

Youth's Department.

For the Farmers' Advocate.

RIDDLE.

BY ALFRED HOLLOWAY.

I am as ancient as Time
 Yet I ever am young;
 I growl and I shine,
 Oft my changes are sung.
 Though I try to please all,
 I seldom please any;
 Tears follow my fall—
 But my blessings are many
 If I smile I'm suspected,
 If I frown 'tis deceit;
 I'm too foul or too fair,
 I all wishes can't meet.
 I'm too good or too bad,
 I never am right;
 Such treatment is sad,
 Though 'tis seldom I bite,
 And though I'm above them,
 With me they make free;
 And when there's nothing to say,
 They all talk about me.

"THE GRECIAN BEND."

Mary has got it, that fashionable curvature of the spine, called the "Grecian Bend." She caught it at Saratoga, where she has been on exhibition during the season. She has returned, however, bringing with her large trunks full of second-hand clothing—that is, garments, which she has worn once.

As I was passing by a dry goods store, Mary Jane was coming out of the door. She was pitching forward at such a rate I thought she was about to fall into my arms. I held out these implements of industry accordingly. She didn't fall worth a cent. Regarding not the example set by our first parents, she maintained her curvilinear form, and placing the top of a gloved forefinger on my out stretched palm, she said, in the fashionable drawl of a foppish Fifth Avanooodle—

"Aw, Yubau, is it you? Deloited."

"Why, Jennie dear, this is an unexpected pleasure. (Grabbing both the little hands and rolling them up together)—I was not looking for you for some weeks. You are ill. I am sorry. Shall I assist you to your carriage?"

She looked something like the half of a parenthesis, I was certain that she had been eating unripe fruit, and was suffering from cramp-colic, and wondered why she did not go home and take something.

"Never was bettaw in my loife."

I never saw such a change in a person in a few weeks. When I parted with her at the depot, three weeks ago, she was the very picture of health and personification of physical beauty. She was natural and unaffected, and as tenderly demonstrative as she well could be in a crowd composed of *pater-familias*, who instead of attending to his business and baggage, thought it was necessary to see me and Mary Jane safely deposited on the train. It is my belief that the old gentleman was afraid that I would secrete myself somewhere in the car, I wish now I had.

I was wrong in my green fruit supposition, and that she was suffering from something beyond the reach of peppermint. I naturally concluded, that it must be that terrible disease known as the spinal complaint, brought on by carrying too

heavy paniers and supporting long trails. I forthwith diligently consulted all the medical works which treat of that ailment and accumulated all the information on that subject I could, by vague questioning extracted from the medical profession. With a mind stored with useful knowledge and a heart overflowing with affection I called to see the little sufferer with the intention of imparting to her a goodly quantity of both.

She came into the parlor, looking as though she had been crimped with curling tongs. How I pitied her. A few weeks ago she was as straight as an arrow and a natural smile played about her rose bud mouth instead of that constrained pucker of pain (as I then supposed.)

"How do you feel now, Jenny dear?" I said, in my most soothing tones.

"Why, I feel good, of course. One could nawt feel otherwise aftaw having enjawed wataw and sawciataw of Saratogaw."

"I admire your fortitude, Jennie, almost as much as I deplore your misfortune, but you might as well look the disagreeable fact in the face at once. That is the only way to obviate it. I assure you it is not so very bad after all. The doctors say it can be cured, or so nearly so that with judicious dressing it will never be noticed. You know, Jennie, that it will make no difference with me. As long as your heart remains the same, no other changes can change me."

maiden then. She walked the floor as erect as a liberty pole. She smiled sardonically. She laughed hystirically. Finally she cried womanly, and then she found her tongue—her native tongue. No New York drawl now, but each word as sharp and incisive as a cambric needle.

"Curvature of the spine! Ha! ha! spine! ha! spine!" (in a perfect shriek.) "O, you horrid, brute! O, you provoking fool—there! I just wish I was a man for a few minutes!"

"I wish you was a sensible woman."

"Sense! Well, I admire to hear a booby—that can't tell the Grecian Bend from the spinal complaint—talk about sense."

"Grecian fiddle-stick! You don't say that the awful crook which you had in your back was the Grecian Bend."

"I don't say anything to you. Anybody but a fool knows it is the Grecian Bend, (assuming the form of a rainbow again.) No lady desires to look like a ramrod. All the belles of New York stoop gracefully, and leave stiffness and straight lines to chambermaids and country folks."

"I suppose that it was also from the New York fops and belles that you learned the art of talking as though your mouth was full of hot mush?"

"Don't you talk about talking. You who never leave Louisville, think its provincialism comprise the proper language; but it is the lingo of your negro nurse. I cannot stand it. I never

want to hear any more of it. It is my desire that our acquaintance even should terminate with this interview."

And she sailed out of the room.

I have taken the porcelain picture of Mary Jane out of its velvet case, and that pretty casket is now vacant. Her image, which was supposed to be engraved upon this beating heart, has faded out, or is grown over with fat. I have determined never to marry a woman with her back up. Others may do as they please; but if ever I do take a wife, I shall take her as I do my Bourbon—straight.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



AN ENEMY WHERE?

ANSWER NEXT MONTH.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

Let us help one another,
 On life's weary road;
 Let us lighten the burden
 Of each others load.

And as we help others
 Our troubles grow less,
 And like loving brothers
 We each other bless—
 With sympathy love and happiness.

A. H.

ENIGMA.

My 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, is the name of a knight who held vice regal power in Canada.

My 9, 10, 6, 2, 13, is a street in a popular city of the Dominion.

My 9, 6, 10, 8, is an agricultural machine.

My 9, 11, 8, is a nimble domestic animal.

My 8, 6, 12, 3, is part of an animal that conversed with a prophet.

My 1, 5, 8, is what editors is sometimes accused of
 My 6, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, is a village in Ontario, whose aristocracy are detectives.

My whole is a minor light in the Legislature of Ontario.

The surplus the composer wishes to claim.

[We do not wish for any more anagrams of names.—Ed.]