

"I thought, when I felt your hand, that *it* had flopped right down on my head, and I did n't know but that I was going to die right straight off, without ever bidding anybody good-by, and, oh! I had such dreadful thoughts, all in a flash."

"Why, Lucy, child," said Martha (Martha was eleven years old, and Lucy was ten), "you have been having bad dreams. Why did n't you call me?"

"I was afraid *it* would hear," she whispered back. "Please, Martha, don't speak so loud. Indeed there *is* something in the room."

"Of course," said Martha, sitting up in bed again and speaking louder than ever, "of course, we are here."

"Oh, don't, Martha; do lie down," entreated poor Lucy, almost beside herself with terror. "I've been watching it ever so long, and it gets bigger and bigger. It's just down there in the corner of the room, near the foot of the bed."

"Where?" said Martha, anxiously, opening her eyes wide and straining them hard to see in the faint moonlight.

"Down there; I dare n't look again. Last time it seemed like it nodded to me and got nearer this way."

"Lucy Brown, I don't see one single solitary thing that I have n't seen a hundred times before," said Martha, in loud emphatic tones. And her voice was so hearty, and her manner so fearless, that Lucy herself began to feel differently and less afraid of the terrible *something*, which she somehow still thought must be there, and which it seemed very strange to her that Martha could not see.

Once more she whispered, half interrogatively:

"Something tall and dark, with a white head," and then, in a sudden burst of confidence, "O Martha, I think—I thought—I did n't know, but may be it was a ghost."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Martha, loud enough and merrily enough to have made a ghost itself laugh, if there ever could possibly be such a thing, but as there was not, nor could not be, the laugh did some good, anyway, as every honest and merry laugh always does.

It put to rout Lucy's shadowy fears, and brought her sitting bolt upright in bed, but not by the side of Martha, for that merry little girl was flitting around the room, touching first one object and then another, shouting out, "Am I hot or cold?" in a vain attempt to find the ghost.

Lucy actually laughed aloud at this new way and time for playing "hot butter-beans please to come to supper," and it was not long after that that she grew so bold as to herself run up to the ghost and take off its white head, which, after all, was nothing but her own little white sailor-waist hanging upon the high back of an arm-chair. So that put an end to the ghost. But a new fear rose—Martha would tell "the boys," and she'd "never hear the last of it."

But Martha promised she would do no such dreadful thing; so Lucy in turn was very ready to promise that she would never be so foolish again, and to declare she knew that there were no such things as ghosts, and that if there were, they could n't possibly want anything from her, and that the very next time and every time she was frightened she would not wait a minute, nor half of a minute, but march right up and see what it was. And she always has kept her promise. To this day she has never found a ghost,—for a very good reason, which I am sure you will think of,—nor has she ever found a trouble of any kind that did not either disappear altogether or grow considerably smaller when she "marched right up to it" and saw what it really was.

EAST INDIAN TOYS.

BY ALICE DONLEVY.

THE DOLL.

THE favorite playthings among East Indian girls are their dolls, which, although very different from any dolls made or sold in our country, are very precious to their owners. The East Indian dolls are made of light wood, painted in various colors, and they all look like our picture, varying only in size; the smallest is six inches, the largest two or three feet high. They are not jointed, and their little

Indian mothers cannot dress and undress them, or have the fun of making their clothes. The only thing that will "come off" is the head, which is secured by a peg fitting into a hole in the body. The feet are firmly fastened to a wooden stand and to the solid body of the doll.

Perhaps some of you children may like to make these East Indian dollies as curious Christmas gifts for your young friends. It will not be difficult to

get some one, with this picture at hand for a model, to cut the form for you out of soft wood, if you cannot do it yourselves; and for the rest you have only to paint the forms with bright colors (as I shall describe) and to gum on a bit of gilt paper carefully here and there, according to directions.



THE DOLL.

dull yellow-grey—the same color as the baby's skirt-border and the doll's shoes and legs. The upper part of the dress is dark blue; ornamented with yellow dots, arranged like stars, and trimmed with bands of white spots on red. Her bracelets (for, like the women of India, she wears many) are crimson and gold. The tall head-dress is painted yellow with black stripes, or blue with white dots, and red. Her front hair is ornamented with a gold band, also trimmed with white spots. The long black hair hangs from the back of her head in one long, tapering braid. This is painted on and extends below the waist, which is dotted with white spots arranged differently in groups in the center and in a line at each side of the braid. The face is very peculiar, as you see. The ears are crimson and

gold; the eyes, eyebrows, eyelashes and the ornament at the side of her nose is black; not only are her lips red, but the tip of her nose and one of the spots between the eyebrows; the other spot is green. One more green spot on her pointed chin completes her toilet.

THE COW.

The favorite plaything among the boys is the elephant, made of all sizes, and looking very much like the animals that stand on our toy-shop shelves. The boys play feeding their elephants with rice, etc., and giving them pails of water, just as regularly as some girls sing their dolls to sleep and put them to bed. The cow is a very funny toy, and comes next to the elephant in popularity.



THE COW.

All the real cows in India are white; but the toy cows are usually crimson and gold, and dotted with yellow—with blue stripes, dotted with white. The feet and tail are dashed with black, like the eyes and nose. The ears can be taken off, for they have little pegs that fit in a hole in the cow's head. In both these toys the colors are so arranged that the whole effect is pleasing. You can learn from these playthings, almost as well as from a thousand-dollar shawl, the Oriental rule for color, which is: Always separate different colors by lines of white, or black, or gold.

WHETHER fair, whether foul,
Be it wet or dry,
Cloudy-time or shiny-time,
The sun 's in the sky.

Gloomy night, sparkle night,
Be it glad or dread,
Cloudy-time or shiny-time,
Stars are overhead.