. It used to be the fashion for the boys to cut their names somewhere on the oak-panelled walls of their schoolrooms, and many names that have since become famous can be seen there to-day. The boys liked to do it all the more, because it was forbidden, but gradually it became the custom, and the proper thing to do.

After Tom had duly impressed the glories of his school upon his sister and cousin, the whole party set out for Windsor Castle, just across the river from Eton.

In a few minutes they were climbing the hill on which the castle stands, and the carriage stopped at the big entrance gate, on either side of which stands a sentry in a bright red

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coat and a great bearskin helmet on his head.

"Now, my dears, you are really inside the king's home," said Colonel Howard, as with some other visitors they followed the guide through the handsome rooms, with their elegant furniture and valuable pictures. From the windows was a fine view extending many miles over the great park which surrounds the castle.

"On certain days of the week," said Colonel Howard, "a band plays on the terrace below, and then the grounds and terrace are free to all who wish to come, while the Royal Family often sit at these windows and enjoy the music."

They also visited the beautiful chapel, where the king and his family attend service when they are at the castle.

Soon our party came to meet the carriage again outside the great gateway. "Drive to the

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WINDSOR CASTLE

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'White Swan,' John," said Colonel Howard, "we are going to lunch there."

"That's good," said Tom. "It's a jolly nice place; they will give us a good dinner. Look, papa," he continued, excitedly, "there is Prince Eddie and his brother in that carriage coming toward us. I knew they were staying at 'Frogmore House.'"

The two boy princes, manly-looking young boys, dressed in sailor suits, were chattering gaily with their tutor, who accompanied them, and smilingly returned the bows of Colonel Howard's party as they passed.

They are the two oldest sons of the Prince of Wales; they are fine-looking little fellows, and enjoy nothing better than their home life in the country, cycling around Windsor Park, or fishing and boating on the river.

Our little party enjoyed a bountiful dinner in the cool dining-room of the "White Swan Inn," with its dark, oak-panelled walls, and

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big sideboard, set out with fine old silver and china.

The solemn, smooth-faced old waiter deftly served them. First they had a delicious fried sole, and then the dish without which no English person thinks dinner is complete,— a big joint of good English roast beef, which as a matter of fact mostly comes from Scotland.

With the roast beef there are potatoes and vegetables. Afterward there was a pudding, for a real English dinner must always finish with pudding. Then follows cheese, which is eaten with salad, the salad being usually lettuce and eaten only with salt. Sometimes they have coffee after dinner, but the English are not great coffee drinkers. You must have found out by this time that they are much more fond of tea.

"Let's go for a row on the river," was the first suggestion after they had left the table

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and were seated in the garden of the inn, from Tom, who was eager to show his skill in handling the oars.

"I am sure your mother and I prefer to rest awhile; we are not so keen for exertion just after dinner," said Colonel Howard, "but you can take the two girls, only don't go too far, for we have a long ride before us."

So the young people enjoyed a half-hour's row; then Tom was driven back to his school, all promising to meet again at Henley.

It was the cool of the evening when John drove through the manor gates, and needless to say our two little girls slept that night like tops. Somehow this toy has the reputation of being a very sound sleeper. Can somebody explain why?

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CHAPTER V.

LONDON — HYDE PARK AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY

ADELAIDE'S visit to Oldham Manor was at an end, and Edith was to return with her to spend a week in London. You can imagine how excited she was at the thought of all she would see in the great city.

Adelaide was so much improved by her stay in the country that she seemed quite another little girl who waved good-bye to her good uncle and aunt as the train pulled out of the little railway station. Miss Green was to see them safely to the end of their journey and return again the same day.

"Does not London look smoky and dark?"

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exclaimed Edith, as their cab took them swiftly through the crowded streets.

"And this, too, is a very fair day for London," said Miss Green, "but here we are in Langham Gardens," as the cab turned into a square with a small park, or garden, in the centre, around which were substantial houses. Much of London is built around such little squares. Soon the cab stopped before a comfortable brick house of four stories with white stone trimmings.

In front of each window was what is called a window-garden, an ornamental box full of bright flowering plants. All the better class London dwellings have these window-gardens, which do so much toward brightening up the gloomy rows of houses. The front door was a rich green in colour and in the centre was a big brass knocker. A few hard raps brought the maid, and Adelaide was soon in her mother's arms, who was greatly pleased at seeing her looking so well.

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"Take Edith to your room, my dear," said Mrs. Stamford, "and do not be long, for lunch will soon be ready."

Adelaide's room was a very nice one, but one could not see the flowers and river from its windows, as from Edith's in Surrey. They looked over endless roof-tops and smoking chimneys. Opening out of it was a sort of play-room and schoolroom combined. Here Adelaide had her lessons with her teacher, who came every day for that purpose.

"Oh, Fluff, lazy fellow, there you are," cried Adelaide, as a beautiful white Persian cat slowly uncurled himself from the depths of an armchair and came toward them with great deliberation, like the aristocratic pussy that he was. He knew his own value, and had evidently made up his mind that he would not show his little mistress how delighted he was to get her back again, for fear of compromising his dignity.

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"Is not he a beauty, Edith?" said Adelaide, stroking his long, silky, white fur. Fluff, having at last given in, mounted to her shoulder, and settled there with a soft murmur of purrs.

"He comes of a fine family, I can tell you, and at the last Royal Cat Show, at the Crystal Palace, he took a gold medal; there it is hanging up in the cabinet. There is no use trying to keep it tied on Fluff, he only tries to lick it off all the time; besides, it would spoil his beautiful ruff."

The two little girls had lunch with Mrs. Stamford, for Adelaide had all her meals in the big dining-room, except tea, which she had with her teacher, Miss Winton, in the schoolroom.

Mrs. Stamford was a widow and Adelaide her only child, so she and her mother were much together and were real companions to each other.

"How would you and Edith like to go with me to Hyde Park this afternoon?" asked

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Mrs. Stamford. "The king is to open the new Royal Hospital, and as the procession passes through the park you will be able to see it well."

"How splendid! We will really see the king and queen, aunty? Do let's go," and Edith jumped up and down in her chair with excitement.

"Be ready, then, so that we can leave directly after lunch, for he is to pass Albert Gate at three o'clock, and we must be early to get a place."

The park looked gayer than usual this afternoon, with plenty of well-dressed people in fine carriages drawn by well-groomed horses and driven by pompous coachmen; some of the handsomest carriages had coachmen and footmen in bright-coloured liveries and powdered wigs. A carriage like this you may be sure held some grand person. All along the edge of the drives were rows of chairs; toward

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these Mrs. Stamford made her way and selected three in the front row.

Presently one of the men who have the seats in charge came up, and Mrs. Stamford paid him a penny for the use of each seat.

The crowd grew more dense and the big policemen were now keeping the driveway clear.

Edith had noticed in the two chairs next to her a little girl, apparently but little older than herself, and a boy evidently younger. They had been talking eagerly together, and Edith could tell that everything was new and strange to them.

Presently the little girl, who had been glancing at Edith, leaned over and said, eagerly: "They will soon be here, won't they? I so much want to see a real live king and queen. You know we don't have kings and queens in our country. We are Americans. My mamma's name is Mrs. White and I am Carrie White

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and Henry is my youngest brother. I have two brothers at home in New York older than myself, and we are staying at the Hotel Cecil."

The little girl poured out her information rapidly, before Edith had time to say a word.

"We have a 'President' in our country; he drives around in processions, too, but he does not wear a crown like your king," chimed in the little boy. "I wish he was going to have it on to-day, but I suppose he only puts it on for grand occasions."

"Yes," said Adelaide, joining in the conversation, "he wears it when he goes to open Parliament. I saw that procession once. It was a fine sight, better than this will be, because he and the queen rode in the great gilded coach that cost ever so much money. They both had on their crowns and rich red robes trimmed with ermine, and they smiled and bowed as they drove along. The coach was drawn by

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eight beautiful cream-coloured horses with harness of red and gold, and each horse was led by a groom dressed in a red uniform with a powdered wig and black velvet cap. Behind were two footmen, also in red and gold, and on either side of the carriage walked the 'Beefeaters,' as the Yeomen of the Guard are called."

"Oh, those are the men who take care of the Crown Jewels in the Tower of London. We saw them," broke in the little boy.

"Yes," hurriedly went on Adelaide, "and before the coach rode a detachment of the Royal Horse Guards. Oh, they are splendid! And behind rode some more Horse Guards; then followed lots of carriages."

Mrs. Stamford had been listening to the children with some amusement.

"Are you alone, my dears?" she finally asked the little American girl.

"Oh, yes, Henry and I came all by ourselves

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from the hotel. Poor mamma had such a bad headache she could not come, but she did not want us to be disappointed, so she got the hotel porter to put us on the right 'bus, and he told the conductor where to let us off, and all we have got to do when we want to go back is to ask the big policeman at the gate to put us on the same 'bus again."

"Oh," gasped Edith in amazement, "aren't you afraid?"

She could not imagine Adelaide and herself crossing several miles of the busiest part of London without Mrs. Stamford, the governess, or a maid accompanying them.

"Why, no, of course not," laughed Henry. "It *is* rather hard to find the right 'bus, because they have got so many names all over them, but a policeman will always set you right; they are right good fellows, your policemen; they take a lot of trouble for one."

"Here they come," some one called out, as

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cheering was heard, and the children jumped up on their chairs.

First came a number of mounted policemen, and then many carriages containing great people, and members of the Royal Family. Then the Royal Horse Guards, the finest regiment of soldiers in the kingdom, whose duty is always to escort the king. They did make a fine showing in their white trousers and red coats, their glittering breastplates and helmets, swords clanking by their sides, and sitting so straight on their black horses.

"They are fine," said Henry. "I wish Billy could see them."

"Hush, here is the king," said Adelaide.

An open carriage passed swiftly. On the high box sat the coachman and footman in the royal liveries of a bright red, powdered wigs on their heads, and on the lapel of the coachman's coat was a huge rosette. At the back of the carriage stood two footmen, also in the red livery.

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King Edward VII. was dressed in a field-marshal's uniform, and kept his hand in salute a greater part of the time.

Queen Alexandra was seated on his right, and looked very sweet and pretty in a violet-coloured dress and hat to match. She carried in her hand a big bouquet of flowers. In a moment they had passed, followed by more soldiers. The children had waved their handkerchiefs, and Henry and Carrie cheered with the rest.

"We are going in your direction, and I will see you safely on your 'bus, or perhaps you had better take a cab," said Adelaide's mother, to their new friends, as they walked to the big gateway of the park.

"Thank you, ma'am," said the little American children, "but we would rather go on top of the 'bus; it is more fun, and we can see more."

"Good-bye," the young Americans shouted,

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as they climbed on their 'bus. "You must come and see us when you come to New York," called out Carrie, as with smiles and waving hands the clumsy 'bus rolled them away.

"What would you like to show Edith to-day?" asked Mrs. Stamford of her little daughter, as they sat at the breakfast-table the next morning. "You will have a holiday from your lessons while Edith is here, so Miss Winton will go with you to-day."

"Of course she must see Westminster Abbey, and the Tower of London, and Madame Tussaud's, and the Zoo," said Adelaide, in one breath.

"Not all in one day," laughed her mother. "Suppose you go to the Abbey this morning and drive with me this afternoon to Kensington Palace. Then see the Tower to-morrow."

The girls were soon ready. "Let us walk, Miss Winton," said Adelaide, as they crossed

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the gardens into the busy street. "There is so much we can show Edith on the way to the Abbey. See, Edith, there is Buckingham Palace, where the king lives when he is in London."

It did not look as handsome as one imagines a palace ought to look; it seemed rather dark and gloomy, though it was a big building.

"You can tell that the king is there because the royal standard is flying over the roof," explained Adelaide. "That is the Royal Family's own flag. It is made of the three coat-of-arms of the three kingdoms which compose Great Britain, — the three golden lions of England, the one rampant red lion of Scotland, and the gold harp of Ireland. It is different, you will see, from the ordinary flag of England, called the 'Union Jack,' and more elaborate and beautiful," said Miss Winton. "The design of the 'Union Jack' is made of the three crosses of the three

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ancient patron saints of Great Britain, — St. George of England, St. Andrew of Scotland, and St. Patrick of Ireland."

They crossed St. James's Park, which is in front of the palace, and a few minutes' walk brought them to the beautiful church of Westminster Abbey, which is the pride of every Englishman.

Here, in front of the great altar, the English kings and queens have been crowned, and many of them lie buried in the chapels which surround the choir.

Edith saw the coronation chair, which is very old, and on which the sovereigns sit when the crown is placed on their heads by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Many monuments of good and great people, as well as of kings and queens, fill the Abbey to overflowing; for Englishmen consider it a great honour to be buried under the stone floor of the Abbey.

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But perhaps the most interesting part is what is called the "Poets' Corner," where most of the great English poets are either buried, or have monuments erected to their memory.

Our little American cousins will see there a marble bust of their poet Longfellow, erected by admirers of his in England.

"Do you see that stone in the floor with the flowers on it?" said Miss Winton; "that is the grave of the great author, Charles Dickens, who wrote the touching story I read to you, Adelaide, of 'Little Nell' and her grandfather, called 'The Old Curiosity Shop.'

"'The Old Curiosity Shop' itself is still to be seen, which is the same house, it is claimed, that Dickens took for the imaginary home of 'Little Nell,' and where she took such good care of her grandfather."

As they left the Abbey, Miss Winton

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pointed out to Edith the great Houses of Parliament, where the laws of the kingdom are made.

"Let us stop, Miss Winton, and have a glass of milk from the cows as we go through the park," said Adelaide, as they walked on.

"Do they have cows in London?" asked Edith.

"Well, it does not seem likely, does it," smiled Miss Winton, "but these cows have very old rights to be in St. James's Park, not so very far from the Royal Palace, which you saw this morning. Many years ago, before London became the biggest city in the world, as it now is, with its millions of people, there used to be a big 'Milk Fair' at this end of the park. Here were brought many cows, and their milk was sold to the good people of London. Now all that remains of this 'Milk Fair' are the two cows you see yonder, teth-

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ered under the trees eating grass as composedly as if they were out on a country farm.

"The cows do not know how nearly they came to losing their comfortable quarters lately; for a new street is being put through to connect the park with Trafalgar Square, and those in charge of the work decided the poor cows were in the way and must go. This nearly broke the hearts of the two old sisters, who own the cows, and sell the milk. So they petitioned King Edward that they and their cows might remain undisturbed. The king kindly gave them permission, only they will have to move a few hundred yards away from their present place so as not to interfere with the new street."

Under a wooden shelter the children found the two old ladies filling glasses with milk for the boys and girls who are now about the only patrons of the "Milk Fair." Perhaps the

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sweetmeats and cakes that are also to be bought there attract them as well.

"Now, we must hurry home," said Miss Winton, "or we shall be late for lunch."

After lunch Mrs. Stamford drove with the little girls to Kensington Palace. This is another palace belonging to the king. You see royalty had plenty of homes scattered around, so when they got tired of one they could move into another.

This palace is principally of interest because it was the first home of Queen Victoria. But what the children like to see are the toys she played with during her childhood in the old palace.

They are all kept in the queen's old nursery. Edith and Adelaide looked at them with a hushed reverence, though they were plain, simple little things, — some dolls and dolls' house furniture, not half so fine as the toys they had themselves at home, for the queen had been brought up very simply.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE TOWER OF LONDON

"LET'S go to the Tower on top of a 'bus," clamoured the little girls, and it did not take long for them to scramble up on to the first one that came along. "It is so nice and wobbly," they declared, "and the people in the streets seem so far below." If one gets a seat just back of the driver, who is generally a jovial good fellow, he will tell you a lot about London, as he drives along, for these drivers are a sociable class of men. It is wonderful to see them guiding the big clumsy 'buses through the mass of people and vehicles of all kinds — costers' carts, automobiles, big lumbering wagons, and hansom cabs flitting about like busy flies. As often as not you

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will see a wagon, with a big load of hay, nearly blocking up the street, and next to it a stylish carriage with footmen in livery. Oh, you can see almost anything in the London streets. But the picturesque old omnibuses are soon to disappear, and automobile 'buses are to take their places.

I must tell you what a coster is. Costers are people who go to the great London market, called Covent Garden, and buy cheap vegetables and fruits and flowers, and sell them in the poorer parts of the city. The coster men dress in velveteen suits trimmed with rows and rows of pearl buttons, which they call "pearlies." They are very proud of these costumes. The women wear bright, gaudily coloured dresses, and very big hats, covered with feathers. They hawk their wares about in barrows or little carts, drawn by such a tiny donkey (a "moke" as the costers call it), that you wonder how he is able to pull a whole family of costers

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as well as a big load of vegetables, as they often do.

"Edith, that is St. Paul's Cathedral just ahead of us; you can see its big dome for miles around, and now we are in the old part of London," explained Miss Winton. "Just beyond is Bunhill Fields, where Daniel Defoe who wrote that immortal children's story — 'Robinson Crusoe' — is buried. A plain shaft or obelisk rises above his grave, and not so very long ago the children of England were asked to give a penny each toward building this monument to the memory of the author of their favourite story-book. Many children responded and enough money was raised for the purpose. You will see that the inscription on it tells the story."

The little girls were much impressed, and Edith said she would tell Clarence and Eleanor about it, as they had just been reading about Robinson Crusoe and his desert island.

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"Are not the 'Beefeaters' splendid?" said Adelaide, as they passed through the old gateway into the Tower of London. "There is the one, Miss Winton, who talked with mamma and me the last time we were here. I believe he remembers me and is coming this way. He had a tame raven which he showed us. See, Edith, there are a number of ravens flying about; they make their home among the old buildings, and the keepers feed them."

"Good morning, miss," said the old man, as he came up. "I am very pleased to see you again," and he bowed politely to the little girls.

He was indeed as fine as a picture. The "Yeomen of the Guard" hold a very exclusive and enviable position. They attend the king on all grand occasions. Their dress is in the same style as that worn in the time of King Henry VIII.: all of bright red, trimmed heavily with gold braid, a big white

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ruff around their necks, and a lovely black velvet hat. They carry a halberd, or sort of lance with a sharp blade at the end. This is the dress for grand occasions. Their every-day costume is in the same style, but is not quite so fine.

"How is the raven?" asked Adelaide. "My cousin would so much like to see him."

"There he is now. Come here, 'Blackie,'" and he whistled to the solemn bird that came hopping over the grass.

"Does he not look wise, Edith? and he can do all sorts of tricks."

The bird flew on to his master's cap, and peered down over the rim of it at him, as much as to say "bo-peep," and then leaned over and took a bit of sugar out of the old man's mouth. After watching other antics our little friends bade the "Beefeater" and his pet good-bye and continued their walk around the Tower, which is really much more

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"AFTER WATCHING OTHER ANTICS OUR LITTLE FRIENDS BADE THE 'BEEFEATER' AND HIS PET GOOD-BYE"

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than a single tower. It is a big group of buildings, with a square tower in the middle, a high wall around it all, and a deep moat which was once filled with water. The "Tower" is very, very old; it was used for a prison, and whenever anybody did something the king did not like, he was put on a boat and rowed down to the Tower and locked up in one of the dungeons, and often many prisoners had their heads chopped off, and some of these were high-born ladies, too!

"I am glad I did not live in those days, when they could cut off people's heads," said Edith, who shuddered as she looked at the block of wood on which a poor queen's head was once cut off.

"Yes, the Tower is full of dark memories," said Miss Winton. "You know the sad story of the two little boy princes who lived in this gloomy Tower, and how they were supposed to have been put to death by their cruel uncle,

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who was King Richard III., and wanted them out of his way.

"Long afterward, in repairing one of the walls, the workmen found buried in a hole in the wall the bones of two small children, which were supposed to be those of the poor little princes, which had been hidden there after their untimely death. Many dreadful things were done in those old days which could never happen now."

"Now let us see something bright," said Miss Winton, "and leave these gloomy things behind."

"I know what you mean; now is the time for the 'Crown Jewels,'" cried Adelaide.

Our two little friends quickly ran up the winding stone stairs of a small round tower where the Crown Jewels are always kept when the king and queen are not wearing them.

Edith was dazzled by the glittering things

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which filled a large glass case in the centre of the room.

There were crowns covered with all kinds of precious stones, and sceptres, and other old and valuable relics, all gold and jewels. But no one is allowed to linger long in here, and before the children had half time enough to see all, they found themselves again in the yard.

"I wonder what Carrie and Henry White thought of the jewels when they came to the tower," said Edith.

"I have no doubt but that they greatly enjoyed seeing it all. The American children are as fond of a visit to the Tower as the English children," and Miss Winton smiled as they drove through the dark, narrow streets of old London, to their home in the newer and brighter part of the town.

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CHAPTER VII.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S AND THE ZOO

"MAMMA is going herself with us to-day," said Adelaide, as the two cousins went downstairs to the breakfast-room, with their arms around each other. Walking down a stairway in this manner is not easy, for one must keep step, but after much laughter they got there, and sat down to their toast and eggs and jam with a good appetite.

"What are we going to see to-day, aunty?" asked Edith, holding Fluff while Adelaide put down his saucer of milk, for his Highness had a way of trying to lift it down himself with his paws, to the detriment of the rug.

"Suppose we make a day of it, that is, if you young people are not tired," and Mrs.

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Stamford smiled as the little girls broke in with a chorus of "No, indeeds." "Then we will go to Madame Tussaud's this morning, and from there to the 'Zoo,' and have lunch in the gardens."

"Oh, lovely! lovely!" said the little girls, and, giving Mrs. Stamford a kiss, they ran upstairs to get ready so that no time should be lost in getting off.

Perhaps you don't know that Madame Tussaud's and the "Zoo" are the two attractions that English children most enjoy seeing.

Madame Tussaud's Wax-works are famous the world over, and though there are other wax-works in various cities, such as the Eden Musée in New York, which have been modelled on this one in London, Madame Tussaud's will always linger in one's mind as the greatest show of its kind.

"They look like real people," said Edith, as they walked through the big room with

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hundreds of wax figures in all kinds of costumes. There were kings and queens and great people of a bygone time in rich court costumes, as well as great and notorious people of the present day. Though Adelaide had visited it many times, she was just as much interested as Edith, who was seeing it for the first time. But when they came to the "Chamber of Horrors" one look was enough for poor Edith, and Mrs. Stamford had to take her out, pale and trembling. Its realistic horrors were too much for her, and her aunt and cousin were quite worried, but in a minute she had recovered and laughed at herself for her fright.

After this Mrs. Stamford declared that they must look at nothing more than the travelling carriage of the great Napoleon. It was in this carriage that the great general drove to the Battle of Waterloo, where he met his defeat. It was like a small house on wheels, and Mrs.

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Stamford pointed out how a desk was built in one corner and how a small table could be let down for the emperor to eat from. There was a bookcase with his favourite books, and the seats were so arranged that they could be used for a bed. Of course it is much heavier and bigger than a carriage of to-day, but what did that matter with four horses to pull it?

The "Zoo" is the playground of London children, and in the afternoons, and on Saturday half-holidays, hundreds of children go there to see the animals and have tea under the trees.

"We will have lunch first," said Mrs. Stamford, as they left their carriage at the gate and walked through the beautifully kept grounds. "There is a table in a shady nook under the trees where lunches and teas are served."

"Oh, what is that?" said Edith, and she gave a scream as something cold and slippery came creeping over her shoulder.

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"It's nothing but the big elephant, who wants you to give him a lump of sugar," said Adelaide, laughing, and she turned her cousin around and there was the great big elephant, with a merry party of young people in the "howdah" on his back, holding out his trunk, just like a person begging.

He is a great pet with the children, and follows them about like a dog, holding out his trunk for the sugar and cakes with which they are always feeding him.

"We will take a ride on him after lunch," said Adelaide, but when the time came it was hard to persuade Edith to mount to the seat on his back; it looked so high up and wobbly. Finally the driver lifted her up in his arms, and after all His Majesty moved off so easily that Edith did not mind it at all, and was sorry when the very short ride came to an end.

"Oh, now for the lions and tigers; it's about

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their feeding-time; it is great fun to see them eat," said Adelaide.

So she led her cousin into the house where the big lions and long sleek tigers were stalking about their cages. There was a general commotion among the animals, for they knew that it was dinner-time.

"There is the Black Panther. Isn't he a beauty? I believe he is the only one in captivity," said Mrs. Stamford.

"He looks like a big black pussy, and I would like to stroke his head," said Edith, as she admired the black beauty.

"You would never want to do it again," laughed Adelaide.

Just then the keepers came in with heaped-up baskets of raw meat. Such a noise, you never heard. Edith caught hold of her aunt as if she feared they would break through their iron cages.

After this they visited the birds and the

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monkeys, and lastly the house where the big snakes lived. Oh, such snakes!

"They are fascinating, but creepy," Adelaide said, as they watched the big boa-constrictors, such as you read about in "The Swiss Family Robinson" — yards and yards long, with wicked eyes.

The general impression is that children never get tired, but after these young people had partaken of their evening meal in the school-room, they were quite ready for bed.

The next day was Sunday, and, after a little later breakfast than usual, the two cousins, looking fresh and pretty in their delicate frocks and dainty flower-trimmed straw hats, each carrying a prayer-book, were ready to accompany Mrs. Stamford to church.

After church they strolled through the park, as is the Sunday custom in London. "Church Parade" it is called; where everybody meets everybody else. They promenade up and

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down the walks or sit in the "penny" chairs. Friends gossip together, and make engagements for the coming week.

It might be called an out-of-door reception. Mrs. Stamford sat talking with some friends while Adelaide and Edith watched the young people, who were out in full force with their parents or nurse-maids. Everybody was in their prettiest clothes, and looked bright and gay.

"Mamma will have visitors this afternoon, so let us take a book into the gardens and read," said Adelaide.

Every family who has a house in one of these garden squares pays something toward keeping up the garden, which is kept locked, and only those who live in the square have keys and can enter. There are seats and shady walks and a grass plot for tennis and croquet; so it is quite like having your own garden.

This was Edith's last day in London. Mrs.

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Howard was coming the next day, and Edith was to return with her.

"You must come again; you have only seen a little bit of London," said Mrs. Stamford. "There is much more to show you yet."

"Remember you are coming up for Lord Mayor's day," were Adelaide's last words, and with kisses Edith parted from her aunt and cousin with reluctance.

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CHAPTER VIII.

HENLEY WEEK

"DID you ever see anything so lovely? It looks like a garden full of flowers of all colours," exclaimed Edith, enthusiastically, as she and Adelaide leaned over the railing of Colonel Howard's house-boat, and looked up and down the river.

I am sure every one would agree with her, if they could be at the picturesque little village of Henley-on-Thames during "the week," as it is known. That is when the boat-races are held there. It is the great open-air society event for the younger people of England; a great water *fête* or picnic. The nicest way to enjoy the boat-races is to have a house-boat

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and live on it during the week, then one is on the spot all the time.

A house-boat is really a small house that is built on a flat boat, so that it can be towed from place to place at its owner's pleasure. There is a big room with perhaps two or more small bedrooms. At the back is a tiny kitchen and a larder or pantry.

"It's just like dolls keeping house; isn't it lovely, mamma?" declared Edith.

"Well, yes," said Mrs. Howard, thoughtfully, as she looked in at the tiny larder. "It is all very well for Henley, but I believe I do prefer the manor."

Colonel Howard's house-boat was very pretty and attractive. "The jolliest on the river," Tom declared, and as Tom was an important person on this occasion, his good opinion was valued by his family.

Over the roof, which was used for a general open-air sitting-room, was a brilliant red and

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white awning, and around the edge of the roof or deck was a border of a solid mass of flowers, splendid red geraniums and big white daisies, while hanging down from these was a fringe of green vines, all of which looked very pretty with the brass railings around the deck, and the bright woodwork of the boat itself, which was painted white with green Venetian blinds at the windows.

The deck was covered over with rugs, and there were plenty of wicker lounging chairs and cushions. Meals were served sometimes on desk; sometimes in the big room below.

All the house-boats here were decorated in some such way, and made a pretty picture, tied up to the shore on one side of the river — a long line of them. Their occupants entertained their friends on board, and there was much visiting done from one to another.

The course of one mile, along which the races are rowed, is "staked off" by "booms"

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or logs tied together. On either side of this course lay thousands of small boats as tightly packed together as could be, for naturally every one wanted to get as near the racing boats as possible.

The ladies were all dressed in the loveliest of dresses of all colours, — pale pinks, blues, and lavenders, as well as white, with sunshades to match. If it happens to be showery weather, dear me! Many a pretty hat and dress is spoilt. But this was a "dry" Henley, with brilliant sunshine, so Edith was right when she said the river looked like a garden of flowers.

The men looked very cool and comfortable in their white flannel suits and straw hats.

Along both river banks were big tents, which were used as club-houses by the various boat clubs who were rowing in the races, while thousands of spectators lined either side of the river. English people take a great interest in all kinds of sports, but they are specially fond

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of boating, and they cheer the winning crews at Henley with the greatest enthusiasm.

This afternoon the race in which Tom was to row was coming off, and the Howard family was in a great flutter of excitement. The crew of Tom's boat were to take dinner afterward on their house-boat, and if they should prove the winners they would have an especially jolly feast.

Friends of the Howards from Oxford had the house-boat next to theirs — their eldest son was in one of the competing boats for the "Ladies' Plate," and their two little boys, the nine-year-old twins, Edgar and Will, held great discussions with Edith and Adelaide over the merits of the two rival boat crews.

The little girls' loyalty to Eton never wavered, while the "Twins," as they were always called, had a great contempt for any boat crew that did not have their brother George in it.

The "Twins" were particularly arrogant this afternoon, for the rumour had gained

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ground that George's boat would prove the best. However, the cry, "They have started," put an end to all talk.

It was one of the favourite races of the week, and everybody was wild. On they came, the young fellows straining, and the oars glittering as they flew in and out of the water. At first Eton was left behind, but they drew up little by little on their rivals. Side by side the rival crews kept, nearly up to goal, when with a supreme effort Eton gave a spurt forward, and won by half a boat's length. Such cheers as went up! The Etonians were the heroes for the rest of the day.

You may imagine the joy of Tom's family, who were prouder of him than ever, and in the eyes of the little girls he had grown several inches taller. Don't you think it was very good of the girls when they went over afterward to take tea with the "Twins" that they did not crow over them a bit?

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CHAPTER IX.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS

It was the midsummer holidays. "No more lessons," said Edith, as she danced around the schoolroom. Soon, however, she rushed up to Miss Green. "But I will miss *you*, dear Miss Green. I wish you were going with us," and the warm-hearted little girl threw her arms around her governess.

Miss Green was also to take a holiday, and visit her old home in the fine old town of Canterbury, which is one of the most historic places in England, best known for its splendid cathedral, one of the grandest of the many cathedrals of England.

Edith herself was going to spend a part of the summer holidays in Warwickshire, one

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of the prettiest parts of England, — a lovely rolling country of fields, farms, thatch-roofed cottages, and great country houses.

While there they were to visit Stratford-on-Avon, the home of the great poet Shakespeare.

Edith caught the first glimpse of the old church with a tall steeple, where the great poet is buried, as she walked down the path by the river Avon. There were visitors in the church, as there always are, for there is no spot in the world more visited than this.

People come to this church from all over the world, and the American cousins think as much of it as the English themselves. Edith stood looking at the worn stone in the floor before the altar. It was difficult to realize that under this lay the ashes of the great Shakespeare.

They were alone in the church now; the other visitors had gone, and Colonel and Mrs.

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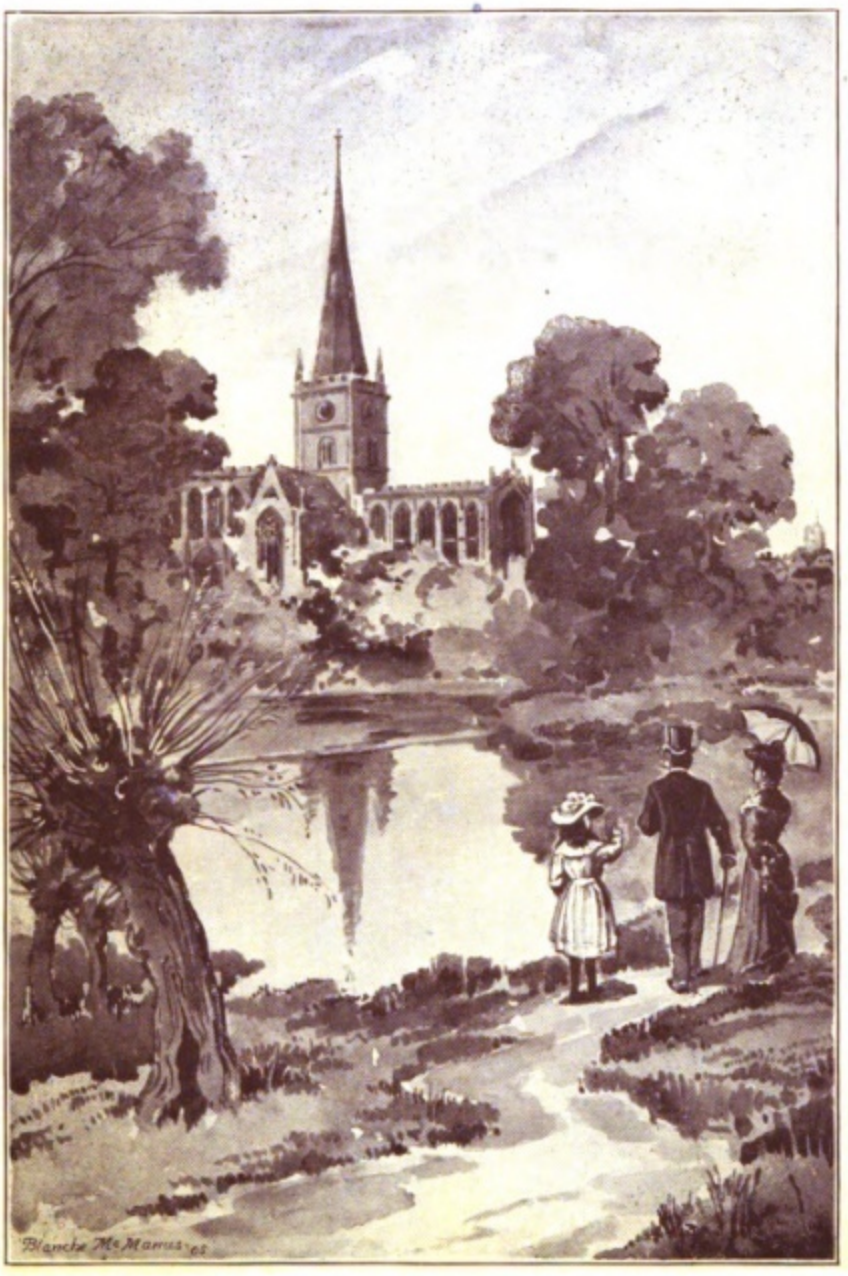

"SHE WALKED DOWN THE PATH BY THE RIVER AVON"

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Howard were resting in a pew, when Edith's childish voice broke the silence of the old church, as she slowly spelled out the strange inscription on the stone.

"Good frend for Jesus sake forbeare,
To digg the dust encloased heare:
Blese be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

"How funny some of the words are, papa," she said.

"Yes, that is the old way of spelling, as it was in Shakespeare's time," answered Colonel Howard.

They then walked through the neat little market-town to Shakespeare's house. It had been repaired many times, but always to look as nearly like the original as possible.

Then they went to the famous old inn, the Red Lion, for their dinner, where the American author, Washington Irving, stayed, while

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he wrote some of his charming stories about English country life.

From Stratford, our friends went to Warwick, which is most interesting, not only on account of the picturesque old town with its ancient houses, but because of its great castle as well.

Edith's papa and mamma wanted her to see this castle, which is one of the finest places in England, and one of the few examples of an old feudal castle which is still occupied and kept as it was hundreds of years ago.

"Is not this a lovely old room, mamma?" said Edith, as they sat at breakfast in the coffee-room, or dining-room, of the quaint inn at Warwick at which they were staying. It *was* a pretty room, with walls of dark oak panels. Around the room were hung many plates and dishes of fine and rare old English china. A big, high sideboard stood at one end, on which were many pieces of antique

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silverware, also some good pewter mugs and pitchers, which are now very valuable, and some quaint old "Toby" jugs, which are in the shape of a fat old gentleman.

Mrs. Howard poured out tea; and the sun sparkled on the dainty silver and pretty china of the well-set table.

Edith enjoyed the eggs with crisp slices of bacon, and buttered toast, while the neat maid cut for Colonel Howard slices of cold ham from one of the huge joints of cold meat which stood on the sideboard.

Edith admired very much a glass case of stuffed birds just opposite her, such as one will find in almost every country inn in England. Over the door was another favourite decoration, a model of an enormous trout.

"I think I will let papa take you over the castle, while I rest here and write some letters," said Mrs. Howard.

So Edith and her papa walked through the

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great gateway into Warwick Castle, and were taken, with some other visitors, through many of the fine old rooms, filled with magnificent furniture, and pictures, and armour, and all kinds of valuable and ancient things. They saw the great cedars of Lebanon, which were brought from the Holy Land, and planted in the garden about 800 or 900 years ago. That's a long time, isn't it?

The beautiful, rare, white peacocks were also to be seen strutting about the courtyard, spreading their great white tails to be admired.

Edith had much to tell her mamma while they were eating lunch. Colonel Howard also told his little daughter of other beautiful houses he had visited, among them Haddon Hall and Welbeck Abbey, which has a number of the rooms built under ground. The owners of most of these great houses in England allow visitors to go through the principal apartments on certain days in the week.

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Edith's papa and mamma had spent the preceding summer on the "Norfolk Broads." The "Broads" are really lakes or rivers, nearly all connected, so they had taken a sail-boat and sailed from one to another, living meanwhile on their boat. This is a most enjoyable way of spending some weeks, and they had promised to go again some time and take Edith.

Near the "Broads" is a spot of interest to little American cousins, — the town of Boston which gave its name to the American city. There is a great contrast between the great bustling city of Boston and this little old English town. There is a tower there that is called the "Boston Stump," why, one cannot imagine, for it is a very nice church tower, and does not look at all like a stump, though it stands high up above the surrounding flat country like a mariner's beacon.

Our party visited Oxford as well, stopping

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just long enough for Edith to see the gray, time-stained walls of the many colleges which go to make up the great university of Oxford.

"This is where Tom is coming when he finishes at Eton," said Colonel Howard, as he pointed out to Edith his old college building set about with a beautiful green lawn.

From here they returned to Oldham Manor, but in August Edith went with her parents to Cowes, on the Isle of Wight, where the yacht races take place. Here are to be seen hundreds of sailboats, and big steam yachts as well.

Little girls do not often go to Cowes, for yachting there is an amusement for "grown ups." But Edith's parents wanted her to enjoy her holidays with them as much as possible, so she usually went, too. Her papa told her so much about the yachts, that she grew very wise and nautical, and they used to nickname her the "Little Sailor."

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CHAPTER X.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW

ONE of the great events in the life of an English child is to be able to go to London to the "Lord Mayor's Show," which takes place every year on the 9th of November. Thousands of families from all over the country come into London for that day, and bring the young folks.

Early in the morning of the great day, the Howard and Stamford families had taken up their position at two of the big windows of a hotel, from which a good view of the parade could be had. Eleanor and Clarence had come up with the Howards, so you can fancy what a merry party it was.

All the children but Edith had seen it

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before, but they were just as eager as if it were a brand-new sight. As for Edith, she kept her little nose glued to the window-pane, and hardly winked her eyes for fear she might miss something.

The "Lord Mayor's Show," like most customs in England, is of very ancient origin. It has always been considered a great honour to be Lord Mayor of London, and live in the Mansion House, as his home is called.

All children remember the story of Dick Whittington and his cat, and how he heard the bells of London, which said to him that he would become Lord Mayor of London; and I believe it is a true story, too, not about the bells really talking to him, perhaps, but about the little country boy who struggled on, and *did* become the great Lord Mayor.

The Lord Mayor's rule only extends over what is called the "City," which is now only a small part of big London. Long ago, when

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the office was first created, what is now the "City" was all there was of London. It was enclosed at that time by walls.

Well, times have changed! London has spread miles away on every side from the "City," but the Lord Mayor of London still holds almost an absolute sway over his part of London. Many of the old laws still exist; such as the king cannot go into the "City" without the permission of the Lord Mayor, who must meet him at the city boundary, and present a sword which the king touches, and then he can pass in. Of course this is only a form now, but it is still a picturesque ceremony which usually takes place at Temple Bar on the Strand. Every year a new Lord Mayor is chosen, and the "Show," which is a procession that passes through the principal streets, is to celebrate his incoming.

Our little folks were becoming impatient,

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though it was amusing enough to watch the vast crowd moved hither and thither by the good-natured policemen.

Companies of strolling minstrels amused the waiting people, singing songs and cracking jokes, while the vendors of the funny, coloured programmes did a large business.

"I do believe they are coming at last." These words of Adelaide's brought every head as far out of the windows as possible. Yes, there were the gorgeous coaches of the Aldermen, but nothing to compare to the one which followed, — the great, gilded coach of the Lord Mayor himself, with the sword of state sticking out of the window, because it is too big for the carriage. You never have seen, nor will ever see, anything more splendid than the coachman to the Lord Mayor. We have to talk about him first because he is seen first. He is a tremendous big fellow in red plush knee-breeches, with a

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coat all gold braid and lace. White silk stockings cover his portly calves, and his shoes sparkle with big buckles; a three-cornered hat sits pompously on his big powdered wig, and there is a bouquet in his coat, beside which a cabbage would look small. Standing behind the carriage are two footmen, only a trifle less magnificent.

The coachman so catches the young people's eyes they scarcely see the Lord Mayor inside the gold coach, but he too is grand in his fine robe of velvet and fur, and a magnificent golden chain about his neck.

Then come the various Guilds or Societies of the City of London. The Guild of Clockmakers, and the Guild of Goldsmiths, the Guild of Tanners, and many others. Then come soldiers and bands of music, and floats or wagons on which are symbolic designs and tableaux.

The people cheer, and our little folks clap

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their hands, and think nothing in the world could be so grand.

As Adelaide's mother once said to Edith, "You have only yet seen a very small bit of London." There is, indeed, much more to be seen in this great old city, and in England, for even if it is a very small country it holds a great deal.

But we must for the present bid our little English cousins "good-bye" and give some other little cousin a chance.

THE END.

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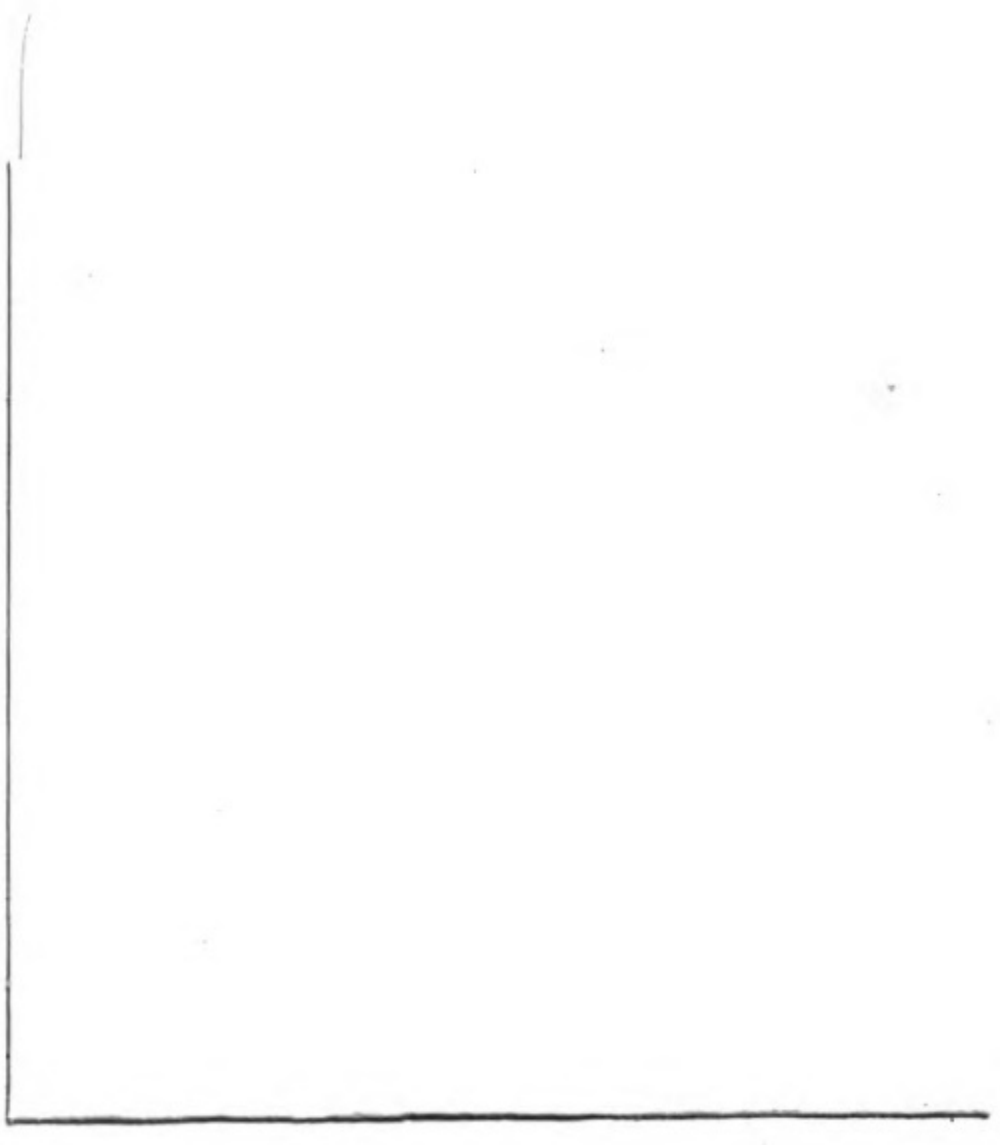

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