

Names of Those Who Have Sent Correct Answers to July Puzzles.

W. M. Head, Christena Hadcock, Hy. Reeve, Lena B. Scott, Annie Kelly, Ada Armand, Sarah M. Brett, Harry A. Woodward, Ann J. Phenix, Geo. B. Van Blaricom, Jas. Cowan, Mary McArthur, P. Lamb, Minnie Weldon, Robt. Wilson, Isabella McLeod, C. Gertie Heck, Edmund E. Stockton, Fred. D. Boss, Maggie E. Stenhouse, A. J. Taylor, J. W. Forbes, Robt. J. Risk, Ida Shipley, J. J. Smyth, Elmon M. Moyer, Neil McEwen, Addie E. Davidson, Annie B. S. Scott, Wm. S. Howell, Mary Marshall, Stephen Smith, Becca Lowry, Jas. Pater-son, Jabez H. Elliott, Sarah E. Miller, Belle Richardson, Katie Miller, Maggie F. Elliott, Ada Hagar, Annie B. Craig, Tiny Docker, Byron G. Bowerman, W. L. Sissons, Esther Louisa Ryan, Jessie M. Fox, Chas. H. Foster, Wm. Carney, May Newton, Henry W. D. Mar-tin, Edith M. Earle, Robt. Kerr, Georgia Smith, Carrie Christner, Jas. Watson, Lottie A. Boss, Ellen D. Tupper, Amelia E. Walker, Amelia L. Sumner, Mark Dearing, Agnes H. Frood, P. G. Boulton, Mabel Robson, Sarah Wessel, Will Thirlwall, Willis B. Bell, Thos. Armstrong, P. G. Boulton.

Little Ones' Column.

The Baby Mysteries.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

[We think that every mother will agree with us that this is one of the sweetest little gems in the language.]

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get them eyes of blue?
Out of the skies as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all come just to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

Merry Mike.

BY FLETA FORRESTER.

Merry Mike, from his door, bounded out to his play,
With his head in his hat, on a blustering day;
When the wind, of a sudden, came frolicking down,
And lifted Mike's hat from his little round crown.
"Ho-he!" said Mike, and he said "Ho-he!"
Do you call that funny, I'd like to know?"

Then he made up his mind to return to the house,
But the merry wind pushed itself under his blouse;
And it roared and it roared, as he puffed and he ran,
Till it just knocked over this queer little man.
"Ho-he!" said Mike, and he said "He-he!"
I'll get up again, Old Wind, you'll see!"

Then the wind, with a flurry of bluster and racket,
Went crowding and crowding right under his jacket;
And it lifted him off from his two little feet,
And it carried him bodily over the street.
Mike laughed "He-he!" and he laughed "Ho-he!"
Do you call this flying, I'd like to know?"

But the wind with its antics was plainly not through,
For fiercer and fiercer and fiercer it blew,
Till making one effort of fury intense
It carried Mike neatly right over a fence.
Mike said "Ho-he!" and "He-he!" together,
"Do you think I am naught but a little hen's-feather?"

And he smiled and said, "Make yourself easy, my friend—
Only keep your mind quiet, and things 'll soon mend!"
And he laughed "He-he" and he laughed "Ho-he!"
The wind is just playing, old cow, you know!"
As he scampered off home, what above should he see
But the roof of a shed, that had lodged in a tree;

He met there a somewhat discouraged old cow,
That had blown thither too, though she failed to see how;
So he laughed and he laughed, till his sides they did ache,
For he said, "This is better nor wedding nor wake!"
And he roared "Ho-he!" and he roared "He-he!"
For he was as tickled as tickled could be.
"That boy," say the terrified folks of the town,
"He would laugh just the same if the sky tumbled down!"
"Indeed, an' I would," fancied Mike, with a grin,
"For I might get a piece with a lot of stars in!"
And he chuckled "He-he!" and he chuckled "Ho-he!"
The very idea delighted him so!

His father complained to the priest, "Now, I say,
Mike never stops laughing, by night or by day!"
"Let him laugh," spoke the priest; "he will change by and by,
And 't is better to laugh than to grumble or cry!
It's the way with the lad; let him laugh if he like;
And be glad you've a son that's as merry as Mike!"

Auctioning off the Baby.

What am I offered for Baby?
Dainty, dimpled, and sweet
From the curls above his forehead
To the beautiful rosy feet,
From the tips of the wee pink fingers
To the light of the clear brown eye,
What am I offered for Baby?
Who'll buy? who'll buy? who'll buy?

What am I offered for Baby?
"A shopful of sweets?" Ah, no!
That's too much beneath his value
Who is sweetest of all below!
The naughty, beautiful darling!
One kiss from his rosy mouth
Is better than all the dainties
Of East, or West, or South!

What am I offered for Baby?
"A pile of gold?" Ah, dear,
Your gold is too hard and heavy
To purchase my brightness here,

Would the treasures of all the mountains
Far in the wonderful lands,
Be worth the clinging and clasping,
Of these dear little peach-bloom hands?

So what am I offered for Baby?
"A rope of diamonds?" Nay,
If your brilliants were larger and brighter
Than stars in the Milky Way,
Would they ever be half so precious
As the light of those lustrous eyes,
Still full of the heavenly glory
They brought from beyond the skies?

Then what am I offered for Baby?
"A heart full of love and a kiss;"
Well, if anything ever could tempt me,
'T would be such an offer as this!
But how can I know that your loving
Is tender, and true, and divine
Enough to repay what I'm giving
In selling this sweetheart of mine?

So we will not sell the Baby!
Your gold and gems and stuff,
Were they ever so rare and precious
Would never be half enough!
For what would we care, my dearie,
What glory the world put on
If our beautiful darling were going;
If our beautiful darling were gone.

Humorous.

A very remarkable colored woman recently died in Virginia at an age exceeding a hundred years. Her unique character lies in the fact that she was not a servant of George Washington.

"Oh, I'm so unhappy!" exclaimed the recently married Mrs. Cuddleup. "Why, my dear, I'm astonished to hear you say so. Is Mr. C. quarrelsome?" "No, you can't yet a quarrel out of him, and so we don't have a single make up."

At a church in a seacoast town in Massachusetts the funeral of a prominent and highly respected citizen by the name of Knight took place, on which occasion, by a singular contretemps, the choir sang as their first selection the usually fitting hymn, "There Will be No Night There." The effect as soprano, alto and tenor, successively took up, the refrain was well calculated to excite the risibles of those who had gathered in anything but a humorous spirit.

Judge Eastman, of Manchester, related at one time General Franklin Pierce was opposed to the Hon. Natt Hubbard in some cause in a New Hampshire court. The General's strong point was his influence over a jury, and in this particular case the eyes of every jurymen were suffused with tears by his pathetic pleading. Mr. Hubbard, in a gruff voice, said in his reply, "Gentlemen of the jury, understand that I am not baring for water!" And this opening completely neutralized the effect of the General's eloquence.

A High Churchman and a Scotch Presbyterian had been at the same church. The former asked the latter if he did not like the introits. He replied: "I don't know what an introit is." Said the churchman: "But did you enjoy the anthem?" "No I did not enjoy it at all." "I am very sorry," said the churchman, "because it was used in the early church, in fact it was originally sung by David." "Ah!" said the Scotchman, "then that explains the Scriptures; I can understand now if David sang it at that time why Saul threw his javelin at him."