

SELECT POETRY.

MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

Oh! could there in the world be found
Some little spot of happy ground,
Where village pleasure might go round,

Without the village tattling!
How doubly blest that place would be,
Where all might dwell in liberty,

Free from the bitter misery
Of gossip's endless prattling.
If such a spot were really known,

Dame Peace might claim it as her own;
And in it might fix her throne,
Forever and forever;

While every queen might reign and live,
While every one would soon forgive
The little slights they might receive,

And be offended never.
Tis mischief-makers that remove
Far from our hearts the warmth of love,

And lead us all to disapprove
What gives another pleasure.
They seem to take one's part—but when

They've heard our cares, unkindly then
They soon retail them out again.
Mix'd with their poisonous measure,

And then they're such a cunning way
Of telling their ill-meant tales; they say
" Don't mention what I said, I pray,

I would not tell another."
Straight to your neighbor's house they go,

Narrating everything they know,
And break the peace of high and low,

Wife, husband, friend and brother.
Oh! what the mischief-making crew
Were all reduced to one or two,

And they were painted red or blue,
That every one might know their part!

Then would our villagers forget
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,

And fall into angry pet,
With things so much below them.
For 'tis a sad degrading part,

To make another bosom smart,
And plant a dagger in the heart
We ought to love and cherish!

Then let us evermore be found,
In quietness with all around,
While friendship, joy and peace abound,

And angry feelings perish!

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

THE GREAT CHINESE PUZZLE.

MANY years ago, during the time of the third
dynasty of the Emperors of China, which com-
menced about the year 1,110, B. C., there reigned
over that country an Emperor named Ching. He
had an only daughter who was his greatest pride
and joy. She had a fair skin, with a delicate tinge
of pink on her fat cheeks; her little eyes were
bright and sparkling, and her thick hair was black
as the raven's wing; but her greatest beauty was
her feet, which were but three inches long.

This interesting maiden, Yang-te-Se, was loved
by a young Chinese named Hang-Ho, a youth
beneath her in birth and fortune. Now, as her
father was Emperor, or, as his subjects styled him,
the "Son of Heaven," he looked higher for a hus-
band for his daughter. Even the noblest in his
realm were not deemed worthy of her, and it was
his hope that some rich neighboring monarch
would purchase her for a large sum, so that he
might then build himself, for his summer residence,
a beautiful kiosk on the banks of the Yang-Kiang.

My young readers are all aware that the Chinese
are remarkably fond of puzzles, and that they are
famous for having furnished some of the most diffi-
cult that have ever been invented; but I doubt if
any of you know the origin of the Great Chinese
Puzzle.

It is a pleasant summer's afternoon; and the
great Ching has ordered some of the Mandarins
(officers of state) to meet at his imperial palace, to
consider a subject of great moment. There are
assembled about a dozen men, all seated quietly
upon the floor, smoking their pipes, while the
Emperor is reclining upon a cushion.

"You all know," he said, "that I have been, for
some time, wanting to marry my daughter?"
On hearing this, all the yellow Mandarins start-
ed, while their sharp black eyes twinkled, each
thinking—"perhaps I can pay enough to buy me
this pretty little wife."

"But one," he continued, "has dared to love
her, who has not near money enough to pay her
price; and for this boldness he must die."
Then all the Mandarins dropped their pipes, and
turned very pale, for each one knew that he had
loved the Emperor's daughter. Hereupon, they all
with one bound, threw themselves at Ching's
feet, and begged for their lives. A most ludicrous
scene now presented itself. Imagine the Emperor,
lying on the cushion, laughing immoderately, while
his great officers are sprawling on the floor, scream-
ing for mercy.

When they all became somewhat composed,
the Emperor arose, and said, "So, you love Yang-
te-Se! Well, you ought all to die; but I will be
merciful. You are none of you the one I mean,
for you have never yet impertinently put your hand
to her. There is one, however, who has not been as wise
as you; and, for his folly, he shall die. Go immedi-
ately and order him to be brought here. It is
the young Hang-Ho."

As the Emperor uttered these words he waved
his hand towards the door, and one of the Man-
darins left the room to execute the order. In
about an hour he returned, bringing quite a good
looking young man, who, immediately upon enter-
ing, prostrated himself humbly before Ching.

"That is, indeed, the right position for you; my
young fellow," said the Emperor; "but do you
know why you have been sent for?"
" Yes," he replied, "to die for my love for
Yang-te-Se! sweet Yang-te-Se!" and as he mur-
mured the maiden's name, he raised his eyes re-
proachfully towards her father.

"Impudence!" muttered the Emperor; flattered,
however, that his young daughter was so well lov-
ed.

I must, before proceeding further, inform you
that the Emperor Ching was a very ingenious
man, fond of all sorts of tricks and amusing games;
and it was his greatest delight when any of his
subjects invented any kind of puzzle, to be the first
to discover the answer.

This same fondness for puzzles actuated, ever since
the days of Ching, to have characterized the
Chinese nation, so that while in this country you
are asked if you have read the last new book, in
China you are asked if you have seen the last
puzzle—and if you have solved it.

"Will not your Majesty listen to my request?"
said the young Hang-Ho.
" Yes; if you will be quick and make it, for you
cannot live much longer."

"But it is a request for my life."
" Well, what price will you pay for it?" asked
the Emperor, with a sarcastic laugh.

"I have," continued the young man, without
noticing this interruption, "a plan now in my head
of a new style of puzzle; and if you, oh mighty
Ching, will promise me, that if you do not discover
the puzzle within thirty days from the time that I
present it to you, you will grant me my life—well
and good; but if you will not promise this, then
your Majesty's eyes shall never behold the Puzzle."

This was a pretty bold tone for the young man
to assume, and the Mandarins looked on in as-
tonishment at seeing how calmly the Emperor bore
it. But Hang-Ho knew the ground on which he
stood, and that he was offering a great temptation.

Now, as I have said, the Emperor was very in-
genious, and very apt at discovering all sorts of
puzzles, so he thought to himself—"the young
man will die in the end, for there can be no puzzle
invented that I cannot find out in thirty days; and
even if I should not happen to discover it within
that time, it will be better to give him his life than
to have this Great Puzzle lost to our nation." So
he promised Hang-Ho that he would grant his
request, and a writing was immediately drawn up
by one of the Mandarins, to this effect, and signed
by the Emperor Ching.

"And now, young man," he said, "to-morrow
I shall expect to see this wonderful puzzle, on which
hangs your life."

wooden box, which the emperor took, and tried to
open it. The box, was very small—only about
four inches square, and was composed of a num-
ber of pieces of sandal-wood, of different shades,
shades, and sizes, all neatly fitted together. After
examining it very attentively, the Emperor looked
up, his sharp black eyes twinkling with pleasure,
and said,

"Well, well, Hang-Ho, this is indeed very pret-
tily made, but you cannot puzzle me," and he
pressed his finger against one of the squares, which
immediately yielded to the touch, and one of the
sides of the box flew out. The young man merely
smiled, while the former continued, "but what are
these?" and he took out seven geometrical figures,
beautifully carved in ivory. Five of them were
right-angled triangles of various sizes, one was a
perfect square, and the other a rhomboid.

"These seven figures," replied the young man,
"when rightly placed together, will form an exact
square."

The Emperor was keenly interested. He had
seen many sorts of puzzles, but never anything of
this description.
"I hope no one has seen this?" he inquired.

"No," replied the young man, "no person
in the kingdom except as two."

"That is well," added the Emperor. "Let it
remain a secret for the present. Not even one of
the ladies of the court must know this. Remem-
ber!" and he shook his finger warningly at Hang-
Ho.

"You shall be obeyed," replied the youth, lay-
ing his hand on his heart; and bowing thrice, he
left the Emperor Ching, as we will also, deeply in
the study of the puzzle.

It is noised abroad through the kingdom that
the Emperor is engaged in studying out a new
puzzle, invented by the young Hang-Ho, and that,
if the former discovers it within thirty days, it will
cost the latter his life, and all because he has dared
to love the pretty Yang-te-Se; and the men
shake their heads, muttering, "the great Ching
sets too high a price on his daughter. Poor Hang-
Ho is lost."

But no, he is not lost! The thirty days have
passed, and the Emperor has not solved the puzzle.
Again he assembles his mandarins, and proclaims
his failure, and, in their presence, he clasps the
hand of the young Hang-Ho, saying, "You are a
clever fellow, and I would like to reward you.
Now, what do you wish for most?"

"A wife," he replied earnestly, murmuring the
name of "Yang-te-Se."

"How bold!" whisper the mandarins to each
other; "but this is a great man now, for he has in-
vented a puzzle which even our sovereign cannot
discover."

"Young man," replied the Emperor, "I will
give you a chance, even for the hand of my daugh-
ter. I will present the puzzle to all the first young
ladies of my kingdom, and if any one of them dis-
covers the answer within the next thirty days,
whoever she may be, you shall marry her. It is
only chance," he continued, seeing that Hang-Ho
hesitated to reply, "Yang-te-Se shall try with
the rest. Will you agree to this?"

"I will," replied the young man, a flush of hope
rising to his cheeks.

Now, let us visit the apartments of the ladies of
the court. They are all reclining on soft cushions.
Their curiously carved fans no longer move, and
their eyes are fixed earnestly upon seven small
pieces of ivory lying before them. Any of the
beautiful females in the kingdom would willingly
be the wife of Hang-Ho. He is so agreeable, and
besides, it would be such a novel way of winning a
husband, by finding out a puzzle which even the
Emperor could not discover.

The pretty Yang-te-Se is now deeply occupied
with the "Puzzle." She is seated at a small table,
in her own room, her cheeks are flushed with ex-
citement, and her heart is beating violently, for the
poor maiden has suffered much since her lover was
condemned to die; and now, if she does not dis-
cover the answer to the puzzle, he is, indeed, lost
to her forever. She presses her hands to her face,
and the pearls teardrops, filling her eyes, find their way
through those delicate fingers.

Suddenly she hears a slight rustling in the tree
that grows beneath her window, and, in an instant,
there is nestling in her bosom a beautiful white
pigeon.

"Oh, sweet bird," she exclaims, as she kisses it,
and smooths its feathers, "what bringest thou to
me from Hang-Ho?" Whilst uttering these words,
she unties a white ribbon from its neck, attached
to which is a small scroll. She unrolls it—glances
earnestly at it—and, oh! it is the key to the puzzle
—Hang-Ho is here!

There is great excitement through the court of
the Emperor Ching, for his own daughter has dis-
covered the puzzle. And all the people bow their
heads reverently, saying, "Changti" certainly
watches over the sweet maiden! Hang-Ho has a
nice little wife."

Such is the origin of the "Great Chinese Puzzle."

AGRICULTURAL.

From Johnston's Agricultural Chemistry.

THE DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERS OF SOILS AND SUBSOILS.

Beneath the immediate surface soil, through
which the plough makes its way, and to which the
seed is entrusted, lies what is commonly distinguish-
ed by the name of subsoil. This subsoil occasion-
ally consists of a mixture of the general constituents
of soils naturally different from that which forms
the surface layer—as when clay above has a sandy
bed below, or a light soil on the surface rests on a
retentive clay beneath.

This, however, is not always the case. The pec-
uliar characters of the soil and subsoil often result
from the slow operation of natural causes.

In a mass of loose matter of considerable
depth, spread over an extent of country, it is
easy to understand how—even though originally
alike through its whole mass—a few in-
ches at the surface should gradually acquire dif-
ferent physical and chemical characters from the
rest, and how there should thus be gradually es-
tablished important agricultural distinctions be-
tween the first 12 or 15 inches (the soil), the next
15 (the subsoil), and the remaining body of the
mass, which, lying still lower, does not come under
the observation of the practical agriculturist.

On the surface, plants grow and die. Through
the first few inches their roots penetrate, and in the
same the dead plants are buried. This portion,
therefore, by degrees, assumes a brown colour,
more or less dark, according to the quantity of
vegetable matter which has been permitted to ac-
cumulate in it. Into the subsoil, however, the
roots rarely penetrate, and the dead plants are still
more rarely buried at so great a depth. Still this
inferior layer is not wholly destitute of vegetable
or other organic matter. However comparatively im-
permeable it may be, still water makes its way
through it, more or less, and carries down soluble
organic substances, which are continually in the
act of being produced during the decay of the vege-
table matter lying above. Thus, though not sensibly
discoloured by an admixture of the decayed roots and
stems, the subsoil in reality contains an appreciable
quantity of organic matter which may be distinc-
tly estimated.

Again, the continual descent of the rains upon
the surface soil washes down the carbonates of lime,
iron, and magnesia, as well as other soluble earthy
substances—even, by degrees, carries down the
fine clay also, so as gradually to establish a more
or less manifest difference between the upper and
lower layers, in reference even to the earthy in-
gredients which they respectively contain.

But, except in the case of very porous rocks or
accumulations of earthy matter, these surface
waters rarely descend to any great depth, and
hence after sinking through a variable thickness of
subsoil, we come, in general, to earthy layers, in
which little vegetable matter can be detected, and
to which the lime, iron, and magnesia of the superfi-
cial covering has never been able to descend.

Thus the character of the soils, that it contains
more brown organic, chiefly vegetable matter, in a
state of decay—of the subsoil, that the organic
matter is less in quantity and has entered chiefly
in a soluble state, and that earthy matters are pre-
sent in it which have been washed out of the
superior soil—and of the subjacent mass, that it has
remained nearly unaffected by the changes which
vegetation, culture, and atmospheric agents have
produced upon the portions that lie above it.

From what is here stated, the effect of trench
and subsoil ploughing in altering more or less
materially the proportions of the earthy constitu-
ents in the surface soil, will be in some measure
apparent. That which the long action of rains
and frosts has caused to sink beyond the ordinary
reach of the plough is, by such methods, brought
again to the surface. When the substances thus
brought up are directly beneficial to vegetation or
are fitted to improve the texture of the soil, its
fertility is increased. Where the contrary is the
case, its productive capabilities may for a longer or
shorter period be manifestly diminished.

Why is St. Luke the patron of painters?—Be-
cause he is said to have been very skillful in paint-
ing, especially in his portraits of Jesus Christ. The
usual oath of King William (Ruffs) was by the
face of Christ depicted by St. Luke.

Why is St. Crispin the patron-saint of Shoemakers?—Because Crispin, and his brother Crispi-
anus, having travelled to Saissions, in France, in
the year 303, to make converts to Christianity,
they maintained themselves by shoemaking;
whence they became regarded as the patrons of the
"gentle craft." They were both born at Rome.

Why is St. Cecilia regarded as the patroness of music?
Because tradition relates that she was so skilful
a musician, that an angel who visited her was
drawn from the mansions of the blessed by the
charms of her melody; to which circumstances
Dryden alludes in the conclusion of his celebrated
Ode to Cecilia.

Why is St. Andrew's cross part of the insignia of
the Scottish order of the Thistle?
Because Andrew is the tutelair Saint of Scotland,
and he suffered martyrdom on a cross in the form
of an X. The Scotch likewise assert that his re-
mains were deposited in Fife-shire, in the year 368.

Why is a mistletoe so called?
Because its seeds are said to be dropped by the
mistle thrush, which feeds on its berries.

Why is a certain song called a corall?
Because of its derivation from *coralle*, to sing,
and *rola*, an interjection of joy.—*Bonnie.*

Why are unmarried females called Spinners?
Because, formerly, women were prohibited from
marrying till they had spun a regular set of bad
furniture, and till their marriage were consequently
called Spinners, which continues till this day in
all legal proceedings.

Why was a newly married man formerly called
a bridegroom?
Because groom signifies one who serves in an in-
ferior station; and it was customary for the newly
married man to wait at table on his bride and
friends on his wedding-day.

Why is the middle meal of the day called dinner?
Because of its corruption from *decimer*, from *de-*
cimare, or the French *repas de dix heures*.

Why is the last meal called supper?
Because of a similar corruption from *souper*, from
the custom of providing soup for that occasion.

going on. We have seen in various parts of the
State as fine cattle, hogs, and sheep, as can
be found any where, and there's nothing that would
more generally improve the general agriculture
of the State than this State Fair. We say let
every body who can, come to Raleigh on the 18th
of October next, and our word for it, every one will
return home much better satisfied with his situa-
tion, and will feel proud that he can claim to be a
North Carolinian.—*Farmer's Journal.*

KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE.

ORIGINS AND ANTIQUITIES.

Why is the shamrock or trefoil the national em-
blem of Ireland?
Because it is said that when St. Patrick landed
near Wicklow, to convert the Irish in 433, the pa-
gan inhabitants were ready to stone him; he re-
quested to be heard, and endeavored to explain
God to them as the Trinity in Unity, but they could
not understand him; till, plucking a trefoil from
the ground, he said "Is it not as possible for the
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as for these leaves,
to grow upon a single stalk?" Then the Irish were
immediately convinced.—*Brand.*

An ingenious naturalist has lately attempted to
prove that the original plant was not the white
clover: which is now employed as the emblem of
Ireland. He conceives it should be something
familiar to the people, and familiar too when the
national feast is celebrated. Now, the white clover
is not fully expanded on St. Patrick's Day, and
wild specimens could hardly be obtained at this
season. Besides, it was certainly uncommon in
Ireland during its early history, having been in-
troduced into that country in the middle of the
seventeenth century, and made common by cultiva-
tion. Old authors prove that the shamrock was
eaten by the Irish; and one who went over to Ire-
land in the sixteenth century, says it was eaten,
and was a sour plant. The name, also, of shamrock
is common to several trefails, both in the Irish and
Gaelic languages. Now, clover could not have
been eaten, and is not sour. Wood-sorrel alone is
sour, is an early spring plant, is abundant in Ire-
land, and is a trefoil. The old herbalists call it
*Shamrock*, and it is sour; while its beauty might
entitle it to the distinction of being the national
emblem. The substitution of one for the other has
been occasioned by cultivation, which made the
wood-sorrel less abundant, and the Dutch clover
plentiful.—*Abridged from the Philosophical Mag-
azine.*

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the custom of providing soup for that occasion.

Why is a rug so called?
Because of its contraction from *rugget*, Swedish
for rough.

Why were the titles of Lord and Lady first
adopted?
Because of the origin of lord from the Saxon
*lafdor*, or loaf-giver, from his maintaining a num-
ber of dependents; and lady from *leaf-dien lafdian*,
i. e. loaf-server, she serving it to the guests, or car-
rying it to table.

Why has a literary lady been satirically termed
a Blue-Stocking?
Because of the origin of the term from the Society
*'de la Calza*, (of the Stocking) formed at Venice in
the year 1500; the members being distinguished
by the colour of their stockings, the prevailing col-
our of which was blue. The Society *'de la Calza*
lasted till the year 1590, when the foppery of Italian
literature took some other symbol. The rejected
title then crossed the Alps, and branded female
pedantry in Paris. It diverged from France to
England, and for a while marked the vanity of the
small advances in literature of our female coteries.
But the propriety of its application is now gradually
ceasing; for we see in every circle, that attainments
in literature can be accomplished with no loss of
womanly virtue.—*Mills' Hist. of Chivalry.*

Why are mixed liquors called "grog"?
Because Admiral Vernon who was the first to
mix his sailors' allowance of spirits with water, was
nicknamed "Old Grog," from his wearing a grog-
gram coat, and this name was given to the mixed
liquor he compelled his fleet to drink.

Punch's discourse on Bricks is amusing, par-
ticularly this passage: "How common it has been
late years to say to a man, whose virtuous propen-
sities are of the first order, 'My dear fellow, you are
a brick!' It becomes, however, more emphatic in
the usage of the third person. 'Do you know the
So-and-so? Is he a good fellow?' The answer is
one word is, 'He's a brick.' The answer is a
tory, in all senses, to the propounder of the ques-
tion—indeed, a more satisfactory reply could not
be uttered. We have heard this kind of expres-
sion called *slang*—it really is not so. Gentlemen,
take up your Plutarch, turn to the life of Agamem-
non, and what do you read? 'You'll find, if you
stand Greek—and if you don't, set about learning
it immediately, for the purpose of history, as well
as poetry and elevation of thought—that when the
Ambassador from Epirus went to Agamemnon, to
bring a diplomatic chat-chit with him, he said to the
king of Greece the principal towns were named
—but where are yours, dear Agamemnon?' The
Stratford Canning, or Lord Cowley, from Epirus
was answered by that amiable monarch: 'I'll be
morrow, at morning dawn, show you the walls of
Sparta. Breakfast with me, old chap; some of the
best black soup that Sparta can afford shall be
on the table; and I'll show you the walls.' The
met; and Agamemnon had drawn out his Sparta
my before him, and, with exulting cheer and
nified mien, said to his friend from Epirus, 'Behold
these are the walls of Sparta, sir; and every particu-
lar man you see is a brick!' How classical does
comes the phrase! how distant from *slang*!"

During a steam voyage, on a sudden stoppage
of the machinery, a considerable alarm took place,
especially among the female passengers. "What
is the matter?—what is the matter?" For the
en's sake tell me the worst!" exclaimed one
anxious than the rest. After a short pause, a
horse voice from the deck replied, "Nothing
malum, nothing; only the bottom of the boiler
and the top of the earth are stuck together."

"Jim!" said one fast man yesterday to another
"it is reported that you left the east on account
of your belief, an itinerant martyr."

"How," replied Jim, flattered by the remark,
"how's that?"

"Why, a police officer told me that you believe
everything you saw belonged to you, and a
public did not, you left."

The Good Old Times Restored.—The Age of
Gold at the present time in Australia.
The Age of Brass the same in France.
The Age of Bronze the same in Portugal.
The Age of Iron the same in Austria and Italy.
The Age of Lead the same in Rome and Italy.

Tom Moore said to Peel, on looking at a
picture of an Irish orator: "You can see the
quiver of his lips." "Yes," said Peel, "and
arrow coming out of it." Moore was telling
to one of his countrymen, who answered:
meant *arrah* coming out of it."

At the fourth of July celebration in Mar-
tineau, Illinois, a young lady offered the following toast:
"The young men of America—their arms are
port: our arms their reward. Fall in march
in."

If you are a precise man, and wish to be
tain of what you get, never marry a girl named
Ann, for we have the authority of Lindley Murray
and many others, that "An is an indefinite
Diogenes."

Useful, if not Ornamental. A Yankee
invented a machine for extracting the lies from
advertisements. Some of them are never seen
entering the machine, as only the truth comes
out.

The latest report of the Paris fashioners
Bonnetes are very small, and are more worn
the neck than on the head." We suppose they
will be tied round the ankles before long.

PLEASANT AFFLICTION.—There is a young
in Toledo who has grown round shouldered
bending over so much to kiss the girls, that
rather short in his neighborhood.

A Western editor, copying a story about a
ed man who had a wonderful memory of
event of his life, advises some of his subscribers
practice bathing in deep water!

DIPLOMACY.—The art of saying something
you have nothing to say—as much as it is the
of saying nothing when you have really something
to say.—*Punch.*

WHAT A JEWEL!—An obituary, very
of a lady, says: "She was married twenty
years, and in all that time never once banged
the door."

"You are writing my bill on very rough paper,"
said a client to his attorney. "Never mind,"
the lawyer, "it has to be filed before it comes
to court."

Noggs, Jr., speaking of a blind wood-
says: "While no one ever saw him see,
has seen him saw."

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.
I AM composed of 20 letters.
My 3, 6, 15, 10, 11, 2, 8 is a town in Louisiana.
My 1, 4, 8, 19, 9 is a town in Italy.
My 15, 19, 13, 19, 3, 15, 19 is a town in
Canada.
My 5, 11, 19, 3, 4 is a river in France.
My 11, 2, 10, 18, 12 is a burning mountain.
My 16, 20, 12, 7 is a sea in Independent Territory.
My 15, 20, 19, 14 is a town in New-York.
My 7, 17, 3, 3, is a town in Massachusetts.
My whole was a brave American General.

Answer to last week's Enigma.—The
AGRICULTURAL FAIR.