



VACATION DAYS.—PREPARING DINNER IN CAMP.

Millionaire Hermits.

We are all interested in the eccentricities of men. We give below a record of some millionaire hermits from Tid-Bits :

"The 'vanity of riches' has never been more strikingly demonstrated than by the story of G. E. Dering, who died some time ago at Lockley Hall, Welwyn.

"For the greater part of half a century this lord of many acres and of a quarter of a million of money had been content to lead the life of a hermit in his magnificent home, surrounded by a thousand acres of park land. His valuable pictures—by Holbein, Fra Bartolomeo and other masters—have stood for a generation stroked three deep, with their faces turned to the walls. A generation of dust had settled undisturbed on Dresden vases, gold and enamelled clocks, statuary and costly furniture.

"Georgous carriages, rich with heraldic painting, lay rotting in his coach house; his front door was overgrown with ivy as high as the stone shield of arms that adorned it. Not even a lamb was allowed to bleat within the hearing of the lord of this desolate mansion. And even the high road was diverted, that no sound of

traffic should vex his ears. Thus, amid dust, decay and desolation, lived and died the owner of £25,000 a year, shunning the world and scorning his wealth.

"And so it has always been, and always will be. One man squanders his gold, another hoards or despises it. It is but a few years since one of our wealthiest baronets—a man with a rent-roll of £30,000 a year—died in a miserable attic near Waterloo Bridge. His sordid room was papered with illustrations from the weekly papers; he never crossed its threshold except for an occasional solitary ramble by night; no one was ever allowed to enter his dreary sanctum, his meals being left for him outside the door, and his long days were spent looking through his attic window on the moving panorama of the Thames.

"While Sir Henry Delves Broughton was sitting at his attic window a man infinitely richer was walking the streets of St. Petersburg in the guise of a beggar, pocketing the alms of charitable passers by and gleefully carrying back his spoil to his miserable two storied cottage in one of the city's slums.

"This was the only 'palace' of the multi-

mi
his
ho
th
low
hor
two
a '
tigr
this
lan
a m
rub
life
"
in a
gene
of h
Duri
splen
ente
kept
and
death
life,
by fir
decid
vanit