

"Go to the devil!" was the first ejaculation of the commissary when he had recovered sufficient breath to say anything; whereupon the adventurer once more set off and went his way, till he met his old master.

"Jump into the sack," he cried, opening wide the untempting receptacle, and with this command the Evil One was forced to comply. The sack, with its precious contents, he took to the nearest smithy, informing the master of the establishment that he wanted him to hammer out a lot of iron.

"Take it out, and I will go to work at once," said the smith.

"No; I want to have it hammered in the sack."

"Do you? Then I have only to tell you that I don't choose to hammer out what I can't see."

Without wasting more words, the adventurer took up his fiddle, and fiddled the smith and all his workmen into compliance.

"Will you hammer now?"

"Yes," answered the smith, "if Old Nick himself is in the sack."

"That," returned the young fellow, "is actually the case."

"Pity you did not say so at once!" retorted the smith. "I would have gone to work without making any fuss, and a world of trouble would have been saved. However, here goes."

The blows of the sledge-hammer having been bestowed with sufficient liberality, the crest-fallen fiend was liberated from the sack. The expression of his countenance was by no means agreeable, and he warned his former porter that, if he had an opportunity of repaying him, it would not be thrown away.

Elated with his last success, the adventurer again set off, and met a pretty peasant girl, by whom he was not a little smitten. He asked her to become his companion on his travels, and, on meeting with a refusal, told her that she would be forced to accompany him, whether she liked it or not. The reply to this assertion was a sound box on the ear, which incensed the adventurer so greatly that he not only opened his sack and wrathfully told the offender to leap into it, but closed it with so much haste that her head emerged from the orifice, and she could call lustily for assistance. Off he ran as fast as he could, with the sack on his shoulder, and the shouting head sticking out of it; but he was now so hotly pursued by the peasants, who were attracted by the noise, that he threw down his burden and betook himself to his gun.

By shooting down one of his pursuers, he was soon ahead of them all, and succeeded in reaching a village in safety, though out of breath. Here he met an old woman in tatters, and asked her to procure him, if she could, a night's lodging. Answering that she was willing to do so, she led him into a majestic palace, the rooms of which were all brilliantly lighted, while in the grand hall a table was superbly laid out, though not a person was to be seen. The solitude was just to his taste. He was heartily pleased to regale himself with the dainty viands and choice wines, and then to rest in a bed, which he found in a small ante-room.

Waking at midnight, he saw the great hall filled with gentlemen, clad in cloaks and huge periwigs, who danced about with solemn faces, until at last they vanished, and he then found himself in a sea of fire. "I must get out of this," he exclaimed; and as a troop of cavalry passed through the hall, he leaped out of bed upon a horse that had no rider. The animal dissolved beneath him, and he sank down, down, down, till he reached the gate at which he had stood as porter, little more than a year before, and which was now opened to him by his successor.

## III.

At Cogolo, a village at the foot of the mountains, a new church had been built, which, though otherwise admired, was found too large for the old steeple. A meeting was accordingly held on the subject, and the very natural proposal was made that the old steeple should be pulled down and a new one erected in its stead. This plan the villagers regarded as too expensive, and they accordingly listened to the following speech, gravely delivered by the schoolmaster.

"Men of Cogolo,—If you wish your steeple to be larger, feed it liberally, and I will answer for its increase in bulk. Only look at our priest. He came to us in skinny condition, and you see what a portly man he is now. It stands to reason that what is good for the priest must be good for the church likewise."

Moved by this discourse, the villagers brought together their whole domestic store of sausages, and hung them all around the steeple to its very summit, making the venerable pile of masonry look more like the establishment of a pork butcher conducted on a colossal scale than a portion of a sacred edifice.

Those who suppose that the schoolmaster was a blockhead like the rest, are mistaken. He was very ill paid, and his scheme was contrived to supply the deficiencies of his salary. At nightfall he proceeded to the church, and, under the shelter of darkness, removed the top-most row of sausages, leaving a portion of the masonry uncovered. The peasants, who assembled in the morning to ascertain the result of their liberality, were in ecstasies.

"Look!" cried one, "the steeple has already begun to eat, and it has grown a good span above the sausages already!"

The bare part of the masonry was again covered by the peasants with a fresh supply of sausages, and was again uncovered by the schoolmaster; and the two operations were repeated for several days and nights in succession, sides of bacon being contributed when the sausages were exhausted. Having sufficiently stocked his cellar with savoury provisions, the schoolmaster at last addressed the villagers thus:

"Men of Cogolo,—You perceive that the steeple increases in height, but not in breadth. Now, if it grows any taller, it will perhaps prove to be too high for its foundation, or may even be blown down by the wind."

So the steeple was fed no more, and the villagers remarked with pride their brilliant success in supplying bacon and sausages as a substitute for bricks and mortar.

## PASTIMES.

## ARITHMOREM.

- 500 and Ha' row (a philanthropist).  
50 " vie (an adjective).  
1500 " a turn (a county in England).  
1 " sour sup (counterfeit).  
101 " a rent (a Scottish lake).  
100 " throo (a Trojan hero).  
50 " are ten (everlasting).  
550 " for if (an Irish town).

The initials read downwards will name a celebrated astronomer.

## LOGOGRIPII.

Complete, I'm an article commonly found.  
In the palace as well as the cot;  
Behold me, I behead you, without the least doubt,  
Whatever your age, sex, or lot;  
Behold me again, I'm conducive to health,  
I think that a good enough clue;  
Curtail and behead me, and without I mistake.  
The remainder will stand well for you.

## ANAGRAMS.

## Titles of Books.

1. Tell the secret art.
2. All creamy holes.
3. Lord H can seal.
4. George's faithful pet at Lee.

## CHARADES.

1. In days gone by, my first was found  
Of mighty use on hunting-ground;  
And by it on the battle plain  
Many a valiant man was slain.  
Without my last no plant could grow,  
Or flourish on this sphere below;  
My whole's an article of food,  
And for the sick is very good.
2. My first is an animal; my second a thred; and my whole is a flower.
3. My first may be seen in a book; my next is an insect; and my whole is a show or display.
4. My first is a part of your face; my second a letter; and my whole is used at breakfast, dinner, tea.
5. My first is a woman; my second a man; and my whole is a man.

## ENIGMA.

Voiceless am I, yet let not that  
To our acquaintance be a bar;  
You candidly appeal to me—  
I'll tell you what you are.

Folks say I never think, but that  
Is scandal, I suspect;  
Believe it if you like: I know  
I really do reflect.

Hard truths I tell, yet am I frail,  
And folks that hate me know  
That if I tell too much, why they  
Can kill me with a blow.

I don't think I'm a favourite  
With men except at morning,  
But ladies love me morn, noon, night,  
When they're themselves adorning.

You ask me, I must answer true,  
For truth itself am I;  
Deceive yourselves, you can't cheat me,  
For know I never lie.

"Jade that you are," said Helen,  
"Why tell me such a story,  
False, lying thing!" so smashes me,  
And gone is all my glory.

ASTLEY H. B.

## ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

1. I have a cistern which can be filled by one tap in 25 minutes, by another in 20 minutes, and it can be emptied by a third in 12 minutes.—how long would it take to fill it if all three taps were left open?

2. Find five numbers in arithmetical progression the sum of which is 25, and the sum of their fourth powers, 9665.

C. BRADBURY.

## ANSWERS TO DECAPITATIONS, &amp;c.

## NO. 84.

Decapitations.—1. There, here, three. 2. Clinch, inch, chin. 3. Stone, tone, one.

Square Words.—1. G E A R. 2. O D E R.  
E B R O. D O Z E.  
A R E A. E Z R A.  
R O A R. R E A L.

Charades.—1. God Save the Queen. 2. Perseverance.

Anagram.—Ay, tear her ensign down,  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky.  
Beneath it rung the battle shout  
And burst the cannon's roar;  
The meteor of the vacant air  
Shall sweep the clouds no more.  
Oh better that her shattered bulk  
Should sink beneath the wave;  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
And there should be her grave.  
Nail to the mast the holy flag  
Let every tattered sail  
And give her to the God of storms  
The lightning and the gale.

Riddle.—Madam.

Enigma.—The letter O.

## ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Decapitations.—All, Bericus, Alto, H. H. V., Argus, Camp, 1st and 3rd Polly, Geo. B., 3rd Violet.

Square Words.—Both, Argus, H. H. V., Violet, Niagara, Alto, 1st Polly, Geo. B., W. W.

Charades.—Polly, Bericus, H. H. V., Violet, Argus, Niagara, Alto.

Anagram.—Polly, Violet, Bericus, Argus, Niagara.

Riddle.—Bericus, Geo. B., Niagara, Polly, Argus.

Enigma.—Alto, Polly, Argus, Bericus, W. W., Camp.

Received too late to be acknowledged in our last—Den, who answered all.

A French paper tells a story of a soldier who while serving under Peter the Great nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, was frozen in Siberia, and whose last expression was, "It is ex—." In the summer of 1860 some French savans found the stiffly frozen body, and gradually thawing it, actually restored animation, when the soldier concluded his sentence, with—"ceedingly cold."

Napoleon sent for Fouché, and in a great rage, told him he was a fool, and not fit to be at the head of the police, for he was quite ignorant of what was passing. "Pardon me, sire," said Fouché, interrupting him, "I know that your majesty has my dismissal, ready signed, in your pocket." This was the case; it need not be added that Napoleon instantly changed his mind, and kept his minister.