

must seem a sly, underhand manner; and I wish Laurence had not enjoined me to send my letter in that way.

That evening, at tea-time, Mr. Rayner announced that he had found a letter waiting for him at the Beaconsburg post-office which obliged him to go to Monaca a day sooner.

So Haidee and I must be prepared to start on Thursday morning.

CHAPTER XXVI.

On Tuesday afternoon, while I was helping Haidee to dress her doll in the dining-room, there was a ring at the front-door bell, and shortly afterwards Jane came in, looking rather frightened, saying that a gentleman was in the hall asking for Sarah.

"And I've told him she is ill, Miss Christie; but he won't believe me; and he won't go away, and Mr. Rayner is out; and please will you speak to him?"

I got up, and, following her into the hall, found, not a gentleman, but a respectably-dressed man, who very civilly apologized for disturbing me.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; but are you Miss Rayner?"

"Oh, no!"

"Mr. Rayner?"

"No. Mrs. Rayner is an invalid, and I am afraid you cannot see her. I am the governess. If you have any message for Mr. Rayner, I will give it to him; or, if you like, you can write him a note, and it shall be given him when he returns."

"Thank you, miss." Still he hesitated.

"Would you like to wait for Mr. Rayner? He will be back in about an hour."

"Thank you. Could I speak to you in private for a few minutes, miss?"

"Oh, yes, certainly! Will you come in here?"—and I opened the door of the school-room.

He followed me in and shut it carefully. "I am the brother of Sarah Gooch, miss, who is a servant here."

I nodded assent.

"I've been abroad and worked myself into a good position, and now I want my sister to leave service. And I don't want the other servants to know I'm her brother. It may be pride; but perhaps you'll excuse it, miss. Would you mind sending for her without saying it's her brother that wants her?"

How could I break the fact of her illness to the poor man?

"Oh, please be prepared for bad news! I'm so sorry!" said I gently. "She is ill—very ill."

To my surprise, he looked more incredulous than unhappy. He said very suddenly—

"She was quite well last Friday afternoon."

"Yes—an accident happened to her on Friday night. She fell down a flight of stairs and injured herself severely. If you will only wait till Mr. Rayner comes, he will speak to you. Sarah is a very clever servant in this family, and much respected, and she has every possible care, I assure you."

But he still seemed more curious than anxious about her, I thought.

"She has been in the family a long time then? Excuse me, miss, but I've been away so long that she is almost like a stranger to me, and I had great difficulty in finding her out. But I'm very glad to hear she is thought so well of."

"Oh, yes! Mr. Rayner has the greatest confidence in her."

I did not want to say anything disagreeable about the woman now that she was ill, especially to her brother, whose affection did not seem very warm as it was.

"Ah, that's the great thing! We've always been a family to hold our heads high, and I couldn't hear anything to please me more about her. But I expect it's a little use my coming home and wanting her to keep house for me. She was a good looking girl, and I've no doubt she's looking forward to marrying on her savings, and then we shall be just as far apart as ever. Do you know, miss—if it's not troubling you too much, and you won't take it a liberty—if she's got a sweet heart?"

I hesitated. The man's cold curiosity seemed so unlike the warm interest of a brother that I began to wonder whether I was right in giving him the information he wanted. My doubts were so vague and his questions so very harmless, however, that, when he said—

"I beg your pardon, miss—of course it is

not for a lady like you to interest yourself in the likes of us—"

I broke out—

"Oh, pray don't think that! Sarah has an admirer, I know—"

I stopped. I could not say anything reassuring about Tom Parkes.

"Ah! An honest hard-working fellow, I hope, who'll make her a good husband."

He was much interested now, and was looking at me very searchingly.

"I can't speak to a man's prejudice behind his back," said I slowly; "but—"

He was very much interested at last, and was waiting impatiently for my next words, when Mr. Rayner quietly entered the room. There had been no ring at the front door. He looked inquiringly at the man, whom I was just going to introduce as Sarah's brother, when the latter anticipated me by saying quietly—

"From Scotland Yard, sir."

"Scotland Yard?" echoed Mr. Rayner inquiringly. But the name did not seem new to him, as it did to me.

"Yes, sir; I've been sent after a woman named Sarah Gooch, from information received that she was in your service. Mr. Gervas Rayner, I believe, sir?"

Why did he not own that he was her brother? I thought to myself.

"Yes, that is my name. But what on earth do you want with my servant Sarah Gooch?"

The man glanced at me. Mr. Rayner said—

"Go on. Never mind this lady; she is as much interested in the woman as I am. What do you want with my old servant Sarah?"

"Suspected of complicity in the Denham Court robbery, sir—some of the property traced to her."

I started violently. This man, then, was not Sarah's brother at all, but a detective who had been trying to extract information from me by a trick! Mr. Rayner stared full in his face for a few moments, as if unable to find words; then he exclaimed, in a low voice—

"Impossible!"

"Sorry to shake your trust in an old servant, sir; but proof is proof."

"But what proof have you?" asked Mr. Rayner earnestly.

"Last Friday afternoon, between half-past four and twenty minutes to five, your servant, Sarah Gooch, was seen to give the contents of a tick bag to a man in Beaconsburg. The fact excited no suspicion. The man took the next train to London, travelling second class. But south of Colchester he was seized with a fit; he was taken out at the next station, the bag he had with him examined for his address, jewels found in it, and the police at Scotland Yard communicated with. The man escaped; but, on inquiries being made, witnesses were found to prove conclusively that the biscuit-tin which contained the jewels had been handed to him in a street in Beaconsburg on Friday afternoon, between half past four and twenty minutes to five, by a woman who was identified as Sarah Gooch."

I remembered seeing Sarah pass through the plantation on Friday afternoon, on her way to Beaconsburg, with the black bag. But I was too horror-stricken to speak, even if I had not been, now that the blow had fallen, as anxious to screen her as Mr. Rayner was to prove her innocence.

"But I cannot believe it!" said Mr. Rayner. "She is a rough, harsh woman; but I have always found her as honest as the day."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The grand general staff of the German army having now completed its history of the Franco-German war, it has been resolved to do the same thing, on as complete and comprehensive a scale as possible, for the campaigns of Frederick the Great. Marshal von Moltke has therefore issued an appeal to the nation for a sight or loan of all hitherto unpublished documents, maps, and plans, etc., bearing on the subject which may help the writers in the execution of their huge and patriotic task.

Some one has discovered that "Gosh" is swearing, meaning "My Lord," and was used by Eliot in his Indian Bible. Mr. Eliot is to be commended for not using a stronger expletive while engaged on that work. If anything is calculated to make a man indulge in swear words, it is writing a book in the Indian language.

THE SPHINX.

"Riddle me this and guess him if you can."—*Dryden.*

Address all communications for this department to E. R. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine, U.S.

NO. 54.—A TOME OF WISDOM.

I am a volume thick and vast;
Look in and I'll expose the past.
And if a thirst for more you feel,
The future also I'll reveal.

The infidel and Christian both
Consult me often, nothing loth;
In me they peace and comfort find,
If cares and trouble vex the mind.

Stoics, philosophers, and sages
Bond over me and scan my pages,
And there is none of so great mind
But who in me can wisdom find.

ED NOEL.

NO. 55.—AN ARITHMETICAL PARADOX.

My first quarter is twenty times greater than my third quarter, and my fourth quarter is fifty times greater than my second quarter. Though the rich man would be glad to own the number of dollars represented by even one-fourth of me, it is equally true that the poorest street gammon would receive the whole of me with contempt; and yet all, rich and poor alike, are dependent upon me for house, clothing and even their bread.

BELLE BURDETTE.

NO. 56.—A PALINDROMIC SONG.

After Hood.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eye-lids heavy and red,
Two women sat through the night till morn,
Plying the needle and thread,
To earn their scanty bread;
While over the door of their shop forlorn

This reversible sign we read—
"We stitch—we stitch—we stitch,"—
And ever with voices of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tones could reach the

rich—
These daughters of misery, want, and dirt,
With a rhythmic swing this song would sing,

This reversible song of the shirt—
"We stitch,—we stitch,—we stitch."

J. K. P. BAKER.

NO. 57.—A LETTER REBUS.

A rhymed couplet against the necessity of fashionable mourning:—
d (G (p) G) d
True grief no'er needs.

J. K. P. BAKER.

NO. 58.—TWO FLOWERS.

1.

The throne of love and love's delight
If you should link together,
What flower appears, all gay and bright—
A flower of sunny weather?

2.

What flower's name when prisoners
Were placed in donjon towers,
Was used to signify their state—
What lowliest of flowers?

R.

NO. 59.—CONUNDRUM.

If the alphabet were invited out in the afternoon at what time would U, V, W, X, Y, and Z go?

EVELYN MASON.

NO. 60.—A CHARADE.

My first can dim the sun's meridian ray;

In hardest iron my second eat a way;
My third indulged will have their powers combined
To cloud the judgment and corrode the mind.

ANON.

THE PRIZES.

For the best lot of answers to the April puzzles a volume of Shakespeare's works will be awarded. Each week's answers should be forwarded within five days after the date of *Truth* containing the puzzles. The sender of the best original puzzle during 1884 will receive a cash prize of five dollars.

A prize of two dollars will be presented for the best variety of original contributions sent in by any reader during the year.

AWARD OF MARCH PRIZE.

D. Forsyth, Berlin, Ont., correctly answered about 97 per cent. of "The Sphinx's" offerings during March, and is awarded the prize. "Honorable mention" is made of the list of answers sent by Mater, Cobourg, which reached nearly 95 per cent. Other lists ranged from 20 to 90 per cent.

ANSWERS.

40.—Imaginations.
41.—1. Lid. 2. Vim. 3. Livid.
42.—M-a-hog-any.
43.—1. Beaver, otter. 2. Ape, rat. 3. Lion, deer. 4. Mole, elk. 5. Bear, camel, tiger, elephant. 6. Ermine, cat. 7. Dog.
44.—By taking *m* as one fourth of a mill, or as one third of a dollar, and *e* as one fourth of a cent, the letters *m-o-r-e* are obtained, showing the teacher's solution of the problem to be correct, while the pupils result is the arithmetical one.
45.—Lade, lead, dale, deal.
46.—1. Main-top. 2. Hair-loom.

Sold Out Too Cheap.

"I didn't used to believe nothin' in eddecashuns," said he, as he heaved a sigh like the groan of a sick horse. "My Dan'l he got hold of books and things and branched out as a geologist. He got so he could talk of stratas, and formations, and bolts, and dips, and indicashuns, and one day he said to me, sez he—

"Dad, thar's a coal mine on our land."

"How d'ye know?"

"I've prospected and found indicashuns. That hull hill is chuck full of coal."

"And that hull 'tater patch is full of woods," sez I.

"You see, I sold short on geology and went lung on 'taters, and I missed it. One day a stranger with a squint to his eye cum along and offered me \$800 fur my land, and away she went."

"And—"

"Waal, they've taken half a milyun dollars wuth of coal out o' that hill and hain't reached the middle yet. Dan'l was right and I was a fule."

"And now?"

"Waal, I'm drivin' a mule team fur a livin', and all the indicashuns Dan'l can find ar' to the effect that I orter be sent to a lunatic asylum."

A Good Scotch Pan.

Two gentlemen had been fishing for salmon with a leister in one of the salmon rivers in the South of Scotland, when one of them having speared a fish drew it from the water, and holding it on high apostrophised it thus: "And now, Mr. Salmon, what think ye o' yersel?" The other gentleman, an inveterate punster, remarked: "I suppose he will say, 'I'm none the better for your spearin'."

Despatches received at Cairo from Gordon say Saleh Pasha, who is coming down the Blue Nile with 500 horsemen and 57 boat-loads of grain, is safe. Internal dissensions at Kordofan have caused the abandonment of the expedition the Medhi was preparing against Khartoum. No apprehension is felt for the safety of Kassala and Sennaar.