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S. McCALLUM.

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JAMES M.

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Sent in Cor- Puzzles.

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Kay*, Mary W. Mc-
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Bell, Lizzie Elliott,
or, Kate E. Crerar,
Eleanor Nost, Saml.
Eliza Cook, Emma
er, Charlotte Smith,
Charles Green, Frank
G. Robson, L. Bif-
A. G. Loose, Mary
cob Weeks, George

Puzzles.

4-Tooth, toot, too,

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161-The letter
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The Shepherd's Darling.

O Winter, ruthless Winter!
Why is the world so small?
You crowd us all in the valleys—
In the narrow cabins all.

And if I pass, by any chance,
My darling's house a-near,
I scarcely see her little head
From the little window peer.

And if I take my heart in hand,
And enter her cottage door,
She sits between father and mother
And looks down at the floor.

O Summer, lovely Summer!
Thy world is all so wide!
The nearer we climb to the hill-tops,
The broader on every side.

You stand upon the cliffs, my love,
I call from out the blue,
The echoes bear my words afar,
Yet no one hears but you.

And if I fold you in my arms,
Upon the hill-tops green,
We see o'er all the land abroad,
And yet we are not seen.

British Arctic Expedition.

Heroism has not yet become extinct. It still lives in the hearts of the British tars, and it is at the present day as true as when first written that, "Our ships are British oak, Hearts of oak our men." The spirit of nobly daring, the power of unflinching endurance, were well exemplified in the British Arctic Expedition, of the scene of which we now present one engraving, representing the Discovery steaming through the ice, with her consort the Alert in her wake. They were unable to reach the North Pole, the object of the expedition, being prevented by an impenetrable and apparently immitable field of ice, or rather mountain on mountain, piled

through the untold ages. The expedition, however, has not been fruitless. They have been able to add much, though not all they had contended for, to our former knowledge of those hyperborean regions. Another engraving of Arctic scenes will appear in our February number. Captain Nares, in describing the process of forcing their way through the floes, says:

"It will be difficult ever to efface from my mind the determined manner in which (when the Alert had become embedded in the ice, which, by her impetus against it, had accumulated round and sunk under her bows, and a great quantity, by floating to the surface again in her wake, had helplessly enclosed her abaft) the Discovery was handled in her advancing to our rescue. Having backed some distance astern, for the double purpose of allowing the debris ice from a former blow to float away, and for the vessel to attain a distance sufficient for the accumulation of momentum with which to strike a second blow, coming ahead at her utmost speed, she would force her way into the ice, burying her bows in it as far aft as the foremast: the commanding officer on the bowsprit, carefully conning the ship to an inch, for had the ice not been struck fairly it would have caused her to carom off it against ourselves, with much havoc to the two. From the moment of the first impact the overhanging stem necessarily caused the ship's bow to rise three or four feet as she advanced from twelve to twenty feet into the solid floe, and imbedded herself, before the force of the blow was ex-

perended; and as the ship's way was stopped, the overhanging weight, by settling down, crushed the ice down still further ahead. Frequently, on these occasions, her jibboom was within touching distance of the Alert's boats! But after a little experience had been gained, such confidence had we in each other, that there was not the slightest swerving in any one instance."

HUMOROUS.

Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree?
Because it is furthest from the bark.

The nation that produces the most marriages is fascination; and perhaps the nation that produces the most divorces is alienation.

There is said to be something consoling for every ill in this life. For instance, if a man is bald-headed his wife can't pull his hair.

A negro held a cow while a cross-eyed man was going to knock her on the head with an axe. The darkey observing the man's eyes, in some alarm inquired:—"You gwine to hit whar you look?" "Yes." "Den," said Cuffee, "hold this cow yourself."

It is told for a fact that a little flaxen-haired boy of five years old, who had passed the afternoon at the Boston Art Museum, looking up in his mother's face said:—"If all the mammas when they die turn into mummies, do all the papas turn into puppies?"

dressed the shopman thus:—"It is my desire to obtain a pair of circular elastic appendages, capable of being contracted or expanded by means of oscillating burnished steel appliances that sparkle like particles of gold leaf set with Alaska diamonds and which are utilized for retaining in proper position the habiliments of the lower extremities, which innate delicacy forbids me to mention."

A QUEER WITNESS.—A young man of very good character hired a horse from a livery-stable to go to a town twenty miles distant. Unfortunately, about half way out the horse was taken ill and died. The liveryman sued him for the value of the horse, representing that the horse had been killed by fast driving. One of the young man's witnesses (rather green, or supposed to be, and who had a peculiar way of talking very low) was called to the box, and questioned thus by the plaintiff's counsel:—"Are you acquainted with the defendant?" "Y-a-a-s" (very slowly drawled out). "How long have you been acquainted with him?" "About three years." "Well, sir, please tell to the court what kind of a reputation he bears, as to fast or slow riding on horseback." "Well, I suppose if he was riding with a company of persons who rode very fast and he didn't want to be left behind, he would ride fast too; and if he was riding with a company of persons who rode very slow, and he did not want to go ahead alone, he would ride slow too." "You seem very much inclined to evade answering questions properly,"

said the judge, much enraged. "Now, sir, having stated how the gentleman rides in company, I wish you to state how he rides when alone." "Well, having never having had the pleasure of riding with him when he was alone, I don't think I can tell."

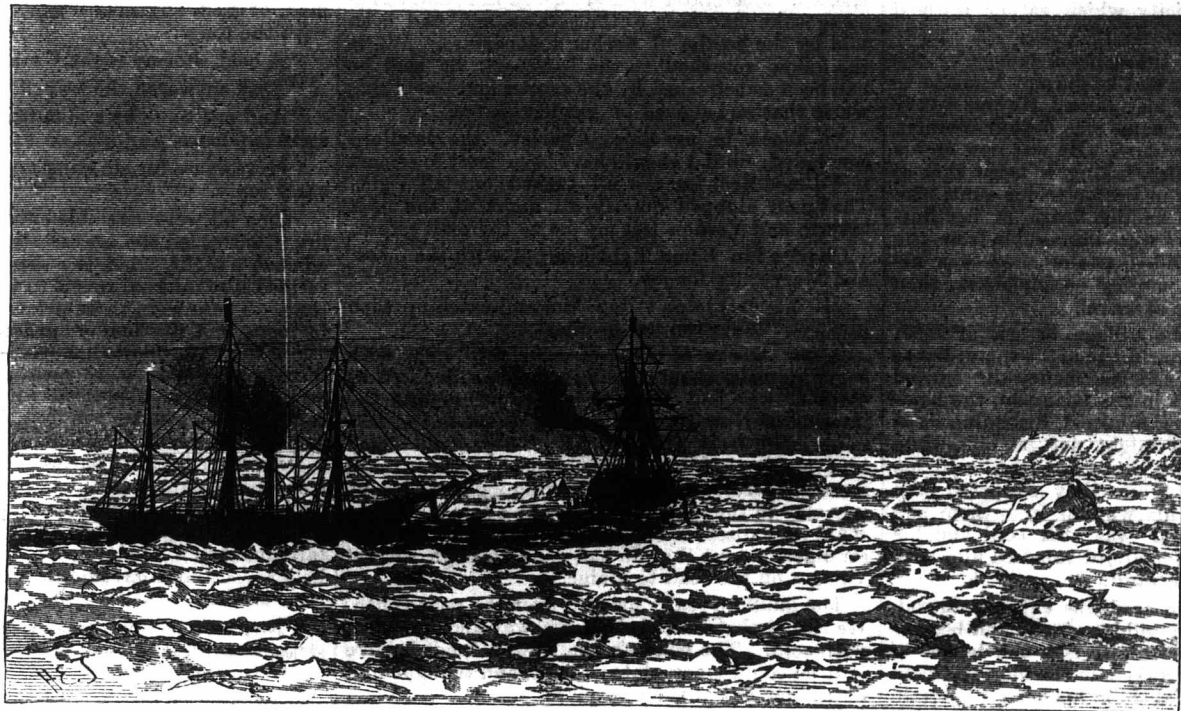
A prisoner was up for two frivolous charges, as his lawyer designated them, viz., forging a note of hand and stealing a horse. On running his eye over the jury, the lawyer didn't like their looks,

so he prepared an affidavit for continuance setting forth the absence in Alabama of a principle witness. He read it in a whisper to the prisoner, who, shaking his head said, "Squire, I can't swear in that dockymint." "Why?" "Kase hit hain't true." The lawyer exploded loud enough to be heard throughout the room. "What! forge a note and steal a horse, an' can't swear a lie! I leave such a confounded fool to his fate."

Some years ago a gentleman in Liverpool, who had the misfortune to lose his nose, was followed by an Irish beggarwoman, and who kept exclaiming:—"Heaven preserve your honor's eyesight!" The gentleman was at last irritated by her importunity, and said, "Why do you wish my eyesight to be preserved? nothing ails my eyesight, nor is likely to." "No, your honor," said the woman, "but it will be a sad thing if it does, for you will have nothing to rest your spectacles on."

The dreams of love, to continue true, must not take too visible a form, nor enter into a too consecutive history; they must float in a misty distance; the soul in which they hover can no longer think of the laws of existence; it inhabits another world; it forgets itself in the ravishing emotion which troubles it, and sees its well-loved visions rise, mingle, come and go, as in summer we see the bees on a hillside flutter in a haze of light, and circle round and round the flowers.—Taine.

THE ALERT AND THE DISCOVERY IN THE ICE.



THE FIRST LESSON IN MUSIC.—An Irish gentleman called on an eminent singing-master to enquire his terms; the master said he charged two guineas for the first lesson, but only one for as many as he pleased afterwards. "Oh, bother the first lesson," said the applicant, "let us commence at the second."

Said a distinguished politician to his son: "Look at me! I began as an alderman, and here I am at the top of the tree; and what is my reward? Why, when I die, my son will be the greatest rascal in the city." To this the young hopeful replied: "Yes, dad, when you die—but not till then."

The judge asked an Irish policeman, named O'Connell, "When did you see your sister?" The policeman replied, "The last time I saw her, my lord, was about eight months ago, when she called at my house, and I was out." The judge: "Then you did not see her on that occasion?" The Irishman answered, "No, my lord, I wasn't there."

"Jake," said the blushing damsel to a lover that her father had forbidden the house, "I don't care if your feet are big; I love you just as much." "Wall, Sally, I don't mind so much about the size of my own feet, but I wish your dad's were a little smaller; I should feel more confident, you know, about staying."

A PAIR OF GARTERS.—A very modest young New York lady who wanted a pair of garters ad-