

## 159—BURIED JEWELS.

1. Will you kindly pass that pear, Lillie? It looks a very nice one from here.
2. If you thoroughly wash it, and then give it a good rub, you will soon find it will come clean.
3. I dare say Eric or Alfred will go to the post for you if you ask them.

## 160—HALF-SQUARE WORD.

- 1—A kind of fish. 2—Places of exhibition. 3—To wash by filtering. 4—A measure of space. 5—A cry made by sheep. 6—A personal pronoun. 7—A popular beverage.

JAS. LOWERY.

## 161—RHOMBOID PUZZLE.

- Across—1, Harmony; 2, a harbor; 3, to tarry; 4, a mark. Down—1, a consonant; 2, a preposition; 3, an adverb of time; 4, a long period of time; 5, extremity; 6, a preposition; 7, not coffee.

## 162—CHARADES, 1.

- My first is equality.  
My second is the whole.  
My third is a letter of the alphabet, and also an old measure of length.  
My whole is what the two tracks of a railroad are.

2.

- My first is a demon.  
My second is a form of the verb to be.  
My third is (in sound) an auxiliary used with the future tense.  
My whole, omitting one letter, is what judges ought to be.

SIGMA.

## Answers to November Puzzles.

- 137—A shoe.  
138—Belochistan.  
139—Mountains.  
140—Harriet Beecher Stowe.  
141—On, no go, og, Don mood, doom, rats, star, time, emit.  
142—Walkerton.  
143—Cod.  
144—An ear of wheat.  
145—Sweet briar rose.  
146—Straight, idioity.  
147—Star, tyro, arts, rose.

## Names of Those Who Have Sent Correct Answers to November Puzzles.

Jno. H. Werner, Nina, Annie McCree, J. W. S. Richardson, J. C. Fitch, Jas. C. Howell, James M. Jackson, Minnie Barber, Janet Davidson, Jane Bell, Joan Bell, S. Clayton, John T. Sallows, Amelia Strawbel, Lizzie McKinnon, Minnie Hyde, Lucy Priddis, Eleanor North, Lucy Mills, John Williams, Mary Webster, Susan Willis, Jennie McKay, E. Routledge, John Clair, George Mason, Edwin Hall, Francis Barton, S. J. Hammond, Joseph Smith, Theo. Muir, Henry Rogers, Charles Fitzgerald, M. Y. McKnap, Florence West, Minnie Crack.

## Humorous.

## GONE AND THAWED.

The boy stood on a sunken shaft,  
And bitter tears he shed.  
We eyed the youngster fore and aft—  
His hair and nose were red.

He looked the picture of distress,  
The very type of woe.  
We asked why his unhappiness;  
His voice came sad and low.

And while the lad in tears relates  
The story, we are awed;  
Said he: "I bought a pair of skates,  
And now its gone and thawed."

A man noted for his close-fisted propensities was showing an old coin to a neighbor, when the latter asked, "Where did you get it?" "I dug it out of my garden," was the reply. "It is a pity you didn't find it in the cemetery," said the neighbor. "Why so?" asked the coin-owner. "Because you could have saved the hole to be buried in," was the somewhat unexpected reply.

"At what age were you married?" asked she, inquisitively. But the other lady was equal to the emergency, and quietly responded, "At the parsonage."

They are trying to kiss by telephone in New York and New Jersey. The sensation must be something like starting out for a clam-bake dinner and getting nothing but fog.

"Don't you think," said a husband, in a mild form of rebuke to his wife, "that women are possessed by the devil?" "Yes," was the reply, "as soon as they are married."

A young lady, residing in a border town, was heard to remark, in regard to her father's snoring, that "the neighbors all set out their washtubs, thinking that a thunderstorm was coming up."

A Saginaw schoolma'am speaks of Spotted Tail as "Freckled Finale, the aboriginal chieftain."

A woman who makes a practice of borrowing a quart of milk generally makes a pint of returning it.

Never borro ennything that yu are able to buy. Borrowing will demoralize a man almost as fast as stealing.—*Josh Billings.*

A lady stopped the milkman as he was passing the house the other day, and inquired the price of milk by the quart, putting up her ear-trumpet to catch the reply. The milkman drew a quart of milk and emptied it into the trumpet, and the result has been that he has to go a mile out of his way to keep out of sight of the lady, who sits on the front porch with a shot-gun, watching for him to pass.

A visit was a short time ago paid by a Government inspector to a Welsh village school, and among the questions put was, "Who brought the children of Israel out of Egypt?" The question was put somewhat imperiously, and, of course, in the Saxon tongue, which to a certain extent intimidated the youthful "Ancient Britons." A little hesitation followed, and the school-master, who rejoiced in the name of Moses Griffiths, having his reputation at stake, caught the eye of one of his rustic flock, and quietly whispered in Welsh, "The same name as myself." Nothing daunted, and with heroic confidence, a village youngster, addressing the inspector, gravely answered, "Moses Griffiths, sir!"

"The point is just this," says the Sublime Porte, "I am Turkey, and Russia wants to do the gobbling."

A woman at eighteen wants five trunks when she travels. At fifty she can get along with a bottle of cold tea.

"Madam," said a gentleman to his wife, "let me tell you, facts are stubborn things." "Dearie me, you don't say so," quoth the lady; "what a fact you must be!"

A little girl, who was visiting the family of a neighbor, heard them speak of her father as a widower, and on her return home, said, "Pa, are you a widower?" "Yes, my child; don't you know that your mother is dead?" "Why, yes, I know that mother is dead; but then you always told me you were a New Yorker!"

A resident who reached home by the noon train, after an absence of two weeks, was met at the station by his eight-year-old son, who loudly welcomed him.

"And is everybody well, Willie?" asked his father.

"The wellest kind," replied the boy,

"And nothing has happened?"

"Nothing at all. I've been good, Jennie's been, and I never saw ma behave herself so well as she has this time."

"You seem to know all the gossip of the neighborhood, Parker."

"Yes, ma'am. My young man is a postman, and he reads me all the postal cards."

"What is the matter with you?" inquired a gentleman who had been called to see his neighbor, a German, of Chicago.

"Vell, I don't know—it is de gout; but vy should I have him?"

"Perhaps," suggested his friend, "it is hereditary."

"I tink it is hereditary; I remember my wife's uncle have him."

Mr. Gudgeon.—"Oh, I say, now, Miss Ada, you are fishing for a compliment."

Miss M'Angle.—"Oh dear, no; I never fish in shallow waters."

"Then, Adelgitha, you will be mine?"

"Yes, Ferdinand, if pa is willing. I always do what he wants me to."

"But will he give his consent?"

"He will. Pa always does what I want him to."

Mamma.—"You're a very naughty boy, Tommy, and I shall have to buy a whip and give you a good whipping. Now will you be good?"

Tommy (with hesitation), "Shall I be allowed to keep the whip afterward, mammy?"

Useful to Know.—A gentleman of considerable experience, writes to say, that to thoroughly enjoy a roasted goose, there should only be two in the company—the goose and the goose-eater.

## Eating Song.

Oh! carve me yet another slice,  
O help me to more gravy still,  
There's naught so sure as something nice  
To conquer care, or grief to kill.

I always loved a bit of beef,  
When Youth and Bliss and Hope were mine;  
And now it gives my heart relief  
In sorrow's darksome hour—to dine.

—Punch.

## Friends.

Most of us can probably count our friends on our fingers, and fortunate are we if there are not some digits to spare after the reckoning is made. We do not merely mean, in speaking of friends, those with whom we are intimately acquainted; with whom we go shopping or sight-seeing; who visit us often; who worship under the same creed, and contribute to the same missions; who send us jellies when we are ill, and tell us our faults with a frankness which might be lovely in the abstract; who are always using the rod for our good, and who never hear an unflattering comment upon us or ours but they hasten to refresh us with the sweet morsel. We are apt to denominate as friends those who are something more than mere acquaintances, who are connected with us by marriage or association, without reflecting that friendship signifies something more than the interchange of pleasant civilities and costly gifts, something beyond similarity of tastes and ambitions. The real friend is he who accepts you with all your imperfections on your head—who entertains, in truth, an affection for these same imperfections as component parts of yourself, without which you would not be you. He is never ready to prove his superiority of judgment or his pre-eminence in any respect, preferring rather to believe in equality; never seeks to gain the advantage; encourages without flattery; never dreams of placing himself in competition with you; rejoices in your successes, mourns over your failures. Perhaps the reason why friends are so scarce is because the requirements of friendship are so great; few people are unselfish enough to meet them. Though "some men," we read, "are born for friendship," it can not exist without burning incense before some shrine; there are many others almost incapable of the sentiment, who call one and another by the name of friend because they happen to fancy the same clergyman, to agree respecting certain orthodox or heterodox opinions, are next-door neighbors, afford the same luxuries, dote on the same authors, but who criticize these friends with unsparing zeal, and whom any change of fortune or opinion would render frigid with indifference, while one of the fundamental demands of friendship is that our regard shall be able to survive disagreement. We love our friend not for what he thinks, or knows, or believes, but for what he is; and there must be something more vital in the matter than the same respect for fashion, concurrence in the method of pickling mangoes, or an interest in the same Bethel societies, if it would outlive the touch-stone of familiarity. One should be allowed, moreover, to choose one's friends, and not have them thrust upon one; neither is it well to rush into friendship like a gushing school-girl, for, like every other growth, there is first the germ, then the shoot, and last of all, after patient discipline of sunshine and rain, arrives the perfect blossom.

## The True Gentleman.

"He is above a low act. He cannot stoop to commit a fraud. He invades no secret in the keeping of another. He takes selfish advantage of no man's mistakes. He is ashamed of innuendoes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is not one thing to a man's face, and another to his back. If by accident he comes into possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes them into instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter in at the window, or lie open before him in unregarded exposure, are secret to him. He profanes no privacy of another, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers, are not for him. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest