ing that, a long procession of carts, buggies, and horseback riders. An escort wagon, far in the rear, carried the band.

Races frequently occurred. The Major, the finest whip in the service, yielded the lead to no one. His four magnificent horses were as wax in his hands. Poor man! he was desperate. The unscrupulous Katy had seated the Rev. James at his side, and the little man chatted complacently about the relative merits of flaxseed and porous plasters, till the Major was blue in the face with repressed profanity.

Jack Reynolds was not one of the party. His duties as quartermaster would detain him, he had told Mrs. Rensome. Katy had openly given thanks for his absence; remarking, pertly, that blunderbusses were not pleasant companions. Never had she looked more beautiful. Mounted on her bonny brown nag she rode like the wind, winning every race.

After eight miles traveling over the springy plains they reached Lake De Senet. A more beautiful scene the eye could not rest upon, than this sheet of water lying clasped in solid bowlders. Hidden away in the foot-hills of the Big Horn Mountains, sea-gulls flew over its surface, and regular sea-breezes blew from its alkali waters. In the little sail-boat, party after party went around the lake, exploring its shores. Afterward the band, grouped upon the rocks, began to play a waltz, and soon everyone except the rector was dancing merrily.

Just at sunset, the trumpeter blew the supper-call, and a hungry army hastened into the quaint old kitchen of a deserted ranch at the side of the lake. In the huge fireplace a mass of burning logs was sputtering saucily. Captain Little, who prided himself on his campaigning qualities, presided gallantly over an immense caldron of fragrant coffee; the Major dressed the salad, and of course the *youngest* officer carved. How good everything tasted! The ride and exercise in the glorious air had sharpened every appetite. For over an hour they sat at the table, frolicking as no people in civil life do, or can; for, after all, it is pleasant to have a fairy god-mother to look after your well-being, even if she comes in governmental form.

Rising from her place at the rector's side, Katy ran to the door and looked out for the moon which was to guide them home. The sky was gray and misty, and the keen air cut like a knife.

"No moon to-night," she announced in a disgusted tone.

"And no dancing, either," cried the Major, as he looked over her sunny head. "Come, good people, we must get back to the Post."

Hastily bundling bag and basket into the ambulance, they started on their homeward journey. The horses ran, as from the approach of an enemy. The Major glanced anxiously at the sky, and harshly told Katy to keep at his side. It grew colder and colder. Soon the air was alive with snow,—the blizzard was upon them. The sky, the ground, the horses, the ambulance, were swallowed up in the whirling mass. There were no landmarks. The trackless plains surrounded them. The wind was due north, and in their faces. The frozen particles cut the skin like razors. Numb hands dropped the reins, and the horses began to plunge madly. Nothing could contend with the awful "Norther" and live.

Standing in the drag, the Major shouted to the officers to take their sword-belts and fasten the ladies to their saddles, and then "mount—forward—gallop!" They must trust to the instinct of their horses.

What a ride that was! After what seemed like years of misery, when even Katy's heart had failed for fear, they heard above the roaring of the gale the beating of a drum. The escort wagon had been overturned at the door of a cabin in the wilderness. The horses had saved their masters.

The white owner of the cabin and his squaw wife received their half-frozen guests most hospitably. The horses were turned into the corral, and the entire party crowded into the one room of the house. What a relief it was to be sheltered from the icy touch of the blizzard! How beautiful the fire looked blazing on the hearth! Katy felt that she could kiss the not over-clean face of the little Indian hostess, she was so happy. Life is sweet at eighteen.

No one slept that night. Grouped about the fire, the officers told story after story of adventure upon the plains. The most romantic chapters of unwritten history are told by soldier's lips, and few are fortunate enough to hear them.

When morning came, the storm showed no signs of abating. The edibles at the cabin, though coarse, were abundant, and the remnants of the picnic collation were served for breakfast. At noon, the members of the band went to the corral to feed the horses, leaving the bugler stationed in the little lean-to, to blow the bugle as a guide to their movements. When at last they came staggering through the storm, they carried the stiff, half-frozen body of a man in army blue.

"What's this?" cried the Major in a tone of horror.

"The Quartermaster, sir," replied the drummer, sadly; "we found him lying near the corral, almost buried in the snow."

With a cry of utter anguish, which those who heard it never forgot, Katy Dare flung herself upon the floor.

"It's Jack!" she cried, "*my* Jack! I loved him all the time."

The voice he loved so well pierced the death-like stupor which was fast stealing over him. The warm, clinging lips brought back the breath of life. Slowly his eyes opened and rested upon the bonny, tearful face so near his own.

"My darling," he said, "have I won you at last?" Katy clung sobbing to his neck.

"All the world loves a lover." Even the little squaw smiled sympathetically upon the soldier who had wrung his happiness from the grasp of a "Norther."

The Major was delighted, but mystified. He could not understand it.

"Why, she never liked Jack, and was devoted to the rector," he said feebly.

"Just so!" replied the sagacious Mrs. Rensome. "In dealing with a girl, Major, remember it's never Jim, but Jack; and if she flirts with a parson, she is pretty sure to marry a soldier."—And Katy did.

HELEN JAY.

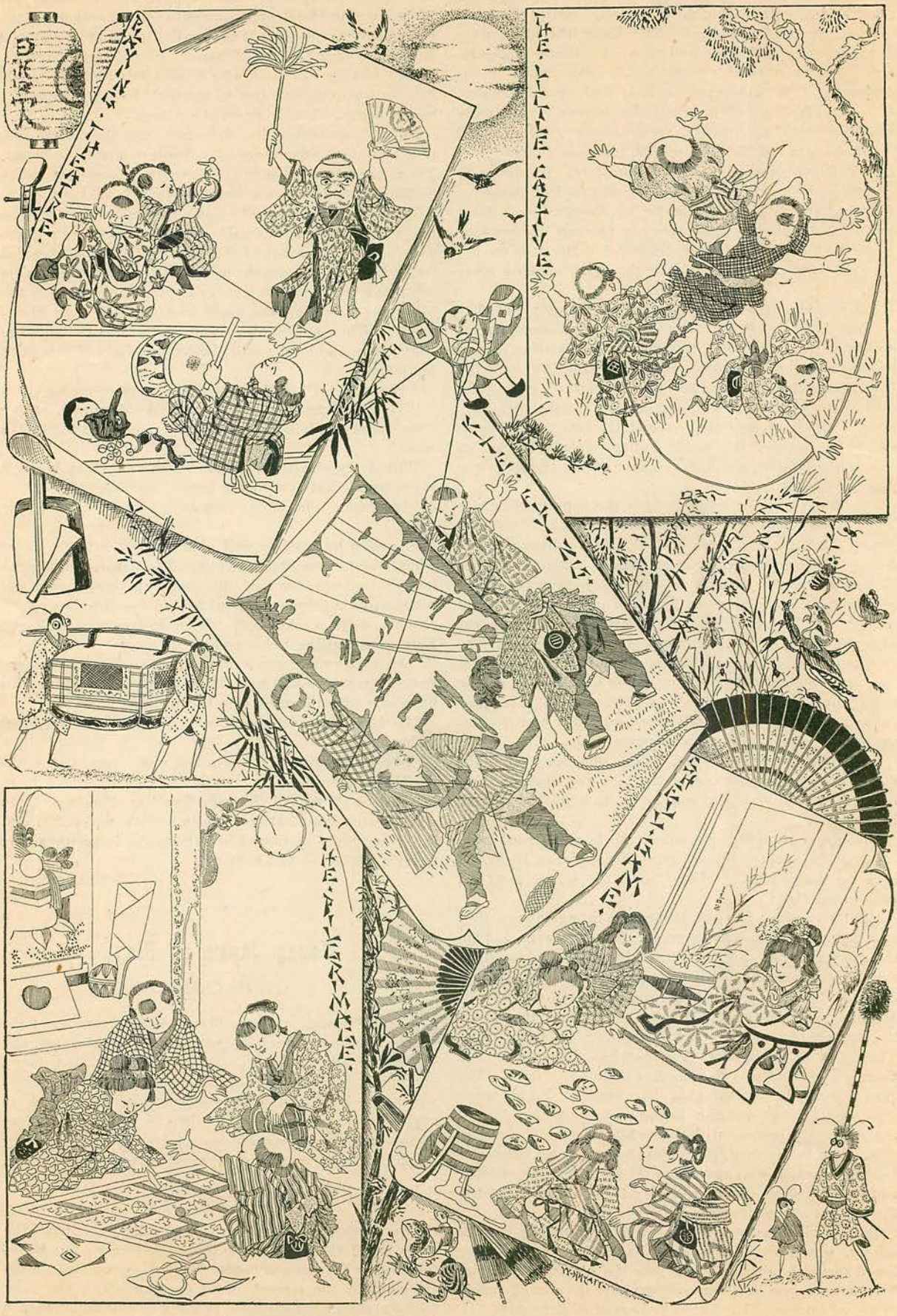
Young Japan at Play.

(*For the Children.*)

LAST month we gave illustrations of several of the amusing games and sports of Japanese children, and the following, while entirely different from them, are equally interesting in themselves, and full of suggestions which our bright American youngsters will be quick to apply to their own amusement. Besides the quaint drollery of these pictures, they are instructive, as giving a very graphic and accurate idea of Japanese costumes and customs.

PLAYING THEATRE.

THE Japanese are very fond of the theatre. In all the cities, at all the yearly market-fairs, there are a number of theatres for the common people; indeed, performances often are given in the streets, in which actors with the most frightful masks, accompanied by three or four musicians, do their best to entertain the public with dancing and jumping.



YOUNG JAPAN AT PLAY.

In the latter fashion, the children also love to play theater. There is no more fortunate child than the one who owns a real, frightful, colored mask, especially an Oni mask with immense goggle-eyes, or a red, long-nosed Tengu mask representing the fabulous wood-sprite Tengu, who lives in a nest in the forest and has a nose a yard long, bird's wings, and claws for feet. A favorite mask, also, is that of the Corean lion, which is worn with a long, yellow-striped cloak. Amid the shrilling of fifes and beating of drums, the lion gives a wild bound on the scene, roars as loudly as he can, and shakes his yellow-paper mane over his red-painted face. Pretty scenes from real life, such as we like, the Japanese care nothing for; frightful, wild, grotesque, ridiculous, must the representation be for them to enjoy it.

The fan plays a more or less important rôle in all their dances and adventures: the actor turns and twists it and waves it on all sides; when the piece is finished, the little artist takes off his mask, and with outspread fan goes around among the spectators—as the Italian tambourine player does in our large cities—to collect the donations of the audience, whose usual contributions to the little ones are confections.

The wild Oni is here again,
The brown Oni, Schi—Yu—Ten!*
Changing now before your view
To the Tengu, Ka-ra-fu!*
And now another mask he'll try on
And show you the Corean lion.*
He has many masks to change,
To show as many wonders strange.
When we've pleased you all we can,
Put some candies on our fan.

The Little Captive.

This game refers to another of the wicked Onis, the Kobold of Japanese fairy lore.

Such a restless spirit, that is to say, a child selected by repeating a rhyme around the group, is made captive. It must let itself be dragged off with many a pull and roguish jest, and finally fastened to a long cord tied in its belt, the other end of which is knotted tightly around a tree. The captive Oni can run all around the tree, but of course not beyond a certain circle. Then the other children begin to torment and annoy the poor rogue in every possible way.

"Catch me then! Catch me if you can!" sounds from all sides. But when the Oni grasps at them, the light-footed tormentors are off like the wind, and the little captive of course cannot follow them. He must therefore keep as far as possible away from the tree, to let the others get between him and it. He suffers all the mocking patiently and good-humoredly for a time, until he suddenly makes a spring and seizes a surprised play-fellow by the dress.

Very often one of the little ones falls, and then it is still easier to catch him. The one who is caught has to be Oni next, and so on, until, if possible, each child has had its turn.

Bing-ke-bang-ke, bamboo stick,
The Oni's caught at last.
Ting-ke-tang-ke, candle-wick,
We have tied him fast.
The Oni steals our children dear;
Now we have the Oni here,
Let us see what he can do.
Catch us, Oni! we've caught you.

Kite-Flying.

When the wind, coming from the blue sea, blows across the isles of the Japanese monarchy, than begins a happy time for the Japanese youngsters—kite-flying time.

Light but strong, made of rice-paper decorated with all sorts of wonderful fairy-tale pictures in gay colors, is the Japanese paper kite. Besides the well-known shape, there are other such flying playthings, which are something between toy balloons and kites, and represent all sorts of figures, such as birds, butterflies, and even little children. They are made of paper pasted over curved sticks. The outspread wings of these birds and butterflies, or the dresses of the dolls, are inflated by the wind, and the gay-colored toy, light as a breath, is borne up in the air.

If you ever happen to go to a Japanese store, such as are to be found in most large cities, you will see for sale, as decorations, such kites in just such shapes; the most usual, a fat, red-faced boy, with a fringe of black hair across the forehead, and great, round, black eyes. This is the favorite hero of the Japanese fairy-tales, "Kin-ta-ro," the "gold son," who practiced wrestling for three years with a bear, until he could overcome every beast of the forest, and run fleeter than the stag through the desert plains. He had all sorts of adventures with the wood-spirits and Onis, and is held in great esteem.

Every boy delights in Kin-ta-ro, and the finest kite is nothing to him if it is not adorned with Kin-ta-ro's picture.

Fly, my kite, halli! hallo!
Fly, my gold boy, Kin-ta-ro.
Fly across the land and sea,
You will not escape from me.
In the woods the bear is growling,
Through the trees the wind is howling.
Fly, fly, so high, so high,
I scarcely see you in the sky.
Fly, and all your brightness show.
Fly, my pretty Kin-ta-ro.

The Pilgrimage.

Do you know the traveling game? A very similar game is played by the little Japanese, who call it the "Pilgrimage."

A large square of cardboard is marked out into one hundred sections. One corner section and the central one are made larger than the others, the first numbered 1, and the last, 100. All the others are numbered in rotation, and so that the highest numbers are nearest the center. In the first section is drawn a sketch of the capital city of Japan, Tokio. The central picture represents the temple Naiku, in which is the shrine of the sun-goddess, the great spirit of heavenly light, and to which every Japanese, at least once during his life-time, undertakes to make a tour. Such a pious pilgrimage is represented in this game.

Each child holds a little figure,—a tiny pilgrim in the usual garb, or very often represented as an animal in character, or grotesquely. The journey begins at Tokio, the first picture. The children throw dice in turn, and whatever number each throws, so many stations of the journey may be passed. How many beautiful things are to be seen on the way! The picture at No. 3, where the first pilgrim rests, shows, for instance, a pretty tea-garden with a multitude of narrow walks, little artificial mountains and grottoes, valleys, and lakes. Picture No. 5 has an ornamental summer-house; No. 10, a waterfall dashing over rocks; No. 20, a landscape, and an itinerant juggler balancing peacock feathers on the end of his nose, etc. Many of these pictures are surprising to the little pilgrims. But when one reaches No. 25, a storm, the pilgrim is set back thirteen hours, that is, he must go back thirteen stations, to No. 12.

So it is very doubtful who will reach the temple of the sun-goddess first. The lucky one wins the game and gets

* Well-known Japanese fairy-tale characters.

the prize, which usually consists of rice-confections and fruit.

Little pilgrim, pious pilgrim,
From house to house you go,
Wandering over bridge and valley,
All this wide world through.
Eagle, crane, and vagrant swallow
Wing their joyous way;
Little pilgrim, weary pilgrim,
You must walk all day!
Kneel before the bright sun-goddess;
Then, from where you come,
Little pilgrim, happy pilgrim,
Gladly hasten home.

Shell Game.

Japan, the glorious island-country, is surrounded and divided by the deep blue sea. Its great cities are by the sea, for the most part built along the shore, and the temples, villages, and meadows are near charming inlets. What wonder that the little Japanese are good friends with the blue water, and that shells and sea-treasures are favorite, every-day playthings!

One of the most common amusements of the children is the following shell game: The two parts of a mussel-shell are painted on the inside with pictures exactly alike; for instance, with two butterflies, birds, grasshoppers, fishes, spiders, and all sorts of figures, stars, rings, etc. Some twenty pairs of such shells, each pair having a different picture, and one odd shell, painted with a devil, belong to the game. They are all laid down on the ground, with the unpainted side up, mixed together, and then divided in equal parts among the children, who sit down on the ground in a circle. Each one looks through all his shells and puts all those that match together, and lays them on the ground in the middle of the circle, and the rest they lay out in front of them, with the unpainted side up.

Now begins the real play. Each child takes at the same time one shell from his right-hand neighbor. If the picture on it is like one he has, he puts the two together and lays them in the middle of the circle. No child must let another see the pictures on his shells. The game continues until all the shells are matched, and only the devil's shell remains. Its possessor must allow himself to have two great red rings painted around his eyes. The rest make fun of him, you may be sure. But the one who matches all his shells first is winner, and can claim and keep a pair of the painted shells.

"How comical!" you will say; yet we have a game very similar, played with cards. You see, children and their games are very much alike the world over.

Like and like together pair,
Stork with stork, and star with star.
Fish to fish, and ring to ring,
Butterflies we match, and sing,
"Sun, here is a sister sun.
A gold pheasant,—another one."
House to house,—what fun! now lay
Flower spray and flower spray,
Crab to crab, and stone to stone,
Till only the devil is left alone.

Practical Etiquette.

X.

Wedding Anniversaries.

Ever since the days of good old John Gilpin—and nobody knows how long before—people have had a liking for celebrating their "wedding days," although they have differed widely as to the pleasantest and most appropriate way of doing so.

Some friends of mine, who are persons of refinement and culture, and at the same time quiet and home-loving people, think that the Gilpin family chose the best kind of celebration; and they therefore have a pleasant family excursion to some pretty rural spot, where they picnic with the children, returning, perhaps, by moonlight. They take care, of course, to select good, steady nags to draw their vehicles, and as they carry no wine, the wine is, naturally, not spilled.

Other people invite a few intimate friends to dine and pass the evening in friendly chat. A married couple of my acquaintance recently celebrated their silver wedding by repeating their wedding tour. They left their own home very quietly, old shoes hastening their departure. They then went to the bride's native place,—where they had been married,—and hiring a buggy and a pair of stout horses, spent a fortnight in driving over a beautiful, mountainous country, visiting the same spots, and staying at each the same length of time, as on the occasion of their original wedding journey.

The old-fashioned "wedding-day" of our ancestors has blossomed into an anniversary—for everything is an anniversary now with us, unless it be a centenary, or a bicentenary, or some other monster of time. I like the quaint sound of "wedding-day," however; and why should not we use this expression as well as the common one of "birthday?" (I am glad to see that Prof. Hill, of Harvard College, has strongly pointed out to his fellow-Americans, the folly of such pompous expressions as "the anniversary of my birth.")

A few years ago, wedding anniversaries, and the celebration thereof in all sorts of materials, were very much the fashion. We heard of paper, wooden, and tin weddings, glass, china, and silver weddings, until it seemed as if some sort of wedding ceremony were taking place every day. But time corrected this excess, as it does all others, and one hears less frequently now even of tin weddings, although these were at one time very popular.

Silver weddings occasionally take place, although guests are not usually expected to make presents. In fact, it is no longer considered "good form" to issue invitations to a silver wedding in such a way as to solicit, or to appear to solicit, gifts. Some people request that no presents shall be sent, and this seems a very good way out of the difficulty. When a gift is sent, it should be accompanied by the card of the donor, the same as any wedding present.

A wooden wedding occurs, if it occur at all, after five years of matrimony; and the guests if they bring presents should select those made of wood in some form.

The tin wedding marks the completion of a decade of married life, and therefore has a plea for existence, which its younger sister cannot urge. Divisions into periods of tens have a charm for most people, and especially for a nation which uses a decimal currency.

I think it is in better style, at the present time, to have the invitations for tin, silver, and golden weddings printed in ordinary black ink, rather than in silver or gold, and to omit any special mention of the nature of the occasion, which is sufficiently indicated by the two dates, thus:

1879. 1889.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Littell,
At Home,
Thursday evening, June fifth,
at eight o'clock.
4 Regent Street.

The above would be a correct form to use for a tin wed-