

'Up, Jenkins.'

A game that may be safely recommended as peculiarly adapted to easy and quick assimilation to the most assorted tastes, is that of 'Up, Jenkins.' It needs little impedimenta, is sufficiently hilarious to be very sociable, and is warranted to be popular anywhere in five minutes.

A silver quarter, with a slip of paper and pencil for scoring purposes, is all that is needed. From eight to a dozen persons play the game comfortably. If there are more, a second table should be started. The players at a table divide themselves in two sides, leaders being chosen, who in turn select their helpers. The toss-up of the quarter between the leaders decides which side shall begin. The side that wins the toss takes the quarter, and, putting all hands below the table, fumbles it among them. At the cry of 'Up, Jenkins' from the other side their hands, closed, go up into the air, where they are studied for a brief second by their opponents, who then cry 'Jenkins down,' and the hands are lowered and placed palms down and opened on the table. This movement permits some skill, as the quarter is in one hand all the time, and the effort of the side holding it is to mislead the other side as to its whereabouts.

When the hands are laid out the other side begins in turn to pick them off, calling out 'Mr. A.'s right,' 'Miss B.'s left,' 'Mrs. C.'s left,' and so on, the sole object of the gussing side being to discover and hold the hand hiding the treasure till the last call. If they are successful, the quarter comes to them with no tally for the opposite side, and they take their inning with it in the same way. If, however, they uncover the quarter by their call on any but the final one, that round is finished against them, and all hands remaining on the board count one each on the score of their opponents.

Fifty or a hundred points, as settled at the beginning, make the game. Where five are playing on a side it is possible to score nine

points if the coin be disclosed when the first hand is lifted.

Each side keeps the quarter and continues playing it until the opposing side calls it out under the last hand left on the board. It is therefore obvious that one side should be very alert in watching, and the other as skilful as possible in concealing.

Often in the call 'Jenkins, down,' the gleam of the silver will be caught as the hand containing it opens to spread out on table. This information, if secured, can be shared by all the guessing side, who can therefore order off one by one all the hands before the one they have discovered hides the coin.

Try 'Up, Jenkins.' It's great fun.



Who Made the Flowers?

I wonder if you little folks,
So fond of flowers,
Have ever thought Whose kindly
hand

So sweetly showers
The pretty gifts you love to pluck
In summer hours.

I wonder if you ever think
Who made them grow,
To give us joy, and make the earth
All brightly glow
With roses red, and lilies white—
As white as snow.

I wonder if you little folks
Have learnt to love
The mighty Gardener of the world
Who lives above.

I pray you have, because He asks
His children's love!

—'Maud Maddick.'

A Good Investment.

John and James Roding were twins, fourteen years of age. Their father was very wealthy. On every birthday they expected a rich present from him. A week before they were fourteen they were talking over what they most wanted.

'I want a pony,' said James.

'And what do you want, John?' asked his father.

'A boy.'

'A boy!' gasped his father.

'Yes, sir. It don't cost much more to keep a boy than it does a horse, does it?'

'Why, no,' replied his father, still very much surprised.

'And I can get a boy for nothing, to begin with.'

'Yes,' replied his father, hesitatingly, 'I suppose so.'

'Why, papa, I know so. There are lots of 'em runnin' around without any home.'

'O, that's what you are up to, is it? Want to take a boy to bring up, do you!'

'Yes, sir; it would be a great deal better than the St. Bernard dog you were going to buy me, wouldn't it? You see, my boy could go about with me, play with me and do all kinds of nice things for me—and I could do nice things for him, too, couldn't I? He could go to school and I could help him with his examples and Latin.'

'Examples and Latin? God bless the boy, what is he aiming at?' and Judge Roding wiped the sweat from his bald head.

'I know,' laughed James. 'He's always up to something like that. I suppose he wants to adopt old drunken Pete's son.'

'Is that so, John?'

'Yes, papa; 'cause he is running about the streets as dirty and ragged as he can be, and old Pete don't care a cent about him, and he's a splendid boy, father. He's just as smart as can be, only he can't go to school half the time, 'cause he hasn't anything decent to wear.'

'How long do you want to keep him?'

'Until he gets to be a man, father.'