

interesting outside; and though Stamford was once very celebrated for its monasteries they have all been blown up or blown down—anyway, they are gone. The very first English newspaper, called *The Mercury* was published here at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and the very fattest man in the world, called Daniel Lambert, is also published here on postcards, because he was born in Stamford. Tennyson's 'Burghley House' where the village maiden came as a bride is quite near, and there is a nice old church. And Hereward the Wake's camp is supposed to be at Bourn, about five miles north of this place."

"But history says that he had a fortified island in the fens round Ely," said Wylde.

"I can't help that. He was 'the darling of the English,' so he is sure to have had lots of stories told about him. But I believe it is true that the only way the Conqueror could get to his stronghold was by putting his army into flat-bottomed boats all round Hereward while he built two miles of road through swamp and bog and forest to the island and forced the English to surrender. But Hereward went out of the back door and got a ship, and he returned to discourage the Normans so much by killing them that William gave him his island back and he lived happy ever after. And that is all quite true, isn't it, dear?"

"Absolutely," said the Colonel. "I didn't think you could have done it, Peggy. And now we'll go straight on."

But the scanty remains of a grand old priory, now used as a cattle-shed, called a halt from Peggy just on the rim of the town while she went down the little twisted track to take a photograph of it.

"I have never had my camera when the priory has been here before," she said as Wylde put her back in the tonneau. "And I have got three snaps of that glorious unusual old Norman arch which they have bricked up to keep the cattle from getting cold. And all those great rafters where incense and the sound of