

THE SPHINX.

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

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

NO. 28.—AN ENIGMA.

(Entered for Prize.)

My first, though often seen in deep distress,
Is yet a source of earthly happiness.

My second can transform within an hour,
A murky liquid to a fragrant flower.

My third is mingled in our every breath,
Yet never absent from the couch of death.

My fourth is always first with selfish
knaves,
The only idol that their nature craves.

My patient fifth, is never free from pain,
Yet ne'er was heard to murmur or complain.

My sixth has slipped this instant from my
pen,—
It is my last, so here it shall remain.

My whole, 'tis said, was of revengeful mood;
To copy this would be reverse of good;
And yet it well befits the mind of youth,
To con her lessons on the page of TRUTH.

M. A. M.

NO. 29.—AN ANAGRAM.

A quadruped that is rather small,
And never very tame,
Has an alias which I call
A very curious name.
I will not tell it; this alone
Is all I'll say about it:
That it is one where wit is shown—
Can anybody doubt it?

NELSONIAN.

NO. 30.—A REBUS.

EVNEH.

This city, famous far and wide,
For power, extent and regal pride,
Long centuries since was overthrown,
And now its very site is unknown.
The answer stares you in the face,
So don't give over in disgrace.

CLEM V. W.

NO. 31.—BEHEADED RHYME.

[For the second blank of each stanza be-
head the word required for the first, and
again behead to obtain the required word
for the third blank.]

The tea-hers with full many a—
Of seeds from learning's inmost—
Poured in like streams of melted—

From thence, equipped and armed, to—
With papers, from professors—
To certify their skill and—

And him of whom we will—
Bright, dazzling hope did then—;
But ah! the youth was rather—!

The grim professor, with a—,
Looked grave as any monk in—,
And wise as moon, instructed—.

To spell, define, the sing-song—
Came swift as comes the lightning—,
And words fell thick as summer—.

And "hazardous" came in a—
"A hazard!" does it feed on—
Or sleep on Lapland's distant—?

"It matters not, it is a—"
Was the shrewd reason of this—;
"Two esscs following: an—."

For he had paused his stars to—,
Then in a minute's time or—
Had ended up the word with—!

And so he, in defining—,
Wrote down an answer strictly—;
Female hazard's what it—!

MAT I. KOMPETE.

NO. 32.—CHARADE.

My first is what every child would be,
Before his feet have strayed from his
mother's knee;
And that mother, maybe, with moistened
eye,



COUNTRY RESIDENCE.

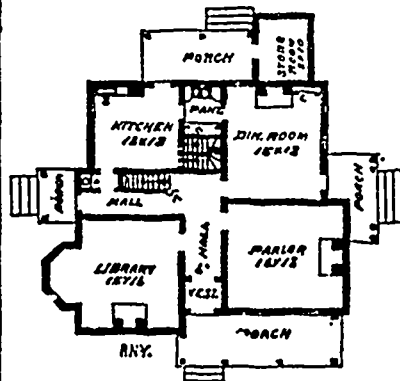


FIG. 1.

A Handsome Residence.

We have pleasure in presenting to the readers of TRUTH the accompanying plans of a neat and substantial country residence. They may be very suggestive to those intending to build this year. We are not in a position to give an estimate of the cost, but that would depend very much on the quality of the material used and the locality. Any practical builder can do that at home.

These plans first appeared in our excellent contemporary the *Rural New Yorker*,

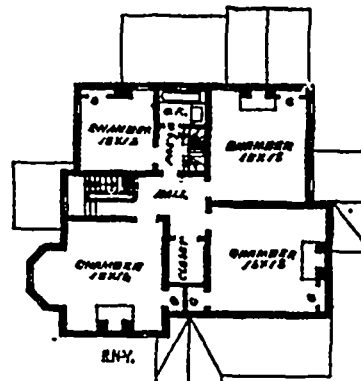


FIG. 2.

from which we take the following brief description:—

The cellar and basement are seven feet high; the first story ten feet, and the second story nine feet six inches. It has also a roomy and well finished attic. This house is built of brick as high as the second floor; above that it is finished in shingles cut to ornamental patterns; but its structure can be varied—it can be all brick or all frame as may please the owner.

The first floor plan is given at Fig. 1; and that of the second floor at Fig. 2. In both the lettering and figures sufficiently explain the arrangement.

ANSWERS.

14.—A briefcase barrister.
15.—For cattle to rub their tails against.
(Read across both sides.)

10.—C H U R C H E S
H O N O L U L U
U N S T O R E D
R O T A T O R S
C L O T H I N G
H U R O N I T E
E L E R I T I A
S U D S B E A M

17.—1. Pine apple. 2. A peach. 3. A pear (pair). 4. A plum.

18.—The human hair.

19.—Castor, Astor.

20.—Words.

The Right Wife.

A physician writes to young men as follows: "My profession hath thrown me among women of all classes, and my experience teaches me that the Creator never gave man a greater proof of his love than to place woman here with him. My advice is—Go and propose to the most sensible girl you know. If she accepts you, tell her how much your income is, and from what source derived, and tell her that you will divide the last shilling with her, and that you will love her with all your heart into the bargain; and then keep your promise. My word for it, she will live within your income, and to your last hour you will regret that you did not marry sooner. Stop worrying about feminine extravagance and feminine untruth. Just you be true to her—love her sincerely, and a more fond, faithful, foolish slave you will never meet anywhere. You will not deserve her, I know; but she will never know it."

Warming the Cookies of her Heart.

Sitting in the station the other day, I had a little sermon preached in the way I liked; and I'll report it for your benefit, because it taught one of the lessons which we all should learn, and told it in such a natural, simple way that no one could forget it. It was a bleak, snowy day; the train was late, the ladies' room dark and smoky; and the dozen women, old and young, who sat impatiently, all looked cross, low-spirited, or stupid. I felt all three, and thought as I looked around that my fellow beings were a very unamiable, uninteresting set.

"Just then a forlorn old woman, shaking with palsy, came in with a basket of wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute as if reluctant to go out in the bitter storm again. She turned presently, and poked about the room, as if trying to find something; and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep on the sofa, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked in a kind tone, "Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

"No, dear. I'm looking for the heating-place; to have a warm 'fore I go out again. My eyes are poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace nowhere."

"Here it is," and the lady led her to the steam-radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.

"Well now, ain't that nice!" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. "Thanky, dear; this is proper comfortable, ain't it? I'm most frozen to-day, being lame and wimby; and not selling much makes me kind of down hearted."

"The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman, and said, as respectfully and kindly as if the poor woman had been dressed in silk and fur:

"Won't you have a cup of tea? It's very comforting such a day as this."

"Sakes alive! do they give tea to this depot?" cried the old lady in a tone of innocent surprise that made a smile go round the room, touching the glummiest face like a streak of sunshine. "Well, now, this is just lovely," added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. "This does warm the cookies of my heart!"

"While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap and pins, shoe-strings and tape, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

"As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had, though I'd considered her rather plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and as I saw the look of interest, sympathy, and kindness come into the dismal faces all around me, I did wish that I had been the magician to call it out. It was only a kind word and a friendly act, but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women, and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect; and when the old woman got up to go, several persons beckoned to her and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their first negligence.

"Old beggar women are not romantic; neither are cups of tea, boot-laces and colored soap. There were no gentlemen present to be impressed with the lady's kind act, so it wasn't done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it except the ungrammatical thanks of a ragged old woman. But that simple little charity was as good as a sermon to those who saw it, and I think each traveller went on her way better for that half hour in the dreary station. I can testify that one of them did and nothing but the emptiness of her purse prevented her from comforting the "cookies of the heart" of every forlorn old woman she met for a week after."—*Louisa L. Alcott.*

A great purpose nerves the life it lives in, so that no personal terrors can assail, nor any minor woes afflict it.