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scornfully explained, they had to prink until the last minute.

"A Remember Party?" Carl took the word. "Why I think my mother invented it last year, but we haven't played it since we were here before, have we, Kathie?"

"O, Hilda'll see at once how it goes," exclaimed Kathie. "Shall we take heroes or kings or story-book characters?"

"O, kings or anything," said Carl, rather impatiently, "only let's begin. Take an easy one at first."

Kathie thought for a minute. "I remember," she said slowly, "when I took a long, long journey. It was before the days of cars. I could see the flags fluttering and the horses prancing and the rich armour of my companions. I rode and rode, and a great company went with me. After a long time I came to a hot country, where I lived in a tent. I had an enemy who tried to send me back to my own country; but he was a very noble enemy, much nobler than some of my own friends. He was not as big as I, but he was very skillful."

"Did he have a wonderful sword?" asked Carl, mischievously.

"O, dear, you know already who it is," said Kathie. "Never mind; you

must keep quiet and let Helen and Hilda guess."

"I know I never heard of him," said Helen, positively.

"Well, after a time, I left the hot country, but I had a terrible time trying to reach home again. I lost my horse, and I was taken prisoner, and I thought I was going to die, all alone—"

"What was your favourite song in those days?" queried Carl, again.

"Carl, if you don't hush, you will play this game all by yourself," exclaimed Kathie, wrathfully. "Please don't throw too much light."

"I haven't the least idea who it is," said Helen, whose strong point was certainly not history. Hilda looked doubtful.

"After I came home, I had my hands full settling things. I had left somebody to look after affairs while I was gone, and he did some very foolish and wicked deeds. There were robbers in the forests and—"

"O, I know who it is," Hilda exclaimed. "Go ahead!"

"Are you sure I ever heard of him?" asked Helen.

"Wait and see," answered Kathie, going on with her story. "Once I went to a famous tournament—O, but I meant to tell you before that, in the hot country where I stayed for a time, they used to talk about me after I had gone, and the mothers used to tell their children to hush or I should—"

"King Richard, of course," said Helen, with a laugh. "I might have known, of course, only I took it in my head that the long journey was to America, and I was trying to make it fit Columbus or some of the early explorers."

"Now it is Carl's turn, for he guessed first," said Hilda.

"I remember," Carl began with a laugh, "when I was crowded with a lot of others into the queerest, hottest, most uncomfortable room you can imagine."

"The Black Hole of Calcutta?" interrupted Kathie.

"No, it wasn't quite so bad as that, though I don't see why it wasn't."

"Was it that dreadful room in one of Poe's stories, where the walls keep coming together?" asked Helen.

"No, it wasn't as bad as that, either. We had our spears and shields, and we did our best to keep them as quiet as possible, but sometimes they would strike together and scare us."

"Then you didn't want to be discovered there?" asked Hilda.

"No, it would have meant sure death if we had been discovered. We had been trying for ten years—"

The girls shouted.

"The Trojan Horse, of course. Anybody could guess that."

"But you didn't guess which one I was."

"Ulysses," said Helen decidedly. "You simply must be Ulysses if I'm going to play, for I know it wasn't Achilles, and I've forgotten all the rest of them."

"All right, let it go at Ulysses, then," agreed Carl, resignedly, "not that it's fair to me, all the same."

"I remember," said Helen, loftily, "when I was the most beautiful woman in the world—"

She was interrupted by laughter.

"You are still," affirmed Carl, gallantly, while the girls said together—

"Helen of Troy, of course."

"Not at all," Helen went on, composedly. "I knew Ulysses would make you think of Helen when I said that. That doesn't count as a turn. If I wasn't as beautiful as Helen, I rather think the man whose life I saved thought I was, and that was enough. The two ends of my life were passed in very different surroundings. I lived in two continents. I was honoured by princes and I knew the life of the lowly. I was brave and I was timid. I was wise and I was ignorant. I was a princess and I was poor, according to the way people think of poverty."

"Could it be Joan of Arc?" hazarded Hilda, while Kathie and Carl ruminated.

"No, I was never in Paris, and Joan wasn't a princess," replied Helen.

"Are you a classic or mediæval?" asked Carl, with a wise look and a learned inflection.

Helen looked puzzled. "Well, I'm certainly not classic nor mediæval either, but it doesn't seem as if I were exactly modern."

"How did you save your lover? Did you shoot somebody?"

Helen looked puzzled again. "No, I didn't shoot anybody, and I don't believe the man I saved was my lover. I certainly did not marry him."

"Was it Pocahontas?" asked Hilda.

"Yes, of course," and Carl and Kathie looked abashed, that they had never thought to turn their minds to their own country and history.

Hilda took time to consider.

"They have all been such easy ones so far. I want one just as hard as I can get it, and yet sure that it is somebody you all know. I think it would be fun to hunt up the characters before we begin to play. Well, here goes! I remember when I was called the most gallant knight in

Europe. I was as brave as I was handsome, and as brilliant as I was brave. I could write a song or fight a battle or make love or sail across seas or meet danger. I was much loved and much hated. I was the friend of a queen, and she had my head cut off."

For a minute everybody was silent.

"Can't you guess?" asked Hilda, triumphantly. "It's really not so hard as you might think. I'll tell you some more. A city was named for me."

The other three looked at Hilda pityingly.

"Did he wear a mantle and did he live in the days of muddy streets?" asked Kathie.

"Did he scare his servant when he smoked his pipe?" asked Carl.

"Did he write history?" asked Helen.

Hilda laughed.

"I see I'm not so bright as I thought I was. But I don't see how you guessed it so quickly when I left so much out."

"Because you said he had his head cut off," answered Kathie, promptly.

"There may have been plenty of knights, but not so many who sailed across seas and had their heads cut off."

"Look," exclaimed Helen. "There are Bessie and May. That must mean it's nearly dinner-time."

"Sure enough," said Carl. "The dining-room doors are just opening. I've thought of some fine ones, and we'll play this again before long, don't you say so?"

And the girls said so.

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