

hands told me that it moved bodily towards me, the descent behind me took an unspeakable remoteness, and from the utmost depth of that sheer air seemed to ascend steadily a deadly and a chilling wind. But I think I did not stop for an instant. Instead a delirium to move faster possessed me, and with quick, sidelong steps—my following foot striking hard against that before—sometimes on the point of stumbling stretched out like the crucified, I pressed in mortal terror along.

"Every possible accident and delay was presented to my excited brain. What if the ledge should narrow suddenly to nothing? Now I believed that my heels were unsupported in air, and I moved along on tip-toe. Now I was convinced that the narrow pathway sloped outward, that this slope had become so distinct, so increasingly distinct, that I might at any moment slip off into the void. But dominating every consideration of possible disaster, was still that of the need for speed, and distinct amid all other terrors was that sensation of the dead wall ever silently and inexorably pressing me outward.

"My mouth and throat were choked with dryness, my convulsive lips parched and arid; much I longed to press them against the cold, moist stone. But I never stopped. Faster, faster—more wildly I stepped—in a delirium I pushed along. Then suddenly before my staring eyes was a wall-remembered edge of mossy stone, and I knew that the rope should be directly behind me. Was it?

"I glanced over my left shoulder. The rope was not to be seen! Wildly I looked over the other—no rope! Almighty God! and hast thou deserted me?

"But what! Yes, it moves! it aways in sight! it disappears—to return again to view! There was the rope directly at my back, swinging in the now strong breeze with a motion that had carried it away from my first hurried glance. With the relief tears pressed to my eyes and—face bowed to the precipice, almost forgetful for a little, time of the hungry air beneath—tollerated deep thanks to my God for the delivery that seemed so near.

The old man's lips continued to move, but no sound came from them. We waited silent while, with closed eyes and bent head he remained absorbed in the recollection of that strange minute of dereliction.

"I stood there," he said at last, "for what now seems a space of hours, perhaps half a minute in reality. Then all the chances still to be run crowded upon me. To turn around had been an attempt almost desperate before, and certainly, most certainly, the ledge was no wider where I now stood. Was the rope within reach? I feared not. Would it sway towards me? I could hope for that.

"But could I grasp it should I be saved? Would it not yield to my hand—coming slowly down as I pulled, unrolling from a coil above, trailing over the ground at the top, running fast as its end approached its edge, falling suddenly, at last? Or was it fastened to the accustomed stake. Was any comrade near who would summon aid at my signal? If not, and if I grasped it, and if it held, how long should I swing in the wind that now bore the freshness and tremors of an imminent gale?

"Now again fear took hold on me, and as a desperate man I prepared to turn my face once more to the vast expanse of water and the nothing beyond that awful cliff. Closing my eyes, I writhed, with I know not what motions, easily around till again my back pressed against the precipice. That was a fearful sensation. And now for the decision of my fate! I looked at the rope. Not for a moment could I fancy it within my reach! Its swaying was not, as I had expected, slightly inward, but when falling back against the wind, it swung outward as though the air were eddying from the wall.

Now at last I gazed down steadily. Would a leap be certain death? The water was of immense depth below. But what chance of striking it feet or head first? What chance of preserving consciousness in the descent? No, the leap would be death; that at least was clear.

"Again I turned to the rope. I was now perfectly desperate, but steadily, nerve beyond the best moments of my life, gazed for an effort surpassing the human. Still the rope swayed as before, and its motion was very regular. I saw that I could touch it at any point of its gyration by a strong leap.

"But could I grasp it? What use if it,

were not firmly secured above? But all time for hesitation had gone by. I knew too well that strength was mine but for a moment, and that in the next reaction of weakness I should drop from the wall like a dead fly. Bracing myself, I watched the rope steadily for one round, and as it returned against the wind, jumped straight out over the heaving Atlantic.

"By God's aid I reached, touched, clutched, held the strong line. And it held! Not absolutely. Once, twice, and again it gave, gave, with jerks that tried my arms. I knew these indicated but tightening. Then it held firm and I swung turning in air, secure above the waves that beat below.

"To slide down and place my feet in the loop was the instinctive work of a moment. Fortunately it was of dimensions to admit my body barely. I slipped it over my thighs up to my armpits just as the dreaded reaction of weakness came. Then I lost consciousness.

"When I awakened my dear mother's face was beside my pillow, and she told me that I had been tossing for a fortnight in brain fever. Many weeks I lay there, and when I got strong found that I had left my nerve on that awful cliff-side. Never since have I been able to look from a height or see any other human being on one without shuddering.

"So now you know the story, Mr. Frazer, and have had your last walk on the factory wall."

He spoke truer than he knew. His story has given me such horrible nightmares ever since that I could no more walk on the high brickwork than along that narrow ledge in distant Cornwall.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mrs. Annie L. Jacob, Chateaugay Basin, Que., writes: "Let me acknowledge the receipt of the gold watch for prize story. I wonder how you can afford to award such a pretty timekeeper. It will always be a pleasant reminder of TRUTH, which in its circulation is 'mighty and must prevail.'"

#### An Ancient Battle Called to Mind.

The excavations which have been going on under the famous Lion at Chavrona, where the Boetians who fell in the battle with Philip of Macedon, August, 353 B. C., were interred, have thus far disclosed 270 skeletons. Among the most recently examined, two have been found transfixed with iron lances. Six of the skeletons more or less preserved, and remarkable for the fracture of their bones and the firm manner in which they died of their wounds, have been prepared to be taken from their place in plaster and transferred to the museum in Athens, where they will remain among its greatest curiosities and wonders. The face of the monumental lion, who sits with head thrown up, expresses rage, grief and shame, together with that moderation which is characteristic of all Greek art. Pausanias, who wrote about 180 A. D., says: "On approaching the city is the tomb of the Boetians who fell in the battle with Philip. It has no inscription, but the figure of a lion is placed upon it as an emblem of the spirit of these men. The inscription has been omitted, as I suppose, because the gods had willed that their fortune should not be equal to their prowess." It is interesting that, after the lapse of two thousand two hundred and almost nineteen years, we are able to read in the bodies which have been thus exhumed, in the fractures of their bones, and in the iron lances by which they are pierced, the story of their heroic struggle to maintain the independence of their country.

REPUTATION.—A man's reputation, like his coat, may be soiled without touching the man himself, since the reputation is not the character, any more than the sleeve is the arm it envelops. The character can be soiled only by what the man himself does, while the reputation may have mud thrown upon it by any wretch unmanly enough to want to injure the standing of another. We are to see that our motives are pure, our principles honorable, and our outward life governed by them, and then to go about our duty calmly, confident that in the end they who unjustly seek to injure us will do us no harm.

## THE SPHINX.

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

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

#### NO. 101.—AN ENIGMA OF THE TIMES.

Since this queer world's creation,  
In every age and nation,  
There's been some perturbation  
All peace to destroy.  
It's either magnetic,  
Or sourly ascetic,  
Or peripatetic  
Philosophy.

But with all this mythology,  
And black demonology,  
There's never been an ology  
So queer as this one;  
(I meant to say an iam—  
Excuse my solecism.)  
It's worse than the "Catechism  
On the path of the sun."

It's awfully confusing!  
If you ever take to musing  
On its themes you'll be losing  
Your head in no time;  
And the sunflowers will be dancing,  
And the lark starts go prancing,  
And you'll soon be romancing  
In the wildest of rhyme.

You'll be worshipping bric-a-brac,  
Or some little nick-knack,  
Or toiling through rick-rack,  
In small clover leaves;  
You'll perambulate storkishly;  
You'll moralize mawkishly;  
And stare around hawkishly,  
As the owl on the caves.

R.

#### NO. 105.—AN ANAGRAM.

'Tis something false, of bad repute,  
Unworthy of reliance;  
"I call a chemist" to refute  
The dogmas of that science.  
Its reasoning is sophistical,  
Its teachings dark and mystical.

NELSONIAN.

#### NO. 106.—A METALEPSIS.

(Entered for Prize.)

I.

From end to end of earth I go,  
A harbinger of weal or woe;  
I'm rooted firmly in my place,  
Yet often others do I chase;  
Whilst doing this I am quite dead,  
Though once was living and have spread  
Protection over many a stranger,  
Though doomed myself to be a ranger.

II.

Now in a forest I am seen,  
A poor wee thing is surely me,  
The children gather me with glee  
When summer fades her dress of green.

III.

Again when ease gives place to mirth,  
And old and young around the hearth;  
Grow merry o'er the sparkling jest;  
My heart goes round to give them zest.

S. I. B.

#### NO. 107.—A CURIOUS EQUALITY.

I am two things in one.  
Science says that two things cannot be in  
the same place at the same time.  
Despite science, my first and my last are  
both at once in the middle.  
Stranger still, my whole is there also with  
them.  
Indeed, my first, my last and my whole  
are tantamount each one to either or both  
of the others.

SEEMER.

#### NO. 108.—AN ENIGMA.

(Solved.)

Look up, thou soul! by sin oppressed,  
And let my light compose thy breast.  
I drive the clouds of unbelief away,  
And open the portals of eternal day.  
Religion is not my adopted name;

I am the base, religion is the frame.  
Death flees away whene'er I draw near,  
Looses his sting, excites no more the tear.  
God looketh down, and from his heavenly  
throne

Blesseth the meekest spot where I am known.

MRS. W. S. WILLIAMSON.

#### NO. 109.—BEHEAD AND CURTAIL.

1. Behead and curtail a game of cards,  
The rest will wheel the dirt from your  
yards.
2. The same to an iron, muddy feet no'er  
scorning,  
Will change to a cloth very useful in  
mourning.
3. A man who uses the pen will be  
The place, when a child, my nurse laid  
me.
4. "Heavy of heart" at once may be seen  
To change into a useful machine.

YPSILANTI.

#### NO. 110.—SYNCOPE "ON.

I am a sharper whom you hate,  
I falsify, interpolate,  
And try to get among my betters,  
In disregard of social fetters.  
Prase one letter and I show  
A preparation for a blow,  
And if you make one more expulsion,  
You may produce in me convulsion.

NELSONIAN.

#### NO. 111.—A RIDDLE.

Swifter than time we speed;  
More terrible than fate;  
To places never known we lead,  
And tales untold relate.

MRS. W. S. WILLIAMSON.

#### PRIZES FOR CONTRIBUTIONS.

1. A cash prize of five dollars will be presented for the best original contribution to this department before the close of 1885.

A prize of two dollars will be awarded for the best variety of contributions furnished during the same time, the winner of prize No. 1 to be excluded from trial for this premium.

Favors should be forwarded early, accompanied with answers.

#### FORWARDING ANSWERS.

Answers in competition for the monthly prize should be forwarded within seven days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles answered.

#### ANSWERS.

- 91.—Shadow.
- 92.—Mar-mot, "wood-chuck.
- 93.—Conscientiousness.
- 94.—Ease-l.
- 95.—Misle-d.
- 96.—SALT-ness;  
DAN-apolis;  
A-chilles;  
PA-oli;  
LUST-ration.

#### Temper at Home.

I have peeped into quiet "parlors," where the carpet is clean and not old, and the furniture polished and bright; into "rooms" where the chairs are deal and the floor carpetless; into "kitchens," where the family live and the meals are cooked and eaten, and the boys and girls are as blithe as the sparrows in the thatch overhead; and I see that it is not so much wealth and learning, nor clothing, nor servants, nor toil, nor idleness, nor town, nor country, nor station, as tone and temper, that make life joyous or miserable—that render homes happy or wretched. And I see, too, that in town or country, good sense and God's grace make life of what no teachers or accomplishments, or means or society, can make it—the opening of an everlasting palm; the fair beginning of an endless existence, the goodly, modest, well-proportioned vestibule to a temple of God's building, that shall never decay, wax old or vanish away.