

3.—Some a melon do not relish,
But I'll no more my rhyme embellish.—E. C.

85—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials of the following, read downwards, make the initials of a great Roman Emperor, and the initials of his great rival.

A covering for the head.
A yellow dye.
Mineral salts.
Juice that issues from trees.
An ancient town in the Holy Land.
A species of fish.

M. B.

86—SIX-LETTER SQUARE PUZZLE.

1. One of the territories of western North America.
2. A great river of Hindostan.
3. A trading city of China.
4. The capital of a German duchy.
5. A seaboard city of Yorkshire, England, noted for a peculiar kind of jewelry stone which it exports.
6. A river near Zululand.

The letters of the square running downward from left to right, spell the name of a river of Europe.

J. T. W.

87—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first can be found in tippie,
My second in every plan;
My third is a part of ripple,
My fourth is in Englishman;
My fifth you can see in a sink,
My sixth in every town;
My seventh in every drop of ink,
And my eighth in every noun;
My ninth in one-fourth of game,
And now I'm most done with my rhyme;
My whole is a country of fame,
Guess what it is when you have time. E. H.

88—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



89—ENIGMA.

I am seen in the river, but not in the stream;
You may find me in milk, but not in the cream;
I'm seen in the hill, but not in the vale;
I sport in the wind, but not in the gale;
I'm always in window, but never in door;
I'm up on the ceiling, not down on the floor;
In history's page I ever am found,
And in winter when snow thickly covers the ground;
And though I may visit a king on his throne,
I always am greatest when standing alone.

E. V. S.

Answers to August Puzzles.

71. 1, Pansy; 2, Hollyhock; 3, Pink; 4, Mignonette; 5, Larkspur; 6, Tulip; 7, Peony; 8, Phlox; 9, Portulacca.
72. Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.
Dawn, iron,
Acre, rove,
Writ, over,
Nets, nets.
74. Red rock.
75. Grasp, gasp, gray, gay, stay, say, steam, scam.
76. LOITER
OCTAVE
ITALIC
TALENT
EVINCE
RECTES (erects)
77. 1, Time, thyme; 2, Site, sight; 3, Might, mite; 4, Rhyme, rime; 5, Right, write; 6, Eight, ate—and the sentences will read sensibly.
78. 1, Pickwick. 2, Caravan.
79. Gentleel.
80. It's no use crying over spilt milk.

"Your face is your fortune," said a forward young man to a handsome, but poor girl. "Your cheek ought to make yours," was her retort.

Names of Those Who Sent Correct Answers to August Puzzles.

Lucy Johnson, Minnie P Dean, Ethel V Snary, Herbert Marsh, Lucy Harding, John Freeland, J C Chisholm, Nellie Anderson, Frank Saunders, Walter Niles, Ralph Ferguson, S A Arnold, Wm Sharpe, Wm Johnson, Susan Harker, J D Delow, Georgia Nesbitt, Lucinda E Taylor, Clover Walker, M P Meekes, F J Inch, Jas Dutton, Willie Grey, Maud Wilson, Wm Russel, Alice Clark, Lizzie Cornell, Francis Logie, Mary Ball, Jas Glennon, Fata Shander, Lizzie Northwood, Rosie Cutten, Chas F Chase, Lawrence Shuff, Roland McNabb, Edward Friendship, Henry Willis, Jos Thompson, Bessie Nichols, Jane Orman, J P O'Hanlon, S Marie Jacobs, Nellie Bell, John Shoebottom.

Resignation.

WRITTEN FOR THE HOME MAGAZINE, BY FRANK LAWSON.

I am sick and weary to-night, Martha; this year's very likely my last.
But I'll bend to the will of the Saviour, as ever I've done in the past.
Just draw your chair up to the fire; let's talk of old sorrows and strife,
For all day I have been reflecting on the by-ways and crossings of life;
I have thought of the rich and the learn'd, who are climbing the mountain of fame;
They are struggling 'mid rocks, huge and rugged, to leave amid laurels their name.
And I've thought of their journey when ended; though glorious and great they may be,
They will surely, as Providence reigneth, be buried as lowly as we.
With theirs our life I've contrasted, our life so obscure and unknown,
And I think, of the two, the more credit deserves to be given our own;
For though man may extol hard ambition, and praise those on glory intent,
And disdain our ways, rude and humble, and scorn us because we're content;
I defy their disdain and their scorning—they may use all the words that they will—
Though rhetoric and logic may aid them, I tell you Truth's mightier still.
They pretend to believe in the Bible, and when to their Saviour they pray,
They ask Him for comfort and guidance, and bread but to last for a day;
Thus in words they remember the lesson, which ne'er in their bosom doth ring:
That they know not, as saith our Saviour, what a day or an hour may bring.
But amid the contentions of business, by fraudulent wiles and mean stealth,
They are planning, and working, and striving, to gain themselves glory and wealth.
Then, Martha, though humble our life is, though labor may roughen our hands,
Remember their load of contention, and their blindness to heaven's commands;
And I think in the different positions, their's famous, and our's unknown,
You'll conclude of the two the more credit deserves to be given our own.
For though man may extol mad ambition, and praise those on glory intent,
We can raise our eyes up to heaven, and thank God that we are content.

HUMOROUS.

HAD HIM THERE.—Priest: "You drunken sot! The very beasts of the field give you a lesson! Paddy; 'Yes, yer riv'rence. But where did the bastes iver come across a sthrame o' whiskey?"

He was inclined to be facetious. "What quantities of dried grasses you keep here, Miss Stebbins! Nice room for a donkey to get into?" "Make yourself at home," she responded, with sweet gravity.

A western editor speaks of his rival as, "mean enough to steal the swill from a blind hog!" The rival retorts by saying: "He knows he lies: I never stole his swill."

"Charles, are you going to bid good-bye to your sisters?" "If they loved me less, mamma, if their affection were less sincere and unconventional. But I must positively put my foot down once for all. I cannot be rumbled!"

A young man dressed in the height of fashion, and with a poetic turn of mind, was driving along a country road, and, upon gazing at the pond which skirted the highway, said: "Oh, how I would like to have my heated head in those cooling waters." An Irishman, overhearing the exclamation, immediately replied: "Bedad, you might lave it there and it would not sink."

At the Old Farm.

Yes 'tis true. The blinds are closed, and the front door streams with crape.
Surely through the house last eve stole a vague and awful shape,
Dimly seen hy only one—viewless, soundless to the rest;
Only one descried the arrow ere its death pang pierced his breast.

Why, they say he kissed his wife! She was sitting by the door,
With her patient, workworn hands folded, for the day was o'er,
And the twilight wind stirred softly, tapped the lilacs on the pane,
While belated bees swung slowly homeward thro' the lane.

"Ruth," he said, and touched her brow, gently as a lover might,
Stooped and kissed her, sitting there. She was struck with sudden fright.
"An' what is it, John?" she cried. "Do you think I'm going to die?"
"No!" he answered; "no, dear wife. If 'tis any one 'tis I."

Full ten years or more had passed since he'd given her a word
Thoughtful, feeling-like, caressing. She could scarce believe she heard
Rightly now. Their talk, you see, was, most part, about the farm—
Butter, eggs, the new Alderney, making hay; they meant no harm—

Kindly, honest, Christian folk, both the deacon and his wife;
Only, somehow, they had lost all the romance out of life,
And the love which they began with, like a flower o'ergrown with weeds,
Struggled on, half choked, half buried, in the strife for worldly needs.

Well, the night came on apace. All the usual chores were done,
And they went to bed as usual; rising always with the sun,
'Twas not worth while burning candles; and at midnight, lo! a call
Woke the sleepers. One was taken, one was left—and that was all.

Lucy told me of the kiss. On her way to meet the choir,
She had stopped to see Aunt Ruth, she and Neighbour Brown's Desire.
They were not surprised this morning when they heard that he was dead;
That he must have had a warning is what our Lucy said.

But I think the real love, the true love, that never dies,
Once two loyal hearts have known it, wakened 'neath those evening skies,
And 'twill be a comfort sweet, in her lonely time to be,
That before he went he spoke to the "dear wife" tenderly.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

An Ambitious Text.

The parsons do, after all, tell the best stories. Rev. Dr. — is responsible for the following:

In the early part of his ministry a very eminent clergyman of his own denomination visited him and spent a Sabbath with him. Of course he invited him to preach for him, and, to his great satisfaction, he consented. Rev. Dr. — is tall, and his pulpit was rather high, to accommodate his manuscript to his sight; his visitor was short, rather stout, and had a shining bald head. Rev. Dr. — proposed to lower the pulpit a little, but his friend declined, and, on the contrary, desired that it should be raised higher. It seemed that he was near-sighted, but for some reason preferred not to wear spectacles. The desk being raised, he proceeded to pile upon it the closed pulpit Bible, two hymn-books, a pile of about a dozen sermons, and finally his manuscript and then, his bald head just glimmering over the top of his *extempore* fortification, he announced his text—"Thou shalt see greater things than these."—[Harpers Magazine.]