

to Greece. Your brother conveyed him in a boat on board the *Livadia*, a ship bound for Syria."

"Remember the gentleman well," said Nina, in a faltering voice. "He gave Prosper a piece of gold before parting, to sustain us in our efforts to collect the large sum of money which is demanded by a Greek pirate as a ransom for our father's liberty."

"It is from this young soldier, Colonel Lafont," continued the old sailor, "that I bring the message."

Nina looked round quickly, with sparkling, eager eyes. "What is the message, monsieur?"

"Well," answered the old man, speaking slowly, "his words to you—I mean, to Prosper Cornillon—were words of encouragement. 'You must never despair!' That was how the young colonel expressed it."

"But," as he argued, "the day would not be far distant when your father would be set free."

With her eyes bent thoughtfully upon the fire, Nina said: "A very kind message. How good of him to think of me!"

"The message was to Prosper Cornillon."

"To think, I should say, of my brother Prosper. But—"

"But," continued the old man, "I have not finished yet."

"What more, monsieur?"

The old sailor lowered his tone, and speaking as though he had difficulty in not betraying some agitation, continued: "It was the colonel's hope that neither of you would be despondent—that you would rather indulge the fancy that you had heard that the ransom demanded by this Greek pirate had been paid—that your father had regained his liberty—that he had even started on his voyage home, and was nearing the port of Marseilles."

Nina clasped her hands, and cried in a trembling voice: "That is what I dream of, night and day!"

"Imagine, then, even imagine that the ship has reached Marseilles—that it has entered the harbor. Nay! figure to yourself—though it may make your heart beat painfully—figure to yourself a weather-beaten sailor entering your safe late one evening—a man with a gray beard and a shaggy voice."

But at this point the old sailor was interrupted. Looking round, Nina uttered a cry of joy, and springing up with outstretched arms, and with the word "Father!" upon her lips.

It was Captain Cornillon who had come thus as a terrible trying surprise. Yet he was so charged that even Nina had not recognized him. But the recognition was complete now. So, taking his daughter in his arms, the old sailor kissed her as he had kissed her at their parting ten long years ago.

Not many weeks elapsed before Colonel Lafont again made his appearance at Marseilles. Prosper, who happened to be in the harbor at the moment of his arrival, accompanied him in triumph to the Cafe Cornillon as soon as he landed.

Nothing could exceed the gratitude which was shown by the captain and his two children towards this young soldier, who, on reaching Greece, had taken active steps to obtain the old sailor's release. Years passed before Nina learned under what difficulties Colonel Lafont formed the resolution of restoring Captain Cornillon to his family.

For he was not a rich man; he had gained promotion from the ranks as a reward for bravery; and when he had paid the ransom, he had parted with nearly all the money he possessed in the world. But he loved Nina dearly. From the moment when, upon that stormy winter's night, Colonel Lafont entered the cafe and saw the girl standing by the hearth, he had never ceased to think of the dreamy face, nor of the low, passionate voice in which she had told to him the sad episode in her life.

Three events happened many years ago; and Nina and her husband, Colonel Alphonse Lafont—who became a general before he was forty—should be old people now if they are still living. But one thing is certain on the quay at Marseilles there still stands the little cafe, in appearance unchanged, except that it is called the Cafe Cornillon no longer.

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

## THE SPHINX.

"Mistle me this and guess him if you can."—*Dryden.*

Address all communications for this department to E. R. Chadbourne, Leicestershire, Maine, U. S.

### NO. 66.—A PARADOXICAL PASTORAL.

As happy one was sporting free  
Close by the busy one-two-three,  
An awful, bellicose two three  
Disturbed his equanimity!  
Now one did jump and swiftly flee,  
Pursued by this expert two three.  
So much alarmed, one scarce could see,  
And fell right in the one-two-three!  
No harm was done; for quickly he  
Came out and looked—but that two three,  
Though noted for anguacity,  
Overtwitted was by one-two-three,  
And lost by much intrepidity.

Now blame not one that he should be  
Affrighted at this bold two three.  
The three was two—and so you see  
As one was not, then how could he  
Expect to face this desperate three!  
One was not two, but thought that he  
In course of time would get to three.  
The three was two—now need all ye—  
One was not two—how can this be?  
Yet one was much more two than the three,  
The same is true of one-two-three.  
It was not two—yet that to me,  
It was more two than one or three.  
Now solvers all, how could this be?

BELLE BURDETT.

### NO. 67.—A RIDDLE OF NATURE.

I dwell in the lichen that sticks to the  
rock,  
In the oak that withstands the hurricane's  
shock;  
I'm owned by the fowls, the birds of the  
air,  
Yet the fish in the ocean still cherish me  
there.  
The highest, the lowest in all nature's  
scale,  
Are blessed with their portion to win with  
or fail;  
To many who own me I bring woo un-  
told,  
Yet still I am dearer than silver or gold;  
And, though often wasted, I'm cherished  
by all.  
As a boon which, when lost, one cannot re-  
call.

CLEN V. W.

### NO. 68.—FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING.

Five hundred and one hundred, sir,  
And then one thousand more;  
All these, if you please,  
You may divide with ease:  
Then six and eight you add,  
Divided by one fourth of a hrad.  
The result of all this computation  
Should be the name or designation  
Of a body of men of ancient day,  
And the term of office which gave them  
pay.

MELVIA MAY.

### NO. 69.—AN IMMORTALIZED NAME.

Within my whole my first may be,  
My second is defined as food,  
My first is sometime revelry,  
My second made of wood;  
My whole a structure that may claim  
In nursery song immortal fame.

NELSONIAN.

### NO. 70.—ETERNAL FITNESS.

In form I'm tall and slender,  
Though my feet are quite robust;  
My movements quick and sprightly,  
Though I grovel in the dust.  
Quite active when on duty,  
Though as harmless as you please;  
When at my daily labor  
Always kicking up a breeze.  
In every house I'm found;  
In fact there's this about me—  
Wherever Christian's people dwell  
They will not be without me.  
By fair and gentle hands  
Most frequently I'm used;  
Sometimes a weapon of defence  
When propriety's abused.  
If you decapitate me once,  
You will find in my remains  
What every well-built house

In the universe contains.  
Boon companions we have been  
Through all the ages past;  
And this will be our destiny  
While revolving cycles last.  
Now tell me what we two can be  
That so nicely, fitly blend;  
That with the end of time alone  
Our joint commissions end.

KNAPPER TANDY, JR.

### NO. 71.—AN ANAGRAM.

Consumption's ravages are seen  
In features pale and body lean,  
In haggard looks and panting breath,  
The harbingers of coming death;  
And such for-runners, grim and grave,  
Suggest the thought of our sad case.

NELSONIAN.

### CONTRIBUTORS' PRIZES.

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

2. A prize of two dollars will be presented for the best variety of contributions furnished during the same time. This prize will not be awarded the winner of prize No. 1.

### ANSWERS.

52.—Waah.  
53.—Peach, each, ache.  
54.—1. Passerine (pass ler in). 2. Passe partout (pass pr. too).  
55.—Light-house.  
56.—E-g-g.  
57.—Sensationalism.

### A Fatherly Oat.

About two months ago, while staying in the Rocky Mountains in Northern Colorado I witnessed an example of fatherly affection in a tom-cat, which I feel sure you will be interested to hear of. This cat had adopted two motherless kittens; he slept with them at night, guarded them in daytime, and always superintended their meals in which latter he showed great unsatisfisness. For the hostess of the ranch was in the habit of feeding the kittens out of a small bowl of milk laid on the floor, into which they at once would plunge their heads; meanwhile "Kitty Gray," the old tom cat—quite aware that there was not room for his own great head in it, two—would sit by, complacently watching them, nor move till they had finished, except, when his hunger was very keen, and then he would dip his paw in now and again and lick it.

This was the case when I saw him; and I shall not readily forget the sight of that large gray-and-white cat walking demurely round the bowl to see where he could best insert his paw without disturbing the kittens, and then, with his head much on one side, dipping it delicately in and out, until they had quite finished, when he at once fell to and drank up the remainder.

### Power of Man to Endure Cold.

One who took part in a telegraphic expedition in Siberia writes as follows: "I didn't believe that it would be possible for me to lie out in the snow, without shelter, in a temperature of even 20 degrees below zero, but I have done it once in 50 degrees below, and repeatedly in 45 degrees. One of Bush's parties, in February of last year, passed the night in the open steppe, with their spirit thermometer standing 75 degrees below zero, or 100 below freeze! point. Quicker than they mould into snow, bullets with four minute's exposure to the air. It is true they dared not go to sleep that night, but I believe that, had they been properly fitted out with heavy furs, and wolf-skin sleeping bags to cover the head, they might have done it with perfect safety. I'm afraid you would think I was availing myself of a traveler's privilege, and relating a very large yarn, if I told you how comfortably I have slept on the snow in a temperature of 50, 40 and 45 degrees below. We are obliged to sleep in fur bags, of course, with our faces entirely covered, to take the utmost care to have our feet stockings perfectly dry; but I have slept in that way through the long Arctic nights as comfortably as ever I did in a bed at home."

### Colossal Statues.

Quite lately fresh attention has been directed to the extraordinary remains which are found on Easter island, which lies about twenty-three hundred miles west of the coast of Peru, within easy sail of San Francisco. Everybody remembered the colossal statues which are found in profusion on his island, monoliths representing men forty feet high, and nine feet across the shoulders. They are made of the country rock of the island, but it is quite evident that they are not the work of the natives, who are a low race of savages, without tools capable of carving in stone, or machinery suitable for moving heavy weights. The question is, how did they come there? It has been suggested that Easter island is the remains of a submerged continent which was inhabited by a civilized race. But Solater, whose theories are regarded with respect, makes Easter island the terminus of the southern migration of mankind from his fancied continent of Lemuria.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with his theories, it may be explained that Solater was a believer in the hypothesis which ascribes to mankind a single origin from a single race, according to the Bible. He held that Paradise, from which all men originally came, was a continent lying south of Ceylon; to this continent he gave the name of Lemuria, from which lemur, which means a ghost, but which name Linnaeus gave to a race of monkeys. Solater believed that from Lemuria man migrated into Africa, into Asia, thence into Europe and America, and likewise into Polynesia, one stream of emigrants pushing their way as far east as Easter island. It is evidently worth while to study these Easter island statues and see what light they can shed, if any, on the early history of our race, and nowhere can that study be prosecuted to such advantage as in San Francisco. The navy department would probably be quite willing to direct one of our ships of war to collect two or three of the colossal statues and bring them here, if we provide a place for their reception. This exhibit alone would draw swarms of visitors to San Francisco.

### How to Make Candy.

CREAM CANDY.—One pound of white sugar, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful of extract of lemon, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar; add a little water to moisten. Boil until brittle, put in extract of lemon then turn quickly out on buttered plates. When cool pull until white and cut in squares.

HICKORY-NUT CANDY.—One cupful of hickory-nut meats; two cupfuls of sugar one-half cupful of water. Boil sugar and water, without stirring, till thick enough to spin a thread; flavor with extract of lemon or vanilla; set off into cold water and stir quickly until white; then stir in the nuts. Turn into flat buttered tins, and when cold cut in small squares.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—Two cupfuls of molasses, one cupful of brown sugar, one cupful of cream or milk, one-half pound of chocolate, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Beat all together. Boil until it thickens in water, then turn in flat tins well buttered. When nearly cold cut in small squares.

HONEY CANDY.—One pint of white sugar, with water enough to dissolve it, and four tablespoonfuls of honey. Boil until it becomes brittle on being dropped into cold water. Pull while cooling.

### Who Invented Chess?

The Hindoos say that chess was the invention of an astronomer who flourished several thousand years ago, and who was possessed of supernatural knowledge and acuteness. The Greeks claim that it was the invention of Palamedes to beguile the tedium of the siege of Troy. The Arab legend is that it was devised for the instruction of a young despot by his tutor, a learned Brahmin, to teach the youth how a king was dependent upon his subjects for his safety. Oriental chess is of two kinds, Chinese and Indian chess. The Chinese game is played generally in Eastern Asia, but in India and the adjacent islands, and with some slight modifications all over the civilized world, Indian chess is played.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mrs. FRANCES J. MOORE, 334 Dundas St., London, Ont., writes:—I beg to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of the gold watch awarded to me for prize story, "He Was Jealous." It is a very neat one.