

## SCOTTISH CHILDREN'S GAMES

The Rosy Cheekit, Balmis at Their Favorite Sports.

## A RUGGED, BLITHESOME LOT O' WEANS

Neither Poverty Nor Tempest Can Baffle the Harum-Scarum Games of the Lads and the Lassies.

Glasgow, Sept. 28.—The little lads and lassies of Scotland are a rugged and merry lot. In no land in which I have wandered are children more self-entertaining in their play. I have often thought, too, that their games are the most perfect of any I have seen. I have often thought, too, that their games are the most perfect of any I have seen. I have often thought, too, that their games are the most perfect of any I have seen.

It is the same with the rugged, blithesome lot of weans. The little lads and lassies of Scotland are a rugged and merry lot. In no land in which I have wandered are children more self-entertaining in their play. I have often thought, too, that their games are the most perfect of any I have seen. I have often thought, too, that their games are the most perfect of any I have seen.

The children's folk-lore of Scotland is peculiarly rich in counting-out rhymes. These are called "titting out" and "chapping out." As with the counting-out rhymes of the children of all countries, the one "chapped out" is to be the disgraceful or distinguished part in whatever game may be proposed. In the most popular of these in Scotland, the first examples are chiefly in use in the west of Scotland.

Mr. Foster's a very good man,  
Sings the college now and then.  
When he's done he takes a dance  
Upon London, o'er to France;  
With a black beaver and a red snout,  
Stan' you you, for you are out!

Ferry, ferry, o'er the mill dam,  
Fill my pock, an' let me gang.  
Zeeny, meeny, flickety flick,  
Della, doll, ah-minick;  
Harrico, block, strong rock,  
Zanty, patty, on a rock—toosh!

Ease, ease;  
Mon's nose;  
Kail parritch,  
Pease brose.

Here is one in use by the children of the border shires:  
Yen-rie, twa-rie, tickery, seven;  
Alahna, crack, thabna, seven;  
Tin, dan, musky, dan;  
Teedledum, teedledum, twenty-one!

Among those peculiar to Edinburgh, Glasgow and the midland Scotch counties are:  
Tink, pink, papers, ink,  
Am, pam-push!

Queen, queen, Caroline,  
Dipped her hair in turpentine,  
Turpentine made it shine,  
Queen, queen, Caroline.

Lady, titty, tethery, methery,  
Bank for over, Dover, ding,  
Aunt, tant, touch;  
Up the Causey, down the Cross,  
There stands a bonny white horse;  
She gallop, it can trot,  
It can carry the mustard pot,  
One, two, three, and out goes shoe!

Aberdeen has a "chapping out" rhyme which is its French equivalent, carries with it suggestions of the admixture of French with the Scottish blood in this portion of Scotland, hundreds of years ago.

Eenereny, teenereny, tickety, fae,  
El, del, downum, abba;  
Erkie, Berkie, stole a roque,  
An tan—tost Joeck!  
Originally, no doubt, "tu est Jacques," transformed into the present "Scottish Joeck," who is the hero of the game.

To these should be added a few of the more characteristic counting-out rhymes common to all portions of Scotland:

Eenereny, teenereny, tickery, seven;  
I'll go Mary, ten, eleven;  
Pin, pan, musky, dan;  
Nineteen, twenty, twenty-one!

One-ery, two-ery, tickery, seven,  
Anarby, cinkery, ten, eleven,  
Pin, pan, musky, dan;  
Black fish, white trout—  
That means you are out  
Of this G-a-m-e.

One-ery, two-ery, tickery, ten,  
Bos of vinegar, gentlemen,  
Bos in the air, fish in the sea;  
Bonny we lassie singing to thee;  
One, two, three—out!

There are hosts of games in which the little folk of both sexes unite, in and out of doors, and which are particularly enjoyed in holiday time when their elders are occupied in more serious festivities. One of these is "Lubin Loo," and it is always productive of screaming merriment, owing to errors by players in obeying the leader's command. The children form in a ring, joining hands when they all sing:

Here we play Lubin Loo,  
Here we play Lubin Loo;  
A' of a Saturday night!  
The entire game consists in correctly following the sung injunctions, as—  
Now all your right hands in;  
Shake them a little, a little,  
And then whirl round about.

The quickness and dexterity of the little ones are often remarkable. The right foot is put through the left, then the left foot to the right and left ears; the nose, the chin, the eyes and finally the head.

"Oranges and lemons" is a good deal of a hurry-busy pastime. An elder boy and girl stand and grasp hands. One says, "I am an orange," and the other, "I am a lemon." They then proceed about the room and in whispers demand which side each of their

playmates has chosen, when the leaders again grasp hands and call for their respective adherents. These grasp their hands and each other about the waist, and a test of strength, accompanied by tremendous encouraging cheerings, is the result.

A jolly little game is "Hunting the Slipper." After a "hunter" is chosen the boys and girls sit or rather squat in a round ring with crooked knees, so that skirts and kilts will cover them. The "hunter" from the outside brings a slipper to any child in the ring, demanding, "Woen will ye ha' it din (done)?"

Any day may be mentioned by the recipient at which the "hunter" expresses satisfaction, and with a cheery "A' right!" turns away. The fun begins when the hunter returns and demands the slipper, but is met with "Oh, I passed it on!" until it is really discovered, which is never until the hunter has met with many engaging adventures, when the one in whose possession the slipper is found, in turn becomes the long-discomfited "hunter."

The "Mulberry Bush" affords infinite variety of change in its action and application. Boys and girls may "go round by it," but it is usually a pastime for girls. Joining hands they sing: Here we go round by the mulberry bush, Mulberry bush, mulberry bush; Here we go round by the mulberry bush in and out and frosty morning.

This is the way we comb our hair On a cold and frosty morning;— brushing the hair, brushing the teeth, walking to school, sitting at school, and countless other duties, pleasures and amusements of childhood being limited in action as "Mulberry Bush" is sung.

There are myriad girls' games nearly all of which, curiously enough, as in other English-speaking countries, seem to derive their greatest interest and fascination to little Scottish lassies from their nearness to the mock heroics in the courting, love and marriage affairs of their elders. The commonest of these is "Rise Sally Walker," in which Sally "rises" and "follows her guidman," is wedded, has lovely children "first a girl and then a boy" in which all of her wedded joys and sorrows are delineated.

The "Window," in which, in and out of the window, the interminable singing and marching a lassie evidently finally departs, and her lover is shriekingly enjoined to "follow her up to London," "My name is Queen Mary."

My age is sixteen,  
My father's a farmer  
On yonder green.  
He's plenty of money  
To dress me in a braw;  
There's nae bonnie laddie  
Can take me awa!

But there is a bonnie laddie who gives her "Ha, ha," and takes "her" "Breakfast time," as well as dinner, supper, bed, church, school, play, and all other possible times, in which it is exact and proper time "to catch a bonnie lassie." "Backs," which is either sent the first challenger begins another game in like manner; and the side having the fewest prisoners in the opposing forces' den, when the hated school-bells ring, with triumphant yells is declared the victor.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

to pass each other with the fewest possible being taken, for those so captured must then join the respective opposing sides.

In "French tip" the first boy runs after all the other boys until one is "tipped." The one taken must hold one hand on the exact part of the body which has been touched until he succeeds in "tipping" another. The chief point in this game is to always "tip" on a portion of the body difficult to hold while "tipping" another. This impedes the "tigger's" running, and enables the other boys to gather about closely and give him a royal tussling.

In "Too" the boy that is "chapped out" is put in a corner called the "den." All the others cavort about and tauntingly cry "Too!" when the boy springs from his den and endeavors to "tip" the others. Those taken assist him in his next sally from the den, when all others must if possible reach the den while the pursuers are outside, without being "tipped." The increasing number watching the den constantly add to the difficulties and dangers in their attempts to reach the den untaken.

"Cross-tig" may be played by a limited number of boys, and its simple though interesting rules render it often a most exciting game. The leader starts to run after another lad. A third boy runs between, and the leader must chase him. While this chase is going on a fourth boy (or it may be the lad first pursued) runs between. This one must then be run after; and so on, until one is "tipped" or taken, when the chase, by the latter, is again begun.

The chief game of this general nature for Scottish lads is "Base," or "Cavie." The challenger for either side, always selected by toss, goes to the base and shouts after the fashion of knights in the olden tourneys:

"I'll warn ye ance,  
I'll warn ye twice;  
I'll no stan' up  
T' warn ye thrice!"

The opposing side sends out a champion to "tip" the haughty challenger. If successful, the prisoner is sent to the den of the victor, where he must remain until one of his own side succeeds in forcing his way to the prisoner without being "tipped" or taken. If he must also remain, until attempt at rescue is made by another. Prisoners can only be rescued one at a time. If a rescue is made, the opposing side sends a footed runner after rescuer and prisoner.

Large blocks by a boy from the other side. The dangers and complications thus engendered are countless and most exciting. If it so happens that captures and reprisals are equal and the dens become empty, the opposing side is permitted to send the first challenger begins another game in like manner; and the side having the fewest prisoners in the opposing forces' den, when the hated school-bells ring, with triumphant yells is declared the victor.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S STORY.

He Tells How a Cunning Old Lawyer Was Beaten by His Own Tactics.

One evening at a convivial party Daniel Webster and other distinguished lawyers were present, and the conversation happened to turn on the legal profession. "When I was a young practitioner," said Mr. Webster, "there was but one man at the New Hampshire bar of whom I was afraid, and that was old Barnaby. There were few men who dared to enter the lists with him. On one occasion Barnaby was employed to defend the title to a piece of land, his opponent being a little man, cunning lawyer named Bruce. Bruce's case was looked upon as good as lost when it was known that Barnaby was opposed to him. The suit came on for trial, and Barnaby found that Bruce had worked hard and left no stone unturned to gain the victory. The testimony for the plaintiff was very strong, and unless it could be impeached the case for the defendant was lost. The principal witness introduced by the plaintiff wore a red coat. In summing up for the defence old Barnaby commenced a furious attack on this witness, pulling his testimony all to pieces, and appealing to the jury if a man who wore a red coat was, under any circumstances, to be believed. 'And who is this red-coated witness,' exclaimed Barnaby, 'but a descendant of our common enemy, who has striven to take from us our liberty and would not hesitate now to deprive any poor man of his land by making any sort of red-coated statement.'"

During this speech Bruce was walking up and down the bar greatly excited and convinced as he did the prejudice of the jury against anything British. While, however, Barnaby was leaning forward and gesticulating to the jury in his eloquent appeal his shirt bosom opened slightly, and Bruce accidentally discovered that Bruce wore a red undershirt. Bruce's countenance brightened up. Putting both his hands in his coat pockets, he walked to the bar with great confidence, to the astonishment of his client and all onlookers. Just as Barnaby commenced Bruce whispered in the ear of his client, "I've got him; your case is safe." Approaching the jury he commenced his reply to the slaughtering argument of his adversary. Bruce gave a regular history of the ancestry of his red-coated witness, proving his patriotism and devotion to the country and his character for truth and veracity. "But what gentlemen of the jury," broke forth Bruce, in a loud strain of eloquence, while his eyes flashed fire, "what are you to expect of a man who stands here to defend a cause based on no foundation of right or justice whatever; of a man who undertakes to destroy my testimony on the ground that he wears a red coat?—when, gentlemen of the jury—when Bruce made a spring, and catching Barnaby by the bosom of his shirt, tore it open, displaying his red flannel coat on a case for one?"

"The effect was electrical. Barnaby was beaten at his own game, and Bruce gained the case."

Belief in Six Hours—Distressing Kidney and bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and a delight to physicians on account of its exceeding promptness. It cures all cases of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves all cases of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. Sold by Langley & Co.

## INTERIOR INTELLIGENCE.

Weekly Grist of Important News From Inland Papers.

## MURDER in SALMON CITY SALOON

Stephen Hamlin Killed to Death by William O'Brien—The Murderer Escapes—Whiskey Drowns Two Half Breeds—An Old Man's Suicide.

(The Miner.)  
The Slocan boulder is to be broken up and shipped to San Francisco.

The Kootenay Hydraulic Company took out 72 ounces of gold, which represents fifteen days' pining.

The C.P.R. has made a rate on any ore which may be shipped from Nakusp to Tacoma of 87 per ton.

It is reported that a dumper is pending to transfer a portion of the New Denver townsite to those interested in the N. & S. railway.

The season on the Salmon river has been fairly successful. The coming spring will probably see more extensive working, as all have done well.

Mr. Fisher, the former manager of the Fred Lee, has gone to Tacoma. He has been engaged to manage a property for Tacoma capitalists.

The wagon road from Kaslo to New Denver has reached a point two miles west of the former town, and will be pushed through to New Denver without delay.

Work is going right along on the Le Roi, and forty tons of ore are awaiting transportation to the smelter. The shipment will be the first of a series which may amount in all to 500 or 1,000 tons before six months are past.

Adams, Brandon & Adams, who shipped 4 1/2 tons of ore from the Bon Ton to Tacoma, have received returns. The ore went 378 ounces of silver per ton and 45 per cent.

Late advice from the Slocan is to the effect that a half interest in the Blue Bird has been purchased by J. L. Montgomery for \$7,500. D. C. Corbin still retains his interest in the property. Mr. Norman, the street car man of Spokane, also holds an interest.

The news was received in town late on Thursday respecting a lucky strike on the Kootenay Bonanza. The strike was made about 150 feet below the old workings. The ledge was stripped for over 100 feet. Its width is estimated as 48 feet from wall to wall. The ore is grey copper, and is much richer than anything previously struck on the property.

Louis Hall of Hall's Landing committed suicide last week. He placed the muzzle of his rifle against his heart, and touching the trigger with his crutch ended his existence. Prior to committing the deed he wrote a letter to his brother and left it on the table in the cabin. No cause can be assigned for the deed, which is perhaps a temporary insanity, the effect of his lonely life and habits.

The report of a \$50 clean-up in a day made by "Virginia Bill" near Bridgeport is confirmed by L. A. Porter, north-western agent of the Fulcometer Pump Company, who returned from that country to Spokane this week. The fact is the \$50 was washed out in ten hours with a 300 gallon pump, and Mr. Porter's mission there was to put in a 2,000 gallon per minute pump, from which correspondingly favorable results are expected.

Mr. Stevenson, the lessee of the No. 1 mine at Ainsworth, has received the smelter returns on the last shipment of 40 tons, in four car load lots. The first car returned 888 ounces of silver and 7 per cent. lead; the second 168 1/5 ounces of silver and 1 per cent. lead; the third 219 6/10 ounces of silver and 4 1/2 per cent. lead; and the remaining car 106 1/2 ounces of silver and 2 3/10 per cent. lead.

This shipment was sent out last month to Tacoma, and is quite satisfactory.

Nelson Tribune.  
Four smelters are bidding for Slocan ore, the Great Falls, the San Francisco, the Tacoma and a Colorado smelter.

M. S. Dwyer is not enthusiastic about the prospects for hydraulic mining on Perry creek. It is understood that the company for whom he examined the property will not take hold.

Tom Treney has opened the Victoria hotel at Kaslo, and is already doing a fairly good business. The Victoria is a three-story building on Front street next to the Palace hotel.

The Spokane Miner Publishing Company incorporation papers have been filed. The capital stock is \$5,000, and the trustees are H. J. Cook, A. B. Kesteven, C. F. Lee, W. B. Wilcox and S. R. Stern.

The wagon road between Kaslo and Three Forks is reported in bad condition, notwithstanding that men are kept constantly at work repairing it. The "tote" road between Nakusp and Slocan lake is also in bad shape.

When in Nelson this week J. E. Boss said he would not ship a pound of ore from the Young Dominion until he had the advantage of railway transportation, and all onlookers. Just as Barnaby commenced Bruce whispered in the ear of his client, "I've got him; your case is safe." Approaching the jury he commenced his reply to the slaughtering argument of his adversary. Bruce gave a regular history of the ancestry of his red-coated witness, proving his patriotism and devotion to the country and his character for truth and veracity. "But what gentlemen of the jury," broke forth Bruce, in a loud strain of eloquence, while his eyes flashed fire, "what are you to expect of a man who stands here to defend a cause based on no foundation of right or justice whatever; of a man who undertakes to destroy my testimony on the ground that he wears a red coat?—when, gentlemen of the jury—when Bruce made a spring, and catching Barnaby by the bosom of his shirt, tore it open, displaying his red flannel coat on a case for one?"

"The effect was electrical. Barnaby was beaten at his own game, and Bruce gained the case."

Belief in Six Hours—Distressing Kidney and bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and a delight to physicians on account of its exceeding promptness. It cures all cases of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves all cases of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. Sold by Langley & Co.

Nakusp has a newspaper, the first number appearing on the 5th inst. It is named "The Ledge." If its contents are of the same character as the contents of the ledge in the immediate neighborhood of Nakusp, its owner, R. T. Low-

## PAIN KILLER

WILL QUICKLY CURE  
DIPHTHERIA, QUINSY, COLDS AND COUGHS

## SUBSTITUTES

Are often offered for standard goods. An article is well advertised; the consumer demands that article, and unscrupulous dealers substitute something else which they claim to be "as good as" the article demanded. When you are buying

Pails or Tubs,  
Washboards or  
Matches,

Ask for EDDY'S

And see that you get them.

The E. B. EDDY Co.,

Victoria Agents: HULL, CANADA,

JAMES MITCHELL, 100 Government St.

ery, will know what an Irish dividend is before many months elapse.

People who deal with the Bank of British Columbia have wondered for the last week or two why it was that the bank's accountant, Mr. John Stewart, carried about with him a smile that was as broad and genial when an Irishman showed up in the bank as when a Scotchman dropped in. On Tuesday, September 19th, at Vancouver, Mr. Stewart was married to Miss Elizabeth Durham Clark, eldest daughter of the late Rev. R. H. Clarke of Clones, Ireland. Hence the smiles.

Reports from Toad Mountain are encouraging in the extreme. When Mr. Harvey went up he set a few men to strip the croppings between the Silver King and the shaft on the Kootenay Bonanza, at a point about 400 feet from the old working on the Kootenay Bonanza. A little work laid bare as fine a showing as has been found on the mine. The lead at that point is 45 feet across, and it is thought that the showing on the Kootenay Bonanza continues for at least 400 feet with equal grade and width with what was at first uncovered.

William O'Brien, Charles Ross and Stephen Hamlin were playing a game of cards in Peter Larson's saloon in Salmon City, two miles from where the Nelson & Fort Sheppard railway crosses the north fork of the Salmon, West Kootenay, on September 20th. Hamlin had a large amount of money in his pocket. During the game he accused O'Brien of having stolen some of it. In the quarrel that followed O'Brien knocked down Hamlin and kicked him on the head, inflicting fatal injuries. O'Brien and Ross, and it is thought they are on the American side.

The enormous boulder of solid high-grade galena which was located last year in the Slocan by Jack Cocker, otherwise known as Black Jack, and sold by him to the D. Middleburgh for \$2,000 is to be broken up and shipped.

This boulder is calculated to contain 125 tons of ore, and at one time when it was thought that wind could move anything in the Slocan there was a scheme on foot to ship it in bulk to the World's Fair. Now the outside world will have to be content with photographs of this extraordinary phenomenon, for it will shortly be mined and shipped to the San Francisco smelter. Arrangements have been made to make a special shipment of it alone. A special train will transfer it to Vancouver from Revelstoke. At every stage of the proceedings it will be photographed and the photos used to advertise the company.

(Kaslo-Slocan Examiner.)  
G. O. Buchanan's saw mill is now running steady, after a season of comparative idleness.

The recent snowfall on the mountain tops is driving a number of prospectors to lower altitudes.

A small vein of fine looking galena was found last week only five miles up the Kaslo river from Kaslo.

Mr. Hazelton started this week with a splendid outfit to put in a winter working on his new find, which he thinks is immensely rich.

We understand that a protest will be pick it up. Another of the hats is in a little crypt beside Napoleon's tomb at the Invalides. This was worn on the 7th, 8th and 9th of February, 1807, at Eylau, and it is the identical one represented in the colossal picture of the battle by Gros, to be seen in the Louvre. During the peace which succeeded the battle Gros was commissioned to paint the picture, and in order that the figure of the emperor might be faithfully depicted the hat was given to the painter.

At the death of Gros, in 1835, it was found under a glass case upon a wooden stand, and it was sold by auction among the painter's effects for 2,047 francs 50 centimes to Dr. Delacroix, who presented it to Louis Philippe. The latter, after the famous Second Funeral of Napoleon, ordered it to be placed beside the remains with the emperor's crosses and the sword he wore at Austerlitz. Of the remaining hats, one belongs to Prince Victor Napoleon and another to the museum at Godes.

Careful inquiry has led to the discovery that there are no fewer than nine of Napoleon I's hats still in existence. A writer in the Vie Contemporaine gives a list of them. One is the possession of Mme. Claitre, whose grandfather, General Giraud, picked it up at Marengo. At a critical moment Napoleon started off at a gallop, and the wind blowing off his hat he did not stop to pick it up. Another of the hats is in a little crypt beside Napoleon's tomb at the Invalides. This was worn on the 7th, 8th and 9th of February, 1807, at Eylau, and it is the identical one represented in the colossal picture of the battle by Gros, to be seen in the Louvre. During the peace which succeeded the battle Gros was commissioned to paint the picture, and in order that the figure of the emperor might be faithfully depicted the hat was given to the painter.

At the death of Gros, in 1835, it was found under a glass case upon a wooden stand, and it was sold by auction among the painter's effects for 2,047 francs 50 centimes to Dr. Delacroix, who presented it to Louis Philippe. The latter, after the famous Second Funeral of Napoleon, ordered it to be placed beside the remains with the emperor's crosses and the sword he wore at Austerlitz. Of the remaining hats, one belongs to Prince Victor Napoleon and another to the museum at Godes.

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.  
The deep sea lies dreaming by the shore, The rugged, grassy steep  
The fisher folk bring home once more  
Their harvest gathered from the deep.  
Like ripened plains at summer tide,  
Their corn fields are the waters wide.

For wife and home and nesting child,  
They're fishing for the trawler's snail.  
The smile that is at parting smil'd  
May be a life's last memory—  
The accents of a farewell word  
May be the latest ever heard.

When on the sea of life I sail  
With weary longings; and regret,  
If all my life these waves shall fall  
I must not fail to cast my net,  
Wishing that one perchance comes nigh  
To show me where the fishes lie.

—Good Words.