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R. Cushman, Jan. 1, '04

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On Their Honeymoon

I.

Have I ever gambled? Yes; and my advice to others thinking of doing likewise is—Don't! No; I have no objection to telling you about it. Possibly it may have good effect.

The incident occurred many years ago, while my wife and I were on our honeymoon. We were staying at the Hotel des Anglais, Monte Carlo, and one afternoon, as ill-luck would have it, when my wife was lying [illegible] something on the tables, of course—a louis each, as a matter of fact. I staked again, and won. In ten minutes I had made as many louis.

I dropped the lot the following day. Then I had sufficient sense to come out. But I considered myself "done"—a feeling no Englishman will tolerate. I was considerably taken down, too. I had told several people at the hotel of my success, and I would now have to admit that I had lost my winnings, as they had one and all cheerfully predicted. It was annoying, and I determined to get that ten louis back again. So, like many another fool at Monte Carlo, I thought out a system of play. It was very simple, and I explained it to one or two friends. They informed me that the bank made half a million sterling out of such "system" yearly.

However, this in no way damped my confidence, and one never-to-be-forgotten day found my wife and me on our way to the Casino, bearing one hundred and fifty louis in notes.

"You must have plenty of capital, my dear, to work a system," I had informed her, with truthfulness, when she had expressed consternation at the sum I was taking with me. "And I mean to get my own back!" The bank makes on an average forty thousand a year from this type of player—I have learned since!

We procured our tickets of admission—this is never a difficult task—and took our places in the Great Hall among the crowd of well-dressed people already pressing round the doors of the Salon de Jeu. It reminded me of waiting at the pit of a theatre on "first night," only this was at ten forty-five in the morning.

At last someone inside clapped his hands together, the doorkeepers moved aside, and the rate and tax payers of Monte Carlo—there are no rates and taxes in the Prince of Monaco's domains—rushed down the beautifully decorated rooms, at the imminent risk of slipping on the polished floor, in search of seats. Having labelled one for my wife and myself at the table where I had lost my ten louis, we moved on into the trente-et-quarante rooms, where every seat was either already occupied "or reserved with a admission ticket."

We returned to the roulette-room just as the crupiers were counting out the money for the day's play.

"We are going to take some of that away with us, aren't we, Jack?" laughed my wife.

"Yes; ten louis of it," I answered, as confidently as you please.

One of the croupiers, who evidently understood English, turned round and smiled. His smile said "His first visit!" as plainly as words. If it had said "His last visit!" he would have been right.

"Messieurs, faites vos jeux!"

We sat down at a long green table and I changed some of my billets into gold and silver. I arranged the money into piles before me, and produced paper and pencil.

"Faites vos jeux, messieurs!" cried the croupier again.

The players wanted encouragement at the commencement. I placed a five-franc piece—the minimum stake—on rouge.

The small ivory ball was sent whirling round the wooden basin, while the detached disc in the centre of it, containing thirty-seven little metal partitions, each bearing a number and the color red or black alternately, was set revolving in the contrary direction. Presently the ball began to slacken; it was just going to roll down on to the polished and bevelled disc, and fall into one of those slanting partitions.

"Rien ne va plus!" cried the croupier.

A player pushed a billet on to that part of the cloth which signified all the black colors in the roulette-wheel. Luckily for him, his stake was immediately pushed off, for after having fallen into a black number the ball jumped out, and came to rest finally in a red one.

"Neuf! Rouge, impair et manque!" cried the croupier.

I had won! I put another five-franc piece on rouge, and lost. So next time I placed ten francs on the same color. I lost again. I doubled my stakes, and again noir turned up. My wife glanced at me anxiously.

"It's all right, dear," I said reassuringly. "Red is sure to come up this time."

I caught the croupier at our end of the table—the one who understood English—grinning at me. I placed two louis on rouge almost defiantly. This time I won. I smiled at the croupier, and, having placed the minimum stake on rouge again, began to chat to my wife. My system went very well. In a little over an hour I had made 195 francs.

"Stop now, Jack," said my wife suddenly. "Let us go out. The air of this place stifles me."

"One moment, dearest," I replied. "I just want one more five-franc piece to get level with them. Wait till I have won once more, dear."

II.

She waited. The ivory marble whirled round. I folded up my paper, and put away my pencil, neither of which I had had occasion to use.

"Quatre! Noir, pair et manque!" cried the croupier.

"Come, Jack!" said my wife pleadingly.

But, fool that I was, I did not [illegible] Instead, I doubled and lost, and kept on doubling and losing. In less time than it takes to tell, and before I could grasp it, even, I was 120 francs clear out of pocket. Should I stop now, and lose all that money? No, it would be folly. I could not! Something seemed to be urging me on. One more win, only one more win, and then I would stop. I placed 320 francs on rouge. This would give me a win of ten louis.

"Red must come up this time!" I remarked to my wife. But I did not look at her. She said nothing. Noir again! I bit my lip. The croupier, who had grinned at me, leaned over and whispered:

"Wait, monsieur!"

"Thank you; but I am quite able to play my own game," I answered shortly.

Outwardly I was still cool, but inwardly I was raging mad. Why hadn't I stopped when my wife had asked me to? I would have now to put thirty-two louis on the table to recoup my losses. I hesitated. While prudence told me to stop, the fever for getting back what I had lost urged me to go on. Black could not come up again; it had already run six times without a break. I could not afford to lose 320 francs. With a hand that trembled slightly, I placed thirty-two louis quickly upon rouge.

"Oh, Jack!" gasped my wife.

"It must come up this time!" I repeated.

"But the black cells are still just as big and as many, Jack," she said, with perfect truth.

Let all the fools who intend playing "systems" similar to mine at Monte Carlo—and there are many—remember never tried it, and grasp their meaning beforehand!

"The odds are all in favor!" I answered testily—as a matter of fact, the improbability that a series will attain to any given length decreases with each successive coup that continues it—and I left my stake on.

"You have lost again!" whispered my wife.

I had only sufficient money for one more stake. If that lost I should be practically penniless—and on my honeymoon! Oh, what a fool—what a criminal fool—I had been! But supposing black turned up once more! It could not possibly turn up again, I told myself. And at my hotel there was 200 louis. I had collected the sum in Paris for my firm. But I did not let myself consider the fact that if I staked that money I would be a thief! I saw in it only a means for getting back all I had lost. The next moment I had told my wife where it was in my room, and implored her to get it and return as quickly as possible. She knew what depended on her getting back before the next throw of the little white ball, supposing I lost my last stake. But she also knew that the money was not mine. She said she could not do it.

"Faites vos jeux messieurs!"

I placed 1,280 francs on red, and at the same time begged my wife, as she loved me, to do as I asked. It was her love that made her obey. As she hurried out of the accursed rooms, I rose in my chair and watched the whirling ball with eager, fascinated eyes. And how I prayed that it would drop into a red compartment! Would it never stop? At last it was slackening. Now it had fallen. It was in black—no, in red! Hurrah! What! What was the man calling?

"Onze! Noir, impair et manque!"

I had lost—lost again! I saw my stake swept ruthlessly away, and I believed that moment was the bitterest of my life. The utter disappointment of it! The angry wave of useless remorse that swept over me nearly made me scream out. I dug my nails into my palms, and bit my lips until the blood came.

Only a few hundred franc notes now remained. But if my wife returned with that other money in time for me to double once again, I felt sure that I would win all back. It would save me. I got up slowly—I felt fagged out—and kept my eyes fixed on the great glass entrance doors. But the precious minutes flew past, and she did not come. What could have kept her?

"Messieurs, faites vos jeux!"

The irony—the cruel irony of that monotonous request! Red was certain to turn up, and here was I without a cent. piece on it. Would my wife never come? In my feverish impatience I could hardly keep still.

"Faites vos jeux, messieurs!"

The croupier took up the little ball between finger and thumb. As he did so an idea flashed through my throbbing brain. I would endeavor to delay the throw with the money I had left. Perhaps three minutes would save me. I gave the croupier at my elbow a billet and asked for change. I did the same with a second billet. Then I requested him to place a piece on one number after the other. The man asked the spinner for time. I had succeeded. But, at last, every number on the board was covered—save one, the number twenty-four—some with as many as three pieces. The spinner would wait no longer. He probably saw my game. The ball whirled round. Still my wife did not come. She would be too late now. I had lost my all—and it was my own fault. No one was to blame but myself. It was then that I understood how easy it was for a man to rush out of those overheated rooms and blow o[illegible] his brain.

Suddenly I looked up and saw my wife hurrying towards me. I hardly recognized her, her face was so white and drawn. But while pitying her and cursing myself, I blessed her, for in her hands were the notes, just as she had snatched them from my drawer. Would she be in time? Why was she stopping? Another moment and she would be too late!

Reserving my place, I sprang up and rushed towards her. She saw me coming; hesitated, then put the notes behind her. But I was mad, as mad as any raving lunatic. I seized her by the wrist before she could escape me, and took the money from her.

"It's another black, another black!" she cried aloud, as I ran back to the table.

I heeded her not. The marble was just trickling down the side of the machine. I pushed my way through the people standing round the table, and threw the bundle of notes on to rouge. Then I sank down into my chair, with my face between my hands.

"Vingt-quatre! Noir, pair et passe!"

I leapt to my feet. Noir! noir! I was ruined, ruined!

The croupier, who understood English, caught me by the arm.

"Non, non, monsieur!" he said. "Rien ne va plus!" And he handed me back my stake.

"I thank you," I said hoarsely.

The man shrugged his narrow shoulders.

I had been saved ruin by the eighth part of a second. But still I could not stop. I had not learnt my lesson yet. I still thought that because red had not turned up for ten times running, it must turn up the eleventh.

However, I had time now to count out the correct stake. The last coup I had thrown on to the table the whole 200 louis, all the money in my possession, and that not mine! The thought of my narrow escape makes me perspire all over even now.

For the next throw I placed 2,560 francs on my color. The ball started, and I awaited the result, shivering like a leaf, with my heart thumping against my ribs.

Well, boys, I saw the ball go into a black compartment, and I cursed the day I was born. I got up like a drunken man, my eyes still on that little bundle of papers. I saw the croupier's rateau shoot out towards it. To my astonishment the stake was not swept away, but pushed to the side of the table. With craning eyes I looked for the number. It was zero—the refuit of the bank! (This partition is painted black.) I still had another chance, for, as you know, when zero turns up all the money on the equal chances is put in what is termed "prison," that is to say, if the chance backed wins the following throw, the stake is returned. If the player wishes, however, he may divide his stake equally with the bank at once. It was no good my doing this. If I divided my money I would not have enough to stake again. I would lose all or win all back. So I left the whole stake on.

"Trois! Rouge, impair et manque!"

Red at last! I had saved my stake. Should I take it off now, and come out? I should still have the firm's money intact. Or should I risk it once again. The awful decision of that moment I shall never forget. Suddenly I found my wife's eyes looking into mine.

"What shall I do?" I whispered.

"Leave it on," she said, in a voice I hardly recognized.

Then she disappeared. She was plucky enough to advise me, but not brave enough—small blame to her—to wait and see the result.

"Faites vos jeux, messieurs! Faites vos jeux!" the croupier cried at last, with a yawn.

A German placed a mille franc note on noir, and a louis on zero. It sent a cold shiver down my back. What if he won? And why shouldn't he win? The color would now most probably chop back to black; it was just my luck that it should. At any rate, I would cover zero with a louis.

"Faites vos jeux, messieures!"

The ball was off. A suffocating sensation rose in my throat, and almost choked me. I looked up once and saw the German remove his louis from zero. I caught him smiling at me as he did so. Some men, I have since heard, make a living by backing systematically against unlucky players. The German would win; I knew he would win.

Probably it was of no moment whether he did or not; therefore Fortune was sure to smile on him. The marble was beginning to slacken. I had just time to snatch off my stake. I leant forward with outstretched hand.

"Rien ne va plus!"

The cry almost stunned me. Too late! too late! I could not touch it now. By the tenth part of a second I had saved it, and by a tenth of a second I had lost it. Oh, why had I tempted Fortune again? Why hadn't I stopped?

I knew that it was black without looking. I did not wait to hear the croupier's monotonous cry, but pushed back my chair, and got up.

"Neuf! Rouge, impair——"

I stopped as if shot. Had my ears played me false? Was I dreaming? It was impossible! Oh, it was too——

The rateaus were at work sweeping in the stakes. Players were craning forward and clutching their winnings. At last I forced myself to glance at noir. The mille-franc note was still there! A sharp, piercing stab went to my heart, and the fierce, new-born hope died within me.

I had lost—lost! I was ruined! What? My stake was still on the table! We could not have both won. The small wooden rake was playing round it. Once it touched it, then passed by it to gather in the money on the numbers. Still I had not the courage to look at the little white ball in the wheel. But the rateau had not yet left my side of the table, and suddenly—shall I ever forget that moment?—it swept my notes. I had lost!

With weary, unseeing eyes I now tried to distinguish the number which had irretrivably ruined me. For some moments I failed—the table was swimming round me. Then, boys, the number seemed to spring up and hit me in the face. It was Nine, after all! The marble was in a red compartment—a red compartment! Good Heaven! I had won—I had won, after all! Won! Won! I was saved! I would never, never gamble again! But why had they swept in my stake? Why hadn't they paid me? The spinner had taken up the ball. The game was proceeding as if nothing had happened! Was there some terrible mistake?

For answer, the croupier—who understood English—handed me a bunch of billets with a smile. They had swept in my stake to count it. I hurried away in search of my wife.

When I found her she gave a cry like a stifled sob, and fell swooning to the floor. But she knew!

What had I won after all that agony? Haven't you seen the brooch my wife always wears? Yes, the mounted five-franc piece. That is what I won. It is our most treasured possession.—London Answers.

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About the ....House

A PRETTY BEDROOM.

Many young ladies worry because their fathers cannot furnish and refit their rooms when with a little money and some effort on their part, they might do a great deal toward improving their appearance writes a correspondent. A young lady of my acquaintance has just succeeded in making a pretty room of one that looked shabby and forlorn when she began. It was a cold north room, only twelve, with a large double bay in the end, woodwork that was painted a stiff cream and walls papered had grown dingy and soiled from long use. Not a prospect to please surely. The first thing to be done was to clean the paint on all the woodwork by scrubbing it vigorously. Then she purchased some ready mixed paint, a yellowish brown color, and a paint brush and set to work. The windows, doors and baseboards received two coats of paint, which improved its appearance wonderfully. Then she tore all the old paper from the walls, and bought new paper with a cream colored ground upon which was a design in golden brown and a little pink. With the help of an accommodating brother, it was soon hung and the room was ready for furnishing.

A carpet was needed, of course, and an ingrain or brussels was out of the question on account of the cost, so she collected all the rags she could find for a new rag carpet. There were several sheets, pillow cases and other white pieces which would make the carpet too light. So they were dyed yellow, red and green with diamond dye the cotton. All the rags were torn in narrow strips, sewed and wound into balls. The chain was arranged in stripes, the prevailing shades being brown and canary; the rags were woven bit on miss, and when it was put down the effect was very good indeed. The furniture was all cleaned and varnished, the windows shaded with cream colored scrim curtains, and a cover of yellow silkoline draped on the clock shelf. The bed was covered with a white spread, and the pillows with hemstitched slips. The cover for the head-rest and cushion of the rocking chair were of yellow silkoline. One who has never tried it, will be surprised to see how bright and cheerful a north-room can be made by choosing the proper colors in the furnishing.

Upon a survey of the room our young friend found that one important item had been forgotten—there were no rugs, and after giving the matter considerable thought, she again sought her old friend the ragbag. She selected the woolen rags this time, both new and old, little pieces were left from dress making and quilt piecing, and the best parts of several worn dresses. The latter were a mixed variety of brown and red with diamond dyes for wool, and after they were rinsed and dried the work began. The strips were cut bias about one inch wide and any length they happened to be. They were gathered through the middle upon coarse thread, and when necessary to join the strips, the ends were lapped and gathered through them instead of sewing them together. The colors were placed hit or miss, for the greater the variety, the prettier they will be. When enough strips had been gathered for the rugs, they were taken to a weaver, who furnished the chain and did the weaving, making each of the rugs thirty inches wide and one and one-half yards long. One was placed beside the bed, one in front of the dresser and the other at the door. A few articles of fancy work were scattered and other things that suggested the tastes and occupations of the young lady who occupied it. Try her plan, girls, and see what a pleasant cozy place your room will become.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Spiced Apples.—Fruit was scarce and somewhat high-priced in many places last summer and less was put up than usual. To eke out a deficiency, try spiced apples. Make a syrup of equal parts of sugar, water and vinegar adding some whole cloves and stick cinnamon. When boiling, put in firm, tart apples pared and quartered. Simmer gently till tender, but do not let them break. Take out with a skimmer, boil the syrup until thick and pour over the apples.

Grape Sponge.—A light and dainty dessert is grape sponge, particularly good after the hearty, heavy holiday desserts. Soak one-fourth of a box of gelatine in one-fourth of a cup of cold water, setting it in hot water to dissolve. Dissolve a cup of sugar in a cup of grape juice, add the juice of a lemon and strain into the dissolved gelatine. Set the mixture in ice water to cool, stirring occasionally. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth and when the mixture begins to thicken add it gradually to the beaten whites, beating till the whole is very light and stiff enough to keep its shape. Serve with plain sweet cream slightly sweetened.

Salmon Loaf.—Mince a can of salmon, add a cup of stale bread crumbs, two beaten eggs and half a cup of milk. Season to taste with salt, pepper, parsley and lemon juice. Put in a mold and steam or bake for half an hour. Turn from the mold and serve hot with a white sauce. Quickly prepared, and good in case of an emergency.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

There is no disputing the fact that the responsibilities of motherhood lie too lightly upon the hearts of many. It is an awful responsibility to give life and being to a soul who may or may not become a good and useful citizen, whether male or female. This thought too rarely comes until late in life, when the cares and probable disappointments force it upon the mother. If only young mothers could realize this and begin with the dawn of intellect to train this heart and soul for eternity, more carefully than for time, life would hold for them more pleasures and the afternoon of life find fewer clouds in its sky. The responsibilities thus wisely met would add greater pleasure and comfort to the mother and prove a beneficial legacy to humanity.

Let your child always go to sleep with a glad thought in its heart and a smile on its face. The next morning, as it springs from its bed, the glad thought will burst out in songs, and the smiles in shouts of laughter. If a wrong has to be reproved, let the child be assured of forgiveness and let the mother be assured that forgiveness is accepted before the eyes shall close. Let the child fall asleep loving all and assured of the love of all.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

If you suspect that you have a tough steak of "elderly" mutton chops, rub the meat over with lemon. To lay the meat in vinegar for a short time exercises a beneficial influence in softening the fiber.

Kerosene oil and whiting, mixed, will remove iron rust. A test shows this perfectly, and removes the discoloration from porcelain baking dishes.

A good housekeeper insists that both economy and comfort are served by the close tufting of hair mattresses. One of one's good, thick mattresses two can be made, she says, if closely tufted—not more than four inches apart. Thus it would be possible to take a mattress for a double bed and by close tying make two for single beds out of it. It is not a pleasant job, nor a light one, but with a sewing machine and a mattress needle it may be done at home.

A home-made bluing that will not rust the clothes requires 5 cents' worth of Chinese blue and 2 cents' worth of oxalic acid, added to two quarts of rain water. Bottle, and keep where it will not freeze. One teaspoonful will blue ten gallons of water.

They say that in popping corn, the results are much better if the kernels are moistened before being put in the popper. After the corn is in the popper—there should be only enough to cover the bottom—pour over it slowly a large cup of water; shake the water off, pass the popper over the fire, high up, to let the kernels swell a little, then pop as usual.

HOW TO PRESS SLEEVES.

In pressing sleeves, which is the bane of the amateur's life, keep a wooden rolling pin for that purpose alone. Insert in the sleeve, and the pressing of seams and wrists also is as easily done as though it were a flat surface. Cover pin with flannel. Keep a heavy piece of flannel to lay over the ironing board when pressing wool goods. This prevents the shiny spots so objectionable in a finished garment.

THE NEXT BEST.

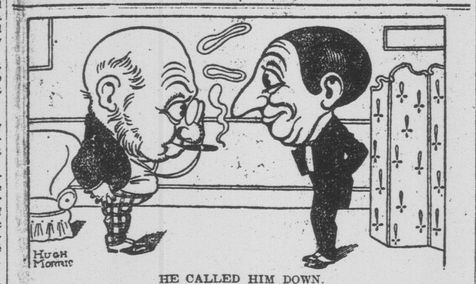
Some time ago an old woman had occasion to call in a doctor to see her husband, who had been ailing for some time.

After seeing the patient, the doctor told the old lady there was nothing serious the matter, but to give the patient a "black draught," saying he would call again.

When he called again he asked if she had done as he told her.

"Well, doctor," she said, "we don't play draughts, so I could not find a black one, but I gave him the double six domino, and it nearly choked him."

If the average man could do as much work as he thinks he can, there would be little demand for labor-saving machinery.



HE CALLED HIM DOWN.

Mr. Kousty—So you want to be my son-in-law, eh?
Charley—Well, I'm not so particular about that. All I want is to marry your daughter.

"BABES AND SUCKLINGS"

QUEER LAWS THAT SPECIALLY AFFECT CHILDREN.

Where Boys Must Not Dive for Coppers, and "Kids" May Only Draw Circles.

The Burmese have a unique way of punishing. They take the offender and set upon his shoulders one of the best behaved little boys of the district, and then compel him to trot up and down with his burden for a certain length of time in front of the local police-station. In this way, argue the authorities, they both punish the bad and reward the good; for, of course, the young jockey thoroughly enjoys his pick-a-back ride.

In Burmah, however, the law being made by men, the fair sex have imported legislation that is, in fact, falls egregiously. Not long since, for instance, an attempt was made by the Indian Government to prevent the local tobacconists supplying cigars to Burmese children under ten. It nearly caused a rebellion. The Burmese parent has been used for generations to seeing babies of four and five, girls as well as boys, enjoy their cheroots, and could conceive of nothing more cruel and uncalled-for than that they should suddenly be deprived of the privilege at the bidding of strangers. It was as though China, having conquered Britain, were to decree the abolition of babies' "comforters."

Similarly, when the Russian Government first made it unlawful for the Alentians to sell or give vodka (strong, fiery native brandy) to children under seven, the

PARENTS WERE INDIGNANT.

"What," they cried, "you will take from our babes their only pleasure? You actually forbid us to share with our little ones the divine liquor which alone makes life here tolerable?"

Several of the Southern States have passed special laws dealing with the pillaging by negro "pickaninnies" of water-melon beds; and in at least two a special chicken-stealing ordinance, applicable only to black children, is in force. The need for this latter is said to be imperative, for chicken-stealing is the darky's pet failing, just as the bird itself is his favorite dainty. Said one old negro to another: "My George is that fond o' chickens that, if he can't get one no other way he'll go and buy one."

In Brittany, the ordinary French judicial code is everywhere superseding the ancient Breton law, founded on the usages and customs of the people during countless generations; but there are two provisions of the latter that are still regularly enforced. One is that which forbids the little Breton boy to kill a robin, and the other is that which enjoins the little Breton girl to fall upon her knee and bow her little head whenever she passes any one of the wayside crosses, shrines, or "calvaries" that everywhere dot the Breton highways.

Cingalese children invariably go naked until they are twelve years, but native custom—which is native law—decrees that their parents, if at all able to afford it, must tie round their waists a bright colored string with, dependent from it, a coin of the value of not less than half a sovereign. This is to show that their offspring are naked because they like to be naked, and

NOT THROUGH POVERTY.

In Egypt, if a native landlord employs a boy to work in his orchard, he is not permitted to restrain the lad from plucking and eating the fruit. Such conduct, were it attempted, would be regarded as greedy and reprehensible, and would be very severely punished.

The Malays are usually regarded as a fierce, wild race—as, indeed, they are. But they are passionately fond of their children, and have many laws framed specially for their protection. One of the most curious of these relates to the tiger-pits, which the native hunters are constantly digging in the narrow jungle paths. Formerly it was the custom to drive a strong stake, point upwards, in the pit's bottom; but one day a little maiden of nine years old or thereabouts fell into such a pit, and was pierced by the stake and killed. The very next afternoon a Council of Elders met, and prohibited the use of the stake thenceforth and for ever.

In Mexico, in the olden days, children were "kings"; now they are slaves. This is said to be due to Spanish influence. It is permissible to work babes of seven in the mines. When a Mexican father has an addition to his family, he notifies it to his friends and acquaintances in the following terms: "A new servant is at your disposal." One thriving industry has, however, been closed to the little Mexican boy. He may not dive any more for coppers. So solemnly decreed the Mexican Legislature a few years back.

The Kaffirs, careless about their adult selves, have fenced round their children with one of the most elaborate systems of rules and regulations ever devised by mortal man. And the said rules are every one of them

STRICTLY ENFORCED,

although many of them appear ridiculous enough—to anyone but a Kaffir. One, for instance, visits with severe punishment any child that draws upon the ground with its little pointed stick a square. It may draw circles as many as it likes, and does draw them, too, with remarkable exactness; but, let it once attempt to depict the forbidden figure, and a severe whipping, if detected, is its certain reward. Nor must it ever presume to drink sour milk. Sweet milk, yes; as much as it pleases. But sour milk is a monopoly of the "grown-ups," by whom it is considered a rare delicacy.

Snuff, on the other hand—although this, too, is a great Kaffir delicacy—he (or she) is permitted to partake of freely. Tint, toddling mites of four and five, after gorging themselves with mealies at the family dinner "table," will gather round the communal snuff-box, and greedily sniff up the pungent contents, sneezing furiously all the while.

British legislation is not particularly rich in laws specially affecting children, and what there are are of the stodgy, substantial order, like the "Education Act" and the "Factory Act."

The most recent addition of the kind to the statute-book, however—the "Child Messenger Bill"—which forbids all children under fourteen fetching intoxicants from public-houses, is unique of its kind, and there was much croaking when it was introduced. It, nevertheless, works smoothly and satisfactorily.

Another picturesque bit of child legislation was the "Boycard Bill" of 1874, which, on January 1st, [illegible]

TWENTY THOUSAND

children to school out of the brick and tile yards of England and Wales. It also prohibited girls under sixteen working in the brickfields.

This much-needed reform was due to the famous Mr. George Smith, of Coalville, who afterwards got passed the "Canal Boats Act," and the "Temporary Dwellings Act," both designed on similar lines to ameliorate the hard lot of the children of the bargemen and the van-dwellers respectively.

How badly needed were these Acts is shown by the fact that of the thirty thousand children of school age living in vans, tents, shows, and similar places in 1888, not five per cent. were able to read or write a single sentence; while the percentage among the barge-sheltered children was but little higher.

Both classes, too, were frequently very harshly treated. Cases were cited, when the Bills were in committee, of little toddling tots of four and five years old being put on the towing-path to drive the horses and donkeys, or lashed on stools to steer the boats while their fathers and mothers were away carousing. While among the van-dwellers it was shown to be no uncommon thing for tiny mites of seven and eight to be kept hard at work all day at the cocoanut "shies," running after and picking up balls and nuts to be relegated when night fell to a bed of rags under the stall.—Pearson's Weekly.

SUNSHINE HOUSES.

Moving Foundation Keeps Rooms Facing Sun's Rays.

Push a button and turn on the sun!

Morning, noon, or afternoon need make no difference to the invalid who seeks the cheering warmth of Old Sol's invigorating rays. Sunshine is now at the command of the housekeeper who wishes its aid in her daily round of cleaning. With the throwing open of the windows to admit fresh air she may at the same time call in the microbe destroying beams which are the essence of life and health, all this by merely touching a button.

For a Frenchman, M. Petit, following out the ideas of Finsen, the inventor of the light cure, for consumption, has invented a revolving house by which all and sundry may be able to command the sun or shade as they wish.

The arrangement by which the house is moved is simplicity itself. It is built upon a plate of steel, which can be revolved by means of a motor or even by a crank worked by hand, two men being sufficient to do all that is required. With its face pointing the east in the early morning, a turn of the motor at stated intervals swings the whole structure around so that in whatever quarter the sun may be the house is always turned to it.

Through the middle of the steel plate is a circular hole, and here is the means of exit for the drainage and water pipes, electric lighting wires, and gas pipes. By joining these with a main pipe, which in turn revolves with the building, the internal arrangements are never disturbed.

In addition to the capability of always facing the sun, each of the rooms is furnished with a double set of windows. These consist of sliding shutters, no glass, and if the person in any room requires all sunlight and no shade, he rolls the shutters across the aperture, which lies sideways, and lets the front window alone remain open.

If, on the other hand, he requires shade, all he has to do is to open the shutters facing to the side and shut those facing the sun. It will be seen, therefore, that this ingenious house is made to suit all requirements. One can easily picture a seaside town composed entirely of these sunshine houses, where eternal sunshine would literally "reign" supreme!

The suggestion for these sunshine houses emanated from Dr. Pellogrin, who studied under Mr. Finsen. For a long time he thought over the subject without any definite hope of its achievement being possible, till one day he said quite casually to M. Petit that he wished such a house could be built. M. Petit was surprised, not at the idea, but at the fact that any one should conceive there should be any difficulty in carrying it out, and he immediately set to work and made the plans, which resulted eventually in the sunshine house.

SMALL MONARCHS.

"It is curious," says the London Chronicle, "that Nicholas II., one of the greatest of living monarchs, should also be one of the smallest—from the physical point of view; and had he carried out his intention of visiting the King of Italy, we should have been treated to the spectacle of a meeting between two of the shortest sovereigns of their time. Yet the Czar, however small and slight of stature, has somewhat the advantage as regards inches of King Victor Emmanuel II., who requires to get into the saddle, like Napoleon III., before he can be seen at his best. There is nothing in the appearance of Nicholas II. to suggest his sonship to Alexander III., who was almost a giant, or of Victor Emmanuel to recall the burly soldier-like figure of his father and his grandfather, the roilicking, fierceiy moustachioed Re Galantuomo."

"Mama," queried little Mary Ellen, "is the pen mightier than the sword?" "Of course it is," replied the wise mother. "Your father couldn't sign cheques with a sword."

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