

when the hospitable Major added, that they had staying with them, a charming young widow from Virginia, he yielded, and consented to at least stay and dine, giving his servant, Bishop, orders to have his horse in readiness to depart at an early hour in the afternoon. They met—the lady was fascinating, the General inflammable. The hours sped quickly and unheeded by, in vain the obedient Bishop waited, bridle in hand, at his post. The afternoon waned, and still his master tarried. The sun sank slowly in the west, and then the Major, chuckling inwardly, we may surmise, turned from the window and informed his erstwhile, reluctant guest, that no one was ever allowed to leave his house after sun-down, a rule to which the General submitted with amazing alacrity; and the wearied, wondering Bishop was told that he might put up the horse for the night.

It was late the next day before they took their departure, and spurred their rapid way to the Capital, only shortly to return, to consummate a betrothal between the General and Widow Custis, with literal interpretation of the adage that "Happy is the wooing that is not long."

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LOVERS of old china would simply revel in the New Inn, Clovelly, where mine host and hostess exhibit an extensive and antique collection of china and pottery, the result of diligent and intelligent search through the neighboring villages of Devon and Cornwall. Every room has its quota of curious mugs, plates, jars, candlesticks and vases of varying shape and pattern. The dining-room is the culminating point—there we meet with a dazzling array, that covers sideboard, mantelpiece, tables and walls; on which last are arranged large plaques, on the which in artistic medley and design are displayed dozens of odd pieces, to excite the envy and admiration of the wayfarer. The New Inn is composed of two houses, separated from one another by a narrow cobblestone stairway, which runs in a confused, zig-zag manner, as does all this quaint old village, down the side of the cliff to the sea. Clovelly, with its picturesque aspect and mem-

ories of Amyas Leigh and his company, is in every way worth a visit, yet it is seldom frequented by tourist or holiday-seeker; much, however, be it said, to the relief of the few distinguished pilgrims who resort thither and delight in its quaintness and associations undisturbed.

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WE do not usually think of women as being possessed of the inventive faculty, at least to any marked degree. Yet we owe to her two very profitable and familiar commodities, as you will see. In the year 1789, Miss Betsey Metcalf, of Delham, when little more than a child, discovered the art of how to bleach and braid the meadow grass. This discovery she imparted to others, and presently a regular business was established for making straw hats and bonnets, a business which now amounts annually to many millions of dollars.

Secondly, it was not until 1720, that that pungent condiment, mustard, in its present form was to be had. In that year of grace it occurred to old Mrs. Clemens, of Durham, to grind the seed in a mill and pass it through the several processes used in making flour. A very simple and natural method, but one that had not occurred to the masculine mind. This she kept secret for many years, supplying during that early period all England with her famed Durham mustard, to which George I. gave his gracious approval. Twice yearly she travelled to London and other large towns to take orders, and had amassed quite a considerable fortune before she died.

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As you know, woman suffrage was long ago granted in New Zealand. And now-a-days, I am told it is no uncommon sight to see in the Ladies' Gallery of the House, rows of ladies busy with their sewing, while listening to the debates waging below them. So recognized is the custom that actually there has been attached to the edge of the gallery, a trough covered with green baize, to catch, forsooth, all straying balls, and knitting needles! Consideration in the extreme; though whether for the members' heads, or for the ladies' comfort seems an open question.