

School Games, Indoors or Out.

Tie a rope between two trees within easy reach of all who care to compete. Give the contestants a dozen clothespins each, all starting from the same point twenty feet from the line, make a dash and see who can put all his clothespins on the line and return to the starting point first.

The company sits in a circle with one person, the postmaster, in the centre. Each person takes the name of a city and when the postmaster calls out the names of two cities as "From Halifax to Vancouver" the two people bearing those names change places, the postmaster trying to get one of their chairs. If after six or eight attempts he still fails to secure a chair he may call "General Delivery" when everybody must change places, the one being left without a chair becoming the next postmaster. Do not let it drag.

Stand in a circle and toss about a beanbag. The person in the centre must try to catch the one having the beanbag in his hands or if it falls near a person he may catch the one nearest the bag. If it falls between two people he may catch either one, and if it falls outside the circle he may catch the one who threw it. The person caught must become catcher.

Either at the blackboard or with pencil and paper announce a letter and allowing two minutes let pupils write all the geographical names they can, beginning with that letter. Change the letter and write two minutes more, change the letter again and at the end of two minutes see who has the most names. Then pass hastily around the room each in turn locating say number ten or number twelve on his list. The teacher may look around while the writing is going on and make a note of incorrect spelling. These should be counted out.—*Selected.*

While their mother was sick, Ted and Jimmy were spending two weeks in the country at Uncle Joe's. He was a fine uncle, they both thought; but much of the time he was busy with his writing, and then the hours hung heavily. The novelty of the little farm was worn off; there was no place to fish; and the only horse on the place was Uncle Joe's own saddle-horse, too powerful for small boys to be trusted alone with. Uncle Joe knew all this, and he was not surprised on the third morning to be aroused from work by Ted, who entered and sat down with a gloomy sigh.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

"I want to play baseball, Uncle Joe."

"Why don't you?"

"There's only Jimmy and me, and two can't. There's—there's more fun in places where there's a lot of boys, don't you think, Uncle Joe?" Ted spoke delicately, for he did not wish to hurt his uncle's feelings; but Uncle Joe understood. He always had a way of understanding the boys. "You might play wall-ball," he suggested.

"What's that?" inquired his nephew.

"You need, said Uncle Joe, "a ball, not too hard, four barrel-staves, a shingle, and the back of a woodshed."

Ted's eyes opened wide. "Sounds like a funny game!"

"You get the barrel-staves, and I'll come out and show you," replied his uncle.

When the staves, the shingle, and Jimmy were collected, Uncle Joe sharpened one end of three of the staves, and stuck them in the ground edgewise in a row a foot apart about five feet out from the woodshed. Then he laid the shingle across their tops. The fourth stave he shaved down neatly for a third of its length and then wrapped the cut part in cloth.

"That's the bat," he explained, "and the cloth is put on so that it won't hurt your hands."

"We've got a good bat, Uncle Joe," said Ted. But Uncle Joe laughed.

"Not so good as this for wall-ball," he said. Then he stationed Ted, with the bat, a yard in front of the three staves and the shingle.

"Now," he explained, "Jimmy shall pitch to you; but he must stand back of this line." He marked a line about forty feet from the shed. "If you miss the ball, and it knocks off the shingle, you are out, and Jimmy bats. If you hit it, in any direction, you must run to that tree and back, and you count as many runs as you can make trips before Jimmy can either throw the ball so as to knock off the shingle, or can stand on the home base with the ball. But if he catches it on the fly or reaches the home base with it, or knocks off the shingle while you are still running, you are out."

"How about fouls?" asked Ted.

"A foul is as good as a fair ball in this game; only the wood-shed is on the pitcher's side, remember."

"Sounds more like cricket than like base-ball," objected Jimmy, who had read books on games and was well posted, "but I think I'd like to try it."

"You may call it wood-shed cricket if you like," answered Uncle Joe, his eyes twinkling.

He returned to his writing, and was interrupted no more that morning. But two hot red-faced nephews met him at luncheon.

"How did it go?" he asked.

"I'm ahead!" cried Jimmy. "Five runs!"

"He's got sixty-two, and I've got only fifty-seven," said Ted soberly. "But we're going to play all the afternoon, and I bet I beat him! When is the game over, Uncle Joe?"

"Not until the wood-shed is tired," said Uncle Joe, again with the twinkle in his eyes.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Cow.

The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might.
To eat with apple tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.