

ing is a better way of playing the same game:

Pare an apple in one continuous piece, or try to. Swing the paring round the head three times slowly, and let it fall on the floor over the shoulder, repeating while singing the following lines:

"Paring, paring, long and green
Tell my fate for Hallowe'en."

The initial which the paring most resembles as it lies on the floor is supposed to be that of one's future wife or husband.

A more modern way of playing the game of "Biting the Apple" is the following:

Suspend a barrel hoop from the ceiling so that it will swing and twist easily. Tie on to it by short cords, apples, candies, cakes and candle-ends. The player who bites a candle-end must pay a forfeit, the candies, cakes and apples being considered sufficient prizes themselves.

Ducking for apples—a game more suitable for boys than girls—may be varied by cutting the initials of the guests upon the apples before putting them into half a tub of water. The initials on the apple secured are supposed to foretell the name of the future wife.

For "Counting the Seeds" an apple is given to each guest which is at once cut in two and the seeds counted. Two foretells an early marriage, three—a legacy, four—great riches, five—a trip across the ocean, six—great fame, seven—the ultimate possession of the gift most desired by the finder.

For playing "Faithful Lover" place two chestnuts on the hot top of the stove, naming each for an eligible suitor. If one pops or bursts he is considered unfaithful or unlucky, but the one that burns with a steady glow until consumed to ashes is considered true and fortunate.

Take half shells of walnuts and make them into boats by fitting them with masts made of matchsticks and tiny sails made of paper. Pour a little melted candle wax into each half shell and hold the match in place while it hardens. The name of a guest is written on each sail and the little fleet set afloat. If two boats glide together it indicates marriage for the owners. If one sails alone it indicates single blessedness. Amusing results are obtained by gently stirring the water.

Looking into the mirror is played as follows:

Glance over shoulder into mirror, saying slowly:

"Mirror, mirror, tell me true
Who my future fate may be
Ere the magic moments pass
Frame his picture in the glass."

If refreshments are served, mix a dime, a ring and a thimble into a conservation cake recipe. The dime pretends great wealth—the ring, early marriage, and the thimble foretells single blessedness. A similar game is played by packing a bowl of flour very tightly, dropping in a wedding ring while packing. Invert the bowl on a platter, leaving a compact mould of flour. Let each guest cut off a slice of the mock cake with a broad silver knife. As the slice crumbles if it contains the ring it foretells early marriage.

Threading the needle is another amusing game. A boy or girl holds a needle while the other tries to thread it. Only one hand must be used, the other one holding a cup of water which must not be spilled. If the needle is threaded the two players are supposed to be intended for each other.

Still another test is made by filling a saucer with clear water, a second with soapy water and leaving a third one empty. The player is blindfolded and led to the table on which the saucers stand. If he or she touches the clear water it foretells a handsome and wealthy partner, the soapy water portends marriage to a widow or widower, and the empty one indicates single life.

Last, but not least in excitement, comes "Melting the Lead," shavings of old lead piping are melted in an old tablespoon and poured through the handle of the front-door key into a basin of cold water. The shape of the little pieces of shining metal indicates the occupation of the future lover.

There are countless more games but these are enough, if not more than enough to ensure a happy, wholesome, fun-making Hallowe'en.



Miss Dorothy Ravenscroft.

A Hallowe'en Tale.

BY V. M. BLISS.

"A story, a story, grandpa, tell us a story about yourself, when you were a little boy." And my two grandsons each taking a hand, led, or rather, pulled me to an easy chair before the bright, open fire in the sitting-room of my daughter's luxurious home in "Moosepath," one of the many suburbs of Chicago. With eyes shining with eagerness and anticipation of the story—of which grandpa was supposed to have an endless supply—Harry the elder lad, sat down on the rug, and laying his head against my knee asked,

if I knew "that to-morrow night would be Hallowe'en, and oh grandpa! we boys are going to have lots of fun, please tell us what you used to do when you were a boy, on Hallowe'en night."

"What I used to do when I was a boy, on that night so dear to all boyish hearts? Ah me! Did I ever tell you of the time I saved my own life, and indeed my mother's and sister's by Jack o' lanterns on Hallowe'en night over fifty years ago?"

"No! No! Tell us!" cried the boys in one voice; and without further bidding I began a story which took me back over fifty years, and awakened boyish memories lying dormant so long, that they seemed well nigh dead. "Well my dears, fifty-five years ago—in the forties—this city was only a small town, and the many suburbs of to-day were wildernesses. The Indians were numerous and not as civil as at the present day.

"My father had taken up about two hundred acres of land, and had built a log house with a stockade around it as a protection against the Indians. The year I am telling you of, Hallowe'en came on Thursday. The Tuesday before father had shot a large buffalo, and was going to take the hide and carcass to the town which was over seventy miles away, and as he had a good deal of business to attend to he did not expect to reach home before Friday morning. There had been rumors that Indians had been seen sulking around, and father felt uneasy at having to be away two days, leaving us as he said 'unprotected.' I did not like that word, and drawing myself up to my full height, said, I thought I could take care of mother and Bess.

"Well, well, my son I leave them in your charge," said my father. "You are a strong boy for a lad of fourteen and have a brave heart. I have taught you to handle a gun and you now excel your teacher in marksmanship. Tell Bess not to go out of sight of home; and get all the stock housed before dark, for after sunset every tree and bush may have a redskin behind it." And with these parting injunctions father gathered up the reins and giving the matched bays, Tom and Meg, a light flick with the whip, started off at a brisk trot for the town. This was Wednesday morning.

"I went in the house where mother and Bess were cutting up the tallow to mould into candles. That was before the days

of gas or kerosene, my boys. How would you like to study your lessons by the light of a tallow candle? Well, I did, and two were thought a brilliant light. Now, to get on with my story. I helped them for a time, telling mother that she would have to pay me in candles, which I wanted for the Jack o' lanterns I was going to make next day. "And oh! I said, 'that reminds me, I will hitch up Nell in the two-wheeled cart and haul in the corn and pumpkins; for I think we will have frost to-night.' So off I went whistling to Jack, the dog, who rarely left my heels. I loaded the cart with pumpkins, some of them so large that it was all I could do to lift them in. We had a lot that year, about one hundred as nearly as I can remember. I got them all stored in a shed adjoining the house, and the corn in also.

"After dinner mother wanted me to go to 'the store,' as it was called, for candle wick as she had not enough for her candles. The store was a neighbor's house about half a mile away where groceries and a few other things were sold. It was also our local post office where our monthly mail was delivered, and on rainy days or winter evenings the men gathered here to talk over farm matters, politics or any other topic of interest. When I reached there, three men were talking in an excited manner. Some one had told them that a small band of redskins had been seen prowling around, and it was surmised that they meant mischief. It was not thought that they would reach our neighborhood until the next day.

"I hurried home but said nothing to mother as I did not wish to alarm her, it might be needlessly. I got the stock housed early, milking and other work done, saw that the barns and shed were well secured, and stockade, house door and windows fastened. About nine o'clock I told mother and Bess to go to bed and said I thought I would lay a buffalo-skin before the open fire and stay there instead of going to the loft where I usually slept. Mother made no objection, indeed I think she was glad to have me do so. After they had retired I got down the gun and examined it to see if it was ready for use if needed. Then I lay down on the skin, but not to sleep, I was far too anxious for that. I thought of plan after plan to protect ourselves against the Indians if we should be attacked; but gave them up one after another as unfeasible or impossible. I must have dozed off for a short time and had a dream. I woke with a start and almost called aloud, 'I'll do it. I'll do it. I'll put my dream into execution to-morrow.' See if I don't. The cowardly Indians are scared to death of anything they think are spirits or what they don't understand; and I'll give them such a fright that they won't want to come around here again for the rest of their natural lives."

"Next morning I got my work done early and then brought about twenty large pumpkins into the kitchen. I said I was going to make my Jack o' lanterns. Mother and Bess stared and asked if I had gone crazy. "Never mind," I said, "I am going to make them and mother, I want ten of your nice, long candles. I will cut each one in half for my lanterns."

"But for goodness' sake Henry, where will you put them?" she said.

"I am going to illuminate the stockade," I answered.

"But, Henry, four or five are as good as twenty."

"Oh mother, let me have my own way in this, surely you don't mind giving me the ten candles," I pleaded.

"No, no, my son, you are welcome to them, if it gives you pleasure. You both have little enough to brighten or lighten your lives, that I should begrudge you a few tallow candles," my mother said; and I set to work to scoop out my pumpkins. Then came the art of cutting the faces. I wanted them to look as hideous as possible, and I think I succeeded. On the top of some I put flat pieces of wood to meet at the top like a pointed skull and hung corn silk over them for hair. They were all frightful looking things, and sitting on the floor in a row, were enough to terrify one, even when they were not lighted.

"I forgot to tell you, boys, that our house was near a curve in the road and after turning the curve you came upon it suddenly, which made it all the better for my purpose.

"It was getting dusk as I was finishing up my work that night. It may have been imagination, but I thought I saw



A Woman "Vet." in England.

She is rasping the molars to aid digestion.