

2. For your second—'twould seem to defy all research,
In the history of friendships to find such "a pair,"
But memory kindly has come to my aid,
And whispers—"Such twins the strange Siamese are."
3. Your third—(while I think you are dealing in fiction)
On reading one hardly can fail to exclaim,
That such a queer medley of odd contradiction,
Must clearly be "*Ireland*" in all but the name.
4. The fourth—while so varied its powers we see,
Many properties truly may humbly [humble *ε*] claim,
For though strange it may be, it is doubled in three,
Yet in itself, single—and silent in name.

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5. Because it's always "on the *Spree*" which is tributary to the *Oder* (odor).
6. Because it's composed of *sounds*.
7. Because he would naturally make the pause (paws) useful.
8. Because the former is already in *scales*.
9. Because I bear the thistle *down*.
10. Because he often meets with "a windfall."
11. Because he is born a States-man.
12. When it produces *Phlox* (flocks.)
13. Because its the *gravamen*, (the grave o' men.)

No. 14. Enigma.

Far in Earth's teeming caverns I abide,
Dwell in the cliffs that bound the swelling tide,
And in my grasp tho' pulseless, stern and cold,
The records of an ancient world I hold;
Nor yield their secrets to the vulgar light,
Till the deep quarry opens to the sight.
As on a scroll enriched by ancient lore,
Men there read lessons from the days of yore.—
To the wild Indian once my occult powers,
Gave warmth and shelter in this clime of ours;
Shone in his watch-fire aided in his need,
His arrow on his deadly course to speed,
In later times hath helped his waning race,
Make the proud Moose the victim of the chase.
Palace and hovel own alike my power,
I cheer the social circle's evening hour;
And then from aspect darker than the night,
I yield the spell that changes all to light.
At the gay festal scene I too am found,
And shine among the gems that gleam around.
I add a lustre to the sparkling wine,
And claim each light that shineth there as mine;
In every field of nature and of art,
My curious substance forms a leading part.
Where vegetation takes its wondrous course,
Or Science labours with its busy force,
And am transformed by nature's wondrous plan,
From senseless matter to a part of man.
Thus thro' the world may you my fame descry,
Then tell me curious reader—what am I?