

Answers to August Puzzles.

81—Boots of all kinds. 82—Chestnut.
83—Birmingham. Manchester.

BELGIUM
INDIA
ROSECOMMON
M.T. BLANCH
IPSWICH
NILES
CANGES
HOSSELT
ADELAIDE
MADAGASCAR

84—Brighton Lyons London.

85—Palestine.

86—Dakota
Ganges
Canton
Coburg
Whitby
Orange

87 Be sure you are right then go ahead.

88—The letter I.

Names of Those Who Sent Correct Answers to August Puzzles.

Lizzie Annis, Nana Henderson, Minnie Dean, Herbert Kitchen, Eliza Blair, Ed Garvin, Gilbert McIntyre, Thos. M. Taylor, J. W. S. Richardson, J. C. Chisholm, George Nesbitt, Jas. Gleaman, Willie Gray, George Hammond, Henry Willis, Bessie Nichols, Emily Webster, Frank McBeth, Nina Chapman, Tom Hall, Edwin Meyer, Lizzie Northwood, Wm. Johnston, Robt. Jackson, Bessie Cutten, Edmund Nellis, Mary Leach, Jos. Jarvis, Chas. McKinnon, Henry Hanlon, Jennie Selby, Annie Forbes, Arthur Lawson, G. A. Franks, N. J. Coombs, Ada Johnstone, John Skelding, Wm. J. Varkhill, Mrs. J. B. Walker, Sarah Cameron.

Credit is due Eliza Blair for having answered the greatest number of puzzles correctly.

Many verbal answers to the rebus in the supplement have been correct, but the material wanting to fulfill the last clause has not been so readily answered by delinquents as anticipated.

HUMOROUS.

Fox, the great orator, was on one occasion told by a lady that she "did not care three skips of a louse for him." He immediately took out his pencil and wrote the following:—

A lady has told me, and in her own house,
That she cares not for me "three skips of a louse."
I forgive the dear creature for what she has said,
Since women will talk of what runs in their head.

"When we reach the city we will take the horse cars," he remarked. "No we won't," she replied; "we will take a car that folks ride in, or go afoot. Catch me riding in them nasty stock cars. I've seen too much of them."

An Iowa lady took her little child into a cemetery for the first time, and upon showing him the marble figure of a lamb upon a grave, was at once appalled and delighted to hear him exclaim: "I suppose an old sheep is buried there."

"No man shall ever kiss me except my future husband," she said, as he was about leaving her at the gate. "Suppose I agree to be your future—" "Why, then, I'll kiss you," she replied, eagerly, and she did. Her mother was informed that he had proposed, and the old lady called around next day to fasten matters, and before he knew it he was eternally booked. It was a mean advantage, but a bird in the hand was worth two on a front gate.

Old Tom Purdie, Sir Walter Scott's favorite attendant, once said: "Them are fine novels of yours, Sir Walter; they are just invaluable to me." "I am glad to hear it, Tom." "Yes, sir; for when I have been out all day, hard at work, and come home very tired and take up one of your novels I'm asleep directly."

A small boy with a big cent in his hand stood before a Michigan avenue grocery for a long time before making up his mind to enter. When asked what he desired, he inquired: "If a boy should come here and get trusted for a stick of gum, how much would it be?" "One cent," was the reply. "And if a boy should come here with the cash how much would it be?" "Just the same." "Then I guess I'll get trusted," quietly remarked the financier, as he slipped the cent down into his pocket.

VIEWING IT DIFFERENTLY.—An old pioneer, who believed that "what was to be would be," lived in a region infested by Indians. He always took his gun with him; and once, finding that some of his family had borrowed it, he would not go without it. His friends rallied him, saying that there was no danger of the Indians, as anyhow he would not die till his time came. "Yes," said old Leatherstocking; but suppose I was to meet an Indian, and his time was come, it wouldn't do not to have my gun."

Keep Your Temper.

To keep a horse; to keep a carriage; to keep a house; to keep the books; to keep a shop; even to keep a boarding-house, is not so difficult as to "keep cool." Temper has its places in the economy of human life. It was meant to fit us to rebuke insolence, to repress arrogance, to make the feeble and gentle strong and courageous in resistance to wrong. An honest flash of it on an adequate occasion is not to be cried down. There are so many calculating, unreasonable, and selfish persons who would impose on their fellows, if they were not afraid of "rousing" them, that temper has its place. But it requires an immense amount of wisdom to keep it in its place.

He who would control others must be the master of himself. Parents who desire to rule their children, employers who wish to have proper control over their employes, teachers who would govern their classes, must rule their own spirit. A rough word spoken unjustly, a reproof given in heat, a shake or a blow perhaps, dealt in a hasty moment, not only does no good, but it seems to the sufferer to justify the present or some future wrong. And where one is judge in his own cause the balance is sure to be struck in his own favour. "Even if I did make a mistake, he was too angry; he was more wrong than I was; he ought to know better. I am the injured person." Such will be the conclusion of one who has been "blown up" in a passion.

To lose the respect of others is often a serious, sometimes an irreparable, loss. Those who have let themselves down, find it uncommonly hard to get up again. When Harry, a smart, reflecting boy of fifteen, has found the weak side of parent, or tutor, has seen him off parade, in undress, it is very difficult for the parent or tutor—conscious of the fact—to regain and assert authority. As the girls who have seen their mother flirt, disregarded her lectures on prudence; as the boys who have seen their father tipsy laugh in their sleeves when he warns them against drink; as the salesmen feel little reverence for the homilies on honesty of an employer whose tricks of trade they see daily; so, only in a milder way, the just and rightful authority of tutor or employer is lost, with habitual loss of temper.

Temper can be controlled. When the cook has sent up the dinner to your friends and you, with the fish spoiled, the meat overdone, and those grouse so horribly bungled that you wish they were on their native heath again, you can smile, and talk, and jest, and keep your temper. Regard for your friends secures control of it. When poor, awkward Thomas—coachman by right, footman by brevet—lets fall a little of the gravy on your dress, madam, how delightfully you behave! It is of no account. Your hostess is not to be put out by it. In fact, you are so amiable that one might suppose you rather liked grease-spots. You control yourself in company. Then it is possible to do it elsewhere. What can be done once can be done again, and the second time is commonly easier than the first, and the third easiest, and so in delightful progression. Please try it.

Have you noticed that when you proceed to talk to cook about the shameful way in which that dinner was sent up, the very talking seems to have a stimulating effect, and the temper rises as you proceed? That is human nature. Our eloquence affects ourselves, as the advocate's did his client, who burst into tears, as he heard the indignant appeal to the jury, and exclaimed, "I never knew before how badly I was used!" This seems to suggest that silence is desirable when there is any danger of temper. There are many forms of silence that are full of poetry. Silent dew, silent stars, silent woods, and silent moon, silent shores, and Coleridge's "silent sea of pines," all have a loveliness of their own; but there is a peculiar beauty about the silence of a man who is hurt, wounded, wronged, to whose lips the sharp and biting rejoinder leaps, and is there arrested. This is the silence that is golden—very scarce, and very valuable.

To be sure, silence may be sullen; it may be for taking time deliberately to plan the revenge. This is horrible. To nurse one's wrath, to carry it about, perhaps to "smile and smile, and be a villain," waiting for the fit moment to strike with effect, this is diabolical rather than human. It combines hypocrisy, fraud, and vindictiveness. It is a little thing—but it is true that he who does this, arms himself while preparing his revenge. The arrow he is hiding for his victim, wounds and poisons himself. If ever we are tempted to plan

wrongs for ourselves, let us hear that voice that says, "Vengeance is mine."

Fretfulness is a drizzling rain, that shuts out the sun; temper is a thunder-shower, preceded by gusts of wind, clouds of dust, and of which you say at last, "I'm glad it's over;" but sullen revenge is a continuous, bitter "north-wester" from off ice-fields, like that which stops the breath of the old and the little children. Good-temper is the day of sunshine, when the birds come out, the leaves gleam in a gentle breeze, the blossoms open, and "the trees of the field clap their hands."

It is not meant that life is so uniformly bright that we can never be ruffled. It is meant that we darken its sky, if we give way to temper. If a thorn enters one's hand, it is better to draw it out and throw it away than to strike at the bush. It is not meant that there are none who try one's temper. There are many—the idle, the forgetful, the vicious, the mar-plot, the kill-joys. What is wanted is, that the temper should stand the trial; that a man should retain his equanimity though every button be missing from his shirt, or his wife be five minutes behind time; that, as Pope has it, a woman should be.

"Mistress of herself, though China fall."

For most of us get more than we deserve; we need forgiveness as often as we exercise it; and we ought not to forget Him whose rights are paramount and often denied Him, but who is "long-suffering and slow to wrath."

A Good Word for the Bats.

Among the prejudices cherished by the masses against harmless animals, few are stronger than that felt almost universally against bats, arising probably from the simple fact that they are children of the night, and forced to carry on their search after food in the darkness. It may be, however, that their peculiar hideousness has given additional strength to this feeling, for the Jewish legislation already declared them unclean and accursed, and the Greeks borrowed their wings for the harpies, as Christians have done for the Evil One. A poor, lost bat need but to fly into a room filled with company, and everybody is frightened. Superstitious people tremble at their mere presence as an evil omen; and the strong-minded among the fair excuse their terror by pretended fear of their hair, an apprehension which could be well founded only if the accounts of insects being harboured in their chignons should be verified. It is true these children of darkness are neither fair in form nor amiable in temper. The naked, black skin of their wings, stretched out between enormously lengthened fingers, like the silk of an umbrella between the whalebones of the frame; the ugly claws of their hind feet; the bare appendages which frequently adorn their noses and ears in a most eccentric manner; and their perfectly noiseless, almost mysterious flight by touch, and not by sight—all these peculiarities combine to make them unwelcome guests among men.

And yet they are real public benefactors. When the first warm sun of spring arouses them from their long winter sleep, which they enjoy hanging by their hind feet, head down, and the whole body carefully wrapped up in the wide cloak of their wings, they begin their night's hunt. A dozen fat beetles hardly suffice for the supper of a hungry member of one variety, and sixty to seventy house-flies for one of another kind. All night long they pursue with indefatigable energy every variety of beetle, moth, and fly, and enjoy most of all those which do the greatest injury to our fruit-trees and cereals. Even the only really formidable member of their race, the vampire, is much maligned; a gigantic bat, accused of sucking the blood of man and beast, it is confined to a small district in the tropics, and there occurs but rarely.

"Father of adored one—" Then it comes to this, sir; you have no fortune, you have lost your appointment, you have no prospect of another, and you come to ask me for my daughter's hand—and fortune?" "No! Suppose we put it this way: I am unembarrassed by wealth, am free from the cares of business, and my future is irradiated by hope; therefore, this is the crisis when I can best devote myself to your daughter, and enjoy that affluence with which you will crown our love."

We have received the *Art Amateur*. It contains interesting and instructive literary items, and artistic notes, hints, and illustrations.