

**PICTURE TALES
FROM WELSH
HILLS; PP. 1-249**

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Picture Tales from Welsh Hills; pp. 1-249 by Bertha Thomas

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BERTHA THOMAS

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FROM WELSH
HILLS; PP. 1-249**

Picture Tales
from Welsh Hills

By

Bertha Thomas

Author of "The Violin Player," "In a Cathedral City,"
"The Son of the House," etc., etc.



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*"Taffy was a Welshman, and a thief was he;
Taffy came to my house, and stole my heart from me.
I went to Taffy's house, as one goes from home . . .
There I set my own house, and seek no more to roam."*

(An Old Rhyme re-written.)

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The Madness of Winifred

Owen

The Old Face

"Nor from an old face will you ever get the same fine effect as from an old house."

The old saying was brought to my mind by the sudden sight of an exception to the truth of it in the person of Mrs. Trinaman, landlady of the "Ivybush," at Pontycler, in the heart of South Wales.

It was in the summer of 1899, when the cycling fever was at its height in all spinsters of spirit. I and my "Featherweight" had come three hundred miles from our London home, nominally to look up the tombs of forgotten Welsh ancestors in undiscoverable churchyards; more truly for the treat of free roving among strangers in a strange land. So much I knew of the country I was in—that Wales, the stranger within England's gates, remains a stranger still.

At Pontycler, a score or so of cottages dumped down round a cross-roads tavern in a broad green upland valley, I thought to halt for the night, but was met by