

The forgetful mistake concerning the pistols had been almost laughed at before; but now!—Pere Carine could only whip up his mare, and in his heart seek the protection of One who could look down from that dark blue sky and see his peril.

On it came, its panting breath distinct upon his ear. Would it attack him or Belotte first? He would have given half his substance to be able to pull up the head of the chaise, that at least that little barrier might be between him and those savage teeth; but he did not dare to hinder one precious moment.

Oh, what a yell came upon him, close to his very ear—the awful yell of a famished animal scenting its prey. Belotte's coat ran down with wet; Belotte's master could have wrung all the clothes he wore. "Oh, horror! am I to die thus?"

Something was advancing towards him in front, coming quickly from the distance; even in his terror, which was strong and painful as a death agony, he perceived it. Was it another wolf?

With his eyes strained on that in front, and his ears strained on that behind, he sat on. But for how long? Why, his life was not worth two minutes' purchase. The animal sprang forward, and placed its fore paws on the back of the chaise, its eyes like evil stars, its teeth like fangs of death, close to the head of the victim. In that same dread moment Pere Carine became conscious that the advancing figure was a man on horseback. He cowered down to the bottom of the chaise from that awful death's-head behind him, and an imploring shriek, that seemed to make the forest echo, went forth for help.

"The wolves are upon me. Save me from them." The creature was completely up now, hanging over the chaise, its gaunt form conspicuous in the moonlight. There was a shot, and an animal's death yell, as it tumbled to the ground over one of the wheels. Belotte stopped, and Pere Carine was lying in a fainting fit.

"Was it you who saved me?" he murmured, when he revived, and looked up at Robert Letellier.

"Yes, I am thankful to say it. Be still and rest yourself. I'll just tie my horse to the tail of the chaise, and drive you home. Better the horse there than that other ugly customer."

"And what brought you here?"

"A fear lest you might be in danger—not, however, this sort of danger. God guided me."

When they arrived at home, Miss Carine and Annette met them. Pere Carine took Robert's arm, and led him into the saloon. "Thank him, both of you," he said; "he has saved my life. But for him I should now have been lost."

Annette clasped her hands, and smiled through her glistening tears. Mademoiselle, her aunt, was somewhat incredulous. "Did one of the thieves attack you?" cried she, turning up her nose. "Such attacks rarely have danger in them."

"It was a sort of a thief that I hope will never attack you," answered Pere Carine. "Robert, you are my equal partner from this night, and the half of my fortune shall be made over to you. I would have given the whole of it in that hour of peril to any one who would save me. And if you like to take Annette with it, you may."

That was how Robert Letellier won his bride at last. And half Grenoble was invited to the wedding.

Uncle Tom's Department.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,—The letter budget for this month is larger than ever, the several contributions which we receive evince not only an earnestness on your part to maintain the interest of your own department, but also to strive for continual improvement the culture of your minds. Intellectual work is not like manual labor—use does not wear out the forces you work with. You, no doubt, find the more you write the easier it becomes, and the more you discipline your minds the more easily will the words follow your pen. I know many of you are tired from over work and do not have time for reading or writing, and are apt to neglect the culture of the young mind. But do not, my young friends. "Remember, as the twig is bent the tree is inclined," so be sure and bend the "twig" that you may become intellectual and refined. Now about our letters. We received one in which the writer says:—"I hope I am not sending too many puzzles." We had to read it over twice before we could believe our eyes. Too many puzzles! Why, you might just as well say a boy can have too many jack stones or marbles, or a girl have too many dresses for her dolls. Don't be afraid of sending too many; the more to select from the better; and you know your old uncle dearly loves to know that you all take an interest and endeavor to assist him, and will be pleased to hear what you are doing and how you do it. UNCLE TOM.

Georgia negro preacher to his flock—"We have a collection to make this morning, and, for the glory of heaven, whichever of you stole Mr. Smith's sheep, don't put anything on the plate."

PUZZLES.

1—CRYPTOGRAPH.

Ohw lyon kras orf umhelbst thlaew,
Neuhng rfo mpoteceene nda ehlaht
Dan ielruse nhew shi orwk si noed;
Ot aerd ish okob
Yb hienmye kono,
Ro rostil ta etsitgn fo eth uns;
Hwo otlis sa vreye nma ouhslid iolt
Orf afir eawdr teere nda refe.
Htsi si het amn—
Eht esbt fo enm—
Ihst si het nma ew anem ot eb.

2—HIDDEN SAYINGS.

My daughter Marjory, with ease,
Has placed these proverbs you to tease;
They all are old and quite have shown
But don't believe the words you see,
For all these proverbs hidden be.
The letters spell no less, no more,
So try and sift the truths in store.
Transpose, repeat—do what you will—
I want to test my young folks' skill.

1. The first, you've heard it o'er and o'er,
Teaches us to preserve our store.
"O wanto E."

2. The next will bid us to beware
Of greed, or else we much may spare.
"Covet Sal."

3. The next we prove in garden bowers
If we are rash among the flowers.
"How is nature?"

4. My fourth perhaps you'll think absurd,
And yet the saying's often heard.
"Malt phisic, when."

5. Can you find this? I think it true;
So ask your friends to seek with you.
"Ask them W."

6. The next will bid you courage find,
So boys impress it on your mind.
"Find worthy veal."

Practice all these and you will be
The kind, good folk all love to see.

C. L. MATEAUX.



WHICH IS WHICH.

3—REVERSIONS.

1. To move, as water, gently and mild,
Reversed, an animal ravenous and wild.
2. Is measured by years, months and days,
Reversed, to send forth as the sun its rays.
3. Are heard in the battle's storm;
Reversed, means very close and warm.

4—ANAGRAM.

Twah nae veol eb nekiled ot?
Ot het tiilgrein, geeltfni edw,
Ot venae's hight tub gindfa obw,
Ot teh tihwe utb linmetg wons,
Ot teefingl doussn nad wiessyl ira,
Ot lal htta's wstee, dan lasef, dna riaf.
MAGGIE PORTEOUS.

5—CHARADES.

My third on my first is often seen,
It's of many shapes and sizes,
My first plus my second on third has been,
And its by my whole he rises.

My first is liked by most folks very hot,
My next, though personal, be not offended,
My last is harmless, if you touch it not,
My whole is oft for cleanliness intended,
And is a word of one syllable.

6—HIDDEN COUNTRIES.

1. I take in the Young Gentlemen's Magazine,
which I like very much.
2. Talking in whispers I always condemn.
3. In his recital you may easily detect many discrepancies.
4. I am sorry we shall have to quit our old home.
5. Our bull ran at all persons who presumed to tease it.
6. The one which I name here is a very easy puzzle to solve.
7. My father was blind, I am deaf, and my son is dumb.

7—ENIGMAS.

My first is used at play;
My second is an adjective;
My third is a river;
My whole is the name of an author.

BERTIE.

I am composed of eight letters:
My 1, 6, 3, 7, is salt water;
My 6, 8, 7, 8, a bird's nest;
My 2, 3, 4, 5, a kind of carriage.
My whole is the name of an author.

LIBBIE ARCHER.

8—WORD SQUARES.

1. An article of jewelry. A heathenish image.
A part of the face. A valley.
2. An article used for domestic purposes. A past king of Greece. An exclamation. Show.
3. A sort of cord. A preposition. The founder of a colony in North America. A lake in Ireland.
4. A precious stone. A stick. A range of mountains. Smaller.

Answers to January Puzzles.

TO OUR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,—

We are sorry to observe from our letters that some of you expected a prize for merely answering the puzzles, whereas the rebus stated that by fulfilling the hint suggested in it there would be a chromo sent as a remuneration. Those who succeeded in sending the answer, accompanied with a new subscriber, have had their chromos sent, and those who have not done so have the privilege of doing so any time during the year.

164—(1) Sear, issue, Maniton, ebb, olive, notion. (2) Bunden, rub, end.
165—The Fenian invasion in Canada.

166—Thy greeting snuff was pledge and prelude
Of generous deeds and kindly words;
In thy large heart were fair guest chambers
Open to sunrise and the birds.

167—Loo, nag, fine, libel, overthrow—"Longfellow."

168—Ada, Bob, Bib, Aha.

169—All, wall, gall, mall, ball, pall, fall, tall, hall, call.

170—Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.

171—
O
C R Y
O R G A N
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N

172—(1) Fox-glove; (2) Haw-weed; (3) Tube-rose; (4) Candy-tuft; (5) Snap-dragon; (6) Wall-flower; (7) Sweet-pea; (8) Eal-sun; (9) Snow-drop; (10) Mari-gold (Marygold).

173—"Send one new paid subscriber."

174—(1) Shame, sham, ham, ha, a.

(2) White, whit, hit, it, i.

(3) Conat, Cora, ora, or, r.

(4) Honey, hone, one, on, o.

174—Virtue and intelligence generally secure success.

Names of Those Who Sent Correct Answers to January Puzzles.

Isaac Stinson, T. Crocker, Jr., Royal Grafton, O. Blanchard, H. G. Angeline, Wm. Fenrose, Andrew Sutherland, Edith H. Cullen, John Ingle Taylor, E. L. Richardson, Robert Dobson, Amelia Straubel, Maggie A. Blair, Libbie Archer, John Oldfield, Mrs. Mary Ann Hepworth, H. V. W. Leach, James Langtry, Sarah Waram, George Whitney, Freddie Bell, W. J. Hamilton, Wm. Broughton, Rebecca Dixon, Elvie E. Tavel, J. Alexander, Wm. C. Lee, John S. Bingham, R. Adamson, G. W. Kerr, G. W. Wilson, Wm. B. Taylor, Sibly McKay, P. G. Keyes, Amos Hawkins, Lilly Wood, Alex. Kirk, Thomas Locker, Mrs. Howell, H. W. Husband, Oscar Daly, H. J. Fry, Wilhelmina Mercer, Mary Kitson, James Cullen, Frank James, Lucy Mills, Jennie McPherson, Edith Lawson, Abraham North, John West, Ida J. Locke, Evaline Purdy, Nellie Carson, Fred McCrae, Timothy Scott, Orange Clinton, Jane Jarvis, Edwin Hammond, Mary McInnis, Joshua Williams, Jacob Francis, Maud Johnson, Anna McDermit, Harvey Bonson, Geo. Scott, Edwin Morrison, Hector Morrison, G. L. Chitty.

A man went home and found his house locked up. Getting in at the window with considerable difficulty, he found on the table a note from his wife—"I have gone out. You will find the key on one side of the door-step."

Professor—"In one evening I counted twenty-seven meteors sitting on my piazza." Class expresses great astonishment at the sociable character of the Heavenly bodies.