

87—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 2, 1, 20, 5, 13, is a machine.
 My 9, 1, 24, 23, 13, is a large spoon.
 My 8, 14, 16, 17, 12, is provision.
 My 10, 14, 19, 18, is a mineral.
 My 15, 13, 6, 3, is a marine animal.
 My 7, 13, 18, 11, is a shelter.
 My 21, 22, 4, 5, is a barbarian.
 My whole forms a proverb.

BEN. CROIL.

88—CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My first's in fun, but not in game.
 My second's in fire, but not in flame.
 My third's in ale, but not in porter.
 My fourth's in rain, but not in water.
 My fifth's in voice, but not in sound.
 My last's in square, but not in round.

J. E. LOVEKIN.

89—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of fifteen letters.

My 3, 11, 10, 15, 1, supply the treasury of the country.
 My 12, 4, 8, 8, 7, 5, an animal much to be dreaded.
 My 14, 9, 4, 13, is to spring.
 My 1, 6, 14, 2, is a kind of fish.
 My whole is what parents should always do.

90—SQUARE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant, a fuss, a dress, a plant, successful,
 name of a card, a vowel. Read down and across;
 a plant much in demand.

91—SQUARE WORD.

A measure of wine; a notion; enclosures for
 cattle; free from pain. VIOLA.

92—SQUARE WORD.

A plant, surface, behind, appendages to the
 head.

93—SQUARE WORD.

A precious metal, a moulding formed like the
 letter S, part of a book, and to dare.

94—SQUARE WORD.

A kind of grain, a medley, a cleft, and a mark.
 KITTY LOWE.

Answers to May Puzzles.

64.—Edmund Yates. 65.—A stitch in time saves nine.
 66.—(Should have been hidden insects instead of hidden
 rivers.) Fly, moth, bee, flea, ant, mosquito. 67.—Butter-cup,
 ever-green, fox-glove, mari-gold. 68.—The tongue. 69.—
 Benjamin Franklin.

70.—Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,
 Let no harsh tone be heard,
 They have enough they must endure
 Without an unkind word.

71.—Sir Thomas Moore. 72.—Condemnation. 73.—Because
 he makes both ends meet. 74.—One rolls the paste and the
 other pastes the rolls. 75.—Because he would be the widow's
 mite. 76.—Because we sit upon forms and stand upon cere-
 monies. 77.—Pen-man-ship. 78.—Ouse, Nile, Tay, Red,
 Wye, Obi. A woman.

79.—
 T E N
 B A Z A R
 B E Z I Q U E
 P I Q U E
 M U D
 E

80.—Bear and forbear.

Names of Those Who Have Sent Cor-
rect Answers to May Puzzles.

Henry Ptolemy, Isabella Martin, Carrie Bechell, Kitty
 Lowe, Frederic C. Baker, Viola, Edna Clifford, Ben Croil,
 Emma Boyle, James Drummond Dickson, William Ford, Min-
 nie Morris, John Wright, Tabitha Doust, M. Jane Flock, Annie
 Henderson, Harry Trevail, A. Symonds, Louie Fairbrother,
 Humphrey Hamilton, Jane Beecher, Frank Pencock, Jane
 Shore, Susan Hunt, Samuel Henderson, Eleanor North, Oliver
 Godfrey, Nora Hooper, Joseph Wicott, Mary Hiscox, George
 Fleming, Samuel Paily, Fred Luce, Ira Carruthers, Lucy
 Jones, Austin Scott, Nellie Nicols, Theo. French, Thomas
 Johnson, Ida Smythe, William Begg, Joel Kennedy, S. Rogers,
 Mary N. Husband, E. C. Newton, Noah Bearings, W. H.
 Bebee, Amelia Stranbel.

We place a star at the name of the one who succeeds in
 answering the most puzzles correctly, as a mark of honor.
 All communications must be in by the 20th in order to be
 inserted.

"A LITTLE more animation, my dear," whis-
 pered Lady B— to the gentle Susan, who was
 walking through the quadrille. "Do let me man-
 age my own business, mamma," replied the prov-
 ident nymph; "I shall not dance my ringlets out
 of curl for a married man." "Of course not, my
 love; but I was not aware who your partner
 was."

Uncle Ned's Defense.

My brethren an' sistahs, I rises foh to 'splain
 Dis mattah dat you's talkin' 'bout—I hopes to make
 it plain.

I's berry sorry dat de t'ing hab come befo' de
 Chu'ch,
 Foh when I 'splain it you will see dat it am nuffin
 much.

My frien's, your humble speakah, while trabin'
 here below,
 Hab nebber cared to hoard up gold an' silver foh
 to show;
 We's only stoppin' here a spell; we all hab got to
 die,
 An' so I always tries to lay my treasahs up on high.

Dar's jest one t'ing dat pesters me, an' dat am dis,
 you see,
 De ravens fed old 'Lijah, but de critters won't feed
 me.
 Dey's got above dar business, an' jest goes swoop-
 in' roun',
 An' neber turns to look at me a-waitin' on de groun'.

I waited mighty sartin like; my faith was pow'ful
 strong;
 I reckoned dat dem pesky birds would shuahly be
 along.
 But oh, my fren'ly hearahs, my faith it cotched a
 fall,
 De aggravatin' fowls went by, an' nebber stopped
 at all.

De meal an' flour was almos' gone, de pork bar'l
 gettin' low,
 An' so one day I 'cluded dat I had bettah go
 To Brudder Johnson's 'tater patch an' borry jest a
 few.
 'Twas evenin' fore I got to start, I had so much
 to do.

It happened dat de night was dark, but dat I didn't
 min',
 I knowed de way to dat ar patch, 'twas easy nuff
 to fin',
 An' den I didn't car' to meet dat Johnson, foh I
 knowed
 Dat he would sass me 'bout de mess ob 'taters dat
 I owed.

I got de basket full at las', an' tuk 'em on my back,
 An' den was goin' to tote 'em home, when some-
 thin' went ker-whack.
 I t'ought it was a cannon, but it jest turned out
 to be
 Dat Johnson's ole hoss-pistol a-pointin' straight at
 me.

I tried to argufy wid him; I 'pologized a heap,
 But he said dat stealin' 'taters was as mean as
 stealin' sheep.
 Ob course I couldn't take dat ar; it had an ugly
 soun',
 The only t'ing foh me to do was jist to knock him
 down.

My brethren an' sistahs, de story am all told,
 (Ob course I pounded Johnson till he yelled foh me
 to hold)
 An' now I hopes you 'grees wid me dat dis yere
 case, an' such,
 Am berry trillin' mattahs to fotch befo' de chu'ch.

HUMOROUS.

A LAY OF TRUE LOVE.—As a young man was
 looking over a barrel of eggs received at a grocery
 on Newark avenue, Jersey City, about a month
 ago, he found the following inscription upon one
 of the eggs:

"If this you see, young man,
 Write just as soon as you can,
 And let me hear from my favorite egg;
 This great boon I humbly beg.
 "JULIA BRIERSON, Westfield, Ohio."

The youth immediately wrote to the address,
 inclosing his photograph, and received a reply and
 picture from the writer of the lines. The corres-
 pondence was continued to the satisfaction of both
 persons, who are to be married next month. It is
 said the young lady is the daughter of a wealthy
 farmer, and wrote the lines in jest, never expect-
 ing to hear from them.

"Ho! all ye dyspeptics," says a patent medi-
 cine advertisement. If all the dyspeptics would
 hoe regularly their number would be reduced.

"LET me see," says the nurse of a sick man,
 "the doctor said one teaspoonful every ten min-
 utes; that makes six an hour; say seventy-two
 during the night. I shall give him seventy-two
 spoonfuls right away, and have a chance to get a
 little sleep myself."

A HUSBAND finding a piece broken out of his
 plate and another out of his saucer, petulantly ex-
 claimed to his wife: "My dear, it seems as if
 everything belonging to you is broken." "Well,
 yes," responded the wife; "even you seem to be
 a little cracked."

A DANDY of twenty-six having been termed an
 "old bachelor," appealed to an elderly gentleman
 to decide whether he should be called old or not,
 giving his age as twenty-six. Said the elderly
 gentleman: "It is owing to how you take it. Now,
 for a man it is young enough, but for a goose it is
 rather old."

Why is Gibraltar one of the most wonderful
 places in the world? Because it's always on the
 rock, but never moves.

"Make your home happy," said a club man to
 his friend, "even if to do so you have to stay away
 from it, as I do."

"Equality means," says a certain writer, "a
 desire to be equal to your superiors, and superior
 to your equals."

Some young rascals were annoying an old gentle-
 man by snowballing his house. He rushed out
 and caught a youngster who was standing one side
 and looking on, and thinking him to be one of the
 offenders, began to administer a flogging. But, to
 his surprise, the harder he whipped the harder
 the boy laughed, until he stopped and sought an
 explanation. "Well," said the boy, "I'm laugh-
 ing because you are awfully sold; I ain't the boy!"

A PLEASANTER IF NOT A BITTER JOB.—One of
 the Methodist ministers of this city was, a few
 days ago, called upon by a German and requested
 to conduct the funeral services over his wife, who
 had just died. Brother L—, with his usual ur-
 banity, consented, of course, and the services were
 held, with due decorum and solemnity. After the
 funeral was over, the forlorn widower stepped up
 to the minister and the following dialogue ensued:
 German—"Vell, Mr. L—, how much you
 charge for burying my wife?"

Preacher—"Oh! I do not charge anything for
 attending funerals."

German—(smiling significantly)—"Vell, now,
 this is very kind of you. But shup a minute. In
 a few days I give you a better job than dat."

Preacher—"Why, what may that be?"

German—"Oh! fery much better job than dat.
 I be's going to get married again."—Rock-ster Ex-
 press.

WANTED.—The following advertisement is by a
 modest specimen of "Young America"—"Wanted,
 situation, by a strong, active American youth of
 seventeen, with plenty of muscle, vim, and health.
 Not afraid to knuckle down to hard work of any
 kind; is well educated, and has a good knowledge
 of Latin. Ambition highly developed, and brains
 to back it. Penetration sharp as the business end
 of the hornet, and cheek bigger than either. Law-
 yer's office preferred. Highest and best of city
 references. Any one in search of such a bonanza
 will strike oil—a regular spouting well—by address-
 ing "Seamander; D. A. office."

A Wedding Incident.

An amusing wedding incident recently occurred
 at Stoke Church, England. The Rev. J. Hector
 de Courcelles officiated, and when he asked for the
 ring, it was missing. The bridegroom declared
 that the bride had it; the bride said to the con-
 trary. The service was stopped, both turned out
 their pockets, and meanwhile the bridegroom
 rattled the bride somewhat soundly for her alleged
 carelessness, while the bride persisted that she had
 given the ring previously to the bridegroom, and
 that he must have lost it.

Mr. De Courcelles had no ring on, nor had any
 one in the church, and bride and bridegroom de-
 parted to the church porch—the one grumbling
 and the other scolding—to look for the missing
 link. At length, it struck the clerk that a small
 ring attached to his watch-guard, to which hung a
 locket, might be detached and lent for the occa-
 sion. It was very small, but it just went on the
 orthodox finger, and the clergyman therefore re-
 turned to the altar, and the two were made man
 and wife. Directly they were married, however,
 the railing commenced again, and continued until
 the ring was found in the bowl of a pipe that was
 in the man's pocket.