

tors stood as they made their elaborate bows and courtesies so long ago. "Did you say, madam, that you would take both those specimens of the Tunbridge ware?" said an impatient voice from behind the counter of a shop under the Pantiles. "Yes! both," I said, though I had meant only to take one before I went off into that reverie in which I had pictured Beau Brummell twirling his cane and doing the "exquisite" to attract a glance from demure little Lady Betty Nonpareil as she was about to follow her grandmother, the Marchioness, into the family coach. One thing about those old novelists strikes me as significant. Whilst keenly alive to the conversational sallies of their heroes and heroines, they would have us think they were nearly all blind to the beauties of nature, for they say so little of the lovely rides and drives around the neighborhood. Here I am reminded that the state of the roads and the "stand and deliver" people who frequented the unprotected avenues to even the larger towns of those days might probably be the real reason for their silence. What gallant, think you, would dare to have offered to take his lady-love for drives, such as ours, to the High Rocks, to the Toad Rock, to the site of the Lower Cricket ground which you so heartily admired, to the old castle, to the spots where now stand the huge Hotel Wellington, or the Spa Hotel, etc., etc.? That was the day of fainting maidens and even swooning waiting-maids, the day when women only required backbones strong enough to support their whalebone hoops, and, higher up, those cushioned monstrosities, with the erection of which none but a Court barber could be entrusted. Ah! my dear, in those days if a woman had brains (and, depend upon it, they were no more born without them than now), she took the greatest pains to conceal the fact, lest the dreaded cognomen of "Blue Stocking" should fall to her lot.

But my time is up, my space is filled to overflowing. If the bath chairs of to-day have superseded the Sedan chairs of long ago, the pillion of the dependent woman-rider has been succeeded by the woman who rides to hounds and her sister who mounts her bicycle and goeth wherever she listeth. When we count our losses and our gains, I fancy that we shall not have much cause to quarrel with the sum total. Adieu. MOLLIE.

"John Alden and Priscilla."

Who that has read anything worth reading, has not enjoyed Longfellow's idyll of the wooing by proxy of the Puritan maiden, Priscilla, by "John Alden, the comely, the youthful," on behalf of the stalwart Miles Standish, the captain he almost worshipped, and for whom he would have laid down his life? His captain asked more than his life of him, he asked the sacrifice of his heart's desire, for John loved Priscilla too, and had dreams of his own concerning her. How loyal was the messenger, how the message was received, and how he sped in his wooing is the theme of the poem of which our picture is one of the illustrations.

John, the student acting as secretary or scribe for Captain Miles Standish, is aroused from a reverie, in which the Puritan maiden has for the last half hour been the central figure, by the fateful words of his master:

"Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth, Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions, Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and the heart of a soldier. You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language. Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

Was ever such a coil? Was ever such an errand given to a lover? Poor John Alden!

His heart standing still in his bosom, Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered:

'Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and mar it; If you would have it well done,—I am only repeating your maxim,— You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!'

Futile expostulation! Hear what the gallant captain replies:

"Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it; But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing. I was never a maker of phrases. I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender. But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not. I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon. But of a thundering "No!" point-blank from the mouth of a woman. That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!"

So through the woods John Alden went on his errand. "Must I relinquish it all?" he cried with a wild lamentation. "Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion?" But the loyal heart was prepared to do even this. He says to Priscilla:

"So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!"

Mute with amazement and sorrow, with eyes dilated with wonder, feeling his words like a blow, the maiden replies:

"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me, Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me? If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!"

Poor John makes a great tangle of his arguments, and the quick-witted Priscilla has a good answer for them all; but at last John rises to his theme, and gives so exhaustive a catalogue of the virtues of Miles Standish that—

"As he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language, Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival, Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter, Said, in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'"

The next scene, that in which John Alden tells Miles Standish how he has failed in his wooing, borders on tragedy, but Priscilla, who has in

them a good turn in offering them a picture of the lovers as they walk through the woods near Plymouth, the land of the Pilgrims.

H. A. B.

Things to Know.

Should the chimney take fire, close the doors and windows, so there will be as little draft as possible; fill the dishpan half full of water and place the bottom of the pipe in it, and the fire will soon die out. Another method is to throw salt or sulphur on the fire, which will check it.

TO LOOSEN A GLASS STOPPER.—Soak a corner of a glass cloth in boiling water, and then wrap it round the neck of the bottle. The heat will cause the neck to expand, and then the stopper may easily be removed.

TO CLEAN BLACK CASHMERE.—Wash the material in warm suds in which a little borax has been dissolved. Rinse in very deep blue-water, and iron while still damp. If carefully done, the material should look like new.

BROWN BETTY.—Grease a pudding dish, and place in the bottom a layer of bread crumbs. Then nearly fill the dish with alternate layers of bread crumbs and chopped or sliced apples,



"JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA."

large measure the saving grace of humor as well as a good share of practical common sense, on asking Alden for an account of the dreaded interview, says:

"Now that the terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians, Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a household, You may speak boldly."

Thereupon he tells of his own despair and the direful wrath of Miles Standish.

"Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest, 'He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment.'"

As all love-stories should, this one also ends happily. Friendship is restored between the stalwart captain and his loyal friend, and at the wedding of John and Priscilla, Miles Standish, after gravely saluting the bride and wishing her joy of her wedding, says as his last word:

"I should have remembered the adage,— If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and moreover, No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!"

If our picture should induce our readers to turn again to their book-shelves and take down from them Longfellow's story of the Courtship of Miles Standish, the "Advocate" will have done

strewing brown sugar, cinnamon and a little butter over each layer, topping off with crumbs. Bake one hour and serve with hard sauce.

CREAM CANDY.—One pound white sugar, one wineglass vinegar, one tumbler water, one half teaspoonful cream tartar, vanilla; boil one half hour, and pull, if you choose.

Humorous.

Why, did the penny stamp? Because the three-penny bit.

Self-made man, examining a school—"Now, my boy, what is the capital of 'Olland?'" Boy—"An 'H,' sir."

What made Charing Cross? Watching London Bridge. Who taught London Bridge? The same person who taught Water-loo.

He was about to strike the one-armed man, when an old gentleman interfered, and said: "Ah, you surely would not strike a man who has only one arm?" "Wouldn't I?" he said. "If he lifted his hand to me I would strike him if he had no arms at all."

Some time ago, in the court of a certain Scottish burgh, a man was charged with the theft of a pig. The worthy Bailie, in sentencing the prisoner, remarked that pig-stealing in the burgh had lately been too rife, and finished his peroration thus: "And unless I make an example of you it's very certain none of us will be safe."