

A SOLUTION OF "NAUTES" CHINESE PUZZLE.

BY A NEWFOUNDLAND CYPHER.

Not Irish—nor a Judge of Reprobates—nor of *naughty* writers—but a Judge of Nautes; not of the writer so styled in the last "Maritime," but of the arithmetical cypher, though not usually spelled in that way; this, however, is *nought* to the purpose. I accept the challenge of "Nautes," addressed to the readers of the "Maritime," and answer his query. "How is that?" The parts, portions or fractions—one half, third, and ninth—do not dispose entirely of any whole number; after deducting those portions from a whole number, whatever it may be; there is a remainder of one eighteenth. Had the General Postman left eighteen steeds, Che-hsien's task would have been easy, and easy as it would have been, he would have had the eighteenth horse for his trouble; but here was Che-hsien's difficulty, under the legal distribution of seventeen steeds he was entitled to 17-18ths of one—almost a whole horse; but how to make it a whole one, and how to divide the rest without the loss of an ounce of flesh or drop of blood, required the aid of Shylock. Here Koon-fu-tsze comes to his assistance, and by dividing Che-hsien's commission among the legatees, gives whole horses to each. Let me illustrate by the mighty dollar, which will commend itself to the *sense* of your Dominion readers. Suppose, instead of seventeen horses, that \$1700 had been left to be divided in the same proportions.

Out in round hundreds to each, the widow's			
half would have been 850	+50		900
Eldest son's third 566.66 2-3	+33.33 1-3		600
Youngest son's ninth 188.88 8-9	+11.11 1-9		200
Che-hsien's Com. 5.55 p. ct.	94.44 8-8		
			1700
			94.44 4-9
			\$1700.00

Now divide Che-hsien's Com. among the three in the same proportion and add as above, the result is the same whether considered as horses or their equivalent at \$100 each. I hope "Nautes" will consider this satisfactory, and remain,

A CYPHER.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose
 That opens to the morning sky,
 But, ere the shades of evening close,
 Is scattered on the ground—to die;
 Yet on the rose's humble bed
 The sweetest dews of night are shed,
 As if she wept the waste to see.
 But none shall weep a tear for me!