

calmer, I told the girls of Miss Sara's confidence to me, and also of our arrangement to return home as soon as our journey could be settled. Lucy cried out that she could not be left behind, and hugged me when I said that, of course, she was to go with us, for as long as she liked to stay. "I can never come back to this dreadful house," she declared; and would take no comfort from the suggestion, which I had picked up from Miss Sara's conversation, that long intervals, sometimes of years, elapsed between these ghostly visitations.

So the night wore away, and with earliest dawn we were all glad to rise, and get through some of our packing, so as to shorten as much as possible our stay in the haunted bed chamber.

After breakfast, Helene and I took Miss Whittaker aside, and told her the events of the night. They impressed, but evidently did not astonish her, and her only question when we finished was, "Did the figure attempt to approach any of you?"

"No," I answered; "though Louise declares its face and burning eyes were distinctly turned upon her."

Our hostess sighed, but made no comment, and my twin-sister and I went away upstairs to finish the preparations for our departure, for it was decided we were to leave Whittakers that day at noon. These were soon completed, and Helene and I were about to descend to spend the last hour or two with the old ladies, when Lucy and Louise, who had been round the garden for the last time, rushed up the oak staircase and into the room, and I saw in a moment, by their disordered looks, that they had seen something more.

Yes, the ghost had again appeared, and the girls were still shaking with nervousness when they told their story.

"It was in the box-walk," said Louise, "and Mr. Leroy was with us. Lucy went away for a few minutes, just as we reached the end, to pick herself some nuts in the shrubbery, and Mr. Leroy began telling me how sorry he was our party was to be broken up, and might he come and see us at home. I said 'of course,' and just then we felt something close behind us (we were standing side-by-side), and thinking it was Lucy, we turned and saw the horrible figure at our elbow, laying a hand upon the arm of each of us. An instant afterwards it was gone, but Lucy, who was coming up from the other end of the walk, had also plainly seen it, its back being towards her; so it was no imagination."

No, it was no imagination. I told the whole story to Miss Whittaker before we left the house. This time the poor old lady broke down completely, and, wringing her hands, accused herself of bringing ruin upon two young lives. Then, seeing my astonishment, she was obliged to explain that it was a sign, too fatally proved to be true, of approaching death, when the veiled figure laid its hand upon any person to whom he chose to show himself. Her words sank like lead into my heart.

There is little more to tell.

Our little Louise fell ill of a strange low fever, soon after our return to the farm, and before Christmas she had left us for ever. Harry Leroy never paid his contemplated visit, for he, too, died, by the accidental discharge of his gun, a few weeks after we parted from him. The only happy consequence of our stay at Whittakers was Lucy's marriage to a neighbour of ours, who wedded her from our house, and by-and-by took her South, so that for some time we lost sight of her, and heard no news of her relations. When we met again she told me her uncle had died quietly one evening, after completing his life's work the Harmony of the Four Gospels. Her aunts had shut up the house, which was their own, and had gone to live beyond Hamilton. I never saw them again; nor did I see much more of Lucy, for her own family removed at this time to England, and our Canadian ties were broken.

Whether the curse still lies upon the old house, or whether the house itself still stands, I know not, but the foregoing is a true and unexaggerated account of what we underwent there.

Among new woods used for furniture and artistic finishing is cocoba wood, darker than mahogany, and very effective.

Evening gloves are as long as ever, and always of unglazed kid or suede, and the preferred colors are beige and tan in various shades.

THE SPHINX.

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

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

NO. 14.—AN ANAGRAM.

Hungry and lone, with empty purse,
No work, and on his lips a curse,
Because he's poor.
The favored ones are rich indeed,
While he outside stands so in need.
At last he comes, to their surprise,
Points to himself and loudly cries,
"Sir, bare ribs are left; Oh, pity take,
And give me work, that I can make
My living sure!"
All this was years ago, and now
The highest honors crown his brow.

UNDSINE.

No. 15.—AN INSCRIPTION.

Long years ago a three-cornered stone was dug up in England with an inscription on it like the representation herewith given. The learned professors failed to decipher the enigma, and it baffled all efforts; until, finally, a poor herds-boy solved it. The beauty of thought contained in the solution will well repay a diligent study.

[First side of stone.] [Second side of stone.]

F O R	C A T
T L	E T
O R U	B T H
E I R	T A
I L	S A
G A	I N
S	T

W. G. WARR.

NO. 16.—WORD SQUARE.

My first are places where we worship
As a happy Christian band,
And my second is an inland town
In a far off Western land.
My third you'll find is not put away
In a state of preservation,
And my fourth are sometimes called
The muscles of rotation.
My fifth's a nib that's made of cloth—
'Tis just the kind for Boeren;
And my sixth's a name applied to each
Of all that dwell in Huron.
My seventh is my lady's name,
So work and you will find;
And my eighth is but a ray of light
Which is always and combined.

ARTHUR BETTS.

NO. 17.—CONUNDRUMS.

1. What fruit seems suited to a love-lorn maiden?
2. What fruit does the criminal fear from his arrested "pal?"
3. What fruit may we often find at the altar?
4. What fruit does the fast young man expect when his rich and childless uncle dies?

UNCLE CLAUDE.

No. 18.—AN ENIGMA.

I'm brown, or white, or red enough,
Or black, or gold, or yellow,
I'm thick or thin, I'm smooth or rough,
As any shaggy fellow.

I'm long or short, I'm loose or bound,
I'm curved, or straight and slender.
I deck the poor, though sometimes found
Surpassing crowns in splendor.

For grace and ornament I'm kept,
When rescued from abuse,
But treated off with sad neglect,
Though lauded by the muse.

I'm fastened safely in my place,
Though often flowing, flying,
I'm plucked and scattered in disgrace.
All this there's no denying.

S.

NO. 19. A VALUELESS HEAD.

I am a member of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, am also manufactured from the mineral kingdom. I am a useful and ornamental adjunct of your dinner-table, and a useful addition to your barometer-weighing-machine. I am a mythological personage, also a constellation. My most valuable

form, however, is without my head, for then I am worth millions.

MRS. L. B. GILLET.

NO. 20.—DAILY ASSOCIATES.

Unseen, unfelt, from day to day,
Abroad we take our airy way;
We waken love, we kindle strife—
The bitter and the sweet of life.
Piercing and sharp, we wound like steel,
Now soft and sweet these wounds we heal.
Not strings of pearls are valued more
Than some of us when love is near.
Yet thousands of us every day,
Worthless and vile, are thrown away.
Would ye be wise? secure with brass
The double doors through which we pass,
For once escaped, back to our cell
No one on earth can us expel.

MAY L. WELD.

THE PRIZE FOR ANSWERS.

The sender of the best lot of answers to "The Sphinx" published before February 1st, will receive a copy of Chambers' Etymological Dictionary, a very valuable work. Each week's solutions should be mailed within seven days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles answered.

PRIZES FOR CONTRIBUTIONS.

1. A cash prize of five dollars will be presented for the best original contribution to this department before the close of 1885.
 2. A prize of two dollars will be awarded for the best variety of contributions furnished during the same time, the winner of prize No. 1 to be excluded from trial for this premium.
- Favors should be forwarded early, accompanied with answers.

ANSWERS.

- 1.—Paradise (pair o' dice).
- 2.—O! I see you are a bee (O I C U R A B).
- 3.—Star.
- 4.—Whole—pineapple. 1. Pi. 2. Pin.
3. Pine. 4. In. 5. I. 6. Neap. 7. Apple.
- 5.—Demon ale, one modal, lemonade.
- 6.—A villa in Ohio.

Dying Nations.

Why do nations die? Cultivated Greece and all-conquering Rome, Vandal, and Goth, and Hun, and Moor, and Pole, and Turk—all dead or dying! Why? Murdered by nations more powerful? Swallowed by earthquakes? Swept away by pestilence or plague, or starved by pitiless famine? Not by any of these; not by the lightning and thunder; not by the tempest and the storm; not by the poisoned air or volcanic fires did they die. They perished by moral degradation, the legitimate result of gluttony, intemperance and effeminacy.

When a nation becomes rich, then there is leisure and the means of indulgence in the appetites and passions of our natures, which wear the body and wreck the mind. As with nations, so with families. Wealth takes away the stimulus of effort, idleness opens the flood-gates of passionate indulgence, and the heir of millions dies heirless and poor, and both name and memory in gloriously rot. If, then, there is any truth and force in argument, each man owes it to himself, to his country, and more than all, to his Maker, to live a life of temperance, industry and self-denial as to every animal gratification; and if with these we have an eye to the glory of God, his nation of ours will live with increasing prosperity and renown, until, with one foot on land and another on the sea, the angel of eternity proclaims time no longer.

Coiffures to be fashionable must be in the form of a figure 8 on the top of the head, with frizzled bangs on the forehead and in the shape of the neck.

The wide scarf saashes so fashionably worn with reception toilets are of wide ribbon, edged with lace, or of velvet, plush, broche, or entirely of lace.

GRAPE JELLY.—Select the grapes when not fully ripe, wash and drain, then put them in a preserving kettle, wash well, and heat till all the skins are broken, and the juice flows freely. Strain, use the juice only, with an equal weight of sugar.

A Few Facts About the Bible.

The Bible was translated into old English in the year 1370 by Wycliff. The New Testament was rendered in modern English by Tyndale in 1526, and the Old Testament by Bishop Coverdale in 1535. The verses were not numbered until the year 1560, in an edition called the "Geneva Bible."

King James I. (1603—1625) ordered a New English translation, which, however, is only a thorough revision of the former editions. This was published in the year 1611, and has been the one only and standard edition of the Holy Scriptures in the English language ever since.

The Psalms were mainly written by David, son of Jesse, and the father of Solomon, who reigned as a king over Israel from 1035 to 1115 B. C. As devotional compositions they have been in use nearly 3000 years.

The word "Psalm" is from the Greek, meaning a sacred song.

The word "Psalter," is from the Greek also, and indicates by its origin a collection of pious songs set to music.

The Jews in olden times had a saying that heaven was to be won by a daily use of the 103rd and the 145th Psalm.

Psalms of especial thankfulness are the 40th and 116th.

The man who is peculiarly blessed is described in the 1st, 43rd, 112th, and 125th Psalms.

A fear of God's judgments is set forth in the 6th and 35th and 85th Psalms.

For a despairing and desponding mind the 13th, 22nd, 61st, 74th Psalms.

The comfort of children is the 127th and 128th Psalms.

Perhaps no portion of the Bible has been more frequently repeated than the 23rd.

Cromwell's "fighting Psalm" was the 109th.

In perils of the sea, and amid dangers upon the great deep, men call upon God in the 107th Psalm.

The seven "Penitential Psalms," so called, are the 6th, 32nd, 38th, 51st, 102nd, 130th, and 147th.

God seen in special providence is recognized in the 44th, 78th, 106th, and 114th Psalms.

There is no Psalm so deeply penitent as the 51st.

Luther's favorite was the 46th.

The 37th is one of the most practically useful.

The 139th is regarded as the most sublimely eloquent. How the whole heart pours out itself in love in the 116th Psalm.

Great trust in God in the 65th.

The 46th is the "beautiful Psalm."

The 34th is said to be the Christian's Psalm.

The 139th, is very celebrated; the olden Christians called it "De Profundis."

In seasons of impending danger from pestilence the 91st has been most in use.

The American Revolutionary Congress met September 7th, 1774; and calling in a clergyman to offer prayers, he used, the Psalms for the day, which began with the 51st, "Plead my cause, O Lord with them that strive with me, fight against them that fight against me." John Adams thought it a most significant circumstance.

Mary Queen of Scots repeated the 31st Psalm just before her execution.

The 103rd Psalm is composed of praise and consolation, fitted for a dying soul.

Psalm 104 was denominated "Cosmos" by Baron von Humboldt.

He Waited on the Bridge.

There is a story of General Harlock, which gives an example of one kind of waiting.

Crossing London bridge one morning, with his son, he suddenly thought of something he had forgotten, requiring him to return to a certain street. Leaving the boy on the bridge, he told him to wait there for him. He was detained by business, and, becoming absorbed, forgot his promise to the lad, and did not return to the bridge at all. When he came home in the evening, his wife asked him where Harry was. Then it flashed on him that he had forgotten his promise.

"Why, Harry is on London bridge!" he said.

And hastening to the spot, he found him just where he had left him in the morning. The boy had waited, all the day, not once leaving the spot. His father had given the command, and the promise, and he simply obeyed.—*Hewitt's Teacher.*