

THE SPHINX.

"I name me this and guess him if you can."—*Druiden.*

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

NO. 79.—AN ENIGMA.

(ENTERED FOR PRIZE.)

With the innocent babe in its cradle I dwell,
As well as the wretch in his dungeon cell,
And the pauper's hovel I enter the same
As reception room of the haughtiest dame.
The needy ones constantly look for my aid
For although I'm in debt I succour each trade.
Not a noble in England, however so grand
But claimeth my kinship, in tones that are bland,
While Ireland, poor Ireland! I share thy distress
And the friends who thee succour, I help thee to bless.
Oh, beautiful Isle, thou gem of the sea!
In thy green fields forever I'm fain to be,
While thy exiles all in a foreign land
May rely on me still for a helping hand.
In the reign of Queen Bess, though, I blush to own,
I joined that rebellion with the earl of Tyone,
Which Essex himself was not fit to quell,
Though I lent my aid on his side as well
And when unrecalled he forsook the place
I went with him thence I shared his disgrace.
And now, though some this may seem an affront to,
I certainly shall eschew Toronto,
Although in each puzzle that's published there
I claim the right of having a share.

M. J. WILKINS.

NO. 80.—A TRANSPOSITION.

What you and I must do to live,
Transposed a foreign plant 'twill give,
Much used in England's happy isle,
When toil is laid aside a while,
Where mirth and cheerfulness abound
And various jocund tales go round.

GEORGIE WILCOX.

NO. 81.—AN ENIGMATIC CHARADE.

(ENTERED FOR PRIZE.)

There's a saw that is told, as a maxim of old,
'Tis spoke by St. Paul;
But whether he wrote it or merely did quote it
The doctors may recall:
It was uttered in Greek, and the truth it doth speak,
In tragic iambic line.
From the old English Bible under five words reliable
The same truth may be thine.
You may brace out the first in the name of the worst,
The author of all ill.
The second may be found throughout the busy round
Of speech or act at will.
An equivalent word to pollute is the third,
The fourth is akin to best,
For without it, the last as sure as thou hast,
None over can be blest.

A. M. L.

NO. 82.—AN ANATOMICAL FEAT.

Place within an animal a bone
And cut no other caper;
If you put the bone in proper place
Your feat will end in vapor.

P. A. TRICK.

NO. 83.—A CHARADE.

(ENTERED FOR PRIZE.)

To call you my first might your anger provoke
And perhaps at the word, with a no gentle stroke
Your cane on my head would be seen to descend,
As a sort of a hint I should make the "amende."
My second I trust if you fool at your ease
You'll attend in full dress; you may dance if you please.
To engage in my whole would not sully your name,
For a cool summer day 'tis an excellent game.

M. J. WILKINS.

NO. 84.—DECAPITATION.

Behold not drop and strange to state,
The answer is to consecrate;
But if in turn this is beheld
You'll find that to permit 'tis wedded.
But now curtail two vowels, and
Into the whole it will expand.

ED. NORR.

THE PRIZES.

For the best lot of answers to "the Sphinx" for May will be awarded an elegantly bound volume of Longfellow's complete poems. Each week's answers should be forwarded within five days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles.

Five dollars will be presented to the sender of the best original contribution to "The Sphinx" during 1884.

Two dollars will be given for the best variety of original contributions sent in by any person during the year.

APRIL'S AWARD.

An extraordinary, good list of solutions to the "Sphinx" for April was sent by D. Forsyth, Berlin, Ont., who correctly answered 98 per cent of the puzzles for the month, and is awarded the prize. Other excellent lists reaching or exceeding 75 per cent were sent in by the readers named below.—K. A. R., Peterboro; Effie Lafferty, Chatham; R. W. Black, Saintfield; Alfred Deadman, Lambeth; M. J. Clarke, Montreal; J. C. Cameron, Camerontown; M. J. Wilkins, St. John, N. B.; T. C. Wilson, Sheridan; A. F. C., Toronto; Jennie Russell, Pakenham; Mrs. A. Jordan, Prescott; Viola Ulsh, Silver Lake, Ind.; Box 31, Point Edwards; Cora B. McDermid, Skowhegan, Me. The remaining lists received contained answers for only one or two weeks, giving percentages ranging from 20 to 50.

ANSWERS.

- 68.—The letter U.
69.—1. Pansy (sigh). 2. Lily (lie-lie). 3. Ferns.
70.—1. SA (essay). 2. AT (eighty). 3. IV (ivy). 4. EZ (easy).
71.—Ti(e)-ara.
72.—A Secret.

Japanese Superstitions

Japanese people are very superstitious, and have innumerable signs and tokens by which to regulate their conduct. They never sweep the rooms of a house immediately after one of the inmates has set out upon a journey, as this would sweep out all the luck with him. At a marriage ceremony neither bride nor bridegroom wears any clothing of a purple color, lest their marriage tie be soon loosed, as purple is the color most liable to fade. They have some curious ideas in regard to the finger nails, which are cut only at certain times. If a woman steps over an egg shell, she will go mad; if over a razor, it will become dull; if over a whetstone, it will be broken. If a man should set his hair on fire, he will go mad. The Japanese have numberless other superstitions of a similar character.

A Parsee Funeral.

In the Shadows of the Towers of Silence

By the kindness of a Parsee gentleman I was enabled to visit the Towers of Silence. There is a strange, almost mystical, solemnity about this garden, in which, at sunrise, I stood for a time alone, gazing at the towers from the distance of thirty yards, beyond which none must pass who would return to the abodes of men. (This rule is so rigorously observed that ugly stories are naturally rife of persons coming to life on the tower, only to be slain by the carriers of bodies, themselves forever separated from the outside world.) As soon as a body is dead, it becomes the possession of Ahriman. A demon tenant of his occupies it. The dying are deserted by the holders of this uncanny creed in a heartless way. A chant reached my ear and presently a group of men in snow-white garments and turbans entered the gateway, bearing their shrouded burden. They passed silently and very quickly upwards towards the towers. Presently there appeared, twenty yards behind them, another group in snow-white robes chanting as they rapidly moved, their chant being very different from any I had heard about Hindu temples. It was entirely from minor or whining notes.

Everything about this funeral was light, quick and cheerful, inasmuch that I remembered a picture of Egyptian festivities on the entrance of a soul into a paradise never doubted. It is still forbidden every Parsee to weep for one dead. The singers speedily returned to the garden, where they formed a regular group and intoned their conversation, occasionally breaking into a chant. I was informed that they spoke of the virtues of the deceased and chanted hymns of the Avesta. I listened, gazing at the top of the tower, whereon the body had been deposited and its limbs fastened, face upward to the sun. Already at its coming a circle of vultures had descended to perch around its parapet, where they sat perfectly still during the presence of the corpse carriers. The large, lazy aerial scavengers bore quaint resemblance to gowned and surplised figures that had once been human. The moment when the body was abandoned by its bearers was reported by the slow and dignified disappearance of these birds, which presently rose into the air, each bearing some last contribution of a mortal to the immortal Cosmos. Somehow this scene impressed me more than the burning pyres of the Ganges. There I felt how much pleasanter to the imagination it would be to contemplate in one's last moments ascending in that fiery chariot to cloud and ether; here I felt that the Parsees had a more poetic prospect of mingling in the currents of organic life, smiling in flowers, singing in the throats of birds, smiling again in human loveliness.—*Moncure D. Conway in San Francisco Chronicle.*

Bitten by a Cobra.

Among many instances of snake-bite poisoning I have seen was a strong young Brahmin of 20, well-known to me, who had been bitten during the night while watching his maize crop. Ere I knew of it they had brought him into my compound in front of the bungalow. As yet yet he walked quite steadily, only leaning slightly on the arm of another man. There was that peculiar drowsy look in his eyes, however, as from a strong narcotic, which indicated his having been bitten for some time, and left but little room for hope now. He could still clearly tell me particulars. He had been bitten, he said, on putting his foot to the ground while moving off his charpoy in the dark, but, thinking the bite was that of a non-poisonous snake, had given no more heed to the matter, and gone to sleep; and, till he was awake by his friends coming in search of him. With some difficulty I was able to find the bite—very faint, no larger than the prick from a pin, but still the unmistakable double mark of the

poison-fangs. He felt the poison, he said, gradually ascending the limb, and pointed to a part just above the knee, where he felt it had already reached, the limb below that being, he said, benumbed, and painless to the touch, like the foot when "asleep." I gave him the usual remedies, and kept him walking to and fro, but gradually his limbs seemed to be losing their power of voluntary motion, and his head was beginning to droop from the overpowering drowsiness that was surely gathering over him. At intervals he pointed out the poison line steadily rising higher, and was still able to answer questions clearly on being roused. At length it seemed to be of no use torturing him further by keeping him moving about, and he was allowed to remain at rest. Shortly afterwards, while being supported in a sitting posture, all at once, without any promontory sign, he gave one or two long sighs, and life ceased, about an hour after he had himself walked into the compound. There was something terribly real in this faculty of pointing out each stage of the ascending poison (as the snake bitten patient always can) that was gradually bringing him nearer and nearer to death, with the prospect of only another hour or half-hour of life remaining to him; and yet the patient does not seem to realize this with the keenness that an on-looker does, probably from the poison benumbing at the same time the powers of the mind as well as of the body.

Prince Leopold's Student Life.

During an interview recently, Canon Duckworth, who was for four years and a half—1866-1870—the Duke of Albany's private tutor stated that the extremely delicate health of His Royal Highness interfered, as might be expected, very materially with the progress of his education. During the whole period named no regular system of lessons could be practised. In fact Canon Duckworth was chosen for the responsible post he occupied in relation to the young prince, largely because his connection with public school life had enabled him to deal with pupils who could not submit to the routine and discipline which robust health permitted.

It was in spite of these drawbacks that His Royal Highness attained the singular amount of culture which his after life displayed. His progress was greatly assisted by a wonderfully retentive and accurate memory. The Canon has seen few youths who equalled him in this respect. His favorite study was history, in which his reading was extensive and thorough. He was also proficient in Italian, French and German literature.

In the general features of his character, and especially in the strength and constancy of his attachments, he bore a striking resemblance, said the Canon, to Her Majesty. He was debarrd from the ordinary manly exercises in which his brothers indulged. He could not enter into hunting or shooting, or even fishing. The result was that he was thrown largely upon the companionship of older people than himself, and the naturally contemplative cast of his character was thereby confirmed. Few princes were ever so popular as he was during his stay at Oxford. He entered thoroughly into the spirit of the scholarly life which there surrounded him, and he frequently, after leaving the university, alluded to his residence at Oxford as embracing the happiest days of his life. He had the rare power of discerning and attaching to himself the best intellects among his fellow students, and at his rooms the ablest men in residence were found as frequent guests. To his interest in his fellow-students may be traced much of that interest in social and intellectual questions which pre-eminently distinguished him.

His attachment to Christ Church College may be gauged from the fact that he retained his rooms at college in order that he might at any time renew his old associations of undergraduate days.—*London Telegraph.*