

A BROKEN SIXPENCE

By CHARLOTTE LEE.

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Dick Worthing's laugh was bitter as he digested the full meaning of his uncle's absurd legacy.

"A broken sixpence," repeated the lawyer, looking mildly over his spectacles at the chagrined young man. "It sounds very ridiculous, Mr. Worthing, but I regard it as merely a manifestation of your late uncle's extreme interest in the art of unraveling mysteries."

"But the idea of bringing me up to suppose that I should inherit a share of his fortune and then cutting me off with but half a broken sixpence!"

"And leaving you a large fortune on condition that you find the other half of the broken sixpence," quietly finished the lawyer.

Dick laughed again.

"He might have omitted turning the knife around in the wound!" he grimaced. "It's hard, but hunting a needle in a haystack, I wouldn't know how to look for the other half of a broken sixpence—broken, Lord knows how many years! It's simply another manner of disinheriting me."

Mr. Tapping suppressed a smile that lurked around his thin lips.

"If you believe that, Mr. Worthing, my advice would be to find that sixpence and have the laugh on your uncle after all."

Dick shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well, Mr. Tapping, I'll take your advice and do some sleuthing for that sixpence. But, say, why didn't Uncle Joe make it half a dime or half a silver quarter? Why a sixpence?"

Again Mr. Tapping suppressed a smile.

"Perhaps because your first clue lies in the fact that it was a broken sixpence." Then he added in a panic-stricken tone: "Now I utterly refuse to be questioned any further. I promised your uncle not to help you."

Dick picked up his hat.

"I may as well take my sixpence, Mr. Tapping," he suggested. "I'll have to fit it to the other half when I find it, you know."

The lawyer gave him a tiny white box. "It's in there"—his voice dropped to an unaccustomed tone of familiarity—"and Dick, my lad, guard it carefully—It means your fortune—and I'll warrant your happiness as well!"

Dick thanked him soberly and left the office. He chose to walk down the long flights to the street, and as he went he mused over the lawyer's concluding words.

"My happiness!" he muttered grimly. "As if I hadn't lost out on everything the past month—the girl I loved, poor old Uncle Joe, and now my legacy is only half of a broken sixpence!"

He turned into his club and sat down in the cool east window that faced the avenue. His quarterly allowance had been untouched in his pockets when Uncle Joe died so that his immediate future was assured, but what to do when that melted away scared him. He was an architect by profession, but Uncle Joe had never wanted him to open an office, assuring him that it would not be necessary. Now, the reading of the old man's will left him adrift with a few hundreds in his pockets and all the tastes of a rich man's pampered nephew.

"I'll try the sixpence first," he decided after an hour's bitter cogitation. "Tapping says my first clue lies in the fact that the broken coin is a sixpence. What significance is there in a broken sixpence?"

He put the question to the next man who came into the room.

"A broken sixpence," explained Freddy Morehouse thoughtfully, "is a pledge of constancy between lovers—a sort of an old English custom among humble folk, don't you know? The man severs a sixpence in twain and gives the girl half and keeps the other half himself. If one desires to end the engagement, why, he or she sends back the sixpence. See?"

"Yes," answered Dick vaguely. "I believe I have a clue."

"A clue?" asked Freddy curiously. "A clue to matrimony, eh?"

"Rather more like a clue to matrimony," was Dick's mysterious reply as he went away.

Celia Moore had been engaged to Dick Worthing, but Celia was poor and very proud and she fancied that the engagement was galling to her lover and that his marriage to a humble little stenographer would estrange Dick's stern Uncle Joe and darken that beloved young man's life with poverty.

So Celia, after the manner of some women having nerved herself to the ordeal of an entirely unnecessary sacrifice, quarreled with the bewilderment Dick and proudly gave him back the ring.

So a number of people were quite unhappy about this time when this advertisement appeared in a morning newspaper:

WANTED—Lost half of a broken sixpence, year 1870. One hundred dollars reward paid for missing half. Address L. X. B.

Now Celia Moore wanted \$100 very badly. There was a great specialist who might help her mother to perfect health, and \$100 would pay for the treatment. Celia had talked it over many times with the family physician.

Celia saw the advertisement for the missing half sixpence. "Mother, dear," she said that night as she flew around the little flat preparing their simple dinner. "If I had a broken sixpence I could earn \$100! You have produced almost everything from that magic box of yours—are you sure you haven't a half sixpence?" she laughed gaily as Mrs. Moore turned to the quaint Japanese cabinet beside her sofa and unlocked the door.

Within were tiers of little lacquered drawers with wrought steel handles. The tiniest drawer of all had to be unlocked, and from a secret receptacle behind it Mrs. Moore brought out a bit of white tissue paper.

"Here is the sixpence," she said. "Mother!" cried the girl incredulously. Then, as she unwrapped it and discovered the broken half of a bright English sixpence, she added: "It is a keepsake—something you have cher-

ished! It is dear of you to give it to me, but—"

"It has outlived its sentiment, my dear," said Mrs. Moore quietly. "It was given to me years ago by my first sweetheart. He married another, and so did I. I was very happy, too, with your dear father. Take the sixpence. It would have been yours, anyway, some day."

So Celia took the sixpence and noted with a thrill that the date was the one required in the advertisement—1870.

It would indeed be wonderful if it should happen to be the missing half for which the mysterious L. X. B. advertised. Visions of her mother's restoration to health made her quite happy again.

That is how it happened that Dick Worthing was thrilled at receipt of a little unsigned note in a familiar handwriting, bearing an address that was strange to him, for the Moores had moved since the estrangement. "It couldn't be Celia, though," he told himself.

At seven o'clock Dick rang the bell of apartment B, his half of the broken sixpence in his vest pocket.

Celia Moore's pale face greeted him at the door.

"Why—I—er—Dick!" she cried all in a breath.

And Dick gasped about the same thing, only his exclamation ended in Celia's name.

"I—I didn't expect you, Dick," murmured Celia as she led the way to the little parlor, but her eyes were very glad. So glad, indeed, that Dick put his arms around her then and there and declared nothing should part them again.

After a long, long while Dick remembered something.

"Funny thing, darling, I didn't know you'd moved," he exclaimed. "I intended to call at apartment B—"

"This is apartment B," explained Celia, equally amazed. "You didn't come about a sixpence?"

"I did. That was your letter after all?"

So after many explanation Celia brought forth her half of the sixpence, and marvelously to relate, it fitted Dick's half perfectly.

"Did your Uncle Joe know all about me and about my mother?" questioned Celia at last.

Dick nodded. "Of course! I couldn't talk enough about you. I remember he once told me that he used to know a girl named Celia Dupee, who had married a man named Moore—"

"That was mother's name—and, Dick, your Uncle Joe must have been her first sweetheart! And perhaps he guessed that she still had the broken sixpence, and in sending you after it—why, he was mending our broken engagement and making you happy, too!"

"Bless his heart!" muttered Dick with misty eyes. "But, dearest," he added, with a shudder, "he was taking some chance in reckoning that your mother would keep that half of the sixpence."

Celia smiled wisely.

"Your Uncle Joseph understood women," she said.

THE IRISH OF THE BALKANS

Serbian Have All the Virtues and Some of the Weaknesses of the Hibernian.

The Serbians are the Irish of South-eastern Europe, with all the virtues and some of the weaknesses of the Irish people. They are specially proud of their national poetry, which they possess as no other nation possesses in modern times, for they still have their national bard—men who live by making national songs, not highly cultured poets, but men in the street. They do not go to a newspaper to report what they hear, but to the next inn or coffee house, and there take up their instruments to recite what they have to say. Virtually our bards are ancient reporters. The old ones sing. Those of the present day stenograph. The Serbian language is the richest and most musical of the Slav dialects. The Russian language has that reputation, but it is not so musical and clear and rich.—Miyatovitch, Serbian minister to England, in the Manchester Guardian.

The inventor of the Circular Saw.

Some discussion appeared recently in several British technical publications as to who invented the circular saw, and the claim is made that it was invented and used by a wood turner named Murray at Mansfield, England, about the year 1820. The first saw is described as having been about six inches in diameter, and was undoubtedly used on a wood turning lathe operated by water power. James Murray, the inventor, is said to have been the son of "Old Joe Murray," the favorite servant of Lord Byron.

Torsion-Testing Machine.

One of the interesting exhibits at the San Francisco exposition is a machine for testing the twisting strength of steel, which records automatically the torsion curve of the piece of metal under test. Heretofore this measurement has been calculated, with more or less accuracy, by the person making the test. It has a capacity of 230,000 inch pounds, and will test specimens ranging from one-eighth of an inch to two and a half inches in diameter, and of any length up to eight feet.

The Real Puzzle.

Bill—I see the steam laundries in the United States employ 109,184 persons.

Jill—That's a good many people.

"You bet it is; no wonder it's so hard for a fellow to tell who tore his shirt."

Why He Never Married.

"So, doctor, you are still single? Ah, I fear that you are somewhat of a woman hater."

"Nay, madam; it is to avoid becoming one that I remain a bachelor."

No Lounging Allowed.

"Can't I sell you one of our hand-some lounging coats?" asked the clerk.

"No use," replied the man, looking around; "my wife won't let me lounge around the house."

WORMS HARM CABBAGE

Butterflies Deposit Eggs On Leaves of the Plant.

Pest is Easily Controlled if Destructive Measures Are Promptly Begun and Practiced Throughout the Season.

(By PROF. L. M. MONTGOMERY, Ohio State University.)

At this season of the year, cabbage fields are visited by large numbers of small butterflies which deposit large quantities of eggs on the leaves of the cabbage plants. These eggs hatch in a few days and develop borders of small greenish cabbage worms. These worms feed on the leaves of the cabbage, sometimes eating out considerable holes and frequently eating into the newly formed heads. The worms are easily controlled if destructive measures are promptly begun and consistently practiced through the season. Failure to control them is



Virginia Cabbage Field.

largely due to neglect or prejudice against the use of certain methods of control.

The most serviceable remedy which has been used in the university garden is white hellebore, a vegetable poison obtainable at any good drug store. This material comes in a powder form and loses its poisonous properties in a short time if exposed to the air. Therefore it must be fresh. Apply it as a spray mixed in water at the rate of one ounce to three gallons of soapy water. The soap makes the solution stick to the leaves. There is absolutely no danger associated with the use of hellebore, because it will have lost its poisonous property before the cabbage is marketed. Furthermore, there is no chance for the material to get into the interior of the head, because cabbage heads form from the inside and the outside leaves are removed before use. This material must be applied thoroughly as often as the worms begin to appear numerous. Arsenate of lead may also be used effectively at the rate of 2 1/2 pounds to 50 gallons of water, but we prefer the hellebore. Hand picking is a laborious method where only a few plants are grown.

A good medicine chest is a necessary feature of the dairy barn. The farmer cannot be his own veterinarian, but he can keep a supply of simple remedies for the bovine troubles which can be cured by the use of simple applications. This chest should not consist of a dirty cloth and a couple of empty bottles either, as "dirt diseases" cause a vast amount of trouble among all kinds of animals, and if wounds are not carefully treated and thoroughly protected from infection, the home treatment always leads to unfortunate developments.

HOW TO SAVE GARDEN SEEDS

Clean, Sort and Tie Up in Sack Tops as Shown in Illustration—Label Each Package.

(By J. W. GRIFFIN.)

Just as soon as the seed of squash, cucumbers, melons, and tomatoes are removed from the fruit I wash them in two or three different waters and thoroughly dry them in the shade. The

same with bean, pea, corn, beet, turnip and similar kinds of seed. Clean and sort and tie up in sack tops and stocking legs. Then hang up in the tool house where rats and mice do not trouble.

Each little sack is labeled as soon as the seeds are put in, with the date. Then when planting time comes the seeds are ready.

CARE IN FEEDING NEW CORN

Severe Losses May Be Avoided by Exercising Judgment in Changing From One Field to Another.

Unless hogs have plenty of pasture and forage crops the change of feed must be gradual to escape derangement of digestion and disordered stomach. It means a little more work to feed supplemental feed and old corn with the new, but the advantages are so great that feeders should not neglect that which is safest, and promises the best returns.

Hogs relish new corn, and we are often tempted to feed too much at the start. At least a month's time should be taken to bring them from pasture and forage crops to a full feed of corn. It requires more bushels of new corn to make the same gain that sound corn will make. Hence it is advantageous, both from the standpoint of health and profit, to feed some old corn while bringing the hogs to a full feed of new corn. Severe losses may be avoided by the exercise of care and judgment in feeding new corn.

Clean Up the Fence Corners.

Roadsides and fence corners free of weeds, rank grass and rubbish are not only pleasing in appearance, but injurious crop pests cannot start house-keeping in such places. Neither is there a chance for noxious weeds to mature or dangerous plant disease to start on clean roadsides. Let's stop breeding trouble on our farm.

For the Swine Breeder.

Give your hogs good pasture all summer.

Give them a change of pasture frequently.

Feed a liberal grain ration.

Keep good clean water accessible. Provide sunshades or wet wallows.

PREVENTION OF "SHEEP FLY"

Shearing Cuts Ought to Be Treated at Once—Machines Tend to Reduce Cause of Attack.

The sheep that is "struck by the fly" is at first restless and excitable, stamps its feet, runs about, and sometimes tries to bite the part. Later it becomes dull and dejected, loses its appetite, and stands listlessly about, with its head hanging down, apart from the flock. The wool at the seat of the injury is rough and raised, and as the maggots burrow their way into the skin and tissues, causing suppuration, close examination shows a moving mass of them. Unless these maggots are destroyed and the wound kept clean, the torture ends in death.

"Prevention is better than cure," and in the case of "fly" it saves the animal much pain and annoyance and considerable damage to the fleece. Prevention includes the prompt treatment of shearing cuts, fighting wounds or abrasions of the skin generally at the time of the infliction, and especially of shearing wounds, which are too often neglected. The increasing employment of machines in shearing will tend to the reduction of this cause of "fly" attack.

The removal of dirty locks of wool and the trimming of the soiled parts is imperative. These precautions, however, will not always suffice, for the yolk of the wool will prove sufficient attraction unless poisoned or rendered distasteful to the fly, and the pest will sometimes strike, especially on hot days, and when there is thunder in the air.

SOLVE FARM LABOR PROBLEM

Labor-Saving Machines Are Great Aid in Keeping Reliable Hired Men—Medicine Chest is Handy.

Dairy equipment is one of the greatest aids in solving the farm labor problem. Observation leads one to believe that the farmers who are trying to run a good dairy farm are having the least trouble in keeping reliable hired men. The man who is responsible for the condition of a respectable looking dairy barn equipped with modern labor saving appliances feels that he owns a position and not a mere job. Unless he is the kind of employee who can succeed nowhere he will appreciate the efforts of the farmer to produce good milk in an economical manner. The hired man feels that it is worth while to co-operate.

A good medicine chest is a necessary feature of the dairy barn. The farmer cannot be his own veterinarian, but he can keep a supply of simple remedies for the bovine troubles which can be cured by the use of simple applications. This chest should not consist of a dirty cloth and a couple of empty bottles either, as "dirt diseases" cause a vast amount of trouble among all kinds of animals, and if wounds are not carefully treated and thoroughly protected from infection, the home treatment always leads to unfortunate developments.

FOR THE MORNING REPAST

Some Dishes That Are More Than Usually Acceptable in the Hot Weather.

In the summer this meal should be simple and of wholesome, easily digested food. Of course things must be tasty, and quite as much thought and pains should be expended on a light breakfast as on a heavy one. Foods should be selected in reference to their suitability to one another and the season. The Sunday morning breakfast should be different. Banish from the Sunday morning breakfast table anything that is served on week day mornings except coffee.

Here are a few simple menus which may serve as a guide:

Peaches or stewed pears, hominy, poached eggs on toast, cocoa or coffee.

Raspberries or blackberries, fried egg plant, toast, coffee.

Blackberries, cream of wheat, molded eggs, toast, coffee.

Fruit, cereal, small broiled lamb chops, with cold asparagus; rolls, coffee.

Fruit, cereal, omelet with peas, asparagus or tomatoes, biscuits, coffee.

Fruit, cereal, a well-soaked salt mackerel, boiled or broiled, with a cream parsley sauce; rolls, cocoa or coffee.

Fruit, cereal, creamed dried beef, muffins, coffee. Chop fine a cupful of dried beef. Put over the fire with one gill of cream or milk. Season with pepper and stir in four beaten eggs. When thick turn over squares of hot buttered toast.

Orange juice, cereal, broiled mackerel, baked potatoes, toast, coffee.

Carafe Frappe.

Frappe, as most persons know, is to freeze, and carafe is the glass decanter smart folk use at their functions for holding drinking water. Fill the bottles with distilled water to within an inch of the top and then sink them to two-thirds depth in a tub of ice, as for making ice cream; use less salt than for cream, and do not have the ice cover the decanters any higher than stated, as the glass may break. Stopper them with bits of absorbent cotton during the freezing. The ice forms at the bottom of the bottles and the displaced water rises, and as long as the ice remains the decanters can be refilled and used after a few minutes.

Bake Vegetables.

Do not boil vegetables in the old-fashioned way and throw away most of the substance in the water.

Cook them in the oven and preserve the flavor and prevent odors in the house.

This last is especially true of sauerkraut, cabbage and onions. If you have no casserole cook them in a granite pan, placed in a pan of water in the oven. If to be served with a cream sauce, pour a thin sauce over the raw vegetables and cook till tender, or cook with butter or meat fryings or bacon.

Eureka Fudge.

Two cupfuls sugar, three-quarters of a cupful milk pinch salt, piece butter. Boil without stirring six minutes over gentle fire. Add square of chocolate or three tablespoonfuls cocoa, half cupful shredded coconut, and ten marshmallows. Cook, stirring now three more minutes. Add vanilla flavor and beat until cool, standing pan in cold water. Omit marshmallows if you wish.

Salad Louisiana.

To one pint of shredded celery, finely minced, five oranges and two lemons, dried, add one pint of large strawberries cut in halves which have been put on the ice to chill. Beat two egg yolks very light, add a teaspoonful of very fine salt, the juice of two lemons and lastly, one cupful of strawberries; juice poured over the salad just when served.

Fruit Trifle.

For a quick dessert try beating one half cupful of cream until thick, then fold in one pint of canned peaches, which have been drained. Sweeten to taste. Serve very cold. Other fruit may be used.

Paint Towel Racks.

If towel racks in kitchen and bath rooms are not nicked carefully paint them with at least two coats of white enamel paint, to avoid the possibility of iron rust spots as well as for general cleanliness.

RAVENNA, A DYING CITY

OVERS of the most beautiful things have had one great piece of good fortune in that Ravenna does not lie on the route of the mass of ordinary tourists through Italy. Honeymooning couples avoid it; so do the personally conducted flocks. It is, moreover, externally a dull town, and its streets and near surroundings are flat and uninteresting, writes Sir Martin Conway in Country Life.

A few miles away, indeed, there is the beautiful pine forest sung by Dante, a wild stretch of broken ground along the Adriatic coast, with charming glades and hollows, bushy below and overarched by rugged and pathetically dignified trees, where those who do not suffer from fear of snakes can wander in romantic surroundings. The neighborhood of Ravenna is, moreover, fever-stricken. I shall never forget a visit paid to the church of Santa Maria in Porto Fuori. It stands in a hamlet of decaying houses, itself also far gone in decay—the pavement broken, plaster falling from the walls, and all the usual signs of dilapidation. A woman who brought the keys of the church told us how the few peasants about were all broken down with fever, but the priest was away as much as possible, how the folk were mostly atheistic and anarchistic, and how only the very minimum of work was done by anyone

did palace of the prince and such numbers of churches and public buildings as almost to seem incredible. Today, of Classe and the great avenue of buildings, not one stone remains upon another except in the case of the single church which is famous under the name of St. Apollinare in Classe.

The earliest building of interest still existing in Ravenna is the small but most attractive little mausoleum of Galla Placidia. It attempted no rivalry with the mausolea of the great Roman Imperial days, such as that of Trajan or even the Constantinian Santa Costanza. It is only a little cruciform structure of brick, surmounted over the crossing by a tiny dome; but the three sarcophagi that fill its arms are stately, and the lining of gold ground mosaic that covers its lunettes and vaults glows with all the splendor which ancient artists knew so well how to attain; while the marble revetment below them, admirably restored, and the marble pavement and this alabaster window slabs (likewise restorations), complete an interior decoration which, for perfect taste, subdued magnificence, and simple dignity could scarcely be surpassed.

St. Apollinare in Classe I suppose is sometimes used for worship, but it wears a look of tidy abandonment. There are no houses near to supply worshippers, and only the wandering visitor breaks the solitude; but it is a

about. There were reeking quagmires and damp places and stagnant pools on all sides, and the old church itself seemed to be sinking into the swamp.

Thus, in fact, Ravenna actually is sinking. It is not merely that the level of the ground of the town is rising, as ground levels in towns normally rise; but the buildings sink into the soft alluvial soil by little and little, and have thus sunk from the day they were built. The process is a very slow one, but likewise very sure, and it cannot be stayed. Already in the wet season of the year the nave of the old churches stand a foot or two deep in water, and that although the floor level has been raised as much as three or four feet, so that the bases of the columns are buried. The older the church the deeper it lies in the ground. Some have been dug out and surrounded by a kind of walled moat; but all this only postpones the inevitable ultimate end. Ravenna is, in fact, a dying city, and has been dying slowly ever since the Lombards came and drove out the exarchs of the emperor of Byzantium a century or so before Charlemagne liberated the pope from Lombard oppression.

Once Actually on the Coast.

At an earlier time Ravenna was actually on the coast. The Roman port was only a mile or two away, a relatively shallow port in the midst of lagoons, which were continually being silted up. That port, however, was the best then available for ships of war, and its site, now miles inland, still bears its ancient name, Classe.

Descriptions of Classe tell us of its great basins and quays, its noble streets and houses, its many churches and monasteries. We likewise learn from them of the noble avenue of stately buildings which led thence to Ravenna itself, where was the splen-

doled solitude all the same, a solitude vocal with memories of great men and great dolms long ago. The spacious marble floor is divided by the two great ranges of columns, noble antique monoliths of veined marble standing upon sculptured bases which are not buried. The simple apse, enriched with mosaic, is all the more splendid in effect because so much of the walls is bare. An ancient altar of small dimensions is in the midst of the nave. Another, surmounted by a remarkable eborium of sculptured marble on spirally fluted columns, fills the east corner of the north aisle.

Tomb of the Great Ostrogoth.

One other monument of great importance cannot be passed over without a brief mention. This is the mausoleum of Theodoric himself. It is not large, a little larger than Galla Placidia's, but it is imposing by the strength of its massive stone construction. Polygonal in plan, two-storied, with external staircases leading to a gallery round the empty upper chamber—that is all. For roof it is covered by one huge hollowed block of stone, like an inverted saucer in form, with an external protuberance in the center, on which a bronze ornament once stood. The bronze doors, the bronze parapet of the gallery, and perhaps other ornaments, were carried away by Charlemagne and built into his palatine chapel at Aix-la-Chapelle, where some of them can still be seen.

Nothing of Theodoric himself remains in his grave. His body was thrown out when orthodox supplanted Arianism. The mausoleum is now a mere empty shell, well protected by a salaried guardian, who in the hot season, when I was last there, accompanied me with a broom to sweep away the harmless snakes which are now the sole occupants of the pile.

they are due. If, therefore, we train our customers to pay their bills promptly, the results will be advantageous to both the customer and the concern, because if a customer can be educated to pay his bill within the discount period, he receives his service at a smaller cost and will be more satisfied than he would be if he had been hounded by notices and collectors."

Electrical World.

Eel's Deadly Blood.

If injected into man, the blood of an eel causes death almost immediately. This should deter one from eating the fish, however, for the heat of cooking destroys the toxic properties of its blood and, besides, that blood is practically harmless when taken into the stomach.

To Remove Wet Ink Stains.

Rub with a piece of ripe tomato and then rinse well in cold water. Wash and boil, or put a little red ink on the mark and wash. The red dissolves the iron in the ink and sets free the tanning or coloring matter, which will boil out.

COLLECTING BILLS IS AN ART

A Man of Resource Is What Is Needed, Says a Big Concern's Manager.

"A good collector is a combination of nearly all the requirements which make a live business man," said George W. Hurn, office manager of the Haverhill Electric Company, Haverhill, Mass., in a recent address on modern methods of collecting outstanding accounts.

"He must be resourceful in methods, diplomatic, courteous and withal capable of drastic, kind, severe, generous or relentless moods; in fact, of every temperament that fits the particular requirements of the task in hand when he undertakes to separate the debtors from their money. A method that works well with one debtor may fall flat with another. A method that kindles business through courtesy and kindness with one man may with another result in loss of money.

"Collecting is the art of educating customers to make prompt payments—not the collecting of accounts after

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