

YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY.

L. M. GRIST & SONS, Publishers.

A Family Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural, and Commercial Interests of the People.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1902.

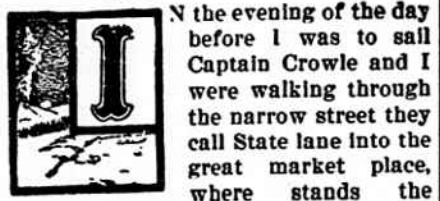
NO. 65.

THE LADY OF LYNN.

By SIR WALTER BESANT.

Copyright, 1900, by Sir Walter Besant.

CHAPTER III. GREAT NEWS FOR LYNN.



In the evening of the day before I was to sail Captain Crowle and I were walking through the narrow street they call State lane into the great market place, where stands the Crown Inn. The room appropriated to the Society of Lynn, which met every evening all the year round, was that on the ground floor looking upon the market place.

The society or club, which is never dissolved, consists of the notables or better sort of the town, the vicar of St. Margaret's, the curate of St. Nicholas, the master of the school, my own father, Captain Crowle and other retired captains, the doctor, some of the more substantial merchants, with the mayor, some of the aldermen, the town clerk and a justice of the peace or two. This evening most of these gentlemen were already present.

Captain Crowle saluted the company and took his seat at the head of the table. "Gentlemen," he said, "I wish you all a pleasant evening. I have brought with me my young friend, Jack Percotense—you all know Jack—the worthy son of his worthy father. He will take a glass with us. Sit down beside me, Jack."

"With the permission of the society," I said. Most of the gentlemen had already before them their pipes and their tobacco. Some had ordered their drink—a pint of port for one, a Brown George full of old ale for another, a flask of canary for a third, and so on. But the captain, looking round the room, beckoned to the girl who waited. "Jenny," he said, "nobody calls for anything to-night except myself. Gentlemen, it must be a bowl or half a dozen bowls. Tell your mistress, Jenny, a bowl of the biggest and the strongest and the



sweetest. Gentlemen, you will drink with me to the next voyage of the Lady of Lynn."

But then a thing happened. News came which drove all thoughts of the Lady of Lynn out of everybody's mind. That toast was forgotten.

The news was brought by the doctor, who was the last to arrive.

Doctor Worship was a person who habitually carried himself with dignity. "Gentlemen," the doctor laid his hat upon the table and his cane beside it. Then he took his chair, adjusted his wig, put on his spectacles, and then, laying his hand upon the arm of the chair, he once more looked around the room, and all this in the most important, dignified, provoking, interesting manner possible. "Gentlemen, I have news for you."

"My news, gentlemen, is of a startling character. I will epitomize or abbreviate it. In a word, therefore, we are all about to become rich. All you who have houses or property in this town, all who are concerned in the trade of the town, all who direct the industries of the people or take care of the health of the residents, will become, I say, rich."

The doctor pulled out a pocketbook from which he extracted a letter. "I have received," he went on, "a letter from a townsman, the young man named Samuel Semple—Samuel Semple," he repeated, with emphasis, because a look of disappointment fell upon every face.

"Sam Semple?" growled the captain. "Once I broke my stick across his back." He did not, however, explain why he had done so. "I wish I had broken two. What has Sam Semple to do with the prosperity of the town?"

"Mr. Semple," the doctor continued, with emphasis on the prefix, to which indeed the poet was not entitled in his native town, "doth not ask for help. He is not starving; he is prosperous; he has gained the friendship or the patronage of certain persons of quality. This is the reward of genius. Let us forget that he was the son of a custom house servant, and let us admit that he proved unequal to the duties, for which he was unfitted, of a clerk. He has now risen. We will welcome one whose name will in the future add lustre to our town."

"The vicar shook his head. "Trash!" he murmured. "Trash!"

He unfolded it and began with a sonorous hum: "Honored sir," He repeated the words, "Honored sir." The letter, gentlemen, is addressed to myself—ahem, to myself. I have recently heard of a discovery which will probably affect in a manner so vital the interests of my beloved native town that I feel it my duty to communicate the fact to you without delay. I do so to you rather than to my esteemed patron, the worshipful the mayor, once my master, or to Captain Crowle or to any of those who subscribed for my volume of miscellany poems, because the matter especially and peculiarly concerns yourself as a physician and as the fortunate owner of the spring or well which is the subject of the discovery."

The subject of the discovery, gentlemen. My well—mine. He went on: "You are aware as a master in the science of medicine that the curative properties of various spas or springs in the country—the names of Bath, Tunbridge Wells and Epsom are familiar to you; so doubtless are those of Hampstead and St. Chads, nearer London. It now appears that a certain learned physician, having reason to believe that similar waters exist, as yet unsuspected, at King's Lynn, has procured a jar of the water from your own well—that in your garden—my well, gentlemen, in my own garden—and, having subjected it to a rigorous examination, has discovered that it contains to a much higher degree than any other well hitherto known to exist in this country qualities or ingredients held in solution which make this water sovereign for the cure of rheumatism, asthma, gout and all disorders due to humors or vapors, concerning which I am not competent so much as to speak to one of your learning and skill."

"This discovery hath already been announced in the public journals. I send you an extract containing the news." I read this extract, gentlemen. It was a slip of printed paper cut from one of the diurnals of London: "It has been discovered that at King's Lynn, in the county of Norfolk, there exists a deep well of clear water whose properties, hitherto undiscovered, form a sovereign specific for rheumatism and many similar disorders. Our physicians have already begun to recommend the place as a spa, and it is understood that some have already resolved upon betaking themselves to this newly discovered cure. The distance from London is no greater than that of Bath. The roads, it is true, are not so good, but at Cambridge it is possible for those who do not travel in their own carriages to proceed by way of barge or tilt boat down the Cam and the Ouse a distance of only 40 miles, which in the summer should prove a pleasant journey."

"So far," the doctor informed us, "for the printed intelligence. I now proceed to finish the letter: 'Among others, my patron, the right honorable the Earl of Fyningdale, has been recommended by his physician to try the newly discovered waters of Lynn as a preventive of gout. He is a gentleman of the highest rank, fashion and wealth, who honors me with his confidence. It is possible that he may even allow me to accompany him on his journey. Should he do so I shall look forward to the honor of paying my respects to my former patrons. He tells me that other persons of distinction are also going to the same place, with the same object, during the coming summer.'"

"You hear, gentlemen?" said the doctor, looking round. "What did I say? Wealth for all—for all. So. Let me continue: 'Sir, I would with the greatest submission venture to point out the importance of this event to the town. The nobility and gentry of the neighborhood should be immediately made acquainted with this great discovery. It may be expected that there will be such a concourse flocking to Lynn as will bring an accession of wealth as well as fame to the borough of which I am a humble native. I would also submit that the visitors should find Lynn provided with the amusements necessary for a spa. I mean music, the assembly, a pumproom, a garden, the ball and the masquerade and the card-room, clean lodgings, good wine and fish, flesh and fowl in abundance. I humbly ask forgiveness for these suggestions, and I have the honor to remain, honored sir, your most obedient humble servant, with my grateful service to all the gentlemen who subscribed to my verses and thereby provided me with a ladder up which to rise. 'SAMUEL SEMPLE.'"

At this moment the bowl of punch was brought in and placed before the captain, with a tray of glasses. The doctor folded his letter, replaced it in his pocketbook and took off his spectacles. "Gentlemen, you have heard my news. Captain Crowle, may I request that you permit the society to drink with me to the prosperity of the spa—the prosperity of the spa—the spa of Lynn?"

"Let us drink it," said the captain, "to the newly discovered spa. But this Samuel; the name sticks."

"We must have a committee to prepare for the accommodation of the visitors."

"We must put up a pumproom."

"We must engage a dipper."

"We must make walks across the fields."

"There must be an assembly, with music and dancing."

"There must be a cardroom."

"There must be a long room for those who wish to walk about and to converse, with an orchestra."

"I will put up the pumproom," said the doctor, "in my garden over the well."

The captain looked on meanwhile, whispering in my ear from time to time. "Samuel is a liar," he said. "I know him to be a liar. Yet why should he lie about a thing of so much importance? If he tells the truth, Jack-I know not, I misdoubt the fellow, yet again he may tell the truth. And why should he lie, I say? Then one knows not—among the company we may find a husband for the girl."

"It only remains," said the doctor, "that I myself should submit the water of my well to an examination." He did not think it necessary to inform the company that he had received from Samuel Semple an analysis of the water stating the ingredients and their proportions as made by the anonymous physician of London. "Should it prove, of which I have little doubt, that the water is such as has been described by my learned brother in medicine, I shall inform you of the fact."

It was a curious coincidence, though the committee of reception were not informed of the fact, that the doctor's analysis exactly agreed with that sent to him. It was a memorable evening. For my own part, I know not why, during the reading of the letter my heart sank lower and lower. It was the foreboding of evil. Perhaps it was caused by my knowledge of Samuel, of whom I will speak presently. Perhaps it was the thought of seeing the girl whom I loved, while yet I had no hope of winning her, carried off by some sprig of quality who would teach her to despise her homely friends, the master mariners, young and old. I know not the reason. But it was a foreboding of evil, and it was with a heavy heart that I repaired to the quay and rowed myself back to the ship in the moonlight.

They were going to drink to the next voyage of the Lady of Lynn. Why, the lady herself, not her ship, was about to embark on a voyage more perilous, more disastrous, than that which awaited any of her ships. Cruel as is the ocean, I would rather trust myself and her to the mercies of the bay of Biscay at its wildest than to the tenderness of the crew who were to take charge of that innocent and ignorant lady.

CHAPTER IV. MOLLY AND I.

It pleases me to recall the tall form of my father, his bent shoulders, his wig, for the most part awry; his round spectacles, his thin face. In school he was a figure of fear, always terrible, wielding the rod of office with justice rhadamantaine and demanding, with that unrelenting alternative, things impossible in grammar. In school hours he was a very Jupiter, a thundering Jupiter. Our school was an ancient hall, with an open timber roof, in which his voice rolled and echoed backward and forward.

As to Molly, she had the misfortune to lose her father in infancy. He was carried off, I believe, by smallpox. He was a shipowner and general merchant of the town and was commonly reputed to be a man of considerable means. At his death he bequeathed the care of his widow and his child to his old servant, Captain John Crowle, who had been in the service of the house since he was apprenticed as a boy. He directed further that Captain Crowle should conduct the business for the child, who by his will was to inherit the whole of his fortune, whatever that might prove to be, on coming of age after subtracting certain settlements from his widow.

It was most fortunate for the child that her guardian was the most honest person in the world. He was a bachelor; he was bound by ties of gratitude to the house which he had served; he had nothing to do and nothing to think about except the welfare of the child. At 10 Molly was a fine, tall girl, as strong as any man, her arms stout and muscular, like mine; her face rosy and ruddy with the bloom of health, her eyes blue and neither too large nor too small, but fearless; her head and face large, her hair fair and blowing about her head with loose curls, her figure full, her neck as white as snow, her hands large rather than small, by reason of the rowing and the handling of the ropes, and by no means white. Her features were regular and straight, her mouth not too small, but to my eyes the most beautiful mouth in the world, the lips full and always ready for a smile, the teeth white and regular; in a word, to look at, as fine a woman—not of the delicate and dainty kind, but strong, tall and full of figure—as any wish for. As to her disposition, she was the most tender, affectionate, sweet soul that could be imagined. She was always thinking of something to please those who loved her. She spared her mother and worked for her guardian. She was always working at something. She was always happy. She was always singing. And never, until the captain told her, did she have the least suspicion that she was richer than all her friends and neighbors—nay, than the whole town of Lynn, with its merchants and shippers and traders all together.

I recall one day when Molly and I were children. It was in the month of December in the afternoon and close upon sunset. The little maid was about 8, and I was 10. We were together as usual. We had been on the river, but it was cold, and so we came ashore and were walking hand in hand along the street they call Pudding lane, which

leads from the Common Stairs yard to the market place. In this lane there stands a sailors' tipping house, which is, I dare say, in all respects such a house as sailors desire, provided and furnished according to their wants and wishes. As we passed, the place being already lit up with two or three candles in sconces, the door being wide open and the mingled noise of fiddle, voices and feet announcing the assemblage of company, Molly pulled me by the hand and stopped to look in. The scene was what I have already indicated. The revelry of the evening had set in. Everybody was drinking. One was dancing. The fiddler was playing lustily.

We should have looked on for a minute and left them. But one of the sailors recognized Molly. Springing to his feet, he made a respectful leg and saluted the child. "Mates," he cried, "tis our own!" The little lady owned the bawky. What shall we do for her?

Then they all sprang to their feet with a huzzah for the owner and another for the ship, and, if you will believe it, their rough foreboding hands in half a minute had the child on the table in a chair like a queen. She sat with great dignity, understanding in some way that these men were in her own service and that they designed no harm or affront to her, but only to do her honor. Therefore she was not in any fear and smiled graciously. For my own part, I followed and stood at the table, thinking that perhaps these fellows were proposing some piratical abduction and resolving miracles of valor if necessary.

Then they made offerings. One man pulled a red silk handkerchief from his neck and laid it in her lap, and another a box of sweetmeats from his pocket. It came from Lisbon, but was made, I believe, in Morocco by the Moors. A third a gold ring on his finger—everybody knows the extravagancies of sailors—which he drew off and placed in her hand. Another offered a glass of punch. The little maid did what she had so often seen the captain do. She looked round and said, "Your good health, all the company," and put her lips to the glass, which she then returned. And another offered to dance, and the fiddler drew his bow across the catgut. It is a sound which inclines the heart to beat and the feet to move whenever a sailor hears it.



"I have often seen you dance," said Molly. "Let the fiddler play, and you shall see me dance."

I never thought she would have had so much spirit, for, you see, I had taught her to dance the hornpipe. Every boy in a seaport town can dance the hornpipe. We used to make music out of a piece of thin paper laid over a tortoise shell comb—it must be a comb of wide teeth, and none of them must be broken—and with this instead of a fiddle we would dance in the garden or in the parlor. But to stand up before a crowd that they were all enchanted with her performance, she jumped up and on the table performed her dance with great seriousness and so gracefully that they were all enchanted. When she stood around, their mouths open, a broad grin on every face. The women, neglected, huddled together in a corner and were quite silent.

When she had finished, she gathered up her gifts—the silk handkerchief—it came from Calicut—the sweetmeats from Morocco, the gold ring from I know not where. "Put me down, if you please," she said. So one of them gently lifted her to the ground. "I thank you all," she courted very prettily. "I wish you good night and when you set sail again a good voyage."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Boy Was Benefited.

"The other afternoon," said the man in the box office of a theater, "a boy came to me and said, 'Are these any good?' and I took from him two front row seats for that night which had been torn into a hundred pieces or so and then cleverly pasted together again. 'Oh, yes, my child. But how did this strange accident happen to the tickets?'"

"The boy replied: 'Why, papa came home with them last night and showed them to mamma, and he seemed to be in such good humor somehow that mamma thought it would be a good time then to tell him how she owed me for \$100 for provisions. She told him of it, but he got so mad that he said for heaven's sake when I got married to look out for a sensible woman. All the time mamma laughed, and he was getting madder, and so he said she wouldn't go to the theater with him after that, and he tore the tickets up and rushed out somewhere alone. He ain't back yet either, but mamma don't care. I picked up the pieces off the carpet and pasted them together, and if you'll exchange the tickets for matinee ones I guess I'll come down on Saturday with some other fellow and take in the show.'"

"I gave other tickets to the candid kid, and he walked away very well pleased with himself."

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE AUTHOR OF DIXIE.

Uncle Dan Emmett Is Now In Feeble Health.

In a little frame house that is hardly more than a hut, just over Cemetery Hill, near Mount Vernon, O., Daniel Decatur Emmett, the author of the famous song, "Dixie," is spending the closing years of a long life. He is now quite feeble.

The aged minstrel's wants are few, his tastes are simple and he looks upon his little home as a palace. The diminutive house stands in the center of an acre plat of ground. It faces the east, and the "front yard" slopes gently but unevenly down to the dusty north and south road, over which the stage coaches made regular trips between Mount Vernon and Mansfield when "Uncle Dan" was a boy.

The house has but three rooms—a living room, a bed room and a kitchen—and then there's an attic, which Mr. Emmett calls the "flies." The furniture is of the simplest kind. Most of it is old fashioned, but it is dear to "Uncle Dan's" heart, although his wife, who is his second, and much younger than he, would prefer something more pretentious.

The furnishings, too, are antiquated, and the walls are well nigh bare; but the cottage is not untidy, and within has an air of homely comfort. Chickens wander at will about the yard, and through the kitchen and living rooms.

They are not allowed to invade the bedroom. The cat and the dog, animals treated right royally by neighbors and visitors, for the sake of their master, live on terms of amity and equality.

In winter "Uncle Dan," domicile looks bleak and uninviting. In summer it stands unshaded from the glare of the sun. It is only in the spring and fall that the surroundings have the appearance of comfort. But "Uncle Dan" is supremely happy in this humble home.

"I've roamed a great deal," said he, "and I've made lots of money and spent it. I ought to have taken care of it, and maybe now" (with a droll twist of the mouth and a wink) "I'd be a trust magnate. But really, I love my little home, and the only bar to my happiness is that sometimes I hear the distant barking of the old wolf that terrifies old age; and then too, people think and say that I ought sometimes to dress up."

"Dressing up" is really about the only thing that Daniel Emmett really dreads. A few years ago a noted minstrel manager, A. G. Field, who was about to tour the south, offered Uncle Dan an engagement. The old minstrel was to ride in a carriage in the parade. He was to wear a dress suit of evening, and appear on the stage after the first part and be introduced as the author of "Dixie." All the remainder of the day was to be his, with money to spend in moderate sums, his salary to be paid him at the end of his tour.

Uncle Dan accepted the engagement, and in his fine clothes carried himself as the gentleman that he always is, no matter what his dress; but when he came home at the end of the season with a fairly snug sum of money in his pocket, he very promptly discarded all the tailor-made clothing with which he had been provided and returned to the "hand me downs" he had previously worn.

And had it not been that household expenses consumed his funds and left him without money to replenish his wardrobe, these good clothes would probably be hanging in his narrow "clothes press" today.

Uncle Dan declares that the minstrelsy of today do not put any real life into their ballad singing, and that the Negro skits introduced after the olio are tiresome.

"Back in my day," he said, "we tried to be as near like the plantation Negro as we could, and when we sang ballads we put sentiment and feeling into them." Uncle Dan admitted that some of the features of the modern minstrel performance were pretty and clever, but insisted that the shows do not now merit the title of minstrelsy. They are, he declares, nothing but a refined imitation of the old "variety" shows.

Mr. Emmett's last appearance on the stage was made two winters ago, when the local Elks gave a minstrel performance, and Dan agreed to present and sing "Dixie," his favorite composition. The opera house was packed from orchestra to ceiling. The performance proceeded with great success until the cue for Uncle Dan's appearance was given.

As he walked out upon the stage, straw hat in hand, and, bowing at every step, the performers and audience arose and a mighty shout went up. As the applause died away the orchestra played the opening bars of "Dixie," and then began again, but Uncle Dan was silent. Again the leader of the orchestra started the world-known tune, but the writer of it did not respond.

He stood with bowed head and eyes cast down, as if unconscious of his surroundings. The interlocutor, himself a vocalist of no mean ability, began to sing the words of "Dixie," and was joined by others on the stage and in the audience.

Suddenly Uncle Dan seemed to awake. He raised his head, threw up the hand in which he held his hat, stamped upon the stage and burst into song.

when he does he still scorns a vehicle and goes afoot.

He delights to sit in the shade of his little house, smoking a short, black pipe, while he chats with his callers, talks to the dog or cat, or gazes very thoughtfully into the west, where, as the sun goes down behind the hills, beyond the Kogosing valley, the shadows lengthen until they touch the tombstones and monuments in the pretty cemetery near by, where the old minstrel hopes finally to rest.—New York Herald.

THUNDERSTORMS AND MILK.

Scientific Discussion of an Interesting Fact.

During serious electrical disturbances in the atmosphere it is well known that beer may become "hard," milk may go sour, and meat may frequently "turn." Considerable speculation has arisen as to the cause of this change. It has been suggested that an ozonized state of the air due to electric discharge has something to do with it, or that the formation of nitrous acid in the air is responsible for the change. It is however, not probable that the atmosphere undergoes any chemical change sufficient to account for the extent to which certain foods "turn." Moreover, any important quantity of ozone or nitrous acid would be calculated to exert a preservative effect, as both are powerful antiseptics.

It may be urged again, that the phenomenon is due to oxidation by means of ozone, but this can hardly be the case, in view of the large quantities of beer and milk that are soured in relation to the very small quantity of ozone which a thunderstorm produces. In the case of meat, at any rate, the "turning" can scarcely be attributed to the action of ozone or of oxygen. The change is probably due, not directly to chemical agencies, but purely to a disturbance of the electric equilibrium.

It is well known that an opposite electrical state is set up by induction, so that an electrical condition of the atmosphere induces a similar condition, though opposite in character, in the objects on the earth. Persons near whom a flash of lightning passes, frequently experience a severe shock by induction, though no lightning touches them, and in the celebrated experiment of Galvani he showed that a skinned frog in the neighborhood of an electrical machine, although dead, exhibited convulsive movements every time that a spark was drawn from the conductor.

In the case of milk "turning" or of beer "hardening" or of meat becoming tainted, it is probably, therefore, an instance of chemical convulsion or, it may be, of a stimulus given to bacterial agencies set up by an opposite electrical condition induced by the disturbed electrical state of the atmosphere. Although these changes are most marked during a thunderstorm, yet undoubtedly they occur at other times, though not to the same degree, when there is no apparent electric disturbance.

But even when the sky is clear the atmosphere may exhibit considerable electric tension. The electrostatic constant shows that a conducting point elevated in the air is taking up a positive charge (a sa rule) of electricity, the tension rising with the height of the point. This effect increases toward daybreak until it reaches a maximum some hours after sunrise. It then diminishes until it is weakest, a few hours before sunset, when again it rises and attains a second maximum some hours after sunset, the second minimum occurring before daybreak. There are, accordingly, constant changes of electrical tension going on, changes, however, which are more rapid and much more marked during a thunderstorm and which are quite powerful enough to exert an evil influence on certain articles of food or drink susceptible to change, notably meat, milk and beer or cider.

There is no doubt that the unfavorable effects on the feeling or well-being experienced by many individuals, such as headache and oppression and nervous distress, on the advent of a thunderstorm, have a similar foundation and are due to the same electrical differences of potential, the effect passing away as the disturbed condition of the atmosphere or the storm, subsides.

THE GREAT CORK FORESTS OF SPAIN.—The cork forests of Spain cover an area of 620,000 square miles, producing the finest cork in the world. These forests exist in groups and cover wide belts of territory, those in the region of Catalonia, and part of Barcelona being considered the first in importance. Although the cork forests of Estremadura and Andalusia yield cork of a much quicker growth and possessing some excellent qualities, its consistency is less rigid and on this account it does not enjoy the high reputation which the cork of Catalonia does.

In Spain and Portugal where the cork tree or Quercus suber, is indigenous, it attains to a great height, varying from 35 to 60 feet and the trunk to a diameter of 30 to 36 inches. This species of the evergreen oak is often heavily carpeted with wide-spreading branches clothed with ovate oblong evergreen leaves, downy underneath and the leaves slightly serrated. Annually, between April and May, it produces a flower of yellowish color, succeeded by acorns. Over 30,000 square miles in Portugal are devoted to the cultivation of cork trees, though the tree virtually abounds in every part of the country.

The methods in vogue in barking and harvesting the cork in Spain and Portugal are virtually the same. The barking operation is effected when the tree has acquired sufficient strength to withstand the rough handling which it receives during the operation, which usually takes place when it has attained the fifteenth year of its growth. After the first stripping the tree is left in this

juvencent state to regenerate, subsequent stripplings being effected at intervals of not less than three years, and under this process the tree will continue to thrive and bear for upward of 150 years.—Boston Herald.

EDWARD VII AND ALEXANDRA.

They Were Crowned Last Saturday as King and Queen. Until the booming of guns announced that the crowning of King Edward and Queen Alexandra had been accomplished, says a London cable of Saturday night, there lingered in thousands of minds a nervous apprehension that even at the last moment some untoward event might once more plunge the nation into consternation. When this was passed the unrestrained jubilation was as much a tribute to the king's personal popularity as it was an evidence of relief from the tension of the last few weeks. So, while the scenes on the streets were robbed of many of those elements that usually accompany a great pageant, they will be long remembered, perhaps somewhat tenderly by those who stood on the stands, at windows and on the sidewalks to see King Edward after he had won, almost from the jaws of death, his crown.

Two incidents in service in the Abbey will live in the memory of all who witnessed them. The first of these, which developed into a dramatic contretemps, centered around the aged archbishop of Canterbury. From the commencement of the service the archbishop had the greatest difficulty in reading or remembering the prayers. The book from which his almost blind eyes endeavored to read, shook in his hands, and when he came to place the crown upon King Edward's head, his huge frame towering above the seated king, swayed so violently that the Bishop of Winchester had to support him, while the Dean of Westminster put a guarding hand under the crown. It was evident that the Archbishop of Canterbury could not see his king's head, and after groping around, he was just about to complete the most important part of the ceremony when it was discovered that he had the crown with the back to the front.

Slowly he raised it, but too late to prevent the choir from prematurely bursting out with a loud "God Save the King." Amid a tension that had grown to a hitherto painful nervousness, the archbishop finally managed to place the crown correctly upon the king's head.

A few minutes later came the climax of his feebleness. He was kneeling to do the first homage of all the subjects of the king, when suddenly he almost fainted and would have fallen upon his sovereign's knees had not King Edward tenderly, but firmly, grasped both the prelate's hands and lifted him to his feet. The bishops of London, Winchester and Durham clasped their arms around the Archbishop of Canterbury, the king kissed his wrinkled head, his feet moved slowly and mechanically, and thus he was more carried than led from the throne to King Edward's chapel, where he was revived.

The tremor which this event caused had scarcely subsided when another exquisitely human touch varied the proceedings, and the king was forgotten in the father. Instead of merely accepting the homage of the Prince of Wales, King Edward put his arms around the prince and kissed him, and then recalled him and wrung his hand with a manliness of paternal affection that brought tears to many eyes. To those who were able to see clearly these two episodes, the magnificence of the bejeweled women, the splendor of uniformed men and even the historic grandeur of the coronation offices itself sank almost into secondary interest.

Tonight the Associated Press learns that King Edward was greatly unnerved by the condition of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and that his majesty sat in constant dread of a contretemps, though outwardly calm, as could be judged from the steadiness with which he held his scepter rod erect during the ordeal. This brave show, however, did not deceive the queen. Throughout the service, and especially as the Archbishop of Canterbury became more and more nervous, her majesty palpably dreaded that the king would break down. With keen anxiety she constantly turned toward her husband, watching him intently throughout the ceremony. Her graceful dignity and solicitude for King Edward was one of the most charming features of the proceedings in the Abbey. Her majesty's appearance was extravagant and enormous, especially from the women, many of whom declared that Queen Alexandra did not look a day over 35.

No stage effect could have equalled the scene when the crown was placed upon King Edward's head, the sudden illumination by hundreds of electric lights making the thousands of priceless jewels, including those in the crown itself, to sparkle with dazzling brilliancy. The instantaneous movement of the peers, the placing of their coronets upon their heads, the choir's loud "God Save the King," with its harmonious yet genuine refrain from thousands of male and female throats, constituted such an outburst of pentup thankfulness and rejoicing as even Westminster Abbey, with all its historic traditions, never before witnessed.

Until a very late hour dense crowds paraded the main streets of London, through which vehicular traffic was forbidden and watched the illuminations. The royal residences, the clubs, the Canadian arch, the Mansion house and the Bank of England, the electric and gas displays of which were particularly noticeable, were all surrounded by thousands of persons who for the most part were orderly.

The United States battleship Illinois at Chatham dock yard was decorated. Throughout the United Kingdom the cities were illuminated and enthusiastic demonstrations were held.