CAMDEN (N. J.) WOMAN ELECTED JUSTICE OF PEACE ON DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM

Wife of Lord Ampthill Startles London by Opening Dressmaking Salon, Planning to Do Entire Designing Herself-Woman Cleans Up Fifth Avenue in Payment of Election Bet.



Miss Elsie Show. Hor. Mrs John Eussett. TO Strengthen Eyesight

Well and the composition of the composition of

The mound and the most still remain, but I think only a watchtower can have been built on the mound, just where our summer house stands today. Below are remains of fortifications, and a pound where the cattle were impounded during an enemy

cations, and a pound where the cattle were impounded during an enemy raid.

Some antiquarians say that the mound was built as a refuge for the villagers and as an elevation from which to shoot down arrows upon the besieging Danes.

The mound is a mountain indeed in a flat country like Essex. Every day I climb to the top and survey the neighborhood, trying to recapture that thrill down the spine which the people of long ago must have felt as they saw the blood-thirsty Danes getting nearer and nearer. How those red heads must have glimmered in the sunshine or loomed up through the mist! To often get a very real thrill on the way down, as a specially virulent species of sting-nettle grows on the mound, highly suggestive is its sting of the boiling-lead of the past. Then I regret the thin transparent stockings of today.

In Henry II's time the Peverell of the moment got into disgrace for poisoning the earl of Chester and fled the country, leaving his lands a forfeit to the crown. They ultimately became the property of the de Perrers family, who practised their favorite sport of fighting in the crurades and in the barons' wars.

In their time a market was held in Stebbing once a week and a fair "on the eve of the day of St. Peter and St. Paul and two following days."

The market is now extinct and the fair a poor milk and watery affair held half heartedly in a field instead of in the village street.

From them the manor of Stebbing hall passed to Sir Edward Grey, whose son was killed fighting on the side of the Lancastrians in the wars of the Roses, 1451.

His widow was one of the dangerously fascinating widows of history and when she went to plead her cause and that of her children before the victorious Yorkist, Edward IV, he promptly fell in love with her. A secret wedding took place and he made her his queen, a queen to whom Shakespeare says: "All griefs were known."

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Shakespeare says: "All griefs were known."

She was the mother of the little princes who were smothered in the tower; her daughter Elizabeth married Henry VII. Perhaps even dour Henry VII made love to his bride under the spell of this enchanting garden. Oh, if it could but speak! What amorous royal whispers we might hear amongst the rustling of the trees.

Henry VIII took a fancy to his mother's place and bought it for himself. (No one need doubt that he followed his favorite occupation of lovemaking when he spent a week-end here.) Lady Jane Grey, queen of England for about a week and then headless, was one of these same Greys of Slebbing.

When it was next sold the property was bought by the earl of Essex and belonged to that family until my cousin bought it.

On Sunday morning we went to the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, a fine 14th century building. I had already examined the church on a week day and had hoped that our seat would be within sight of an excellent 14th century model in stone of the Cheshire Cat, grin and all. Pussy supports an arch just in front of the main door and smiles at his task. Opposite him a sublime crusader does his bit, with an expression of "do or die." Further along on the same side a stone efficy of a man with the toothache bears his share of pain and the arch as best he can. Every arch has its different atlas at each ond.

I was disappointed; our pew was the most prominent one right in front

I was disappointed; our pew was
the most prominent one right in front
and far away from the cat's cheerful
grin. I had a very good view, however, of the stone screen shutting off
the chancel, and was much amused by
the carved likenesses of two worthless infidels, all squashed out of shape
by bearing the burden of a Christian
church.

church.

As I knelt in this pew of importance, so near me at the left that I could have reached out and touched it with my hand, was a stone tombstone set in the floor of the aisle. Upon it was a brass plate with this inscription:

"Learne so to live by fayth as I have lived before
Learne so to give in fayth as I did

Learne so to give in fayth as I did at my doore. the poore. Learn so to live, to give, to keep, to That God in Christ as day of death may prove thy friend."

Underneath are the words:
"Here lyeth buried Isaac Barnard,
Yeoman, died 1609."



Learne so to keep by fayth as God be Eye Specialists and Medical Author Report on Wonderful Remedy To Strengthen Eyesight

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and everything I ate upset my stomach. Three years ago I lost a child and suffered so badly that I was out of my head at times. My bowels did not move for days and I could not eat without suffering. The dector could not help me. days and I could not eat without suffering. The doctor could not help me
and one day I told my husband that I
could not stand the pain any longer
and sent him to the drug store to get
me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound and threw the
doctor's medicine away. After taking three bottles of Vegetable Compound and using two bottles of Lydia
E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash I could
do my own housework. If it had not
been for your medicine I don't know
where I would be to-day and I am
never without a bottle of it in the
house. You may publish this if you
like that it may help some other
woman."—Mrs. Mark Stenners, 120
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