

FUN FOR EASTER.

Some Amusing Presents, Tricks and Games for April.

By J. CARTER BEARD.

One of the funniest and most unique presents which the Easter hare left in our house last year, was a small caricature of himself resting in a head of lettuce. I made a close examination of this gift and I think he constructed it in much the following manner:

Cut from a piece of cardboard a disc with a diameter of about three inches. Figure 1, and draw through it the lines indicated. Three or more shades of green tissue paper will be required for the leaves. Figure 2 shows the relative size of each. The lighter shades will represent the young delicate growth near the center or heart. About eight of the larger leaves (A Fig 2) are necessary. Fold each leaf across lengthwise, the position of the crease is indicated by the dotted line. Now with the aid of a hairpin, gather them as shown in figure 3, and paste to the cardboard disc, allowing the edges of each leaf to overlap slightly. Large, dark leaves will make the first layer and allow them to grow gradually lighter in color and smaller in size.

The rabbit is made from a hard-boiled egg. Figure 5 shows him in the first stage of construction. Eyes, nose, mouth and legs are drawn with black ink. The outline is simple, and one who is entirely unskilled in drawing should succeed in making a very respectable rabbit.

Figure 6 shows an ear cut from unruled writing paper. Figure 7, the position the ears should occupy when attached; this is also indicated in figure 5. The tail, again, is indicated by figure 8. With some red ink, which has been slightly diluted with water, touch up your rabbit about the eyes, nose and mouth. The ears should be colored slightly where the black line passes through them; see figure 6. Lastly

about the order of their moves. The hare or the egg may be provided a number of times in succession, playing only that for each play the wolf shall have a turn.

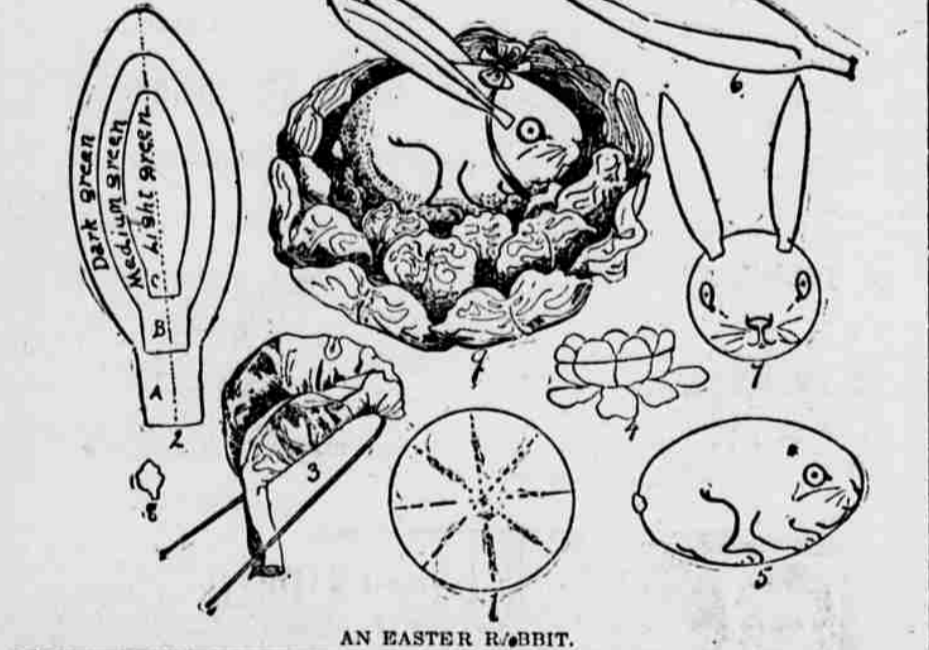
A man may move to any unoccupied space, providing that a line, which does not first pass through another line connects it with the one he occupies. The hare or egg may not venture within the den. But the wolf has free access to all the board. The game is not complicated, but perhaps it will be well to play a few moves in order to explain it more fully. We will refer to the pieces as H, E and F, respectively.

ALASKAN CAVE DWELLERS.

One of the Most Remarkable Settlements in the World.

A race of cave dwellers live on a small island on the Alaskan coast. It is Kinga Island, in Bering sea, due south of Cape Prince of Wales. There is only one village there and this has a population of 200. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the United States agent of education in Alaska, says that it is one of the most remarkable settlements in America, yet few people know of its existence.

Kinga Island is about a mile in length and is a mass of basalt rock which rises perpendicularly out of the sea to a height of from 700 to 1,000 feet. At the south side this is cleft in two by a deep ravine which is filled by a huge permanent snow bank. High up on the west side of the ravine is the village of Ouk-ivak, which consists of about forty dwellings, partly hollowed out of the cliff and built up outside with stone walls. Across the top of these walls are laid large driftwood poles, over these are placed hides and over the hides grass and dirt. The houses are entered by a tunnel which runs along underneath, sometimes for a distance of fifty feet, and ends under a hole eighteen inches in diameter—in the floor



AN EASTER RABBIT.

In his ribbon; this, you will notice, passes behind the ears. It is found difficult to keep it in place, a little post may be used. The rabbit, snuggled comfortably in the head of lettuce, will look happy in the extreme.

Another quaint design represented a small gnome, who had evidently discovered one of our eggs and intended appropriating it. When surprised by us he was seated, with a doleful expression, eagerly clutching the prize.

Trace on a piece of paper about one foot long and ten inches wide, the gnome shown in figure 10. After cutting this out color in the following manner: Tint the face and hands with flesh color (red ink diluted with water), leave the beard white and paint all remaining parts bright red. Beginning at A, cut around the head to B, then cut out slightly. Bend the gnome where the dotted lines cross in such manner that the feet and upper part of the body will be parallel and at right angles to the legs. Place an egg, hard-boiled, in his lap and fasten his arms about it with a little paste. The beard may also be attached. (See figure 12.)

Figure 11 shows a gnome of stiff cardboard; it is attached to the gnome's back and aids him in keeping the position desired. After all left by the Easter hare has been discovered.

AN EASTER RACE.

Two boxes, each about one foot square, are placed some twenty feet apart, into each are put four eggs and the course is prepared. The two competitors in the race are each furnished with a spoon and assigned a box. At the word "ready" the contestants take a position to the right of their box. At the word "go" each takes from his box an egg, using for the purpose his spoon, and hurrying to his opponent's box, there deposits it, after which he returns for another. The eggs must on no account be touched with the hands and to drop one is to forfeit the race. It will be easily seen that, while both are constantly endeavoring to empty this respective box, the opponent in each case is endeavoring to refill it, but as their deftness cannot be exactly equal, one will soon begin to gain on the other and the excitement will rise to fever heat. The race is won by him who first empties his box.

The game of "The Hare, the Egg and the Wolf" affords excellent amusement.

Figure 13 shows a diagram of the board with the men correctly placed for the commencement of a game. D the lar of the hare, B the position of the egg, and the wolf is securely housed in his den.

The play is commenced by the wolf, who steals forth in search of prey. This he can only secure by moving between the hare and his egg, but he must carefully guard against allowing the hare to place him in that position by a move of his own or by changing the position of his egg. The vital point of the game seems to be whether the position (the wolf directly between the hare and his egg) is attained by a move of the wolf, or by the hare's moving his egg.

The Eskimo children never taste candy and bonbons, but there is something which tickles their palate quite as much and which they are just as anxious to get, that is raw suet, which they eat with great relish.

THE GNOME.

use this as a storehouse. They dig rooms in the snow and store their provisions, which freeze solid and keep the year round for the temperature in the air never rises above 32 degrees.

CAT'S CRADLE.

Winter Games of Greenland Eskimo Boys and Girls.

The Greenland Eskimo boys and girls amuse themselves during the long winter months with two familiar games. One of these is "cat's cradle." While that game is known to us, we do not carry it to the extent that the little Eskimo do. They use reindeer sinew in place of string—which they do not have—said play it by the hour. They make between 300 and 400 combinations. Some of these have been brought to New York by Lieutenant Peary and placed in the museum of natural history. Their other indoor game is "cup and ball." They make both out of bone and ivory and will throw the ball a long distance off and catch it again very deftly or else they will toss it from one to the other.

The little Eskimo boy, Meeni Keeshu, one of the six Cape York Eskimos brought here by Lieutenant Peary, was given a humming top on board the Hope, Lieutenant Peary's ship. The little fellow was delighted with it and in ten minutes he had learned to spin it as skillfully as any American boy.

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BECHAM'S PILLS

FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Giddiness, Fullness after meals, Headache, Dizziness, Dropsical Swellings, Head Loss, Irritability, Constipation, Blotches on the Skin, Cold Chills, Stomach Turbulence, Frightful Dreams and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. Every sufferer will acknowledge them to be

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE. BECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore Females to complete health. They promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system and cure all Headaches. For a

Weak Stomach Impaired Digestion Disturbed Liver IN MEN, WOMEN OR CHILDREN Becham's Pills are Without a Rival

Get the LARGEST SALE of Becham's Pills in the World.

the fresh water into the globe let it dash in, too, and let your fish have a handful of shells or small stones. They look pretty and the fish appreciate being able to poke about among them for bits of food, and it gives them something to do and a little interest in life. People frequently make the mistake of thinking that fish get enough food out of the water. This is not so; they need feeding when in captivity. Packets of fishes' food, consisting of dried ants' eggs, can be procured from any seed or naturalist's shop. As they require only a very small quantity once a day, their board is not expensive. They will live on vermicelli, but this clouds the water and consequently injures the appearance of the globe.

It is said that goldfish should never be kept. This is no doubt true, if they are kept for breeding purposes. Otherwise, it does them no harm—if due care is exercised—and you may pick them up one by one in your hand and pop them into their globes of fresh water.

Never buy a fish unless the fins are erect and fully spread. Directly the fish is out of breath the fins close more and more until it dies, when they are quite shut up against the body.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"If you are a good boy, Johnny, you will surely go to heaven."

"That's what you told me last year. I'd rather you'd promise me a goat this year."

Mr. Kilder—Johnny, the angels brought you a baby brother last night.

Little Johnny (whose nose is out of joint)—Huh! Wish I'd been awake. I'd have pounded the stuff 'out of them angels."

Nurse—Nettie, what does the bird in the clock mean when it says "cuckoo" eight times?

Nettie (who is put to bed at 8)—I dese it means 'e nest is weddy.

His Mother (profoundly shocked)—Johnny, Johnny! You will break my heart! That is the most dreadful language I ever heard a little boy use!

Johnny—We're playin' street cars, mamma. I'm the motorman an' Ben's drivin' a coal wagon an' won't get out of my way.

Annie was a very polite little miss of 6 years and when one of her little playmates told her that she had been confined to the house for two days with the toothache, she said: "I'm just awfully sorry, for you must have enjoyed a great deal of pain, didn't you, Katie?"

"Now, my son," began the father the next morning.

"Never mind the lecture, pop. Didn't you ever paint the town red?"

"Well, my boy, it's a great many years ago—at least fifty."

"Fifty years, pop! Don't you think the town needed another coat?"

It was Nellie's first day at school and just before dismissing the pupils for the day the teacher called the roll and each little boy and girl in attendance promptly answered "present." When Nellie's name was called among the last, she said: "Please, mam'm I didn't know we had to bring presents, but I'll bring one tomorrow."

"The boys have the war fever much worse than men," explained a clerk in the adjutant general's office of the War Department to a Washington Star reporter. "If we can judge from the number of letters we are now receiving from persons who want to 'do Spain,' as several of them have put it. For every letter we have received from one of these boys, we have received one from a girl. The boys generally, but the girls from the country want to do service in the army. It happens, however, that as far as boys are concerned we can do nothing for them. The army takes boys in their apprentice and training schools, though there are at all times a number of places for them. The army, even if on a war footing, never enlists boys under 16 years of age. Of late years the boys have dropped out as a drummer, for at every post there is a band, which does away with the necessity of drummers."

LITTLE ELIZABETH HARRISON.

Favors Showered Upon the Young Daughter of an Ex-President.

With the exception of small Ruth Cleveland and no other young daughter of a former president of the United States ever received such an ovation in the way of gifts on the day she first made her debut on this mundane sphere as little Elizabeth Harrison.

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The good order which has prevailed at the Methodist church since the revival services began is marked, says the Monongahela (Pa.) Republican. Perhaps the most striking account of the reputation which has come to Monongahela ahead of the pastor. It is stated that Rev. Mr. Johnson, once while leaving the church, a soldier, was noted for its tough element, who disturbed by some of them. At one of his evening meetings the services were disrupted by two young men who audaciously scoffed at everything they saw or heard. The pastor remonstrated with them on their behavior and asked them why they attended the meeting.

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PORTRAIT OF ELIZABETH HARRISON.

This is the first time that her baby face has appeared before her many well-wishers, who have generally had her face hidden by the stress of so many of this world's goods.

To the west belongs the honor of being the birthplace of the small American. She first saw the light of day in Indianapolis, Ind., about a year ago, in the residence owned by General Harrison on Delaware street.

Already she is quite a little traveler, for last summer she spent at Old Forge in the Adirondacks, where her father owns a camp;

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where she held court and was visited by the social and political magnates of the great metropolis, and this winter she went on to Washington and was taken by the ex-president. When he returned to pay her respects to President and Mrs. McKinley, who were delighted with her sweetness and good fellowship, for she is a friendly tot and a very good converser.

She is the image of her father, who adores her, and who will sit by the hour holding her on his lap and taking more real pleasure in her than he ever did in his own life when he presided as head of the nation. She has his excessively white skin, a pair of big violet blue eyes and a bewitching little dimple in her chin, also copied from her father's more staid one.

Her mother, who is the daughter of the first Mrs. Harrison's sister, is most devoted to the daily care of her precious daughter, and is showing her usual judgment and common sense in bringing up the little lady in a simple, practical manner as a good, every-day citizen, and not as a social favorite. The fact that she will one day inherit a snug fortune of her own.

A bright future awaits this daughter of a former president for in addition to the love and good wishes surrounding her at home and abroad, the goodly portion that is to be hers, and the intelligence and engaging personality of her mother, she is a most desirable bride. That she will be a most desirable bride she is born to a high social standing and all the advantages that go with it. From the long line of distinguished ancestry on both sides of the house she can be a "daughter" and a "dame," and both from the same man, if she wants to. Benjamin Harrison, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, whose patriotic virtues her eligible to both patriotic sisterhood.

TOLD OUT OF COURT.

A judge, the other day, awoke in the night to find his room in the possession of two armed burglars. Covered by the pistol of one of the marauders, the judge watched the proceedings with his usual judicial calm. One of the deprecators found a watch. "Don't take that," the judge said, "it has little value and is a poor one." "The motion is overruled," replied the burglar. "I appeal," rejoined the judge. The two burglars consulted, and the spokesman then replied: "The appeal is allowed. The case coming on before a full tribunal of the supreme court, that body is of the unanimous opinion that the decree of the lower court should be sustained, and it is accordingly so ordered." Punctuating the watch, court adjourned.

It might be an interesting and profitable undertaking for somebody with more time than he needs to make a collection of queer combinations of names in the titles of cases, says Law Notes. Such, for instance, as Love v. Short, 1 P. Wms. 403; Frost v. Rainlow (Howe), 22 N. W. 188; Shirte v. Irons, 54 Ind. 13; and Baker v. Cook, 11 Mex. 236. Many of us have grieved over the celebrated litigation between Paul and Virginia, noted in 8 Wall. (U. S.) 168, although that is really not so hard a case as Flint v. Woodin, 3 Hare 168. Perhaps the gem of them all, however, is the case of Cleaver v. McLaughlin, 113 Cal. 477, in that case the court found it necessary to decide what constitutes a butcher.

Civil courts are dry enough places at almost any time, but then again there are all manner of funny incidents cropping up in them. Not so long since, relates the Kansas City Times, Frank Haggman was examined as a witness in Judge Gates' division and was endeavoring to show that the man then on the stand had an ulterior motive in testifying. A negro had been hurt by a street car, and a big negro doctor from across the state line had a great deal to say about the injury. He said he had been duly served with a subpoena by a deputy sheriff.

"Who was the deputy sheriff who served you?" the attorney asked.

"Witness replied that he did not know his name.

"Was he from this county?" "Yes," was the answer; "he was from Jackson county."

"Then describe him, and we will soon have him on the stand."

This did not strike the zealous, yet cautious, witness, and with an air of superiority, impudently, and, looking away across the Missouri river, said:

"I can't describe him, sah. All these yere white men look alike to me.

"That broke up Haggman, and the witness was excused."

CONNUITALITIES.

It seems to be the proper thing for the comic opera star to be "wedded to her art" and divorced from her husband.

Princess Pauline of Wurtemberg declared to King and Queen that she would like to become the fiancee of Prince Albert, son of Princess Christian. Albert is half English and a very well set-up and well-beloved prince. He is the son of a European noble and had the Baden boys.

Mrs. Harriet Ellen Jefferson, 54 years old, was married last week at Indianapolis to Edward Dursey, colored, who is nearly 70 years old. This is not the first matrimonial venture the groom has made. He now has a record of six. By his other five wives he had more than forty children. He has been married three times and had eight children. The first marriage of each took place in slavery days.

A romantic marriage took place in Lexington, Ky., recently, between Miss Elizabeth Louise Oxley and Mary Ellen Bassett. The girl's mother and stepfather had packed her trunk and she was to have left for her home in Lexington, Ky., on the county bachelor, but she informed her lover of the plans and they left home that night at 7 o'clock. They walked until they were within a few miles of Lexington, where they were met by a friend. They walked into town and were finally married.

Miss Edna Whitney of Chillicothe was engaged to a man named Stuart, a son of J. B. Lane, a prosperous druggist of Stuttgart. Miss Whitney will be remembered as the central figure in a social sensation that occurred in the city last fall. Lane came prominently into notice when the committee having in charge the Kansas City carnival refused to allow her to become a member of the organization. She was a tobacco factory. Immediately she became a heroine in the eyes of the laboring element and not long afterwards the very persons who had barred her from the Flower Parade invited her to the picnic of the Fair Ball, the greatest social event of the season in Kansas City. There she met Mr. Lane and he proposed to her. She accepted, but for some reason the wedding was postponed. Lane returned to Stuttgart and Miss Whitney went back to Chillicothe. She went to the Valedictory ball in St. Louis and there she met Stuart, who had been in California. She received all sorts of offers to go on the stage, but declined them.

DIAPYTES.

"I understand that you have been called to another charge," said the interviewer. "No," said the minister who had been struggling along as the tall end of the little church debt. "By the blessing of Providence this is a cash situation that I take."

The good order which has prevailed at the Methodist church since the revival services began is marked, says the Monongahela (Pa.) Republican. Perhaps the most striking account of the reputation which has come to Monongahela ahead of the pastor. It is stated that Rev. Mr. Johnson, once while leaving the church, a soldier, was noted for its tough element, who disturbed by some of them. At one of his evening meetings the services were disrupted by two young men who audaciously scoffed at everything they saw or heard. The pastor remonstrated with them on their behavior and asked them why they attended the meeting.

"We came expecting to see miracles performed," impudently replied one of the rascals.

Leaving the desk, and walking quietly down the aisle, the pastor seized one after the other by the collar, and, as they disappeared out of the door, remarked: "We don't perform miracles here, but we do cast out devils."

Welcomed with a moose in the hands of a moose, but years after the disaster was a farewell banquet for practically the same company, was one of the experiences of Rev. Thomas Latta, a missionary of the American Sunday School Union.

"The first place I went to when I entered the work," said Mr. Latta, to a Chicago Chronicle reporter, "was a little town near Longview, Tex. I had announced that I had come to get the people interested in forming a Sunday school, and that I would hold a meeting in a certain place. I had been warned that Sunday school men were not wanted there, but I determined that I would rather die than desert my duty. I managed to gather a little company in the school house and had a few volunteer teachers at work when we were interrupted by a knock. I was asked to step outside, and I went out and closed the door behind me. Facing me were a number of men, some of them armed men, led by a one-armed Confederate veteran.

"We want you to leave here at once," said the man in the middle.

"I answered that I intended to stay and do what I considered my duty.

"Bring up the rope," yelled one of the crowd.

"A long rope was brought forward and the loop slipped over my head.

"Now, will you go?" they demanded.

"Men," I don't fear to be killed, as long as I am bound that I shall die if I ask is a few moments to pray."

"I left this man came up.

"I left this man," said he, pointing to his empty sleeve, "on Lookout Mountain—he had been a confederate, of course—but you are the bravest man I ever saw. You're all right."

"As he said this the rope was taken off, the band seemed to melt away and I was free to go back into the school house and continue my work.

"Seventeen years from that time I left Texas to go into the Indian territory, and the next year I was in Palestine, Tex., gave me a banquet."

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