

"You have news of her, Mr. Wicks?" Tom's abruptness and excitement evidently discomposed the lawyer. He waved his hand as though to enjoin calmness. "Pray be seated," he said, with a precision that maddened Tom. "If you have any news—" Tom commenced.

Again the hand was raised warningly, appealingly. "May I ask whom I have the honor of addressing?"

"My name is Westall, I am a surgeon, Miss Barr is engaged to me."

Tom spoke so rapidly that his words appeared to be all uttered with one effort, which left him breathless and panting.

The legal gentleman inclined his head. "Mr. Barr has spoken to me about you," he said.

"Yes, yes," Tom went on impatiently and quickly; "he's far too ill to come down himself to-day. I am here in his place, any news you may have—"

"All in good time, my dear air—all in good time." He spoke with provoking coldness. "It appears from this," placing his finger upon the unlucky advertisement, "that Mr. Barr has not thought it well to consult me in this matter."

Tom reddened. He understood now the lawyer's distant manner, and he realized his own mistake in not placing an affair of such delicacy in the hands of Lily's own solicitor.

"I'm afraid," he said, a little confusedly, "that the mistake—the fault is entirely mine. In the anxiety, and the fear of the moment, I rather lost my head. I forgot all about you. I went to the first office I was recommended to. Mr. Barr had nothing to do with the matter at all. He has not been capable of attending to any business."

"Oh, its of not the slightest consequence," Mr. Wick assumed an air of supreme indifference. "Indeed," he went on, "it is quit as well you acted as you did. We don't care about being mixed up with these police cases. Now Shriver, Perrier, and Stabbs do. It has been said that Mr. Stabbs can breathe outside a police-court, and I dare say it's true."

"I assure you—" Tom commenced.

"Don't mention it," Wicks interrupted him. After a pause he confessed: "Still I am very glad to hear that it was none of Mr. Barr's doings. And you being a doctor it was just what might have been expected."

Tom bit his lip, and again begged the lawyer to relieve him of the anxiety under which he laboured.

"You are aware, Mr. Wicks commenced, "that the young lady in question has a considerable sum in her own right?"

Tom looked surprised. "I knew that she had some money," he said.

"A considerable sum," the lawyer repeated, "and over this money I was, by Mr. Barr's request, appointed guardian. Indeed her father took, as I considered, very peculiar pains to shut himself out from having the nearest control over it. Up to now they have practically had one purse in common, but still the young lady could at any moment have prevented her father from touching or enjoying a penny of her money. Lily?"

—Mr. Wick's voice and manner softened as he pronounced this name—"was very fond of having a chat with me. She has often sat upon that chair you are now using, and talking away merrily for half an hour at a time, brightening up this dull room in a way I find it very difficult to describe."

The speaker paused. Tom's heart swelled, and a big lump rose in his throat. His hands travelled lovingly over the chair.

"Lily used to call me her banker, and she often came to me for money, rather than take her father's cheque. 'I've got my own banker,' she used to say, playfully. 'I'm quite independent of you. I shall go to Mr. Wicks and coax some money out of him.' Of course the way they lived it amounted to the same thing whether I gave her money or she had it from her father. It was a whim of hers—a harmless whim—and was always glad to gratify it. I did not see her as often as I should have liked, for Mr. Barr was nearly always in the country. She would drop in when I least expected her. It was always a pleasure for me to meet her and I need not say that I always gave her what she required."

"I remember," said Tom, "that she called upon you two or three weeks ago. I had some business to transact in that neighborhood. When I came on here to take her home, you had gone—you had been called away."

"Precisely," Well, sir—the lawyer looked very serious and lowered his voice—

"she was hear the morning after she disappeared from St. John's-wood."

"Impossible!" Tom ejaculated, starting from his seat. Then he fervently added, "Thank God she's alive!"

"And, from her appearance then, I should say tolerably well."

"Was she not agitated? Did she not tell you why she had left us?"

Mr. Wicks, as he answered these questions, became very grave.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Music and Drama.

Mme. Patti begins her European tour next November. She goes first to Madrid, and afterwards visits Lisbon, Monaco, and Vienna, and subsequently sings throughout Germany and France.

Emma Nevada will make a concert tour in America next season under the management of Chizzola. Coquelin's decision to break his contract with Chizzola for an American tour has created much comment.

Princess Dolgorouki, wife of the nephew of the widow of the late Czar, the woman who recently created a sensation in Berlin by appearing in public as a violinist for pay, is advertised to make her debut in London as a fiddle-player.

It is said that a syndicate of Lyceum officials, entirely independent of Mr. Irving, are trying to engage a company here to go to America with a new comedy and new drama. There is no truth whatever in the report that Miss Ellen Terry will accompany them.

Miss Adelaide De'chon is rapidly becoming a society favorite in London since her debut as a parlor singer at Lady Landeshorough's reception. Miss De'chon then met the Prince of Wales, and has several times since attended parties at Marlborough House, the Prince's London residence.

A correspondent has seen the list of receipts at the Savoy Theatre since the opening of the house. The receipts for the opening season of "Patience" largely exceeded those for "Iolanthe," "The Princess Ida," or "The Sorcerer," but those for "The Mikado" are largely in excess of even those for "Patience."

The much-heralded re-opening of McVicker's Theatre for the twenty-ninth season took place Wednesday evening, July 1, with the presentation of John C. Freund's original drama, "True Nobility," the scene of which is laid in England and in Western America. It was given with all the advantages of new scenery in an entirely renovated house. The drama introduces the author for the first time to the stage.

Lord Latham, the new Lord Chamberlain in the Salisbury Government, and chief director of the Covent Garden opera company, limited, is at the head of a movement to revive Italian opera at Covent Garden next season. It is proposed to make one night in each week exclusively for royal and aristocratic subscribers. The Prince of Wales is said to favor this scheme, and Mr. Gye, who will be manager, thinks Italian opera will again become fashionable. Col. Mapleson, as one might expect, ridicules the idea.

Mrs. Weldon, who recently secured from the Sheriff's Court of London a verdict of \$50,000 against the composer Gounod for libel, has emerged in a new character. She has become a theatrical manager and has rented the Grand Theatre at Islington. She announces her intention to open the place with a new play which is to be based on her own personal experiences, and to have for its object the exposure of the abuses prevalent under the present execution of the English lunacy laws. There can hardly be a doubt that Mrs. Weldon will succeed in drawing immense houses to her theatre. She is the best-advertised woman in Great Britain and has a tremendous fund of popular curiosity to draw upon.

Men should not think too much of themselves, and yet a man should always be careful not to forget himself.

Teach us that woman is not elegance; that profusion is not magnificence; and that splendour is not beauty. Teach us that taste is a talisman which can do greater wonder than the millions of the loanmonger. Teach us that to win is not to rival, and to imitate not to invent.

THE SPHINX.

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

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

NO. 168.—WHAT AM I?

I'm inconsiderate and rash,
In ways of folly I may dash;
I'm firmly fixed and swift in motion,
And faithful, too, in my devotion.
I may describe a sleep profound,
And I am deep as well as sound.
In truth, it may be further stated
That I am sometimes dissipated;
But though extravagant I be,
I am not broken easily.

NELSONIAN.

169.—ANAGRAMS AND PARAGRAMS.

(Entered for prize.)

I.

Strange though it is, nevertheless it is true.
That R. A. Smith brings an ancient God into view.

II.

Behold me, I'm a gambling game,
Then add one letter to my name,
And it will give the state of mind
Most losers feel when luck's unkind.

III.

In masquerade, or gaudy dress,
I mutely all such forms express;
Behold me and the place appears
Where swains delight to take their dears.

IV.

One hundred pounds at sight will show,
Just sixteen letters, and yet 'tis so
That you can put them in a word of six,
If on the right one you but chance to fix.

V.

A social game, a useful tool,
A thing to frighten any fool;
Behold me and behold aright,
'Twill bring the writers' name to sight.
S. J. B.

NO. 170.—IS IT EASY?

[Simple as it appears, a variety of answers to this problem has been given by persons who should be able to quickly solve it correctly, in one instance a learned doctor giving a result more than three times as great as that furnished by the school mistresses of the village.]

A man sold a pig for \$7, bought it back for \$6, and afterward sold it for \$9. How much did he make by his speculation?

E. WHIGHTMAN.

NO. 171.—AN ENIGMA.

(Entered for prize.)

I'm a study, a whole and five parts;
I live betwixt the seas and heaven;
Look not below, for I am not there,
My home is in the ambient air.
Come to my second: behold how fair
I am, how bright and how debonaire;
A pleasant vision and a beauty,
A thing of life and joy and duty.
My youth is changed—I live alone;
My views are crossed—my hopes are gone;
My whole is sorrow, grief, and woe,
My singing now is all heigh ho!

R. G.

NO. 172.—A CHARADE.

I am the first, and one of seven;
I live betwixt the seas and heaven;
Look not below, for I am not there,
My home is in the ambient air.
Come to my second: behold how fair
I am, how bright and how debonaire;
A pleasant vision and a beauty,
A thing of life and joy and duty.
My youth is changed—I live alone;
My views are crossed—my hopes are gone;
My whole is sorrow, grief, and woe,
My singing now is all heigh ho!

NO. 173.—QUITE MIXED.

At three of nine the seedy-looking old man arose and went to the two-three to take a one, and after that he acted very one-two-three.

BELLE BURDETTE.

NO. 174.—A THING OF CHANGE.

I never was or could be one,
But in extremes am always met
Of penury or plenty.

I would be nothing, found alone,
But after two should I be set
I then would jump to twenty.

THE JULY PRIZE.

Solutions in competition for the July prize should be mailed within seven days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles answered.

WHO WILL WIN?

1. A cash prize of five dollars will be awarded for the best original contribution to this department before the close of 1885.
2. A prize of two dollars will be presented for the best variety of original contributions furnished during the same time. This prize will not be awarded the winner of No. 1.

ANSWERS.

155.—1. N inny, inn. 2. Daddy, add.
3. D oge, dog. 4. K ine, kin. 5. D ye, N ye.
156.—Needles.
157.—Pink.
158.—Devil.
159.—Invention.
160.—Schreight.

Favorite Flowers of Stage People.

Lilies of the valley are favorites with Lotta—by the way, the natural taste of Miss Crabtree in all things is a prominent feature of her personality.

Patti adores a honeysuckle and tulips—of the latter she took home to Wales several varieties. The bulbs filled two large cases.

Sara Jewett is one of the florists' best customers. Pink pond lilies and roses are her favorites. She wears roses in bud bunches, and always has them about her home and in her dressing-room at the theatre.

Clara Louise Kellogg has a penchant for wild flowers, particularly violets and colored grasses.

Louise Eldridge says: "The sunflower is my favorite, because it stands out from the rest, like a star line on the bills." She is given to purple in dress, but to salmon and yellow in floral bloom.

Heliotrope, the generous, magnificent growth of which no other country can equal, has a constant friend in Mary Anderson.

Maggie Mitchell's cottage in Harlem sits among roses and daisies, and the syringa is largely cultivated by Charlotte Thompson at her country home near Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

The ladies of the stage are not the sole patrons of the flower-stands among the professional people. Tony Hart "nearly always" can be seen with a solitary crimson blossom in his button-hole. A sprig of evergreen is affected by Mr. Wallack, Mr. Barrett, and John Howson. A Maroon Niel bud is often seen on the coat lapel of Mr. James Lewis. His dog, usually by his side, attracts universal attention. In flowers and dogs Mr. Lewis is a man of taste, "barring" the fact that he is one of our best comedians. Harry Edwards, who has earned a national reputation as a naturalist, knows much of flowers as well as birds. Ask Mr. Edwards any question upon the floral families and he will give you a most interesting resume of buds, petals and seeds.

Poppies please little Verona Jarbeau. Very few ladies to-day, on or off the stage, are influenced in their flower partialities by the language that some one's pretty idea associated them with two centuries or more ago. If one likes a flower for its beauty or perfume—its language may be ever so inappropriate—it does not detract from the use of the blossom. Smilax is worn with almost everything because of its graceful sprays and delicate tendrils. Pansies are universal favorites. They are found on the tables of Adelaide Cherie, Mrs. Chanfrau, Netta Guion, and Annie Russell in generous quantities. Mr. Osmond Tearle and John T. Raymond often sport a pansy in their button-hole. Many of the stage people are as generous givers of flowers as they are passionate lovers. A bunch of violets, a cut of roses, is a favorite gift of Marie Roze (Mrs. Mapleson) to her favorite friends. At a small lunch party not long since in Chicago, Grace Hawthorne, the new rising star, presented every gentleman present with a Maroon Niel bud, and every lady a bunch of violets. Upon herself, crushed in smilax, she wore violets and buds in great profusion.