

be later than seven or I shall be gone—and the cheque too."

"I shall be punctual," was his reply, and I had little doubt that he would.

Half an hour later I was in the Marche du Temple, wandering in a wilderness of old clothes, and exposed to a running fire of shrill importunities from the marchandes, every one of whom declared (before I had stated what I wanted) that she had exactly the thing to suit me.

Resisting those temptations, and escaping with some difficulty from one old lady who wanted to invest me, noliens-volens, with a bottle-green overcoat, I continued my search between the rows of little cabans, but for some time unsuccessfully. There were masquerade dresses in bewildering abundance, but they were all more or less tawdry, tarnished, and common-place. I wanted something bizarre, original. At last, after some rumaging in recondite corners, I lighted upon what struck me as the very thing for my purpose, though it was not intended a "travestissement," being, in fact, the genuine discarded costume of a Californian gold-digger (the gold-fever was just then at its height). How it had come there was a mystery, but there it was; the serge shirt, the great thigh boots, leather belt, and broad-brimmed hat; I should only need a wig and false beard to make the disguise complete. As I had just, so to speak, "discovered gold," there was a beautiful fitness in this costume which pleased my fancy. I struck a bargain on the spot; the wig and false beard I purchased elsewhere, and drove home in triumph with my spoils.

It was now nearly seven o'clock, and before going upstairs I asked the concierge—a surly, silent old man, whose nature seemed to have got soured with waiting for lodgers who never came—whether he had a letter for me. Yes, he said, grudgingly there was one; it had been left by an hotel commissionnaire a few moments previously; and he handed it to me with a distrustful glance, as if he suspected it of containing treason against the state.

I mounted the stairs three at a time, locked myself into my den, and opened the wretched envelope.

There was a letter—but where was the cheque?

A dire foreboding seized me. My heart, figuratively speaking, sank into my boots, as I unfolded the note.

"DEAR FRED,—I thought proper, before sending you the money, to ascertain how that debt of yours had been contracted. Since parting from you this afternoon I have made some inquiries from an acquaintance of yours" (Sam Drummond, I suppose. Humph!) "which have enlightened me considerably on that, and other matters." (Oh, Samuel, my friend, I owe you one for this!) "As your own recklessness has brought you into this difficulty, your own ingenuity must get you out of it. You have nothing further to expect from

"Your indignant uncle,  
"W. PROBYN."

This was a "crusher." I sat staring at the letter, quite unable at first to realize my position. Then, in a flash, as it were, I saw the precipice before me.

In a few moments Isaac would be down upon me, hungry for the spoil. I knew him too well to expect to move him by my piteous story, even if he believed it, which was doubtful.

Most probably he would jump to the conclusion that I had appropriated the money to some other purpose, and dire would be his wrath.

Already I seemed to see the walls of Ste. Pelagie looming before me, and once on the wrong side of them, when should I get out again?

My only safety lay in flight.

I resolved to start at once, and to avoid an unpleasant scene.

I began my preparations in desperate haste, fancying every moment that I heard his footsteps on the stairs.

I hastily packed a few necessities in a carpet bag: the rest of my clothes, and a select library of medical works, I left him as a parting gift. There was a heap of odd things, however, which I could not take with me, and did not care to leave behind for him to overhurl.

It would take too long to burn them piecemeal, so I resolved to throw them into the river. I crammed them all pell-mell into an old leather portmanteau, putting in all the heaviest things I could find, including a pair of dumb-bells, to weight it.

I had just completed my task when I

heard—it was not fancy this time—a footstep on the stairs, and after a pause there was a gentle tap on the door.

I would have given a good deal to avoid the interview, but there was no getting out of it now; I must bear as best I could his reproaches, taunts, and insinuations; I only hoped I might not inadvertently knock him down.

I was just about to admit him when, glancing furtively round the room, my eye fell on the "digger's" costume. A brilliant idea occurred to me. Disregarding a second more imperative summons at the door, I hurried on the clothes over my own, and assumed the wig and bushy beard, which were as complete a disguise as could be desired. Having done so, I opened the window and flung the portmanteau into the river, where it fell with a loud splash; then unlocked the door and confronted my visitor.

It was not the Jew. So much I saw at a glance, but I had not time to see more; for no sooner had I appeared on the threshold than the stranger, whoever he was, literally flung himself upon me and brought me to the floor, falling with me. Before I could utter a cry his hand was on my throat, the cold barrel of a revolver was pressed against my temples, and, with his face close to mine, he whispered—  
"Where is the cheque?"

But the words had hardly left his lips when he started, looking at me more closely, then drew back with a sudden change of expression to astonishment and consternation. "Diable!" he muttered, "it's the wrong man!"

He stared at me stupidly a moment, then took his hand from my throat, sprang to his feet, and in an instant was gone.

I was too beleverose by the unexpectedness of the attack to make any effort to detain him; and when I had picked up myself up (none the worse for the tumble) and collected my scattered wits, the ludicrous side of the adventure struck me so forcibly that I sat down and laughed till I was exhausted.

Thinking it over, I concluded that my late visitor was one of Isaac Ulbach's "ugly customers," who had overheard my incautious mention of the cheque, and had followed me home from the shop. It was easy for him to enter the house without being noticed by the concierge, who seldom put his head out of his lodge.

[NOTE.—This story will be continued next week, being too long to appear all in this one issue.—ED. TRUTH.]

### The Dowry of a Dairyman's Daughter.

Before Bob Wardlaw married Jane Gibb, he was told by her father that whoever married his daughter would get the best cow he possessed. Three months having elapsed since his marriage, and still no sign of the cow being forthcoming, Bob thought it time to ask if he was to get it. "Get it?" said Andrew Gibb; "ye'll certainly get it; but I dinna see whaur ye can pit it up." "Well," said Bob, "I hae nae convenient place to keep it, as ye say; but gin ye like to gie's the value o't in siller, it'll save you frae buyin' anither aye." "Na, na," said Andrew; "jist come awa' woon about, an' ye'll get the cow;" and he took Bob round to the back of the house where there stood a water pump. "There, now," said Andrew, "that's the best payin' beast I hae, an' it eats nae, an' ye can tak' it wi' ye if ye like;" and with these words he left Bob standing gazing at the "cow with the iron tail."

### His Accomplishments.

George had proposed and been accepted. "Well," she said, "I can sing and play on the piano and harp, can paint, and at the seminary I was up in the fine arts and political economy and logic; and I can croquet beautifully, and play lawn tennis, and, and—that's about all, I think. Now tell me what are some of your accomplishments, George?" "I haven't got any." "Not a single one?" "Well," he said, with a sigh, "if the worst should come to the worst, I think I might be able to cook."

Do not speak of your happiness to a less fortunate man than yourself.

## THE SPHINX.

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

Address all communications for this department to E. R. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine, U. S.

### NO. 33.—AN ANAGRAM.

"I never gains wisdom," said Sambo to one who talked about spirits, the spheres and the sun;

"I never gains wisdom from gemmen who preach

Oh matters an' tings clear out o' my reach. Yer tell me yer doctrine is sartinty true, Kase its great 'postle jest told what he knew;

That he talked with the sperets an' angels on high,

An' got all his wisdom direc' from do sky; 'Tis contra' to reason, an' no mortal man Can make mo b'lebe what I can't unnerstan'."

NELSONIAN.

### NO. 34.—A CLASSICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

[Entered for Prize.]

A Grecian divinity, *Primals* unfold, Who invented the plow and the rake, we are told;

And the *Finale* her surname, derived from a town

Where her worship began, as by history shown.

1. A warlike tribe of ancient Gaul, Courageous, wise, and strong.

2. A term applied to Pericles, But many think it wrong.

3. A common patronymic name, In Carthage once well known.

4. One of the famous Sparti, who From dragons' teeth had grown.

5. A people, powerful and brave. By Caesar's power brought low.

6. An Eastern country, little known, As ancient records show.

YARG.

### NO. 35.—A NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Bill Sampson was a very stubborn and determined young man, and when he decided to go west, he went in spite of all the efforts made to keep him at home. A friend of his mother's caused his application for a place as brakeman on a western railway to be rejected on the ground that he was 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 blind. Nothing daunted by this failure, he packed his trunk, and without more 6, 7, 8 started for 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 to work in the mines.

UNCLE CLAUDE.

### NO. 36.—AN ATTENDANT OF DAY.

[Entered for Prize.]

When night puts on her sable dress, It quiet down my temper some; But when Old Day, in gay attire, Comes forth to greet us like a sire, 'Tis then I make all nature hum, And with my presence do oppress Many a lone, unhappy soul. But I can't help this, my friends, I vow, Ever so sorry though I be. In all the world none envy me, Though from the first day until now, I've been at every winning goal. Whether in stately hall, at learned debate, Or in the world of commerce small or great, Upon the field of battle, or of fun, Whether the cause be lost, or cause be won, I'm always there, and to myself is due Much of the credit which the victor boasts. Though good behavior doth me e'er eschew, Yet all I do surround, like unseen ghosts. Now, if you can discern my name, I prither tell.

And I will bid to all a kind farewell.

S. J. R.

### NO. 37.—A PALINDROME.

I declare a filial duty Of the child toward his mother, And the sentence that I utter Backward read'st like an echo, Or an angel's voice repeating.

"Be not always ready to be." J. K. P. BAKER.

### NO. 38.—A SENTENCE AND ITS ANAGRAM.

The first, often seen in print, is "confusion worse confounded," the clearing up of which helps to make one gray.

The second is one of the principal capitals of the world.

The third we are tempted to do to hateful things.

The whole is a pointed oburgation of the first.

Or, if an anagram we make it, It soothes a mad man; It pacifies his soul, I take it, "Grets it a sad man."

SEEMER.

### NO. 39.—AN ENIGMA.

I many a thrilling scene unfold; I turn to silver pale your gold; I steal your brightest gems away, I hide them from the light of day; I make your wisdom folly seem; Your brilliant past a faded dream, And though my touch is hard, you say, I kiss your sharpest pangs away; But, if you use me faithfully, Your bright reward will come in me.

R.

### PRIZES FOR CONTRIBUTIONS.

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

2. A prize of two dollars will be awarded for the best variety of contributions furnished during the same time, the winner of prize No. 1 to be excluded from trial for this premium.

Favors should be forwarded early, accompanied with answers.

### FOR FEBRUARY ANSWERS.

To the reader forwarding the best lot of answers to "The Sphinx" published during February will be presented a copy of Chambers' Etymological Dictionary, a volume of 600 pages, embracing every word in the language, with its derivation, pronunciation and meaning.

Each week's solutions should be forwarded within seven days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles answered.

### ANSWERS.

- 21.—Cobweb.
- 22.—Mons(e)-(at)ache.
- 23.—Metaphysician.
- 24.—Incomprehensibleness.
- 25.—Athena.
- 26.—1. George, St. Mark. 2. May, orange.
3. Florence, Pearl. 4. Charles, Cod, Bass.
5. Georgia, Sandwich, Milk.
- 27.—A doll.

### PRIZES AWARDED.

For the best lot of answers given to "The Sphinx," published before February 1st, the World's Universal Encyclopedia is awarded George W. McNamara, Tara, Ont. For the next best lot, Chambers' Etymological Dictionary is presented to —Yarg, Ausable, N.Y.

The puzzles were so difficult that other readers who succeeded in solving two thirds of them, or more, deserve "special mention."

Such solvers are: Mrs. E. Glidden, Kingston, Ont.; Enny Meah, Toronto, Ont.; F. J. Don, Rockport, Me.; Edith Marden, Baltimore, Md.; Bella Ritchie, Mohr's, Corners, Ont.; Thomas E., — N.Y.; R. G., London, Ont.; J. S. Comer, Montreal, Que.; N. L. C. R., Halifax, N. S.; E. A. Henning, Ottawa, Ont.; A. R. Deane, Montreal, Que.; Lizzie A. Boyd, London, Ont.; Mrs. W. H. Sewall, Hinsdale, Ill.; Mrs. Wm. McK., Petaluma, Cal.; E. Green, Manchester, Ia.; Dix, Hamilton, Ont.; and C. H. T., London, Ont.

Many of the other solvers gave up the competition for a prize the first week, and still more furnished solutions for only two weeks.

The cultivation of a cheerful spirit depends as a first requisite that the conditions of health be observed. The notion that claims sympathy on the ground of a supposed hardship of a lot is its origin in indignation. A sensible observance of hygienic laws is frequently the one thing needed to transform a doleful man into a bright and cheerful one.