

THE ORDER OF THE WHISTLE.

The candidate for admission to this order must not have seen the game before. Blindfold him and go through with such mock initiation as your imagination may suggest, the most important part of which will be to put upon him a cloak, from the back of which must hang a short string with a small whistle at the end. Then tell him that only one thing remains to be done to make him a member. He must ascertain who has the whistle, and after sounding it once, unblind him and let the fun begin. Some one at his back uses the whistle; he turns to seize it, and of course carries it to someone else to sound. And so the sport goes on.

GAME OF NIP AND TUCK.

A large flat board, with a circular hole at either end, is held on the laps of two players. Each player is furnished with a small, round stick. A little wooden disc is placed at the centre of the board, and at the call of play each player endeavors to put the disc through the hole nearest his opponent. The game is most exciting and affords scope for the display of considerable skill, besides occasioning any amount of sport for on-lookers.

THE PARSON'S CAT.

The first player says the cat is (say) amiable. The next calls the cat awful, and so on, each person mentioning a quality beginning with the letter a. The game grows very amusing as the players exhaust the a's, and presently some one will fail to think of a quality beginning with that letter. He must pay a forfeit unless the next player fails too, for when two in succession are unable to find a word, the next letter is taken up; and in this way the game goes through all the letters, if desired.

A GOOD CARD GAME.

The dealer gives each player four cards and puts four more, faces up, on the table. The player to his left can take from the table any card which matches one in his hand—that is, a two-spot takes a two-spot, a queen takes a queen, and so on. The pair he lays aside towards the game. If he cannot match, he must put one from his hand with the four cards on the table. And so the game goes on, each player taking a turn, a new deal being made as often as the hands are exhausted. The one who has the most cards is the winner.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE GAME.

A large flat board, with a handsomely engraved and colored representation of a Xmas tree, covered with gifts printed on it stands against the wall at a convenient height. The players are provided with feathered darts, which they throw at the tree. Every dart striking a present on the tree counts so much for the player making the shot, while unsuccessful shots count against the players. The player who succeeds in getting the greatest number of and most valuable presents wins the game.

Besides the above collection of games, there are many good card games, chief among them being "Game of Nations," "Game of Dr. Fusby," "Game of Authors" and "Peter Coddle's Trip to New York." Parlor Croquet is also a good game, and is played like the outdoor game of the same name. Many an evening can be pleasantly passed with the old favorites, "Dominoes," with which several games can be played. Checkers is a good game of skill, and can be played with pleasure and profit. There are numerous other games which might be described, but the above list should furnish any household with endless amusements for the long winter evening.

Under the Mistletoe.

Grandmama, in your frame on the wall,
Beautiful maid of the long ago,
Stately and slender, blonde and tall,
With the pinched in waist and the foot so small,
Prithce tell for I fain would know
What did you on that Christmas-side
When great, great grandpapa made you bride?
Hands-ome, and courtly, and debonaire,
With his powdered queue and his Roman nose,
As richly dark as his bride is fair,
He rests a hand on your straight-backed chair
To whisper to you, I suppose
To whisper again as in long ago
When he kissed you under the mistletoe.
Say, beautiful bride, in the antique dress,
Say, beautiful bride, in your bridal white,
Did you let him gaze on your loveliness
Till lifted eyes did your heart confess?
As you led the dance on your wedding night?
Did he press your hand as he bent to say
Sweet words as the lovers do to day?
Ah! courtly groom of the vanished year,
Beautiful bride of the days long fled,
Dust, but dust are your hopes and tears,
Cold your kisses, and dried your tears;
But I hang here, over your head,
A sprig of such Christmas-mistletoe,
As you kiss'd beneath, in the long ago,
As you kiss'd beneath, in the long ago,
Good House-keeping.

Puzzles.

PRIZE PUZZLE.

1-CHARADE.

Once on a time a naughty boy
A FOUR did catch. Ah, me!
To him it seemed to cause much joy,
But 'twas a shame to see
What he did do. Of petroline
He got a ONE, full quite,
And poured it SIX the FOUR, and then
Hesly got a light,
"I set him off," he cried in glee,
But ere he had begun,
FIVE saw and said, "I'll quench your light,
And TWO you of your fun!"
And thus did FIVE, but THREE how mad
This naughty boy was he.
For TOTAL of this story, you
May go to Uncle T.

ADA ARMAND.

2 ENIGMA.

My shape it is queer, great roughness I bear,
For I am subject to much wear and tear;
I'm used by the subjects as well as the Queen,
I'm a help to the teacher, and with the student I'm seen;
And although I do come from an animal's back,



BEFORE THE CONCERT.

Mr. G. Washington White—"Fo' de Lawd's sake! gen'lemen, you-all's makin' so much noise chunin', an' a chunin', dat I kyan't ye'ar myself chune no mo'. I'm just bleeged to take dis yer fiddle out inter der chicken coop to chune it."



AFTER THE CONCERT.

Mr. G. Washington White (to partner of his joys) "Yah-yah! Mandy, dar's yer Christmas pot-pie! Dat wuz de most melodjous chunin' eber I did yah-yah-yah!"

You cannot have comfort if me you do lack;
And now if my name appears not unto you,
Just think, for I am divided into two.

THOS. W. BANKS.

3 RIDDLE.

How truly precious are my FIRST
No mortal man can tell,
Though, truth to tell, they're often lost,
And sometime given away,
You suffer on the couch of pain,
With care and grief oppressed,
Would freely give his all away,
Could he possess my NEXT.
The blossoms of my lovely WHOLE
Adorn the gay pasture,
And none of Flora's beauties race
A brighter livery wear.
 Cousins, whatever your lot in life,
Or rank, or name may be,
For ever may my valued WHOLE
Belong to you and me.

AGATHA PRUDHOMME.

4 CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

In the "Christmas" just gone by;
In the "happy hearts" so light;
In the "lovely azure" sky;
In the "frequent smile" and bright;
In the "quiet evetime";
In the "mind at peace" and ease;
In the "pretty sparkling" rime;
In the "glittering frosty" trees;
In the "heart with ruddy glow";
In the "home where comfort lies";
In the "youthful spirits" flow;

In the "honor" which we prize,
In these lines you may descry,
If you only read them right,
Something that will help you pass
Many a pleasant winter night.

ADA ARMAND.

Answers to December 15th Puzzles.

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|------------------|----------------|
| 1 Without. | 7 C I R C L E |
| 2 Panorama. | 8 I C A R U S |
| 3 Inanition. | 9 R A R E S T |
| 4 Charity. | 10 C R E A T E |
| 5 Forsaking. | 11 L U S T R E |
| 6 This, his, is. | 12 E S T E E M |

Names of Those Who Have Sent Correct

Answers to December 15th Puzzles.

Josie Sheehan, I. Irvine Devitt, Agatha Prudhomme, Joshua Umbach, A. R. Borrowman, Ada Smithson, Thos. W. Banks, Geo. W. Blyth, Henry Reeve.

The Duty of Sympathy.

We often limit sympathy to pity or appreciation of the condition of those who are in mental or physical pain. But in every-day experience we have quite as much reason to sympathize with those who are happy and complacent as with their opposites, and much more frequent occasion. And our failure to sympathize with those who are happily situated is as much a cause of friction in the home as our hardness of heart would be were our friends in trouble.

For example, you are sitting at your sewing, and you are tired. You ought two hours ago to have put down your work and gone out to take a walk in the fresh air. But you had resolved to finish a certain garment, or to do a certain amount, and you forced yourself to continue till your nerves were worn to the raw edge. Presently your son came rushing home from school, on fire with a piece of news he wished to give you. There was to be a match on Saturday afternoon on the common between the academy nine and the factory nine, and your Ben, who was a splendid pitcher, was to be in it. As he poured out the story you listened coldly, not a shade of his eager enthusiasm reflected in your unresponsive countenance; and when a pause came, you said, "Ben, all that is very well, but you forgot to wipe your feet when you came in; and you must not leave your books on the lounge; go and put them in their proper place."

Your boy went, chilled as truly as though he had received a liberal dash of cold water full in the face. You had failed in sympathy, and missed a precious opportunity of being your boy's comrade. It is a pity when a boy has no comradeship with his mother—a pity for mother and son.

Your young daughter attended a pleasant party the other day in a very charming house. When she described it in the gushing and efflorescent fashion natural to girls you listened in an absent and preoccupied way, and plainly showed that you took no interest in the affair. If Irme seek another confidante than her mother, if, in some crisis of her life, she accept unwise counsel, it may be that the blame will lie at your door.

To sympathize truly is a talent worth cultivating. It implies genuine affectionate altruism, real care for others in whatever capacity others need help. To the neighbor bearing, perhaps, a weary load of anxiety, to the friend breaking down under apprehension or financial pressure, to the servant in your kitchen, sympathy will be precious. It may be given as fully to the student glowing under college honors, to the lover radiant at receiving the longed-for "yes" from the object of his devotion, to the merchant on the highway to success, to the author whose book is successful, to the glad-hearted wayfarer whose ship has just come in—*Harper's Bazar.*

Whatever we may be left to guess about the nature of sleep, the fact that it is a necessary part of our existence is abundantly evident, and the more uninterruptedly we enjoy the peaceful oblivion, the greater is the amount of reunited strength and vigor we derive from it. It is during the hours of sleep that the electric battery of the nervous system becomes replenished with invigorated powers, and the body with renewed vital force. To enforce the full immensities of refreshing slumber, two things are especially requisite—a regularity as to the time of its indulgence, which always should commence an hour or two before midnight, and the most rigid abstinence from hearty suppers. "An hour's sleep before midnight is worth two after," and the maxim is easily to be verified and tested.

"In sleep, the mind finds a resting head,
And the body a most comfortable bed."