

Puzzles.

1.—TRANSPPOSITION.

To C. S. Edwards.

Charlie, my dear, I'm glad you're back,
With or without your carpet sack.
Your challenge in last month's I spy,
And now endeavor to reply.
You say my fate is sealed; indeed,
That's news for me as I now read.
I didn't know I was engaged,
And at the thought I am enraged.
My "die is cast"—a ghastly phrase;
Can't make it out, it's in a maze.
Now, are you slender as a rake?
That's hard to swallow, and then take
A look at Mr. C. S. E.
As he now doth appear to me.
Why in this group he'd make you laugh
So round and plump's his photograph.
Oh dear, I must a complaint make,
You're all a huge, immense mistake;
One time you're good, one time you're bad,
One time you're gay, one time you're sad;
Why, only a short time ago
Your puzzles were so filled with woe
That "Charlie's friends must all be dead,
He's got so good," was what I said.
As all your sad, sweet poems I read,
And for your sorrow my heart bled,
But one conclusion could I make.
"Tis this: That you'd had too much cake
When writing puzzles filled with tears
To echo down the voiceless years.
I think I'd best retire now,
And so will make my little bow.

I' ENVOI.

Woulst thou euryein of Isaaks
Higim tteerb oep ta haasahkt
On ralleho Keat a danderf deavia
Re's oggn of Kklyoned hinkt celtw.

A. P. HAMPTON.

2.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 9, 3, 7 is a tree;
My 3, 5, 10, 4 is a choice;
My 12, 11, 9 is having great extent each way;
My 7, 6, 5, 3 is a coat of steel;
Total of 11 letters is a beloved name.

"BACHELOR."

3.—DECAPITATION.

I am a word of five letter naming a sudden movement
which is usually caused by an alarm; behold me and I am
welcome at dinner-time; behold me again, and I am part of
a verb.

LILIAN M. SHEPARD.

4.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A country.
2. A kind of vase.
3. A teacher.
4. Something cold.
5. To surpass.
6. Dull.
7. The enlightened.
8. An exclamation.
9. A past time.

Initials spell something which Muriel E. Day seems to
have. Finals spell something I hope she has not.

"KIT."

5.—WHAT AM I?

I am the name of something which may be of any shape
or size and made of various materials, which may be found
either indoors or out, and can be moved from one place to
another. Again, I am the name of something sometimes felt
on the head. At other times I stand for something which
grows but does not walk. In any case, if you behold me you
have the name of a strong and useful animal.

"KIT."

6.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My 1st is in berry but not in fruit;
My 2nd is in flax but not in jute;
My 3rd is in balsam but not in pine;
My 4th is in yours but not in mine;
My 5th is in England but not in Spain;
My 6th is in snow but not in rain;
My last is in kindness but not in pity;
My whole is the name of an ancient city.

BLANCHER MACMURRAY.

7.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in more but not in night;
My second is in loose but not in tight;
My third is in ox but not in cow;
My fourth is in high but not in low;
My fifth is in cradle but not in bed;
My sixth is in foot but not in head;
My whole is a country in America.

ETHEL MCCREA.

8.—CHARADE.

My first is a conjunction;
In heraldry means "gold";
My second is a portion,
By it we horses hold;
My whole is just a path in space,
By which a planet's march we trace.

CHARLES S. EDWARDS.

9.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 8, 9, 6, 11 belongs to excitement;
My 5, 10, 7 pertains to a race;
My 1, 2, 3, 4 is one of the earth's four corners;
My whole is a place in England.

MURIEL E. DAY.

Answers to Sept. 15th Puzzles.

1—Cattle-show. (As the anagram was not specified this
cannot be counted.)

2—Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.

3—LIGHT 4—Pastorate.
INNER 6—New Carlisle.
GNAWS 7—Chili.
HEWED India, Hellespont, China.
TRUDE Nepal, Italy.
Allegany

5—buprestidan
unrepealed
praticien
reticent
epicist
secess
taint
ilet
den
ad
n

8—Brown—brow
Heath—heat
Hazel—haal
Plume—plum
Crown—crow
Forty—fort
Lunge—lung

9—Sat-in-wood.

"KIT."

SOLVER TO SEPT. 15TH PUZZLES.

DEAR UNCLE TOM AND COUSINS.—

I hope you will pardon the incompleteness of the Puzzle
Department this issue, as I am absent from home and have
not received all my mail. Will have all properly attended to
very soon. Ada A.

Cool Bravery.

"I have heard it said," writes Lord Wolseley, in
a contemporary, "that small men are generally
braver than tall men; but one of the most stolidly
and immovably brave men I have ever known is
several inches over six feet in height. I have often
seen him, from pure laziness, when relieved from
duty in the advanced trenches before Sebastopol,
step out calmly in the rear of the parallel where he
happened at the moment to be, and take a bee-
line for camp, exposed for many hundred yards to
a heavy rifle fire from the advanced works of the
Russians. He might have walked home through
the trenches in safety, but he was too lazy or too
careless of his life to go so far round. I remember
a curious instance of his imperturbability some
years afterwards, when I met him in China. In the
assault of the Taku forts we had to cross two
ditches filled with water. One of these was sufficient-
ly wide and deep to require a bridge to be thrown
over it. In carrying up a light infantry pontoon
bridge to launch into this ditch a round shot went
through one of the pontoons. To launch it in that
condition would have caused it to sink, and we had
great difficulty in getting the injured pontoon out
of the bridge under the close, severe fire to which
we were exposed from the works behind the ditch.
In common with all the other mounted officers, I
had left my horse at a safe distance behind under
some cover. I was therefore astonished, upon
standing up after working at this little bridge on
the ground, to see beside me a very tall man on a
very tall horse. The position was actually comical,
and, as well as I remember, I laughed as I saw my
cool friend there at the edge of the ditch, a regular
cockshot for every Chinaman near him. He said
something to me which, owing to the great din and
noise at the moment, I could not hear; so, moving
nearer to him, I carelessly put my hand on his leg.
He winced a little as I touched him, and, calmly
saying, "don't put your hand on my leg, for I have
just had a bullet in there," went on with his conver-
sation as if only a mosquito had bitten him. That
man is now known to all as Lieutenant-General Sir
Gerald Graham, V. O., who commanded a brigade
at Tel-el-Kebir, and who was afterwards in chief
command at El-Teb and the many other bloody en-
gagements which took place near Suakin."

A Considerate Master.

After the battle of Mars-la-Tour, the field was
covered with the dead, and all available houses filled
with the wounded. With great trouble a small
room, in which stood a table, chair, and bed, was
found for the Prussian king. Upon entering, he
asked, "Where are Bismarck and Moltke?" "They
have no place as yet," answered the adjutant, well
knowing how necessary it was that they should
have rest. "Then invite them to camp with me,"
was the reply; "but order the bed to be removed—
the wounded can use it better than I—and bring us
straw." It was done, and the three heroes rested
during the rainy night upon the straw-covered
floor. Never was a milder master than the emperor,
as numerous instances prove. One evening he
drove to the Victoria Theatre in Berlin, accom-
panied only by his coachman and body-servant.
The latter, believing himself certain of several
hours, entered a restaurant near by. But the
emperor returned very shortly. The carriage drove
up, but the body-servant did not appear. Ten
minutes passed by before he was found drinking
his glass of beer. Half frightened to death, he be-
gan to excuse himself, when he was interrupted by
the monarch—"Nonsense—don't bother about it!
You have often waited for me: now I have waited
for you, and we are quits."

Those Astounding Adverbs.

One evening a gentleman came home with a
budget of news. An acquaintance had failed in
business. He spoke of the incident as "deliciously
sad." He had ridden up-town in a car with a wit
whom he described as "horribly entertaining," and,
to clap the climax, he spoke of the butter that had
been set before him at a country hotel as "divinely
rancid."

The young people stared, and the eldest daughter
said: "Why, papa, I should think that you were
out of your head."

"Not in the least, my dear," he said, pleasantly.
"I'm merely trying to follow the fashion. I worked
out 'divinely rancid' with a good deal of labor. It
seems to me rather more effective than 'awfully
sweet.' I mean to keep up with the rest of you
hereafter. And now," he continued, "let me help
you to a piece of this exquisitely tough beef."

Adverbs, he says, are not now so fashionable as
they were in his family.—Boston Post.

Mother's Work.

BY MARY F. BUTTS.

If thy work be holding dimpled cheeks of babies to thy breast,
Fashioning small garments where the needle moves to inward
tune.

Stitching dainty collars for a little rounded wrist,
Or knitting a silk sheathing for feet as soft as rose-leaves,
Count thyself a sister of the gentle Judean woman,
Mother of a Saviour. How knowest thou the outcome
Of this beautiful bud of home? With thee lies the unfolding.

Make thy garden fragrant with tender self-denying,
With love purged pure by prayer, woo the opening blossom.
Thine a holy business set thee by the Father.

Opportunities.

In one of the Greek cities there stood, long ago,
a statue. Every trace of it has vanished now, as
is the case with most of those old masterpieces of
genius; but there is still in existence an epigram
which gives us an excellent description of it, and as
we read the words we can discover the lesson which
those wise old Greeks meant that the statue should
teach to every passer-by.

The epigram is in the form of a conversation
between a traveller and the statue.

"What is thy name, O statue?"
"I am called Opportunity."
"Who made thee?"
"Lysippus."
"Why art thou standing on thy toes?"
"To show that I stay but a moment."
"Why hast wings on thy feet?"
"To show how quickly I pass by."
"But why is thy hair so long on thy forehead?"
"That men may seize me when they meet me."
"Why, then, is thy head so bald behind?"
"To show that when I have once passed, I can-
not be caught."

We do not see statues standing on the highways
to remind us of our opportunities for doing good
and being of service to others, but we know that
they come to us. They are ours but for a moment.
If we let them pass, they are gone forever.

Grape Wine.

Pick the grapes off the stems, and mash thor-
oughly with a potato pounder. To every quart of
grapes a pint of cold water should be allowed
before they are mashed. After mashing add the
water and let them stand for three days, stirring
night and morning. Strain all through a jelly-bag
till the juice is squeezed out, let stand for three
hours, and pour off carefully from the sediment;
then add three pounds of white sugar to every
gallon of juice; put into jars loosely corked, and at
the end of three weeks (if it has finished ferment-
ing) add one quart of whiskey to three gallons of
liquid. In three or four days cork securely. While
fermenting be sure to keep the jars well filled up to
the top with some of the liquid reserved for that
purpose.

Sour Cream Nut Cakes.

One pint pastry flour, two-thirds cup of thick
sour cream well rubbed into the flour, with one-
fourth teaspoonful salt. Add one egg beaten very
light, and one-fourth teaspoonful soda dissolved in
one teaspoonful hot water. Roll out one-fourth
inch thick, and cut into half-inch strips with a
pastry jagger. Twist the strip at each end, and
then twist like a doughnut. Fry in hot fat, and
roll in powdered sugar. Best eaten while fresh.

An old couple went to the Electric Exhibition at
the Crystal Palace, were charmed with the electric
incandescent lights, asked the price, and found it
moderate, the Swan lamps costing only five shil-
lings each. Their means were limited, but the
advantages seemed great; and they resolved to
risk it, and invested in three or four Swan lamps.
"Of course," said the intelligent clerk who handed
them the Swan circulars, "you know all about the
engines and the different systems of producing
electricity?" "Jist like these fellers, my dear!" said
the cautious old gentleman sotto voce, nudging his
wife. "Come along, Maria." He thought he was
going to be wheedled into buying a lot more things
by a pushing young tradesman, and so the two
hurried off. They got home, and taking a box of
lucifers, applied match after match to the "flam-
ment," after removing the globe—a vacuum—with
some difficulty. Still the thing would not light.
At last, enraged, they appealed to the firm, and
were—too late!—initiated one step farther into
the mysteries of electric lighting.

The "poor" fellow who wrote the following lines
seems to have been pretty well off. Nevertheless
he had a list of woes:

Nothing to do but work;
Nothing to eat but food;
Nothing to wear but clothes,
To keep one from going nude.
Nothing to breathe but air;
Quick as a flash it's gone;
Nowhere to fall but off;
Nowhere to stand but on;
Nothing to comb but hair;
Nowhere to sleep but in bed;
Nothing to weep but tears;
Nothing to bury but dead.
Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alack! alack!
Nowhere to go but out;
Nowhere to come but back.
Nothing to see but sights;
Nothing to quench but thirst;
Nothing to have but what we've got;
Thus through life we're accursed.
Nothing to strike but gain.
Everything moves that goes;
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand these woes.

A Japanese laundry has produced the following
advertisement: "Contrary to the opposite company
we will most cleanly and carefully wash our cus-
tomer with possible cheap prices as follows: Ladies,
2 dols. per 100; gentlemen, 1½ dols. per 100."