

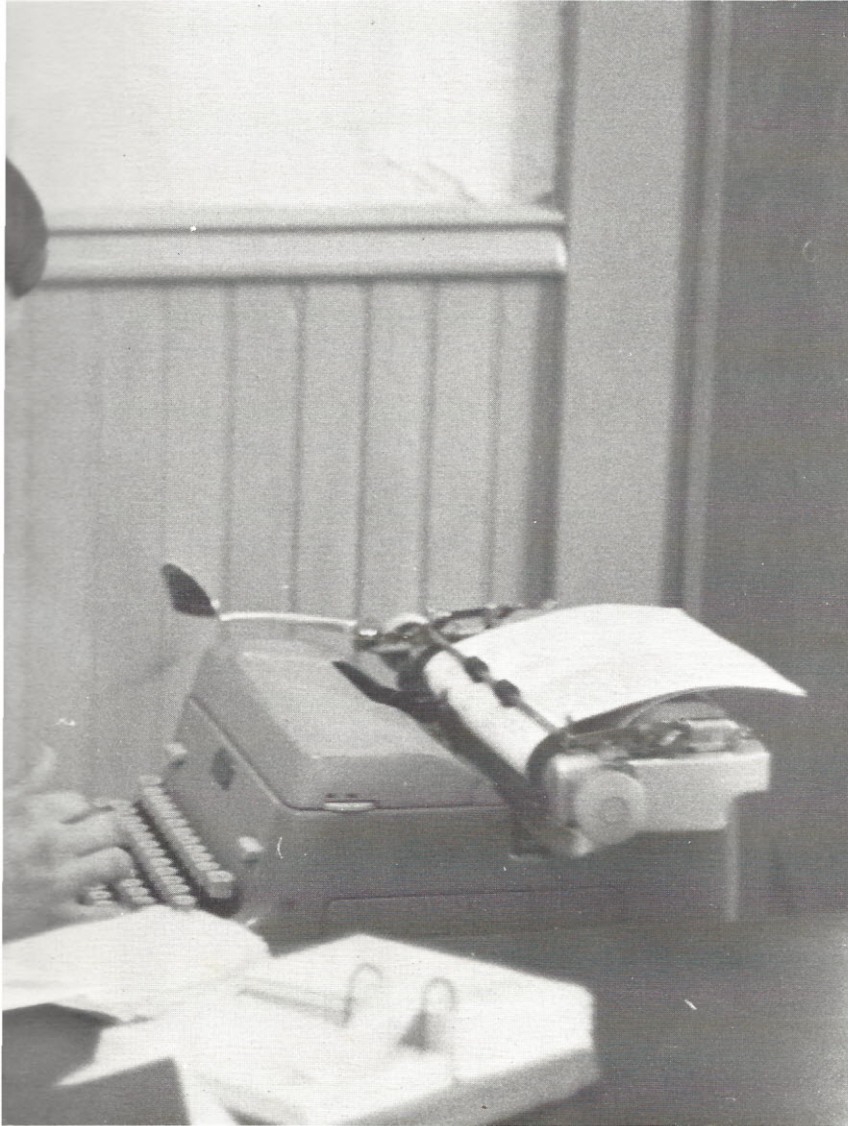
Le Mélange . . .

changes; you can literally hear them happening.

Of course, there is always a certain something about Carlisle which is — just call it Carlisle. No synonym exists; and what Carlisle is, Carlisle is alone; nothing else *is* or *has* it. No snips or snaps can catch it, any more than a picture can catch a painting. One glance at the pictures on these and the following pages is evidence sufficient that there must be words beyond words, meanings beyond meanings, for things beyond either — things like Carlisle.



"And who are these that dive for copper coins?"



Hoppalong Parrack



More romance than reason, but not without interest

