

neck, and another general call was made for whiskey, camphor, gin, soda, pop, root beer, ginger ale, vinegar, water and lager. Nothing was brought, and after a few minutes the man opened his eyes, gave his name, and asked to be taken home. After he had departed a doctor arrived, a coroner came puffing along, and the crowd came near having a fight as to who was entitled to the honor of saving the man's life.

OUR PUZZLER.

53. SQUARE PUZZLE.

- 1. Reader, a poet's name recall— A name well known, esteemed by all.
2. My next portrays a Persian town, As yet not honored with renown.
3. And now a metal I display— One that is hard and white, they say.
4. A man who lived in dwellings rude, And spent a life of solitude.
5. A heathen god has now appeared— One whom the ancient Greeks revered.
6. A poet of so great a name, That never can it die to fame.

Ere I conclude I crave leave to define, That six letters alone can be found in each line. My initials and first give the first poet's name, My finals and sixth do the other proclaim.

E. F. M.

54. LOGOGRIPHS.

1. If from the name of a quadruped you the centre letter leave out, the remainder you cannot mend, for it's best without doubt.

2.

Outtail a wine, and then transpose; What's bright and fine it will disclose.

J. B. HAYWARD.

55. CHARADE.

If I was on a donkey, and couldn't make it go, I would not use it roughly, nor beat it, oh, no, no, With a pat upon its neck, I would call my second first, And if it wouldn't come my last, and the worst came to the worst, I'd use my first, and that, no doubt, would quickly make him trot, And thus it would go my last, and travel off the spot. Just put these things together (and it will not take you long; Another hint I'll give, and then you surely can't get wrong, A man whose stirring eloquence and teaching of the word Has made his name a household word where'er our tongue is heard; This is my whole, and now, my friends, I pray you give his name— It can't be very difficult—you've often seen the same.

56. CONUNDRUMS.

- 1. Why is a field of wheat like the seed or fruit of an oak tree?
2. When is a garment that ladies wear like the direction on an envelope?
3. Why are beggars like bakers?
4. What town in England would you like to get spring water from?
5. When are fashionable ladies like Bow Bells?

J. B. H.

57. CONICAL PUZZLE.

One fifth of count; a rodent; a weight; a rapacious bird; a country in Asia; a city flower. The centrals, if read down aright, will a town in Asia disclose.

R. C.

ANSWERS.

27. CHARADE.—Bridewell.

28. CROSS PUZZLE.—

E C K
S H Y
L E E
C A M B R I D G E
C H E R U R I N I
S A A B R U C K
S I X
A N N
S I L

29. LOGOGRIPH.—Fear, Fare, Fera, Era, Are, Ear.

30. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—

Here 2^2 + 25^2 + 35^2 = 43.0116 = diagonal of floor. yds. ft. in.

and 2^2 + 4^2 + 11^2 + 40^2 = 58.737 = 58.9.10 = 6:4:8:10 yds. ft. in.

6^4 8 10 at 5s. per sq. yd. = £1 12s. 7d. An.

31. CHARADE.—Cherry-apple.

32. SQUARE WORDS.—

1. 2. 3.
A G R A M L U C C A S U R A T
G R A D E U N I O N U N I T E
R A B I D C I R C E B I L L S
A D I G E C O C K S A T L A S
M E D E A A N E S T T E S S E (cross)

33. CHARADE.—Waterloo.
34. HIDDEN TOWNS.—1. Cardiff; 2. Bolton; 3. Stourbridge; 4. Ayr; 7. Waterford.

GUNNAR: A NORSE ROMANCE.

BY H. H. BOYSEN.

PART III.

CHAPTER VIII.

GROWTH.

"Bless my soul! what is it the boy has been doing?" cried Brita, as her eyes fell upon the drawing which Gunnar had left standing before his bed. It was the morning after St. John's Eve, and Brita had come to wake him. Gunnar, before whose dreamy vision the variegated scenes and impressions of the night still were hovering, started up half frightened, rubbed his eyes, and asked what was the matter.

"Why, boy, what have you been doing?" repeated Brita, in a tone which made Gunnar believe that it was something terrible he was suspected of having done; "have you been trying to make a picture of little Ragnhild?"

"No, indeed, I have not," asserted Gunnar, still with a vague impression that such an attempt would be an unpardonable boldness.

"Then what does this mean?" said Brita, holding the drawing up before him. A stream of sunlight gilded in through the airhole in the wall and struck the picture; but it went farther, and struck Gunnar too. What he had not known before, he knew now. It was not the Hilder; it was Ragnhild. He felt the blood mount to his temples, dropped his eyes like a convicted culprit, and remained silent.

Days came and days went, the summer sped, and autumn drew near. The whole highland with its freshness and freedom had become as a home to Gunnar; he longed no more for the valley; nay, sometimes he even felt a strange dread of being closed in again under the shadow of those stern, inexorable mountains, now that his sight had been widened by the distance, and his thought had gained height and strength in the play with the infinite.

Rhyme-Ola was a great help to Gunnar, for a strong friendship bound them to each other. Rhyme-Ola clung to Gunnar, who was, in fact, the stronger nature of the two. The boy soon became familiar with his friend's peculiar ways, so they no longer disturbed him; and the songster, to whom sympathy and affection were new experiences, felt spring spread in his soul, and with every day that passed the boy became dearer to him. He sung him sad, and he sung him gay; for there was power and depth in Rhyme-Ola's song; moreover, there was this peculiarly about it, that as soon as he struck the first note, the sky, the lake, and the whole landscape around seemed to fall in with it, and to assume the tone and color of the song. It was as much a part of the highland nature as the shrill cry of the loon or the hollow thunder of the avalanche in the distant ravines. Thus Gunnar grew; and Rhyme-Ola's song grew with him and into him, opening his ear to the unheard, his eye to the unseen, and lifting his fancy to bolder flight.

As long as the sun sent life and summer to the earth, Gunnar and his friend remained at the saeter watching the cattle. The cows were intrusted to Gunnar's care, while the singer gave his whole attention to the sheep and the goats. In the morning they would always start in different directions, the one following the eastern shore of the lake, and the other the western. At noon they would meet at the northern end, on the rock which had been the scene of their first encounter. Then, while the sun stood high and the cattle lay in their noon-rest, Rhyme-Ola sat down and sang, and Gunnar would take his board and draw.

He could never draw so well as when he heard those sweet tones ringing in his ears; then his mind ranged with great ideas, and his hand moved of itself. At first it was mostly Hilders he drew, but at the end of another month he gave up these attempts as vain. Then his companion changed his song; and now old heroic ballads gave a new turn to his mind and new subjects for his pencil. His illustrations of his old favorite story of the poor boy who married the princess gained him great praise wherever they were shown. Rhyme-Ola declared them absolutely unrivalled. Thus encouraged, he for some time devoted himself to similar subjects, and peopled his birch-bark with the loving virgins and gigantic heroes of the ballads.

The summer fled, like a delightful dream, from which you wake just in the moment when it is dearest to you, and you vainly grasp after it in its flight.

Before long Gunnar sat again in his old place on the floor at the fireside, in the long dark winter nights, giving life and shape to old Gunnhild's never-ending stories and his own recollections from the summer. Rhyme-Ola was again roaming about from one end of the valley to another, as had always been his custom; he never had any scruples in accepting people's hospitality, as he always gave full return for what he received, and he well knew that his songs and tales made him everywhere welcome. The next summer they again watched the Rimul cattle; and while the one sung the other drew, and they were happy in each other; for Gunnar's sympathy warmed his friend's lonely heart, and Rhyme-Ola's song continued to Gunnar an ever-flowing source of inspiration.

Now and then the widow of Rimul would come up to the saeter to see how the maids and the cattle were doing; and Ragnhild, her daughter, who had a great liking for the highlands and the saeter-life, always followed her on such occasions. It was the common opinion in the valley that Ingeborg Rimul still carried

her head rather high, and there were those who prophesied that the time would surely come when she would learn to stoop. For the stiffest neck is the surest to be bent, said they; and if it does not bend, it will break.

Ragnhild seemed to have more of her father's disposition, had a smile and a kind word for everybody. She was never allowed to go out among other people, and she seldom saw children of her own age. Her cousin Gudrun Henjum was her only companion; for she was of the family. Gudrun had not seen twelve winters before Ingeborg Rimul asked her brother, Atle Henjum, if she might not just as well make Rimul her home altogether. Atle thought she might; for Gudrun and Ragnhild were very fond of each other. Thus it happened that, wherever the one came, there came the other also; and when they rode to the saeter, they would sit in two baskets, one on each side of the horse.

Brita had of course told the widow about Gunnar's picture, and once, when Ingeborg was at the saeter, she asked him to show it to her.

She was much pleased with the likeness, praised the artist, and offered to buy the drawing; but Gunnar refused to sell it. A few weeks afterwards, however, when Ragnhild expressed her admiration for his art, he gave it to her. Then Ragnhild wished to see his other productions; he brought them and explained them to her and Gudrun, and they both took great delight in listening to him; for he told them, in his own simple and glowing language, of all the strange thoughts, hopes and dreams which had prompted the ideas to these pictures. Also Rhyme-Ola's tales of trolls and fairies did he draw to them in words and lines equally descriptive; and for many weeks to come the girls talked of nothing, when they were alone, but Gunnar and his wonderful stories. Before long they also found themselves looking forward with eagerness to their saeter visits; and Gunnar, who took no less delight in telling than they did in listening, could not help counting the days from one meeting to another.

"I do wish Lars could tell such fine stories as Gunnar does," exclaimed Gudrun one evening, as they were returning from the saeter.

"So do I," said Ragnhild, "but I rather wish Gunnar could come to Rimul as often as Lars. Lars can never talk about anything but horses and fighting."

Now it was told for certain in the parish, that Atle Henjum and Ingeborg Rimul had made an agreement to have their children joined in marriage, when the time came, and they were old enough to think of such things. For Henjum and Rimul were only separated by the river, and if, as the parents had agreed, both estates were united under Lars Henjum, Atle's oldest son, he would be the mightiest man in all that province, and the power and influence of the family would be secured for many coming generations. Who had made Lars acquainted with this arrangement it is difficult to tell; for his father had never been heard to speak of it, except, perhaps, to his sister; but small pots may have long ears, as the saying is, and when all the parish knew of it, it would have been remarkable if it had not reached Lars's ears too. Few people liked Lars, for he took early to bragging, and he often showed that he knew too well whose son he was.

The next winter Gunnar was again hard at work on his pictures, and although Henjumbeil was far away from the church-road, it soon was rumored that Thor Henjumbeil's son had taken to the occupation of gentlemenfolk, and wanted to become a painter. And the good people shook their heads; "for such things," said they, "are neither right nor proper for a houseman's son to do, as long as he is neither sick nor misshapen, and his father has to work for him as steadily as a plough-horse. But there is unrest in the blood," added they; "Thor made a poor start himself, and Gunnar, his father, paid dearly enough for his folly." On Sun days, after service, the parishioners always congregated in the church yard to greet kinsmen and friends, and discuss parish news; and it was certain enough that Gunnar Henjumbeil's name fared ill on such occasions. At last the parish talk reached Gunnhild's ear, and she made up her mind to consult her son about the matter; for she soon found out that Gunnar himself was very little concerned about it.

"It is well enough," said Gunnhild, "to turn up your nose and say you don't care. But to people like us, who have to live by the work others please to give us, it is simply a question of living or starving."

But Gunnar never listened in that ear. One night the boy had gone over to Rimul with some of his latest sketches and compositions, and had probably been invited to stay to supper. In the cottage Thor and his mother were sitting alone at their meal.

"I wonder where the boy is to-night," remarked Gunnhild.

"Most likely at Rimul with those pictures of his," said Thor.

A long pause.

"A handsome lad he is," commenced the grandmother.

"Handsome enough; well-built frame; doubt if there is much inside of it."

"Bless you, son! don't talk so unreasonably. A wonderful child he is and ever was, and a fine man he will make too. I could only wish that he sometimes would bear in mind that he is a houseman's son, and heed a little what people think and say about him."

A bitter smile passed over Thor's face, but he made no answer.

"Then I thought, Thor," continued his mother, "that Gunnar is old enough to be of some use to you now."

"So he is."
"The saying is, that his name fares ill on the tongues of the church-folk, because he sees his father working so hard, without offering to help him, and sticks so close to that picturing. That will never lead to anything, and moreover hardly becomes a houseman's son."

"Maybe you are right mother."
"So I am, son; and it would be according to my wish if you asked the boy to-morrow to go out with you timber-felling, as would be right and proper for one of his birth."

The next morning Gunnar was asked to follow his father to the woods. He went, although much against his wish, as he was just at that time designing a grand historical composition which he was very anxious to take hold of. Henceforward he went lumbering in the winter, and herding the Rimul cattle in the summer, until he was old enough to prepare for confirmation; for every boy and girl in the valley had to be confirmed, and the last six months before confirmation they had to go to the parsonage to be instructed by the kind old pastor. Lars Henjum also prepared for confirmation that same winter, and so it happened that he and Gunnar often met at the parsonage.

(To be continued.)

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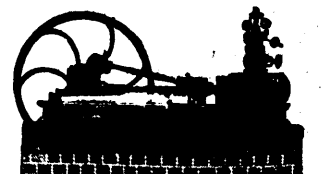
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