

4.—Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
But we build up the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

6.—(1.) Toad. (2.) Pig. (3.) Cat. Ram. (4.) Lion.
(5.) Camel.

7.—(1.) Dora, Otto, Tom. (2.) Kate. (3.) Ida. (4.) Amy. (5.) Edwin.

7.—A solemn murmur in the soul
Tells of the world to be,
As travellers hear the billows roll
Before they reach the sea.

9.—Past-or.

Names of those who have Sent Correct Answers to April Puzzles.

Emma Dunne, Cecelia Fairbrother, Hattie Robinson, Russell Boss, Edith McCredie, S. Kate Banting, Allie Lane, Beatrice M. Mathias, W. B. Anderson, E. Eulalia Farlinger, A. Howkins, Mary Morrison, Nettie Ryckman, Arthur S. Reeve, Carrie Sheeres, Helen Connell, R. Wilson, Frank Middle, Annie L. Peters, Edward Woods, Libbie Hindley, Edith Robinson, Henry Reeve, Bessie Hickson, Thos. G. Moore, Ethel Harper, Earnest Pope, John C. Elliott, Douglas Japp.

ISSAC, instructing his son.—"Ven you zell a coat to a man vat vants a coat, dot's nodding; but ven you zell a coat to a man vot don't vant a coat, dot's peezniss, my boy."

"Ma, can I go over to Sallie's house and play a little while?" says 4 year old Maimie. "Yes, dear; I don't care if you do." "Thank you, ma," was the demure reply, "I've been."

A YOUNG woman riding with a young man, and exclaiming at the sight of two calves: "Oh, see those two little cowllets." "You are mistaken," said the young man, "those are not cowllets, but bullets."

The major (rooking Nelly on his knee for Aunt Mary's sake)—"I suppose this is what you like, Nelly?" "Yes, it's very nice. But I rode on a real donkey yesterday—I mean one with four legs, you know."

KENTUCKY COLONEL.—Waiter, something to drink!

Waiter.—Yas, sah; watah, sah?
Kentucky colonel.—Young man, I said something to drink; I don't want to take a bath.

They tell a story of a boy who was once sent on an errand to a distinguished lawyer of Essex county. When he returned home he said to his mother, "Old Squire—don't know much." "Why, what do you talk so for?" was his mother's response. "Coz, he asked me, 'where's your hat, boy?' when it was on my head all the time."

It was Freddy's first experience with soda water. Drinking his glass with perhaps undue eagerness he was aware of a tingling sensation to his nostrils. "How do you like it?" inquired his mother, who had stood treat. Freddy thought a moment, wrinkling his nose as he did so, and then observed: "It tastes like your foot asleep."

CLARA (Bobby's big sister)—"I heard father calling you a little while ago, Bobby."

Bobby—"Did he say Robert or Bobby?"

Clara—"He said Robert."

Bobby (with a serious look in his eyes)—"Then I guess I had better see what he wants."

"Dear Charles," said Mrs. Smith, a young married woman, leaning on her husband's shoulder as he sat at his desk writing.

"Well, what the mischief do you want now?" he growled.

"Dear Charles, do you love me as much now as you did when we were first married?"

"I told you so more than 40 times. If you ask me again I'll bounce a paper weight on you. Yes! yes! Are you satisfied now?"

The following receipt makes a very superior mixture for soap-bubbles, such as are used in scientific experiments:—Take shavings of pure white soap; put them in a bottle, and fill with warm water; shake occasionally for a few hours, and allow to stand over night. In the morning pour off the liquid, and add an equal quantity of glycerine. The bubbles blown by this mixture will be of surpassing size and beauty.

Some Curious Churchyard Literature

On a celebrated cook:—"Peace to his hashes."
On the eminent barrister, Sir John Strange:—"Here lies an honest lawyer—that is Strange."
"Sacred to the memory of Henry Harris. Died on the 4th of May, 1837, by the kick of a colt in his bowels. Peaceable and quiet, a friend to his father and mother, and respected by all who knew him, and went to the world where horses don't kick, where sorrow and weeping is no more."

In a New England graveyard:—"Here lies John Anrioular, Who in the ways of the Lord walked perpendicular."

In Doncaster churchyard, 1816:—"Here lies 2 brothers by misfortin serounded, One dy'd of his wounds and the other was drown-ded."

From a gravestone in Essex, England:—"Here lies the man Richard, and Mary his wife, Whose surname was Pritchard, they lived without strife, And the reason was plain,—they abounded in riches. They had no care or pain, and his wife wore the breeches."

A South Carolina tribute to departed worth:—"Here lies the body of Robert Gordin, Mouth almighty and teeth accordin', Stranger, tread lightly over this wonder, If he opens his mouth you're gone, by thunder."

In Moreton churchyard:—"Here lies the bones of Roger Norton, Whose sudden death was oddly brought on: Trying one day his corns to mow off, The razor slipped and out his toe off! The toe—or, rather, what it grew to—An inflamma ion quickly flew to; The part then took to mortifying, Which was the cause of Roger's dying."

A stone-cutter received the following epitaph from a German, to be cut upon the tombstone of his wife:—"Mine wife Susan is dead; if she had life till nex Friday she'd bin dead shust two weeks. As a tree falls so must it stan; all tings is impossible mit God."

In Wiltshire, England:—"Beneath this stone, in hopes of Zion, Is laid the landlord of the Lion, Resigned unto the heavenly will, His son keeps on the business still."

This announcement is from a Spanish journal:—"This morning our Saviour summoned away the jeweller, Siebald Illnaga, from his shop to another and better world. The undersigned, his widow, will weep upon his tomb, as will also his two daughters, Hilda and Emma, the former of whom is married, and the latter is open to an offer. The funeral will take place to-morrow. His disconsolate widow Veronique Illnaga, P. S.—This bereavement will not interrupt our business, which will be carried on as usual, only our place of business will be removed from No. 3 Tessi de Seinturiers to No. 4 Rue de Missionaire, as our grasping landlord has raised our rent."

From a tombstone in Bodeam churchyard, Kent, England; copied by Minnie May:—"God gave me at Kenardington in Kent, My native breath, which now, alas, is spent; My parents gave me Tilden Smith for name— I to the Park Farm in this parish came, And there for many lingering years did dwell, Whilst my good neighbors did respect me well; But now, my friends, I go by nature's call, In humble hopes my crimes will measure small; Years following years steal something every day, And lastly steal us from ourselves away; Life's span forbids us to extend our cares, And stretch our hopes beyond our fleeting years. Mary Firmenger, my wife, from Peasmarsh Place, Lies mouldering here, like me, in hopes of Grace."

TILDEN SMITH. Aug. 28 1801

MARY, his wife. 13 1789

Aged 76

62 years."

"In the days of '49" a member of a party of miners strayed away from his companions and was destroyed by wild beasts. The friend upon whom it devolved to "break the news gently" to the bereaved parents, showed himself equal to the occasion by writing the following letter:—

MISTER SMITH DEER SUR the Kiotes has ete yur sun's hed off Yurs Dick Brown.

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ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF

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The herd, which is in nice breeding condition, consists of 38 head, and includes a Duke bull and a number of imported cows. The sheep are a good lot, several being imported.

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279 Assignee.

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