

"Strange—strange," murmured the old lady; "she never forgot me before," and with that she turned and went slowly away, groping with her hands before her; and the colonel falling on his knees, buried his face in the white dress of his dead daughter. At which point the whole machinery of my dream dissolved away, and I awoke.

There was no more sleep for me that night. So lifelike and vivid was my extraordinary dream, so much did it seem like a part of my own personal experience, that the effect left by it on my mind was not lightly to be shaken off. Lenore's wild cry as she flung herself into her father's arms, the voices of Varrel and Lomond in angry dispute, seemed still to echo in my brain; and I felt that every minute incident of that terrible tragedy must henceforth be, as it were, a part of my own life. Impelled by some vague feeling which I could not resist, I quitted my bedroom, and wandered, half dressed, into the great desolate drawing-room, the scene of all the strange incidents of my dream. The ghostly splendour of the moonlight filled it no longer; it was as cold, dark, and silent as some vast tomb. As I tood in the doorway, longing, and yet afraid to enter, a gust of night-wind sweeping up the valley, rattled the windows of the old mansion; and what seemed like a low responsive sigh came to me out of the gloom, a sigh so human, so unutterably sad, that with a thrill and a shudder, I stepped backward, and shut the door.

I was very glad when ten o'clock came, and brought Mr. Lomond, punctual to the minute. "It is only what I expected," he said, when I had given him an outline of my singular dream; "and I may now tell you, sir, that precisely the same dream which impressed you so strongly last night is dreamed by every one, no matter who they may be, the first time they sleep at Gledhills, and never afterwards; and this Curse—for I may truly call it by that name—has hung over the house from the night on which the tragedy, which you witnessed only in imagination, was worked out in all its dismal reality within these walls. You will now understand why I requested you to sleep one night at Gledhills before finally deciding that you would take the house; and it remains for you to consider whether your wife, whose health you say is delicate, could undergo such an ordeal as she would assuredly have to pass through the first night of her sojourn under this roof."

I thanked Mr. Lomond warmly for his conscientiousness in the matter, but decided that it would be unwise to subject my wife to such a trial.

"Nevertheless, said Mr. Lomond with a smile as I parted from him at the door, "I do not despair of finding a tenant for the house, one of these fine days, whose nervous system bids defiance to ghostly company."

Indeed, last summer, travelling down that way, I made inquiry of the station-master, and was glad to learn that Gledhills had at last found an occupant in the person of a wealthy but eccentric bachelor of botanical pursuits; and further, that Mr. Lomond himself was as hale and hearty as ever.

- Paper.—The product, the cause, and the preventive of rags.
Metaphysics.—Feeling for a science in the dark.
Novel.—A wholesome fruit, greatly vilified by those who pluck it unripe.
Fire.—A prisoner who smiles at us through the bars.
War.—Congregational worship of the Devil.
Pen.—A lever, small enough to be used by one man, but strong enough to raise the whole world.
Sword.—The first hope of the oppressor, and the last hope of the oppressed.
Duel.—Folly tampering with murder.
Luxury.—The rich cream taken by the few from the skim-milk allotted to the many.
Iron.—The bones of the giant Civilization.
Competition.—Mankind's struggle upwards, in which millions are trampled to death that thousands may mount on their bodies.

PASTIMES.

GEOGRAPHICAL ARITHMOREMS.

- 1. 1,100 and a nag = A town in France.
2. 600 " ab' an A = A town in Asiatic Turkey.
3. 100 " or these I = An English city.
4. 101 " tar us = A town in European Turkey.
5. Us here, Pat = An Asiatic river.
6. 550 " so it gnat = A Bavarian town.
7. 51 " I rap = A group of volcanic isles in Europe.
8. 2 " Lear B = A tract of land in Africa.
9. 1,000 " need = A town in Hanover.
10. 100 " lama as an = A Spanish town.

The initials and finals of the above name two large European towns.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

- 1. I live old, Mr. Ghost.
2. O call Martin Wiel.
3. All say an arm.

ANAGRAM

Het yad hiwt sit aadlns ddiapp ni wed,
Sah adepps ghortu het eeginsv degno aegst,
Dan a eigns rats ni eht cdellossu lube
Rof eth ginsir onom ni ceelins sitaw;
Ilhow het swdni ulitt higs of eth agdinlu shrou,
A abilluy abeelrt ero' het loddef efsors.

CHARADES.

- 1. My 1, 3, 4 is a cooling instrument; my 2, 3, 5, 6 is a contest; my 1, 3, 5, 6 is the front; my 4, 6, 3, 2 is close at hand; my 5, 3, 4 is a vessel; my 5, 3, 1, 6 is a Parisian eating-house; my 5, 3, 2, 6 is trouble; and my whole is a country in Europe.

PHIPPIO.

- 2. My whole restored my first to my second, after it had been taken from him.
3. My first implies company. My second is one of the company. My third is often owned by the company. My whole is understood to be a company.

J. M.

DECAPITATIONS.

- 1. I am what every young lady wishes to be; beheaded, I am what most people do when going a journey; again beheaded and transposed, I am what every one must sometime do.
2. Complete I am generally seen at a fire; behead me, I am what many have become from the effects of fire; twice behead me again and you have me before you.
3. Complete I am seen at every meal; beheaded I am what the Reader is every week; now transpose me and I am a word of affection, though one often misapplied.

POLLY.

SQUARE WORDS.

- 1. One of the world's most celebrated cities.
2. What a baker cannot do without.
3. A species of wine or a green field.
4. What everthing that hath a beginning does.

OLIVE.

ANSWERS TO HISTORICAL ENIGMA, No. 40.

Historical Enigma.—Goldsmith. 1, Malta. 2, Oxford. 3, Thorn. 4, Huss. 5, Geneva. 6, Iris. 7, Loyola. 8, Dronheim. 9, Scone.

Charades.—1. Hem-lock. 2. Her-ring. 3. Cowslip. 4. Decapitations.

Anagrams.—1. Mountain Street. 2. St. Lawrence Main Street. 3. St. Peter Street.

Decapitations.—Four-our. 2. Pipe-pie. 3. Spark-park-ark.

Transpositions.—1, Topsy-turvy. 2, Lalla-Rookh. 3, Procrastination.

Arithmetical Problem.—There were twenty-five officers.

The following answers have been received:

- Historical Enigma.—H. H. V., Query.
Charades.—King of the C. J., Ellen B., Argus, May, Camp, Flora, Geo. B.
Anagrams.—May, Query, Geo. B., Flora.
Decapitations.—Query, Geo. B., Flora, H.H.V., Ellen B., Argus.
Transpositions.—May, King of the C. J., Camp, H. H. V., Argus, Flora.
Arithmetical Problem.—King of the C. J., H. H. V., Argus, Camp.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROBLEM No. 27.—Correct solutions received from St. Urban St.; J. McL.; and R. B., Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 28.—Correct solutions received from St. Urban St.; Victor; W. L., Hamilton; and M. J.; Toronto.

H. K. C., Quebec.—Does not your Problem admit of an easy solution in two moves by playing, 1. Q to Q 7th (ch.), 2. Q or Kt Mates?

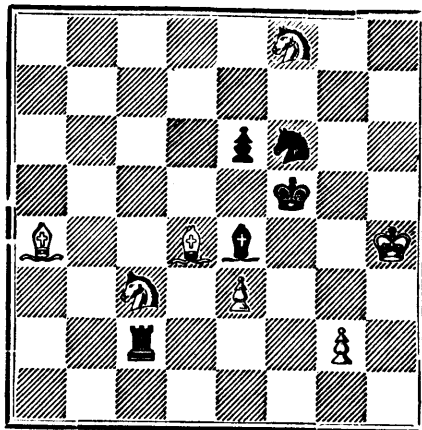
M. J. HAZELTINE, NEW YORK.—Thanks for the enclosure and the kind wishes accompanying it. Of course we'll reciprocate with pleasure.

EMILIUR.—Cannot effect the stipulated Mate if Black plays, 1. K to Kt sq.

PROBLEM No. 30

BY THE LATE I. B., OF BRIDPORT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

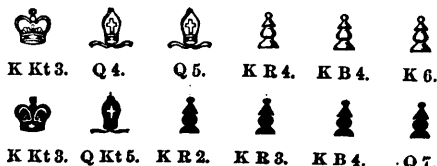
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 28.

- WHITE. 1. P to Kt 4th. 2. Kt to Q R 5th. 3. Q to Q B 5th Mate.
BLACK. Q R P moves K takes P.

ENIGMA No. 9.

BY THE REV. MR. BOLTON.

From Alexandre's " Beauties of Chess."



White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 7.

- BLACK. 1. P to K B 5th. 2. P to K B 6th. 3. K to Q 5th. 4. P to Q B 6th. (a) 5. K to Q 6th. 6. K to his 7th, and wins.
WHITE. K to Kt 4t B to K sq. K to R 3rd. K to R 2nd. K to Kt sq.
(a) If the P does not advance, White draws by 4, K to Q Kt 2nd.

A WEST-END music-seller was lately overpowered by a fastidious young lady who wanted to purchase "Mr. Hood's—a—song of the—gentleman's under-garment."

"OLD FRITZ," who raises pigs and cabbages somewhere in the Western States, appeared before Judge H—as witness. Question by the Court: "Your name?" Answer by Fritz: "Vell, I calls mineself Fritz. But may be so, I don't know, it is Yawcup. You see, Mr. Chudge, mine moder she have two little poys; one of them was me, and one was my proder, and t'oder was me, I ton't know which, and my moder she ton't know, and one of us was named Fritz and t'oder Yawcup, or one Yawcup and t'oder Fritz, I ton't know which; and one of us got died, but mine moder she could never tell which it was, me or mine proder who got died. So, Mr. Chudge, I does not know whether I am Fritz or Yawcup; and mine moder, she ton't know."