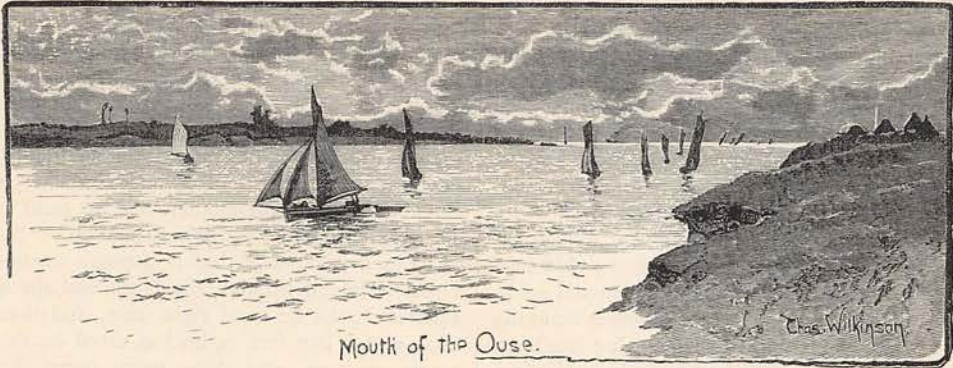


## IN THE WASH.

BY FRED HASTINGS.



Mouth of the Ouse.



**V**ERY

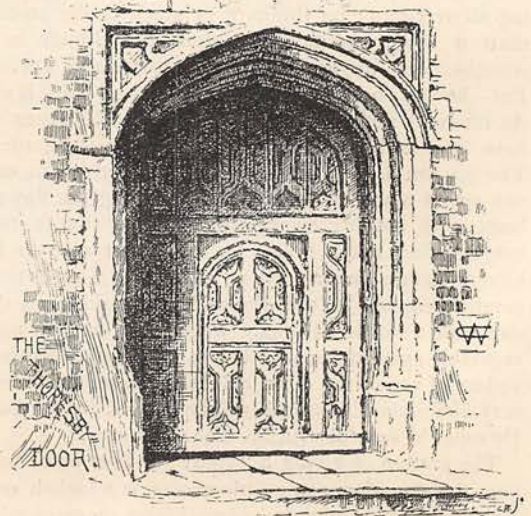
few people think of spending a holiday in "The Wash." Of course I am not speaking of anything connected with suds or soap, but of that district where the Ouse and the Neve find their way through dreary, sedgy, fat, dyke-divided fens, to the sea. People talk of "The Broads"

down the long estuary, and out to the open sea. We meant to go on to Yarmouth, but the wind was contrary. We had to beat down to Hunstanton. Trying to miss the "Thief" sand and the "Bull-dog," we sought to anchor near the much-advertised watering-place. We put the hatches on to cover the "well." As we had left the cabin to the ladies, we had to sleep in the "well," over which we had drawn the hatches and tarpaulin. We had the soft side of planks, with rugs thrown over them, for our beds. We were not sorry when morning dawned. A small boat from a neighbouring fishing-smack soon boarded us, and we obtained a supply of fish and shrimps. These were most acceptable for breakfast. Then we landed, and saw the cliffs, the lighthouse, and the treeless streets. We secured various further necessities of life, and returning, hove anchor, and started across the Wash to Boston. There was no getting round to Cromer or

near Lowestoft, but there is, to us, quite as much interest in "The Wash" beyond Lynn.

Peep at Lynn. Fine old town! What a Guildhall it has, with front like a huge chess-board of alternate squares of black flint and white blocks of stone! Then St. Margaret's Church, with its two towers; St. Nicholas, with its ornate porch; the lofty tower, remnant of an old monastery; the Red Mount—where Isabella was lodged—relic of ancient borough walls, and the old carven door of Thoresby the merchant, are as attractive to the antiquarian as almost anything in the Eastern counties. Few towns, moreover, have such "walks," all shaded with grand trees and edged by fish-filled moats. We wander past the one where Eugene Aram is said to have hidden the murdered man. Rising Castle is also but a few miles away, and the ride to it, through commons of white sand, patched with pines and purple heather and yellow gorse, is very invigorating. Sandringham, the cosy home of the Heir-Apparent, with its model cottages and farms, is a few miles further on. Then Hunstanton, with its great cliffs of brilliant red and chalky white, is still in the district of the Wash.

At Lynn a friend was able to lend me a small yacht, on board of which I, with my family, could sleep by night as well as sail by day. We started at early morn from the royal borough. We had a fair wind





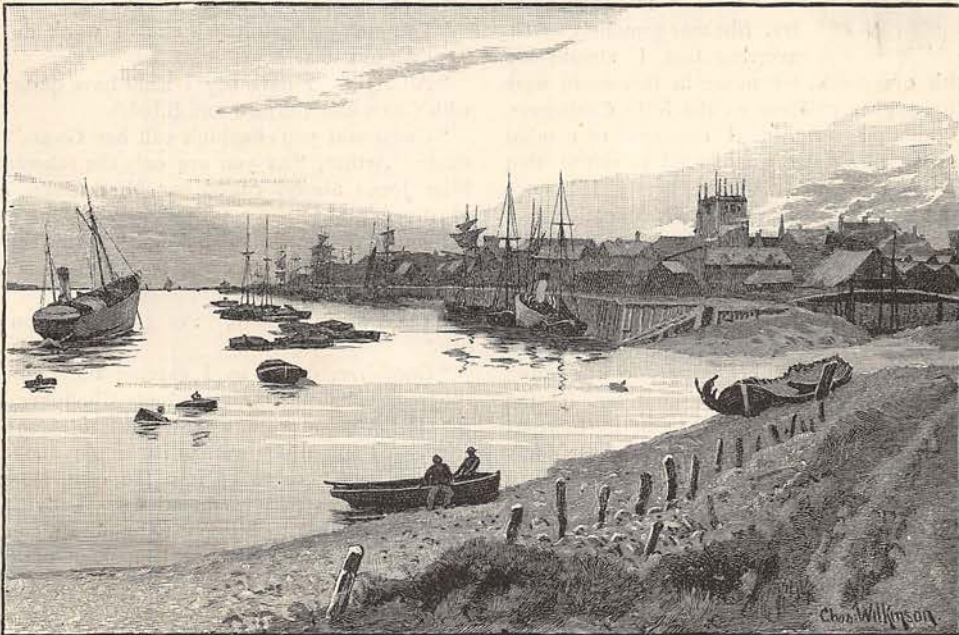
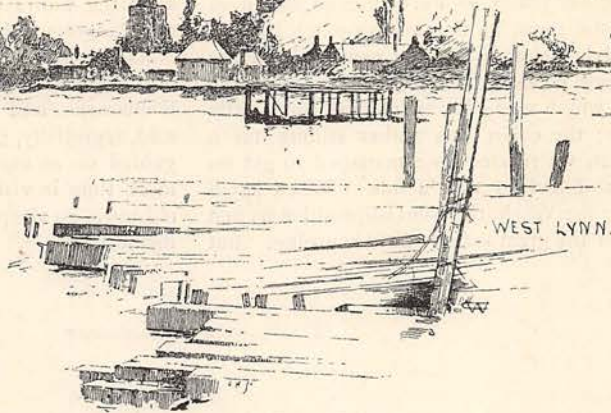
Yarmouth, but what a sail we had to Boston! How the little yacht sent the water flying as, impelled by a strong wind, she dashed along! Numerous fishing-boats with deeply-tanned, burnt sienna sails were making their way up the low, bare, straight-banked river, and we fell into line. Rapidly with wind and tide we went to our resting-place. When we were moored and had had dinner, we were told that the position was a bad one for a yacht, so we had to pull her round to the dock. The gates were just closing, but we were admitted. As soon as she was fastened we made our way ashore towards "The Stump."

We shall not easily forget our walk along a narrow pathway under overhanging warehouses, past quaint buildings to the market-place. Nor shall we forget the grand parish church and "The Stump." What a height is that tower! The mariners can see it from afar. It is the one great landmark in this flat district. We could not but notice with what affection our pilot spoke of it, and how proudly he pointed it out. But the interior! Well, the church

is, perhaps, the broadest in span of any church or cathedral in England. Four thousand people can most easily be accommodated in it. It has some very quaint brasses in the chancel: one to a pea merchant, whose robe is decorated with pea-pods, and whose effigy is guarded by the twelve apostles.

From Boston, we sailed to Sutton Bridge. There we rested for the night. Some of our party walked out as far as Sutton proper to see another quaint old church.

To drift up the straight river Neve to Wisbech in the stilly morning, with the tide, was a great delight. Only the pilot and myself moved about, and that very stealthily, that we might not disturb the sleepers below. Nearing Wisbech, coal-barges and timber-laden ships blocked the way at every point, but by sinking



LYNN, FROM THE BANKS OF THE OUSE.

ropes we passed, and reached the bridge. We could not go under the bridge and up to Peterborough without taking out our masts, so we contented ourselves with views of the town, its fine market-place, its picturesque, low-lying church, and its new park. Here we spent a very pleasant time, save for the heavy thunderstorm, which made our small craft just a little uncomfortable; the cabin was rather stifling for a number. When we returned, we managed to get on a sandbank, and had to wait a tide. When again afloat and over the Wash, the wind fell, and left us just at the mouth of the great estuary until morning. But

time passed in reading and singing. We were able also to secure a sketch of a boat with men looking after the buoys that mark the intricate windings of this dangerous place.

As the black-sailed fleet of fishing-boats began to beat down the broad channel in early morn we went homewards, and soon were at moorings. We then said, regretfully, good-bye to the trusty pilot who had guided us so carefully through the Wash, and spent more time in visiting the surroundings of this quaint old town, so sleepy in its appearance and so rich in its memories.

## A WOMAN'S STRENGTH.

By ARABELLA M. HOPKINSON, Author of "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," "Vere Thornleigh's Inheritance," &c. &c.

### CHAPTER THE SEVENTH. CAPPERS.



THE next day I began my work at Cappers, having walked up to the Rectory the night before, to apprise Mr. and Mrs. Talbot of what I had done. They were both very angry with me, that is, the rector tried to be, and Mrs. Talbot had no occasion to try. She was genuinely vexed, averring that I should kill

myself with over-work, for never in this world were there such naughty children as the little Challoners. One after another, however, I managed to combat her objections, until she was forced to admit that perhaps I was right, and that she herself had once tried her hand at some share in their education, and that at that very moment Gerrard was coming daily to Mr. Talbot for instruction.

So, with my mind at rest as far as the Rectory was concerned, I walked up to Cappers that lovely May morning, passing through the grounds for the first time. My way lay straight before me, up a winding path through the silent woods—silent but for the swirl of the river, as it leapt and sang in its tortuous course through its fern-fringed banks—till I suddenly emerged upon the pleasure-garden, and stood face to face on the one side with the park, just now a mass of fragrant blossom; on the other with the beautiful old building that, as Mrs. Talbot had told me, was soon no longer to know the name of Challoner.

I had no time to contemplate it, for I was already late; but I could see quite enough to feel that, with its mantle of ivy, its gables and mullioned windows,

its rich tracery of stonework, its surroundings of rare old trees, and rarer shrubs, it was one of those places one would lay down one's life rather than part with, and that, if I were Captain Challoner, I would sacrifice anything short of principle, or honour, to keep it in the family.

I was standing in the portico—having rung the bell although the door stood open—vaguely wondering what kind of a man this Captain Challoner might be, when I saw Arthur coming towards me.

"Come in," he cried, "mover said 'twas you. Have you brought Duke?"

"No, not this morning. Will you take me to the schoolroom, dear? I am late."

"You ain't going to teach me. I won't do lessons 'cept wif mummy."

"All right. I dare say I shall have quite enough with Gwen and Gerrard and Sibyl."

"Gwen said you shouldn't call her Gwen," remonstrated Arthur, "as you are only the schoolmistress. Miss Jones always called her Miss Gwen, and me Master Arthur."

I smiled and made no answer. "Is this the schoolroom?" I asked, as we came to a halt after walking through various rooms and passages.

"Yes. Mover's there. I'm going out now—good-bye."

"Good-bye, dear," as I entered the room, in response to a "Come in" from Lady Challoner.

"Oh! Miss Morton, what a relief to see you," she cried. "I feared you were going to play me false."

There is no need to go into the conversation that ensued. It was purely educational. Lady Challoner was only too glad to bring it to an abrupt conclusion, and, in response to an impatient shout of "Gladys, Gladys!" to repair to Sir John, and leave me to disentangle matters as best I could.

The hour that followed in that oak-panelled room was an hour of struggle and conflict, which I re-