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Many curious trades and professions find mention in the London Directory, but therein is no mention of the "Mistake Merchant." A London Standard representative, however, has found a number of this queer trade. He is a Swiss with a speaking knowledge of most European languages, living and dead, and a vast fund of literary and general information accumulated in his world wanderings. Just now is his busiest season, for he is searching all the new 1914 reference books for errors, mostly in connection with any foreign data. The mistakes he neatly tabulates on a foolscap sheet and sends it to the

editor of the publication, leaving it entirely to him as to whether he is compensated for his trouble. Editorial generosity at any rate may be gauged by the fact that it provides the merchant with a fairly satisfactory living throughout the year.

"I first began this job," he said "by pointing out to the publishers of a popular reference book a great many inaccuracies—in this case they took a fortnight to collate—and then I followed on with corrections, especially in the etymological section of a new dictionary. In each case I received remuneration for my trouble, and now I work for practically all the publishers of reference books."

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ROMANCE OF LORD AND LADY DARNLEY

He Won His Bride on the Cricket Field in Australia

(London Great Home Weekly)

The genial giant who owns famous Cobham Park, an historic mansion in the heart of Kent, was born a younger son of the sixth Earl of Darnley. There was a matter of eight years between himself and his elder brother, and at the death of the sixth earl the Hon. Edward Henry Stuart Bligh succeeded to the title and estates. The seventh earl married a daughter of the Blackwood family, but within less than two years left a widow and a baby daughter, of whom and her title more and when the late Earl of Durham became the happy father of twin boys, he had different colored ribbons tied about the arms of his lusty youngsters in order that he might distinguish one from the other, and he set aside a level 200,000 for the benefit of that one which had appeared twenty minutes later in the world than the first-born. The greater difference in the age between the elder Bligh boys relieved their father of any such problem as this, and matters were left to follow pretty much the course usual in such cases. The younger son went to the ordinary way to Eton and Cambridge, where, although the family boasted an earldom, a viscountcy, and at home there was no title for him save the nominal prefix due to an earl's son, "the Honorable." They still speak of his deeds in Australia as those of "the titled batsman," which is incorrect. He was not a titled batsman who they knew him. He had his own title in cricket, rackets, and tennis, but those were the distinctions bestowed by sportsmen, not any formal patent of nobility. He proved a veritable giant at play, as he was in physique, at Cambridge.

He himself vows that he gave too much attention to play and too little to study, but he is such a modest fellow. He would have you believe that he left his Alma Mater an ignorant, whereas, he is a really capital classical scholar, with a sound head for business, as he has well and honorably demonstrated in the city. But it certainly was not either scholar or man of commerce that he attained to fame. He was incomparable as a batsman in cricket, and a captain of the games named. At Eton he beat all comers in the competition Eton against the other public schools, and at Cambridge he for three years rendered the position of the rival university hopeless, triumphing with the greatest ease for that period over the dark blue representatives. Moreover, he played twice for Eton at cricket, and the match of the year, while after going up to Cambridge, he appeared for four years in the inter-university matches, in last year as captain. He was a splendid bat and a glorious field, and with a reputation for skillful and persuasive captaincy, he was chosen in the 1892-3 season to take an English team to Australia.

Needless to say, his reputation had preceded him. They know more in Australia about "our cricketers" than we trouble to learn here, and the name of the handsome young English giant, son of an old and noble house, who was to skipper the side from the motherland, created much interest on the other side of the world.

It was a memorable year in cricket, for it saw the introduction to Englishmen of the "demon" Spofforth, who was to Australia howling the even more than Barnes is to the English bowling of the present time. Either through inexperience or ill-luck Spofforth, in these early matches, was so unhappy as repeatedly to drag his foot across the wicket, and in his anxiety to get out of the pitch on which the Englishmen were bating, that it fell to the victim certain to run out. Australians are so wildly keen on the game which the motherland has taught them to make their great national pastime, that they resent most bitterly any implied aspersion upon the methods of the present cricketers, no matter how well based a complaint may be. Mr. Bligh's attitude, therefore, exposed him to the criticism among that section of Australian cricketers with whom "baracking" originated. But that his conduct was not imputed with him was reason to rejoice.

A Fair Lady's Help

In one of the great matches of the tour he was compelled temporarily to retire from the field with an injured hand. It was something and nothing, as we say, and yet how much trouble that slight hurt! The damaged hand was bleeding as the big Englishman returned to the pavilion. Now, in the pavilion, watching the play with the keen interest, was a beautiful Australian girl. She was Miss Florence Rose Morphy, daughter of what the Americans would call "Judge" Morphy, or, as we say, Mr. John Stephen Morphy, stipendiary magistrate, whose home was at Bechwood, Victoria. Here was one of Australia's fairest daughters watching the game with palpable interest, and hoping with all her heart that the son of her native land might triumph over the representatives of the Motherland. But when she saw the leader of the invading host stricken on the field, like a gracious dame in the lists of old, she seemed to succor the wounded knight, and, seeing that due medications and bandagings were not at once forthcoming, she sent forth her dainty handkerchief, that that might serve to stanch the bleeding.

Once when Disraeli was sitting next at table to the future Queen Alexandra he cut his hand while carving a rolf. The then princess, with grace, instantly bound up the injured finger with her own lace handkerchief. "Ah!" said the practised old courtier, with his famous dramatic groan, "I asked for bread and they gave me a stone; but I had a princess to bind up my wounds." The damaged cricketer said nothing so oracular. He quickly put matters right, declined to stain the lady's gift with blood, but himself walked forward, bareheaded, with grace and stately courtesy to return thanks for the charming little act of kindness. He was a goodly figure of a man, five feet two in his socks, with a Saxon mop of golden curls, and a face as honest, frank, and open as it was handsome. It is all nonsense to say there is no such thing as love at first sight, or that, if there be, nothing comes of it. He did fall in love at first sight, head over heels, as the saying goes, as being free and unfettered, he ought to have done.

His Heart was in Australia

How he played the rest of the game, whether his brain swam, or whether he was inspired the more by the know-

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Several months afterward, the patient received a bill from the physician asking him to remit three guineas, and answered it thus—

"Dear Doctor—I have taken tonic and your advice. Your bill tends to worry me so I dismiss it from my mind."

Moral—Advice sometimes defeats the giver.

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He Fixed It

After nearly a week's absence James presented himself at his fiancée's home. "Oh," she murmured idly, from her seat at the piano, "you?"

"Yes, only me," he quickly answered.

"Wonder you troubled to come," she remarked in an intemperate of her playfulness, "disdainfully ignoring the five-pound box of chocolates that had been placed on the piano top."

"I couldn't," the doctor wouldn't let me, dear."

"Doctor wouldn't let you," she repeated scornfully. "And don't dear me please!"

"Poor thing!" she answered loftily. "And why was I not to be seen, pray?"

"He told me to keep away from sweet things, darling!" he echoed.

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