

When the doctor came, Joey, though still apparently unconscious, had shown unmistakable signs of life.

"Well done, Miss Bashby," said the doctor; "you have saved the youngster's life this time. But it must have been a pretty hard fight. They tell me he was under water several minutes."

All day and far into the night we watched by Joey's bedside. Poor little fellow, how like a ghost he looked! Strange to say, when he became conscious and could speak, he would have no one but Miss Bashby about him. He motioned us all away, and nestled his curly head down on her square shoulder as if it was the softest resting-place in the world.

How thankful we were, and how easy the daily tasks seemed! Keturah forgot her lame ankle entirely, and went about singing Methodist hymns in a low, husky voice, interrupted now and then by a spasmodic choke and a hasty application of her cotton handkerchief.

When Joey was able to sit up, what a jubilee we had! Though the laughter would melt into tears occasionally at sight of his little pinched face.

Should we write to mother about the accident?

We held a consultation and decided not to do so.

"She'll hear of it, perhaps," said Miss Bashby; "so you better say he fell into the pond, but is all right now." So that is what we wrote.

As Joey grew better, Miss Bashby took up some of her irritating ways again; but do you suppose we minded them?

"If she was forty times as irritating," said Will, "I wouldn't say a word. Only think what would have happened if she hadn't been here!" and the recollection being too much for him, he began to whistle to choke back the tears.

"Law!" said Keturah, smiling, "do you think I care for her grumblin'? she might scold enough to take the roof off and I wouldn't mind! She's a smart one, though, ain't she? How she did take hold of things! Why, you and me was no more use, Sadie Allen, than them shovel and tongs. 'Twas Miss Bashby."

When we tried to thank Miss Bashby, she only said, shortly, "Oh, nonsense, child! I knew just what to do; had done it once before when brother Joshua was fished out of the river—forty years ago that was—forty years ago," and she turned away with a sigh. I said no more, but I thought, mother will know how to thank her.

Joey, though a little pale and languid, was singing about the house in his usual sunshiny way by the time mother came home.

Poor Aunt Mary was dead and buried, and the tired look on mother's face, and the added lines of care on her brow, told of the trouble she had been through. That evening as we sat in mother's room, clustered about the open fire—Miss Bashby, with the everlasting knitting in her hands, sitting bolt upright in the big arm-chair—Joey cuddled up in mother's arms, with his drowsy head laid lovingly against her arm, and the boys and I sitting on the rug at her feet—we told the story of Joey's drowning, and how Miss Bashby brought him back to life.

All through the recital (told exactly by each of us in turn), mother sat without speaking a word, the light of the fire shining on her face showing how it paled and flashed as the story went on.

The tale was ended, and still she spoke no word, but her head was bowed over Joey's sleeping form, and her cheek was pressed lovingly against his.

Then suddenly she rose, and, laying him gently on the bed, came and knelt by Miss Bashby's chair, and drawing the poor old wrinkled face down to her own, kissed it lovingly. Then we children crept softly out of the room, leaving them together.

It is good to be unselfish and generous; but don't carry that too far. It will not do to give yourself to be melted down for the benefit of the tallow trade; you must know where to find yourself.

"I wonder what you can see in that Smith girl that you're so much taken with her," said one country youth to another; "she hasn't got no looks to her." "I know," the rustic lover slowly observed, "that she ain't what you might call good-looking, but," and he drew a long breath, "ty gee, you should feel her hug!"

LAUGHLETS.

A cloud with a silver lining is very nice, no doubt, but it doesn't compare with a purse with a silver lining.

Next thing we know, Bob Ingersoll will be telling us that Joseph's coat of many colors was nothing but a crazy quilt.

O'Donovan Rossa says that no power on earth can keep him from talking. A glass of whiskey can do it for a moment.

"Shall we grow old together?" asks Louise Chandler Moulton in her last poem. Thanks, Louise, but you are too late.

A New Jersey woman planted potatoes while her husband rocked the baby and sang, "Hoe'em, Hoe'em, Sweet, Sweet Hoe'em."

Reverend gentleman: "My child, you should pray God to make you a new heart." Youthful sinner: "So I did, papa, four days ago; guess it isn't done yet."

A modern novel has the following passage: "With one hand he held the beautiful golden head above the chilling wave, and with the other called loudly for assistance."

Edith:—"They sat in the gloaming" means that they occupied one chair. A gloaming may be obtained at any fashionable furniture store. No parlor is complete without it.

The most ferocious lion quails when a well-dressed woman acts as a lion tamer and mauls him around in a circus cage. He knows how indigestible hair pins and corset steels are.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I am going to the skating rink, sir," she said. "May I go and uphold you, my pretty maid?" (Pointing to her bustle): "I am already upholstered, sir," she said.

It may be harder for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, but when it comes to having the best of everything on earth, the rich man takes the persimmons.

"Your conduct surprises me!" exclaimed the good old farmer, when he caught a neighbor's boy robbing his apple orchard. "No more than your appearance surprises me," replied the incorrigible youth, as he hastily departed.

Paragraphs are floating about to the effect that diseases are frequently communicated by kissing. We supposed every one knew that the most dangerous and swift of all diseases was communicated in that way—heart disease.

"I think your mustache is just lovely, Fred, and I only wish I had it on my face," she said as she gazed into his eyes with a sort of gone look. But Fred, the dolt, didn't catch on, and only remarked that he thought it was very good for a three months' growth.

"Why should a red cow give white milk?" was the subject for discussion in a literary society. After an hour's earnest debate the secretary was instructed to milk the cow and bring in a decision according to the merits of the milk. It was blue.

Little prattler to elderly visitor: "Mamma says baby has got my nose. What does she mean, Mrs. Gummer?" Elderly visitor: "She means that baby's nose is like yours." Little prattler: "Then baby's got your mouth, hasn't she? Cos she hasn't got any teeth in it."

Persian Baths.

There are two remarkable restrictions in every Persian city. No Christian is ever permitted to enter one of the public baths. These baths are on the plan of what are called Turkish baths in America. The women bath in the morning and the men in the afternoon. After the bath the bathers lounge in an outer room and gossip and smoke. For the women, especially, the weekly visit to the bath is like resorting to a woman's club. They take their sewing and embroidery, and after the bath they sit for hours chatting, sewing and smoking the water-pipe. When the woman returns home from the bath she is full of the gossip of the neighborhood, and has plenty to talk about for a week to come. In Turkey all women can visit the bath, but the Persians allow no one to bathe with them, but the faithful followers of the Prophet.

THE SPHINX.

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

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

NO. 112.—AN ANAGRAM.

[Entered for Prize]

An Irishman hungry went home to his dinner, Where Bridget was striving the herrings to fry;

Now Patsy was only an ordinary sinner, And the children were bent "on" their usual cry.

"Why the deuce don't you throy to hev the males reddey,"

Cried Pat, as for a moment his anger ran high.

"Hush, darlint," quoth Bridget, "be aisy, be atheady."

Sure the foire won't ouirn for the wud izhent dhry."

Then Patsy, relenting, said, "Niver moind, jewel,

Gimme hould ov the "pan," as a cook I'm the bhoy."

And in a short while each child on achool Was eating its pratics with smiles and with joy.

Now, reader, this plain, allegorical story Contains a name noted in classical lore; So easy for young heads and heads that are hoary

To solve that you'll not long over it pore.

S.I.B.

NO. 113.—EVANESCENT GLORY.

List to my riddle true and clear, and with me you'll agree, Through misty air and water pure I take my first degree.

My life, so wondrous bright and fair, in length is but a span;

With joy you often gaze on me, but catch me ye who can.

All colorless, an empty void, I'm globular in face,

Refulgent in my beautiful tints, I flit along in space.

Whatever I am, I do in men to graceful curves incline;

And yet no arm, with all its skill, can ever me entwine.

In hydrogen I slyly lurk, and away in nitrogen;

In ev'ry phase and ev'ry part I'm largely oxygen.

So frail and dainty in design, on zephyrs soft I fly.

My turgid look? Why, don't you know that's due to alkali?

I dance aloft, and on all sides harmonious tints reflect;

And, be the weather dark or bright, in iris hues I'm decked.

Behold me as I change! Now blue, now red, then white as snow,

I soar on high, a wingless bird, then calmly float below.

With iridescent light I glist and gleam, a faded ray,

Twixt earth and sky, in sweeping lines, I wend my fiftly way;

O'er sea and land, as lights are down, I to and fro rebound,

A sparkling puff, an azure note, an orb devoid of sound!

An hour, a moment I exist, and swiftly wait about.

When, presto! I have gone from you. My life is blotted out.

My little rhyme is done, and now I leave you all to guess

The name of this bright, glowing myth—this gleam of nothingness.

J. A. C. S.

NO. 114.—A CONUNDRUM.

What does an invalid most resemble, and why?

C. E. SKINNER.

NO. 115.—AN ENIGMA.

When a metallic point you spy Upon a string, it may be I; A slight appendage to a dress My name will just as well express; I am a catch-word, or a cue, And something mean and paltry, too; If you at me should get a peep Perhaps you'd call me a young sheep; And yet a tricky lad would say I'm nothing but a simple play.

NEILSONIAN.

NO. 116.—A PROBLEM.

A disciple of Euclid, whose fame was a wide As the trackless expanse where the hurricanes ride, Propounded a problem, and this was the plan Of the sum I must do for this wonderful man; To one-sixth of a number add two and 'twill give One-fifth of the whole, just as true as you live, Three added to this and one-fourth will appear; Add five to this answer, one third will be here. If four be next added two-fifths it will stand; Then six, and one half of the whole is at hand. Proceed with the problem; six added again, Three-fifths of the whole is both patent and plain. If four be now added two-thirds you will find; Next five, and three-fourths of the sum's on my mind. Next three, and four-fifths of the total is shown. Thentwo, and five sixths of the sum is then known. Now this is the thing he demanded of me; Give the sum of the total whatever it be.

KNAPERTANDY.

NO. 117.—A SELECTED PARADOX.

A gentleman sent his servant with a present of nine ducks in a hamper, to which was affixed the following direction:—

"To Alderman Gobble, with IX. ducks."

The servant, having more ingenuity than honesty, took out three of the ducks, and contrived it so that the direction on the hamper corresponded with the number of the ducks. As he neither erased any word or letter, nor made a new direction, how did he manage it?

MRS. LAYLAND.

NO. 118.—A CHARADE.

[Entered for Prize.]

My first you'll find in every street, In crowded thoroughfare will meet, In weather warm or cold, in rain or snow; You'll ask, "Is it o'er tired?" I answer, No!

My first without my second sure would be A useless tool as you will see; My second is a well-known animal, Neither pig, elephant, nor camel.

My whole is used for drawing loads In muddy, wet, or dusty roads; Now, kind friends, come, go with me, And in the city it you'll see.

HENRY A. BOARDMAN.

CONTRIBUTORS' PRIZES.

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.

THE PRIZE FOR ANSWERS.

Answers in competition for the monthly prize for the largest list should be forwarded each week within seven days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles answered.

ANSWERS.

- 97.—Key. 1. Keys of a musical instrument. 2. Key of an arch. 3. Whiskey.
- 98.—A looking-glass.
- 99.—S-a-m-u-e-l.
- 100.—Echo.
- 101.—A cat.
- 102.—Plum-ba(a) go.
- 103.—Sex-ton.

"AN OLD KNOT" UNTIED.

(A Solution of No. 51.)

When cares like iron fetters press, No peaceful sleep our eyes may bless; But when—by dint of adding "S"—Our cares are changed to a career, No bitter thoughts our hearts will cumber, But deep our peace, and sweet our slumber, Stratford, Ont. M. A. M.