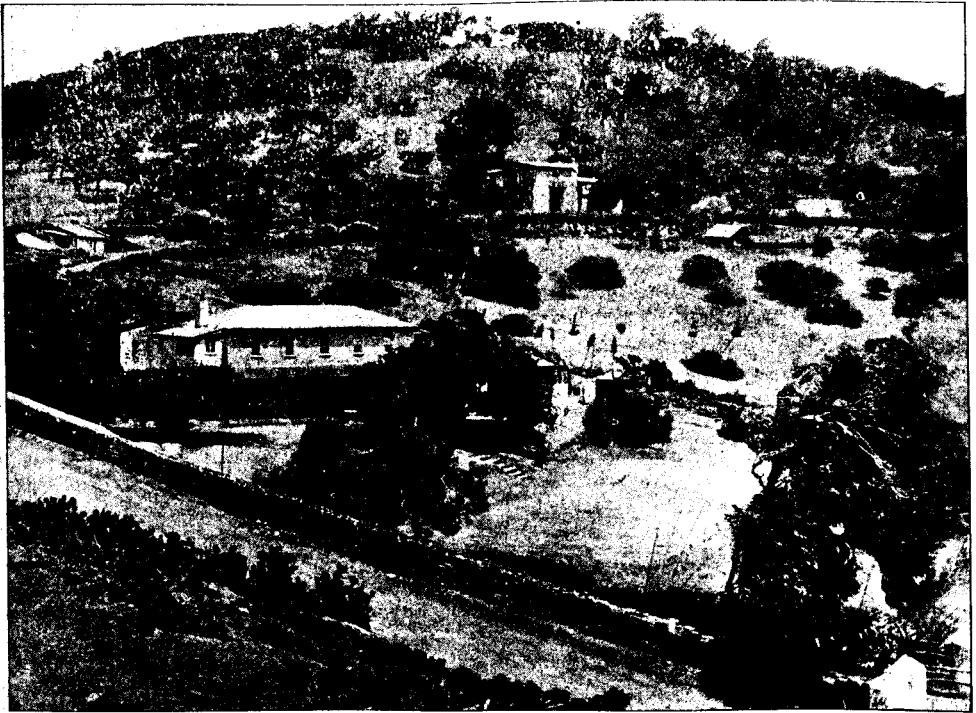


self, and, through the darkness of a Welsh, rainy night, we were driven to the house of the Mrs. Jones I wanted. And lucky we were striking such an old dear. She could just talk English, but she was one of the old-fashioned kind. I broke her all up using a few Welsh words I knew, so it wasn't long before a bright fire was lit in her sitting room, some real tea—not ship Bohea—and some delightful frizzling bacon, the aroma of which I can in fancy even now enjoy, plus country butter and home-made bread, assuaged the raving appetites of the weary travellers.

a drive of four miles we pulled up in front of a fine country mansion. "Must be a mistake," said my better half, "that's not a cottage." But it was our house. The owner showed us into a dining room, where a large fire was welcome. "You'll find everything you want,—or shall I show you?" said he. "Oh, no, don't bother; I guess we'll do well enough." So Mr. Proprietor bowed himself out. We all then made a dash for the kitchen. Such a kitchen, 25 x 25 at least; stone floors, two big doors, three windows that let all the air in, no fire in the chimney—not a range, mind you, but a sort of place



Private Residence and Grounds, St. Helena.

And didn't we sleep that night! Fourteen long days without being in a comfortable bed. The country round was grandly pretty, with its lofty mountains and ever-raging sea; but we found it too cold in December, so a move was made one day to Exeter, where we had, by an advertisement, taken a furnished cottage. Devon is supposed to be warm. We left Towyn amidst the salty lamentations of old Mrs. J. and a pretty maid called Emma Jones at 8 a.m.; it was 8.15 p. m. when we got to Exeter. It was dark; it was frosty; we had our edibles with us, so we didn't mind getting home late. After

where you could roast a sheep whole. We soon got a table cloth out of a box; while my better half laid the cloth the rest skirmished around for salt, knives, etc. Drawers upon drawers were opened, but all were empty; cupboards, ditto; the scamp had not even left us a knife. Two saucepans, frying pan and three cups (one no handle), a teapot (a metal one), and four saucers (one retrieved from the dust bin); a pile of wood, but no axe; coal, but no poker or shovel; such was the accommodation below.

Stairs—A large draughty hall conducted us to a flight of stairs, up which one could