NEW GAMES

FOR

PARLOR AND LAWN

With a Few Old Friends
in a
New Dress

By GEO. B. BARTLETT

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PREFACE.

On examination of the "New Games for Parlor and Lawn," the publishers requested that a few old favorites should be added. Their wise suggestions have been carried out, with some changes in the method of playing the games, the dramatic scenes being so simply arranged that children can easily prepare them for home amusement, although some of them have already earned large sums at charitable entertainments. The author expresses here his earnest thanks to the publishers of *Harper's Young People*, *The Youth's Companion*, and *Wide Awake*, for their courtesy in according him permission to reprint articles which he originally contributed to their columns.

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MEMORIZING PROVERBS.

Proverbs form a nucleus for many good games, and one of the simplest and best ways of using them is to see how many can be called up to memory, as each one suggests another. The players sit in a ring around the room, and the first on the right says any proverb aloud that may occur to him. The next instantly follows it up with a second, and thus they go on as rapidly as possible, and often the incongruity, contrast, or likeness between two succeeding ones makes much sport. Each player who fails to say a proverb before the leader can count ten is thrown out of the game, and any one who says one which has been mentioned before by another player is

obliged to turn his chair so as to sit with his back to the company until the game is over, which is only when one player is left, all the others having missed in turn. It is surprising to see how many quaint old-fashioned proverbs come to light in this merry game, some full of wit and wisdom, and others conspicuous for the absence of either quality. The most expressive ones come from the Scotch, and the most poetic ones from the Spanish language, and the mingling of all together in a rapid stream of talk is very interesting and amusing, and thus material is furnished for many other merry games.

PARALLELS.

THERE is no better amusement among the many in which old proverbs are brought to light than the one just introduced into notice under the above name, which exercises at the same time the inventive and guessing powers. Any number can join in this game, which is begun by one of the players, who relates some real or fancied experience, or tells a story in

which some proverb which he has in mind is expressed. The person who guesses the proverb thus indicated has to tell another story, which must continue until it has also been guessed. When played by a large company, it is well to divide into equal sides arranged opposite each other in two lines. In this case the first player at the right upper side begins to tell the story, which must be guessed only on the opposite side. The guesser tells his story next, and it must be guessed by some one on the right side of the room. The sides before beginning to play choose each a time-keeper, who decides the duration of each contest, which should be from one hour to half an hour, according to the number of players. He keeps his watch in his hand and calls out "stop" the instant the time has expired, and then declares that side to be the winner on which was being told the unguessed story at that moment. This keeps all players on the alert, as each one is eager to guess while he is inventing his own story, so that there may be no delay if he succeeds. This effort to do two things at once is very good for the mental powers, and often very amusing when the

players become nervous and confused. The best stories are those that suggest several proverbs, which may be guessed incorrectly at first, thus giving the other side more time. To make this game clear to the youngest readers, who can often play as well as their elders, two specimens of simple stories are here given :

"The morning after my last ball the carpet in the parlor was very much soiled with dust, so I called the maid to sweep it carefully. She labored for a long time with the carpet-sweeper to very little purpose, so I told her to go for the brush and try her success, but the carpet still looked dusty. The maid then put on sawdust and tea-leaves, but after brushing them up no improvement seemed to to follow. I spoke to her somewhat hastily, when she replied that the brush was worn out and useless." Some guesser here calls out the proverb, "A poor workman complains of his tools." The story-teller says "Not correct," and proceeds. "Just then I looked out of the window and saw a peddler's cart slowly coming up the hill, and I called to him for a new broom, which he soon brought. Taking

it in my own hands, in a few moments I was delighted to see every trace of dust rapidly disappear from my carpet." A player on the other side guesses the correct proverb, "A new broom sweeps clean," and immediately begins another story, as follows:

"An old farmer had lived very frugally on his little farm for many years, until he had acquired a small competence. His old gray mare had worked as hard as he, and now, grown old in the service, was seldom driven very fast, but went slowly from door to door dragging the milk-cart, which stopped at every house in the morning for the full cans, and on the return trip from the station to leave them to be refilled. So the old animal had grown very dull and lazy from this habit, and the old man would sometimes count over his gains from the great leather bag which contained the coppers for which he sold his milk, and sometimes he would read the newspaper as he slowly jogged home. One fine day, as he left the station to return, a telegram was put into his hands to tell him the startling news that his barn was on fire. Eager to save his stock, he plied the whip on

his unfortunate beast, whose hide was so thick that it produced very little effect on its speed. The farmer continued his blows until the whip-lash was worn out, and began with the whip-stock, which soon broke also, and the old man was in despair, as the horse only jumped up and down without increasing her forward motion." "More haste the worse speed" is incorrectly guessed, and the narrator proceeds: "The horse shook her head angrily and leered at her master, showing the white of her eyes, as if in scorn, and this action reminded the farmer that she was very sensitive about the head, being afraid of having her bridle and halter put on. 'Ah! old Betty,' said he, 'I know how to make you go now!' and taking a handful of coppers from his bag, he threw them with all his might at the horse's head. Alarmed at this novel attack, old Betty dashed off with the speed of an unbroken colt, and brought the old man home quicker than he had ever gone over the road in his life." "Money makes the mare go," guesses a player on the right. These two examples will show the method of playing the game of Parallels, which is equally adapted for

young and old, for the summer picnic or winter fireside.

PROVERBS IN ACTION.

This beautiful game can be played in impromptu style with pleasure and profit, and is also susceptible of careful dramatization, in which case it may amuse crowded audiences of cultivated people. It is perhaps funnier when done in the former manner, and the costumes are caught up from the entry, and the properties from the kitchen. In this case the most eccentric turn can be given to the sentiment and pronunciation of the words used; and the alternate scenes may be represented in tableau, pantomime, or charade. A few specimens of each will be given here, from which even the youngest reader can gain ideas enough to enable him to choose the proverbs and arrange the action for himself.

A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS.

IN TWO SCENES.

Scene 1.—A cottage interior, represented by any room, with wash-tub, churn, spinning-

wheel, or any articles of domestic use placed around. The old dame sits in a high-backed chair, and seems intent on convincing her family of the importance of keeping busily employed at home. Each one of her daughters is at work at some domestic labor. Her son enters, dressed in a walking costume, with a plaid shawl over his arm and a bundle in his hand. "Now, my dear boy," says the old lady, "I hope you will think better of your foolish plan of going out to service, and be content to help your father carry on his farm, which will be yours some day if you attend to it well." "But, mother," says the boy, "I want to see the world." "The world is a poor place, my dear boy, and full of trouble." "Never mind, mother, you will rejoice to see me back again, when I have made my fortune." "Fortune will come to you, my son, if you work hard at home." "I hate farm-work, mother, and have made up my mind to go. So good-bye, all." The son gayly marches off, and the mother follows him to the door and looks earnestly after him, waves her handkerchief a few times, then totters to her chair and cries bitterly.

The girls all cry in concert, but afterward dry their eyes, and continue busily at work until the curtain falls.

Scene 2.—The same room, with much better furniture and adornments. The old lady and her daughters, in evening dress, are engaged with fancy-work and books, and one young lady plays a cheerful tune on the piano. The door opens, and a gust of snow is blown into the room (by means of a pair of bellows and a large quantity of very small scraps of writing-paper), a terrific wind howls (by means of blowing into a glass bottle), and the son enters, with rags and tatters hanging from his clothes. His cheeks are chalked at the sides, so he that looks much emaciated; and he holds out his right hand, as if asking alms, as he leans heavily on a rough cane with his left. No one recognizes him at first, until he says, "Don't you know me, mother? I have come home in destitution." The mother rushes into his arms, and the girls welcome him eagerly. One runs out for provisions, another spreads the table, and all try to show their welcome and sympathy. He sits at table and eats ravenously, and then says, "Oh,

mother, it is a blessed thing to have a home to go to; and I have learned the lesson that steady labor is far better than a wandering life."

In contrast may next be acted the old Scotch proverb—

THE GOING FOOT IS AYE GETTING.

IN TWO SCENES.

Scene 1.—An old man is bidding a sad farewell to his son, who seems all ready to set out upon a journey to seek his fortune. The room is very poorly furnished, and a table and two chairs occupy the centre. The old man says, "Good-bye, my son; my blessing attend you on your long and weary way! I would fain have kept my only son to sustain my faltering steps; but the rent is so high, and the little place so small, that you would only starve with me." "Keep up a brave heart, my dear sir. You may be sure I will never stop until I have found something to help you and make comfortable your declining years," replies the boy, as he dashes the tears from his eyes and runs out, while the old man sinks back in his chair faint and

worn. An old woman enters, and tries to comfort him by saying, "He will be sure to come back again before long." The old man sobs, "I shall never see my dear boy again," and the curtain falls.

Scene 2.—The same room and people. The old man lies on a couch, and looks very pale and weary. He calls out "Joan!" and the old woman totters in, supported by a stick. "Is there no bread in the house, Joan?" says he. "Alas! no; the very last crumb is gone, and we must beg or starve." "We will starve, then," says the old man. "Oh, if I had not let our dear Willy go wandering off so far, to die in a foreign land, we might at least have had bread to eat! Oh, my boy! my boy!" "Here I am, father," says Willy, rushing in, dressed as a gallant sailor, and tossing on the table a heavy bag of clinking gold. "Here is enough to keep you in bread—aye, and in the richest cake, too—for the rest of your days. The ship was wrecked on the Gold Coast, and I was taken prisoner, and not drowned; so, in my long wanderings, I picked up every day more and more of the precious dust, thinking that each grain would

help you and mother when I reached home, if I ever did. So now hurrah for the best supper and the biggest fire this old house ever knew!" The man rises from his couch and seizes the hand of his son, while the dame, taking some money from the bag, rushes off for a supply of provisions, when the curtain falls.

FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS.

PANTOMIME, IN ONE SCENE.

A fop enters and struts about, with eye-glasses and cane, seeming too proud to speak to common people. A negro girl enters, carrying a basket of clothes on her head, and the fop eyes her with disgust as she passes him and knocks off his hat accidentally with her basket. He is very angry, and shakes his fist at her as she goes out of sight. But his manner suddenly changes as he sees a lady with a showy bonnet, thick veil, and elegant cloak, and he makes the lowest bow to her as she advances. The lady, however, pays him no attention, being very much annoyed at his rudeness, but passes out of sight rapidly. The fop still lingers, sucking the head of his cane, and putting on airs, when he again be-

holds the same costume approaching. Gaining courage, the fop sidles up and offers his arm to the lady, who accepts it, to his delight, and they walk up and down together. He tries in vain to get a view of her face, which she keeps averted, but finally relents and lifts her veil, when he beholds the same colored woman that he met at first, who has put on the bonnet and cloak of her mistress, who enters also; and both the women laugh at the discomfited fop, who slinks away in disgust as the curtain falls.

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

A pair of country people are taking a walk. They pretend to be gazing into shop-windows and to be surprised at the novel sights which they see on every side. They walk arm-in-arm, and often look tenderly at each other. Soon they are met by a Jew peddler, who has a tray full of fancy goods. He stops the couple and calls their attention to his wares. They seem delighted with the articles which he holds up for their inspection one by one. They at last fix upon a large bracelet, which is made of a band of sheet-iron, covered with

gold paper. They spend much time in discussing the price, and the man says, "Is it gold?" "Sure, it certainly's cold," says the Jew, rubbing his ear with one hand. "If you are sure it is gold," says the bumpkin, "I will give you six dollars for it." "Ten is the lowest," says the Jew; and, after much chaffering, the bracelet is purchased for six dollars and a half, and the man proudly clasps it upon the arm of his friend, rejoicing that he has outwitted the peddler. They continue their walk, and the lady, after constantly looking at her new bracelet, rubs it with her handkerchief to brighten it. What is her horror to see the gold rub off and the iron slowly come to light under the process! The woman cries, and the man sets out, with uplifted stick, in eager but fruitless pursuit of the deceitful Jew.

THE GAME OF GEOGRAPHY.

This play, although instructive, cannot fail to be amusing, as the best scholars can hardly help making blunders in the excitement and hurry of the game. Two leaders are chosen,

who each select in turn, until all the players are taken, and are formed in two lines facing each other, a chair for each being placed behind him. The leader on one side calls out some letter, and says "Sea," or mentions some other body of water. The leader on the other side immediately names one beginning with the letter, and each one on his side gives another in rapid succession. If there is a pause, the leader of side No. 1 counts ten rapidly, and calls "Next;" the player who stands next answers, and the one who missed takes his seat. If a mistake is made by giving a wrong name to the piece of water called for, as by calling a river by the name of a sea or isthmus, or by giving the wrong letter as its first one, and it is not corrected by some member of the same side before the leader of the opposite side calls out "Miss," then all of side No. 2 must take their seats, which counts two for side No. 1.

The leader of side No. 2 requests all his side to again stand in line, with the exception of those who missed, and calls out some piece of land, as mountain, State, county, etc., and a letter, which the opposite side answer in the

same way; and if every one succeeds in answering to the call, and each one gives a correct reply without mistake, they score three for their own side. The game is won by the side that first scores ten; and as all who have missed must keep their seats until the end of the play, they have abundant opportunity for laughing at the mistakes which are made by their friends. If it should happen that the leader of one side has no one to call upon to stand in line, he is obliged to answer alone; and if he also fails, the victory belongs to the other, even if they have not scored ten.

Another game of geography is played by each person taking pencil and paper, and in a given time—say five minutes—writing as many geographical names, beginning with a certain letter, as he can remember. When "Time" is called a player reads his list, and any name that he has, and the others have not, counts as many for him as there are players besides himself. Each then reads his list in turn, and the one who scores the greatest number when all have read wins the game. If during the reading any name is challenged, and the writer is unable to describe it, if it be

a river, sea, bay, etc., or locate it, if it is a city, town, or cape, every other player counts one.

MYTHS.

This new game combines ancient lore with modern repartee, recalls mythological and historic items, and teaches them to the young student in a manner which cannot fail to fix them in the mind. It may be played by any number of persons in the quiet of the home, or at the merry picnic. It is begun by any player, who asks of any member of the party a question in some way relating to some event in the past which may occur to his mind. The person addressed must try to refer in his reply to the same event; but, if such answer does not readily occur to his mind, any other player may answer. The one who started the question must then let the one who answered it know whether his reply was correct or not; but he can do this in such a way, by his next remark, that the others are not also informed. But if the answer was incorrect, the first player is obliged to guess what event the second

had in his mind, and to name it. If he does this the company, of course, know that the original item has not been guessed, and all go on with their replies, each being answered by the originator as to the idea he had in mind. If he fails to guess the event named by any of the players, he is obliged to tell the one he had chosen to the company; and the event proposed by this player becomes the myth, and all work upon it until it has been revealed in its turn. If the original event has been correctly guessed by two of the players, it must be told to all. To render the manner of playing it clear, a few examples are given: A asks B, "Will you have an apple?" B replies, "No; the cruel queen gave it." *A.* "I do not refer to the story of Snow White. C, will you have one?" *C.* "No, thank you; not from Paris." *A.* "I do not refer to the Judgment of Paris. Now, D, will you have a nice bright apple?" *D.* "Not while I am running a race." *A.* "Yes, D, you would have won if you had not stopped by the way. Perhaps E will try one of my apples." *E.* "I would not trust your aim." A replies, "Now, D, don't tell me you will not try an

apple. I know F likes them." *F.* "I like golden ones." A, then finding that two have guessed right, informs the company that he had chosen one of the apples of Atalanta. D, having been the first to guess right, begins in his turn: "G, are you partial to a pipe?" *G.* "I do not like to have a bucket of water poured over my head when smoking." *D.* "I do not mean Sir Walter Raleigh. H, will you try one?" "Not of malmsey, thank you," says H. *D.* "I do not refer to the fate of Clarence. I should like to know if any of you would enjoy a pipe." *I.* "Not round the council fire." *D.* "No savages for me." *J.* "I call for one, with my fiddlers three." *D.* "Not old King Cole." K then says, "I love to make all the children follow me." D tries in vain to guess this, and finally gives it up, when K requests him to tell the company what he had in mind, which was the pipe of Pan; and K goes on to ask about his event, which, after many trials, is at last guessed by two, and proves to be the pipe used by the Pied Piper of Hamelin. L, who guessed this first, then invites the company to take a ride, and they, by repeated trials, find

he had referred to the drive of Phaeton. The footprint on the sand of Robinson Crusoe's island is next slowly brought to light, and the question from another, "Do you like pork?" suggests Isaac of York, Tom the Piper's Son, Cincinnati, and at last Circe and the companions of Ulysses. Enough examples have been given to show the mingled wit and wisdom evoked by this game, which, when played with spirit, is one of the very best. If it seems a little hard at first, let the children persevere, and new ideas will be constantly suggested, and they will soon succeed as well at guessing and starting the myths as the older and wiser ones.

IMPROVISATORE.

This game will probably be new to most of our readers, and the manner of playing it will certainly be original. Any number of players may join, and any subject will serve for a theme. It is only necessary for each one to have readiness and imagination enough to take up and continue the story whenever

called upon by the one who has been telling it, for any one can begin any story, and whenever he wishes can call upon another to go on with it. After a pause of one moment the person called upon is expected to take up the sentence, even if broken off in the middle; but he in turn can transfer it to any other after talking at least five minutes. To make this description clear it may be well to describe minutely the manner in which it was lately played by a few girls who were spending the summer and autumn in a village in Western Massachusetts. It was on a glorious evening in the Indian summer, when the soft haze renders the most commonplace objects poetic. The woods which crowned the mountain in front of the house were in a blaze of radiant glory. The lady at whose house they were staying had ornamented the great bay-window with wreaths of bright leaves and a huge bouquet of fringed gentians. Outside, the moon shone in full splendor, rendering light unnecessary, except that which was offered by the fitful flashing of a fire of apple branches, which sent forth a sweet aroma, and crackled merrily, as if burning up were good

fun. Some of the girls were perched on a comfortable old sofa by the side of the hearth, and the rest reclined upon the floor in the bay-window. Being tired with a long walk to the mountain-top, they did not feel inclined for active amusements, and, responding to a request for a quiet game, Fanny began as follows: "Once upon a time, many years ago, there lived on the banks of Crystal Lake a young girl named Katie and her old grandmother, who, although very poor, was very good, and had brought up her little girl to be kind and gentle to all about her. As they lived in a small hut in the middle of a dense forest, they had no neighbors but the fishes and the birds; so Katie loved them, and they loved her in return. One summer afternoon, as the child was strolling by the lake, and looking down into the clear water, she saw the loveliest little green-and-gold fish, which shone like a jewel; but it was swimming fast, although apparently almost exhausted, and it seemed in mortal terror. In a moment she discovered the cause of the commotion, for a horrid black-and-gray water-snake appeared in swift pursuit. Although almost as much

frightened as the poor fish, Katie seized a long branch which lay at her feet, and struck— Florence, please go on." *Florence*—"the snake a severe blow on the head, so that he sunk to the bottom of the lake. Relieved at this state of affairs, Katie looked in vain for her beautiful fish, and sat down in tears upon a fallen tree. A sweet voice called to her from among the leaves, and she beheld a tiny fairy, dressed in shining gauze of green-and-gold, seated in a swing made of two of the blossoms of the chestnut-tree. Katie was about to run away, but the sweet voice piped out, 'Come here, you dear little girl; your courage has saved me forever from the power of a wicked fairy, whom you saw in the guise of a serpent. Ask for whatever you wish, and it shall be yours.' Katie stood for a moment lost in thought, but, gathering courage, said— Go on, Mary." *Mary*—"'If you please, ma'am, I should like a pair of shoes for grandmother, as she is lame, and her old ones are nearly gone; but, if it is asking too much, you need only give her one shoe.' The fairy replied, 'Oh, you generous little girl! Your grandmother shall have a new pair of stout

shoes, made by the crickets' shoemaker, which can never wear out; but what do you want for yourself?' 'Nothing,' said Katie; 'if granny's poor old feet are kept dry and warm all winter, I am sure I want nothing more.' 'You dear little thing!' said the fairy, chuckling with delight; 'but I must give you some pleasure in return for your bravery and kindness. How would you like to visit the crystal cave under the lake?' 'Of all things!' said Katie; 'but I must run home now, for it is nearly sundown, and grandmother will begin to worry about me.' 'Well, good-bye, my dear; and I will call for you to-night, to take you to Crystal Land.' When Katie told her grandmother her strange adventure she said, 'You must have been dreaming, child.' But while she was speaking a pair of shoes came hopping in at the door, and fitted themselves on to grandmother's feet, in place of the old ragged ones, which disappeared up chimney. Both were delighted at their softness and strength, and Katie went to bed with a thankful heart; but that night she had a strange dream, which Alice will please tell about." *Alice*—"Just as the clock struck twelve she

was wakened by a white dove, which fluttered against the windows, and, looking out, she saw a golden carriage, shaped like a boat, drawn by two snow-white doves, in which was seated her fairy friend, who said, 'Take a seat, my dear.' She replied, 'I am too big to get in;' but the fairy touched her with a golden-brown maple-leaf, and she felt so small that she sat down by the fairy, who drove the doves far up into the air, and then unharnessed them in a second, and Katie felt herself falling, falling, falling, until the boat reached the lake, when the fairy harnessed into it a huge frog, and he dove down until he brought them into a beautiful cave as bright and shining as the inside of a pearly shell. Great white lilies nodded at Katie in welcome as she walked entranced along their gleaming aisles toward a beautiful throne, on which a lovely blonde maiden was seated under a snow-white canopy. This radiant maid wore a long robe of silver gauze hanging in folds from her shoulders, and on her head was— Rosa, you can go on." *Rosa*—"a silver crown, which she politely removed as she rose to welcome her guests. 'My dear fairy,' said the Crystal

Queen, 'what strange creature is this whom you dare to introduce to these spotless realms?' 'A mortal child, may it please your majesty,' replied the fairy. 'Upon what claim ventures here the first of mortal birth that ever trod the pavement of my court?' 'I brought her on the strength of her self-forgetfulness when another was in danger, for her pity to animals, and tender thought for the aged.' 'Then, welcome, little mortal,' said the Queen, 'to the pure pleasures of the crystal cave,' as she took little Katie by the hand and led her through the wonderful place, and showed her the great dolphins that lay lazily basking in the court-yard, and the curious nautilus that spread her silver sail in the smooth waters of a limpid pool, where pink-and-brown sea-anemones opened and closed, and the beautiful red algæ floated above the silver star-fish which clung to the shining stones beneath. Then she led her to her own extensive suite of rooms, and there sat down to a salad of water-lily leaves and a delicious water-ice, served on plates of pearl. At the banquet the fairy told the Queen that when she had offered to grant Katie's wish she had desired

nothing but a pair of shoes for the old lady. 'And pretty good shoes she will find them,' said the fairy, 'for they will never wear out, and she will never have the rheumatism again while they are on her feet.' But at last little Katie said, 'Oh, I must go home soon, or grandmother will wake up and miss me.' 'Good-bye, little Katie,' said the Crystal Queen. 'Take this string of pearls for a parting gift, and, whenever you are in need of money, untie the string and take off a pearl, and sell it to some jeweller in the city. You need not be afraid of using them, for if you take off only one at a time, you will find another has grown in its place the next morning.' Ruby, it is your turn now." "Well," says Ruby, "Katie and the fairy re-entered their carriage and started for home again, and in a moment the bright rays of the rising sun fell on Katie's blue eyes, and she found herself safe in her own little bed again. 'Oh, grandmother,' said she, 'what a funny dream I have had! And see what is this around my neck!' 'I declare, child! where did you get that splendid string of beads?' said the astonished old lady, capering about in her new

shoes, which had cured her rheumatism forever. 'In the crystal cave. Let us sell one of the pearls for our dinner,' said little Katie, 'for now we can have what we like. I propose a great turkey to-day, as we can send half of it to poor old Robert, who has so often been hungry.'"

Here this specimen story may end, as enough has been given to show how one idea will suggest another in this excellent game, which may be played in another vein by making the events in funny contrast to each other as they go from one story-teller to the next.

BIPEDS OR QUADRUPEDS.

A VERY FUNNY GAME FOR LITTLE PLAYERS.

This merry game may seem trifling, but if any wise scoffer thinks he can play it without making many ludicrous mistakes, let him try it and see; for, simple as it is, it keeps the attention on the alert and the faculties on the strain.

The players stand in two lines facing each other, with a leader at the head of each line.

It is the duty of the leaders of the lines to call out the letters, which they can change as often as they please. There must be an umpire chosen, also, who sits at the head of the lines at an equal distance from each. The umpire must call out the numbers, which are number two and four, and also count ten slowly while each player is guessing. He calls out either one of the above numbers the moment the leader has given out the letter, and then begins to count. When the leader of the right side gives out a letter, the second in line on the left side listens to the number called by the umpire, as he knows that number two refers to a biped and number four to a quadruped, and that he must name some member of the animal kingdom answering to the above description, which begins with the letter called by the leader of the opposite side. If he fails to do this correctly before the leader counts ten, he must cross over and take his place at the foot of the opposite line. The umpire must see that there is no mistake, such as repeating any name once used, or giving to any animal too many or too few feet.

When the player on the left has answered, whether correctly or not, the leader of the same side in his turn calls out the same or any other letter; the umpire follows with his number, as before; and if the second player on the right fails to answer correctly, he crosses over and belongs to the right side, standing at the foot of the line. If the player answers the question properly, he keeps his place, and ties a white handkerchief around his neck, to show that the next question addressed to his side must be answered by the player who stands next him in the line. When the game has gone on for half an hour the umpire calls out "Time," and the side which has the most players is declared the victor. The game must go on with the greatest rapidity, and the efforts of the players to answer rapidly without mistake are very amusing, as most of them make the most ludicrous blunders; after which they are obliged to march across to the other side as prisoners. The shouts of laughter with which they are received by their captors render their playfellows anxious to avoid their fate, while their very anxiety renders them

more liable to follow in their footsteps. Thus the fortunes of each side vary as often. When reduced to but one or two players the side may fortunately gain in number until at last it may triumph. So the little game teaches concentration, perseverance, and natural history, and furnishes merriment also.

OBSERVATION.

THE object of this game is to find an article which is in plain sight of all; and it is strange to see how long it will take some persons to discern a thing which they can readily see if they pay attention. One person remains in the room, and, when all the others have gone out, he takes some small object, like a thimble or key, which has been selected before the others left, and has been seen by all, and places it in some nook or corner, or in any unusual spot, where it is uncovered and in plain sight. He then opens the door, and all enter and search about the room. As soon as any one of the party discerns the object, he remarks, in a loud tone, "I observe;"

and, keeping his eyes away from the spot, in order to mislead his friends, he marches across to a distant seat and folds his hands. The finders in turn follow his example, and watch the efforts of their friends to discover the object, which often eludes their search for a long time; and, when all but two or three are comfortably seated, they find it rather embarrassing to pursue their fruitless search before so many spectators, which fact makes it still more difficult to fix upon the desired object; and the game goes on until all have discovered the hidden article. The one who first discovered the thing which was concealed then requests the others to leave the room, in order that he may hide it in his turn, and thus begin the game again.

THROWING LIGHT.

MANY persons enjoy a quiet game which taxes the thinking powers; and we offer here a few which will prove interesting to children, and which can be played in a manner hard enough to tax the brightest intellect. Of

these none are better than the good old game of Throwing Light.

Some word must be chosen which has several meanings, such as deer, pen, post, mail, rail, oar, yarn. One player may conduct the game, or the company may be divided into sides. The leader talks fluently about the word, using it in as many meanings as possible, varying his conversation so as to confuse and mislead the guessers. I give a specimen of the manner in which one of the above words has been played by a Boston club, leaving the reader to guess which one is meant:

"Fixed and immovable, it sustains the swift messenger in its rapid course, and hinders slow travellers on their weary way. An emblem of dulness and stupidity, it spreads intelligence far and near. The lover longs for it with ardor; and the most stupid animals are attached to it also. Although very matter of fact, it is a creature of the imagination.

"One man is supported by it in time of weakness, while another is plunged into sorrow or exalted to joy by its tidings. The real one is put to the meanest uses, while

heroes gladly sacrifice their lives for the imaginary one. It cheers the sorrowing, sustains the weak, unnerves the strong, and holds a light to those in darkness, while the dull are bound to it by enduring ties. Welcomed at the doors of all, it seldom enters the houses of the poor; but no house can stand without it, and no country exists where it is not known. One brings another every day, and a man may be called by it, from it, to it, and pursue its imaginary existence even to death."

LITERATI.

This new and interesting game will please and instruct young and old alike. It can be played by any number of persons, either in or out of doors. The players sit in a row or around the room, and one goes out, while the others select the name of some author or distinguished person. Each player then chooses the name of some other character, which begins with a letter of the name of the author chosen by the whole company, the first player taking the first letter, and

the next the second, and so on until each letter has been assigned. The person who went out is then called in, and he begins with the player who has taken the first letter, and tries to find out which it is by asking questions about the person selected by that player. He can ask any question, but the answers are limited to "Yes" and "No," and "I don't know." Having guessed the character, he of course knows the first letter, and proceeds until he has discovered the author selected.

To make the manner of playing very clear, we give two games widely different, but equally amusing. A summer evening after a warm day at old Deerfield; the children have gathered under the old tree, according to their invariable custom, at twilight. Tired with the active duties and pleasures of the day, they are arranged in a graceful group on the deep seat which surrounds the tree — brown-eyed Mabel and Minnie, golden-haired Edith, Daisy, Julie, Alice, Louisa, Ella, Carrie, and Nellie — as merry a set of romps as ever climbed an apple-tree or danced like fairies at the rustic hops. The sun has gone down behind the

arbor, and the clouds are gleaming in orange and purple. From the garden under the bank at their feet comes up the perfume of the sweet-pea, heliotrope, and mignonette. The children have been singing until all their extensive stock of songs has been exhausted, and Edith proposes to try the new game, "Literati," and strolls down through the garden to gather a bouquet, while the others are deciding upon a name for her to guess. When they are ready Edith is called back, and begins by questioning Mabel, who sits first and has the first letter. "Is it a man?" "No."—"Woman?" "No."—"Boy?" "Yes." —"Does he live in Boston?" "No."—"In America?" "No."—"In Europe?" "No." —"Did he ever live at all?" "No." Then Edith knows Mabel must have chosen an imaginary character. So she asks, "Is it a character from a novel?" "No."—"From a poem?" "Yes." So, after a little thought, she asks, "Is it 'Little Boy Blue?'" "No."— "Jack Horner?" "No."—"From 'Mother Goose?'" "No."—"Was he a brave boy?" "Yes." — "Obedient?" "Yes." — "Handsome?" "I don't know."—"Was he a trav-

eller?" "Yes."—"Did he pass much time on shipboard?" "Yes." Then she guesses, "Casabianca."

Turning to Minnie, she asks, "A man?" "Yes."—"Live in this town?" "No."—"In America?" "No."—"In England?" "Yes." —"A soldier?" "No." —"A statesman?" "No."—"An author?" "Yes."—"Did he write poems?" "Yes."—"Stories?" "Yes." —"Plays?" "Yes."—"Was he rich?" "No." —"Was it Burns?" "No." —"Before his time?" "Yes." —"Long before?" "No." Then she guesses Goldsmith, and asks, "Was it his first name?" "Yes."—"Oliver?" "Yes."

Edith then, having "CO," begins to suspect what the whole name may be, so asks Daisy, "Was he an American?" "Yes."—"A soldier?" "Yes." —"An author?" "No."— "A statesman?" "Yes."—"Did he cut down a cherry-tree?" "Yes."—"Have you taken his first name?" "No."—"The last?" "Yes." —"Washington."

Julie's name is harder to guess, although Edith suspects very strongly which letter it begins with; and she asks, "A man?" "No." —"A woman?" "No."—"Boy?" "Yes."

—"Live in America?" "No."—"Europe?" "No."—"In a book?" "Yes."—"Story?" "No."—"Poem?" "Yes."—"By Bryant?" "No."—"Browning?" "No."—"By any man?" "No."—"Was the poem written by a lady?" "Yes."—"By Mother Goose?" "Yes."—"Was the boy greedy?" "Yes."—"Was he sleepy?" "No."—"Did he shoe horses?" "No."—Was he fond of candy?" "I don't know."—"Of cake?" "I don't know."—"Of pickles?" "Yes."—"Then it must be Peter Piper."

She asks Alice, "Was it a man?" "No." —"A woman?" "Yes."—"Live in America?" "No."—"England?" "Yes."—"A distinguished person?" "Yes."—Handsome?" "No."—"A poetess?" "No."—"Did she live in this century?" "No."—"In England?" "Yes."—"Was she rich?" "Yes."—"Powerful?" "Yes."—"Had she a title?" "Yes."—"A Queen?" "Yes."—"Did she wear a high ruff?" "Yes."—"Then it must be Queen Elizabeth."

Next she asks Louisa, and soon learns that her word was "Raleigh," and that the whole name was Cowper; and as Edith guessed it

of Louisa, Louisa is obliged to go away while they find a name for her to guess; and when she returns she must begin with Ella, as the first letter of the new word is taken by the next in order to the one who goes away. Edith takes the seat next to Nellie and the third letter, and Mabel the fourth, and so around. After a little practice, it is easy to guess the name after finding three, or even two, of the letters; and by gradually taking more difficult personages great knowledge of history is gained, and the dates of remarkable events and the reigns of all the monarchs are fixed in the minds of the players.

The same game is often played at the Concord parties by persons of great skill (acquired by long practice) in using their powers of thinking and guessing, and many facts interesting to all are elicited, and occasionally a sharp argument arises, in which encyclopædias and lexicons are appealed to in order to settle some closely-contested point. The sages of Greece and Rome, and many an obscure philosopher, or half-forgotten monarch, is rescued from the dust of centuries to perplex and tyrannize again over the minds of the players.

The name chosen for one of these brain-clubs was Plato, and the words selected by the players, Pythagoras, Leonidas, Attila, Tacitus, and Ossian; and to give descriptive questions by which to find them out was somewhat difficult. It is best, however, to have a good many humorous personages among the more learned ones, in order that the game may be very amusing as well as instructive. It is well adapted for the family circle, when the household gather around the evening lamp or flashing fire—if such luxuries have not all been crowded out of sight by the modern improvements of poor gas and dreary registers—when the mother and father join with their children in merry games; for the little ones can take the little heroes of their nursery tales, and the older ones such characters as they think most adapted to instruct and entertain the children, who often play the game better than those who have a more distant acquaintance with the text-books.

PREDICAMENTS.

This funny game comes from our German cousins, who know how to have a good time, in spite of their gravity. In the evening they like to join with their children in merry games around the cheerful lamp and by the flashing fire, and it is from them that the ideas, or turning points, of many of our best games come. This one will be found very easy for the little ones, and amusing enough for their parents and older friends.

Any number of people can play. All sit around the room, and each one whispers to his right-hand neighbor some situation in the form of a question; for example, "What would you do if your manuscript was left at your home forty miles away, and you had not discovered the fact until you had arisen to lecture?" Or any imaginary predicament may be suggested; as, "What if you were driving a load of ashes over a steep hill, and found that you had forgotten to put up the backboard of the cart?" These questions may also touch upon sentiment; as follows: "If

you were talking sentimentally to a young lady in the woods, what if the bank on which you were seated proved to be previously occupied by a red ants' nest?"

These situations must be as quaint, funny, and varied as possible; and when one has been whispered to each person all communicate in the same manner to the one on the left some remedy, which, as well as the question, must be remembered. These may be of a healing nature, like Russia salve, soothing-syrup, poor man's plaster; or serious, like a gunshot, a halter, or an elopement; and when recited, are prefixed with the words, "I should try," or some appropriate beginning.

When all are provided with a situation and a remedy the game is begun by some one, who calls upon a lady or gentleman by name, and then asks, "What would you do if—" and adds the predicament, which has been given to the speaker. The person addressed then replies, "I should try—" and gives the remedy which has been whispered to him.

The combination seldom fails to prove very

amusing, either from the exceedingly apt or the eccentric nature of the dialogue. The player who gave the remedy proceeds at once to call out another name, the gentlemen usually naming a lady, and the ladies a gentleman, and thus the game goes merrily on. In order to make it perfectly clear to the children, it may be well to give a few connected questions and answers:

"Mr. Smith, what would you do if you were up in a balloon, and should break your head against the tail of a comet?" — "I should buy a cabbage." "Miss Johnson, if you were dancing the heel-and-toe polka, and should fall in the middle of the ball-room, what would you do?" — "I should preserve my equilibrium." "Mr. Roberts, if your heart were broken, what would you do?" — "Bind her over to keep the peace." "Miss Lewis, what would you do if you were compelled to use the same glass as a beggar?" — "I should say, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes.'" "Mr. Brown, what if you failed to make an impression?" — "I should try indelible ink."

ALLITERATION.

This game requires close attention, but is not nearly as difficult as it appears at first sight, as very young players succeed very well in it, after a little practice. The players are arranged in a circle, and each one is assigned a letter of the alphabet, from which he must produce a line, poem, or story, every word in which begins with the letter he has chosen; and when ten minutes have passed each one reads or says his line in the order in which the players are seated. It is harder to compose these sentences without pencil and paper, so it must be settled beforehand in which way it shall be played. The former method is better, even if the lines are shorter and less finished, as memory is thus strengthened as well as invention. A few examples are given below, which children can very easily follow:

An aristocratic artist angrily argued against an ancient art article, anticipating all antagonistic announcements, and answering all æsthetic attacks.

Busy bees brightly buzz by brilliant bow-

ers, borrowing beneficent burdens by burrowing brown bodies below beautiful bean blossoms.

Careless censure continually condemning can cause careful candor considerable consternation.

Dainty deeds daily done dearly delight dutiful daughters.

Each eager enthusiast exults every Easter, eagerly examining each Easter egg.

LETTER SEQUENCES.

In this interesting study of language the game consists in preparing a sentence or story, in which all the letters of the alphabet are used in regular order. To show that this can be easily done, a specimen is given below, and much amusement will be found in trying this experiment, which affords entertainment for a room full of people, who can laugh in turn over each other's mistakes; or to the quiet student or lonely invalid, who can puzzle over it for hours with profit and enjoyment. When several persons are engaged upon it at the

same time the game is played in two ways; one by having an allotted time appointed, and the one who has the most complete and connected story being the winner. In the other game a prize is offered for the best article, and to avoid jealousy the pieces when finished are placed in a hat, from which each one is drawn and read, while the authorship is unknown. When all have been read a ballot is taken to decide upon their merits, and the one which has the most votes is declared the winner of the prize, the fortunate owner of which is obliged to make himself known, and receive the honor and reward of his efforts. Of course these stories are not expected to be sensible, as the fun consists rather in the absence of that quality. *Ex* may always be used in place of *x* in these articles.

SPECIMEN STORY.

A bright, clear day; every fresh, green herb in joyous kind laughed merrily. Now over pastures, quagmires, rough, stony, thorny uplands, valiant walkers exercised youthfully, zealously.

A braying, careless donkey eat fragrant

green hay in June's kind, lovely month. No opening posy quiet roared, "Spare thou us, vain warbler." Excuse yours zealously.

NATURAL HISTORY JINGLES.

This very funny game was first suggested by the metre of the little nursery rhyme, "A was an Archer," and so on down the alphabet, intended to teach little folks how to spell. Each person in the room is assigned one letter of the alphabet in order, and they have also ten minutes of time allowed them in which to choose the animal beginning with that letter, and to prepare a descriptive verse about it. Each one then in turn recites his verse in the prescribed metre, a few specimens of which are given below.

All must be made as grotesque and humorous as possible, with much more attention to rhyme than to reason:

A was a curious old Ant-eater,
A very odd and remarkable crétur;
And if on a sudden he wanted to dine,
I should not much care if he took one of mine.

B is a Bison, whose rough, shaggy hide
Is a very good thing when you take a sleigh-ride;
But when he is in it, not pleasant to meet
When he tramples the plain with his swift little feet.

C is a scaly old Crocodile
Who lazily sleeps in the mud of the Nile;
But you never can trust in the strength of his nap,
For if you go near him his great jaws will snap.

RHYMING GAMES.

Rhyming games are very useful as well as entertaining, as they give facility in expression and practice in writing. One of the simplest methods is the old one of writing two rhyming words on a slip of paper, and any other word on another slip, each player drawing from a hat one of each kind, and introducing the single word into his reply to the thought suggested by the furnished rhyme, and completing the verse by a couplet rhymed to the word separately drawn, which may be inserted between the two, or follow them; but the three words drawn must, in all cases, be placed at the ends of the lines composing the verse.

As practice is acquired, the number of words necessary to be added may be increased until the game becomes very difficult, as each must be ready within an allotted space of time.

Another method is for each player to write one word on a slip of paper, which being drawn by another player, must form the answer to a general question decided upon by a general vote. In this game many varied poems, with widely different answers, will be furnished upon the same theme.

A club for practice in this art was formed twenty-five years ago in Concord, Massachusetts, which continued its weekly meetings for many years, and many of the players are now engaged in literary pursuits, whose first attempts were made in playing these simple games. A few specimens of the later work of one of them are here added:

ODE TO MAY.

Bring out my thickest flannels and my rubbers, granny dear!
For this will be the chilliest day of all the glad new year—

"Of all the glad new year," granny! the bleakest, coldest day
That ever you have seen, granny! "I'm to be Queen of the May!"

With a wreath of paper roses upon my sneezing head,
O'er damp and dewy meadows my footsteps will be led,
Where the cowslips in the pasture, so boggy is the ground,
With all the misery-be-anthum and the snow-drops all around.

The pine-clad hills around me enjoy their nice warm furs,
And the little pussy willow along the brookside purrs;
I need not gather knots of flowers, the wind makes my nose gay;
The end so bright, like beacon light, will cheer the first of May.

I will find some leaves of thoroughwort, no matter if it's old;
The drier 'tis the better—it will serve to cure a cold;

And stalks of last year's mullein, though out of bloom it is;
For though it is not handsome, 'twill cure the rheu- [matiz.

I will go out to Quinsey, or it will come to me,
The crocuses, as well he may, the cold unplanted lea;
Hail, gentle Spring! the snow-birds sing with diphtheritic voice,
And doctors, with their great long bills, will in the spring rejoice.

In the merry, merry spring-time! I do not wish to dye [awry;
My hair, because its eager blast will blow my crimps
But "put me in my little bed," 'neath blankets there to rest,
With a nice warm mustard plaster upon my tender breast.

CONSTANCE.

May your sweet life, my charming one,
Like our loved river ever run
Placid and pure, serene and still,
By flowery bank and sheltering hill;
Where stony shallows careless lie,
With rippling laughter gliding by,
And drifting free with gentle art
From tangled ropes of Floating Heart,

In calm and silent shades to dream
Mid shining lilies' spotless gleam.
And when the heavy shadows fall,
(For they must surely come to all,)
May heavenly visions half divine
In deep reflection mirrored shine.
And as the river's ever flowing,
Beauty and life on all bestowing,
May all who know you happier be
For your sweet grace and Constancy.

WHISPERING RUSHES.

Just opposite Bird's-nest Island, where the willows droop so low,
Is the place where the whispering rushes in curves of beauty grow,
At the bend of the Assabet River, where it leaves the shady aisle [awhile;
Of the vine-entangled maples to bask in the sun

Where the trunk of the fallen oak-tree lies close to the water's brink,
At the foot of the sloping hillock, where the white cow comes to drink;
Here the boats at sunset gather to watch the radiant show, [low;
And to hear the rushes whisper in accents sweet and

For they still have a tender secret for those who
have ears to hear,
A story of love that fades not with the smile of the
fickle year,
Of a beautiful brown-eyed maiden who is now a
wrinkled crone, [own.
Who stole the heart of a rustic and kept it for her

Oh! she was as soft and as fitful as the froth of the
thistle-down, [thorny crown;
And he was as rough and greener than the thistle's
For he learned to love and trust her with the whole
of his faithful heart,
While she for a summer's pastime was but trying
her witching art.

She fled with the fading summer, and forgot, ere the
day was done,
The idle words and the kisses she had given him
just for fun; [years forlorn,
But the old man keeps his promised tryst for forty
And each year comes back with the rushes his
broken faith to mourn.

I ventured to accost him as he bent above the bank,
But at sight of his mournful visage my voice to a
whisper sank:

"Pray tell me, ancient stranger, can time such sorrow heal?"—
"Peace!" said the hoary pilgrim; "I'm bobbing for an eel."

IN THE LIBRARY.

Rain's hazy curtain, dim and gray,
Softens the sweet September day.
Like vivid thought in fading dream
One struggling sunbeam's fitful gleam
Lights up the dim scholastic gloom
Of the long-alcoved, book-lined room,
Where, 'mid art treasures rich and rare,
Is one sweet picture yet more fair:
In recessed window draped with vines
A lady gracefully reclines;
Her jewelled fingers idly hold
An ancient missal centuries old;
Her sweet blue eyes in dreamy light
See visions hid from mortal sight,
Except from those by sorrow tried,
And by Love's victory glorified.

Outside, day lilies gleaming white
Reach up to see the pleasant sight;
And common flowers that old folks love
Crowd thick around and climb above,

As if they tried in vain to see
And guess the hidden mystery.

Riches are good, O lady mine,
Jewels and gold and raiment fine,
Wisdom and power and worldly fame,
And lordly rank and ancient name;
But love, true love, is first and best—
The glorious crown of all the rest.

A BEHEADED RHYME.

"THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH."

I sought the river's breezy ——
Leaving with joy the breezeless ——
And found it dark and clear as ——
Fresh from a ward.

Trampling the dry and scentless ——
I said to my attendant ——
"What has been soft I will pass ——
However broad."

I tried it, but a warning ——
O'erthrew me, and my hat did ——
So I took up my staff of ——
And tried again.

"O, go not on that pure white ——
For it is honey-combed like ——
And for destruction it is ——
By recent rain."

So on each foot he bound a ——
And called me his beloved ——
Sweeter than grapes that can't be ——
His accents were.

With all our might we striving ——
He holding fast my graceful ——
Like rooster's tail just after ——
Or feline fur.

His tender words they were not ——
Though dark as any child of ——
As of a Southern race I ——
Without a doubt.

We came upon a glassy ——
When something did my footsteps ——
Alas! my train, I heard it ——
And turned about.

I slipped and tumbled in a ——
With face as pale as any ——
He took me from the dangerous ——
And led me home.

My heart and hand both freely ——
As by my Edwin homeward ——
I swore to be the bride of ——
And ne'er to roam.

The words to be supplied at the end of the first line of each stanza are, respectively: brink, clover, smash, stripe, skate, strain, sham, strip, trice, bled.

THE ENIGMA GAME.

This game can be most conveniently played around a table with one-half the players arranged on each side. The dictionary is searched for words of which the syllables have each a distinct or double meaning. The players on each side of the table then write one enigma each, and when all are ready those written by one side are passed over to the opposite to be guessed, for which purpose they may in turn be passed from one to another on the same side. In order that they may not be mixed the enigmas written by each side respectively should bear a distinguishing mark. An hour may be devoted to guessing, and the side which

has guessed the most is declared the winner. As specimens the following are given:

1.

Above their crowns all monarchs prize
My first, which fades not when it dies;
By it the erring are restrained,
And inward transports are sustained.

2.

My next controls the poet tongue;
Without it Chaucer were unsung;
In midst of plenty man or maid
Might starve without its friendly aid.

3.

If on my last my first should seize,
'Twould cause a very sad disease,
Of which the victim could not tell
The name, although he knew it well.

Answer—LOCKJAW.

1.

Nothing, however great or small,
Without my first exists at all;
On pleading lips 'tis often heard
Of lawyer, preacher, or of bird.

2.

This word they could not hear or say
Unless my second is the way;
Correct and straight in its true plan,
Though trampled under foot of man.

3.

Though stoned and trodden in the mire,
Oppression lifts my whole up higher,
Till it great burdens can sustain,
And bear huge loads of freight and grain.

Answer—CAUSEWAY.

1.

Two lovers by the fire-side sit;
The rosy moments by them flit;
My little first completes their bliss,
And echoes in their sounding kiss.

2.

This bliss they never could sustain,
Without my second's golden grain;
Yet if it does attend their feet,
Their daily walk is incomplete.

3.

My whole leaps forth beneath the flame,
Revealing in its compound name

How pure and white the toughest things
Expand 'neath trial's fiery wings.

Answer—POP-CORN.

MACHINE SONNETS.

ALTHOUGH this species of poetry has been considered hard to write, and oftener harder to read when written, a simple recipe is here given by which sonnets by any one, with very little effort, can be produced. One person selects a sonnet from the works of any author —the less known the better—and covers the printed lines with a sheet of paper, leaving the last word of each line only visible. He then reads aloud the word which concludes the first line, and waits until every player has composed a line ending in this word in any metre, and on any subject. When all are ready he reads the next word, and so on until every person present has composed a poem, all of which differ in every way, excepting that the last words are alike. This game will be found interesting alike to children and their parents, and is well worthy the attention of the most experienced players.

THE GAME OF ADJECTIVES.

One person is sent out of the room, while the remainder of the players select some adjective. Upon his return he asks in turn of each player some question, in reply to which the person addressed must designate the adjective chosen, without mentioning it. This reply must answer the question definitely, and at the same time fully express the nature of the adjective. The adjective chosen must, of course, be of a strongly descriptive character, and the game gives an opportunity for much ingenuity and skill in the answers, which are very amusing, especially when the question happens to be in direct opposition to the usual tone of the adjective. The person who gives the answer by which this adjective is detected is obliged to go out of the room in his turn, while the other players select another for him to guess. When ready they call him in, and he begins by asking first the player who sat next the last guesser, and thus each one replies in turn, and all have an equal chance.

PIN-DRAWINGS.

This new and amusing game will be found attractive by children of all ages. It will cultivate a taste for drawing in the young, and prove interesting to the more skilful, for very good artists in Germany have found pleasant employment for their leisure hours in tracing its ever-varying changes.

Any number of persons can play, the only materials needed being a pencil and a sheet of paper for each, and six common pins. Sheets of paper are laid evenly, one above the other, and five of the pins are held three feet above them in the right hand of the leader between his thumb and forefinger. The pins are dropped at once, and lie in an irregular manner on the paper, some close together and some far apart. A hole is then made with the other pin at the exact spot where each of the five pin-heads lie, and this pin is stuck through all the sheets of paper at once, so that they are all pinned in exactly the same places.

Each person then takes a sheet and all draw the picture of a man, woman, or child, in such

a way that one pin-hole only must come in the outline of the head and also in that of each hand and foot. The effort to do this, of course, produces many curious shapes in odd and grotesque positions.

The game can be changed by drawing quadrupeds, allowing one pin-hole for the head and one for each foot; or birds, by using only three pins. Much fun can be added by humorous accounts, in prose or rhyme, written under the nondescript animals thus drawn.

When finished the pictures are passed around for criticism, and each adds the name suggested to his mind by it, and also guesses the name of the artist, who, if he finds that his work has been discovered, is obliged to acknowledge it, and also to confess the name of the animal he attempted to delineate, which usually creates a good laugh, if the drawing is not otherwise valuable as a work of art.

THE ARTIST.

Each player draws the head of some person, animal, bird, or fish, and, turning down the paper, passes it to the next, who draws

a body and passes it to a third, who finishes the picture—of course without knowing what has been done by his predecessors. On opening the paper a singular figure is the result. When finished the pictures are thrown into a hat, and then they are passed around the room, and each person takes one out and writes upon the back the name of the animal and some mention of its peculiar faults or virtues. If this can be done in rhyme it is better. They then place the papers in the hat, and each draws out one for the second time, and, standing up, exhibits the picture and reads the remarks, which he extends into a little speech or lecture on natural history, if he is able. There should be very little delay in writing, reading, or drawing, as of course the only merit these works possess is in their absurdity, of which there is usually no lack. Colored crayons and charcoal may be used to advantage in this game, from which artists cannot fail to gather ideas. Others interested in "evolution" may also find material for their treatises in the same direction, and all will find what may be better still, a good laugh.

leader, and requests any two to think of an object and person, and the game goes on as before. A few specimens will illustrate the form of the comparisons, the question to be answered being, Why is the object like the person? For example: "A palm-leaf fan is like Miss Volatile, because you cannot make it shut up." "Miss A. Tractive is like a shower, because a bow always follows her." "A key-hole is like a carpet, because both are always in-doors." "A fop is like a soap-bubble, because the best show is on the outside." "Miss Stacey (a very domestic young lady) resembles a mosquito, because it is never far from its hum." The more extravagant and far-fetched these comparisons are the better.

INITIALS.

This new and interesting game can be played in several ways, and can be used also in connection with other old games, to which it lends a new charm. Any number of players can join, each one of whom tells the initials of his or her name, which the others can

write on a slip of paper, if they do not prefer trusting to memory. Each player invents an initial sentence, using the letters of one of the names. This sentence may be humorous or sensible, complimentary or the reverse, and can sometimes be made to fit exceedingly well. As specimens, a few impromptu sentences are given on the actual names of some of the original players: Easter Eggs, Exquisite Elegance, Fairy Prince, Fried Pork, Wilful Negligence, What Nonsense! Serene Truth Triumphs, Saucy Tell-tale, Goodness Brings Blessings. When all have prepared one or more sentences the leader begins by addressing any person he pleases with a remark formed upon his initials, and each of the other players follow his example, also using the same letters. This attack is kept up indiscriminately on the person addressed by the leader, until he can answer the person who last addressed him before another of the players can say another sentence in the letters of his name, in which case the others all turn their remarks on the one who has been thus caught. The game then goes merrily on, as shouts of laughter always follow the quick conceits

which are sure to be inspired by the excitement of the game. As a specimen of the way in which it can be applied to an old game, "Twirl the Platter" has a new interest when the players are called out by initial sentences, as the effort to discover one's own name in some obscure remark made by the twirler, in order to catch the platter before it ceases to spin, keeps every player on the alert.

BOQUETAIRE.

This new and interesting game requires a little preparation, which forms part of the fun. It is either made up of contributions from all the players, each of whom brings three presents, or all the gifts are furnished by the lady of the house. These gifts should consist of a great variety of useful, ornamental, graceful, and funny articles; such as toys, fans, dolls of small size, boxes of candy of odd shapes, books, small articles of jewellery, china, and bric-à-brac.

The smaller articles should be enclosed in boxes, or many wraps of paper, so that all

may be nearly alike in size. They are all done up separately, each in a floral envelope, and are tastefully arranged in an open, flat box or basket, which, when full, presents the appearance of a pyramid of flowers.

Great taste may be displayed in making these petals—as the envelopes are called—for which these simple directions may be followed, with such variations as practice may suggest: Take a dozen sheets of tissue-paper, comprising as many colors as possible; fold them together in the middle; fold in each corner in the shape of a pyramid, then double it twice, cut a piece out of the top of this in the shape of the letter V, and crimp up each sheet in the hand as fine as possible. Mix up these colors according to taste, as the petals may be of several shades or all of one color. Place the presents inside of these papers and twist them twice around, and spread the petals in various ways.

A very little practice will enable children to make successful imitations of gay flowers. The number of these gifts depends upon the number of players, and there should be at least three times as many presents as persons.

Enter CRUEL MAID, *who sings to the tune, "Oh! where has my little dog gone?"*

MAID.

Oh where? oh where? has the master cook gone?
Oh where? oh where is he?
The noblest King has a message sent.
Oh where? oh where can he be?"

COOK.

Oh, here am I, the greatest of cooks.
What do you want of me?
If the noblest King wants the noblest cook,
I'm sure that I am he.

MAID.

The kingly appetite fades full fast,
And soon it will fade away;
Unless he has something new to eat,
In life he cannot stay.

COOK.

Oh what? oh what? oh what can I do
The royal taste to tempt?
I've tried so well, and I've tried so long,
I know it's a vain attempt.

MAID.

He wants a pie, and pie he must have
Made of something nice and sweet;

Made of something bright that is black and light,
Of such that is good to eat.

COOK.

Oh, what can I find that is black and bright,
And is also good to eat?
I am in a stew. Oh, what can I do
To get for him such a treat?

MAID.

Your little blackbirds are very bright;
Their voices are also sweet.
Make a pie of them, and then, no doubt,
He'd find it good to eat.

COOK.

Oh fie, oh fie, you cruel maid!
How could you say such a thing?
Oh, must I kill my dear little birds
To set before the King?

MAID.

Better lose your birds than give up your place;
For if you offend the King,
If you lose your head and preserve your birds,
You never can hear them sing.

[*Exit* MAID. COOKS *repeat the first chorus, and curtain falls.*

Scene II.

The King *sits in centre, his back close to a door, which is concealed by a curtain; before him is a huge pie. The* Queen *sits by his side. The* Cook *waits at table, and* Lords *and* Ladies *are standing around the sides of the room. They sing to the tune, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" The* Cook *first bows profoundly several times.*

COOK.

Greatest of Kings, you here behold a pie both sweet and new,
And full of things both black and bright, and almost worthy you.
It is a dainty dish, I'm sure, and with great joy I bring
The greatest of all pies to set before the greatest King.

KING.

You have done well, oh, faithful cook!
And with much joy I see
The work which you have truly tried
To render fit for me.

Your praise shall sound on every side
Where'er my subjects range;
So lift the crust, and let us try—
This pie so new and strange.

The Cook *cuts the pie; a scream is heard; then a variety of bird-notes made by blowing pewter whistles in a bowl of water. A Blackbird rises up and jumps out; a second then rises and jumps out, as explained in the note. When as many as convenient have emerged, they form a semicircle around in front of the ladies and gentlemen of the court. As each one comes up the* King *lifts his hands and eyes to the ceiling in great astonishment, and his motions are all exactly imitated by the Court. The* Birds *then sing to the tune, "Three Black Crows."*

There were some birds upon a tree,
As gay and bright as they could be.
The cruel maid said to the cook,
"Go kill your birds!" Our lives he took.

He made us all into a pie,
And so, alas! we had to die!
Now let one go who's not afraid
To nip the nose of that bad maid.

One bird runs out; a scream is heard; and the Cruel Maid *comes in crying. She has a piece of black court-plaster over her nose, and she holds her apron up to her face, in which is hidden a sponge soaked with beet-juice, which runs down when she presses the sponge. She is followed by the Blackbird, who has a false nose fastened to his bill.*

The Birds *sing, and the* Maid *cries in concert.*

The Cruel Maid has lost her nose
In payment for our dreary woes.

What shall we do the cook to pay
For serving us in such a way?

The COOK *kneels in terror.*

KING.

I think you'd better let him go;
He will do so no more, I know.
And I will try not to be greedy,
But give more help unto the needy.

Each person in the circle then takes hold of the domino of a Blackbird, and they all jump as high as they can. The dominos are quickly concealed behind the courtiers, and the children appear as FAIRIES. *The* KING *advances to the centre and bows to the* FAIRIES, *who bow to him in turn. The* COOK *picks up the nose of the* MAID *and tries to fasten it on, but she conceals it in her apron and pulls the patch off her own nose. The* FAIRIES *then dance rapidly around the* KING, *raising their heads high, and lowering them as they bow to him; they divide and walk around in couples, then form two circles, whirling round, and finally join in one ring, which they divide in the centre, so to bow to the audience in a semicircle as the curtain falls.*

NOTE.—The pie is made by nailing a square frame around a flour barrel four inches below the top. From this frame a table-cloth hangs to the floor, concealing the rest of the barrel, the upper part of which resembles a pie standing on a table, after it has been covered with yellow paper. The top or crust of the pie is made of brown paper, on which flour is

stuck by a thick coating of paste. In the back of this barrel a large hole is cut, and a box is placed inside to help the children to rise up. As the near side of the barrel is covered by the flowing robes of the King, they crawl up under his chair, which must be placed against a door, unless it is performed on a stage built for the purpose, in which case it is better to have a trap-door under the barrel. In either case it is funny to see so many children rise up out of a pie seemingly four inches high.

PYGMALION.

A CHARADE: IN THREE SCENES.

Scene 1: PIG.—In the first scene a farmer and philanthropist are eagerly conversing on the improvement of the condition of the pig. The former is eloquent over the refinement and culture which is sure to follow the proper education of that gifted animal.

After listening patiently to his remarks, the farmer ventures to ask the orator if he has ever seen a pig. On his replying in the negative the farmer takes him to the back of the room, where a pen is made by covering chairs with a gray shawl.

The farmer takes a pail and pours the imaginary contents over the fence, when such a

His face lit up with a gleam of joy,
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on the changing stone
With many a sharp incision,
Till with Heaven's own light the sculpture shone:
He had caught that angel vision.

"Sculptures of life are we as we stand,
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when at Heaven's command
Our life dream passes o'er us.
If we carve it then on the changing stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its Heavenly glory shall be our own,
Our lives that angel vision."

THE THREE FISHERS.

The illustrated ballad of Kingsley's "Three Fishers" is always effective. It requires a good contralto to sing behind the scenes, one verse at a time, the following words, written by Charles Kingsley, one of the best men who ever lived:

"Three fishers went sailing out into the deep,
Out into the deep, as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town.
For men must work and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

"Three wives stood up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed their lamps as the sun went down;
Each looked at the sea and looked at the shower,
And the night-wrack came rolling up ragged and brown.
For men must work and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

"Three corpses lay out on the shining sand,
In the morning sun, when the tide went down,
And the women were weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town.
For men must work and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep;
So good-bye to the bar and its moaning."

The characters required are three large boys in sailor's dress, and three girls in bright skirts, white waists, black bodices, and high caps. In the first scene one fisher points out to sea, in the foreground, on the left side; his wife kneels by him, as if sorry to part. In the centre the taller couple stand in earnest conversation, and at the right the wife seems begging her husband to heed the warning of the older man on the left, to whom she points with her right hand, while she rests her left upon his shoulder.

In the second scene the taller of the three

girls stands behind a table, resting her left hand upon it. She is pointing with her right hand, and has a very anxious expression; at her right another girl bends eagerly forward, and at the left the third girl kneels, and both hold their hands over their eyes, as if striving to see through the blinding mist and flying spray. A large lantern with a reflector stands under the table, and they seem to have paused in their work to watch the rising storm.

In the third scene the same girls are discovered; the taller one is just entering the door, as if overcome with the sad news of the loss; at the right another girl is kneeling beside a spinning-wheel, as if she had just heard the sad news and was overcome by despair. The third stands at the other side, leaning on a chair with her left hand, and pointing with the right toward the messenger, as if she can not believe the tidings.

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID.

King Cophetua and the beggar-maid can be used either with or without the reading of the poem, if a tableau or illustrated ballad is preferred. The king, attended by his cour-

tiers, occupies the right; the attendants make up a semicircle around the king, who is contemplating the beggar-maid with admiration. He is dressed in a long robe of turkey-red cloth, ornamented with ermine—made of wadding inked in spots. The beggar-maid has a calico dress, covered with patches, a pair of flesh-colored stockings, and no shoes. She has a ragged hat in her hand, a bright kerchief over her shoulders, and her hair is down. The poem, one verse of which is here given, may be found in Tennyson's works:

"Her arms across her breast she laid;
She was more fair than words can say;
Barefooted came the beggar-maid
Before the King Cophetua.
In robe and crown the king stepped down,
To meet and greet her on her way.
'It is no wonder,' said the lords;
'She is more beautiful than day.'"

A NONSENSE CHARADE.

In this novel amusement many of the noted wits and wise men of the day have found relaxation from the cares of business, and the author has often seen grave men whose voices

have rung with power in the pulpit and court-room join with their children in the merry sport with childish *abandon*. The idea is to find quaint words where the sound of each syllable is different from the spelling, if possible; as the sound of the word must, of course, be followed. Each syllable must also have a distinct meaning or action, upon which the oddest conceits can be carried out in the most extravagant manner.

Scene 1: MOSQUE.—An Oriental mosque astonishes the spectators by its beauty and realistic effect, especially when they know it has been built wholly of tables and chairs, with domes and minarets of umbrellas; and the effect is exceedingly picturesque, as the many-hued umbrellas have been ingeniously lighted with candles, so that the dark cotton and silk contrast strongly with the gay Japanese. A white-robed and turbaned crier mounts to the highest minaret by climbing slowly up on the tables, and shouts his shrill call, on which a long procession slowly winds along and around the room, chanting a monotonous song. All form in a line in front of the mosque and sink to their knees, and then fall forward on

their faces in exact unison to the sound of a gong or pan. All rise together, turn around at once, and slowly march into the building, from which a solemn chant is heard. All are dressed in white cotton sheets, which are folded shawl-fashion, and thrown over the shoulders; a hood is pinned at the back, in order to make the front hang straight. A turban is made from a pillow-case by pinning it first around the head and over the face, the ends being behind, and the middle just over the nose; then the lower edge is slowly lifted and drawn up from over the face and thrown back over the head, leaving a band around the forehead, and forming a graceful square-cornered head-dress. For the chant any slow-measured music will answer, sung in a monotonous manner, with the lips nearly closed.

Scene 2: KEY.—Fatima, the wife of Blue Beard, is earnestly begging him for the key; she kneels, begs, dances around him, and tries in vain by all her witching wiles to obtain possession of the key which he holds and assures her in pantomime that she shall never have. He also tells her of the danger of disobedience to his commands by drawing his

hand across his throat, to show that she will lose her head if she meddles with his keys. She goes away sadly disappointed, and Blue Beard sits down and goes fast asleep, when Fatima enters on tiptoe, and, with great trepidation, steals the bunch of keys from his pocket. Looking constantly over her shoulder to see if he is about to awake, she selects the particular key she wants, returns the rest to Blue Beard's pocket, holds it up in triumph, and goes off again at the left. Blue Beard soon wakes up, rubs his eyes, feels in his pocket to see that his keys are safe, and walks off at the right. Fatima enters at left, and watches his retreat, gazing anxiously in the direction of his departure; and, after crossing the room many times with great anxiety, she finally turns the key and opens the door of the mysterious closet, and sees with horror the decapitated heads of Blue Beard's former wives. When Fatima sees this horrid sight she sinks fainting to the ground, and in her fright drops the key into the closet, where it is apparently stained with blood by picking up another key which lies there, on which a piece of red flannel has been sewed. Her sister

Anne now enters, and also faints at the sight of the dreadful spectacle. They close the door of the closet just as Blue Beard returns, and Fatima is vainly trying to clean the key, when he takes it from her hand, and gives her warning to prepare for instant death. In vain she kneels and begs; the fatal sword is raised above her head, and is about to fall, when Sister Anne, who has been frantically waving her handkerchief and beckoning for aid from the top of a table at the right, leaps down and catches his arm. Blue Beard orders her away, and she resumes her former call for help. Again the dreadful sword is poised. Fatima bows her fair neck to the blow, and just in time her two brothers, called to her aid by the faithful Anne, rush in and finish Blue Beard after a fearful struggle. Each is armed with a poker, and after a long fight Blue Beard is stabbed under the arm and falls heavily to the ground. The brothers wipe their swords, and the handkerchiefs with which this is done are shown to the audience, covered with large spots of red-flannel blood. A tableau is then formed over the body of the prostrate Blue Beard, one brother on each side, with the la-

dies in the centre—Sister Anne waving her handkerchief, and Fatima holding on high the fatal key. The Turkish dresses are easily made by tying one shawl around the waist and another draped over the shoulders, with turbans twisted of Roman scarfs. Blue Beard wears a huge crescent in his turban, from which a blue veil or ravelled stocking forms his beard. He carries a tin dish-cover for a shield, and uses a fire-shovel for a sword.

Scene 3: TOE.—In the centre of this scene the statue of Peter occupies a prominent place, seated on a high pedestal made by a small table and box standing on top of a large table. These tables are draped with sheets, and a large man is seated on the smaller table, with his right foot on the box, a potato being fastened to this foot to enlarge the toe, which is kept in place by a large white stocking. A sheet is drawn around the waist on a string, and another sheet is draped around the body in classic folds. The arms are covered with white sleeves, the head is bound with a towel, to which skeins of cotton yarn are fastened, and the hands are incased in white gloves. The face is chalked, and with a faint light

the effect is exceedingly fine. The tolling of a bell is heard in the distance, which is made by striking a glass lamp-shade with a stick around the end of which a piece of cloth is wrapped. Persons of various sexes and ages now enter from the two sides of the room, clad in as many styles of dress as possible, and as each one finds an opportunity he reverently bestows a kiss upon the toe.

Scene 4: MOSQUITO.—The whole word is next enacted by a scene from the Concord School of Philosophy. One of the chief philosophers is seated in the Grove, explaining to a group of lady pupils the philosophy of nature and the perfect harmony of inanimate things. "Out-of-doors," says he, "we behold the infinite peace, fitness, and harmony of all things. Beneath the cerulean dome there is nothing to disturb, annoy, or vex the human. Nothing but contentment and beatific joy prevails." The philosopher emphasizes every word with constant and vigorous slaps upon his face and hands, in which he is imitated by his pupils, who follow his motions exactly, all keeping time with each other. The address goes on in this style with increasing vigor of

speech and action, until a huge mosquito comes buzzing in, which is performed by a boy with a brown shawl sewed around his body, to which great wings made of brown paper folded in creases are pinned, so that they flap as he moves his shoulders. The boy runs rapidly in on his hands and knees, and his hum grows louder as he advances. The ladies hold up their hands, and run off with all their might at the left, followed by the mosquito; and so it ends.

THE WONDERFUL DRAWING LESSON.

MANY years ago a very funny pantomime was performed by the Ravels, or some other talented actors, that astonished every one who saw it, and no one could guess how it was done. We propose first to give a sketch of the action of the scene, and then to describe a very simple manner of doing the trick upon which it depends. By careful attention to the description any boy can prepare it in a few hours in such a way that it can be often used for home and hall, and will give as

much pleasure in preparation as in performance. The pantomime requires an old man, an old woman, and a stupid boy—the latter it is often easy to find in any family. The old parts can be assumed by young people, as they can be made venerable by powdering their hair with flour. They must borrow their grandfather's and grandmother's clothes, if possible, but the boy can wear an old dressing-gown, and the girl a long skirt trained over her own dress, looped up at the sides with bows of ribbon; she should have an old-fashioned bonnet, or a broad hat tied down to resemble one, a kerchief, and a cane. The boy should borrow a suit of a smaller boy that is too short and tight for him, and should brush his hair down over his eyes, and wear a paper ruffle around his neck. The boy who wears the dressing-gown or old dress-coat should also have a palette, brush, a piece of chalk, and some other artistic implements with which to decorate the room, which can be very prettily arranged, if for a public performance. The most conspicuous object is a large blackboard, standing on the floor at the rear of the room, behind which another boy is concealed, and

upon which all the mystery depends. The artist is discovered walking around the room in a nervous manner, as if expecting a pupil. A knock is heard, and he admits the lady, who salutes him with an old-fashioned bow in response to those with which he greets her. She leads in the boy by the hand, who hangs back, as if very bashful. She puts her hand behind the boy's head, and compels him to bow to the artist, of whom he seems afraid.

The mother consoles him, and persuades him to look at some pictures which the artist shows him. The boy expresses great interest, and the artist points to the blackboard, as if offering to teach him to draw. The boy seems eager to begin, and seizes a piece of chalk from the table. The artist takes the chalk from him, and pats the palm of his left hand with three fingers of his right, to signify that he wants some money. The mother pays very unwillingly, and the artist keeps demanding more, until she shakes her head very forcibly, and points to the board, as if refusing to pay any more money unless she is satisfied with her son's progress in art.

The boy is then furnished with chalk, and

the artist holds up a pattern before him, and points from it to the board. The boy slowly draws the face of a man on the top of the board, near the centre. The mother seems much pleased, and claps her hands in delight. The boy goes on with his work, and finishes the body, with the arms extended, and the artist then demands more money, which the mother refuses; when the arms which have just been drawn move up and down with violent gestures, and the mother becomes so much alarmed that she pays him, and the arms then remain still. The boy goes on with his work, and draws the two legs of the figure, which is supposed to be facing the audience.

On the completion of the work the mother and boy contemplate it with wonder and delight, and the artist renews his demand for more money, which the old lady refuses. The right leg then kicks out violently, the other does the same toward the left; the arms go up and down, and the chalk man thus appears to be alive, and to be dancing a jig, as the movements of the legs and arms increase in speed, although they can only swing up and

down on the board. The mother and son hold up their hands as if struck with horror, and the former rushes out of the room pulling the boy by the arm. The artist follows, demanding more money, and the curtain falls.

The blackboard is made of any smooth board, painted; the arms and legs of the figure are cut out in outline of common pasteboard, and are fastened to the blackboard by a peg, upon which their weight is balanced, and upon which they move. The limbs are moved by means of bits of black thread attached to them, and passing through small holes in the board to the boy behind it. They are fastened on after the board has been painted, and the whole is made of a uniform dull black with common paint, so it does not show when the light is between it and the spectators.

The boy may make the figure of the man in any style, taking care only to match it to the limbs, the outlines of which he draws on the edges of the pasteboard profiles. A little practice will enable the performers to arrange animals and other figures on the same plan, to the delight of themselves and their friends.

THE AUTOMATIC WARBLERS.

This very laughable performance depends much upon the extreme gravity with which it is carried out, as none of the performers are allowed, on any account, to laugh or even to change for a moment the expression of their faces, which should be as blank and stupid as possible, even when singing.

Five boys or gentlemen are needed, and they should be graduated in height, the smallest one always leading, the next in height being number two, and so on until number five, who should be very tall indeed. They must also be dressed alike, in black suits, if possible, and with large pointed collars and cuffs, made of white paper, outside of their coats. They must all walk very stiffly, bending the body as little as possible and turning corners on a pivot, like soldiers. Whenever number one coughs, all the others also cough in turn, and their movements of all sorts must be simultaneous.

When the curtain rises the audience discovers nothing but five chairs arranged in a straight row across the middle of the stage,

facing the front. At last a door opens and a head is cautiously thrust out to carefully survey the audience, and then withdrawn, and the door is shut. It soon opens again, and number one walks stiffly around the row of chairs and stands in front of the first chair; number two goes through precisely the same drill and stands in front of his chair; and then number three enters and stands before his, and is followed in his turn by number four and five; number one then coughs, and is imitated by the others in turn, and all seat themselves in precisely the same manner and moment, with very stiff backs, and their closed right hands resting on the right knees, the left hands remaining always in the breast of the coat, excepting when they draw out their handkerchiefs.

All being seated, number one rises, advances one step, bows, and says: "I come forward to make an announcement. You will now have the pleasure of listening to a concert by the Automatic Warblers, who will execute first the pastoral melody of 'Mary had a little lamb.'" He then returns, and sits down, coughs, and rises, in which he is imitated precisely by the others—all of whom ad-

vance one step, left foot foremost, bow exactly together, and sing the song to any absurd tune with perfect gravity; and at its close all bow, step back, cough, and sit down in exact unison.

Number one then draws out his handkerchief, wipes his forehead, coughs, and puts it back, after which all go through the same movement in precisely the same manner. Number one then advances again, bows, and, in the same monotonous manner, says: "I come forward to make an announcement. This remarkable troupe will now execute a melody, in compliance with the wish of the fairer portion of the audience—need I say I allude to the ladies present?—who desire to hear each one of the superb voices of the brethren in a solo performance, for which purpose a quartette has been arranged, and they will now do it." Having returned as before, all again cough, and rise as before and sing "Bingo," in the refrain of which, as arranged in the College song-book of Yale (where all these melodies can be found), each person sings one letter of the word, and all join together in the whole.

They then return again and sit for a few moments, when number five rises, advances, bows, walks around the chairs, goes out, shuts the door, opens it, looks through, coughs, and withdraws. The others imitate his example until number one is left alone, who sits awhile, advances, bows, and speaks: "I come forward to make an announcement. If any of the ladies present desire the privilege of taking either of the brethren by the hand, an opportunity will be afforded them in the anteroom." He then bows and goes out, looks in again, and finally disappears. The audience are then expected to applaud, and each of the performers looks in again to see if they are wanted, when they all return together, each one with his left hand on the shoulder of the preceding one, number five leading and number one coming last, all keeping exact step, and they thus march around to the front of the chairs, turning the corners as stiffly as possible, and standing before their chairs a moment, then coughing and sitting down together.

Number one then rises and says: "I come forward to make an announcement. You

have called us, and therefore we have come. As this call was totally unexpected by us we have spent an entire afternoon in preparing a suitable song for it, and will now sing the pathetic history of 'The grasshopper on the sweet potato-vine.'" He returns, all cough, rise again, bow and sing, after which they go back and sit down.

The leader then rises and says: "I come forward to make an announcement. You will now have the pleasure of hearing our last song, a solo, 'Still so gently from you stealing.'" Then, arising together from their seats, all open their mouths as if singing very loud, but only move their lips, uttering no sound; then all instantly resume their former march and go out, close the door, and all look in together.

A very funny concert of this kind can also be performed by the ladies, when dressed in black dresses, white aprons, with pointed cuffs and high caps. The songs and speeches can be changed in a dozen ways, and many evenings' entertainment can thus be furnished with no trouble or expense. Its effect in performance is exceedingly ludicrous, especially

if the laughter which the audience is apt to furnish seems likely to prove too much for the gravity of the performers, as their efforts to keep an unmoved countenance amuse the spectators so much that they increase their efforts to provoke a smile, and often succeed in this; although we have known a company of five gentlemen who could go through the whole with the most perfect gravity, and look as if they were made of wood, in spite of any effort to make them lose their self-control.

THE MAGIC CLOCK;

OR,

THE REWARD OF INDUSTRY.

A TRICK PANTOMIME FOR CHILDREN.

The FARMER, afterward the Miserly King.
His wife JANE, " the Old Woman with the Broom.
POLLY, " Little Miss Muffit } The Farmer's Daughters.
MABEL, " Cinderella . . . }
MARGARET, " Bopeep . . . }
ISABEL, " A Beggar . . . }
WILLIE, " A Beggar.
ROBIN, a servant " the Prince.
JACK, " the Insatiate Hen } The Farmer's Sons.
TOM, " the Spider . . . }
The FAIRY, disguised as a poor old woman.
One small boy is concealed in the chimney, and another under the table.
The clock, fireplace, table, fowl, etc., are fully explained, so that they can be easily prepared by children.

THIS pantomime can be acted in any room, with a simple curtain, or in a large hall. Lively music adds to the spirit of the performers, and enables them to give directions to each other without being heard.

SCENE.

The farmer's kitchen; a fireplace at the right, with a crane, from which a kettle hangs, with great logs, which rest on high brass andirons. A tall, old-fashioned clock-case stands against the back wall, nearly in front of which is a large table, covered with a white cloth, and set for supper. At the left is a small table, over which hangs a mirror. Six chairs and two stools, a rocking-chair, broom, and dishes, are also needed. The farmer sits at the right of the fire, counting money from a leather bag. His wife sits in the rocking-chair, knitting.

Mabel is employed in brushing the hearth. The proud daughter Isabel is trimming a showy hat; as she adds new decorations to it she contemplates her face in the mirror, and tries it on with evident delight, occasionally walking about the room and appealing for admiration.

Polly is cooking the Christmas supper, and often swings forward the long crane, from which an iron pot hangs over the fire, adding a little salt from time to time. The idle

Margaret reclines in a low chair; her sewing has fallen from her listless hands, which lie idly in her lap, and she seems to be careless of all around her. Jack sits by the fire, and is constantly eating from the contents of his pockets, which are full of nuts, apples, cakes, and candy.

ACTION.

Willie enters, struts about the room, with a profusion of low bows, of which little notice is taken by any one but the farmer's wife, who shakes his hand, and gives him a cordial welcome. She leads him toward Isabel, who rises, and makes him a low courtesy, taking hold of her dress with both hands, to do which she lays the hat in a chair. Willie seems struck with the courtesy, and imitates it so clumsily that all laugh. In his confusion he sits down on the hat, and jumps up quickly. Isabel picks up the hat, which is crushed flat, and tries in vain to restore it to shape; then claps it on Willie's head, as if to try the effect, while he sits in a very stiff attitude in imitation of a milliner's block.

Robin then enters, rubbing his hands as if suffering from the cold; he approaches the

fire to warm them; the farmer looks scornfully at him, and motions him away; he seems ashamed, and retreats to the back of the room, and sits on a stool beside Willie, who laughs and upsets the stool with his foot. Robin sits heavily down upon the floor, and in falling hits Willie's foot, who falls forward. Isabel laughs, but Mabel runs to his aid, forgetting her dusty hands, which cover his coat with ashes as he clumsily regains his seat.

Robin rises, and nearly sits down upon Tom, a small boy, who has picked up the stool, and is lying across it. Tom crawls away just in time, and tries to wake up Margaret, tangles his mother's yarn about his feet, and seems intent upon mischief. The farmer rises, as if angry at being disturbed; but Mabel goes toward him, as if apologizing for the accident, then runs to the door, as a knock is heard. A poor old woman enters, and asks alms from each, begging money from the farmer, who refuses, and points to the door, which motion all follow in turn, except Robin and Mabel. Jack pretends to give her an apple, which he holds near her lips, but withdraws it as she is about to taste, and

crams it into his own mouth; then claps his hands as if he had done a clever action. The old woman next tries to lift the lid off the kettle, but Polly resists, and pushes her away so hastily that she burns her fingers, and begins to cry. Mabel and Robin try to comfort her, and Mabel takes a cake from Jack and hands it to the old woman, who eats it as if she was very hungry. Jack begins to cry for his cake, and Mabel motions that he has plenty more; but he shakes his head and cries again. A great cake then comes from the chimney, strikes Jack on the head, and fastens around his neck like a gigantic old-fashioned doughnut with a hole through the centre.

Jack seems much pleased, and tries to taste his new collar, but finds it impossible to get his teeth into it. The farmer begins to scold at the old woman, and lays down his purse upon the settle, in order to push her out, when the purse flies up the chimney, and hangs just out of his reach. He jumps for it, and it begins dancing up and down. All the rest except Mabel and Robin chase the old woman round the room, led by the farm-

er's wife, who secures a broom, and tries to strike her. The old woman rushes from side to side, and Mabel opens the clock, into which she springs and is concealed in a moment. The farmer makes a frantic leap for his money-bag, and knocks over the kettle. Jack and Tom jump about violently as if scalded, while Mabel picks up the fowl, places it upon the table, and persuades her father to come to supper. Robin places chairs, and all sit down.

The clock strikes, and as the farmer turns around he sees, instead of the face of the clock, that of a pretty little girl with blond hair. He calls the attention of the rest of his family to this change, but when they look the clock-face alone appears. The farmer seems very much astonished, and puts on his spectacles, when he again beholds the sweet face, which disappears as soon as he has called the attention of the family.

They resume their meal. As the farmer attempts to cut up the fowl it lifts itself up and gives a loud crow. The farmer drops his knife in fear and trembling, but is encouraged by Jack, who expresses in pantomime that he is very hungry. The farmer makes

a second attempt, at which the fowl leaps from the table and disappears up the chimney. The farmer and his wife rush out of the room in eager haste, followed by all the family.

The clock-case opens and shows a beautiful Fairy, who waves her wand in the air five times, and transforms the whole family into Mother Goose personages. The farmer returns dressed in a long red robe, with a huge crown on his head, and personates the King who spends all his time counting out his money. This he constantly does, taking it from a large bag; and as soon as he has counted all the pieces he puts his hand up to his crown, trying in vain to lift it off, as if it made his head ache; then he begins again to count over and over his tiresome money.

The farmer's wife comes in next as the Old Woman with the Broom. She rushes about, raising a great dust, and then jumps up and down, brushing the ceiling of the room, as if trying to brush the cobwebs from the sky.

Isabel then flaunts into the room, followed by Willie, taking long strides, and seeming full of vanity, turning their heads from side

to side as if lost in admiration of themselves. The others all laugh at the sight, for they have become the Beggars, and are flaunting about in rags and tags, which they are as proud of as if they were dressed in velvet gowns.

Margaret enters next as little Bopeep, groping around in search of her lost sheep; she sometimes leans upon her crook with her left hand, and points off eagerly with her right, and finally throws herself into her chair and goes to sleep.

Polly appears as Little Miss Muffit, eating curds and whey from a large bowl which she carries in her left hand; she draws a stool toward the fireplace and sits down. Tom, as the spider, rushes out from under the table and sits down beside her, at which Polly drops the bowl and spoon in fright. She then rushes round the room three times, pursued by the spider.

Jack then enters as the Insatiate Hen who eats more victuals than threescore men; he rushes around the room, and seems wholly unsatisfied with all he can devour. Mabel is changed into Cinderella, and sits by the

fire in a dejected attitude, upon which the Fairy comes down from the clock, and calls her attention to the Prince, Robin, whose rough frock flies away up the chimney, and he kneels before her as a Prince in gorgeous raiment. Mabel's old robe then disappears in the same manner. Robin fits a glass slipper upon her foot, which makes her dance with delight. He leads her to the upper end of the room toward the King, her father, who is so overcome by her beauty that he forgets his avarice, and bestows the whole of the money upon her.

The happy pair, followed by the King, then march around the room to each of the personages, and the old woman sweeps a path before them, as if eager to make their way pleasant and easy. The Beggars seem to forget their pride, and their ragged dresses fly away up the chimney, and they appear neatly clad. The Fairy touches the Spider with her wand; he stands upright, offers his arm to Miss Muffit, and they join the procession.

The Fairy then enters the clock, which marches twice around the room, followed by all the characters, and then resumes its place.

All join in a grand reel; the King, taking the old woman for his partner, stands opposite Cinderella and the Prince, who take the head of the set. The two repentant Beggars take one side, with Miss Muffit and the spider opposite. They dance all hands round, then the first lady promenades around the set outside, followed by her partner, who then joins her, and all promenade together around once. The ladies then go forward into the centre, and the gentlemen turn them into place with their right hand, and then turn corners with the left, after which they go into the centre again and form basket, go once around, divide in front, and march forward in the same position. The gentlemen raise their hands, and the ladies go forward alone; the gentlemen march after and turn them into place. The hen then wakes Bopeep, and all form a semicircle, with the Prince and Cinderella in the centre. The clock then advances and takes up its position behind them, bowing to each in turn. The Fairy springs forward into the centre of the group, and after waltzing around stops in the centre, and all salute as the curtain falls.

COSTUMES.

The farmer has a plain brown suit, over which he throws a loose robe of Turkey-red cloth, trimmed with ermine. This ermine is made of white cotton flannel, with black marks drawn upon it with charcoal. He also wears a crown made of gilt paper. His money-bag has a black linen thread fastened to the top, one end of which is in the hand of the boy concealed in the chimney.

The farmer's wife has a plain black dress, with white kerchief and a high cap, on which a neat front of white tow or yarn is fastened in the centre, so that the ends can be pulled out quickly when she assumes her second part. For this she wears a red skirt under the black, and ties a long red cloak over her shoulders, the cape of which she draws over her cap.

Polly wears a long-sleeved checked apron, which covers her next dress. This is made of bright cretonne tucked over a gay skirt. The waist is long and pointed, with a high ruff of white.

Mabel wears a dark skirt and loose white

waist, under which is a pretty silk dress, with long train, and a square-necked waist trimmed with wax beads. She changes the black dress for a ragged loose robe, and when first transformed to Cinderella sits in the chimney-corner while the thread is hooked on to the robe by which it can be drawn up the chimney.

Margaret has a bright skirt and loose waist over her Bopeep dress, which is composed of a skirt of blue cambric, with a red waist, the flaps of which are cut in squares, which as well as the skirt are trimmed with yellow braid. Under the work which lies in her lap is a straw hat trimmed with flowers.

Isabel may wear the most showy dress which can be found.

Willie has a black dress-coat, which can easily be made by sewing tails on a jacket. He can have white pantaloons, and ruffles of white paper on his shirt, a showy necktie, and white hat. Both he and Isabel, for their next dress, have long robes, which may be water-proof cloaks covered with rags of every color.

Robin wears a long farmer's frock over his Prince's dress, which may be made of satteen for less than one dollar by an ingenious girl.

It consists of a loose pink body, and blue trunks, or knee-breeches, with a cape of blue from the shoulders, each garment trimmed with long points of the opposite color. Pink stockings, and lace collar and cuffs, and pink and white bows on the shoes, complete the costume. He has a small slipper covered with glass beads for Cinderella.

Jack and Tom appear in shabby boy's dress at first, and their next dresses are put on over them. The hen is made of a long garment like a shirt, one half of brown cambric, the other half of yellow, and the sleeves of large size are sewed up at the ends. It is drawn over the boy's head so that the brown part covers his back, his feet go into the sleeves, and then his hands also, with which he grasps his knees. A cap of brown cambric, with a red comb, and marked with eyes, is drawn over the head and pinned to the robe, and the ends are tied in a bunch opposite.

The spider has a suit of snuff-brown cambric, the feet and arms of which are sewed up like bags; on his back is fastened a pointed stuffed bag, and a false leg cut from brown pasteboard is fastened to each side; he runs

on all fours at first, and shakes his head, which is enveloped in a cambric bag ornamented with two curved horns, and points of yellow cloth are sewed upon the back and around the legs. He hides under the table until it is time to appear.

The fairy is dressed in white tarlatan, trimmed with tinsel, over which she has a long cloak, with a hood, into which white hair is sewed. She has a cane, and bends forward.

PROPERTIES.

The clock is a frame seven feet high, two feet wide, with a door in front, all made of thin strips of wood, covered with brown cambric, dull side out; the face, painted on pasteboard, with movable hands, slides up and down in a groove, and is kept in place by a button at the bottom. A high stool is hidden inside, on which the fairy climbs when she shows her own face. She has her hand directly under the clock's face, so that she can push it instantly into place. Straps are arranged at the height of the fairy's shoulders, by which she can walk forward with the clock. There are hinges near the top, so it

can bow forward, and also a bell which will strike. The fireplace is a large box, three feet high, with the upper portion taken off. Boards, painted a dull red, with lines representing bricks, are slanted from the front and sides to the ceiling. Turkey red cloth is nailed at the top of the box inside, which is drawn tight by the logs which lie on the andirons. The effect of fire is produced by a lamp behind the red cloth, and pieces of red gelatine pasted on the logs.

A small boy, concealed by the chimney, holds four threads, to which the articles to be drawn up are fastened. The fowl is hooked on to the thread by Jack. A real fowl may be used, which is elevated by a wire thrust through the table by the boy, who also imitates the crowing; or a good chicken can be made of paper. Any table will do in which a hole can be made; there must be one also through the tin dish. The cake is made of brown cambric. The action should be distinctly marked, and keep time with the music; and all performers should bow as the curtain falls.

THE COMICAL BROOM-DRILL.

SINCE the fan-drill astonished and delighted the spectators of the great Carnival of Authors, many have been the imitations and burlesques upon it, but none have been funnier than the broom-drill, which has been presented in many ways more or less successful.

As it will be one of the sensations of this season, a new and effective formula for its production will doubtless be useful, especially one based upon the best and most fascinating fan-drill ever presented to the public.

Any number can join, but in most rooms eight soldiers and one captain will be sufficient. All should be as nearly as possible of the same height, but if there is much difference, the taller should be in the centre, and the shorter ones at each end of the line, and then be graduated each way to the middle one as nearly as possible.

This order will, of course, make those nearest in height march together when they go in pairs. For the first formation, each one should be numbered as they stand in line, as above, at first rehearsal, so they may fall into

place in all groupings without trouble or confusion.

All should be dressed alike in black skirts, chintz over-dresses, tucked up high; white bib-aprons, covered with bows of ribbon, and provided with two pockets in front; dark waists, with white, puffed, very short sleeves; very high crowned, white muslin caps, trimmed with bright ribbon. Each has a bright dust-pan strapped around the waist like an ammunition-box, and a large red dust-cloth at the left side in the belt, so that it may be easily drawn out with the right hand.

This can be very effectively produced without preparation by persons of some knowledge of time; but when exhibited for money, at church fairs and sociables, it is well to have some practice, as the movements are much more pleasing when simultaneous. Several rehearsals will be needed until the leader is satisfied that all work together promptly and smoothly.

The captain must have a good ear for time and a quick eye to detect any movement which is either too fast or too slow, a sweet temper, and marked self-control.

The soldiers should keep their heads erect, their lines straight, and their minds upon the orders of their commander. The leader carries a long feather-duster instead of a broom, and is dressed exactly like the rest. The music may be furnished by a pianist or orchestra, and any galop or march will answer.

The captain enters right and stands in centre at back; four ladies enter from each side and follow the captain to front, marching in pairs. Divide and march in single file to back, and then form in one straight line behind the captain, who marches them to front, and then stands six feet from the line facing them, directing their movements as follows:

"Present arms!" The brooms are held staff uppermost in line with the centre of the body, the left hand holding them at the top of the brush and the right hand grasping the staff one foot higher up, the right arm thus being in a line with the waist.

"Carry arms!" Bring the broom forward six inches with the right and drop the left hand by the side.

"Support arms!" Grasp the broom with left hand, elevate it, then seize it with right

hand and pass to left side, holding it in position on left shoulder with the brush part just below the left arm, which is held across the waist, the right hand hanging straight down.

"Order arms!" Grasp broom with left and let go the right hand; lower it to the floor with the right hand and drop the left hand to side.

"Parade rest!" Slant the staff of the broom to the waist, where it is grasped by the right hand, above which the left hand is closely placed, so that both arms are across the body at the waist.

"Right shoulder arms!" Hold broom with left hand, pass the right hand under the brush and lift to right shoulder, the staff being inclined behind the head at an angle of forty-five degrees.

"Arms port!" Seize the staff just above the brush with the right hand, and slant the staff across the right shoulder, the right upper arm being close to the side, and the left hand holding the staff two feet above the brush, the left forearm being in front.

"Reverse arms!" Reverse the broom so that the staff points downward, the left arm

going behind the back and holding the staff with left hand, the right arm at the side and the right hand grasping the staff just below the brush.

"Rest on arms!" The two crossed hands rest on the brush, while the staff of the broom stands on the floor close to the left foot, and the heads of all the soldiers are slightly bowed.

"Load!" The broom is inclined downward, the brush being under the right forearm, the right hand grasping it, and the left arm is extended so that the left hand also holds the staff.

"Aim!" The brush is held against the shoulder under the right arm; the left arm curved and the left hand supporting the staff. The left eye is closed, and the right eye glances along the staff.

"Kneel and aim!" All sink upon the left knee in same position as the last, and rest the right elbow on the right knee.

"Rise!" All assume standing position, the broom resting on the floor.

"Sweep!" All advance and sweep together in line in front.

"By fours, sweep!" They divide in centre and sweep across stage in fours.

"Single file, sweep!" All march once around sweeping.

"Forward in line, charge!" All form line at back and advance rapidly with brooms held staff down, as if striking from the shoulder.

"Forward by fours, charge!" They divide in centre and attack each other across stage.

"Triumph!" All form line, draw dust-cloths from belt and wave them above their heads, as if exulting; march to front, divide, march off in two single lines to back, then meet forward in line to front, divide again, cross at back, salute each other, then all salute audience and retire.

THE WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS-TREE.

THERE was once an old church which looked new and tasteful on the outside as well as in the interior. No one would suspect from an ordinary view that its frame was nearly two hundred years old, until he had climbed the belfry stairs and walked out under the

roof into the upper story, where great, rough-hewn beams plainly showed that they were cut from the primeval forests by the rude implements of old. That the spirit of cherishing old ideas, while ever reaching forward for new ones, was active in the present as well as in the past, was shown by the worshippers by the Christmas-tree with which they delighted the old and young children of the parish.

The crowded assemblage which filled the church beheld, on a high platform above the pulpit, an enormous tree loaded with presents which resembled much those to which it had yearly been accustomed.

Great was the surprise, however, when the people saw a glittering star slowly rise above it and gleam alternately in white and red rays. Soon the organ pealed out triumphant music, and the great tree slowly opened in the centre, and disclosed a beautiful boy, dressed in pure white, holding in his right hand a spray of lilies and in his left a dove. In a moment he seemed enveloped in a cloud of golden light, which changed to red and blue, and afterward shone in clear white, as the tree slowly closed.

This beautiful effect was produced several times, with many changes of color and emblems, and young and old were alike astonished at the marvellous feat. In fact, the children seemed so spellbound by the beautiful exhibition, that they restrained their impatience and seemed willing to wait for their presents, rather than have the wonderful tree despoiled of its ornaments.

Like most good things this remarkable tree was very simple in construction, and this explanation will enable young people to arrange it very easily for themselves.

Instead of one tree there were really two large trees, the inner side of each hewn off, so they could stand close together; a third tree, also flattened in the front part of its trunk, was set up behind them; and a little platform fastened among the branches, on which the boy stood.

The back tree was stationary, but the two front ones were each firmly set into timbers which crossed each other under the platform in the form of the letter X, which beams were made to move on a strong pin in the centre of the X. The two trees were each

fastened to the front ends of the X, which could be opened and shut like a pair of scissors by a person at the extremity of the X, holding one end of each beam in each of his hands.

These crossed beams, being opened and shut under the platform, of course caused the trees to open and shut in similar motion, which produced the exact appearance of one tree slowly unfolding.

A white sheet concealed another platform, behind the third or stationary tree, upon which the person stood who burnt colored fire of different hues. The revolving star was drawn up by the last named person, upon a twisted string, over a small pulley at the top of the tree.

This star was covered in front with red and behind with white gelatine, and was lighted by a candle in the centre, so that the colors were alternately shown, as the string made it revolve.

As the person who opened and shut the tree was obliged to work under the platform, the front of it was concealed by a green curtain, covered with moss, vines, and boughs,

which added also to the beauty of the whole scene.

The readers of this description can thus very easily produce this startling effect, which will well repay them for the trouble, and will also give them as much pleasure in the preparation as it will furnish delight to the spectators, who cannot fail to be struck with astonishment when they first behold the wonderful Christmas-tree.

DEPARTED DREAMS.

AN ILLUSTRATED RECITATION FOR SUNDAY AND HIGH SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS.

A very old man reclines at the right in a large easy-chair. Behind him, on a high box, covered with blue cambric, an Angel stands, pointing to a large mirror opposite. As their names are mentioned figures appear in the mirror, one by one, and gaze upon the old man. When the recitation relative to each is finished that one disappears, and is followed by the next, in the manner described in the note.

RECITATION.

I GAZE upon life's magic glass and see them fade away,
The treasured dreams of early hopes, too beautiful to stay.

And Youth's bright angel points them out before my failing sight,
As one by one they come and go in changing lustre bright.

(PEACE *appears.*)

First gentle PEACE, with dove-like eyes, a spotless lily bears;
The first, alas! to fade away before life's heavy cares. [*Exit.*

(HARMONY *appears.*)

Next HARMONY, with tuneful lyre, her inspiration brings;
But, all too soon, the music dies upon the trembling strings. [*Exit.*

(WEALTH *appears.*)

Then golden WEALTH, with lavish hands, her shining treasure flings;
But riches soon the grasp elude with ever floating wings. [*Exit.*

(PLEASURE *appears.*)

Illusive PLEASURE brings no charm to age bowed down by care,
But yields at once her shining mask for one of dark despair. [*Exit.*

(HOPE *appears.*)

HOPE, ever young, with roses crowned, sustains the fainting heart;
But, long deferred, it faints and dies, and last of all departs. [*Exit.*

(FAITH *appears.*)

Immortal FAITH alone survives the wreck of earthly things,
And bears the sinking spirit up on her eternal wings. [*Exit.*

After all have appeared in the mirror the curtain falls. In the next scene they all surround the old man, who kneels in the centre holding up his outstretched arms toward FAITH, *who still remains in the place and position in which she first appeared.*

COSTUMES.

THE ANGEL: *Loose, white drapery, as described below; large, white wings.*

THE OLD MAN: *Long, black cloak or cambric robe, very long beard, and hair falling over his shoulders.*

PEACE: *Flowing drapery, a lily in her right hand and a dove in her left. She should have long light or brown hair, and brown eyes.*

HARMONY: *White dress, the front covered with gold ornaments. She leans upon a golden harp.*

WEALTH: *Rich silk dress, covered with shining ornaments; an abundance of jewellery, and a crown of gilt coins. She holds a casket in her left hand, and a huge bunch of gilt chains*

and jewels in her right, which she seems to be scattering. The gems can be cut from colored gelatine paper, which is very inexpensive and showy. She should be tall and dark.

PLEASURE: *Rich dress, with drapery of pink and white tarlatan. Her hair, which should be light and abundant, is trimmed with grape-leaves, and she holds a bunch of grapes raised to her lips.*

HOPE: *A young girl, who wears a white dress, covered with paper roses, and a wreath of the same. She leans upon an anchor.*

FAITH: *A tall, handsome blonde, in flowing white drapery, leaning upon a gilt cross, which is seven feet high and six inches in width.*

The drapery referred to in costumes of all allegorical characters can be most effectively arranged by taking a strip of unbleached muslin, very sheer and coarse (usually called strainer cloth), twenty-five inches wide, and long enough to be draped from the neck to the feet, or half a yard longer. This is shirred at the top on a string and put on in front. A drapery a yard longer than the first is put on at the back, and they are then sewed at the shoulders. A piece of the same width is tied under the arm on each side and the widths sewed together, up and down. A most graceful costume can thus be made in fifteen minutes at a cost of sixty cents. A piece of cord around the waist can be used to keep the folds in place, some of which can be thrown over it in front, to make the dress long or short, as desired.

NOTE.—For a parlor or vestry performance make a frame of rough board ten inches wide, size of frame to be five feet

wide and six feet high inside. At the bottom of this frame a shelf is placed, underneath which a rough imitation of a grate or fireplace is made of pasteboard; behind the grate a piece of Turkey-red cloth is drawn, and a candle placed behind the cloth will give a very good imitation of a flickering fire. The mirror may be covered with a thin, black tarlatan, if the spectators are to be near it; and it must have a black or green cambric curtain stretched behind it.

MARY'S LAMB.

A BALLAD IN ACTION.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

"Mary had a little lamb."

MARY: *A girl about twelve years old; long, blue bodice, red skirt, rustic hat.*

THE LAMB *can be found at any toy-shop, arranged to bleat when the head is touched; or a boy can be dressed in a white cloak, covered with cotton wool, with a mask, which can easily be hired or made of pasteboard.*

THE TEACHER: *Very tight dress-coat, small-clothes, high collar, with cravat, white wig, and spectacles.*

THE SCHOLARS: *Boys and girls of all sizes, the tallest boys with very small jackets and short pantaloons, the girls with long aprons or any absurd dress.*

Slate-pencil, long benches, chairs, desk, books, white cotton for snow.

The tune can be found in Yale College song-books.

Scene I.

MARY *enters, followed closely by the* LAMB, *which has a collar round its neck, with a string attached, by which she draws it after her.* MARY *sings:*

Mary had a little lamb,
A little lamb, a little lamb;
Mary had a little lamb;
Its fleece was white as snow.

She stoops down and picks up a handful of snow from the ground and compares the color of it with the LAMB'S *wool, and seems pleased that it matches so well. She then repeats the same words, and the* LAMB *utters "Baa!" at the end of each verse. She walks rapidly around, drawing the* LAMB *closely after her, and sings:*

And everywhere that Mary went,
That Mary went, that Mary went,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

She then sings once more all the words given above, and goes out.

Scene II.

The school-room; the MASTER *at his desk, in the centre, and the children on benches and seats before him; one boy stands on his desk, wearing a high fool's cap on his head. The* SCHOLARS *imitate exactly the motions of the* MASTER—*rise up and sit down exactly as he does, and smile or look sad according to*

the expression of his face. He finally yawns, and is closely imitated by his pupils, and all shut their eyes and doze for a moment. The TEACHER *then wakes, strikes the desk with a ruler, and all start up. He then calls out the first class in spelling. Six boys and two girls come forward and stand sheepishly before him, the girls at the head of the class. He calls on them to spell "Puzzle," and all try in vain; he then instructs them in the exact way children were taught to spell sixty years ago—as follows:*

"P, u by itself, izzard, puz, izzard, l, e, zel, puzzle."

They repeat this several times, until they are interrupted by the entrance of MARY, *who takes her place in the line, closely followed by the* LAMB. MARY *then sings as follows:*

Mary had a little lamb,
A little lamb, a little lamb;
Mary had a little lamb;
Its fleece was white as snow.

And everywhere that Mary went,
That Mary went, that Mary went,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

CHILDREN *sing:*

He followed her to school one day,
To school one day, to school one day;
He followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule.

TEACHER *sings:*

It made the children laugh and shout
Laugh and shout, laugh and shout;
It made the children laugh and shout,
To see a lamb at school.

Every time the TEACHER *sings the word "laugh" the* SCHOLARS *all laugh together, and every time he sings "shout" they all shout in unison. The* TEACHER *then sings:*

And so the teacher turned him out,
Turned him out, turned him out;
And so the teacher turned him out,
For 'twas against the rule.

As he sings this the TEACHER *tries to push the* LAMB *out of the door, but whenever the* TEACHER *pushes him out of the door he turns round and comes back, always giving utterance to a "Baa!" at the end of the strain. To carry this out the* TEACHER *puts his foot into a loop of very small black cord, which is attached to the foot of the* LAMB, *when a toy one is used, and also pats the head of the animal to make it bleat at the proper time. When the* LAMB *is at last expelled* MARY *begins to cry, and the* SCHOLARS *sing:*

What makes the lamb love Mary so?
Love Mary so, love Mary so?
What makes the lamb love Mary so?
The eager children cry.

TEACHER *sings:*

Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know,
The lamb, you know, the lamb, you know;
For Mary loves the lamb, you know,
Is all I can reply.

The door here opens, and the LAMB *is pushed in.* MARY *runs eagerly toward it and kneels beside it, with its head in her arms, and the* SCHOLARS *sing as before:*

What makes the lamb love Mary so?
Love Mary so, love Mary so?
What makes the lamb love Mary so?
The eager children cry.

TEACHER *sings:*

Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know,
The lamb, you know, the lamb, you know;
For Mary loves the lamb, you know,
Is all I can reply.

THE BROWNIES.

AN OPERATIC PANTOMIME, IN THREE SCENES.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

THE ELFIN KING: *Crown, brown-cambric suit, covered with silver-paper scales.*

TWO ELVES: *Tight-fitting brown-cambric suits, with long, pointed hoods, trimmed with red; skull-caps, with short horns.*

SIX TO TWENTY BROWNIES: *Children with flying hair, brown waists, skirts of bright tarlatan muslin, trimmed with gold-paper; gauze wings, fastened with elastic over the shoulders.*

THE FARMER: *An old brown suit.*

DAME VIRAGO: *Black dress, high cap, white kerchief.*

FOUR DAUGHTERS, POLLY, JUDY, SALLY, AND RUBY: *Black bodice, bright skirts, long aprons.* SALLY *and* RUBY *afterward wear showy chintz dresses, with long trains; hats and gloves.*

ROSE: *A pretty girl in plain print gown.*

ARTICLES NEEDED: *Four chairs, one arm-chair for* DAME; *table, with ironing-sheet and apparatus for ironing; three wash-tubs, on a long bench; two pans, churn, three baskets, broom, pail, mop, hammer and nails, stove or fireplace, ashes, pipe, and newspaper. The churn has a false bottom two feet above the real one; and when the* DAME *takes off the cover a spiral spring lifts an enormous artificial buttercup. If produced without scenery, the floor may be covered with green and the walls with blue cambric, dull side out, on which clouds can be drawn with chalk. The stump is made of a*

barrel cut downward, fitted inside with steps or boxes, so that the KING *can spring up very quickly, and draped with some brown-olive material. A few mosses or lichens attached heighten the effect.*

Scene 1.—The brownies lie in a circle, the head of each resting on the waist of the next; the dresses being of alternate colors, the effect is like a wreath of flowers, complete in front, as the part where the feet of two children meet is at the rear, and hidden by the stump from which the king emerges. Soft music is played, and two elves come dancing in from opposite sides of the stage. They leap over into the ring lightly, then point to the sleeping brownies, laugh, and skip out again, only to return, each bearing a long cat-tail, with which, as they lightly dance about, they touch the sleepers, who rise one by one, beginning at the rear ends of the ring, yawn, rub their eyes, and each taking the next as a partner, waltz around the room twice, stopping in the places they occupied in the ring, thus forming a circle facing inward. The King of the brownies springs up through the stump (standing on a strip of board nailed across the front of it). The brownies and elves kneel before

him; and the first elf, rising, bows low, and says, or sings to any suitable tune:

FIRST ELF.

Busy little brownie dears,
Listen with your sharpest ears;
Give attention, all and each,
To his majesty's stump speech.

BROWNIES' CHORUS.

King of the deepest forest shade,
Your lightest wish shall be obeyed;
With knowing brains and willing hands
We strive to do your wise commands.

KING.

I have some work for you to-night—
A cruel wrong for you to right.
I want your kind and hasteful aid
For a poor, tired, hungry maid,
Who came, its shelter to implore,
To an old miser's cruel door.
He, with his daughters and his wife,
Lives in mean penury and strife.
'Mid constant toil and frequent blows
The maid no peace nor comfort knows.
She needs your help her tasks to do.
Mischievous elves, I leave to you

Her hard oppressors to repay
With merry pranks, until they stay
Their cruel hands and treat her well.
Now leave our green and peaceful dell,
And follow swift on noiseless wing
The eager flight of your vexed King.

All dance out after the King.

(*Curtain.*)

Scene 2. — The farmer's kitchen. Three wash-tubs stand on a bench in the centre, near which is a clothes-basket; a large churn stands near a table, with irons at the right; a broom leans against the wall at the back, and a mop and pail stand near it. Judy and Polly are washing at two of the tubs, Rose at the centre one. Sally is churning. The old farmer sits at the left, with a pipe in his mouth, reading a newspaper. The three daughters work slowly, often stopping; and when Rose is wringing a garment and turns to drop it in the clothes-basket they toss the clothes from their tubs into hers. Ruby enters and perches on the table, reading the newspaper over her father's shoulder. Dame Virago comes in to inspect the work, and all begin to work busily,

except Rose, who continues steadily as before. Ruby springs from the table, which upsets, and the iron falls on her father's toe. He jumps up angrily and pursues Ruby, who darts behind her mother, against whom the old gentleman runs with such force that she sits down in the clothes-basket. Ruby and Sally lift her up and point to Rose, as if all were her fault. The dame shakes her violently, and she sobs; the other girls laugh, and begin to work again, as if the most industrious girls in the world. The dame sits down at the right, with her back to them, when they loiter again, except Rose, who continues patiently as before. Here the clock strikes nine, and all work is dropped, and every one yawns and prepares to leave the room, except Rose. The dame leads Rose to the ironing-table, churn, and tubs, and with violent gestures directs her to finish all the work. All leave the room except Rose. Presently Ruby and Sally return in trained dresses, gloves, and hats. Taking minuet steps across the room to show that they are going to a ball, they dance out again.

Rose works busily; at last seems very tired,

looks wearily at her task, begins to sob, and sits down, her face buried in her apron. At last she sleeps.

(*Curtain.*)

Scene 3.—Same interior. The clock strikes twelve. From two of the tubs a little elf pops up, finger on lip, as if fearful of awakening Rose. From the clothes-basket a brownie lifts its head; two more appear from under the table, another peeps from behind the churn. From the centre tub rises the King, waving his wand. There is soft, hidden violin music, which the elves seem to produce by sawing their arms with cat-tail bows, while the brownies in a ring dance noiselessly around the sleeping Rose.

At a signal from their King the busy little brownies mount on chairs, and work away at the tubs and churn and ironing-table with all their might, and make tidy the room. Two very little ones seize the mop and broom, while the mischievous elves eagerly look about for a chance to play some merry trick on the mean and lazy mortals who have oppressed poor Rose. One finds the farmer's shoes and proceeds to nail them to the floor

and fill them with water; and the other removes the cushion from the dame's chair and puts a pan of flour in its place.

Soon Ruby and Sally return from their party, and not seeing the hiding brownies, pause at the fireplace to warm, and then walk about to admire each other's fine clothes. A brownie follows each, imitates her airs and graces, holding its little skirts and glancing over its shoulder at its train, which it has made by pinning a sheet about its slender waist. Ruby and Sally at last discover Rose asleep, and proceed to give her "a good shaking." She kneels before them, begging mercy. The elves here throw sheets over the heads of the farmer's daughters, and then tie them fast in chairs, the girls calling and struggling, with much noise. Rose looks into the churn, clasps her hands in delight that the butter has come, and looks around with joy on her completed tasks. The farmer and dame here enter with candles, as if in answer to the noise, and look surprised that all the work is done. As the dame takes off the cover of the churn and tips it to examine the butter she starts back and holds up her hands

in wonder as a buttercup slowly grows up out of the churn, and rising high makes a bow to her, and nods its head as if in derision.

The dame is so frightened that she falls back and sits down in the pan of flour, while the old farmer vainly tries to struggle into his nailed-down shoes. They grow more terrified as they observe the sheeted figures in the chairs.

Polly and Judy come running in and stand in amazement, one on the right by the dame and the other on the left by the farmer. In their fright they all helplessly extend their hands to Rose and seem imploring her forgiveness. She smiles upon them, assists the farmer's wife to rise, brushes her dress, brings the farmer some dry slippers, then kindly releases Ruby and Sally from confinement.

The brownies and elves now emerge from their hiding-places and become visible to Rose. She throws each of them a grateful kiss as they form in a semicircle about her and sing:

Creatures of avarice and greed!
Sweet maid, you nevermore shall need
Our help, for all shall treat you well;
For they have felt the brownies' spell,

Which with its strong and subtle power
Is ever near at midnight hour,
To blight the crops, to milk the kine,
And in the corn-field loose the swine;
To stern forbid the cream to rise,
To spoil the crust upon the pies,
To rob the yeast of lifting power,
To turn beer flat, and bread turn sour—
In any house where toil and tears,
And scanty meals, and blows and fears
Are meted out to be the share
Of little bondmaids, true and fair.
Good-night, good-night! You ne'er need call:
We always hear when tear-drops fall!
We leave you happy nights and days,
And gayly go our joyous ways.
The dawn-light strikes the night's deep shade.
Good-night, good-night, dear little maid!

They circle around slowly, then faster, and stop and form tableau as follows: the farmer and dame at the right, their daughters at the left; Rose in the centre, with the King of the brownies above her, one of the elves in each tub, and all the brownies in semicircle in front. All unite in singing the last six lines above as a final chorus, as the curtain falls.

DIRECTIONS FOR A MOTHER GOOSE PARTY.

No better way can be found of spending an evening than by giving ourselves up to the gentle sway of Old Mother Goose, the tender nurse of our childhood and delight of our riper years. It entertains young and old alike to behold in living reality the famous persons which her magic pen have made so familiar to the imagination. We propose, therefore, to give plain directions for preparing one of these parties, which have been a very successful means of raising large sums for charity under the management of the writer, and to describe the costumes and appointments, of the simplest nature, so that any child can easily choose from them characters enough to make up a charming little group for home amusement, which can be dressed, at an hour's notice, from the wardrobe of an old-fashioned garret. When the affair is intended to interest a whole village, the man-

agers of the charity fund which it is to benefit must choose a committee of two or more energetic ladies, whose duty it is to canvass the neighborhood, to secure as many participants as possible, and to keep a list of the parts, in order that no two should have the same, which would mar the effect. They should also advise each one how to prepare the dress; and for their aid we give hints which they may find useful. The selection of a lady for Mother Goose must be made with judgment, for the success of the evening depends very much upon her quickness of wit.

The spectators should be allowed to enter the hall first, and to take their seats on benches, which may be arranged in two or more rows completely around the room. When all are seated the doors are again thrown open, and the herald, "Little Boy Blue," blows a loud note upon his horn, and announces that "the great Mother Goose is about to hold her grand reception of all the children of fairy lore, upon which occasion she will be supported by her numerous family and talented suite." The grand *entrée* of the performers then takes place, who have assembled in an adjoining

room, and the regular and well-known members of Mother Goose's large family march around the hall twice, finally stopping at the lower end of the hall, where they form a group about their famous head. Soon the doors, which had been closed behind this family, are again thrown open, and another march follows, composed of the guests present on the occasion, who, with much state and ceremony, are presented in turn to Mother Goose. During both the processions Little Boy Blue, who has stationed himself on a step-ladder, covered with hay at the centre, blows his trumpet, and announces each member of the company as he passes the haystack. To render these announcements plain, the persons in the march should keep at least four feet apart, and the name of each one must be spoken very distinctly.

The music for the march must be furnished by the "fiddlers three" who attend upon Old King Cole. They are dressed in old-fashioned uniforms, which can be made by trimming their coats with red, white, and blue flannel, and wear paper hats and plumes. They should vary as much in size as possible; and, if they

do not happen to be musicians, can pretend to play on the fiddles, and leave the harmony to a hired orchestra. King Cole is black, and wears a long robe of Turkey-red cloth, trimmed with ermine, made of cotton flannel, inked in spots; he has a gilt-paper crown on his head, and bears a huge bowl in one hand and a long pipe in the other. He marches next to Mother Goose herself, who wears a black, short, quilted skirt, red over-skirt, tucked very close around her, long red waist laced with yellow braid in front, and a sugar-loaf hat, made by sewing a paper tunnel on to a turban, and crossing it with Turkey-red; she carries a cane with a handle across the top. She is attended by six lovely girls, the blondes dressed in white, and the darker ones in bright-colored dresses, all with crimped hair and wreaths of flowers, and are under the management of "Mary," who seems "quite contrary," a beautiful girl, in a handsome silk dress.

Lovely Little Bo-peep next comes tripping along, a crook in hand, with short, bright dress, rustic hat, with bright bows on her muslin apron, and dainty slippers. A family of hungry boys follow, one very fleshy one carrying

the iron pot steaming with the flavor of soup; the next, yawning, bears a candle; and the third saunters lazily along, with his hands in his pockets.

Next, half a dozen children draw a huge shoe, made of black cambric, mounted on the wheels of a baby-carriage, in which a very little girl is seated, dressed in black, with high cap, kerchief, and powdered hair. Every available spot in the shoe is crowded with dolls, which are also fastened everywhere on the outside of the carriage. These dolls are sold by the Little Old Woman for the benefit of the cause.

The beggars next appear, clad in every variety of costume that can be gathered from the attic, some dressed very poorly, and some very richly, as if they had seen better days. Simple Simon, with his short-sleeved jacket and huge paper ruffle, with pantaloons of striped calico, reaching only to his ankles, is attended by the Cautious Pieman, in his white cap and apron. Tom the Piper's Son runs after them, bearing a pig made of cloth, which squeals vigorously, notwithstanding it is stuffed with hay. Jack Sprat comes next, struggling for the platter with his devoted wife; one of

this group should be tall, the other as short and fat as possible, and may wear any grotesque dress to be had, the wife in showy calico, high comb, and long apron; the loving husband in a dress-coat, with high collar, plaid waistcoat, and yellow breeches. The Old Woman, with rings on her fingers, long shoes with sleigh-bells fastened on the toes, wears a very showy silk dress, and is escorted by a gentleman who rides a hobby-horse, made by covering a wire frame—made in rough imitation of a horse's body—with a bright blanket reaching to the ground, concealing the man's legs, which are represented by a pair of stuffed stockings, which hang over the saddle-cloth.

Jack Horner, in striped jacket and pants, next bears a huge pie, from which he often draws a plum. The Knave of Hearts comes next, bearing all over his dress playing-cards sewed as closely as possible. The King counts his money in a robe of purple calico trimmed with gilt-paper figures. The Queen, in velveteen and ermine, eats her bread and honey greedily; and the Maid follows, in working dress, holding her nose in place. Peter Piper, with streaming eyes, bends above his

peck of pickled peppers, dressed in a farmer's frock and broad straw hat; while Bobby Shaftoe rolls by his side with a nautical roll, a tarpaulin hat upon his yellow curls, and a neat sailor's outfit of blue shirt and white trousers. The Old Woman who went up on her Broom wears a striped petticoat, chintz over-dress, red cloak, with hood. She holds the broom, and looks eagerly up. A very large man, dressed in brown coat and knee-breeches, holds a very small wooden gun in a martial manner. Miss Muffit walks timidly by his side; she is dressed in silk, with powdered hair, trimmed with feathers. The Three Wise Men of Gotham, in black, long robes, and flowing white beards, march slowly along, one with telescope, the next laden with books, and the third bearing a huge punch-bowl. Jack and Jill, in pretty rustic costumes, bearing a pail between them, bring up the rear.

The visitors may be as numerous as desired, being gathered from the realm of fairy-land. By all means take those which are well-known to childish readers. Mother Hubbard, in flounced skirt and black over-dress,

with high cap, leading her dog; Whittington, in gorgeous velvet robes, bearing his cat; the Sleeping Beauty, a beautiful maiden, in white satin, escorted by her prince, looking fresh after her long nap; the Fair One with Golden Locks, a golden-haired blonde, dressed in white muslin; Jack the Giant-killer, with sword, shield, and glittering armor; Cinderella, in brown skirt and white waist, her Proud Sisters in brocade or velvet; gentle Beauty, leading her captive Beast, in his rough dress of fur and hideous mask; Puss in Boots, with tight gray suit, high red boots, and cat mask; Robinson Crusoe, in his robe of skins, and huge umbrella, followed by his faithful Friday, in like attire; Sindbad, in sailor dress, bearing the Old Man upon his back; the giant Blunderbore, made by one man mounted on the shoulders of a very tall companion, the upper one wearing a long cloak, and the under one a very long pair of pantaloons; next, Mary leads her lamb, both seeming much afraid of the Giant.

Bluebeard follows, with loose yellow trousers, full red robe, and yellow turban, with flowing beard, made from a blue yarn stock-

ing, with Fatima leaning on his arm. All march around the hall several times after they have been announced and presented, and then dancing goes on until ten o'clock, when supper is announced by the Greedy Boy. After supper all unite again in dancing, and at the end of the party form a group, with Mother Goose in the centre, and each one acts his part as well as he can. The music plays slowly, then quickens to very fast, and the actors in their movements keep time, until, tired out with fun and laughter, the guests retire, bidding a glad good-night to the Mother Goose party.

ORIENTAL TABLEAUX.

HAGAR IN THE DESERT: *Scene* 1.—Hagar, in Oriental costume, sits on a box covered with gray cloth. She supports the head of Ishmael, who lies beside her; an empty vase of water stands at her right hand, and she is wringing her hands in agony. *Scene* 2.—An angel bends over her in pity, and points upward. *Scene* 3.—Hagar is in prayer, and the angel stands

above her, with hands extended in blessing. The angel wears a long, plain muslin robe, and large wings, made by stretching tarlatan over wire frames; the boy, a loose robe, showing his bare arms, knees, and neck. (For the dress of Hagar and other Oriental characters see the note on page 167.)

THE SONG OF MIRIAM. — Nine dark-eyed maidens, in the richest Oriental dresses, compose this beautiful scene, arranged in pairs according to their heights, the taller ones at the back of the stage, and the shorter couples in front. Midway in this procession Miriam stands, with uplifted cymbal, as if dancing forward with religious rapture. Every maiden has a musical instrument, and is in the act of playing. Horns, harps, triangles, trumpets, cymbals, and tambourines are easily made from pasteboard or tin, covered with gilt paper. All must seem to be springing forward with great animation and spirit, and all the variety possible must be made in the color of the dress and turbans.

JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES: *Scene* 1.—A large, dark man, with heavy, black beard, lies asleep on a bed made on two tables, each three feet

long, covered with rich drapery of cashmere shawls. Judith bends over him with uplifted sword, with stern determination in every feature. *Scene* 2.—Holofernes is concealed under the tables, which are pushed apart far enough to allow his head to be shown above them through a hole in the sheet which covers them. Large drops of red-flannel blood are sewed upon this sheet, which has been concealed during the first scene by the shawls. Judith stands in front of the tables, grasping the hair of the head with her left hand. She leans upon her sword with her right hand. A boy lies upon the table at the left of the head, concealed by the shawls, to personate the body of Holofernes, and the effect, although simple, is very startling. Judith wears a turban, a long robe of unbleached muslin, heavily trimmed with gold paper, a handsome silk skirt of yellow or red, with a long, yellow scarf tied loosely about her waist. Holofernes should have a bare arm, and a portion of his neck should also show, the rest of his body being covered by the drapery.

Rebecca at the Well.—In rich Oriental dress she offers water, in a long vase, to the

servant, who is lifting it to his lips with her assistance. He must have a long, white wig and beard, and the Oriental dress, as described below.

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER: *Scene* 1.—Jephtha, holding a spear, and armed with sword and shield, stands at the left, repelling the advance of his lovely daughter, who seems running toward him with extended arms. She is escorted by two companions, who are following her, with cymbal and tambourine. *Scene* 2.—The daughter kneels at her father's feet, while he seems to be explaining his fatal vow; her companions are overcome with the intelligence, one of whom has fainted and is held in the other's arms. Jephtha's helmet and buckler may be made of a wire frame, covered with silver paper, his spear-head of tin fastened to a pole, also covered with silver paper.

THE MOURNING CAPTIVES.—A group of Oriental maidens, in attitudes of dejection, around a venerable harper. In the first scene all hold their musical instruments carelessly in their hands, while the old man seems relating the story of their wrongs; he stands in front of a bank made by covering two long tables

with green cloth. A maiden stands above him on the bank; another kneels by her side, resting her head against her. A third, holding cymbals, stands at the other end of the bank. A fourth stands on the floor, leaning against the table, holding a small harp. Another sits upon a box, with guitar, and two others recline upon the floor in deep dejection. The harper wears a long, loose, black robe, with bare arms, and sandals on his feet. His harp is made of wood, covered with gold paper.

In the second scene all are playing upon the instruments.

Ruth and Naomi.—Ruth stands leaning her head upon the shoulder of Naomi, while Orphah stands in the background, as if sadly retreating. Naomi in black drapery, and Ruth in white.

Ruth and Boaz.—A field of cut grain may be represented by bundles of straw or grain. Ruth stands before Boaz with bowed head, her lap full of gathered grain.

The Maiden's Choice.—A young girl, in simple dress, seems deciding between two plans of life; on her right hand a beautiful

brunette, as Pleasure, offers a casket of jewels; she wears rich silk, and is crowned with flowers. At her left stands Duty, in plain gray dress, holding a book; above her an angel is watching with deep interest. In the next scene she turns toward Pleasure; Duty has turned away, and the angel is weeping. In the third scene Pleasure is in the background, with the jewels and rose crown trampled beneath her feet; Duty, in white, shining robes, points upward, one hand on the shoulder of the kneeling maiden; the angel, holding a cross, seems smiling upon them.

NOTE.—Beautiful Oriental costumes may be arranged from Canton crape shawls as follows: double in the middle over a tape, and tie around the waist for a skirt. Take another of a contrasting color, and lay half a yard of it, fringe downward, over a piece of tape; tie around the shoulders, and draw together at the back. Take the right-hand corner of the shawl which has been thrown over, and draw it under the right arm, and pin on to the tape at the back; then fold the lower corner in the same manner, then the left-hand upper corner in the same way, and ornament profusely in front with gold paper fringe and crescents. The turban is made by winding a sash around a frame or large ring of pasteboard four inches high. The hair is hanging loose, or braided, with wax beads or chains. The dress for men is loose drawers of red or yellow, and tunic, which can be made

by ripping a space two feet wide in the middle of a large cotton sheet. Throw it over the head, bring one point behind and one before, loop the parts which hang over the arms up to the shoulder, and fasten with gold paper bands. Tie a sash around the waist, and make a large turban, as described above.

MASQUERADE COSTUMES.

As there seems to be an increasing demand for costumes for parties of every description, a few new ideas on the subject of suitable dresses may be useful. If a costumer is near at hand, it will save much time and work, as well as expense, to hire the complete suits; but these hints may be of use in the country, and may help others to decide upon their parts, as all are very effective and easy to prepare at short notice.

MEDIÆVAL LADY: *Tight-fitting waist, cut in curve around the neck; scant skirt, both divided in quarters of contrasted color, ornamented with quaint devices in gilt paper; arms bare, with bracelets; pointed hood, trimmed with white fur.*

FROST QUEEN: *Thin, white dress, ornamented with chrystallized alum and ravelled gilt braid; crown with glass pendants such as are on lamps.*

WHITE QUEEN: *Close, heavy, white drapery and veil, with white crown and mask.*

RED QUEEN: *Close, heavy drapery and veil, with red crown and mask.*

SISTER PEACE: *Simple Quaker drab dress, white apron, kerchief, and plain cap.*

DONNA BELLADONNA: *Bright silk dress, with black lace flounces; mantilla and veil of black lace over high comb; handsome bright fan.*

SPANISH GYPSY: *Short skirt of parti-colored stripes; red bodice, coin head-dress—coins cut from gilt card-board—and trimmings of gilt fringe round waist and skirt.*

JINGLE: *A young lady, with a bright dress and black bodice, trimmed with bells of various sizes, with belt, necklace, and bracelets of bells, which also forms her head-dress.*

DOMINO: *A common domino of black unglazed cambric, trimmed all over with white dominos, with black spots, marked on each, of all numbers.*

FLORA MCFLINSEY: *A very much exaggerated party dress, of any style.*

BROTHER FOX AND BROTHER RABBIT: *Plush or fur dress, and masks (which can be hired).*

BELLOWS: *A copy in brown cambric of bellows, with point up, the handle by the sides of each leg of the gentleman; sides of painted wood.*

JACK AND JILL: *Boy and girl, in plaid gingham, with long aprons, holding a pail.*

THUNDER-CLOUD: *Black domino mask and large hood; lightning in red on the back.*

ECLIPSE: *Dress one-half white, one-half black, complete, to mask, shoes, and hair.*

COMET: *Blue dress, bright star on forehead, from which streams out a long train of yellow paper.*

MAN IN THE MOON: *Black domino, moon on hoops over the head, lighted up by a candle.*

INNOCENTS: *Three couples, dressed alike, all in white, with long, pointed cone hats.*

WHAT-IS-ITS: *Three couples, dressed alike, all in black, with long, pointed cone hats.*

MISS ANN TIQUE: *Old-fashioned suit, large bonnet, in the ancient style.*

PANSY: *Black dress, very heavily trimmed with purple, yellow, and white pansies.*

PINK OF PERFECTION: *Party dress of pink, with fan, boots, mask, and bouquet to match.*

BARON OF INTELLECT: *Any exaggerated court suit.*

THE COUNT DE NO ACCOUNT: *Similarly attired as the preceding.*

PETER PUMPKIN-EATER: *A very tall man, in yellow suit, olden style. His* WIFE *is enveloped in an enormous yellow cambric pumpkin.*

Many other characters can be found, with description of costume, in the other scenes described in this book. For drapery cheese-cloth, Turkey-red, and the soft plain calicoes will be of use. Burnt flour will render dark hair blond. Eyebrows extended or changed in form will alter the expression, and wrinkles can also be drawn with Indian-ink.

THE WHIRLWIND.

For this game twenty chairs were placed close together in a circle, and twenty players joined. One of the players stood in the centre of the ring, so that one chair was left vacant.

This person in the centre, of course, wishes to sit down; but she is prevented, because the players in the ring keep in constant motion, each one rising only to sit down in the next chair to the right the instant it is quitted by its occupant. No one is allowed to occupy more than one chair; and each must invariably take the chair next on the right to the one she left, the whole ring moving round and round with great rapidity.

The player in the centre tries her best to secure a seat among the flying mass; and if she succeeds the player on her right must stand up and try her luck in finding a seat. For this reason every one is eager to prevent

the leader from sitting next her, and when she approaches any part of the circle every one tries their best, by cries and exertions, to hasten the movements of everybody else, until, in the mad excitement and whirl, the screams of laughter and eager gestures—especially if a few stout and sedate persons of dignity have been persuaded to join—show the appropriateness of the name of "Whirlwind" to this jolly game, which never fails to amuse both old and young.

WHO KNOWS THAT NOSE?

For this funny experiment a sheet or shawl must be hung across a room or door-way, and one-half of the company placed on each side of the curtain thus formed. All the light must be on the front side, where the guessers sit.

A small hole is made, about four and a half feet from the floor, nearly in the centre of the curtain. The shape of the letter V is the best form for the hole, which should not be more than three inches long.

When all is ready the game is begun by

one of the persons behind the sheet thrusting his nose through the hole. The players on the other side then try to guess the name of the owner of the nose, which it is very hard to do correctly.

When a nose has been guessed the owner of it must come out and join the guessers; but every one who guesses wrong must go behind and join the exhibitors. Each one of the guessing party must guess in turn, and thus only one at a time is exposed to the risk of being captured.

Thus the sides constantly change, and great fun is made, especially for those whose noses are so distinguished as to be easily recognized, and the game is ended when all have been gathered on one side of the curtain.

THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

A RECEIPT for making a new kind of Christmas pudding, for which the following ingredients will be needed: A common wash-tub, a bushel of bran or sawdust, a large wooden spoon, and a variety of toys, small packages

of candy, raisins, or other fruit, carefully done up in bright-colored papers, and tied around with pink strings or ribbons.

A layer of three bundles is placed on the bottom of the tub, and bran is poured around and over the layer to the depth of three inches. Another layer of presents is then placed on the bran, which is buried in the same manner until the tub is filled.

Each player takes the spoon in turn, and is allowed one dip into the pudding. Sometimes he secures a rich plum, but often he finds that the prize falls from the spoon before he can get it out of the tub, in which case he must resign his chance to the next player. This pudding is also an excellent means of adding to the funds of church fairs by making a small charge for each spoonful.

SEEN OR UNSEEN.

This game was first intended to amuse little children, but on trial it will be found they often puzzle their elders, when they play it together. It consists simply in one of the

players selecting some object and giving its initial letter, or two letters, if a compound word, or if two words are comprehended in its name, as P for picture, P F for picture-frame. The other players try to guess this article, and any one may ask the question, "Seen or unseen?" If the article is in sight, or in the room where it can be seen by any one of the players, or could be seen by any one of them if they looked carefully around and walked to any part of the room, the reply is "Seen," and then they can ask no more questions, but must try to guess the chosen article. If the reply to this question is "Unseen," then the players know that something has been chosen which is elsewhere, and they are each allowed three questions. The object of the guessers is then, of course, to locate the article, as they know it must exist somewhere, for by the rule of the game no article can be chosen which is not known to be at present in existence by most of the party. No imaginary thing will do, or anything that at least one-half of the party have not a fair chance of being familiar with. The articles which make the most sport are those which are

"seen," as it very often happens that the simplest objects are the very last to be guessed. Often this has happened, and a dozen or more bright people have tried in vain to guess something which was directly before their eyes. Great is the astonishment when this occurs, and the players feel that they often deserve the smile of contempt with which some youthful puzzler of five years of age greets their vain attempts. The person who first guesses the article which the giver of the initial had in mind has the right to select the next article. When an "unseen" article is to be guessed each player asks a question in turn, until all have asked three each; and each one has also the right to give three guesses; but if the article is not then guessed correctly the one who gave it out may tell it, and try them on another, or may give them all another chance to try again with three more questions and three more guesses each, but there are very few articles which are not found out by good players before they have exhausted their first allowance of questions and guesses.

SILVER CIRCULATION.

This is a merry game for little children and for those whose kind hearts make them worthy to join them in their sports. It requires a quick eye and nimble fingers, and cannot fail to please, as all who try it will be gratified by the shouts of ringing laughter which always attend it. All but one of the children sit around a table, in chairs placed so near each other that the elbows of each child will touch those of the one next him on each side when extended. A round table is better than a square one, but if the latter is used a child must be placed against each of the four corners at the point. One child runs around the outside and tries to keep sight of the flying dollar, which is made to slip from hand to hand on the table with the greatest speed. To confuse the catcher every hand on the table is kept in rapid motion until the cry "Hands up" is made by the player on the outside. At this call every child must hold both hands up as high as the arms can reach when

extended. Every hand must be shut tight, and be kept closed until the catcher decides which one holds the dollar. If he guesses correctly the person caught becomes the catcher in his turn, but if incorrectly the first player continues the game until he has found the hand which holds the dollar, which is not very easy to do, unless the holder betrays by his looks that he is the lucky one.

THE GAME OF PERSONATION.

Any number of children may join in this game, and it may be played in any room or on a lawn or field. All join hands, and go around singing, to the tune "Buy a Broom," these words: "When I was a lady, a lady, a lady—when I was a lady, a lady was I." All then let go of hands, and march around in single file, singing this chorus: "'Twas this way and that way, 'twas this way and that way, 'twas this way and that way, 'twas this way and that." During the singing of the chorus each child imitates as nearly as possible the attitudes and action of the person

denoted in the first part of the song, which is changed every time by introducing a different character. All act together, and try to make the various parts as funny and as distinct as they can, and each one must look as sober as possible during the marching and acting. While they sing about the lady they must walk with mincing steps, and hold the dress daintily with the left hand, while the right seems to be waving a fan, and the head is turned archly sideways. All then go around again, joining hands in the ring, singing, "When I was a gentleman, a gentleman, a gentleman—when I was a gentleman, a gentleman was I. 'Twas this way and that way," etc., as before. In this, as in all the choruses, they imitate the person, and they strut along with heads thrown back, the forefinger and thumb of the left hand making an eye-glass, and the right hand twirling an imaginary cane. Next they use the word "school-boy," and pretend to march slowly to school, with folded hands and unwilling steps. The teacher is denoted by holding an imaginary book in the left and making signs with the right hand; the pianist, by playing on imaginary

keys; the shoemaker, by driving pegs into the shoes; and the chore-woman, by kneeling down and scrubbing the floor or ground with both hands. The grandmother goes slowly, with knitting work in her shaking hands; and grandpa, leaning his bent form on an imaginary cane, usually brings up the rear, and ends the long procession.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

Any number of children can join. All the players but two—the cat and the mouse—join hands in a ring. Both the cat and mouse are stationed within this ring. The mouse is allowed to run in and out under the arms of the players; but the cat has no such privilege, but must break out by force.

When the game begins the mouse and the cat take their places at opposite sides. The players who form the ring must keep tight hold of hands, and all say in concert, "Take care, mouse! Cat is coming."

Upon this the cat must mew three times, to give the mouse warning.

The mouse then runs with all its might around within the ring, with the cat in close pursuit; but when too closely pursued the mouse dodges under the arms of the players and runs off. The cat tries in vain to follow, unless he can succeed in breaking through—which he often does, if the players are unsuspecting or careless. If on the alert the players hold on tight to each other's hands, when the cat tries again by suddenly rushing against a weaker part of the ring.

The mouse may again run into the ring, in order to divert the attention of the cat from breaking out; but should the cat get out of the ring the mouse runs away at full speed.

The other players can help the mouse by keeping near and forming a ring around him when he is tired, as the cat has then to break into the ring in pursuit.

Sometimes the mouse again runs out, just as the cat breaks in, and another chase follows, if the cat can again break out.

When the mouse is caught he at once becomes a cat, having the privilege of choosing the next mouse, for which part he of course selects one whom he thinks he can easily catch.

The game then begins again, and the shouts of the children at the frantic struggles of the cat to escape in pursuit of the flying mouse convince all listeners of the great fun of the game.

A ROUND GAME.

Among the many ways of waking up a dull company, willing to be amused, if any one knows how to do it, we recommend the following game, which never fails to make plenty of fun: Take a pack of cards and pass the top one to the person next on the right, calling out, in a loud voice, "Take the ten of diamonds," if that happens to be uppermost. The one who receives the card passes it to the next, with the same words, and so on around the room. The second card follows the first instantly, and thus all are kept busy with hand and tongue, without a moment's delay or rest, as the name of each card follows its predecessor at once, and the confusion that is made causes shouts of laughter as the game goes merrily on, until the company feel well acquainted, and are ready to join with

spirit in some harder game. If this description fails to satisfy the reader that there is plenty of amusement in this simple round game, we advise him to try it the next time he has a dull company on his hands.

SPOONS.

A NEW GAME FROM THE GERMANS.

A VERY funny new game has come to us from our German cousins, with the odd title of "Spoons," which is played as follows: One person takes his stand in the centre of the room, with a handkerchief tied over his eyes, and his hands extended before him, in each of which he holds a large table-spoon. The other players march around him in single file, clapping their hands in time to a tune which may be sung or played upon a piano in any slow measure suitable for marching. When the blinded player calls out "Spoons" all the others stop at once, and turn their faces toward him. He then finds his way to any player that he can, and must ascertain who he is by touching him with the spoons only,

which he may use as he pleases. If he guesses right, the person he has caught is obliged to take his place in the centre. If he is wrong, he must try until he succeeds, which it is easy to do with a little practice, especially if the one who is caught joins in the universal laughter.

TIP.

UNDER this odd title a new and excellent game is described, which is very popular in Germany, and will be equally so in America when it becomes known.

When first read it may not seem to amount to much, but it needs only to be tried to become a favorite with old and young.

Any number can play, as no skill or practice is required, and it is adapted as well to the parlor as to the picnic. The writer has joined in it on two successive days, once in a pleasant drawing-room, with a large round-table in the centre, by the cheery light of a flashing wood fire, and again under the radiant maples, by the side of a beautiful lake. On the latter occasion a large shawl was spread

on the ground, and a merry group of bright-eyed children, with their parents and older friends, sat around on the grass.

One of the mammas poured out from a paper package of assorted candy and small toys about as many pieces as the number of players, making the tempting heap, as nearly as possible, in the middle of the shawl, within easy reach of all. After one of the children had been blindfolded one of the ladies touched an article in the pile in the shawl, in order to point it out plainly to all excepting the one whose eyes were closed. The player then opened her eyes, and was allowed to select one at a time, and keep for her own all she could obtain without taking the "tip," or the piece that had been touched.

Often a great many pieces can be taken, and in some cases the "tip" is the last one to be pitched upon; but sometimes an unlucky player selects the "tip" first, in which case she gains nothing, for the moment she takes the "tip" she must give it up, and the turn passes to the next player on her right.

Of course all the children scream when the tip is touched, and the unlucky ones are laugh-

ed at a little, but are soon comforted by presents of candy from the stores of the more fortunate.

All who do not believe in the interest of the game are cordially advised to secure a group of children and a paper of candy, or some little presents nicely wrapped in paper, and to try it for themselves.

GRANDPA LONGLEGS' CANDY GAME.

Grandpa Longlegs used to make the very best candy ever known; and after it was hardened, by cooling the pan by immersion in a snowdrift, he would draw small, even squares upon its surface, so that when it was cold it would break into even blocks of just good mouth size. He taught us a very funny game one night with this candy.

He filled a large paper bag almost full with these toothsome squares of candy of various flavors, and added raisins, pop-corn, and cracked walnuts. Then he fastened this bag to a nail driven into the ceiling near the middle, so it could be easily reached with his cane.

There were a dozen of us boys, and he placed six in a row at each end of the kitchen, with our backs against the wall. The first in the row toward the east was then blinded with a handkerchief, and the cane was put into his hand, and he was told to turn around three times and then hit the bag. His efforts to do so were most amusing, for he was as likely to go to one part of the room as to another. If he failed to hit the bag he was obliged to return to his place, and stand with his face toward the wall until the bag was hit by some one else.

When at last the bag was hit, every one was allowed to rush into the middle of the room and scramble for the good things which Grandpa Longlegs poured out in rich abundance, and then, hurrah for a regular frolic!

There was one boy, whose name was Solomon, who looked very solemn, but was always up to mischief, and was supposed to have had a hand in filling *the second bag.* Perhaps Grandpa Longlegs knew all about it, and perhaps he did not, for no one could tell by the expression of his face, which was seemingly full of pity at the catastrophe. The

boys, ever ready for more, no matter how full their pockets and systems may have been, rushed into the centre of the room after the next bag was hit, and received a shower of flour, which made them look as if they had been out in a snow-storm. Their heads seemed whitened with the snows of many winters, and their clothes looked like the dress of millers; but a good brushing, with the help of a little snow, repaired the damage. This last is put in only as a warning to the boys not to try the second bag when they play the candy game.

For the benefit of the unfortunates who never lived in the country we give a few receipts to show how Grandpa Longlegs made his candy:

I. EVERTON TAFFY.

One pound powdered or granulated sugar, one teacup cold water, one-quarter pound butter, a little lemon-juice or six drops essence of lemon. Put the sugar and water into a saucepan on the stove. When the sugar is dissolved add the butter, and stir the mixture over the fire until it begins to harden. Just

before it is done add the lemon. Pour into a buttered dish or pan to cool.

II. OLD-FASHIONED MOLASSES CANDY.

To each pint of molasses one-eighth of a pound of butter is added after it has boiled long enough to string from the spoon. Boil rapidly, and stir constantly. Stir in lemon, peppermint, or other essence when boiled. When not intended to be pulled add nut-meat cut up fine.

III. MOLASSES CANDY CORN-BALLS.

Take out some of the syrup before it has become stringy, stir in pop-corn, and roll the balls into shape as soon as it is cool enough to handle.

IV. CHOCOLATE CREAM-DROPS.

Filling: Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of water. Boil five minutes, setting the kettle into another of cold water, and stirring all the time. When cool enough to handle, roll into little balls with the hand, and place on buttered tins to cool. While the filling is cooling take four squares of chocolate, put in

a bowl, and place over the teakettle to melt. Drop the balls into the chocolate, then put back on the tins to harden. This quantity will make about fifty drops.

V. CHOCOLATE CARAMEL.

One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of milk, one half cup of butter, one quarter pound of chocolate. Boil from thirty to forty-five minutes, or until it is brittle when dropped in water, or will float; then pour into a buttered tin to cool.

MIRTHFUL MAGIC;

OR,

HOW TO TURN A DULL PARTY INTO A MERRY ONE.

When young people, and often old ones also, first arrive at a party they are apt to feel a little stiff and awkward, and to stand about in corners, as if oppressed with the responsibility of their best gloves and clothes, and the giver of the entertainment seeks in vain to enliven and stir them up. For her aid we propose to give a few simple receipts which will answer the purpose, and give them a good laugh, after which they will be ready for the harder games which will follow. First she may ask them to join in the game of "Satisfaction." Every person in the room is invited to stand up, and all join hands in a ring, in the centre of which the leader stands, holding a cane in her hand, with which she points to each one in turn, and asks this question, after requesting silence and careful attention, "Are you satisfied?" Each replies in turn as

he or she pleases, many probably saying "No," and others "Yes." The leader then says, "All who are satisfied may sit down, the others may stand up until they are satisfied."

MESMERIC TRICK.

Offer to mesmerize any lady so that she cannot get up alone; and when one volunteers place her in a chair in the centre of the room, and sit facing her, requesting all the company to keep quiet and unite their wills with yours. Ask the lady to fold her arms and lean back comfortably, and proceed to make a variety of passes and motions with your hands with great solemnity. After a few moments say, "Get up;" and as she rises from her chair you rise at the same moment, and say, "I told you you could not get up alone." If she suspects a trick, and does not rise, of course your reply is the same.

THE NEW FIFTEEN PUZZLE.

Draw the squares on a sheet of paper, and say, "I wish to fill these rows of squares, or stalls, full of animals, which you must watch carefully, in order to arrange them according

to a formula which I shall give you. I will put down H for horses in the first row, C for cows in the second, and D for donkeys in the third." Put the letters down rapidly as you talk, leaving one square vacant in the third row, as if by accident, and some looker-on will be sure to say words to this effect, "There is one donkey missing;" when you reply at once, "Then jump in yourself."

H	H	H	H	H
C	C	C	C	C
D		D	D	D

MIND-READING.

This curious trick, like most good ones, is very simple in plan, although some skill is required to perform it well. After a few learned remarks on the occult science of mind-reading, the performer requests each person in the room to write a word or short sentence on a slip of paper, and to place it in a hat which stands on the table. He then takes his seat behind the hat, and draws out one of the papers, and presses it against his forehead, covering it from view with the fingers of each hand, which touch

each other. After anxious thought, he reads it, and proceeds to draw and read aloud each slip in turn, laying each one on the table behind the hat, until all have been taken out, when they are handed together to the company for examination.

This trick, when well performed, causes the greatest surprise and astonishment, and its manner of performance was for a long time kept secret. It consists in inventing a word for the first slip, and glancing at its true contents when laid on the table behind the hat. The words on the first paper are read for the second, which is glanced at also, and its contents read for the third, and so on until the last one has been placed on the forehead, in removing which it is concealed in the hand and dropped into a side pocket, or mixed with the rest, which are seldom examined carefully enough to discover its absence or that of the contents of the first slip.

This very easy and effective trick may be of use in showing the young how easy it is for seeming impossibilities to be performed, and thus to put them on their guard against being too easily deceived by the evidence of

their own senses, or trusting too much to the skill of pretenders who promise to foretell future events, of which neither they nor their hearers can have the least knowledge.

HOW TO PLACE AN EGG SO IT CANNOT BE BROKEN BY A TIN PAN.

Show a large tin pan and a common egg, and allow the spectators to handle and examine both, to see that there is no deception about either. Then let any one take the pan and be ready to strike with all his might. When he has tried in vain to guess how you can place the egg where it cannot be broken by the pan, stand it up in the corner of the room, and of course it will be impossible for any one to hit it.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY WITHOUT WORK.

Draw several lines radiating from a central point, and let each player choose a line and be sure to remember which it is. Each then places a piece of money on his line, and you say, "Take particular notice of your line and money, so that you will not forget either." Then move the pieces of money about, taking

care that not one piece remains on its original line. Ask each one in turn, "Is that your line?" and of course every one will say, "Yes." Afterward say to each, in the same order, "Is that your money?" touching the piece that is now on the line belonging to the person addressed. When all have answered these questions in the negative, you calmly collect and pretend to pocket all the money, with the quiet remark, "As you have all said that that was not *your* money, I think it must be mine."

Say to any person, "I will lay a wager to any amount that I have more money in my pocket than you have." After an animated debate, and exhibition of the contents of pockets, you say, "I have more money in my pocket than any one, for none of you have any money in my pocket."

Say to the ladies, "A man can marry any woman he pleases." After the long and indignant protest, calmly reply, "A man may marry any woman he pleases, but the trouble is to find the woman that he does please."

NUMERATION.

Some very astonishing tricks can be performed by a simple knowledge of numbers, one of the best of which is to ask any one to try to reach the number one hundred by adding ten or any part of ten to the sum fixed upon by either, which does not exceed fifty at the beginning of the computation. The object of each is to reach exactly one hundred, and it is only needful for the winner to begin one numeral higher than the sum mentioned; for instance, in twenties to name twenty-three; in thirties, thirty-four; in forties, forty-five, etc.; for when eighty-nine is thus reached the opponent can only add ten, which would be ninety-nine. The number one hundred of course comes to the one who understands the process. When the game begins it is usually unnecessary to fall into this formula before the seventies are reached, when the number seventy-eight is, of course, named; but, as the players grow suspicious, it may be needful to introduce it earlier in the game, which is as sure to be won if twelve is named as eighty-nine, although the method

is much easier to be found out by thus keeping to the regular formula than by trusting to luck and only trying it much nearer the end of the game. This very simple method has puzzled many, and it is probably the first time the simple solution of it has ever been given in print.

THE ELECTRIC TRICK.

At a noted game club in Boston this little trick was introduced by the writer to show how easily the keenest intellects can be puzzled when off their guard. Three substances are first chosen with great care—one animal, one mineral, one vegetable. After each has been subjected to the closest examination, to discover that but one kingdom is represented in its composition, they are laid side by side, the mineral toward the north, after some pains have been taken to discover the points of the compass as nearly as possible. The attention of the company is then called to the subject of electricity in the human body, and after each has spoken of his powers in that direction, such as the common one of lighting the gas with the finger, or by giving shocks

or causing sparks after rubbing the feet on a thick carpet, etc., the operator says, "I am about to try a simple experiment of this kind, and to judge which of these three substances was touched by any one gifted with magnetic power." He then closes his eyes, while some one touches one of the substances, and then he remarks, "I am perfectly willing to let you do this for yourselves if you are able. Just rub your finger very hard on the carpet, and judge by a faint tingling sensation which of these three articles was last touched." After some hesitation he lifts up the substance last touched, and repeats the experiment until all are satisfied. Many imaginative people think that they feel a faint sensation, and if they happen to select the right article are much elated, and it is very funny to see several sensible people on their knees rubbing the carpet with their forefingers to feel the faint tingling of electricity.

This trick was played for weeks without discovery, so the author was ashamed to tell that the scientific mystery was owing to a confederate, and that a quiet and demure lady signified the article which had been touched

by giving an almost imperceptible cough as his finger touched the right one; and to make it more difficult of detection, when two had been touched without the signal he, of course, knew that the third was the right substance for him to select.

THE BLAZING SNOW-BALL.

One of the most astonishing and amusing tricks has been lately performed by a German professor, which is so simple that any boy can very easily do it when he knows how.

In the parlor where it was first tried a party of scientific gentlemen and ladies were seated conversing upon subjects of deep interest, and the professor had been explaining the bias of the mind toward superstition. "For instance," said he, "I can easily convince you that I can perform an impossibility, or something that has at least always been so considered: I can light a snow-ball with a common match." Of course all present ventured to doubt this statement, and several declared that it was impossible to deceive them into such a belief. The professor at once opened the window, and took from the sill a handful of snow

which had lately fallen. Rolling it up into a ball, he placed it upon a plate, and passed it around to be inspected by each member of the company. All having assured themselves that everything was correct, and that there was no deception in the plate or snow, he placed the plate upon the mantel, rolled the snow into a closer ball, and in the full view of all the company took a common match from the match-box and lighted the snow-ball, which immediately broke out into a cheerful blaze. The professor then passed the plate around to each of the company, and great were the expressions of astonishment as the flame rose higher and higher from the snow. Some economists doubtless planned a wise paper on the advantage to the poor to be derived from this new species of fuel, and no one of the incredulous could guess how the clever trick was done. It was very simple, however. The professor had slipped a piece of crude camphor, of about the size and shape of a chestnut, into the top of the snow-ball. He then applied the match to the smaller end, which was uppermost, and was pushed so far into the soft snow as to be invisible.

A smart boy can make a great deal of fun by giving a burlesque lecture on heat, and illustrating it by this remarkable experiment. He can have the small piece of camphor, sharpened to a point, in his vest pocket, and can take it out while feeling for a match, and can easily slip it into the snow-ball just before lighting it. The softer and fresher the snow, the easier it will be to conceal the slight difference in color between the two substances, which becomes less perceptible after the camphor has burnt for a few moments.

THE GREAT-GRANDFATHER OF CROQUET.

As summer dries up the moist paths and lawns the boys are eager for new out-of-door games, and we will hunt for them where most good things come from—in the distant past, the games of which are the new ones of to-day.

The boys of 1882 are advised to reproduce one of the first games ever played in "merrie England," one in which kings and princes delighted to join, and in honor of which a celebrated avenue still retains its ancient name. Very little can be ascertained about this game and the manner of playing it, as the only authentic record which we can find consists of a picture of one of its balls and mallets in the Bodleian manuscripts. A hint has also been discovered in another book, from which we have gathered ideas enough to describe a game full of novelty and interest to both boys and girls, in addition to its deep historical and literary associations. From the form of the simple implements preserved in the picture, pall-mall may certainly be consid-

ered as the ancestor of croquet, for the idea of a ball driven by a mallet was doubtless derived from it.

The best mall for this game is a hard concrete or gravel walk seven feet in width and forty feet in length. Doubtless after this game becomes widely known malls for this purpose will be made on many pleasure-grounds; but it can be played on any lawn by enclosing a space with small posts, to which a line is fastened six inches from the ground, and ruling out all balls that roll outside of the boundary or pass under the line. When played on a path or avenue, the boundaries are marked by the grass or border on each side. Any number of players can join, each one being provided with one ball and mallet. The best ball for the purpose is the smallest size of those used in bowling-alleys, made of hard, heavy wood, four inches in diameter. Each player must be able to identify his ball at once among a crowd, for which purpose each should be marked with a spot of different color. The mallet must be made of oak, with a head nine inches long and four inches thick, through which a very strong handle is

securely fastened, projecting three feet at least. It is well to have the handles of these mallets of various lengths, to accommodate tall or short players, as the ball should be hit without stooping, and on the run.

Upon the mall lines are made with white lime, flour, or plaster; one for the starting-point, one in the centre, one at the goal, and one six feet from the starting-point. All these lines cross the mall, excepting the one six feet from the start, which is a circle four feet across, made by fastening a string to a post, and drawing a ring on the ground with another stick tied to the post by a string two feet long, and marking the circle thus made with plaster. The goal is a small board, with a peg eighteen inches long at the middle of the lower edge, by which it is driven into the ground. At equal distances from this peg arches are cut in the goal, six inches high and five inches wide, and just over the peg a circle of the same size as the ball is made with white chalk.

As the first stroke is important, it is determined by placing all the balls on the circle in front of the starting-place, and allowing each

player to knock his ball; and the one whose ball goes farthest along the mall has the precedence, and the next one in order has the second choice. These two players then choose sides in turn, and direct the game. The object is to hit the white circle of the goal, with the fewest strokes, without sending the ball outside of the mall. Any player who sends his own ball or that of an adversary off the mall before it reaches the centre line causes that ball to be out of the game. Any ball knocked off the mall, after passing the centre line, may return once only to the starting-point for a second trial. Any ball sent through either of the arches in the goal, before hitting the white ring, is out of the game. Players who have passed the centre line may knock either way, but before reaching the centre must always play toward it.

When a player has hit the circle on the goal, without being hit, he can, if he prefers, let his ball remain, and play against the others, or remove his ball to count on his side; but if not taken off, his ball is equally liable with the others to be knocked off the mall or through the arch, in which case it is out of the game.

A player who clears the centre line at one knock can play again, and if he hits the circle with one knock more, his side wins the game. Great judgment is thus required in the force applied to each stroke, especially when many balls are in the mall, as the player runs the risk of knocking off friends and adversaries alike. To gain force for the blow each has the choice of running along the mall from the starting-point. The side wins which hits the centre ring first with the most balls, as it seldom happens that more than three balls reach the goal without going through it or being knocked off the mall. The contest grows hot around the goal, as many players send their own balls off the mall in their eager efforts to knock away those of their adversaries, and the game is at an end only when every ball has hit the circle or is out of the game either by going through the goal or off the mall, as after passing the centre line one may play toward the goal or against any ball in either direction.

THE GAME OF BOGGIA.

This requires one black ball, nine white balls, and nine colored balls. Croquet balls will answer; but those of hard wood are better, since they are heavier; still, if made of light wood, melted lead can be poured into holes made with a gimlet, until they weigh about half a pound each.

Any even number can play, from two to eighteen persons.

The players are divided into two equal sides. The colored balls are divided among the players of one side, and the white balls among the players of the other side.

At first the players choose by lot which shall have the first roll; but in all future games the side that wins has the first roll. To make this choice the leader of one side holds behind him a colored ball in one hand, and a white in the other; and the leader of the other side guesses, right or left. If he guesses the hand which holds the color of his own side, he gains the right to begin the game; if not, the other side begins. The

leader first rolls the black ball on the lawn to such a distance as he chooses from a starting-line. Upon this starting-line every player must place his right foot when he rolls; this line extends across the lawn at least twenty feet, and the player can roll from any part of it, as it is often desirable to roll from different angles.

The leader then rolls a white ball, trying to have it stop as close as possible to the black ball.

The leader of the other side then rolls a colored ball; his object being to come in closer, or to knock away either the black ball or the white ball.

The players of each side play alternately—a white and a color—and the luck constantly changes; for as, at the close of the game, all balls of one side count which are nearer to the black than any ball of the other side, a lucky roll may change the whole result by coming in closer, or by knocking away either black, white, or colored balls.

Great skill can be used, as, if the ball is too swift, it goes beyond all the balls unless it hits and scatters them; if too light, it fails to

come in near the black. Great excitement always attends the last roll, as a good player who knows the ground can often change the whole aspect of the game for the advantage of his own side, and a careless one often throws the game into the hands of the opposite by knocking away the balls belonging to his own side.

The side which first scores ten wins the game.

THE PENDULUM.

This new and graceful game for lawns requires the following simple apparatus, which any boy can prepare; or it can be manufactured by competent mechanics into an ornament for a pleasure-ground:

1st. Six rings, each eight inches in diameter. To the bottom of each ring is attached a prong six inches long, by which the rings can be driven into the ground and made to stand upright. Each ring is a different color, red, blue, green, yellow, black, and white, each color having its distinct value in the "score."

2d. A piece of rope eight feet long, with a

ring half an inch in diameter at one end, and a heavy ball or pendulum at the other.

3d. Two posts ten feet long. These posts are set in the ground two feet deep, and six feet apart, in a straight line; and a hole is bored in each two inches from the top.

4th. A piece of heavy wire, one end of which is fastened firmly to a peg driven into the ground ten feet outside one of the posts. The other end is then run through the hole in the top of the post, then through the ring on the end of the rope, then through the hole in the other post, then drawn taut and fastened to a peg in the ground ten feet outside the second post.

The pendulum rope will now run smoothly on the wire between the posts, and the pegs can be driven in at any time to tighten the wire if it become slack.

The apparatus is now ready for the game. Any number can play, but six on a side is enough, and one on each side will do.

One side now drives down the six rings on a line between the posts, arranging them so that the color which counts the highest will be the most difficult to hit. A red ring counts

one, a blue two, green three, yellow four, black five, white six. A line is drawn six feet from the rings, parallel with the rings.

The first player on the other side decides what ring to try to hit. He then moves the pendulum rope along the wire until it is over the chosen ring. He then takes the ball as far back as he can draw it and aims at the ring. Should he catch the ring, he can choose another ring, and so on until he misses. Should he throw the ball hard and true enough to carry the ring over the line in front, it counts as two rings. When all on one side have thrown to a miss, the other side throws. The side that scores one hundred first wins the game and begins the next one.

THE POTATO RACE.

This amusing out-of-door game requires a swift runner, with his feet well under his control, and a good eye for a straight line. It can be played by any number, as each one runs in turn.

First a large circle is marked out by a boy

who carries one end of a line twenty feet long, the other end being fastened to a stake in the centre of the ring which they wish to make. As he goes slowly around he marks out this ring by scattering some white sand or old plaster or some flour from a sieve in his right hand, holding the line in his left.

Then three judges are chosen. The first two take their places on the ring opposite each other.

One of them has a basket of potatoes at his feet.

The other makes a line ten feet long of white sand or flour, crossing the ring, five feet inside, five feet outside. He then divides this line with spots of dark earth into sections of six inches.

The third judge stands in the centre of the ring.

The duty of the first judge is to see that the runner takes but one potato from the basket at a time.

The duty of the second judge is to see that the runner places each potato on the regular spots, beginning at the outside end of the line, and if a spot is missed to stop the runner.

The duty of the third judge is to number the boys, to call out the runners, and to "keep the time," allowing each player ten minutes in which to hit all the spots.

The runners stand in a line, according to their numbers, near the first judge.

No. 1, when called, picks up a potato, runs on the outside of the ring to the outside point of the ten-foot line, places his potato, and runs on around to the starting-place, seizes another, runs on, places it on the second spot of the ten-foot line, and so on, until his ten minutes are up, and the third judge calls "Time!"

But should he fail in depositing his potato exactly *on the spot* marked, he is stopped, and runner No. 2 called.

Also, upon coming to the part of the line within the ring, he must each time enter *on the inside of the line, and also come out on the same side* to continue his flight around. Should he step *over* the line, entering or departing, he is at once stopped.

The player who places the most potatoes in regular order exactly upon the dark spots of the ten-foot line is declared "best fellow," and becomes judge No. 1 in the next game.

The second and third "best fellows" become judges Nos. 2 and 3.

The boys seized upon the new game with great spirit. We will not describe it farther, except to say that the runners who began slowly and ran steadily, without any "spurts," were the ones who were the best able to stop at the line and place the potatoes correctly; while those who were not so cool-headed found it difficult to stop in time, and often either ran by or else missed the spot, and so at once lost their chance.

There was also a world of fun as now and then some eager fellow tipped over on his nose, or went head-over-heels trying to pause suddenly in his swift circular flight.

FAST RUNNERS.

A NEW OUT-OF-DOOR GAME.

WITH A SPECIMEN OF THE MANNER IN WHICH IT WAS PLAYED BY THE PUPILS OF HERR JO KOSE.

THE players are arranged in two lines, with spaces of three feet between the couples. One boy stands at the head of this column, and when ready he must say a short verse. At this notice the couple who are at the foot of the column must separate and run up past him, and then off, each in a different direction. The boy at the head can chase either one, or can change his pursuit from one to the other, as he thinks best. If he can catch and hold either before they again meet and join hands, the person caught becomes his partner, and is led back to the front of the column, and the one who is left becomes the pursuer, and must stand in front of the couple who have just returned and call upon the couple at the foot to run.

The pursuer cannot chase either of the pair until they have both passed by him; but after that as soon as he touches one of them,

that one yields without trying to escape. In case he fails to catch either before they have met and joined hands, he must escort them to the front of the column, and then he must try the couple left at the rear, and so on, until he captures a partner.

All the children, even to little Alice, who is only seven, seemed to understand just how to play from Herr Kose's simple direction; and they were all eager to begin, when they discovered that as they numbered just twenty they had no one to lead the chase; but Jack called out, "Let Dick begin: he can run the fastest of any of us, except Emma." So Dick took his place at the head, standing about three feet in front of Rosy and Grace, who were the forward couple. "But what shall I do for a partner?" said Maud, who had been standing with Dick. "Oh, I will take the Professor." So she marched up to Herr Kose and fairly dragged him into the ranks by her side, in spite of his resistance and protestations that he could not run.

Now Dick calls out,

"Now for some fun!
The last two run!"

Robbie and Lucy, at the rear of the column, divide and pass Dick on a rapid run, intending to join hands at the edge of the pine woods before being caught; but Dick, who is an experienced and crafty runner, chases Lucy until Robbie crosses toward her, when he turns and chases him as he doubles around to reach her; then, when she least expects, he turns again and catches Lucy by the hand, and leads her to the front. Robbie then takes his place and calls out, "Now for some fun! the last two run!" The last couple this time is composed of Emma and Bessie, who are both very strong and active, being members of the Girls' Boat and Ball Club, of which we shall hear more by-and-by. They start slowly and pass the leader before they divide, and he chases Bessie, thinking he will have an easy task, but she shows sudden speed and catches hold of Emma, who has made a wide circle to meet her.

Poor Robbie is a little chagrined at his bad luck, but, after resting a moment for breath, again calls out and regains his laurels by catching Jack, a very nimble fellow, on the wing long before he can join his companion

Roger, who has wandered off too far at the left side.

Roger is glad to see that this time the rear couple is made up of little Maud and her elderly partner, Herr Jo Kose, who protests that he cannot run, and will not try; but little Maud has a gentle way of making every one do as she pleases, and they start off at the call with great spirit. Roger, of course, chases Herr Kose, who is going with great difficulty, but who quickens his speed so gradually that Roger finds he has no easy task as they dodge about, to the delight of the children. At last they have reached the end of the clearing, and Roger is just about to grasp the flying coat-tails of his stout friend, when the cunning little Maud darts out from behind a great pine-tree, and proudly leads back her partner, who seems wholly overcome and gasps for breath like a porpoise; and Roger has to try once more.

Thus they all run in turn, with varying luck, until it becomes again the turn of the stout teacher to elude the pursuit of little Louise, and very well he does it too, until, in an unlucky moment, he trips and falls, in so awk-

ward a manner that if he was not so smart we might think he did it on purpose to be caught.

The above example shows that this merry game will furnish harmless fun and healthful exercise for old and young children.

THE TUG OF WAR.

For this game, which requires strength as well as agility, it is well to select a level strip of ground not less than fifty feet long, smooth, and free from stones; and grass is better than bare ground, as falls are very frequent.

Any number can play, since the more numerous the players are the better. This day there happened to be twenty-one boys in the company, so they chose by common consent one boy to be the umpire and director, leaving twenty players.

Two others were sent to the house of a farmer which was in sight to borrow a thick rope, thirty-six feet long, which was used by the farmer to raise the bales of hay up to the high beams of his barn.

Another went to an old cellar near at hand for a peck of old plaster known to be lying there.

The umpire chose two boys of about the same size and strength for leaders.

Each of these leaders chose in turn a boy for his side, until each side numbered ten.

The umpire then took off his hat ribbon and tied it on the middle of the rope. He was careful to have the knot of ribbon on the exact centre, which he easily ascertained by doubling the rope. He next made a large, conspicuous spot of plaster as nearly as he could guess in the middle of the smooth, turfy plain.

The leaders, each taking an end of the rope, then separated, and stretching it taut, placed it so that the ribbon knot lay exactly over the centre spot of plaster.

Then the umpire measured off along-side the rope ten feet from the centre spot. He marked this distance by another conspicuous spot of plaster. On this spot he placed one of the leaders, with his nine men in a row behind him.

Then he measured off ten feet from the

centre spot in the opposite direction, marking it as before. On the mark he placed the other leader, his nine men at his back.

Then he took his own station on the centre mark.

"Ready!" he called.

Both leaders stooped and lifted the rope, their men also taking it in line, each with a good grasp.

"Make ready!" the umpire called again.

Both armies then leaned back, pulling the rope until the ribbon was suspended exactly over the centre spot of plaster where the umpire stood.

"Are you all ready?" called the umpire.

"Ay!" answered the leaders together.

"Then one, two, three—*pull!*" shouted the umpire.

Then every boy tugged with all his might, either army encouraged by shouts from his leader as the ribbon was pulled from the centre mark toward or from his side.

This game consists in one side or the other pulling the rope until the ribbon shall be hauled entirely over the mark on which the leader of the successful army was stationed,

the umpire calling out "Victory!" the moment this mark is actually crossed.

As may be inferred, the game is always noisy, full of battle heat, and also much fun, as the contestants on both sides pull and strain the harder as the ribbon approaches one side or the other, some falling, some sitting down on the ground to pull the better, others tumbling over them. Very often, too, as one side seems sure of victory, the other makes a sudden spurt, and digging their heels in the ground, give a mighty pull all together, bringing the other army, ribbon and all, tumbling headlong into their midst, thus ending, with shouts of laughter and cries of triumph, the "tug of war."

THE CATAPULT.

Any number of persons can play this game, divided into two sides equal in numbers, strength, speed, and endurance.

The catapult itself consists of four pieces: a post, which may be any common stake driven firmly into the ground, and standing two and

a half feet high; a bar or flat stick three and a half feet long, with a hollow the size of the ball cut in it, about three inches from one end —this hollow is about two inches deep; a ball-club four feet long; a ball of weight sufficient to balance the bar or catapult when it is placed on the top of the post, the bar projecting in front of the post two and a half feet. The ball end projects at the back about one foot.

The side wins whose members first succeed in firing ten consecutive shots.

The sides stand in two lines, six feet behind the post.

The leader on one side balances the catapult on the post, then places the ball in the hollow, then strikes a blow with the club on the long arm of the catapult, when the ball is shot with great force in a direction hard to calculate on.

The moment the blow is struck both sides rush for the ball. The finder tries to conceal it and prevent his foes from grasping it. He is not safe from their attacks until he touches the ball to the post. His pursuers hem him on every hand, calling "Cat! Cat!" at the top of their voices. If hard pressed the finder throws the ball to any player of his own side

who seems nearest the post and outside of the besiegers, or he sometimes can manage to throw the ball and hit the post. This is not often a safe thing to do, as the post is usually surrounded by a portion of his foes, determined either to secure the ball or prevent his touching the post.

The leaders on each side may show good tactics in directing their men, some to surround the "Cat," or finder, others to prevent his approach to the post, while his friends can rush to his aid, hoping to receive and bear the ball on to the goal. A good "Cat" will often escape from the ring, make a grand detour, and, outrunning his pursuers, reach the post, and, by a high leap or throw, secure the victory.

As the ten shots and captures for one side must be consecutive, a side may be on the point of success and yet lose all, as a score never counts after the other side secures the ball.

V. P. K. GOSLINGS.

A MAY-POLE GAME.

ADAPTED FROM AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.

The May-pole is made from a tall, straight tree, from which the branches have been cut. Two large hoops are fastened side by side, at a distance of twelve or fifteen feet from the ground, and a third hoop is fastened above them. Two or three dozen balls are covered with colored yarn or cloth, and one dozen with white.

The Queen of the May directs the game. One boy paces off twelve feet in front of the pole, and another does the same at the back. Six children stand on each of these lines, all facing the pole; each holds one of the colored balls in the right hand.

The red and the blue balls must be thrown through the upper hoop; the white balls must be thrown through the lower hoops. White balls count one; colored balls count two.

Each plays in turn, the queen calling out the name of the one who is to throw next, taking one from each side as they stand. If

a player can catch a ball thrown by the other side after it has passed through the hoop he can throw it back again, and it counts on his score. As soon as a ball misses the hoop that player can play no more. Skilful throwers sometimes throw through the hoop twenty times without missing.

The account is very easily kept by the queen, who crowns with a wreath as victor the child who throws the ball through the hoop the greatest number of times.

All those who miss the hoops are called "V. P. K. Goslings;" and the boy-goslings are obliged to pick a peg out of the ground with their teeth. This peg is driven by the girl-goslings, who must each hit it once with a stick as they stand around it blindfolded.

The children who have tried this forfeit with the peg under some other name may be surprised to learn that, under the name of "V. P. K. Goslings," it is of very great age, having been known as a forfeit in England hundreds of years ago, and is described in a magazine published in 1791.

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