Sunshine for the Little People.

John Ruskin, In What Is Possibly, Because of Its True Poetic Spirit, the Most Exquisite of All His Lectures, Compares the Little Children to Human Flowers, and Carrying the Figure on to Its Extremest Possibility of Significance, Calls Upon the Women of England to See to It That These Tender Plants Do Not Suffer for That Care Upon Which Their Fragile Lives Are So Dependent. It Is Assuredly a Strong and Beautiful Figure Which Compares These Rosy Scraps of Immortality to Flowers Yet in Bud, the Perfection of Whose Radiant Bloom the Years Must Foster and External Influence Affect. And Among Other of Its Truest Suggestions to Me Is This: Neither in the Evolution of Bud to Blossom, nor of Childhood to Maturity, Is the Greatest Beauty, Most Perfect Sweetness and Hardiest Strength, Attainable Without the Light.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

A COMPLETE AND ENTERTAINING STORY FOR THEM.

Something About Prince George—How a Spool of Thread is Made—Notes on Cats—The Puzzle Column.

AN APRIL FOOL.

I heard a story yesterday about an
April Fool:
Miss Goodenough was telling it to all the
girls at school.
We cried and laughed, and cried again
With faces in our books;
And then we laughed when it was done
To see each other's looks.

It happened just a year ago—
"On April Fool's day?" Yes—
A joke that gave to sorrowing hearts
Unlooked-for blessedness.
Old Papa Mason and his wife,
"Town's poor" since early fall,
Had lost their children, lost their farm,
Lost hope, lost health, lost all.

A half a dozen foolish boys
Planned fun for All Fool's day:
The poor-house folks should have a feast
Of pebbles, sand and clay,
All neatly tied in packages.
A sweet girl sat apart,
And while they talked a generous thought
Came pleading to her heart.

She let it in; it grew and grew;
"Poor Mason and his wife!"
The neighbors heard. "True, honest folk,
And what a dreary life.
A little money here and there
From you, and you, and you,
Would buy their cottage back again
And set them up anew."

The scheme once started, all were found
To have a willing mind;
And when one sheep o'erleaps a wall
The rest are close behind.
The cottage bought, the furnishing
Was added mite by mite;
The home was ready when rude March
Went blustering out of sight.

And little Clara Warrington—
(She was the darling "fool";
And ever after was the pet
And angel of the school)—
Begged the town's poor to go to walk,
Pretending it was play;
And then was shown the blessed joke
Prepared for All Fool's Day.
—Advance.

THE ROKEYS' GINGER JAR.

Once upon a time I went to stay at the Rokey place, and I shall never forget it; no, not if I live to be as old as the Ginger Jar. Indeed, if I could pass through as many interesting experiences as did that heirloom, I would be almost willing to share its antiquity. Even now, the very name of Rokey brings with it a thrill which shows it to be linked with delicious memories. Just as the scent of dried rose leaves can impress one that they must have bloomed upon a day more beautiful and mysterious than any of our days, so, when I think of my childhood, the time spent at the Rokey place looks right up first as the most delightful of all.

There is only a little bit of it to be chronicled here; but even that, I am sure, will centre in one magic spot—the chimney corner, where stood the Ginger Jar.

Of course, the great hall really came first. It had a wide stairway which stopped short when least expected, and then started off again. There was a tall moon-faced clock on the first landing, which struck so slowly and solemnly that 'Lizabeth and I would run and sit on the steps to see who could count the most between each stroke, until Hagar came to drive us off, with the assurance that we would catch our "def o' dampness on dem col' stars!" We never thought of disobeying. Indeed, I firmly believed then, and perhaps do now, that dark-skinned Hagar, in her white turban, governed the whole Rokey establishment. I looked upon her with awe, and was too much amazed to speak the first time I heard 'Lizabeth say, "Here, Hagar, fasten my shoes!" and saw Hagar immediately upon her knees with a smiling, "Yes, Missy!"

There was a big parlor that used to be the drawing-room. I had just a peep at it, for it was very cold and dark, and seemed a fitting abode for all the dead and gone Rokeys who stared down from their stiff frames upon the walls.

"There's no use keeping it warm all the time," said 'Lizabeth, as she softly closed the door. Why softly I did not know; but we stole away on tiptoe. "The every-day room is so cozy that we use it altogether in winter!"

And it is this delightful every-day room that fills my memory. I never associate it with daylight—not because it did not get any, for Miss Pink loved sunshine as well as did her namesakes in the garden plot—but because I see it as the little stranger girl saw it when she went for the first time to stop at an old-fashioned Southern country house. I shall never forget the sense of something-new-ness she felt on the threshold of that room. The first things to be seen were two tall silver candlesticks on either end of a high mantelshelf. The candles were not lighted, for logs were flaming and crackling on brass andirons in the fireplace, and the red light glanced here and there upon the low walls and great doors, and shone upon a round mahogany table that stood in the middle of the room. There was a gleam of glass from a tall sideboard; and in a corner where the shadow lay deepest there was an odd black cabinet, which, I discovered afterward, held the quaintest china—the very fattest and funniest little pitchers and cups! And queer dingy East Indian things, too, each one of them a first cousin to the Ginger Jar. There were carven, high-backed chairs against the walls, which made one look instinctively above them to the portrait of an ancient and tall-capped Dame Rokey, who sat so very stiff and straight that she surely must have had a little lacky to run around after her to pick up anything that she perchance might drop.

Beside the fire sat Miss Pink, with the light shining on her gray hair and muslin kerchief and busy needles. The Major, in a very tall collar, sat opposite, carving a piece of wood. Between them, they made room for 'Lizabeth and me. 'Lizabeth was their little niece with whom I went to school; and my father, then across the water, had given me permission to return with her and spend her birthday at the RokeyPlace. As I sat down on a spider-legged stool beside 'Lizabeth, I looked for the first time upon the Ginger Jar. It stood in the corner by the Major's elbow, a giant jar, the kind that perhaps neither you nor I will ever see, with ginger in it. It was of a grayish blue, and covered with indistinct figures like the ghostly impression of its own East Indian palm trees. There may have been seals, for bits of red hung from the waxed and knotted cords about its broad throat, picked off, doubtless, by generations of baby Rokeys.

While Miss Pink and the Major were discussing the probability of snow, I asked 'Lizabeth, in a low tone, if they kept their ginger in that jar. She looked very much surprised at this, and said: "Ginger? Why, no. I never saw any ginger in it! It's used for—well—for just anything, you know."

I did not know, but I soon learned. The Ginger Jar was an oracle. It held a bit of every secret in the Rokey establishment; and it was not long before I came to the conclusion that "Look in the Ginger jar" would have been far more appropriate on the family crest than the excellent motto about Honor, which the Major had carved above the fireplace. Before I could ask 'Lizabeth another question she said: "Tell about the Ginger Jar, Uncle Major; she wants to know if it has ginger in it."

Ginger!" exclaimed the Major, really so surprised that he stopped carving. "No, certainly not; why, no,indeed!"

"But now that I think of it, I reckon it's held a bit of everything else one could mention; pretty nearly everything else, my dear"

Miss Pink smiled down at me over her needles. I think she divined that I thought it a little strange that of everything else the one thing not associated with a ginger jar should be ginger"

"Tell her about it, Brother," she said.

The Major closed his knife and rested his hand on the top of the jar. "Young lady," he said, gravely turning to me, "this is the oldest surviving member of our family."

I must have looked as much impressed as I felt, for he smiled and bent his blue eyes kindly upon me.

"Would you like to hear about it?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, if you please, I would, very much!" I answered.

He arose suddenly and took a long-stemmed pipe from the mantelshelf.

"I must smoke, then," he said. "Where's my tobacco?"

"Look in the ginger jar," suggested Miss Pink; but he had already raised the lid and was drawing out a little bag from which he replenished his pipe.

"Now, not too much smoke," said Miss Pink.

"No, just a few whiffs," replied the Major, as he replaced the lid of the jar. He leaned back and sent a little curl of blue smoke toward the ceiling. "Well," he said presently, "the story goes that there was once an old Rokey, or rather a respected ancestor, who lived in the East Indies, and who was indiscreet enough to run off with and marry a princess from under the royal nose of a very fierce old father, who renounced his daughter then and there. Well, a good while after this the princess died, leaving one child, a little boy. A faithful ayah brought word to the ancestor that the King had heard of the birth of this child and was determined to possess it; probably to kill it as punishment to the Englishman who had dared incur his royal wrath, or possibly because there was no other heir direct to the throne."

"Excuse me, Brother," interposed Miss Pink; "will you hand me that ball of blue yarn out of the jar?"

"Certainly," said the Major. When this was done, he resumed: "Whereupon the ancestor and the ayah concocted a plan to save the child. It was impossible that he should leave the country with it undetected, so they devised this plan: The ayah discovered just when the King intended demanding the child, and procuring the body of a little Indian baby which died the same day, left it with the ancestor and took the King's little grandson, and giving him some harmless stuff to make him sleep, put him in a great jar, the sort used by the natives for packing sweetmeats. It had holes in the top"—the Major held up the lid of the Ginger Jar—"and the ayah carried it upon his shoulder to the water's edge, where they shipped such things; but no one could persuade him to part with his jar of ginger. Instead, he got in a boat and carried the jar himself away down the river, where he took it to a place of safety until the ancestor could communicate with him. Of course, the ancestor did not dare leave the kingdom in company with the nurse and child, so when he managed to get away the ayah, and his great jar of ginger, he went at the same time; and it is said that the baby became fond of his peculiar quarters, and made the greater part of the voyage to England in his ginger jar, from which he never parted. Can you not imagine his bright, black eyes peering over the top? He was the first Rokey to settle in America."

"And this is the jar!" I exclaimed.

"Well," said the Major, "so the story goes."

"Now, Brother, you know he did bring it over with him," said Miss Pink; "and the things in the cabinet, too!"

"Oh, of course—of course, my dear," agreed the Major, very gravely; "and I've no doubt that the ayah put a spell upon the jar, so that it shouldn't get broken!"

"Maybe so," said 'Lizabeth, with her chin in her chubby hands; "for it's been through 'nough in our family to break a hundred jars, hasn't it, Uncle Major?"

"It has, indeed," he replied, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "We are told that it held a most treasonable paper in 'seventy-six."

"And you know, Brother, it was buried with all Grandmother's silver in it, the time the place was ransacked," said Miss Pink.

"And I am sure it was used for a post-office more than once, by a young lady of my acquaintance," pursued the Major, soberly, while Miss Pink laughed.

"And Hagar used to stand me in it when I was naughty," said 'Lizabeth; "but that was a very long time ago!"

Here the great clock struck and a white turbaned head appeared at the door.

"Ef dem chillun don't come 'long to baid dey won't be up 'n time fo' brekfus!" said Hagar's voice.

The major arose and put up his pipe and stood with his back to the fire.

"Come here and kiss me good-night," he said, catching 'Lizabeth by the curls.

"Oh, will you tell me one thing, please?" I asked as he took hold of my hand; "why do you really think it has never been broken?"

He let 'Lizabeth go, and stooped to give the great jar a "clink" with his finger. "Because it is made of good stuff," he said, smiling; and putting his hand under my chin, he added: "Remember, little lady, in everything it is the good stuff which endures!"

The major bent his kind head and bade us each good-night. "Be up in time to see me off with my gun and dogs," he said; "and when you come down, be sure and look in the ginger jar."

"Of course," said 'Lizabeth promptly.

Miss Pink promised to give us her good-night kiss later; and, after 'Lizabeth had hunted for her kitten's blue ribon and found it in the jar, we went up the broad stairway, Hagar following with a candle. Its light wavered here and there upon a sword crossed upon a spear upon the wall, and upon a huge antler's head which stared fiercely down at us. Once she went back, and I heard her say, with her head in the door of the every-day room: "Marse Will, ef you lookin' fo' y' udder specs deys in de jar yander!"

I remember, as in a dream, the great room, the logs crackling in the fireplaces, and the high, curtained bed, so very high that Hagar had to lift us up and drop us in, where we nestled like birds in a tree-top.

"Lizabeth," I whispered, when we were alone with the firelight, don't you get any birthday gifts?"

"Why yes," she replied. "I'll just look in the ginger jar."

"Oh, that was what he meant, then!" I said much relieved.

"We use it for a birthday basket—or—a—Christmas—stocking"—murmured 'Lizabeth, sleepily.

Then Miss Pink tiptoed in and kissed us, and tiptoed out again. Somewhere, far away a bell rang over the hills, and I remember whispering with my last waking thoughts. Oh, 'Lizabeth, I wish I was descended from a ginger jar!"

Baltimore, Md.

Easter Morning.

(Written by a little girl eleven years old.)

The sun has come with warmth and light,
From his star-home in the skies;
The fairies have dressed the flowers bright
And the sun has wiped their eyes.
All of them look fresh and fair;
In their hearts there is no care—
All of them look fresh and fair!

Don't you see that all are smiling now?
Not quite; if you look in the corner
You'll see a neglected one knitting her
brow,
Because there is none to adorn her.
There's the geranium in crimson dress,
And look at the Lily Bell sitting at rest;
But the rosebush is bare, with a thorn in
her breast.

But see! there's the Easter Lily coming
along!
Every one rushes and makes a great
throng
To see the Lily, fair and strong,
And greet her on this Easter morn.

Now the greetings are over and the flowers are gone,
I would like to say something of Easter
morn:
It was long, long ago that our Savior
lived here
And loved us and entered the grave dark
and drear;

And now we keep Easter because it is
said
That on that very morning Christ arose
from the dead.
So, when this bright day comes around
with each year,
We think of our Savior and hold his name
dear.
—Mattie Cobb Howard.

Only a Spool of Thread.

"To make a spool of thread," says a manufacturer, "is a complicated process. Only the very best Sea Island cotton can be used for this purpose. The cotton is taken in a raw state and torn all to pieces by a machine called a 'breaker.'

"It then goes through several other machines, by which it is carefully combed and freed from impurities. A machine called a 'slubber' then takes it up and twists it out into soft white yarn.

"This is carefully combed again, and it is then taken into another department, where several small strands of this yarn are twisted together, and you then have six-cord thread, which, after it is bleached, is ready for the market.

"Another interesting thing is the numbering of the thread. Every lady knows the size of the thread that she requires for doing a certain piece of work, but very few of them know how it came to be so numbered.

"You see, when cotton thread was first made 840 yards of it weighed just one pound. This was called No. 1, and if a pound contained just twice this number of yards it was called No. 2, and so on."

WELL DONE.

A Little Story of the Young Prince George.

One of the closest friends of the Duke of York—now heir to the English crown—told this anecdote of him the other day: While Prince George was serving on the West Indian squadron he was put in command of the steamship Thrush. The following day a sailor in irons was brought on board the vessel to be transported to another part of the station. The prisoner was but a lad of the same age as the young commander, and there was something in his face and bearing, reckless though he was, which showed that he was not wholly bad.

Prince George watched him keenly during the short voyage, and after he had delivered him up for punishment made a note of the time when his imprisonment would be over. When the day came he applied to the admiral to have the man transferred to the Thrush.

The admiral remonstrated, urging that it was not the prisoner's first offense; that he had been drunken and disorderly for two years.

"Let me try what I can do," said the Prince.

The admiral reluctantly consented, and when the prisoner came on board the Thrush he was brought before the young captain.

When they were alone together the boy whom fortune had made a prince said to the boy whom she had made an outcast:

"You have been transferred to my ship. I believe there is some good in you, and I wish to give you a chance for your life. You are given a clean sheet for your record. The first-class men go ashore to-day on special leave. Go with them. You have had no leave for a year. I exact no promise of good behavior from you, and trust wholly to your honor. I hope you will not disappoint me. Here is a sovereign. You know what you ought to do and ought not to do as well as I know, and if you offend again you must go back to the class from which I now remove you. Your future is in your own hands."

The man proved worthy of the trust. He has been so honest and efficient a sailor that he is now promoted to the rank of petty officer. Should Prince George ever become George V., he will probably have no more faithful subject than the man whom he saved from moral ruin.

The little incident gives the hope that he may become the father as well as the ruler of his people.

Molly's Wish.

My dolly's always very well,
Because she eats no pies;
And since she never reads at all,
She does not strain her eyes.

And since she never says a word,
She never tells a fib;
And nobody can tickle her
Because she has no rib.

And that is why I sometimes wish
That, 'stead of being Molly,
I'd had the fortune great to be
My dear old baby Dolly.
—Carlyle Smith.

TOM AND TABBY.

Some Interesting Information About Cats.

They lay on the soft cushions of grandma's arm-chair before the fire, sound asleep these two—Master Tom and Mistress Tabby. What a beautiful domestic picture they presented. How glossy and innocent and idyllic they looked. Tom with his graceful limbs stretched apart in the most delightful independence, and Tabby a bunch of snowy white, softer than any velvet.

Before you begin to wonder too much I will tell you that Master Tom and Mistress Tabby are my favorite cats. Tom is a beautiful pure tortoise-shell, with the glossiest hide imaginable, marked with white, black and orange colors. Tabby is a fine, large Angora, with very long, silky hair of a silvery white color. "Tortoise Shell Tom" and "Silver Tabby" grandma calls them; "Beauties" everybody else; while we usually designate them as Master Tom and Mistress Tabby.

Tom and Tabby are very gentle, very sweet and very delicate. No one seeing them in their cosy nap upon grandma's cushion or when they make their toilet with the graceful sedateness of a Beau Brummel or a Madame de Pompadour would ever imagine that these pampered, docile pets possessed any crafty instincts or murderous proclivities. We do not wish to hurt Tom's or Tabby's feleings, but as they can't possibly read what is said about them, we will glance briefly at their antecedents and connections.

The easy, graceful moving animal, so light and noiseless in its tread and with so seductive grace, to whom the name cat is applied, belongs to a bad family. You would hardly think it, but the soft, gentle, purring puss of our firesides is the representative of the most predaceous race among quadrupeds. She is cousin-german to the lion, the tiger, the panther, the jaguar and all of those fierce flesh-eating animals of the jungle. They are all carnivorous, the only difference being that while these larger felidae feed on deer, horses, buffaloes and sometimes on man himself, Tabby and Tom are satisfied if they can get a plump bird or a fat mouse.

Did you ever watch Tom or Tabby when they are after their prey? Neither of them then denies their descent from the terrible wild-cat of the woods. Look at Tom now as he sees that bird. How his back arches till every hair seems to stand on end; how his tail beats the air; how his sharp talons come forth from their downy sheaths, till he looks as fierce as the royal Bengal tiger that you saw in the museum. In spite of his apparent gentleness and coyness Tom is a real beast of prey. He kills, and loves to kill as the lion does; he is, after all, only a domesticated tiger.

Perhaps Tom and Tabby would be better pleased to learn the honored place they hold in history. They are the only members of the cat family that have been generally used in the economy of home. The leopard and the cheetah, distant cousins, have been trained oftentimes to assist in hunting, and the whole genus appears to be susceptible to humanizing influences, but Tom and Tabby are the only felidae that have succumbed wholly to the restraints of domestic life. Whether Adam and Eve made pets of them in Eden we know not; but, like the domestic dog, they have been the companions of man from the earliest period of history. Singular enough, the Bible does not speak of them, but we may be sure there was a pair of them in the ark, and that they observed a sacred truce with the mice in that earliest of recorded voyages.

Cats were favorites in old Egypt, where they must have been of immense service in protecting the huge granaries from the inroads of the small but dangerous marauders. Accordingly pussy was revered in common with the ibis and the ichneumon for her utility as a mouse killer. She was often embalmed, and the preserved remains of many an ancient tabby have been found in the catacombs. On the monuments she is pictured beside kingly warriors and priestly hierophants as an honored guest. She sits gravely between the feet of King Rameses and purrs complacently in the arms of Queen Amenhet.

In the priestly city of Bubastes the cat was held sacred, and to kill one was regarded as a capital crime. That was Tom and Tabby's golden age. Temples and hospitals were erected for them, and they had their priests and their physicians. They were feasted and petted and pampered during life and gorgeously mummified and entombed after death. When a cat died the whole neighborhood went into mourning, and the afflicted family showed their grief by shaving their eyebrows.

Tom and Tabby have never had so good a time since those golden days under the Egyptian Pharaohs. The old Greeks tolerated them, but did not honor them, and the old Romans ill-used them. From deities they became drudges, and the once sacred life was considered valuable only in preserving the pantries from mice. Darker grew the days for pussy, till during the Middle Ages it became fashionable to persecute her. Neither Tom nor Tabby that we know of, ever did anything to warrant the persecutions made against them, but some of the crazy old monks began to picture the Evil One in the shape of a cat.

Straightway the idea grew to be popular, and for many a long century our innocent feline was connected with ideas of superstition and sorcery. She was the reputed attendant upon witches, who were believed sometimes to even take her shape when on their mysterious expeditions. Black cats, in particular, were regarded with aversion, and the whole race was tormented and persecuted by the ignorant and credulous. A great auto-da-fe of cats took place once a year in France on St. John's Day and vast numbers were destroyed in that way. A pleasant memory is that of Louis XIII., who, when a child, educated his father to save his feline pets from this cruel martyrdom. In Flanders they threw them from towers and church steeples instead of burning them.

Besides enduring a sort of religious persecution, Master Tom had to suffer from man's meanness and cruelty in other ways. Holidays were enlivened by his frantic squalls, and his torments formed a part of the pageantry of royal courts. When Philip II. of Spain made his solemn entry into Brussels in 1549, the inhabitants contrived, among other things, to amuse the monarch with what seemed like a large organ, with a bear to play it. This instrument differed materially from those in common use. Inside were confined twenty cats, whose tails were tied up to meet the keys of the organ. When they wanted a tune played they would stir up bruin; he would smite the keys, the keys would pull the tails, and the Toms and Tabbys would cry piteously, while monkeys merrily danced to the sad music. The king could not refrain from laughing, and grave historians say that it was the only time he laughed heartily in his life. Similar cat-concerts have occurred repeatedly since Philip's day.

In our age cats have been relieved of all wanton or puerile persecutions. They are regarded as neither deities, drudges nor witches, but are considered useful helpmates of the housewife and a domestic ornament to the hearth-rug. They are pampered and fed on panada by the delicate hands of beauty; their pedigrees, their figures, their color have become questions that society is interested in, and feline competitive examinations, revived from the old Nile days, give to Master Tom and Mistress Tabby an importance that they could hardly have expected after ages of oppression.

Some particular breeds have obtained celebrity. The Angora cats are very large and gentle. The best mousers are probably the Maltese, which are of a mouse color. The Persians have the longest hair.

Old Easter Customs.

In many parts of Ireland and England, in olden days, the belief obtained that on Easter morning the sun danced in honor of the Resurrection. On the evening of Holy Saturday great preparations were made for the finishing of Lent; many a fat hen and dainty piece of bacon were put in the pot by the cotter's wife, and woe to the person who should taste it before the stroke of twelve; but at that hour would be heard the clapping of hands and cries of "out with the Lent." All would be feasting and merriment for a few hours, when the good people would retire, to rise about 4 o'clock, in order to see the sun dance. This custom was not confined to the humble laborer and his family, but was observed by the educated and wealthy people as well. An allusion to this superstition occurs in an old ballad, which says:

"But, Dick, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight."

An old custom which prevailed in England was termed lifting or heaving; on Easter Sundey the women would form into parties of six or eight, and woe to the luckless man whom they espied, as he was pursued, and, when captured, placed in a chair; the group would then gather about him and lift or heave the chair three times, after which he was set upon and kissed by each lass and compelled to pay sixpence for leave and license to depart. A manuscript preserved in the Tower of London contains a record of a payment to certain ladies and maids of honor for lifting King Edward I. in his bed at Easter. The usage is a vulgar commemoration of the Resurrection.

The custom of boiling eggs in coloring matter and then trying conclusions with an antagonist is an old English observance. Each antagonist would hold an egg in his hand, and at a given signal the ends would be brought together with a sharp blow, which would be sure to break one of the eggs, while the successful egg would be invested with the title of "a cock of one, two, three," etc., according to the number of victories it had obtained.

In Birmingham formerly crowds of people were used to assemble to see the children clip the churches. This ceremony was performed by the children of the different charity schools, who, at a certain hour, flocked together for the purpose. The first comers placed themselves hand in hand with their backs against the church, and were joined by their companions, who gradually increased in number, till at last the chain completely surrounded the sacred edifice. As soon as the hands of the last of the train had grasped that of the first, they dispersed.

It was an old custom in England to break the Lenten fast by eating a gammon of bacon on Easter Sunday, and thus show the abhorrence in which the Jews were held on this festival day.

A custom obtained in many parts of England in which, as soon as the service of the church was over, the boys ran about and laid hold of every woman or girl they could meet on the street and accosted them with "pay for your shoes, if you please," at the same time stopping to take them off, which, if they were not paid, they would do and would carry the shoes off, leaving the hapless female in her stocking feet.

In the year 1100, at Biddenden, in Kent, tradition says, were born two women, Elizabeth and Mary Chulkhurst, "who were joined together by the hips and shoulders, and who lived in that state thirty-four years." It is said that at their death they bequeathed to the parish of Biddenden, forever, certain parcels of land, the income from which was to be expended each year in making cakes bearing the print of the two maidens, which were to be thrown from the church steeple to be scrambled for by the poor children of the parish.

At Twickenham two great cakes used to be divided in the church on Easter day among the young people, while in the peak of Derbyshire a custom known as sugar-cupping obtained. The children used to repair on Easter morning to a spring called the "Dropping Tor," with a cup in one hand and a quarter of a pound of sugar in the other, and, having caught in their cups as much water as was desired from the dropping of the spring, they dissolved the sugar in it, and drank it.

In some provincial towns it was the custom to conduct a Jew to the church and publicly beat him in the face.

In Roman Catholic countries it was a very ancient custom for the preacher to divert his congregation with a humorous sermon, as during Lent the good people had mortified themselves and prayed so much, that they began to be rather discontented and ill-tempered, so that the clergy deemed it necessary to make a little fun from the pulpit for them, and thus give, as it were, the first impulse toward the revival of mirth and cheerfulness.—Edward Effingham.

The Plain Spoken Girl.

When you hear a girl say "I always say what I think; I am very plain spoken," you know that girl does not mind hurting any one's feelings. When she makes that remark she feels that she has given herself a license to say what she pleases, and you must look out for her. No one gives it to her; she takes it. She forgets the Apostle's injunction "Be courteous," and says often the very rudest, uncalled-for things. Some of the girls seem to take pride in doing so. They think it betokens originality and independence. Really it only betokens, I think, an unkind and jealous spirit. The words seem to come from a bitter heart, who would see no good in anything or any one, for a plain spoken girl never says kind things. They are always unkind. The girl who "says what she thinks" never seems to think kind things, or, if she does, she fails to say what she thinks that time.

Did you ever notice this? Suppose you have a new hat. If the plain-spoken girl does not like it, she will tell you it is not pretty. If, however, it is so undeniably beautiful that try her best she cannot find any fault with it, she will make no remark whatever. She is never plain spoken enough to tell you it is pretty. If you play or sing, the girl who "says what she thinks" points out to you some flaw in your performance. She never thinks of telling you that you did well.

I have seen this so much that I have come to the conclusion that the plain spoken girl is nothing more nor less than a faultfinder. It is not witty or independent or original, and I would advise all girls who want to be loved to avoid that style of plain speaking. Plain speakers, so-called, rarely have many friends. It is rude, and always hurts some one's feelings. It is neither being a lady nor a Christian.

It does a great deal of harm, too. It is discouraging, and a discouraged person is always likely to be a failure. It takes a very brave spirit to pick up and battle on when some distressingly plain spoken or ill-natured person has too plainly pointed out faults. Maybe your comrade is just smarting under the very failure you feel called upon to mention—we should all help each other, and if we cannot do it in any other way, we can by our kind words.

Every one needs encouragement. So, if you must be "plain spoken," tell your comrades when they have done well. Do not be envious; for it is envy that makes girls disagreeably plain spoken, and never praise. But "in honor preferring one another," be glad of every nice thing that comes to your companions. Every time they make a success tell them so. Yes, be plain spoken if you must; say what you think, but only think nice things. Say nice thinks when they are true. Isn't that more like being "kindly affectionate one to another?"

At Easter Tide.

List while the gladsome carols ring
At Easter tide,
And lilies of the valley bring
Fit for a bride;
In memory of our Lord and King,
The crucified,
List while sweet spirit voices sing
At Easter tide,

Christ offers all the sons of earth,
At Easter tide,
Immortal hope—of priceless worth,
And all beside;
And as the darkness disappears,
At break of day,
His promises supplant all fears
Along life's way.

On Easter day sweet blossoms bring,
A type sublime
Of Him whose glorious praise we'll sing
Throughout all time;
And while our years are on the wane,
Years full of strife,
Let us so live, that we may gain
The higher life.
—E. Clifford Wadsworth.

OUR PORTRAIT AND PRIZE PUZZLES.

These puzzles will appear weekly. Once a month we will publish at the head of this column a picture of the girl or boy sending to this office the greatest number of correct answers to the puzzles which have appeared during the month; or we will give to the winner any one of the books or articles previously mentioned in this column.

82—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 14, 9, 6, 11 is part of a stove.
My 7, 2, 16 is a body of water.
My 1, 4, 12, 11 is the first name of a French heroine.
My 5, 10, 4, 3, 6 was an Irish poet.
My 5, 8, 13, 15 is a kind of earth.
My whole was a martyr of Italy.

83—RHOMBOID.

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Across—1. A body of performers on instruments. 2. One of the parts of speech. 3. To be prolific. 4. A male deer.

Up and Down—1. A consonant. 2. An article. 3. A negative. 4. Assessments paid at regular intervals. 5. Sometimes used for catching fish. 6. A term for mother. 7. A consonant.

84—BURIED ANIMALS.

1. I have not tried it, but think it may be a very good remedy.
2. Greenbacks are at par, attend to that account.
3. At the cry for help I gave my assistance.
4. Is she Episcopalian or Methodist?
5. Are views of Lake Como used often in chromos?
6. I made Ernest apologize to Charles.
7. The children were not terrified at the storm.
8. A rabbi s noble could not have failed to do his duty.
9. Disease always brings anxiety and care.

85—AMPUTATED ACROSTIC.

—tin—
—ate—
—vat—
—ave—
—row—
—ill—

The initials form a word meaning to half burn. The finals a word meaning, has a particular direction.

Crosswords, (five letters).—1. To limit. 2. To provide food. 3. Of an oval figure. 4. A bird of prey. 5. A multitude. 6. Elevations.

86—OMNIBUS WORD.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

1, 5, 6, 5, in front; 2, 3, 4, dejected; 7, 5, 2, 1, myself; 3, 4, 5, indebtedness; 7, 4, 3, 6, 5, having taken an oath; 4, 3, 5, distress; 2, 3, 7, 5, to forfeit; 7, 5, 4, to stitch; 1, 3, 5, an enemy; 7, 5, 6, 1, a slave; 7, 2, 6, 5, an animal; 1, 3, 6, a proposition; 3, 4, 2, a bird; 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, to lessen; 2, 3, 6, 5, learning; 1, 3, 4, 2, a bird; 7, 3, 6, 5, an ulcer; 1, 2, 3, 4, to melt; 6, 5, 7, 3, 4, to plant again; 7, 2, 3, 4, inactive; 1, 5, 4, a small number; 7, 3, 4, an animal; 2, 5, 3, a constellation; 6, 3, 4, a rank; 7, 3, 2, 5, a fish; 6, 3, 7, 5, a flower; 4, 3, 6, 5, put on; 7, 3, 4, 5, 6, a farmer; 3, 6, 5, mineral.

87—WORD SQUARE.

As I walked in the woods the other day I came across a —— in a low bush. It was so ingeniously made that I spent much time looking at it. I don't think I —— saw so perfect a specimen. It had long since been deserted, for the leaves about its edge were yellow and ——.

"Foolish little things," I said, "why did you place it there, why not high up, out of reach, on some ——."

LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.

A New Competitor in the Puzzle Contest.

The Times.

Dear Boys and Girls:

You will find several interesting things in to-day's paper with regard to the different ways in which different people celebrate the great Easter season. I hope very much that you will read them, and should you have brothers and sisters younger than yourselves—wee little folks who cannot read what old Father Times writes for them—that you will, like nice children, read at least a portion of your page to them. Did you read the heading I wrote for you last Sunday, and see how it said that the stronger and older of us ought to be very kind and good to the weaker and younger? I hope you did, and that you will always read the heading. It is written especially for you, and if there is anything in it at any time which you find not just clear to you, write to me or come and see me, and I will explain it with pleasure.

Not having had time to devote to writing her a lengthy letter, Father Times takes this opportunity to welcome little Miss Mattie V. Morton, Clover Depot, Halifax county, Va., to the ranks of the Puzzle Competitors, and to publish her letter just below. I hope you enjoyed the beautiful Easter Sunday as thoroughly as I did, and that you had ever so much fun on Easter Monday.

Affectionately,
YOUR EDITOR.

Mattie Morton's Letter.

CLOVER DEPOT, VA., April 3, 1893.

Dear Editor:

I think I will try my hand at the puzzles this month. I think they are very interesting.

I will send on what I have made out. I hope they are right.

Very respectfully,
MATTIE V. MORTON.

MR. KLINKNER OF KLINKNERVILLE

The Death of an Irrepressible and Unique Resident of the Pacific Coast.

Charles A. Klinkner, the man of red rubber stamps and blue donkeys, died at his home at Golden Gate this afternoon, and the most unique advertiser on the coast has passed away. Klinkner was one of the shrewdest men on the coast and one of the most persistent and original advertisers that ever did business in San Francisco. His "red rubber stamps" had become a household word, though why red rubber should have been any better than blue rubber or green rubber Mr. Klinkner never explained.

But when Mr. Klinkner turned his advertising fancies loose he stopped at nothing. He was known to every pedestrian in San Francisco and Oakland by the little red cart in which he rode, drawn by a patient donkey that was dyed sometimes blue, sometimes green, and again polka-dotted in all colors of the rainbow.

When the prismatic donkey began to lose its attractiveness Mr. Klinkner added a second, and dyed them different colors. Then he gave each donkey a rider and chained a small red-coated monkey to the back of each. The little red cart, which Klinkner never hesitated to drive himself, became a veritable menagerie, and was filled with an assortment of animals of all kinds, so that whenever it came to a standstill there was always a crowd of small boys around it.

One of Mr. Klinkner's advertising schemes cost the nickel-in-the-slot machines any quantity of money and got the originator into serious trouble. About the time that these machines were first introduced on the coast—when candy, chocolate and chewing gum were sold in this way, and when you could get your weight, your height, and everything but your photograph from one of them—Mr. Klinkner began the manufacture of a lot of small lead and aluminum advertising coins. It was soon found that these coins, whether by accident or design, would work one of the nickel-in-the slot machines as well as the coin of the realm. So Klinkner's advertisements were in great demand, and the owners of these machines soon found, to their cost, that there was such a man as Klinkner.

One day when a candy machine was opened it was found that out of $2.85 worth of candy sold there was $2.65 worth of Klinkner's advertisements. Other machines were found in a like condition, and the United States authorities interfered, and the coining ceased.

Klinkner made a great deal of money at what is now the town of Golden Gate. Many years ago he purchased the land where the little town now stands. He bought the land when it could be had for a mere song, and then began to put it on the market. But there was little demand for lots "out in the country" in those days, and Klinkner had very poor success. Then he built a little house and tried to sell that, but that also failed. At last he hit upon a scheme, and he applied the raffle plan to his house. He sold tickets for a dollar each, and realized more than if he had sold the house outright. The winner was only too glad to reside in a house that cost him so little, and after Klinkner had sold several houses in that manner he had quite a little settlement, and that he called Klinknerville.

The settlement grew, but as it prospered there came some citizens who did not fancy the name of Klinknerville. It was not poetic enough, and so the town was divided against itself. When a post-office was established the fight waxed warm, but Klinkner carried the day, and it was named Klinknerville.

But here the red rubber stamp man made a mistake. He issued an advertising card that dealt with the personal appearance of Grover Cleveland and his family affairs. This was seized with avidity by those who wanted the name changed. Copies of the card were sent to the President, and almost before the postoffice had been established the name was changed to Golden Gate.

Then Klinkner put up a sign on every lot he owned, "This is Klinknerville." He strung immense signs across the main streets and placarded Oakland and the surrounding country with little signs telling the distance to "Klinknerville." The fight ended when the Southern Pacific Company changed the name of their station at Golden Gate, and this broke Klinkner's heart. But there are still many who know it only as Klinknerville.

Klinker was a familiar figure on the boats, and he carried for samples badges reading, "Poundmaster of Klinknerville" and "Chief of Police of Klinknerville," for he was mayor, city council, and the cook, the crew, and the captain bold of the little settlement.—San Francisco Examiner.

Quail Easily Tamed.

Peter Landin has been in the habit of throwing out feed near his house for a flock of quail during the winter. When the late storm commenced he put the feed under a box up against the house. The quail took shelter under the box, when Mr. Landin took them into his house, where they enjoyed the warmth to the full. One remained in the house for several days, refusing to go out and join the others till the storm was over. These quails are special pets of Mr. Landin, and woe be unto the person that molests them. He pets them so they will clean the thistles from his farm.—Port Stanley Graphis.

$100 Reward, $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer one hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
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