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SNAILS rometimes sleep for four years at a time.

NORTH CAROLINA has 800,000 acres of swamp land to sell for the benefit of her education fund.

THREE years ago Archibald Clavering Gunter was unknown as a novelist. Now his books are read everywhere, and he is $100,000 ahead.

A LITTLE Auburn, Me., baby's paternal great-grandfather, his grandfather, grandmother, and his father were all born within a stone's throw of each other.

SENATOR EDMUNDS, of Vermont, has served longer in the United States Senate than any of his colleagues. On April 5, 1890, he will have been in the Senate without a single break for twenty-four years.

THE latest museum freak is a Southern girl who is utterly insensible to pain, and whose skin can be cut and punctured without any annoyance to her. She is the most unfeeling creature on record.

A BRIGHT young fellow in London earns his living by writing speeches for wedding breakfasts. In England speeches are still expected from the bridegroom, and they are generally very bungling affairs.

THE schoolma'ams of St. Paul not long ago were instructed to give occasional instruction in plain and fancy sewing to the girls under their charge, and the horrible fact came out that few if any of the teachers could do any kind of sewing whatever.

CABINET officers receive many strange requests, but one of the oddest was that contained in a letter from a man in Pennsylvania to Secretary Tracy. He wanted, he said, six gold quarter pieces for Christmas presents to his friends. He inclosed a 2-cent stamp.

EXPLORER STANLEY once said to a friend: "I dread each fresh return to Europe because each friend asks me as soon as the first talk is over, 'Well, when are you going back to Africa?' This question always operates upon me like a red rag shown to a wild bull."

DOM PEDRO stands right up on his dignity. He does not want any solace in the shape of a Brazilian pension as a retired Emperor, but will demand that his regular salary be kept up just the same as if he hadn't been exiled. This is what may be called imperial nerve.

HENRY M. STANLEY is now almost 50 years old. He was born in Wales and his name was originally John Rowlands. It was changed on his being adopted by a New Orleans merchant, who found him, at the age of 15, a cabin boy in a sailing vessel, and took a fancy to him.

AT the recent fire in Boston one firm was entirely cleaned out, not even a penholder left, and added to this the papers in their safe were also destroyed. Since the great Boston fire many firms have a duplicate of their monthly trial balance kept at the residence of some member of the firm.

THE cannon used at Columbia, S. C., in firing the Davis memorial salute exploded. The cannon was that used in firing the salute when South Carolina seceded from the Union. It was fished out of the river some years ago, where it had been thrown when Sherman's army was about to enter the city.

REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM MARTIN of Texas, who had a good deal of fun poked at him during the last session of Congress, is the heaviest smoker in official life at Washington. He is always smoking cigars. He is not particular as to the brand, quality, style or price. All he requires of a cigar is that it draw well.

EMIN BEY is certainly the sport of misfortune and an adverse fate. He surmounted all the dangers and difficulties of the river and jungle, of rebels in his own camp and savages on the borders of his province to meet disaster on the very verge of civilization. If report be true, this daring scientist and explorer has returned a poor man. His stock of ivory, which he had accumulated during his sojourn in the heart of Equatorial Africa, has all been burnt or stolen. It is hardly probable, however, that the influences and powers which have been behind Emin in the past will desert him now in his extremity.

THE first aerial voyagers were a sheep, a cock, and a duck, which were placed in an osier basket attached to the lower part of a balloon that ascended on the 19th of September, 1783, at Versailles, France, the King and royal family "assisting" at the spectacle. The ascension was made at the instance of a commission appointed by the Academy of Science, and the balloon was constructed under the supervision of Stephen Montgolfier, to whom, with his brother, Joseph, the invention of the balloon is due. The sheep and duck and cock reached the ground again in safety. The first air voyage made by any human was also made in this year, 1783.

A WICKED Frenchman says the women have such an innate vanity for dress that if you were to tell one that she was to be hanged in the presence of 20,000 persons she would at once exclaim: "Great heavens! I've got nothing to wear."

THE OLD UMBRELLA'S LAMENT.

BY F. LLEWALD BRUCE.

BROKEN and battered and worn,
My days of usefulness past,
I'm carelessly thrown aside—
Into the alley way cast.
My silken coat, so glossy once,
Is ragged and tattered and torn;
My ribs are broken—braces gone—
Memories of the wrongs I've borne.

I've served my master we true,
In rain and snow, in sleet and hail;
I've done my duty day by day,
In burning sun and blust'ring gale.
I've asked no thanks and none received;
My only recompense at last
To have the good I've done despised
And be in the alley way cast.

BY YON LONE GROVE.

BY AD H. GIBSON.

By yon lone grove I found a grave
Over which the daisies wave,
In the sad-voiced autumn gales,
Sweeping down secluded dales.

Where the rabbit's tread is heard,
And the trill of woodland bird;
There the wild vines climb and creep,
Where is kept that dreamless sleep.

Underneath the falling leaves,
Free from all that vexes, grieves;
Rid of this world's mad strife
And all the ills of human life.

Who lieth there I cannot tell,
Sleeping in that quiet dell;
No name is on the low, gray stone
At the mound's head, vine-o'ergrown.

Is that grave by all forgot?
Does no one visit that lone spot
In memory of the one once here,
Who reveled in this life's brief sphere?

* * * * * *

It is as well. The spirit fled,
Only the ashes remain there dead.
STAR VALLEY, Kan.

SOME GENTLE SAVAGES.

BY L. D. MURPHY.

SITUATED at the foot of the Greenhorn Mountain, in the State of Colorado, lies the beautiful Apache valley.

A small stream bearing the same name, after making its way down through gloomy, rock-bound canyons, into whose silent depths the bright sun never shines, flows away to the east to mingle its waters with those of the Huerfano. The tall cottonwood trees which grow thick on either bank form a broad belt of darker green across the valley's rolling bosom.

This lovely spot, now dotted here and there with the settler's rude cabin, was, at the time our story opens, occupied by a village of Apache Indians, and many specimens of their rude workmanship are still found there, such as stone arrows and spear heads.

The time had come for the great fall hunt, and small parties were sent in all directions to locate herds of buffalo. Black Elk, a young chieftain of some

CUT HIS BONDS AND PLACED WEAPONS IN HIS HANDS."

note, went with six warriors up the Arkansas River, and, coming in contact with a superior force of Blackfeet, his men were all killed, and himself taken prisoner.

The victorious party at once set out for their own village, two hundred miles away. On arriving there quite a number of the principal men of the tribe were found to be absent, and it was decided to keep the prisoner until their return, which event was daily expected.

During his confinement Black Elk's wants were supplied by a young maiden, Whippoorwill by name, whose soft, dark eyes looked first with pity, then with love, on her helpless charge, and she resolved to set him free. Accordingly, when she went at sunset to take his supper, she made known to him her plan.

Black Elk had not been unmindful of the many acts of kindness shown him by this little maid, but had not expected this. Should he escape, she would at once be suspected, and most likely put to death, and his heart grew warm toward her who would risk so much for his sake. He refused to go and leave her to suffer in his place, but told her that if she would go with him and be his bride they would make the attempt together.

Whippoorwill was unable for a time to decide; her lover, on one hand; friends, relatives, and the home of her childhood, on the other; but she at last consented to go.

Returning to her own lodge she anxiously awaited the approach of night, for well she knew that should the expected war party return her lover would be put to death in the most cruel manner.

Slowly the hours dragged by, and at last, near midnight, all grew still. Silently as a shadow she entered the captive's lodge, cut his bonds, and placed weapons in his hands. Slowly and cautiously they moved away, and succeeded in reaching the dark forest of pine and cedar, which covered the mountain side, without being discovered. They halted not, but kept on their course until the rosy-tinted eastern sky warned them that day was approaching.

Entering a cavern they remained concealed until the shadows of night again fell over the earth, when they came forth and resumed their journey, taking care to keep on ground over which their trail would be most difficult to follow.

They glided through the forest like specters, their light footfalls giving back no sound, for well they knew that many swift feet and keen eyes were on their trail.

In this manner they reached their destination in safety, and great was the joy of his tribe at the return of one whom they had mourned as dead.

Black Elk at once announced his intention to make the Whippoorwill his wife, and ordered a great feast prepared. The appointed time soon came, and every dusky face beamed with pleasure, save one—the Willow-Bough. She had long looked with jealous eyes on the young chieftain, and had fondly dreamed that some time he would take her to his lodge. She took no part in the grand preparation. Her little sav-

"DROVE IT TO THE HILT IN HER OWN BOSOM."

age heart was full of hatred for this daughter of the Blackfeet, and the light that shone in her dusky eyes boded no good to the happy pair.

The hour had come for the marriage ceremony, and Black Elk sat beside his intended bride within the nuptial lodge, now beautifully decorated with wild flowers and evergreens, when suddenly, and before any one could prevent it, the Willow-Bough stepped in front of the open door, and, drawing an arrow to the head, let it fly, piercing the heart of Black Elk, who fell dead at the feet of the horror-stricken girl so soon to have been his bride. Hastily throwing the bow aside, she drew a long hunting-knife from her girdle and drove it to the hilt in her own bosom, and her spirit followed that of the one she had loved to the shadow land.

Sorrow and gloom now fell on all. Loud cries of grief and lamentation filled the air on all sides; bereaved friends and relatives blackened their faces, and spent the night in mourning for the dead.

Whippoorwill, thus left among strangers, and fearing to return to her own people, wandered about for a time, and finally disappeared and was seen no more.

The superstitious red men supposed that she was transformed into the bird whose name she bore, and all through the summer nights the note of a whippoorwill could be heard coming from the grave of the murdered chieftain.

The Delegate Up-Stairs.

One day when a whole 'bus full of us drove up to the hotel in Lynchburg, Va., the landlord remembered that he had a drummer from New York who had been suffering terribly with a toothache for two or three days. He had tried every remedy known to man, except that of having it pulled. He said he hoped some one of us might be able to suggest something, and slowly added:

"Gentlemen, I have heard that a sudden shock to a man's nervous system would sometimes cure the worst toothache. Can't you plan something?"

Six or eight of us got together in the reading room, and it was finally decided that a man named Simmons, who turned out to be a patent medicine advertiser, should go up to the room and startle the New-Yorker. He was to do it by claiming to have seen a dispatch to the effect that his wife had run away with another man. We thought that ought to cure his toothache if anything would.

"How big a man is he?" asked the delegate when ready to go up.

"Oh, he's rather undersized," replied the landlord. "If he should get on his ear, you can easily slam him all over the room."

The medicine man went up. We followed, and stood at the door to hear the result. He found the New-Yorker groaning like a sick horse; and after introducing himself, he said:

"Sorry for you, old fellow, particularly at this time, but I have bad news for you."

"No!" exclaimed the other, sitting up in bed.

"Be calm, old boy. It's about your wife."

"Is—she dead?"

"Better for you if she was. She's ran away with a street-car conductor!"

There was a wild yell, followed by several whoops and a crash. Then the medicine man fell into the hall, and a wild figure dragged him up and down, and mopped him around, and made bear fodder of him. It was five minutes before we could get him off and get his victim away. We carried the latter into a sample-room, stretched him out on a table, and had sponged his face for the third time, when he opened his eyes.

"How do you feel now?" asked one of the boys.

"Queer. What's happened."

"You went to see the New-Yorker."

"Oh, yes. He had the toothache."

"He did, and you kindly consented to shock his mental system. It was a great success."

"I cured it, did I?"

"You did."

"But, great heavens! feel of me; keep on sponging! I'm nothing but a big splatter of jelly! Boys, if I die, and I hope I will, I'll haunt every infernal one of you day and night until I drive you to hang yourselves with your own suspenders."

A Reckless Experiment.

Mrs. Gotham—Mercy on us! What has happened? Were you run over?

Mr. Gotham (much dilapidated)—Worse. There was a terrible panic in Patriot Hall to-night, and I got caught in the rush for the doors.

"Horrors! Did a fire break out?"

"No; but just as the vast assemblage came to order, and the Chairman had announced that the meeting was in aid of the World's Fair, some crazy fool jumped up and began to pass around the hat."—*New York Weekly.*

It is better to have a turnup nose than a cabbage head.

THE BERTILLON SYSTEM.

HOW THE FRENCH IDENTIFY AND DETECT CRIMINALS.

The Plan Tested with Good Results in Chicago and Elsewhere—How the Measurements Are Taken—The Instruments Used.

DOWN at the Armory Police Station in Chicago there is a little room, the contents of which are of great interest to any individual who may be invited to enter it. A small, square table; a low, square foot-stool; an upright board, eight feet high, fastened to the wall, with a horizontally graduated scale marked upon it. About three feet to the right of this board another vertical strip of wood, and to the left about the same distance is what seems like a blackboard with an infinite number of fine lines crossing its surface in a vertical direction. In one corner stands a photographic camera, in another are two

cases, each containing a windlass, on which are arranged hundreds of cabinet photographs, while on the opposite wall is seen a large cabinet, which looks like a section of the postoffice, owing to an array of pigeon-holes all filled with cards. Hanging on the wall are a pair of large calipers, and what appears to be a large and small carpenter's square, each having a short sliding arm working at right angles to the longer arm of the square.

The casual visitor wonders what all this peculiar paraphernalia is used for, but the criminal who is compelled to submit to its operation realizes that the examination he there undergoes will stand as a perpetual menace to him, and will prove his entry into the criminal classes. It represents the famous Bertillon system for the identification of criminals, adopted by the French Government, and now used very extensively in Europe and in this country.

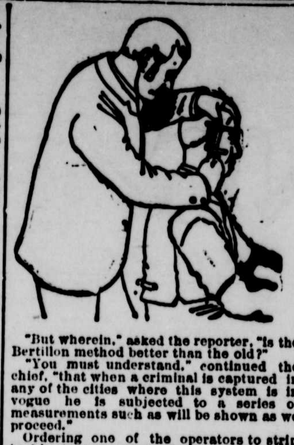
"One of the most difficult problems con-

fronting the police force of a large city like Chicago," said Chief Hubbard to an *Inter Ocean* reporter, "is the control of that class of men known as 'habitual criminals.' It is made up of men, women, and a large number of children, who are the product of inherited criminal tendencies through several generations, and on whom the ordinary methods are entirely thrown away. As a stream can never rise higher than its source, it is useless to expect that a man whose ancestors were criminals, and who was born into and has always lived a life of crime, can come to anything but a criminal end. Our State prisons were originally intended for reformatory as well as corrective institutions. Owing to the difficulty that has always existed of separating the older and more hardened criminals from those who have committed their first offense, perhaps through some momentary thoughtlessness or lapse from virtue, many a man who, if left to his own remorse and self-communing, would leave its walls resolved to regain and maintain his lost manhood, comes forth to be a menace to society and a continual expense to the State through association with the desperate characters that are so numerous there.

"If the police, on the arrest of an individual on suspicion, or for the commission of any crime, can know for a certainty whether that individual has ever before been guilty of any criminal proceeding, whether he has ever undergone sentence, where that sentence was served, his char-

acter as a prisoner, and whether, through his escape from jail or the officers of justice, there is an unexpired term of punishment that he should serve, they are fully prepared to treat him according to his just deserts and better enabled to protect society. With this knowledge in their possession there is no danger of their releasing a man whom they feel morally certain is a desperate character and guilty of many misdeeds, but whom they can not convict simply because they cannot prove his personal identity with the author of other crimes, and are therefore compelled to give him 'the benefit of the doubt.' By the method usually pursued by the police they were compelled to rely upon a photograph and verbal descriptions that more frequently served to confuse than to aid in their search.

"Formerly it was extremely difficult to detect a criminal by means of the descriptions we sent out. Those descriptions would give the height, apparent weight, color of his hair and eyes, and an attempt at a description of his features, accompanied by a photograph which might have been taken five or ten years previous to the commission of the crime. Within a month after we sought to secure him he might be arrested in San Francisco for a minor offense. In the meantime he has shaved his face, tanned his complexion, dyed his hair, and otherwise altered his appearance to the extent that is possible. He gives an alias, and when his photograph is taken and compared with the one we have sent the authorities there no resemblance can be traced. He serves a short sentence, at the expiration of which he is discharged, the officials not knowing that he is the individual for whom the whole police force of the country is on the qui vive."



"But wherein," asked the reporter, "is the Bertillon method better than the old?"

"You must understand," continued the chief, "that when a criminal is captured in any of the cities where this system is in vogue he is subjected to a series of measurements such as will be shown as we proceed."

Ordering one of the operators to strip to his trousers, two of the others, after

first taking a front and profile photograph of his face, proceeded to measure first his height, then the distance between the points of the middle fingers of the hands with the arms outstretched; the height of the trunk, the length and width of the head, the right ear, the left foot, the left middle finger, and the left forearm.

"You will see," said the operator, "that the instruments are so designed and the prisoner is compelled to assume such positions while the measurements are being taken that only the length of the bones is secured." "I should think," said the newspaper man, "that the man's natural growth and any muscular change due to a special line of physical work would render the measurements of no value after a year or two had elapsed." "It is a well-known fact," replied the chief, "that the bones of the body attain their full development at 22 years of age. At that time their length is determined for life. While measurements are frequently taken at a younger age, still we are not inclined to class such cases as professional criminals.

"This system is now in use in Boston, Philadelphia, Columbus, and Joliet, as in Chicago, and is rapidly commending itself for adoption to the authorities of other cities. As soon as the measurements of a criminal are taken in any one of these

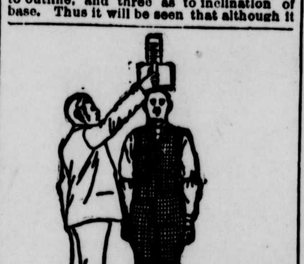
places, and a classified description made of all marks and scars upon his person, together with the pigmentation of his eyes and the contour and appearance of his nose, they are recorded on a card prepared for the purpose, which is then forwarded to the Bertillon Bureau at Chicago, where it is placed on record, the original entries still remaining at the local office. Should this be a first offense the criminal is entitled to what leniency the law allows, and when sent to prison, instead of being placed in a cell with an old and hardened criminal who would soon overcome what little moral sense he has remaining, he has for a cell companion one who, like himself, is in a repentant frame of mind and capable of reformation. In case the arrest should occur in Boston or Philadelphia, the chief of police would telegraph to Chicago, using a private code of words which stands for certain measurements, and which are sent in the order in which the measurements are taken.

"By this means the cost of a lengthy descriptive telegram is saved, as it all comes within the regulation ten words. On the receipt of this message at the Central Bureau the records are examined, all previous arrests, convictions, sentences, services and escapes noted and forwarded to the inquirer, placing the authorities in full

possession of all facts bearing upon that particular criminal.

"By the old method, when seeking information from Chicago concerning a criminal, a photograph was sent with a verbal description. This entailed a close and careful examination of something like 8,000 photographs, a process requiring a long time and only reaching a result which depended entirely upon the examiner's judgment and skill in physiognomy. It is right here that the efficacy of Bertillon's system is apparent. It will take but a minute to locate the record of any criminal who has previously been arrested within the jurisdiction of any police department using the system. It is done in this manner in the Bertillon Bureau, and the identification and record are found with no more difficulty than a word in the dictionary. Supposing that there are 10,000 photographs divided, according to the height of the body, into large, medium, and small. It is found in which division he belongs through that measurement, and we have disposed of 6,666 photographs. Taking the 3,333 remaining photos, they are again subdivided by three, according to the length of the outstretched arms, in the same manner, and it is found which of these classifications he belongs in, and we have 1,111 photos left. These are again subdivided by three by the height of the trunk, again by the length and width of the head, and so on through the remainder of the ten measurements until we are brought down to a particular number. Turning to a case in which the photos are arranged, 1,000 in each case, we find a front and side view of his face, and opposite his number; in a book, kept for the purpose, is his complete history, with a close and mathematical description of all marks, scars, or special features that would be purely personal and individual. The nose is classified into three divisions as to

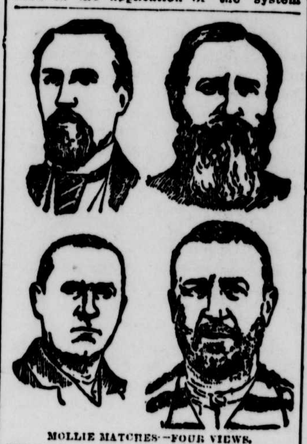
length, three as to protuberance, three as to outline, and three as to inclination of base. Thus it will be seen that although it



is barely possible that in the measurement of ten thousand criminals there may be two that correspond, yet the scars upon the body, thick or thin lips, the shape or twist of the nose, the inclination of the facial line, all of which are determined, not, as in the old method, by the eye, but with mathematical accuracy, from certain recognized and fixed points upon the front and back of the body, supplemented finally by the photograph, render the identification accurate and complete beyond a doubt.

"The metrical system of measurement has been adopted by all countries as it furnishes a basis for international use of the Bertillon method, and is much simpler than the use of feet and inches. To illustrate, in recording, telegraphing, or writing one meter, five centimeters, and three millimeters, we can write 1, 5, 3, and every one would understand that by the metrical system the last figure, '3' would mean millimeters and nothing else, but unless definitely expressed as three-quarters, three-eighths, three-sixteenths, or three thirty-seconds of an inch, it might be misunderstood for any one of these subdivisions, allowing three times as many opportunities for error. The non-universal use of the metrical system is no obstacle to internationalism. It is quite sufficient in countries where the meter system is not in use that the figures of the instruments should be regarded not as measurements of length, but as figure signs, indices of a particular sort. It is not the length in any fixed measure that is required, but the length; it is a figure of so much, figures that shall always represent the same quantity, wherever used."

Our illustrations show the instruments used in the application of the system



MOLLIE MATCHES—FOUR VIEWS.

and the manner of taking some of the measurements.

The reader can see by the four portraits of "Mollie Matches," about the most adroit criminal of his class in the country, the unreliability of the photograph. Who would recognize the dignified, intellectual individual with the professor-like beard in the smooth shaven tough, but they are one and the same person, photographed on the occasion of different arrests.

Cornfield Philosophy.

THE weather cannot possibly please every one. The plumber rejoices when the weather is freezing, while the ice dealer is joyous only in the hot summer time.

Greediness is sometimes its own reward, especially when the greedy small boy helps himself to a very large chew of his father's tobacco.

Instead of fighting, run away and you will live to fight another day, but the chances are that you will run faster the next time.

Dark shadows are cast by bright lights.

A mirror reflects what is in front of it, and is not to blame if the reflection is not pleasant to see.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; but this same logic will not apply to thorns. There is a wide difference between birds and thorns in this world.

A barking dog may not bite, but he will scare a tramp half to death.

A corn may be a better weather indicator than the almanac, and yet most folks would rather trust to "Old Probabilities."—*Chicago Ledger.*

Not Foreseen by Webster.

It was Daniel Webster who objected to the organization of a Territorial government for Oregon, because it was "so far off that it could never be governed by the United States," and a delegate to Congress from there "could not reach Washington until a year after the expiration of his term."

What would the unprophetic Daniel say now if he could have witnessed the election in the Northwest Oct. 1, as one of the preliminary steps for four Territories to come into the circle of the States? The giants of a generation or two ago evidently had little idea what a development awaited the republic.—*Troy Times.*

A COMPANY has been organized in the South to pay Jeff Davis' debts. It might extend its operations so as to include other people without making them enemies for life.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Baby.

I see a tangle of silky rings,
Look—how the dancing sunlight flings
Bright little torches here and there—
Bless my heart! 'tis the baby's hair.

Two little twinkling stars I see
Roguishly peeping out at me,
Fresh as the morning, blue as the skies,
Would you believe! they are baby's eyes.

Two little roses blooming there,
None in the garden half so fair,
Little ones, can you guess—who speaks
To say they are baby's dimpled cheeks?

Two little mischievous, meddling things,
Quick as a butterfly's restless wings—
Pulling—snatching—every one stands
In wholesome awe of the baby's hands.

Working away at the tiny boot;
Jerking the sock from the dainty foot—
Ten little pigs in two little rows—
Don't you tell—they are baby's toes.

Only a bundle of ruffles white
Tied around with a ribbon tight;
Laughing, crying, troublesome elf,
Baby's boniest, sweetest—self.
—*Youth's Companion.*

Frolics by the Fireside.

Invariably, children wish for a frolic just before bedtime, and they ought to have it. They go to bed happier and sleep the better for it. Something all can join in is best, writes Mrs. A. G. Lewis in the *Youth's Companion*, since father and mother should never grow too old, nor allow themselves to become too busy to join the children in the evening games.

Handkerchief bear is a merry game. The "bear" takes the middle of the room. His cage may be a certain spot or figure in the carpet or rug. He must stay in his cage at all events. His business is to catch the children by the handkerchiefs, which are tied securely to their hands by fastening one corner about the wrist. The children approach the cage cautiously, throwing out their handkerchiefs temptingly to bruin, yet, if possible, just beyond his reach. In case he, in his eagerness, slips beyond the prescribed limits of the cage, he is condemned to catch two or more, as his offense requires, before he can be released. When bruin succeeds in catching a child, he roars wildly, and affects to devour his prey. The prey becomes bruin in turn.

Another quite similar in type, is the rollicking game of "Ragged Tom." Papa, for instance, goes out of the room and rigs up in some odd costume; then, with cane or umbrella or shepherd's staff in hand, he knocks loudly at the door. The following dialogue ensues:

Children—Who's there?
Papa—Old Ragged Tom.
Children—What are you after?
Papa—Sheep.
Children—What kind do you want?
Papa—Fat ones, and I'm after them now.

"Ragged Tom" bursts through the door. The children scatter in every direction, with "Ragged Tom" pursuing. The first sheep caught must, in turn, be "Tom," or he, "Tom," must catch all, sending them off to bed in the order of their capture. This is also a merry game for the playground.

Another still is Feeding Jocko. "Jocko" is supposed to be a very capricious monkey, who may be conciliated with lumps of sugar and soft words. Yet his good-nature is hardly to be depended upon. His cage is made out of four wooden chairs, so set as to form a hollow square. Through the chair rounds "Jocko" must be fed. The frolic consists in the feeding. One says: "Dear, good Jocko, here's a lump of sugar for you." The sugar is safely handed through the bars, which "Jocko" receives with expressions of delight, after the fashion of monkeys.

Another says, "Nice Jocko, will you have this delicious nut?" Another, "Have a bite of my candy?" The candy is withdrawn before "Jocko" can taste it. He begins to growl. The children continue to tease him, and play all sorts of pranks to vex him. They offer him sweets when his back is turned. At last some unwary hand is caught. The one caught is obliged to give up his store of sweets to "Jocko" and take the monkey's place. This game is immensely funny when some boy of the company imitates well the antics of a chimpanzee.

Spinning Jack is suited to young people who understand something of arithmetic, of division, multiples, etc. Suppose there are seventeen players. Each player is numbered (from 1 to 16), and must be sure to remember his or her number. The seventeenth is "Jack." He stands in the center of the room as spinner.

Those numbered 1, 3, 5, 7, etc., are called odds; 2, 4, 6, 8, etc., even; 3, 6, 9, etc., threes; 5, 10, 15, fives, and 8 and 16, eights. The spinner whirls a cover of wood or tin, saying: "I spin Jack for odds." All odds rush to secure the cover before it drops. The odd who secures "Jack" announces his own number, which the former spinner takes and retains for the present. "I spin Jack for threes," whoever secures it calls his own number, which the retiring spinner assumes, then calls out immediately: "I spin Jack for even," or, "odds and evens change numbers, I spin Jack for evens." In the latter case the odds and evens change numbers, thus: The odds take the numbers next higher than the original ones, and the evens the next number lower; meanwhile, they who have been spinners must keep clearly in mind whether they belong to odds or evens, and to what set of multiples each belong.

"I spin Jack for all," gives to each player his original number, and calls the first spinner of all to his place to claim the cover. Multiples may be called to change in rapid succession. There need be no confusion if each player is attentive to his duty. Yet the game demands a deal of both physical and mental alertness. Forfeits may be required of those who fail.

Got Used to It.

"Can I use your telephone a minute?" she asked, as she ran into a neighbor's on Second avenue with a shawl over her head.

"Oh, certainly."

"I am going to give a party next week, and I want to invite a few friends."

"Yes?"

"It is to be a very select party."

"Yes?"

"Only my friends."

"Yes?"

"And, therefore, you—you won't be——!"

"Angry if I am not invited, nor won't consider it cheeky if you use my telephone to invite others? Oh, no. Anyone who keeps a telephone in the house for use of the neighborhood soon gets used to anything. Why, a man came in here the other day and used the line to call my husband up from town and dun him for a bill! Go ahead and call up the sub-office."—*Detroit Free Press.*