INDOOR GAME OF FOX HUNTING

HERE'S A VERY AMUSING SPORT THAT WILL PASS A RAINY DAY PLEASANTLY

HE rain heat a hopeless tattoo against the windows, dripped with a dreary persistency from the eaves, and made miniature canals through the tennis court. It was one of those gray, dull mornings when even the most

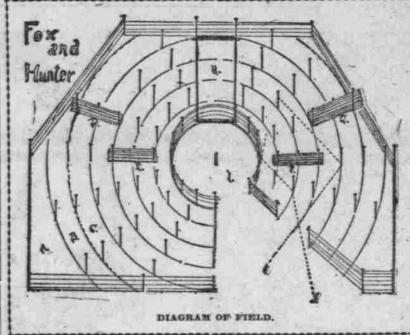
sanguine of boys is apt to lose hope. The sky was a solid wet blanket for miles and miles-not a break anywhere to set one's hope on. Such were the conditions under which I made my first acquaintance with the game of Fox and Hunter. It was a girl who suggested it, and naturally the boys who had their minds made up for baseball, fishing or tennia, did not at first take kindly to the new amusement. They were in that state of mind in which nothing that is done in the house seems worth while; yet the game succeeded in winning first their attention and next their epthusiastic ap-

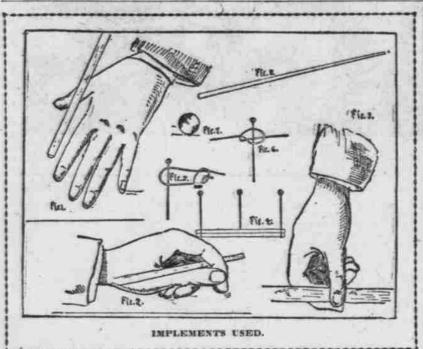
When the rain finally did stop, it was nearly an hour before the young folk

discovered the fact, You will see in the diagram that the same of Fox and Hunter is played through a network of pins and threads and sticks, or in the language of the game, runs, bedges and hazards. A board about two feet square, or the top of an

old table, will serve as a field on which

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to lay out the runs for the foxes and unds. Drive into the center of this board the largest pins which the household affords. There are extra large pins which make a better board than the ordinary size, but the common household variety will answer very weil.

Attach a thread to your pin and then wrap the loose end of the thread about a pencil. This appliance will enable you to draw circles quite as well as with a compass. The first circle should be about three inches in diameter and about one inch should intervene between each of the following circles. There are seven circles

imagination in inventing and constructing all sorts of hedges, hills or water-ways through which the fox may scamper in his effort to clude the hounds. The board shown in the diagram is an excellent one, offering many opportunities for variety of play and mishap. It is made of 86 plns, giving seven runways, A. B. C. etc.; four hedges, D. E. P. G. and one hazard, and the fox's den, I.

It will improve the field greatly if felt, green baise, or some other heavy cloth is tacked over the board before the runs are laid out; this, however, is by no means

Figure 5 shows the best knot with which to tie the thread at the start and figure 6 shows the liltch by means of

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on the jee and broke their way through the top, but I was swimming away at the first alarm. The only way to catch

us is to set steel traps for us at the mouths of our burrows. We are not as

cute as the mink or beaver, though some

into a trap."

what does he do?"

the boy.

of us die of old age and never get a foot

"I have seen caps and capes and muffs

and gloves made of muskrat fur," said

"Of course you have," said the musk

rat, "and let me tell you that the fur-

riers dye our skins and sell them for what they are not. Some of the capes

called American seal are nothing but

American muskrat. However, there is 5 big demand for our fur for what it is, and

men hunt us so closely that in a few years more there will be none left."

When a muskrat is caught in a trap

"He makes a great struggle, of course,

and does his best to pull his foot out. Sometimes he gnaws his leg off, the same

as a beaver, but if the trap is under

as a beaver, but if the trap is under water he generally drowns before anything can be done. I must caught the end of my thil in a trap and lost two inches of it in getting away, but it grew out again, after awaile. Had my log been caught I should not have had the pleasure of this talk with you. I'm going now, and you can remember what I've told you and relate it to the other pupils in your school."

which it is held to the other pins as it is carried around the circle.

If the field is a small one, matches answer very well for the hedges. Figure is shows an enlarged view of the hedge. It is a simple arrangement, the three-pins form two braces between which the sticks are lated.

H, the hazard, is an elastic band stretched around four plns. It is raised just the width of a match from the ta-

The foxes and hounds are marbles. The players are divided evenly lato two sides one side being the foxes, the other side

Figure 8 shows a small stick with which the marbles are struck. Pushing is absolutely against the rules of the game. A small circle of leather glued to the end this stick will greatly improve its The object of the fox is to enter the

run at the opening on the right, to com-plete the circle and strike the pin within the den without allowing himself to be caught. A fox is caught when his mar-ble is struck by a marble belonging to one of the hounds. Neither fox nor hound can enter the runs except by the big brother was made opening on the right, and they cannot and Mille Francis, eave them except by the opening on the

When a hound kills a fox he has an-

other turn.
Foxes cannot kill the hounds, but they are allowed to have a second turn if they succeed in hitting one of them. This is, however, a very dangerous play, and is only resorted to in the utmost extremity. A fox does not receive a second play by hitting the same hound twice without

a turn intervening. A hound may not kill a fox merely by passing him. If a fox chooses to do so, he may double on his trail and play back oward the open, but he cannot leave the

The foxes are always allowed to have first turn, and play one after another until all have entered the runs; then the hounds follow in full cry. It is perfectly fair for a fox to strike with his marble the marble of another fox, but no second turn is allowed for this play. The same is true regarding the hounds.

It is, of course, a great advantage for the fox to get well out of reach on his first shot. The plays marked by the dot-ted lines J and K in the diagram are both excellent shots, and carry the well out of danger behind the hedge. None but the most experienced hounds can capture a fox on the first play if the

shots outlined are carried out success To make the marble jump over the haz-ard, strike sharply down upon it, as shown in figure 1. If the board is cov-ered with cloth the marble may some-

times be jumped over one of the hedges by using this stroke. Figure 2 shows the position of the guiding hand in an ordinary play. Figure 2 shows the position of the striking hand; the stick is held loosely between the

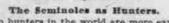
thumb and first finger.

If either fox or hound is jumped out of the runs he is counted dead. The hounds must capture all the foxes in order to win the game. If a single fox escapes and reaches the pin in his den the foxes

are accounted the winners.

A hound may follow a fox into his den; not until the fex strikes the pin is he

A Dog Worth Having, The River Meander, in Asia, is famous for more than one thing, and, as all of us should know, its twists and turns give to us the word "meander." But what is proposed in this bit of a true story is to tell of something that happened to a party of travelers while they were crossing that historical stream. When the party came to the river a flood was rolling downward to the sea, and there were doubts as to whether the narrow wooden bridge, without railings, would stand. "In crossing the bridge," says one of the party, "an ox put its foot over the edge, overbalanced, and cart and oxen all fell in. We saw our four waterproofs and umbrells float-ing fast away on the cart-body, which was of wickerwork and very light. Our dog, a splendid black retriever, was or-dered to go in. He took the plunge in-stantly. In spite of the strong current, he reached the raft, for such the cart-body had become, and, sniffing the articles over, brought out first his master's coat. He then went back thrice, return ing each time with a coat, and, of course, having a harder swim at every rescue Then he was sent to get the umbrella a task he unwillingly undertook. But he was skillful, and at last reached us with all the articles of value. The poor Turk who had lost his cart, and some others who had joined the party, stood speechless with amazement during the performances of the dog. Finally, regaining his voice, with many 'mashal-lahs,' he said: 'Twice over would I loze my cart to see such a dog."



No hunters in the world are more saving of their ammunition than the Seminoles. a remnant of which tribe of Indians still dwells in the Florida everglades. The Seminole deer hunter carries his gun empty. If he spies a deer feeding, his first object is to steal up as close as possible. Then he calculates as to how much powder will be required to carry the bail, and sometimes the hunters use a very small-quantity indeed. Yet the exboy who often used a path along the a hole in the bank. Let me tell you beaver, except that we use grasses in-banks of a river one afternoon caught that I can swim almost as fast as a stead of sticks and limbs. We plaster the pert hunter rarely misses his target, and his shot is generally fatal. more than eight or ten minutes at a three rooms inside, and we have two and more than eight or ten minutes at a three rooms inside, and we always enter time. Had I been afraid of you I should have made a dive, and swam clear across in a house when the hunters came out the river before complex on the hearths. "But why are you so careful of the

powder?" asked a visitor of old Chipco "For two reasons," said the old chief "to save the powder and to save the hunter's time. With a light charge the report is light, and the other game in the icinity is not scared away."

Chipco is now dead, and his son Tigertails is the chief of the Seminoles, many

of whom still use the old-style musket, such as is loaded by means of a ramrod. My Prompter.

'Now sing." commands my little son, As he creeps up in my lap And nestice his head upon my breast, Prepared for a "dood, long nap." Now sing me sumfin' nice," he pleads, "Oh, talls in a waggin' ahine,"

'Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep," So oft the tale I've told, I can but wish those cratwhile lambs Had never left the fold. My thoughts go straying as the sheep, I merely hum the line; My little son as prompter mays,

Over again I sing the words Of the sheep from Bo Peep fleeting; Drooping lids close softly down As she "dreamt she heard them bleating." Kiss the eyes as I lay him down,

My precious boy, so fine; The white lids quiver—he murmurs low, "Wiv-talls—waggin—him."

Puppy's Resurrection.

Gyp was a fine collie with a family of

pupples. The only trouble in the case was that the family was too large, and it was decreed that one of the little dogs should be drowned. Accordingly the poor little creature was taken to the river, held under the water, and then buried Gyp had watched all this from the cor-ners of her black eyes, and who shall say that her pain at such cruelty was not very keen? At any rate, she went to the little grave when the boys had gone and dug up her offspring. Then she licked it and licked it. When the boys came back she growled and showed her teeth, and the boys, standing aloof, watched her. Fancy their surprise when the puppy, which they had thought drowned past recovery, gave a faint little yelp! Gyp really did lick the drowned puppy back to life, and to this day it still lives, as happy a dog as ever wagged a tail,

FROM LADDERMAN TO DEPUTY-CHIEF

STORY OF A FIGHTER OF FIRES-HOW DAN HALE WON THE "THREE TRUMPETS." BY EPES WINTHROP SARGENT

Chapter III. HEY were gathered in the "front room" of the Hale flat the day Dan was to know whether he had

assed the civil service. There were Mrs. Hale, all of a tremble, as mothers will be under such circumstances; Mr. Hale, smoking furiously and stealing furtive glanges through the window; Grandma Hale, garrulous and determined to while away the moments by recounting over and over again Dunny's exploit with the butcher's cart and old Buck: several younger Hales, rejoicing in the reflected glory which should be theirs when their big brother was made a "really fireman,"

Millio was by far the calmest in the party. The idea that Danny could fall at anything he undertook had never entered her head. And Millie af 17 had a wise head on her young shoulders. Moreover, Pat Sullivan, whose son Danny had saved, had declared that he would see the young fellow through, and the name of Sullivan was all-powerful in that section of the city known as the Fifth

Ward. A quick, firm step on the landing, and omething very like a boyish hurrah rang down the entry. Dan burst through the door, erving:

"I've got it! I've got it!" "What?" cried everybody, just as if they did not know the great secret. "Why, the fire department-I mean a

place in the fire department." It was some time before the confusion that followed the speech subsided, and Dan could be prevailed upon to give an intelligible account of his victory.

"Well, you see, after I got four certificates of character for the Civil Servce Board, I went through a physical examination by the surgeon attached to pointees. the commission, and then had to take the regular mental examination. Well, education could pass it. Geography is ers he had watched his earnest preparathe hardest for most fellows, because it is mostly given ever to locating city streets and buildings, but I was all right fire department, but it is actually preon that. I got 100. My percentage on the whole was \$5, though 70 would have

ast words. Fifteen hundred names, and



Dan burst through the door, crying "I've got it! I've got

his at the very bottom! But Mr. Hale and Dan understood the situation.

"Now, don't you fret, mother; Sullivar will fix it. That's what he's district leader for. He gets all the votes, and the boys stick by him because he sticks by them. When a man wants a job, Bullivan just goes to the organization and gets its for him. The next time they want some firemen Sullivan will see that the clerk includes my name in the list."

to pay, and the organization paid it for him with a job. Just a week later he dropped round to Backus' shop and told days. This, with the exception of the oversieep, even if you have to buy an Dan to report to Captain Cochrane, of regular vacation, is all the time a man clarm clock, or I shall have to prefer No. 9, on probation the next morning at 8 is supposed to be away from the house.



Dun was more than thankful that Sullivan had sent him among his old friends, was a bit scared, but it was easy, after including Battalion Chief Cross, and he all. Any one with a fair public school was warmly welcomed by the fire-fight-

tions to become one of them. Hazing is not only forbidden in the vented. There is always a man on

a nightshirt. Cochrane, who led the laugh, exclaimed; "Why, Dan, when you've been one of us long enough you'll find out we never have

time to change in the night."

Dan blushed furiously and stammered:
"I was so excited I did not think—" Captain Cochrane interrupted him. "It's all right, son, but you wear your nderwear and blue shirt, and you'll find

ou dress the quicker." No. 3 house was one of the old-timers, comfortable, but not as elaborate as some of the more recent fire stations. The cellar contained the coal supply for the engine, and the boiler which kept steam up in the engine while it was in

The main floor was given over to the engine and its tender or hosecart. Five stalls occupied the sides, while in front was the desk where the watch was al-ways on duty. The floor above was used for the dormitories and bathrooms, the captain having a room in front. On the third floor was the lounging-room, where the men spent their spare time, and where were located their lockers. This was fa-miliar territory to Dan, for many an evening had he been here listening to de-

on the way to the fire.

Pan was so familiar with life in the house that he did not have to be taught the simpler tricks, such as hitching up and sliding down the pole, usually shown to a new man the first day. When asked what time he would like off, Dan prompt-ly replied that he would like three swings, call for an hour and three-quarters twice a day, while for men living at a distance three hours form a single awing. In Winter they have 12 hours off three times each month, and in Summer they get three days. This, with the exception of the oversleep, even if you have to buy an

day and night,

watch below, and the captain keeps a done. Now it's up to Sullivan to get me in. There are about 1509 names on the waiting list."

The faces of the women fell at these leadings among other toilet accessories

the house. When an engine returns from a fire the firebox is emptied and a fresh

partment stories.
Burton, the driver, with whom Dan was particularly chummy, introduced him to the dormitery. According to an established custom, a bed in the center of the Then he boots were forced through the legs of his a dozen blocks. .

o'clock as part of a batch of 14 new ap- And at the house he is practically on duty

Dan was to have one day at No. 9 and by night he was quite worn out. Nevertheless, he was too nervous to sleep, and tossed restlessly till the first streak of dawn lightened the horizon. He was afraid he would miss the tele-Every time the horses moved he graph. Every time the horses moved he started. The silence was oppressive. A night light burned at one end of the room, but its feeble rays only intensified the darkness beyond the circle of illumination. The men slept soundly, tired by the heavy work about the house, though they had not been called out that day. Once Dan

heard the clang of a trolley car gong a block away, and he was half out of bed before he realized his error. At last he fell asleep through sheer weariness, and 15 minutes later the telegraph struck. At the first streke every man in the room was awake. Boots flew on as if by magic. One tug to each boot, a jerk on the trousers, one button fas-tened, and the man jumped for the nearest brass pole, then to the floor below, where the horses were already in place and the night watch had begun work on

Through it all Dan slept. Burton, as he passed, reached out a foot. It landed against the base of Dun's spinal column and he shot out of the opposite side of the

but his frantic efforts only made mat-ters worse. Instead of sliding into his boots, his toes carried the trousers inside the boots. When these were disentangled he pulled them up, fastened the button and dropped down the pole.

The house was empty. Through the door he dashed and down the street, fol-lowing the trail of half-burned shavings from the engine. One hand clutched at the trousers and the other he waved as he ran. In the dim light he made a fantastic figure, and the policeman on the corner ran out as he approached, "What's the matter Dan?" he sked, recognizing the fleeting figure, "Pa ill?"
"No!" gasped the boy, "the engine left

Then he sped along, leaving the po-liceman chuckling. His wind was good room was given to the new man, so that liceman chuckling. His wind was good others could keep an eye on him. His old and the run was a short one, scarcely

boots were forced through the legs of his boots were forced through the legs of his overalls and the latter rolled down so that with a single movement the boots could be slipped on and the trousers pulled up in a second. Coats and hats were glored in the tender and hose reel, to be donned in the tender and hose reel, to be donned in the tender the line of hose they had stretched from the corner hydrant to the building.

A shout went up as Dan, breathless cantered around the corner, Cochran stood by the building questioning the jani-tor. At the noise he turned around and regarded the panting figure with a smile, "We had to put out the fire without your valuable assistance, Daniel," he said. "When we speak of running to a fire so that he might eat at home with his folks. This gave him an hour and 15 when we speak of running to a fire minutes three times a day. Two swings you should not take it too literally. You Nor was Dan mistaken in his idea call for an hour and three-quarters twice can always gets a ride if you wake up of practical politics. Sullivan had a debt a day, while for men living at a distance early enough, but your re doing very well

HOW THE INDUSTRIOUS BUMBLEBEE IS FOOLED THE ELEGANT HIVE BEE TICKLES HIM AND ROBS HIM WITH EASE OF THE RESULTS OF HIS HARD DAY'S LABOR

The patient men who study insect life have found that the big black and yellow bumble bee is often swindled into giving away the results of his hard day's work at honey gathering. The dapper little hive bee knows how to play upon his weaknesses in the most shameful manner. The hive bee is a thorough city dweller, living in a bee metropolis comafter the ventilation of the city and the removal of the garbage-bee pelicemen who guard the hive against months and other honey thieves, with an aristocratic bee queen to rule over all.

There are even bee park loafers-the dudish drones—who do nothing whatever. The clumsy, loud-buszing bumble bee, however, is a veritable farmer and lives with a comparatively small family in his mud farmhouse in the clover fields. He is such a simple soul that the hive bees look upon him as a regular "hayseed." Several of them will meet him when he is on his way home with a load of honey dweller, living in a bee metropolis com-posed of bee mechanics, builders and nurses, bee boards of health that look and rub him and the bumble bee loves to be tickled. Thus they work upon his good nature until he actually lets them take part of his bag of aweets-all of it When he has been robbed in this fash-

TELLING HIM THAT HE MUST COME

UP TO TOWN.

ion the smart hive bees bid him an affectionate good-by, acting just as were slapping him on the back and prob-ably telling him that he must come up "to town" and take dinner with them some day when he is not busy. Whoever knew a bumble bee to have a day to Then the robbers go home and lay their

plunder away while the bumble bee cets out for his farmhouse, congratulating himself upon having such good friends, likely enough, and quite convinced that he is, indeed, a highly popular fellow.

The Black Cap. Westminster Gazette.

The popular idea that judges assume the black cap preparatory to pronouncing sentence of death, in order to tragedy of the occasion, should be finally dispelled by the fact that they will wear the same sable headgear at the coronetion. What the coronet is to the peer, the black cap is to the judge—the final of his official costume. Until 1635 the habits of judges were governed by individual tastes, but in that year the occupants of the bench met and solemnly ordained their attire. It was decreed to consist of a scar-let robe with an ermine tippet as now, and "a coif or cap of black cloth." The judicial wig is a later innovation, and the black cap as an essential part of the official must be worn on all state occasions, of which the passing sentence of capital punishment is only one.

Describes Heaven's Mansions.

New York Sun. A plainty-dressed woman is distributing circulars from door to door in Brooklyn daily, and collecting a few cents when she can. The circulars contain printed matter entitled "Many Mansions. pretends to describe the heavenly home of a prominent politician who died recently, and another describes what the writer terms the heavenly home of an evangelist. Another declares that Mr. McKinley's home in heaven is built of pate pink marble, very highly politiked, with windows five stories high and broad steps of solid Guinea gold, with a door of superb pink yearl.

The circular is signed "Mrs. Mary Jane Alexander, the Many Mansion Evangel-ist," and gives her address in Pacific street, Brooklyn.



PLAYING THE GAME.

have made a dive, and swam clear across the river before coming up to breathe."

"I should think you would get water

"Do you know why I don't? It is be-

cause Nature has provided me with little valves in my ears to shut the water out.

If you dive you get water in your ears, and there is a roaring in your head; but

nothing of that sort happens to me. I

can hear under water almost as well as when I am on the land. If you open

your eyes under water they ache, but mine do not; and no matter how muddy

the stream is, my eyes never get sore.

"What do you cat?" asked the boy.

"Grasses, roots and barks mostly; but

sometimes I nibble at apples and vege-tables. I can always find plenty to eat,

Winter or Summer, and I never have to go far from the water. I see you are looking for a hole in the bank, but you

won't find one. I dig into the bank below the surface of the river, so that no one

may know where I live. I can dig like a woodchuck, and my burrow is sometimes 10 feet long. The chamber at the end

of it is far above water, so that I have a dry bed when I wish to sleep. Some-

"No, I never did."
"Well, we build a house almost like the

I am like a fish about that."

WHY IT GETS NO WATER IN ITS EARS WHEN IT DIVES # HOW IT BUILDS ITS HOUSE

THE MUSKRAT TELLS THE BOY THINGS

chuck has a burrow in a bank, and al-ways seeks dry ground, while I have a house in a swamp or marsh, and spend much of my time in the word.

A banks of a river one afternoon caught

sight of a muskrat on the bank of the

stream. He was looking around for a

club or a stone to throw at the animal

"It would be no use for you to throw at

me, as I would be under water as soon

as you raised your arm. You would bet-

ter come here and have a talk. A boy

of your age should know all about the

animals to be found around his home. I

suppose you have seen a muskrat before?"

"And why do they call us muckrats?"

have told you. It is because we carry a little bag of musk with us. Whenever

you smell the perfume you may remember that it comes from us. One drop of musk

will scent your clothes for a year. It is

not much used in America, but in Eu-rope, especially in the olden times, it was

a favorite perfume. Kings used to use so much of it that you could smell them

rods away, and very often it was eprinkled over the mortar and plastered upon the walls of churches. Did you

"You must live like the woodchuck,"

do not build a house I make my home in

time in the water. When I

ever ask anybody how I lived?"

Your teacher in school probably could

"Lots of times," replied the boy.

when the muskrat said:

B IND a plece of stout writing paper over one end of a spool. Punch two small holes into it with a pin, and pass the two D ends of a horse hair through them. The the loose ends in a knot so that when drawn up, the knot will be against the inner part of the writing paper inside of the spool. Make a slip knot of the looped end of the horse hair and fit it over oich in a smoothly rounded stick. Hub some resin on the notch. By whirling this arrangement rapidly, the instrument will produce a sound that is an exact imitation of a locust.