

4-BEHEADINGS.

I am a small yet important thing,
I shine like a star in the darksome night,
And in centuries past I used to bring
To man for his labor the welcome light;
Beheaded, I am a lovely place,
Planted sublime with trees and flowers,
Where old and young their ease may take,
And pass away the weary hours;
Behead me again and I was used
By a noble man in a time long gone,
When God was grieved by the sins of men,
And caused the earth to be rained upon.

HARMOND BRADLEY.

5-THE LOST.

As I did — der along the cool lake
In the — e of the summer day,
The — oness of the pretty scene
Sent my — ning — t away.
The — ton s — so gracefully swam,
And the place was so serene,
That it seemed as if a magic — d
Had turned e'en the foliage green.

In the above little spaces,

Which all are the same,

Inscribe a small unit

Or for paleness a name.

THOS. W. BANKS.

6-SQUARE WORD.

My FIRST is to grasp, and eke to hold fast;
My NEXT to the moon pertains;
My THIRD is a country of area vast,
And England its sovereignty claims.
The want of my FOURTH a kingdom was worth;
My FIFTH in the spring clothes in beauty the earth.

CHARLIE S. EDWARDS.

7-DIAMOND.

1-A letter. 2-Past tense of go quick-
ly. 3-Wandered. 4-Horse soldiers.
5-Name of a girl. 6-Free from mois-
ture. 7-A letter.

LOUISE McLACHLAN.

8-CHARADE.

The earth pours forth my FIRST to feed
Both rich and poor; a household need.
My SECOND is seen in every land,
In city, town, or Gipsy band;
You see it abroad, you see it at home,
You see it where'er you please to roam.
My WHOLE, you'll find, my WHOLE will
eat.

CLARA ROBINSON.

9-CHARADE (partially by sound).

Oh! cousin Tommy Banks,
Please quit your naughty pranks;
Why should you from the Dom stay
way.
To call again another day.
FIRST now, my friend, and take your
seat.
And of the times do not COMPLETE.
From what you have done in the past,
It doth to me appear quite LAST,
That Uncle Tom will you reward,
If you will help the Dom to guard.

G. W. BLYTH.

Answers to March 16th
Puzzles.

1-DEAR QUEEN CHARLOTTE,
King George, with his son, Prince of
Wales, won a battle over the Indians.
The red men were without fear, but we
were superior altogether. The Indians
had a weapon like a spear which they
used with good fortune. Our people are
on the look out for surprises, but they
soon hope to establish a peace whereby
we may dwell in concord with the
Indians.

So, with hope, I say farewell.

PRINCE EDWARD.

2- B F A D
F I R E D
B A R O N E T
D E N S E
D E E
T

3-Agriculture.

4- C
R Y E
C Y R U S
E U X
S

5-More, Austin, Field, Moore, Swift,
Lowell, Locke, Dryden, Spencer,
Dunbar.

6-Napoleon

Aberdeen

Talon

Iroquois

Queidas

North

7-Sarah Grand, Lillian Bell.

8-Mean-time.

9-Shame, sham, ham, am.

SOLVERS TO MARCH 16TH PUZZLES.

Charlie S. Edwards, Louise McLach-
lan, J. S. Cramer, T. W. Banks, Bertha Jackson, Clara Robinson.

It costs something, now and then, to be courte-
ous. One day three young men stopped at a house
to take dinner, and were cordially welcomed. At
the close of the meal a basket of apples and pears
was placed on the table. "Mr. Ames, will you
take apples or p'sars?" asked the good wife, address-
ing one of the young men. He was perplexed. He
wanted pears, "but," he said to himself, "if I say
pears I might mortify my hostess, and should I say
p'sars the boys will laugh." "An apple, if you
please," he answered. A similar question was put
to Mr. Childs, who also concluded to deny his
appetite for the sake of courtesy and take an apple.
Mr. Smith, the third student, made up his mind
that he would take a pear, so when he was asked
which he would take, he answered courteously,
"Thank you, madam, I'll take p'sars." As they were
leaving the house the kind-hearted matron gave to
Ames and Childs several apples, but to Smith three
or four pears. The young men hastened to get out
of sight that they might divide the spoils and enjoy
a laugh over the self-denial their courtesy caused.
"Boys," said Ames, "I wouldn't have mortified the
old lady for a basketful of pears." "Nor would I
have said p'sars," remarked Smith. "There's a
time and place for everything; but the dinner-table
is not the place to correct your hostess' pronun-
ciation."

Beatrice Cenci.

The portrait of Beatrice Cenci is one of the
world-famous pictures. It is spoken of along side
of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," Raphael's
"Madonna Di San Sisto," and Titian's "Last Sup-
per." Every tourist on his first visit to Rome seeks
this famous picture as he does the Coliseum, the
Dying Gladiator, and the Laocoon. It may, perhaps,
be questioned whether this sweet and mournful
countenance would have quite so much attracted
the world's interest and curiosity if it had no
story connected with it. The painting is of un-
doubted merit, full of expression, with the execution
of a master; hence, though like most other noted
things to which generations of men have given
their keenest regard, it has been carped at and
decried, and its origin made the subject of fierce
controversy, though long unhesitatingly attrib-
uted to Guido.

The tragic story of Beatrice Cenci takes rank
along side the terrible conceptions of the Greek
dramatists, and we can only hope, for the credit of
humanity, that it owes more to imagination than
to fact. Beatrice, called the "Beautiful Parricide,"
was the daughter of Francesco Cenci, a wealthy
Roman nobleman who was twice married; Bea-
trice being his daughter by his first wife. After
his second marriage he is stated to have treated the

so long as this celebrated picture exists, one of
the chief treasures of the Barberini Palace, at
Rome, so long will it continue to attract and fasci-
nate generations of visitors; and though the story
connected with it should be proved in great part a
fiction, those appealing eyes will not have lost their
force for any with taste and judgment to appreci-
ate one of the best achievements of art.

Fitting In.

Some people never fit in anywhere. They are
stiff, unyielding, angular; they seem to have
about as many quills as a porcupine, and they al-
ways stick out; and wherever you put them it is
a misfit; they are uneasy, discontented, uncom-
fortable, and impracticable. They clamor for their
rights, they complain of their troubles, they mag-
nify their authority, they stand upon their dignity,
and all around must bow, bend or break before
them. Such people always have trouble. Yester-
day, to-day, and to-morrow things go wrong with
them, or do not go at all; and they seem to have
no wisdom or power to correct the wrongs or
remedy the evils of which they complain. If the
threads are tangled they jerk them. If the ma-
chinery creaks or rattles, they run it the faster.
If the engine is off the track, they put on more
steam!

There are others who may have
quite as much tenacity, but they
have more ductility. They yield,
they bend, they give way. They
accept the situation. They con-
form to circumstances; they
yield to the logic of facts and
events. They do not threaten
nor fume nor bluster. They do
not strive nor cry, nor cause their
voices to be heard in the street.
They do not dispute about trifles,
nor murmur over what cannot
be helped. They are meek, and
gentle, and long-suffering, and
kind; and yet they have their
own way quite as often, without
a fuss, as these more boisterous
and turbulent souls do with all
their storming.

Such people know how to fit
in. They can take what comes,
and be thankful. They can fill
the place that is vacant. They
can do the thing that needs to
be done. They can make the best
of things. They have no grud-
ges to gratify, no enemies to
punish, no wrongs to avenge,
no complaint to make. They
step aside when a locomotive is
coming, and they do not attempt
to quarrel with nature or destiny.

There are always places for
such people. They are ever wel-
come, ever useful, ever faithful
over a few things, and ever and
anon are called to come up
higher, and to be made rulers
over many things, and at last to
enter into the joy of Him who
pleased not Himself, who came
not to be ministered unto but to
minister, and to give His life a
ransom for many. It should be
the aspiration and earnest en-
deavor of all our young people
to be in this class, that they may
receive the reward of well-doing.

The Sin of Fretting.

It is as common as air, as
speech; so common that unless
it rises above its usual monotone,
we do not even observe it. Watch
any ordinary coming together of
people, and we see how many
minutes it will be before some-

body frets—that is, makes more or less complaining
statement of something or other, which most prob-
ably every one in the room, or in the car, or on the
street corner, knew before, and which most prob-
ably nobody can help. Why say anything about
it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry;
somebody has broken appointment, ill-cooked
a meal; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has
resulted in discomfort. There are plenty of
things to fret about. It is simply astonishing
how much annoyance and discomfort may
be found in the course of every day's living, even
at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp eye out
on that side of things. Even Holy Writ says we
are born to trouble as sparks fly upward. But even
to the sparks flying upward, in the blackest of
smoke, there is a blue sky above, and the less time
they waste on the road the sooner they will reach it.
Fretting is all time wasted on the road.—Helen Hunt.

Rhubarb Mixture.

Rub four large teaspoonfuls of rhubarb and four
small teaspoonfuls of baking soda thoroughly to-
gether, then add one pint of boiling water. When
cool add four teaspoonfuls of essence of peppermint
and four tablespoonfuls of French brandy. This is
excellent for all derangements of the stomach, par-
ticularly in children. The dose for a child of eight
or ten years is one teaspoonful in a little water be-
fore breakfast.—Marion.



BEATRICE CENCI.

children of his first with grossest cruelty, hiring
bandits to murder his two sons on their return from
a journey to Spain. Beatrice he persecuted to her
ruin, and made her life unendurable. The brutal
cruelty of Francesco's character appears to have
made itself a curse to all connected with him, and
an object of dread and aversion. The unfortu-
nate Beatrice sought the help of her relatives and of
Pope Clement VII. in vain. Fear or self-interest
caused the refusal of all interference; whereupon,
in company with her stepmother and her brother,
Giacomo, she planned and accomplished the mur-
der of her unnatural parent.

The Nemesis that waits on bloodshed brought
the crime to light; all were arrested, and, according
to the custom of the time, subject to torture. The
frail girl held out, but the brother confessed, and
all concerned were executed in spite of strenuous
efforts made in their behalf. It is impossible to look
on the lovely countenance that regards the spectator
with such mournful and appealing gaze from Guido's
picture without feeling the keenest interest when
connected with such a narrative as this. It has
originated innumerable expressions of pity, sym-
pathy, and incredulity. The whole story has been
exposed to that searching criticism that has dis-
solved so many of the treasured narratives of the past
into myths. That there is a considerable basis of fact
for this account is undoubted; how far distorted
and overlaid is still matter of controversy; but