

room, and the speedily emptied tables were whisked aside, and a broad bare space was left in the centre of the floor. Chairs and benches were brought in from the kitchen, and were quickly filled in so far as seating was practicable, and the occupants quietly awaited the merry doings of the evening. Needless is it to say that, for a few minutes at least, an almost quakerish silence ensued, although every one was anxious for its end. One, bolder than the rest, whispered her companion, whereupon he bravely arose, and almost modestly proposed a game of "Turn Trencher." The words had scarcely left his lips when a wooden platter was twirling upon the floor, and each occupant of a seat had received a title, "Moveall" and "Twilight," and all the other expressive names used in this fun-creating game were duly distributed, the different seats to be occupied by the players arranged, the Queen of Forfeits selected, and "the wittiest, the prettiest, and the one I like best" asked of the Queen to commence the sport. Advancing to the middle of the room, she cast a slightly wicked glance around, and while each beholder expected to be singled out, uttered in a low tone the magical words "Marjory Moveall." A shell coming unexpectedly into the midst of a crowd could not have produced greater confusion than did this short mandate. Seats were left and exchanged in a whirlwind of excitement, and an unfortunate bereft of sitting room was called upon to pay the first forfeit. The game thus begun was carried on with spirit, and half an hour elapsed before there were signs of fatigue. Many were the tumbles and mishaps in moving speedily to catch the twirling plate before it fell, and many the peals of laughter, the mistakes and blushes, occasioned

by the hurry skurry of Moveall. But even "Turn Trencher" has its fun creating limits, and the crying of forfeits was demanded. Here opened up a new scene in this Winter Nights' Dream. One of the young ladies gracefully knelt to a companion, and with covered head became the arbiter of fate. Wasn't she severe when the article held over her head was declared to belong to a gentleman? And didn't she seek to make its owner ridiculous when it was owned by a lady? Some of the victims were set upon chairs, and ordered to repeat dog-gel rhymes, in which they were made to laughingly declare their stupidity; others were commanded to measure off a fabulous number of yards of ribbon, and had to be taught how to do it, and "caught on" at once, and declared the vocation just fitted to their capacity, for every yard was counted with a kiss by way of keeping proper reckoning, and in this strictly commercial transaction Jack Lightheart, selected to measure off with Lizzie Merryweather, showed such wonderful knowledge of how to do it, that he won the applause of every rustic rival; others, sitting on the floor, commenced a gipsy's wedding; still others cried "Post," and did it willingly, for every letter delivered demanded a kiss from its recipient to the carrier; and yet others performed more duties resulting in more roars of cheery laughter than there is space to tell of, and so the crying of forfeits passed. Blind-man's-buff had then its turn, and this good old pastime of our forefathers, familiar in every household of half a century ago, created no less boisterous fun than its predecessors. "Hunt the slipper" followed, and "marching down to Quebec town," a variety of contra dance, patriotic in its sentiments, and "catch the thimble," and