

thrilling with the excitement of the chase, and urging on their horses till the pace was fast and furious. All at once, the horse of the foremost rider—a big powerful chestnut—put its foot into a treacherous rat-hole, and shot forward with terrific force on to its head, then rolled heavily over, with its luckless rider crumpled up underneath. The other men pulled up, for the fall seemed a serious one; and the white face, just visible clear of the saddle, had the pallor of death stamped on it. The ill-fated hunter was extricated and carried home. Three of his ribs were broken, and he had sustained other grievous internal injuries. A few days afterwards he died in great suffering. The name of this second victim was Robert Strong.

Not long after the above tragical occurrence, Dr. Farmer fell ill, and was ordered to England by a Medical Board. From Nowshera he came to Attock, intending to rest a few days before continuing his journey; but here, notwithstanding that he was kindly and skilfully treated by the Civil surgeon of the station, he rapidly became worse. At one time, his life even was despaired of; but the poor man was not destined to die in his bed. He rallied; and by easy stages at last reached Bombay, and thence shipped for England.

In a couple of years he returned to India completely restored to health. In the meantime his regiment had moved down country to Allahabad, and it was there he joined it. One afternoon he was out boating on the river Ganges with a friend, when, by some untoward accident, the boat upset; both the men, however, were good swimmers, and struck out vigorously for the shore. As they were nearing the bank, his companion cast a glance in Farmer's direction, and saw he was swimming strongly and well. Presently, the former touched the bottom within his depth, and looked round again for his friend; but, to his utter amazement, Farmer had vanished! It would appear that the unfortunate surgeon had been seized with cramp, and sinking suddenly, had been caught in the race of some treacherous under-current, and swept down stream. His body, I believe, was never recovered.

Thus was the curse literally fulfilled. The three officers had perished in the prime of manhood, in the fullness of their strength, with appalling suddenness, and all within the short space of five years. But the narrative is not yet complete; its finale is as startling as the portion that has preceded it, and for this we must once again go back to Nowshera.

Shortly after Dr. Farmer lost his life, the stream of the Canbul River became very much swollen, owing to heavy rains in the highlands of Afghanistan—in fact it was in a state of flood. Just then, strange to say, the Indus came down a raging torrent from the mountains, and in such stupendous volume that it speedily rose forty feet and more above its ordinary level. Now, the Canbul River flows into the latter very nearly at right angles opposite the fort at Attock; but with such amazing velocity did the stream of the Indus run that it dammed up, so to speak, the waters of its tributary, which in its turn rose higher and higher, and soon overflowed its banks. The lower parts of Nowshera were inundated; but the flood still grew till it became the greatest within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The waters crept up the fakir's knoll, and whirled and eddied round the obnoxious bungalow, undermining its foundations; the roof fell in; the walls tumbled down; the house became a total wreck; and it remains a tenantless ruin to this day.

Silent genius is heard quicker than loud ignorance.

The religion which embodies itself in character, clean and steadfast, which actuates the man in his week-day career, inspiring and inspiring him, will alone bring back into the marts of trade the integrity it mourns the loss of.

A definite and honorable calling is like the girdle of Thor, the Thunder god. The tighter you buckle it the stronger you grow. Your capacity for labor within human limits is in direct proportion to the strength of your purpose.—*Boyce*.

The growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs.—*George Eliot*.

BRIEF NOTE OF PEOPLE OF NOTE.

A Poplin Ball is to be given by the Lord Mayor of Dublin.

It is understood that, for several causes, a comparatively small number of Americans will go to Europe next summer.

Mr. Whistler's menu suggests the drift of his artistic ideas, the dishes being studies in color, arrangements, nocturnes, or symphonies.

A lady who is well known and highly esteemed in literary circles, Miss Kate Sanborn, was married last week to Mr. Gordon W. Burnham, a millionaire.

Miss Kate Field, who spent several weeks in Washington recently with the McCullough family, is coming to New York, and will soon give a series of lectures there.

Dr. William A. Hammond accomplished a remarkable literary feat last year: he wrote 900,000 words of fiction, besides attending to his severe duties as a physician.

General McClellan and his family will be obliged to stay at the New York Hotel until their house in Washington Square, which was almost destroyed by fire last week, is fit for use again.

Women have gained a point in Miss Murfree, who, as Charles Egbert Craddock, author of *In the Tennessee Mountains* and *Where the Battle was Fought*, posed successfully as a man.

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, who made such a desperate fight in the courts of Louisiana for her rights, wrote a clear and beautiful hand at the age of seventy-six, without the use of glasses.

In a hitherto unpublished letter the late Mr. John Stuart Mill wrote to a friend, "I am convinced that family life has nothing to fear from the perfect civil and political equality of the sexes."

The ex-King of Portugal is suffering from the same disease that afflicts General Grant, with this difference, that in the latter case the trouble is on the right side of the root of the tongue, while in the former it is on the left side.

Many thousand Americans have heard of the death of T. S. Arthur with a sense of personal loss, and of him it may be said that he never wrote a book that he did not exert a wholesome influence upon the young minds that enjoyed it. Mr. Arthur was seventy-six years old.

General Lew Wallace feels much hurt at some animadversions on his military career made by General Grant in a recent magazine article, and will soon make an exhaustive reply to them by giving his own version of the battle of Shiloh.

Two of the most beautiful women in Washington last week—the week—came from New York—Miss Marion Langdon and Mrs. James Brown Potter. One of the cleverest women there came, naturally from Boston—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Lady Brassey—who is always enterprising—has interested herself in the manufacture of embroidered doyleys for chairs and dessert plates. The embroidery is done with gold thread and colored silks on cheese-cloth, usually after an Oriental pattern.

Mr. Henry Villars, who only a few years ago appeared to be one of the successful millionaires in New York, and who built one of the most luxurious houses on upper Madison Avenue, is now living modestly in Berlin. His fortune is said to be five hundred thousand dollars. It was formerly five million dollars.

Dr. Thomas Dunn English has written a delightful volume called *The Boys' Book of Battle Ballads*, consisting of a series of ballads commemorative of notable American battles and skirmishes, from colonial times to the beginning of the civil war, with notes, biographical sketches, portraits, and other illustrations. All bright boys will be interested in this book, and be glad to know that Dr. English, who recently underwent a severe surgical operation, which he bore with admirable fortitude, is on the way to a speedy recovery.

In evil company, in corrupt places, it is hard to live unspotted from the world.

It seems as if a close view of almost every human lot would disclose some suffering that makes life a doubtful good—except perhaps at certain epochs of fresh love, fresh creative activity, or usual power of helping others.

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. 78.—A RIDDLE.

With the first gleam of learning I came into birth,
An angel as useful as any on earth,
And when the dark ages had taken their flight,
I helped to restore the dawning of light.

I went with the letter that Cadmus of yore
As a gift to the Grecians exultingly bore,
Coeval with letters and offspring of art,
Companions we are that never can part.

As learning advances still more I'm employed,
But could it advance if I were destroyed?
Progress in knowledge, how soon 'twould be stayed!
How science would wither deprived of my aid!

Service I render long after I'm used,
In fact, to be useful, I must be diffused;
'Tis the forms that I take that give me my worth,
Forms that are scattered all over the earth.

I serve every class, and my favors bestow
On the rich and the poor, the high and the low;
For the good and the bad alike I'm the slave,
A friend to the statesman, a tool for the knave.

Without my assistance can any deny
That commerce would languish and literature die?
While civilization I help to proceed,
No barbarous tribes of me know the need.

Inert though I be, unable to think,
For the thoughts of mankind I still form a link;
A medium not spiritual, with power well defined,
I impress on the sight what reaches the mind.

But why need I try my mission to tell
To you who behold me and know me so well?
You find me your friend in such various ways
As to merit the need of your homage and praise.

NELSONIAN.

NO. 79.—A CHARADE.

Long-necked is my first, with a funny round head,
A bye-word when living, a dainty when dead,
My second is black, scarlet, yellow, or green,

And in many a lane is frequently seen.
An evil my third, found in every direction,
Though often improved with the rod of correction,
When softened and mixed with sugar to sweeten,
My whole by all is complacently eaten.

CLEM PRINGLE.

NO. 80.—AN ANAGRAM.

In politics how much we see
That may be called chicanery.
To gain their ends men stoop so low
As e'en to diet upon crow.
To an observer 'tis confusing,
Though often droll and quite amusing,
To see their changes so persistent,
Their subterfuges inconsistent,
Their shiftings and prevarication
To gain their party's domination.
We've seen so much of it of late
That politics we almost hate.
That it is over, thank the fates!
We know that rest invigorates.

NELSONIAN.

NO. 81.—AN OLD KNOT.

[Although perhaps not very difficult, this old riddle, sent by a correspondent, has puzzled many, and the editor of "The Sphinx" has been requested to give the answer. Who will furnish it?]

There is a word of plural number,
A foe to peace or tranquil slumber,
How many words you choose to take,
By adding a you'll plural make;
But if to this you add an s,
Strange is the metamorphosis!
Plural is plural now no more.
And sweet becomes what bitter was before.

NO. 82.—A WELL-DRILLED ARMY.

A friendly host is in the land,
And under marching orders—
To threaten its way on every hand,
And hem in all our borders.

To mend the breaches worn by time,
To run and help the needy—
By working at each full design
In gatherings strong and speedy.

A goodly sight are they when drilled,
Their eyes and poignards gleaming;
Their movements noiseless, rapid, skilled,
Their banners gaily streaming.

Their weapons are of choicest steel,
For service ever ready;
And friend or foe a wound may feel
If in a hand unsteady.

And some have fallen on the way,
And some are maimed and battered,
And so they perish day by day,
And in the dust are scattered. S.

NO. 83.—A THIEF'S TALE.

Though I am a little water thief,
I'm no pirate on high seas;
I grab no landsmen in my rounds,
But sail my boat at ease.

My thieving, though a fearful sin,
Keeps me in house and home,
For I steal the roof that shelters me,
As o'er the sea I roam.

Pray tell me what may be my name,
For some mollusk should complain
Of losing what had sheltered him,
In sailing o'er the main.

ERMINA S.

CONTRIBUTORS' PRIZES.

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

2. 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.

THE PRIZE FOR ANSWERS.

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

ANSWERS.

- 66.—Tom-big-bee.
- 67.—Life.
- 68.—Decemvirate.
- 69.—Cup-board.
- 70.—Broom, room.
- 71.—Cadaverous.

Our Work.

Whether we are happy in our work or not depends upon the way in which we do it. The man who goes to his work reluctantly, like a scourged slave, has no enjoyment in his labor. It is, to him, like a perpetual punishment. How slowly, to his eyes, the sun rises to its zenith! How slowly it sinks to the western horizon! With leaden feet the weary hours go by. And he dreads the morrow which is to be but a repetition of the dreary to-day. His sluggish pulses do hardly beat. He seems but half alive. How different it is with the man who works with a will! Whatever he touches becomes at once interesting to him. He is absorbed in what he is about, and he exclaims at night, "How short the day has seemed!" Not an hour has hung heavily on his hands.