

## Fishin'.

Come on, Cobe, there's light a plenty;  
Crickety! ain't it lonesome here.  
It's a boss dock, though, for fishin'.  
See the moonshine, ain't it queer?  
Only Thursday, Tommy Tuppup,  
On the ebb, too, hooked a pile;  
Ketched five killies and a catfish,  
Sittin' on this very spile.

Where's the worms? *Hev* I forgot em?  
Jingo! oh, no, here they air;  
Got 'em in my breeches pocket—  
Ouch! one's wriggled through a tear.  
Ain't they cold things? Wot they're good for,  
'Cept for fishin', bothers me:  
Though I s'pose, now each o' them worms  
Had his friends and family.

Hush! they won't bite if you chatter.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Cobe, it's fresh o' me, I know;  
But that moonlight on the water,  
Like a squirt o' milk, ain't slow.  
Seems like spirits, made o' moonshine,  
Might come slippin', cool and white,  
Down that towpath, straight from glory,  
Bringin'—whoop! I got a bite!

Hold up, stop yer racket, can't yer!  
Now I've got him—no, he's off;  
Took my bait, too. Wot a corker!  
Weighed a pound—by gum! it's rough.  
Hi! you've got him! Land o' Goshen!  
Yank him in, Cobe! Good for you!  
Lost him? Pshaw! it's hard luck, ain't it—  
Here, just bite this worm in two.

Cobe, it's awful still around yer;  
Makes me feel almighty small,  
Sittin' by the cruel river,  
Hungry for to drown us all;  
With the great big sky above us,  
Nothing in it lookin' real,  
So far off, you can't believe it—  
Ki, yi! thunder! it's an eel.

Stars and moonshine makes me lonesome.  
Wot is us and all we air,  
Sot against those great, eternal  
Worlds that seem like fly specks there?  
Somehow, I don't much believe it;  
Ef they're worlds, why don't they fall?  
That's wot stumps me; stand from under  
When they start to drop, that's all.

Nary bite. The fish ain't hungry.  
Wish it wan't so quiet here,  
Ghosts are handy round such places;  
They're at home in spots that's queer.  
First one ever I sot eyes on,  
It was such another night—  
Cobe, wot's that so slim and quiet,  
Slidin' past there, all in white?

Say, I'm scared. If ghosts are comin'  
I must go, I really must.  
Never did care much for fishin';  
Bites be blowed! I'm go'n to dust.  
I don't hanker much, if any,  
After ghosts, they're too blamed thin.  
Hear that splash; if they were solid,  
I should say one tumbled in.

Haul in, Cobe, for I can't stand it.  
That there splash just weakened me.  
Yes, I'm scared, I don't deny it;  
Wot's that floatin'? Don't yer see?  
Somethin' white; it's comin' nearey,  
Driftin' with the tide—look there!  
Wot'd ye s'pose it is? Wot is it?  
Horror! See the long black hair!

It's a woman, Cobe, a woman!  
See her float and sink and rise;  
Get a rope, I'm goin' over;  
Oh, my God, wot awful eyes!  
Here goes \* \* \* Phew! Cobe, it's a imidge  
Charcoal eyes, and stuffed with straw!  
Say, Tom Tuppup, when I catch yer,  
Watch out for a broken jaw!

DAVID L. PROUDFIT.

A pint of whisky put in a fruit-cake will keep  
it for six months, and the same amount put in a  
man will keep him down town till 2 in the morn-  
ing.—[Texas Siftings.

## Uncle Tom's Department.

## PUZZLES.

## 1.—ENIGMA.

My 1st is in cat, but not in dog,  
My 2nd is in eel, but not in frog.  
My 3rd is in mean, but not in base,  
My 4th is in drawer, but not in case.  
My 5th is in good, but not in bad,  
My 6th is in flounder, but not in shad.  
My 7th is in mile, but not in rod,  
My 8th is in pea, but not in pod.  
My 9th is in ark, but not in boat,  
My 10th is in pants, but not in coat.

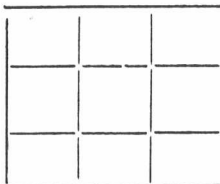
The successful solver of the above puzzle will get  
ten dollars for his trouble.

H. A. WOODWORTH.

2.—It was (my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5), and I had just got  
(my 6, 7,) bed when a (my 8, 9, 10, 11) arose and  
kept awake. When the storm was over a (my 1,  
2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11,) began to sing.

EDITH GRIGG.

3.—Make a square and mark it into nine small  
blocks, thus:



and place the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, so that  
the sum of any three in a straight line will amount  
to fifteen.

WM. JAS. DOWD.



## 4.—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

## 5.—DIAMOND.

A composition; a kind of stone; a place of  
amusement; to qualify; to efface; a verb; a  
vowel.

MAGGIE F. ELLIOTT.

## 6.—RIDDLE.

I wait on the King, or the Queen, if you please,  
I am under your eye, you can turn me with ease.

H. ARTHUR FOSTER.

## 7.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

W-e-e-h-r-s-w-l-t-e-e-a-a.

IDA CLEMENS.

## 8.—DECAPITATION.

Whole, I am a bird; behead, and I mean to  
stir; behead again, and I am a river in England;  
behead again, and I mean utility; curtail, and I  
am a pronoun.

HARRY A. WOODWORTH.

## Answers to May Puzzles.

- 1.—Ere in the northern gale,  
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,  
The woods of autumn all round our vale  
Have put their glory on.
- 2.—Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall.
- 3.—Fly.
- 4.—Onions.
- 5.—Do your duty, come what will.
- 6.—Looking glass.
- 7.—Unquestionably.
- 8.—A cannon.
- 9.—  
D an E  
A de N  
N ee D  
E nd S
- 10.—993—991—99x1—100.

## Names of those who sent Correct Answers to May Puzzles.

Henry H. Wilson, John Laing, Thos. R. Mor-  
ley, Minnie S. White, Robt. Wilson, Nettie Key,  
S. Gertrude Martin Regina, Harry A. Woodworth,  
Annie C. Robertson, H. Louisa Tompkins, Leah C.  
Moore, J. W. Forbes, Addie V. Morse, Ellen D.  
Tupper, Jas. H. Perry, Edith Grigg, P. Boulton,  
Minnie Tegart, Henry Stone, Ella Patterson, Jas.  
Watson, M. J. Cooper, Reuben N. Shier, Ida  
Clemens, H. Arthur Foster, Richard Kingston,  
Albert Eddie Daniels, Wm. Scott Daniels, Maggie  
F. Elliott, Nancy J. Murphy, Emma E. Seadon,  
Lizzie A. Riddell, R. J. Risk, Earnest Larmouth,  
Becca Lowry, Josephine Ashley, Martha Jackson,  
Esther Louisa Ryan, Maud Dennee, Mary A. H.  
Thomas, George W. Finnamore, Frances Mary  
Andrew, Wm. Jas. Dowd, Maggie A. Wilson,  
Winnie F. Lawe, Annie Gay, Bessie Allan,  
Johanna Beatrice Horde, Annie Craig, Jessie E.  
Houston.

"He's not just what you call handsome," said the  
Major, beaming through his glasses on an utterly  
hideous baby, as it lay peacefully gnawing in its  
mother's arms. "But it's the kind of face that  
grows on you." "It's not the kind of face that  
ever grew on you," was the indignant reply of the  
maternal being; "you'd be better looking if it had."

"Please, sir, there's nothing in the house to eat,"  
said Brown's landlady. "How about the fish I sent  
in?" "Please, sir, the cat 'ave eat them." "Then  
there's some cold chicken—" "Please sir, the cat  
—Wasn't there tart of some sort?" "Please, sir,  
the cat—" "All right, I must do with cheese  
and—" "Please, sir, the cat—" "Then, darn it  
cook the cat, and let's have it all at once."

"Charley," remarked Jones, "you were born to  
be a writer." "Ah!" replied Charley, blushing  
slightly at the compliment; "you have seen  
some of the things I have turned?" "No,"  
said Jones; "I wasn't referring to what you  
had written. I was simply thinking what a  
splendid ear you had for carrying a pen.  
Immense, Charley; simply immense!"

GOOD ORDER SECURED.—A clergyman was  
recently annoyed by people talking and giggling.  
He paused, looked at the disturbers and said:  
"I am always afraid to expose those who mis-  
behave, for this reason: Some years since, as I  
was preaching, a young man who sat before  
me was constantly laughing, talking and making  
uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered  
a severe rebuke. After the close of the service,  
a gentleman said to me, 'Sir, you have made  
a great mistake. That young man whom you  
reproved is an idiot.' Since then I have always  
been afraid to reprove those who misbehave  
themselves in church, lest I should repeat the mis-  
take and reprove another idiot." During the rest  
of the service, at least, there was good order.

Mrs. Rabbit was talking about the loss of life at  
the late flat house fire. "I think," said she,  
"every one ought to keep a rope in his sleeping-  
room, with which to make his escape in case the  
flames cut off the stairway." "And in what way  
would you, for instance," asked Pensill, "sup-  
posing you were hemmed in your bed-room by  
fire, make use of the rope?" "What a silly ques-  
tion!" replied Mrs. Rabbit, with a mild giggle.  
"Why, I'd tie one end to the bedstead and the  
other around my waist, and jump out of the  
window, of course."—[Harper's Bazar.

SLEEP AND SLEEPLESSNESS.—Dr. J. M. Granville,  
in an interesting work on this subject, says, with  
reference to the difficulty some persons find in get-  
ting to sleep: "Habit greatly helps the perform-  
ance of the initial act, and the cultivation of a  
habit of going to sleep in a particular way, at a  
particular time, will do more to procure regular  
and healthy sleep than any other artifice. The  
formation of the habit is, in fact, the creation and  
development of a special centre, or combination, in  
the very nervous system, which will henceforward  
produce sleep as a natural rhythmical process. If  
this were more generally recognised, persons who  
suffer from sleeplessness of the sort which consists  
in simply being 'unable to go to sleep,' would set  
themselves resolutely to form such a habit. It is  
necessary that the training should be explicit, and  
include attention to details. It is not very import-  
ant what a person does with the intention of going  
to sleep, but he should do precisely the same thing,  
in the same way, at the same time, for a con-  
siderable period."