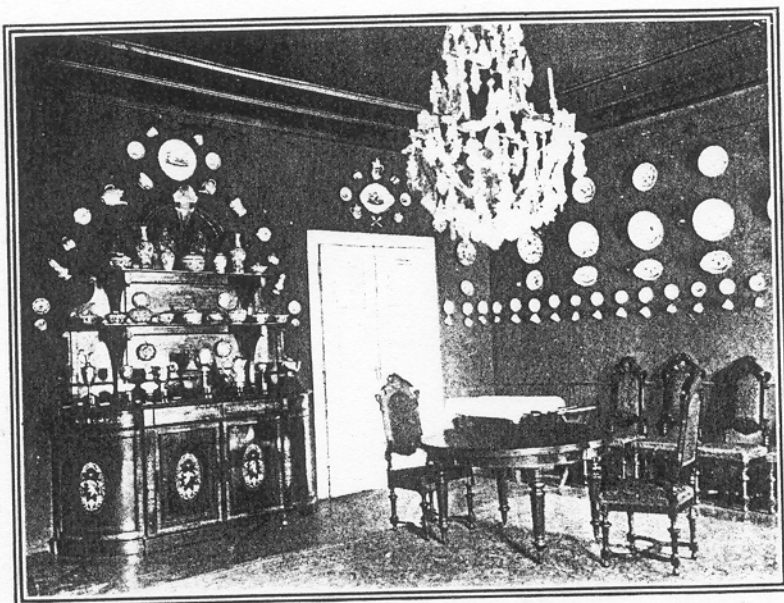


The Countess's own particular domain is, perhaps, the beautiful music-room, which is hung with thirty-six engravings by Riedinger of the Haute Ecole, and many very curious old Bohemian engravings. The Countess herself is an accomplished musician, interested more particularly in the Bohemian folk-songs and artists, who, at her *musicales* in Deanery Street, have been introduced to the musical world in London.

The twentieth century, however, still rubs shoulders with the Middle Ages at Zampach. The chapel, which remains much as the Jesuits left it, contains several pictures by Bohemian artists of curious interest, notably the large altar picture of St. Bartholomew, in a large, handsomely carved frame, and still recalls some grim memories of the troublous times in the sixteenth century, when devout Catholic nobles used to hunt their Lutheran peasantry with horse and hound into Jesuit chapels. In fact, the old owners of the place have not even yet wholly relinquished their tenancy, for an uneasy spirit is said to haunt the gallery that leads into the wing where the Countess has her rooms. It is believed to be the spectre of a novice, who, unfaithful to his vows, was built into the walls of the old Abbey, in accordance with the grim penalty of apostasy from the Church of Rome.



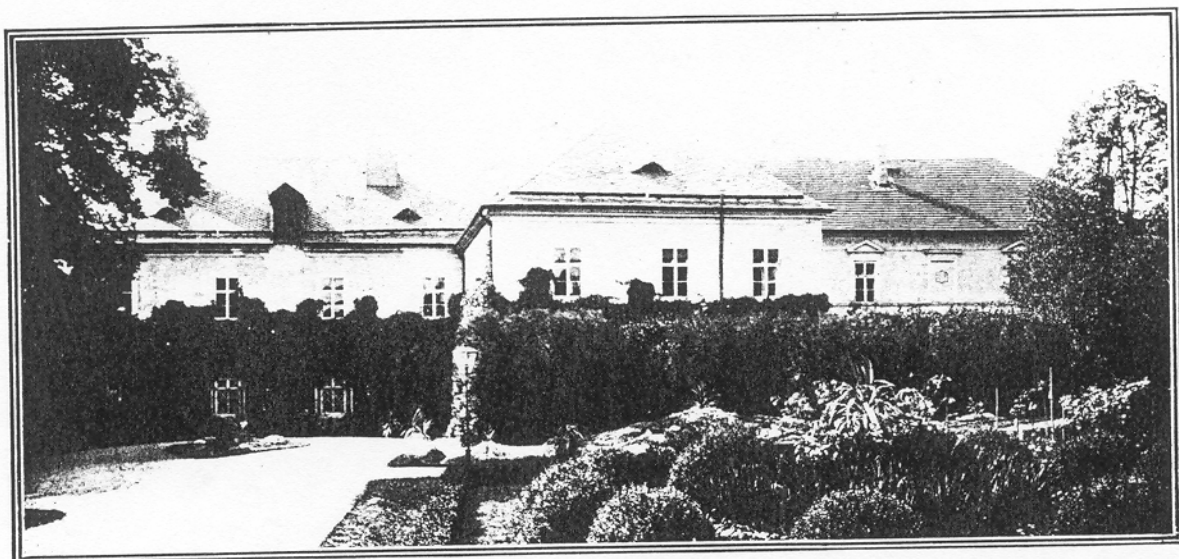
The Dining-Room

showing some specimens of the fine collection of Famille Rose

But even when they are not entertaining material or spectral visitors at Zampach, the Count and Countess Lüt-zow never feel the lack of society, for they are both devoted to their dogs, and the château seems to afford accommodation for a fair-sized pack of all breeds and varieties. The most distinctive personality among them, perhaps, is

"Mili Pan," which, in the Czech language, the tongue of the countryside, is as who should say "Dear Sir." Though "Mili Pan" is of lowly origin—in fact, at one time he called a goatherd master—he now, like most *parvenus*, holds his nose very much in the air. He had the good sense to attach himself to the Countess, who, in the end, bought him from his first owner. Memories of his obscure origin, however, still seem to oppress him, for whenever he takes his walks abroad with his mistress, and a goat happens to come into sight, he is most careful to look the other way, for fear of having to recognise an old acquaintance. "Mili Pan" makes one inclined to be curious what the Czech equivalent for snob may be.

In a way, her dogs even herald their mistress's return to town, for as soon as she is back in Deanery Street a huge China pug reappears on the balcony and apprises her many friends of the Countess's return.



The Garden Front

showing one of the wings of the château from the terrace

= The Onlooker November 12th