

cording to an erring tradition, the Prince of Wales is indebted for his crest of

ed "The Good." He is none other than the son-in-law of King James I.; the Elector Palatime Frederick Casimir V., who, in a moment of folly—perhaps we should say of extreme folly, for he

hemian Protestants, and enjoyed a single winter's royalty, whence he came to be known as the Winter King. He was elected in 1619, and in 1620 the battle of the White Hill outside Prague

ventured, but also from his native possessions; and for some twelve years he found refuge in Holland, where the Prince of Orange lent him a palace, his father-in-law, and subsequently his bro-

This transitory monarch was for some time immensely popular in England, because he was taken for the representative of Continental Democracy.

tempt to play the game of King, but enormously popular when he came for a time to the front in that way, and seemed to assume the leadership of the great Protestant movement. And many taverns

from a well known work, became a popular sign" from the time of his marriage to the Princess Elizabeth in 1613. "Trade tokens are extant of a famous tavern, the sign of the Paltsgrave's

French Head was an inn near the French Change, Soho. But there is no more significant symptom of this idol's popularity than the name of the Hamstead tavern that now concerns us:

Bohemian overtures, as all readers of Prof. Gardiner's masterly account of the period will clearly remember; and, as Bishop Goodman informs us, "commanded that none of his subjects should

that it was a quarrel that would never be ended, not only in respect of the kingdom itself, but as he was an elector of the Empire," etc. It must have been some very ardent and warm-blooded

The man himself may be seen in the habit, or habits, "as he lived" in two pictures by De Veen that are now being ex-

Prague after the hardships of his flight from Prague; he looks ill and worn, and carries his left arm in a sling. In the other we have him represented after some considerable time of rest and con-

acy that distinguished him, as well as the absence of ability and force. His character had much in common with that of his yet more unfortunate brother-in-law, Charles F. Johnson.

ing Calvinist, and could not do away with the idea of toleration. Not less than pride, narrow-mindedness goeth before destruction and a bigoted spirit

his wife must have contributed to his popularity, as certainly her ambition contributed to his downfall, for the style of "Goody Palsgrave" by no means satisfied her. The world has a Queen

ite lyric, are but as the stars till the moon rises; as the inferior "chanters of the wood" when the nightingale sings; as the violets when the rose is blown.

By virtue first, then choice a Queen
Tell me, if she were not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind.
And in Drury Lane, at the end of the
last century, there was an inn called the

Bohemia, in Hampstead; for, as we learn from Pennant, the house bearing it was really part of Craven House, which thanks to the devotion of her faithful

married her some years after the Palsgrave death in 1632, was her London home after her return to England at the Restoration. And there she died in 1662 and from there was "carried out"

disastrously coveted, at least in the house of her chivalrous friend. Nothing now remains of Craven House. The Olympic theatre stands on its site. But

Her sons, the Princes Rupert and Maurice, had long before her death made

and they, too, were commemorated on inn signs, though we must be careful not to ~~infuse~~ her son Maurice with Maurice of Nassau, afterward Prince of Orange.

who was her uncle-in-law. It is said that in East London there are still two inns called after this latter, the more famous, Maurice.

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Papa Rocks—And then what?
Lulu Rocks—And then have him insist on travelling about with you "incognito."—Judge.

"I wear them because I know I look better with them," answered the short-sighted man, sadly.—Harlem Life.

"Nice kind of a dramatic critic you are."

"Well, what of it?"

"Why, I've just learned that one of the principal characters is a professional

never lost his head in a football game, did he? "No, I think not. He's lost an ear, part of his nose, eight teeth; but I do not remember ever hearing of his losing his head."—London Tit-Bits.

100