

summer she watched and watched, and every morning as she opened her shutters and let in the daylight, she wondered whether that day would bring her son home, and every evening as the daylight faded away she said, 'He may come to-morrow'. And at length the 'to-morrow' came, and a handsome sailor walked up the village-street into his mother's cottage; and soon the news spread abroad that Jack Bligh had come home with bags of golden guineas.

"But that was not, of course, true. The first person that Jack asked after was Nelly Giles; but he could hear nothing of her.

"'Never mind her, Jack,' said the widow, who was quite content, now that she had her son, and indeed did not care much for a rival, 'she's not worth thinking of.'

"But Jack was not of his mother's opinion, and he was scarcely sorry to go away again, for the old place seemed very dreary without Nelly.

"This time he was able to write to his mother occasionally, for he had brushed up his writing; and it was a proud day for the widow when the schoolmaster came in to read her son's letters.

"A second time Jack Bligh came home; and this time a hired carriage, laden with boxes and packages, stopped at the widow's door, for Jack was prospering.

"But nothing had been heard of Nelly, and Jack could not bear the sight of the 'fine things he had brought, for he had intended the most of them for her.

"'It's all through those beans,' thought poor Jack, 'that I came to go away.'

Yet would he have been any nearer had he stayed at home in idleness?

"Fifteen years had passed away, and Jack had prospered so well that he decided upon giving up his sea-life and settling in his native village. So he took the jolly old farm and filled it with his foreign curiosities, and the Widow Bligh presided over it in great state."

"And did Jack marry?" I asked.

"Don't interrupt me," said my friend. "For a long time he did not, although his mother pointed out more than one girl in the neighbourhood, who would make him a good wife—at last he did."

"Oh!" said I, with a kind of sigh.

"Wait," continued my friend.

"One morning a pale thin woman entered the village, and when she was opposite the old black-timbered house, she asked of a waggoner who was passing, whether the Widow Bligh was still living?

"'Ay,' replied the man, 'she be.'

"'And has Jack come home?'

"'Jack, indeed!' said the man. 'Squire Bligh's come home, and he lives in that house there.'

"The poor woman looked up at the substantial dwelling of the lad to whom she had given the hateful of beans, and her heart died within her.

"'He'll not care for the like of me,' said she to herself, as she turned to go away again.

"But the shock had been too great for her toil and travel-worn frame, and she had not taken many steps before she sank down on the ground.

"The waggoner ran to her assistance. He raised her head, pushed back her bonnet, and shouted to the astonished squire, who happened to be returning from his morning's stroll.

"'Measter, measter! if here beant Nelly Giles!'

"This was on a Saturday, and how it all came to be arranged so soon, or whether the Squire even asked Nelly, I don't know; but the next Sunday at church the banns we put up, and in less than three weeks the Squire and Nelly were married. And they live at the old farmhouse to this day, and the Squire changed its name to the 'Bean Farm,' and so it's been called ever since. And they've one daughter, as bright a lass as need be. She does not wear little white linen caps and short petticoats, as her mother used to do; but, for all that, the Squire says she's the very image of what Nelly Giles was when she gave him the hateful of beans."

"And where had Nelly been all those years?" said I.

"Up far away in the north with her father. He was a poor weak body, and she couldn't leave him till he died, and then she travelled down to see if Jack had come home; for of course she knew that Jack liked her, and would never marry anyone else. Only, you see, she never expected him to prosper as he had done."

And this was the story my friend told me, and somehow it wove itself into my mind in connection with the fairy legend, and I mingled fiction and fact until I brought myself almost to believe that I had seen the hero of bean-stalk celebrity. For did he not owe his prosperity to a hatful of beans? And had he not left his widowed mother in her little cottage whilst he went into far-off lands to bring home gold and treasures? And did not they end their days in affluence just like Jack and his mother in the time-honoured story? JULIA GODDARD.

PASTIMES.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

Railway Stations in Canada.

- 1. Lone Girls — Great Western,
2. Plod in Sand — Grand Trunk,
3. Sun Nic but no jolting — Great Western (Toronto Branch),
4. Lest we can — Grand Trunk,
5. We run by — Great Western,
6. Lean Tom — Brockville and Ottawa,
7. Bar Hall Gun — Welland,
8. Vell A, Suit L? — Grand Trunk,
9. Do for 10 — Ottawa and Prescott,
10. Lady Sin — Port Hope and Lindsay,
11. N saw L done — Grand Trunk,
12. Ode to saw — Great Western,
13. On Josh's N — Grand Trunk, Province Line District.

The initials, transposed, will reveal the name of a Dramatic authoress. R. T. B.

DECAPITATION.

A word of four letters: Reversed I am a snare; beheaded I am a trade; beheaded and transposed, a vegetable substance; beheaded and retransposed, an animal; without my last I indicate equality; without my last and reversed a violent act; my whole is a fraction. L. P. C.

CHARADES.

- 1. I am a word of three syllables; my first means to hurt, my second is a metal, my third is often met with at sea, and my whole is sometimes carried away by my third.
2. I am a word of four syllables; my first is a personal pronoun, my second is a female name shortened, my third is a verb, my fourth is an exclamation, and my whole is an American river, much spoken of during the late war.
3. In olden times my first was often burned, And by my whole rod; were to serpents turned; Upon my second sailors love to roam To foreign lands, and bring rich treasures home. Should my second sink beneath the waves. Beheaded, it may save from watery graves; Beheaded again—nor wonder it should be. The end of my second—in port you may see.

REBUS.

- 1. A noted German historian.
2. A musical movement.
3. Perfectly clear.
4. A son of Erin's Isle.
5. To exalt.
6. A town in Kent.

The initials, finals, and fourth letters in each will name three English admirals,

ANAGRAM.

Denur Tottun Anet eh slei— Ti si bumsire, ti si ont hated, Rof eh aggurlet ta mites ot siaro, Dan vobea mih eth urdil ekiss Ear tho biwt slih yerif hetarb.

ARITHMOREMS.

- 601 and roker = a king of Spain.
1001 " Bura = a part of Italy.
1100 " or tray = a snire in Scotland.
501 " seen a K = an English author.
55 " ago nine E = a celebrated poem.
100 " O grub O = a town in Canada.

The initials transposed reveal the name of an English poet. MIGNONNE.

ANSWERS TO ARITHMOREMS, &c. No. 49

Arithmorems.—1. Martin Luther. 2. Alfred the Great. 3. Lewis Camoens. 4. Samuel Johnson. 5. Matthew Paris. 6. Christopher Columbus. 7. David Hume. 8. Sir Isaac Newton.

Charades.—1. Snow Bound, a winter idyl, by John Greenleaf Whittier. 2. Reward-war-red-drawer. 3. Pan-can-van-wan-man-fan-Dan-Nan-Ann.

Riddles.—1. Hoose-shoe. 2. An egg.

Anagram.

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory, Borne through their battle fields, thunder and flame, Blazoned in song and illumined in story, Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame! Up with our banner bright, Sprinkled with starry light! Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore, While through the sounding sky Loud rings the nations cry, Union and liberty! one evermore!

Arithmetical Questions.—70 lbs. Tea, 130 lbs. Sugar.

The following answers have been received: Arithmorems.—Argus; Whitty; Ella; Grove; H. H. V.; Geo. B.

Charades.—J. A. W.; Geo. B.; Peewit; H. H. M.; Ella.

Riddles.—Whitty; Ella; H. H. V.; J. A. W.; Peewit; Argus.

Anagram.—J. A. W.; Argus; Whitty; Grove; Ella; Geo. B.

Arithmetical Question.—J. F.; Argus; A. Knight; H. H. V.; Geo. B.

Received too late to be acknowledged in our last issue, Dido; J. C.; Alpha.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

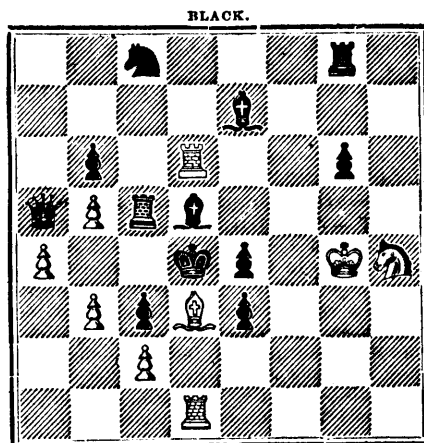
I. R.; M. B., HAMILTON, C. W.—No 1 has a second solution as follows: 1. R to B 6th, 2. B takes Kt, or, 2. B to Q 6. (ch.), according to Black's play, 3. E or B mates. No. 2 appears below as an Enigma.

T. M., BROCKVILLE.—Your kindness is fully appreciated.

X. L., KINGSTON, C. W.—There must be a mistake in the position, because Black's K is standing in check from the Kt; please send an amended copy.

PROBLEM No. 39.

A curious and ingenious end-gamo. BY E. B. COOKE, HOBOKEN, N. Y.



White to play and draw the game.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 37.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to K Kt 5
2. B to K B 6
3. Q Mates. K moves.

ENIGMA No. 16.

BY I. R.; M. B., HAMILTON, C. W.



White to play and Mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 14.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to K B 7.
2. Q or B Mates. Any move.