

carpet-bags, and a hamper full of grub. You won't forget the hamper William?"

"No fear of that," said the cripple, with a smile; "but I shall be glad when your clothes come, Matthew; for looking at you as I do, with the eye of a tailor, I must say you do seem a bit of a guy."

"I'll soon mend that, when the boxes come. Hallo! who's that corpulent old gent in the front parlour?"

"That's uncle Jonathan—my sister-in-law's uncle, that is."

"Jonathan what?" asked Brother Matthew, suspiciously. "I always like to know names."

"Blenkinsop," replied the cripple, as they both entered the sitting-room.

What was it that made Brother Matthew start, and grow pallid, as if with apprehension? Perhaps, a touch of the faintness he had experienced over night.

Meanwhile, Captain Blenkinsop, who had never taken his eye off Brother Matthew from the moment he appeared at the gate until he reached the parlour, rose from his chair, and slowly hobbled forward, with a curiously stern expression on his weather-beaten face. He paused within two feet of Brother Matthew, brought his bamboo cane upon the floor with a bang, and then shouted, with the voice of a Stentor—

"Ship ahoy, there!"

"The Matthew Sparkes," answered brother Matthew, readily entering into the humour of the thing, "laden with a general cargo."

"I never asked what you was laden with, my lad," said the captain, sternly; "I want to see your colours."

"Colours! what d'ye mean?" asked Brother Matthew, with an appearance of general discomfort in his countenance.

"Uncle, uncle!" exclaimed Mary Sparkes, indignantly, "what are you doing? Don't judge of my brother-in-law by his clothes. Those he has on are only for a makeshift, till his luggage comes by the train."

"It's no question of clothes," said Captain Blenkinsop; "I'd welcome my cousin equally the same, whether he came dressed as fine as the Port Admiral, or in a suit of slop-togs bought of a Portsea Jew on the Common Hard. I stick to what I began with. I say, young man, show me your colours!"

"I don't know what you mean," said brother Matthew, who had sunk into a chair, and certainly showed no colours whatever in his face, except a dirty white.

"Then I'll explain myself," continued the captain, as he took a seat. "First and foremost, Willie, double lock that front-door, stand with your back against it, and if anybody offers to go out of it without my leave, knock him down with your right-hand crutch. Now, then," pursued the captain, as he glanced round the room, "if we're all comfortable, I'll tell a bit of an anecdote. There once lived a man called Andrew Sparkes, a fisherman and smackowner in this here port of Tytherby. He had three sons; the youngest, William, is this poor lad here,"—at this point the captain laid his hand kindly on Willie's shoulder—"the next above him, Richard, is laid up with a bad foot in the bedroom upstairs; the eldest of all, Matthew, ran away to sea. To say that he ran away altogether unknown to any of us would be telling a lie, for I connived at it. I saw he was a lad that would never do a stroke of good ashore, and so I told my old crony, Andrew Sparkes. But Andrew wanted his sons to follow landsmen's trades; he used to say the sea had swallowed up all his brothers, his own sons should have a fair chance of dying in their beds. Well, to cut a long story short, Mat was bent on going to sea. I was down in Tytherby then, taking a spell after a whaling voyage. I says, 'Mat, is your mind made up for the sea?' He says, 'Captain, it is.' I says, 'If so, let me have the pleasure of marking you as one of Neptune's Own.' I got gunpowder and needles, and I printed on his right arm, just below the shoulder, the figure of a full-rigged 74 gun ship, with the motto, 'Fear God, and do your duty,' underneath. Now, Mr. Matthew Sparkes, will you

have the kindness to oblige these parties present by stripping off your coat, and showing 'em old Jonathan Blenkinsop's badge of honour?"

To the surprise of everybody (except the captain, possibly), Brother Matthew sat pale as ashes, trembling with apprehension, and unable to utter a word.

"Well," said the captain, "may be the gentleman's shy of showing in his shirt sleeves before ladies. Well, let that pass; and now I'll tell you another anecdote. When I was at sea, I was, like most other captains, uncommonly fond of a bit of roast pork. I used to buy a young porker before I left port, and fatten him at sea for my own private table. It was the steward's business to feed him and keep him clean. Well, on one occasion we were coming home from Quebec with a few steerage passengers, and a select party in the cabin—one or two colonial big-wigs among 'em, who preferred a sailing-ship for a change, after the smoke, and smut, and noise of the steamers. The weather was cold and miserable, and I said, 'Gentlemen, the very first day we get clear of the Newfoundland fogs and icebergs, we'll have my pig for dinner.' Next day my steward—his name was Timothy Sneed—comes to me with a face as long as my arm. 'Please, sir,' he says, 'I'm afraid the pig's dying of the measles.' I ran forward, and, sure enough, there was the pig spotted all over like a panther, and lying all of a heap. 'Bad job,' I says, 'but it can't be helped. Throw him overboard; he ain't fit meat for Christians.' There was a strong smell of roast pig all about the gully that afternoon, but I thought nothing of it, knowing that foremast men ain't over particular. Later on, however, just before we reached Liverpool, the cook and steward got to loggerheads, and then I found out that Master Sneed had stupefied the pig with a dose of rum, dabbed him over with blue paint, and sold him to the steerage passengers for a sovereign. 'Steward,' I says, 'I'll give you your choice—I'll either prosecute you when we get to Liverpool, or I'll mark you. He chose to be marked; and now, ladies and gentlemen, if you'll turn up that gentleman's coat sleeve, you'll perceive on his left arm, near the shoulder, the figure of a pig, with T for thief written under it."

At the same moment the captain and Willie Sparkes each seized the *soi-disant* Brother Matthew, stripped off his coat, and displayed his badge of disgrace.

CHAPTER VII. THE REAL SIMON PURE.

Two days later, the whole family—Captain Blenkinsop and Richard Sparkes, the carpenter, included—were assembled round a handsome, sailor-like looking fellow, with a nut-brown, complexion and an immense sandy beard, which descended almost to his waist. His coat was off, and he was showing little Alice something on his right arm.

"What a beautiful little blue ship!" exclaimed the child. "And what's this underneath? 'Fear God, and do your duty.' Didn't it hurt terribly, Uncle Matthew?"

"It made me wince a bit, my dear," replied her uncle, with a laugh.

"Well, you're all convinced," said Captain Blenkinsop, "that this is the real Brother Matthew, ain't you?"

A chorus of voices replied, "Yes."

"Then now tell us how such a spendthrift young dog as you used to be ever contrived to grow rich?" asked the captain.

"Another time," answered Brother Matthew. "It's too long and curious a thing to begin now. Anyhow, I've shown you the bank receipts for the money. But tell me, captain, what did you do with my double, poor wretch?"

The captain actually blushed through his coppery complexion, and hesitated for a minute.

"Well," he said, at length, "I'll tell you the truth. I sent the rascal off with a guinea in his pocket, and told him to go and sin no more!"

*Time.*—The canvas of the great historical picture.

*Malice.*—Poison for arrows.

## PASTIMES.

### ENIGMA.

A prime minister of Spain.  
An Emperor of Mexico.  
A town of Rhenish Prussia.  
A group of islands off the Coast of Java.  
A Grecian post.  
A celebrated Dutch painter.  
A son of Jacob and Leah.  
One of the Channel islands.

The initials form the name of a heathen goddess and the initials reveal what she was goddess of.

R. T. B.

### DECAPITATIONS.

1. Complete I am a murmur; behead me and I'm a noise; again and I am what one of Dickens' characters was.

2. Complete I am oppression; behead me I am perfection; now transpose, and I am often brought to table; curtail me and I am found in the printing office.

### ASTRONOMICAL ENIGMA.

One of the signs of the Zodiac.  
One of the planets.  
One of the Southern Constellations.  
One of the signs of the Zodiac.  
The Earth's orbit.  
One of Herschell's planets.  
A star in Cavis Major.

The initials reveal one of the Constellations.

R. T. B.

### CHARADES.

1. I am a word of nine letters; my 6, 8, 3, 2, expresses a known quantity, to which reference is often made; my 9, 2, 1, 5, is the staple manufacture in some towns; my 4, 5, 8, 7, 3, often means a centre; my 6, 8, 1, 5, is a kind of fish greatly esteemed by some; my 3, 5, 8, 9, is a fowl; my 9, 2, 1, is a sort of gum, and my 3, 8, 7, a kind of resin; my 3, 8, 9, 5, we often peruse with interest; my 1, 8, 6, 5, 3, is a military title; my 6, 8, 3, 5, is a nice fruit; my 4, 2, 7, 3, is an animal, and my *whole* is a splendid edifice of great beauty. J. J.

2. To my *first* men are bred, not a few;  
And all men my *next* seem to love;  
My *whole* can't be made without two,  
And to one very bad it may prove.

3. Torn from my native tree, ah, sad to tell!  
My *first* you drive to solitary cell;  
My *next*, because not fashioned to break loose,  
You turn to various and enduring use;  
My *whole* is quickly called its power to lend,  
What time you visit or receive your friend.

### SQUARE WORDS.

1. A celebrated college. 2. A sound. 3. Not repeated. 4. Want.

### REBUS.

I am used by the fair sex in castle and cot,  
And the fop of the city despises me not;  
Behold me, and masons look on me with pride;  
Curtail me—at midnight my splendours preside;  
Transpose, then, the last, and from silence and rest  
I change to a troublesome plague, and a pest. X.L.

### ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1. A son having asked his father's age, the father replied, "Your age is 12 years; to which, if five-eighths of both our ages be added, the sum will be equal to mine. What was the father's age? NEMO.

### ANSWERS TO TRANSPOSITIONS, &c.

No. 56.

*Transpositions.*—*Machiavelli.* 1. Arbuthnot. 2. Apollinarius. 3. Ingleborough. 4. Islington. 5. Lysippus. 6. Lymington. 7. Maximinus. 8. Vertumnus. 9. Carisbrook Castle. 10. Evesham. 11. Holmesville.

*Puzzle.*—To be tenacious in the midst of trifles is the mark of a mean understanding.

*Rebus.*—David.

*Charades.*—1. Sealing wax. 2. Turnpike. 3. Don-key.

A CELEBRATED lecturer on natural philosophy was one evening dilating upon the powers of the magnet—defying any one to name or show anything surpassing its powers. An old gentleman accepted the challenge, much to the lecturer's surprise; but he nevertheless invited him on to the platform, when he told the lecturer that woman was the magnet of magnets—for, if the loadstone on the table could attract a piece of iron for a foot or two, there was a young woman who, when he was a young man, used to attract him *thirteen miles every Sunday to have a chat with her!*

*Bee.*—A partner, and out-door collector is an expensive sugar factory.