

OUR PUZZLING PROBLEMS

Little Laborers.



Working in the garden,
Making flower beds,
Reeling, spading, little rows
Where blooms will rear their heads.
Touch-me-nots and daisies,
Marigolds, sweet peas,
Four-o'clocks and bluebells
That grow tall as one's knees.
Pinks and purple nasties,
All arranged just so,
For in the children's garden
All kinds of posies grow.
—ANNIE JAMES.

WHEN JAKEY CAUGHT THE GHOSTS.

BY MAUD WALKER.

A long, long time ago, when people still believed in witches and ghosts, there lived in a beautiful country a youth named Jakey Robins and his aged grandmother, Dame Robins. These two dwelt alone several miles from the village, and their land was very rich. Three fertile acres had belonged to Jakey's father, who had left them to his son and old mother with the wish that they never dispose of the land while they lived. And as the way an old woman was thrifty folk they improved the fertile soil till the entire farm blossomed and yielded forth riches. They had a comfortable though unpretentious house of unadorned stone, and everywhere about them smiled peace and plenty. And so, when this story opens, Jakey and Dame Robins were as happy as it ever falls to the lot of human beings to be.

In the same neighborhood was a pretty lassie, Mary Downs, and she and Jakey were betrothed, intending to be married as soon as Jakey should reach his majority. The parents of Mary and the grandmother of Jakey were much pleased at the prospect of the union of the young people, for Jakey was known to be an honorable and thrifty lad, and one could find in all the world, and no fairer or sweeter maiden trod the earth than pretty Mary Downs.

In the same neighborhood there also dwelt a man of evil and grasping position, coveting the land of his neighbor and doing all in his power to get possession of it. He had an only son who had inherited his ugly characteristics, and who endeavored to place himself well in the esteem of pretty Mary Downs. But Mary, with the wisdom of an old maid, had turned only cold glances on the foppish fellow, by name Daniel Troop.

And so it may be seen at a glance that Daniel Troop and his father had no good feelings toward the more successful Jakey Robins, and had been making him offers for his land.

"This place belongs to Granny and me," Jakey would say, "and it is not for sale." But still did the Troops, senior and junior, press him, wishing very much to get him out of the county, thinking that by so doing they could break the engagement between him and Mary and induce the latter to receive the attentions of Daniel in the place of the departed lover.

"Oh, I've seen a ghost! I've seen a ghost!"

Jakey went into the house, where he found everything in confusion. His grandmother had barricaded the windows and back door, fortifying the place against the evil spirits, evidently. The front door was locked by the key which the old woman carried in her hand, having fastened the door on going to the gate to meet her grandson. There was no fire on the kitchen hearth, and no supper in course of preparation. The old woman had forgotten the time of day in her fright.

It took some time for Jakey to quiet the old dame and get a coherent story from her about the exciting incident of the day. At last, with the windows all open to admit the pleasant spring air and brilliant moonlight, and a cheerful fire glowing on the hearth, Jakey, sitting on

the corner settle beside his granny, induced her to lose all fear and to talk rationally.

"Well, son, it's this way," began Dame Robins. "Soon after you left home this morning I went to the garden to work among the vegetable beds that are growing so nicely. Well, while I was bent over the onions, pulling the weeds and thinking of you and Mary's coming marriage, and how nice a couple you'd be, I heard a noise in the hedge back of the pig sty. It was the old granny would shake her head, saying, 'But there're witches and ghosts, son. There have always been such, and there will always be such. They are evil spirits come to injure us.'"

Jakey tried to reassure his grandmother, saying, "Well, if it was a ghost it will return. They'll get a look at it. But, granny, let's have some supper. I'm empty to my boots."

In less than a week's time the story of the ghost spread over the county. It was told that the Robins' farm was haunted. Daniel Troop declared that he was passing the Robins' farm at the

hour of the alleged ghost's appearance and had with his own eyes seen the apparition. "It was flying along behind the hedge, moaning loudly," said Daniel. And so the story of the ghost came to be believed by the community, and the people from far and near came to ask questions about Dame Robins' ghost. And that poor old lady grew pale and trembling, looking into corners and behind the hedge at every turn, expecting to see the white thing there waving its arms and moaning.

"Let's sell out and go away," begged the old dame of Jakey one day. "I can't live here since seeing that ghost. I can't work in the garden and I tremble every time I go near the hencoop. Let's go away, son."

"Now, granny," pleaded Jakey, "this dear old home is all that we have in the world, and let's wait till we'll find another place so much to our liking."



A MAN APPEARED UPON THE SCENE.

Now, as was said in the beginning of this story, the people of that day still believed in witches and ghosts—that is, a great many of them did. And among the superstitious was poor old Dame Robins. In vain did her intelligent grandson argue the point with her, trying to clear her mind of such a benighted belief, explaining that so long as she had never seen either witch or ghost—had had proven to her the existence of such—she should not so blindly believe in them. But the old granny would shake her head, saying, "But there're witches and ghosts, son. There have always been such, and there will always be such. They are evil spirits come to injure us."

One evening when Jakey returned from the village, where he had spent the day on business, he found his aged grandmother in a state of great excitement. She ran to the gate to meet him, crying out:

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house that afternoon and saw the thing himself. It frightened my horse till he jumped."

"Well, I shall have to see the ghost before I believe in it," smiled Jakey. "And till I see one, this place is not for sale."

The Troops went away, rather cut up over the way Jakey had talked to them about the ghost. And they held very interested conversation on their way home, understanding each other thoroughly.

That same night, while Jakey and his grandmother slept, they were roused by a strange noise proceeding from the corner of the house. It sounded like a human wail. Jakey leaped from his bed and ran to his grandmother's room, calling her by saying, "Be very quiet, granny, for I have a scheme in mind to catch the ghosts."

"Catch the ghost?" stammered the old woman, whose teeth were chattering with fear.

"Be calm and listen, granny," whispered Jakey. "Don't you notice how anxious the Troops are to get hold of our property? Well, put two and two together, granny, and you've got four. Well, these Troops know how strong your faith in ghosts is, and they are playing tricks to scare you out of your old home. I hadn't any idea they would be bold enough to come here while I was at home, but evidently they are outside the house right now, trying to frighten us with their ghostlike noises."

"But, son," shivered the old dame, "suppose it really is a ghost?"

"I suppose it may be proven, granny. And to do this you must act as if I say. Now, when you hear that noise again just go to the door and call to me as loudly as you can, crying out: 'Oh, Jakey, come home, come home, come home, come home!' The ghost is here! Oh, why did you go to the tally pulling at Brown's tongue and leave me alone? Oh, Jakey, when will you come home? You see, I want them to think I'm away from the house. Then, being emboldened by my absence, they will hang around frightening you to their heart's content, knowing that to make you afraid they'll gain their point, for they know that I would move away from here were the place really and truly haunted, and you afraid of your shadow. But I'll prove to you, dear granny, let's wait till it comes again. Then it's time enough to talk of selling."

But that same evening came old man Troop and his son, Daniel. Again they offered to buy the farm, saying, "Of course, we wouldn't think of living here, since the place has become haunted, but we'd till the soil and turn the house into a cow stable. As it's close to our own farm we'd have no trouble taking care of both places. But—of course, we couldn't pay as much as we offered you last fall, for since then the value of the place has decreased somewhat owing to its being haunted."

Jakey smiled. "Well," he said, "I'm not afraid of ghosts. And this place isn't haunted, either. I'll risk my chances on that. As for granny, well, she's old and superstitious, and believes many things that she wouldn't tolerate at all if she were younger and had clearer vision."

"Do you mean to say that she didn't see a ghost?" asked Daniel. "Why, I was coming along the road back of your

Circus Day.



Little band boys,
Come blow your horns!
The circus is coming to town.
Wear your uniform blue,
With the buttons bright,
To dazzle the eyes of the clown.
Trip lively along
And let all the boys be gay!
For all must be glad,
And none must be sad,
On the great, glorious circus day.
—TIM TURNIPS.

The second ghost came to its assistance. But at this point the gate opened and a man appeared on the scene. He seemed surprised at the strange sight, and stood for a moment gazing.

"Ah, it's Mr. Downs!" cried Jakey, calling the newcomer. "Here, Mr. Downs, help me to unrobe these ghosts. Ah, here's one undone!" And he pulled the white drapery from the face of one other than Daniel Troop, and turned his attention to the other ghost, who was fighting his way toward the gate. But the instant that Daniel stood, as posed the father turned and threw off his own disguise, curing Jakey with all the venom of his nature. Then, to the music of Jakey's laughter, Mr. Downs' exclamations of wonder, and old Granny's cries of "Well, well, and they were the ghosts," the two disappeared through the gate. "And now," said Granny, "come into the house, Mr. Downs and have a bit to eat and sup. Sure, it's shakin' all over with excitement I am."

"But not with fear, mother," laughed Jakey, as the three went into the house.

"I'm on my way to Neighbor Jackson's," said Mr. Downs. "They have a sick child and sent for me, asking me to fetch Dame Robins along."

"And I'll go with you," said that worthy dame, and never a minute must we lose to spread the news of the ghost. Ah, but those Troops are a bad pair."

And since this exposure of their contemptible schemes the neighbors must not rest till they are driven from the community," declared Mr. Downs. "Jakey, you're a fine lad, and I'm proud of you as a future son-in-law. No ghosts will 'bunt' us with you 'round."

Florence Nightingale.

Noble Woman Among the Noblest

Florence Nightingale, "Queen of Nurses," was born in Florence, Italy, in the year 1820. Her parents were English, her father being Mr. William Nightingale, of Embury Park, Hampshire, and her mother, Derbyshire, a gentleman of wealth and position. Her mother was the daughter of the well-known abolitionist, Mr. Smith, a member of Parliament for Norwich.

While still very young Florence Nightingale displayed a deeply sympathetic nature, visiting the poor and sick of her neighborhood, and ministering to their wants with her own hand and purse.

The wealth and prominence of her family gave Miss Nightingale a most enviable social position, but the gay life of fashionable London had little charm for her, and soon after her "presentation" she withdrew from the social whirl to devote her energies in behalf of the sick and needy. She made a thorough study of the conditions of the hospitals of London, Dublin and Edinburgh. Then she traveled over the Continent investigating the hospitals, both civil and military, of many countries.

In 1851 she went into training as a nurse in the Institution of Protestant Deaconesses at Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine. In 1854, when the war between England and Russia broke out, Miss Nightingale was fully equipped for the responsible position she was to occupy during that time of trouble. With a few noble women who willingly sacrificed families, friends and homes to go to the scene of conflict,

where their services were so much needed, she hurried to Scutari, there serving the wounded and sick soldiers with a love and tenderness that caused them all to reverence her very name.

Then followed years and years of work on the battlefield and in the hospitals—anywhere, everywhere that she was needed. And though of frail constitution and delicate build, she held up under the dreadful strain, and only old age put a stop to her noble work. She is still living at the advanced age of 88 years.



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

ESTELLE'S REWARD.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE, JR.

The Daniels family were seated about the breakfast table, when the postman brought several letters. One addressed to Mrs. Daniels, an old-fashioned hand-writing, which bespoke the writer to be long past middle age.

"From Aunt Lou," said Mrs. Daniels. "I wonder what brings a letter from her? She so seldom writes. I do hope the dear old lady isn't ill."

"Ten to one she's coming to pay us a visit," said Bert, the son of the family. "Well, if she does, I don't mean to take her out in my pony cart as I did when she was here a couple of years ago. She used to catch hold of the lines if I urged old Andy out of a dog trot, and she was forever telling me that I didn't know how to drive. I think very old people like Aunt Lou are a bother to young folks, and they ought to keep to themselves."

"Why, Bert?" And Bert's mother looked reprovingly at her son, saying, "It's very odd to be old and alone, as is poor Aunt Lou, and she enjoys coming to visit us so much, for she says the young life in the house cheers her up, for one who she's coming for a fortnight."

"Well, see what she has to say, mamma," suggested Estelle, the older of two daughters. "It's fair to her to read what she intends doing before we discuss it pro and con. It may be possible that she is inviting some of us to visit her."

"Well, I'll decline at the very outset," exclaimed Bert.

"Well, I wouldn't care to spend a week under the same roof with her," said Marie, the younger daughter. "She's always having something the matter with her and wants so much attention. I don't like waiting on old sick people."

"That's a hard thing to say, daughter," said Mr. Daniels, laying aside his paper. "If we live our allotted time, we must become old, and age brings with it

many infirmities and much loneliness. We who are still in the heyday of youth, or, like yours truly, in his prime, should do all in our power to make the aged happy and help them to forget that they are walking the downward hill toward the night-time of life."

"Very good, papa," cried Marie, laughing. "You speak like a preacher."

Mrs. Daniels gave a severe look to her mischievous and thoughtless daughter and opened the letter, reading aloud: "Dear niece and family: The woman that takes care of my house and looks after me is going away for a week's rest, and I wish one of your girls would come and stay with me during her absence. I've been figuring out that school will close next week and the girls will be free, so I would take it as a favor if one of them would come to me for the week after next."

"I hope you and your dear family are well, have been rather under the weather for the past month and am hardly able to take my usual walk before breakfast. So I pass many lonely hours and need the bright face and happy laughter of a young person in the house. With much affection to you and yours, and hoping to receive a reply soon, I am yours,

AUNT LOU."

"Well," And Bert turned a grinning face on his sister. "That's sure going to be hard on one of you girls. Glad she didn't ask for Master Bert, esquire, Gee!"

Mrs. Daniels folded the letter. Then, turning to her daughters, she said: "I hope you will volunteer to go, Marie, for Estelle is so busy with her music that she oughtn't to stop till midsummer. I'm so anxious for her to be ready to enter the Conservatory of Music next fall."

"Yes, it would be better for Marie to go," said Mr. Daniels. "The care of her great aunt will give her a lesson in responsibility, which she needs."

Helpful Hints for Our Young Artists.

LESSON NO. 2—HOW TO DRAW A FROG.



Marie frowned, pointing her lips. "I don't know why you should be making a fuss of it. Couldn't Estelle practice her music at Aunt Lou's? There's an old piano there."

"Yes, a piano that came out of the ark," laughed Bert. "I hit one of the keys once and the thing made a funny noise. I can tell you."

"I'll go," said Estelle, in a calm voice. "No, sister, you needn't make a fuss about it. I can spare one week out of the year to your old Aunt Lou as my music, mamma, I can very well make up to that after I return from aunt's."

"Well, Estelle, you have my sympathy," said Bert, filling his mouth with a piece of wafer dripping with syrup.

"I don't need sympathy," declared Estelle. "I don't think Aunt Lou so trying. She has some queer, old-fashioned ways, but I think them very superior to some that the more up-to-date ways—take some of yours, for instance, brother."

"Whew-w!" whistled Bert. "What a sarcastic lady my elder sister is becoming!"

Mr. Daniels tapped the table with his finger and gave one look to Bert, causing that young man to finish his breakfast in silence.

That day Estelle wrote to her aged great-aunt, and the afternoon Estelle took her place and remained with her the week during the housekeeper's absence.

The following Monday morning found Estelle aboard the suburban train en route to Aunt Lou's country home, about 15 miles from the city. She found the aged woman very low-spirited, indeed, and it took several hours' reading and bright chatter to bring the smiles to her wrinkled face. In the afternoon Estelle took her for a ride along the country roads and stopped every little while to gather wild flowers. When they arrived home they carried up to the wayside a fragrant bouquet, with which Estelle began to decorate the rooms. As she watched the process Aunt Lou's face lighted up and she began assisting, winding a wreath for the sitting-room window. "This reminds me of the old days," she said, her eyes lighting with memories of the long ago. "When I was young like you, dear child. We used to give parties and decorate the rooms with wild flowers on the occasions, just as we are doing now. Oh, that was so long ago."

"Yes, Auntie, dear," said Estelle, arranging a vase of daisies for the supper table, "and it must be delightful to recall so many years of pleasure. Why, it's delightful to grow old if for nothing else than to fill one's mind with sweet recollections of the dear old days of your girlhood days, auntie."

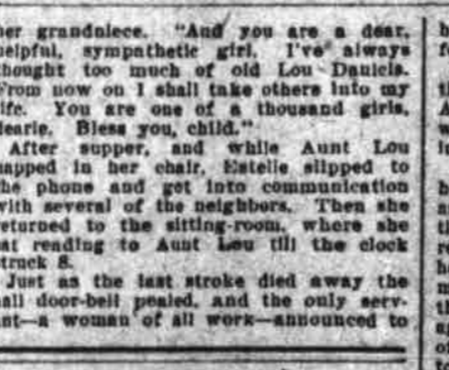
"Ah, dear child, I had never thought of it in that way before. Really, I have a mind stored with very sweet memories; but I've been in the habit of thinking of the wrong side of it during all these years. I never thought to enjoy my recollections; I only grieved to think I was growing old, and that the pleasures of life lay in the past."

"No, not in the past, Auntie, dear," protested Estelle. "Just think of all that you have seen and enjoyed; of the good you have done for those who were passed beyond; of the good you have done for the living who are less fortunate than yourself. Why, Auntie, you're rich in happy opportunities. You are not old—except in experience. And that makes you worth while, you see. Now, I live only in the future, for my present consists in preparation for that time. You have the glorious past, the splendid and ripe present, and the promise of a richer future; for you are able to plan it to your own liking."

"You are a little philosophy, my child," said Aunt Lou, enthusiastically, putting down her sewing.

LIMERICK.

There was a young man who sang high,
Her notes fairly soared to the sky.
But I'm sorry to say,
Her high notes one day
Fell to earth and did suddenly die.



her mistress that "a whole parcel of folk was on the stoop waiting to come in."

"People to see me? Why, what can they want at this time of night?" And Aunt Lou looked inquiringly at Estelle, who had risen quickly and was starting into the hall.

"Your friends have come to spend an hour or so with you, Auntie," she replied in the bowed in a dozen ladies and gentlemen of various ages. The callers had responded to Estelle's invitation to give her aunt a little surprise. And a right merry surprise it was, too, for among the guests assembled were four or five aged folk, who, like Aunt Lou, were glad of an opportunity to be young again and to have a chat, a joke and a laugh with those of the younger generation.

Estelle and the servant succeeded in preparing a dainty luncheon, which was served informally in the sitting-room at 9 o'clock. After the sandwiches, cakes and tea, the company grew more lively, and Aunt Lou gaily related her first sleigh ride, telling how it was with one of the now aged guests—old Mr. Champlion—and how he had purposely tipped the sleigh over a drift. "And that's why you refused to have me, was it?" asked the old gentleman in question, laughing at the joke turned on himself. "Exactly, sir," declared Aunt Lou, her face radiant with the joy of the bright company.

And so the first half of the night wore away and when at last the guests departed the hall clock struck the hour of 12.

"Why, Estelle, dear, do you see what time it is? Merry, no! How much I have enjoyed this evening. I wonder why I never thought before to invite in my neighbors for an evening's pleasure? Well, they, like me, have grown old and are accustomed to staying at home. But from now on I mean to see more of folks, and what's more, I mean to try to make other people as well as being happy myself."

"Why, Auntie,

OUR PUZZLE CORNER

LETTER ENIGMA.

My first is in green, but not in brown;
My second is in anger, but not in frown;
My third is in row, but not in boat;
My fourth is in down, but not in coat;
My fifth is in eagle, but not in fly;
My sixth is in illness, but not in die;
My whole spells a place
To the children-most dear
Who work in the open
At this time each year.

Beholdings and Curtailings.

(1) Behold a North American wild animal and leave a part of the human head.
(2) Behold a word meaning to curve a straight stick and leave the terminal of a railroad.
(3) Behold that which means to articulate and leave the summit of a high mountain.
(4) Doubly curtail a formally settled doctrine and leave a small domestic animal that is found in almost every house.
(5) Curtail a happy word for catching wild horses and leave a maiden.
(6) Doubly curtail a small room attached to a kitchen and leave that which signifies

Consundras.

What trade would you recommend to a small man?
Grocer (grocer-er).
Why do people preserve vegetables more than they eat them?
Because they can.
When is a chair like a lady's dress?
When both are satin (sat-in).
What sort of fruit is on a coin?
A date.

Hiddles and Answers.

What force or strength cannot get through?
I with a great force can do.
And many in the street will stand.
Were I not, as a friend at hand.
(A Door Key).
A riddle, a riddle, as I suppose.
A dozen eyes and never a nose.
(A Potato).

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.

Letter Enigma—Blossoms. Beholdings: (1) Flock-lock. (2) Morn-art. (3) Bracon—cur. (4) Curtailed. (5) Curtailed. (6) Morn-art. Hidden Proverb Puzzle—A setting hen never grows fat.



THE ANSWER OF TWO CITIES BELONGING TO THE UNITED STATES ARE PICTURED. No. 1 is a north central city; No. 2 is a city in the Northwest.

must needs make you happy in spite of yourself," explained Estelle.

And the happiest week in the last 20 years of old Aunt Lou's life was the week that Estelle spent with her. There was no rooming of an old woman—such as had been anticipated for Aunt Lou became almost young again in the society of Estelle. Each morning they took round the neighborhood visiting any sick poor that they could hear of, and doing what lay in their power to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate. In the afternoon they dropped in to have tea with some neighbor, or invited neighbors to be with them. And three of the week's evenings were spent at parties given in honor of Miss Estelle Daniels, chaperoned by her aunt, Miss Lou Daniels.

At the expiration of the week Aunt Lou's housekeeper returned to find a new mistress. And as Estelle was preparing to return to her home the old aunt declared that she had no words to express her gratitude to the dear young girl who had so willingly sacrificed so much of her time to "make her over," as she termed the service Estelle had rendered her.

"And here is something for you, dearie," whispered the old lady at parting. "I know you've been wanting a new plan for a long time, and your papa hasn't felt able to get just such a one as you want. Now, take one from your new aunt, for that old lady who was eternally snort for that old lady who was eternally snort to him, corresponding with little boys to watch the effects of the punishment. That will be a warning to him to not misbehave again soon."

How To Chastise a Bad Boy.

The following story is told by a country school teacher: "On the first morning of the fall term of school a tall, powerfully-built woman came into the schoolroom leading her son by the hand. He was a tall, husky lad, evergreen, and possessing a keen, stubborn eye. The woman advanced close to me and bowed, saying: 'Sir, here is my dear little son whom I have brought to your school. Now, if you must not say a hard word to him, for he is delicate, high-strung child, with very sensitive nerves. He is not a bad boy, but sometimes his love of fun gets the upper hand of him. In such cases you will have to chastise him, I know. Now, what I want to suggest to you to do is such a case as to thrash soundly the boy sticking next to him, corresponding with little boys to watch the effects of the punishment. That will be a warning to him to not misbehave again soon.'