



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.



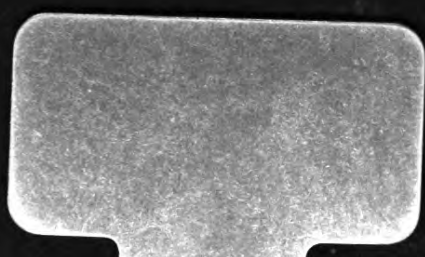
EXCURSIONS INTO PUZZLEDOM

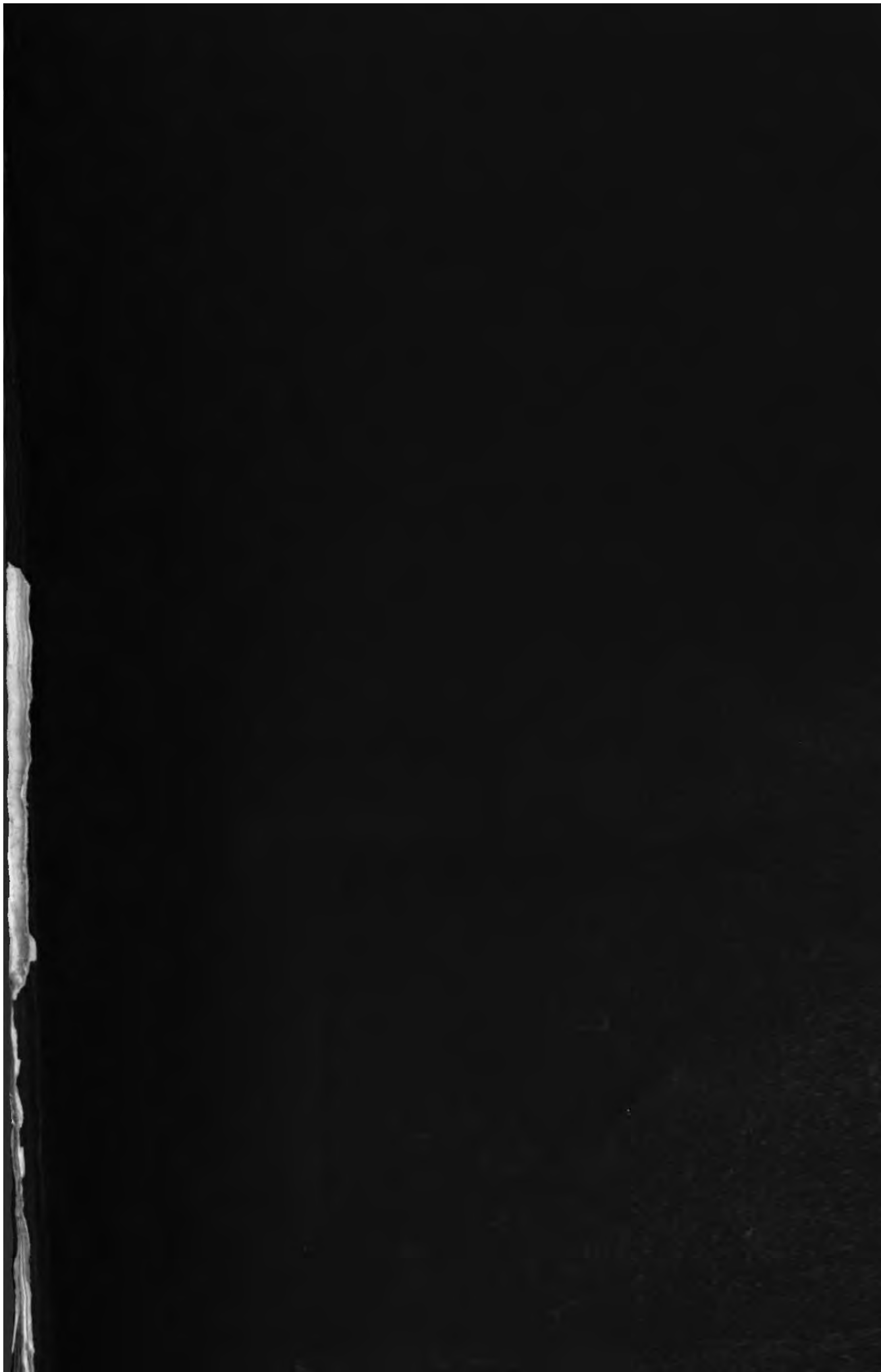
BY THE LATE
TOM HOOD & HIS SISTER.

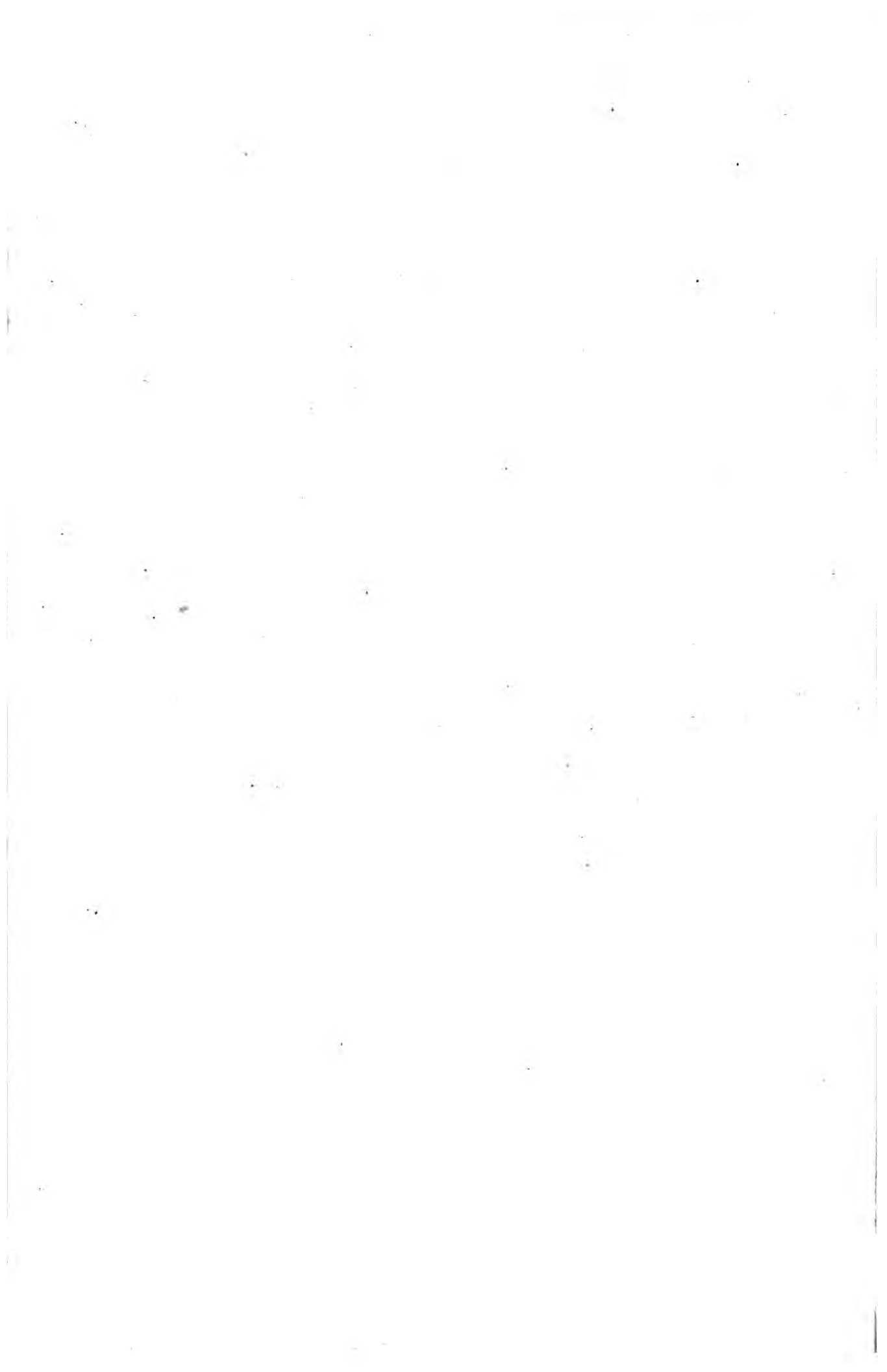




600074462T







EXCURSIONS INTO PUZZLEDOM

WITH ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY ILLUSTRATIONS

EXCURSIONS INTO PUZZLEDOM

A Book of Charades, Acrostics, Enigmas, Conundrums, &c.

BY THE LATE TOM HOOD
AND HIS SISTER



STRAHAN AND COMPANY LIMITED

34 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

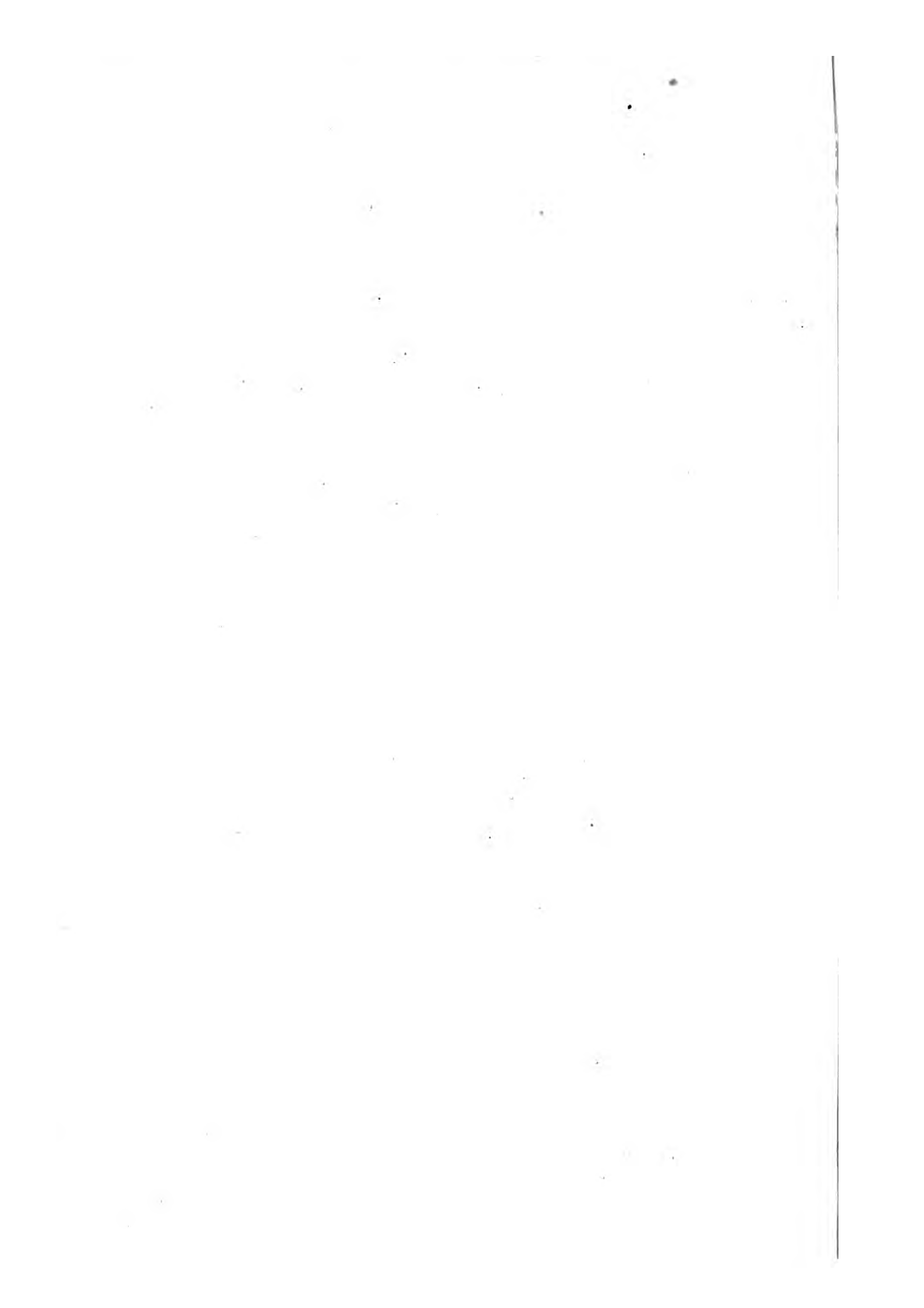
1879

All rights reserved

268. t. 217.

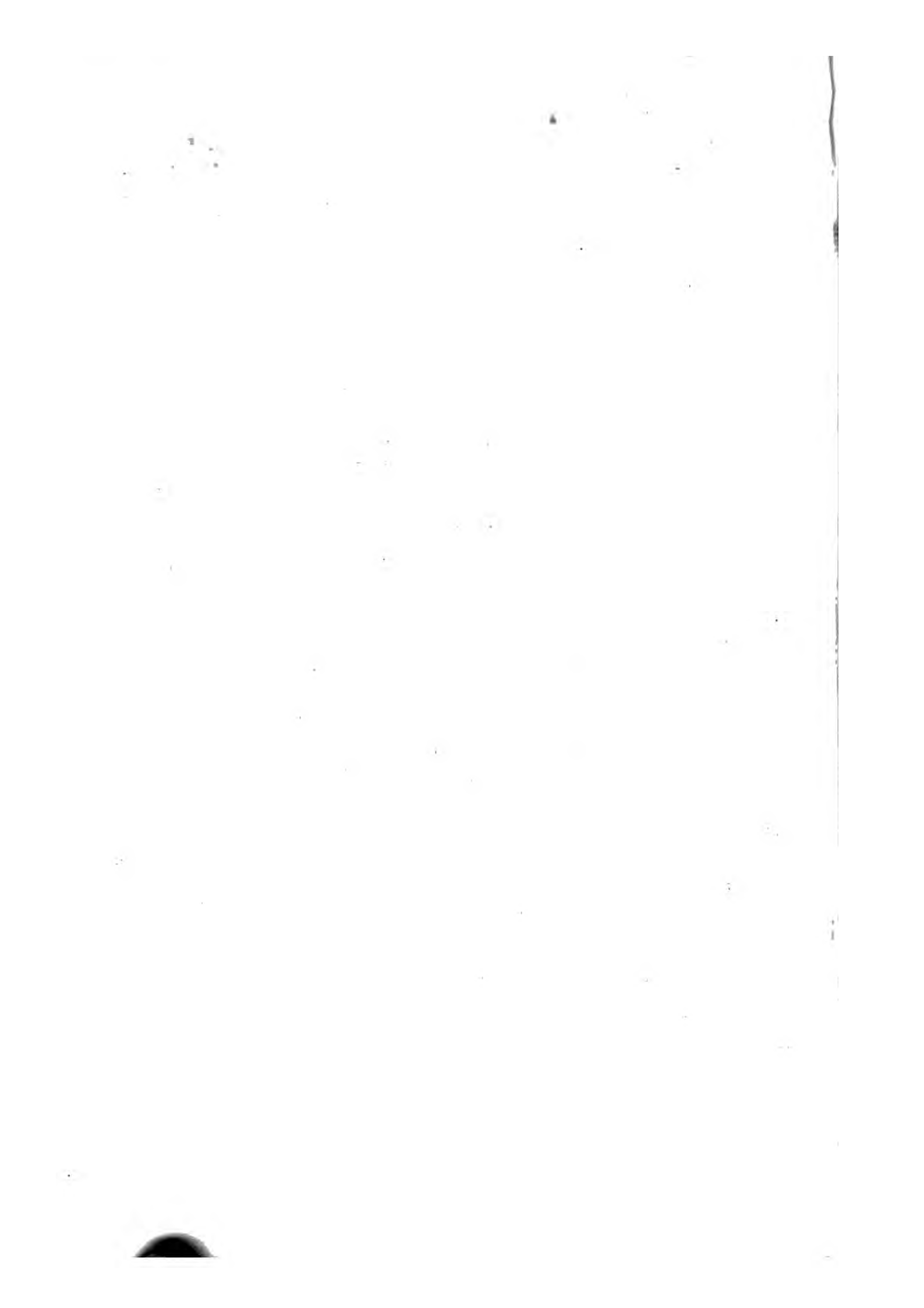
Ballantyne Press
BALLANTYNE AND HANSON, EDINBURGH
CHANDOS STREET, LONDON

TO
THE BAND OF PILGRIMS
WHO ACCOMPANIED
The late Tom Hood and his Sister
IN THEIR
EXCURSIONS INTO PUZZLEDOM
IN
1873, 1874, 1875
THIS RECORD OF THEIR ADVENTURES
IS DEDICATED
BY THE PUBLISHERS

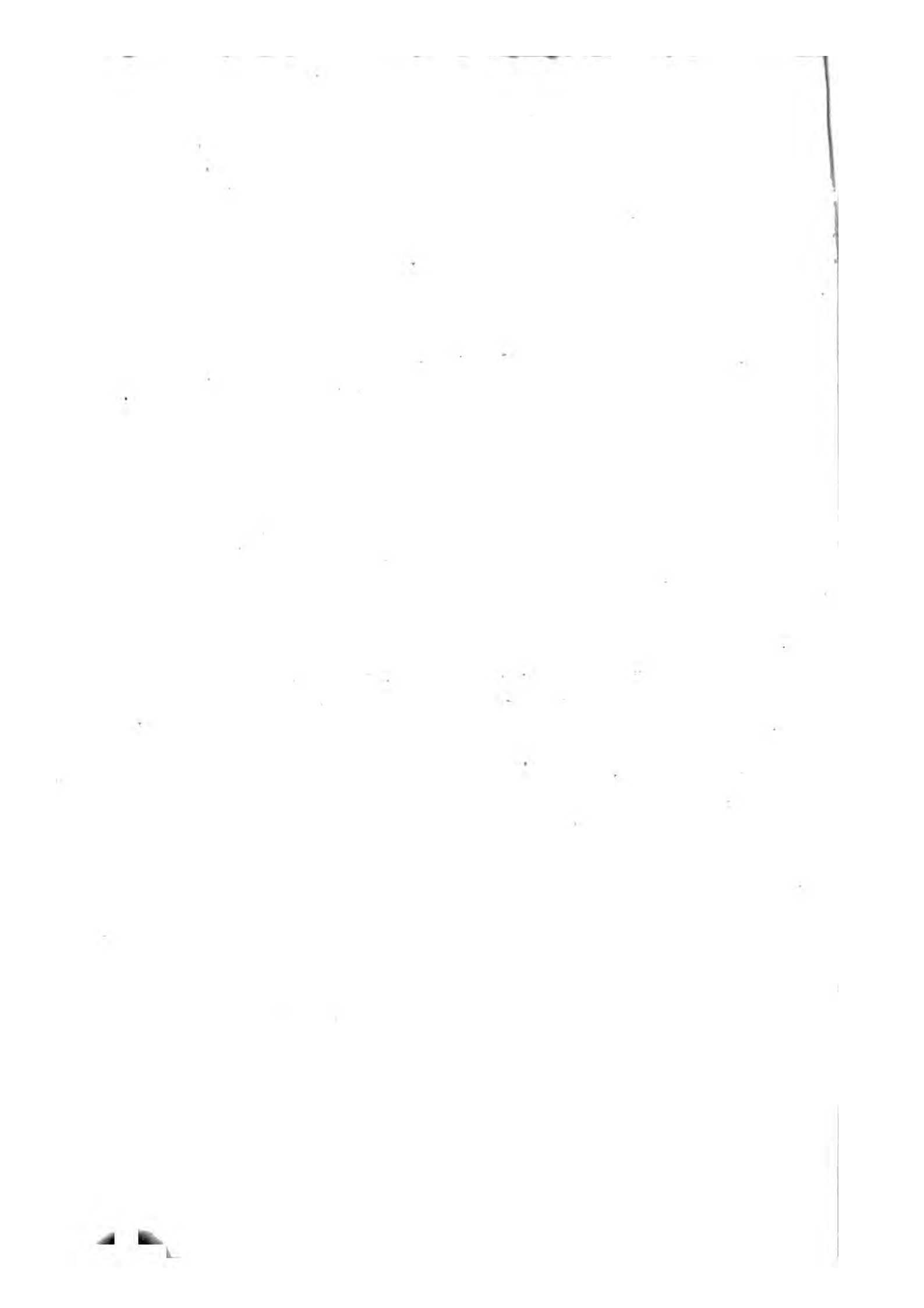


CONTENTS.

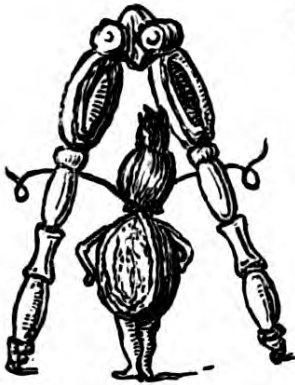
	PAGE
<i>FIRST SERIES</i>	I
SOLUTIONS	355
 <i>SECOND SERIES</i>	 95
SOLUTIONS	374
 <i>THIRD SERIES</i>	 239
SOLUTIONS	401



FIRST SERIES.



I.



So we are about to start for an excursion into Puzzledom, it is as well that I should tell my young readers what preparation is necessary for the journey. We shall not require much: "every young gentleman" (or lady), as they say in the school circulars, "is expected to be provided with"—patience and a pair of crackers. There are no giants, no wild beasts in Puzzledom—at least none that will attempt to hurt us—but the inhabitants are a very strange set of people. Every sentence they address to you will end with a note of interrogation—so? and sometimes the only way in which you can find out the answer to their queries will be to put them into the crackers by main force, and just crack them! By what a learned gentleman, called Dr. Darwin, describes as Natural Development, the bodies of all the inhabitants of Puzzledom are just like nuts. The nobility and gentry look like walnuts, the middle-class folks are like filberts, and the poor people resemble cobs.

Now you will know what to do in Puzzledom. You must devote yourself patiently to the meditation of the questions that will be asked you, and if they puzzle you very much, you must trip them up, pop them into the crackers, and crack

them. It may seem cruel, but it isn't, because, of course, nuts cannot feel.

When we arrive at the frontiers of Puzzledom, as we are now doing, we shall be asked by a very fierce Custom-House officer to pass an examination. It is not a very hard one, but if you cannot answer his questions, you will have to stop outside the barrier. The puzzles he puts to you are so very simple that if you fail to find *them* out, it is as well for you not to travel further, because you would be sure to meet with a Puzzler—that's what the inhabitants are called—who would put you a query you could not solve anyhow, and then, perhaps, he might wrest your crackers from you, and crack *you!* and then what would papa and mamma say?



Here's the Custom-House Officer, and here is his paper of questions:—

(A)

RIDDLEMAREES.

1. What English watering-place is like bees and nettles in grass that has been mown?
2. If your name were Edward, and you were chosen from

among all your companions by a certain mute, why would it be the same thing as sitting for your portrait?

3. When can a horse be sea-green in colour?
4. Why cannot a hundredweight of candles be very heavy?
5. Why must the fleet in which Sweet William sailed have been manned by blacks?
6. Why is it that salmon are able to climb the salmon-ladders that are put up for them in rivers?
7. A cook without pepper is like a dandy in Rotten Row in October. Why?
8. What is that which sometimes builds walls up, and sometimes knocks them down?
9. If you came on horseback from York to London, why did you take forty bushels out in a wherry?
10. If houses were built of cakes and sweet things, what part of the door would you like best?
11. What sort of a sound does an estuary make when the tide is out?
12. Why is Kent so famous for its cricket?

Well, now we have passed that terrible old Custom-House officer, we come to the borderland of Puzzledom. There are lots of people who never get any further. They are the literal people, and they give the Puzzlers a great deal of trouble. There's one little fellow yonder. He emigrated from some simple place to the realm of Puzzledom and opened a blacksmith's shop. But he's simply starving, because he cannot do his work. One of the Puzzlers sent him a little bar of iron that he wanted cut into two pieces, and the little blacksmith has been on that one job ever since. And how do you think he is trying to cut that bar? He is rubbing it with a whole year's copies of *The Times*. If you ask him why he does it, he will

tell you that you should always cut through iron bars with a file, and he has got a newspaper file, which ought to be powerful, and he hopes in time to accomplish his task. There is another little man going about perspiring dreadfully with the labour of carrying an immense trunk of a tree, such as a giant might wield. He says he does it because it is fashionable to belong to a club.

But we wont stop among the literals any longer. We have on our right the Realm of Alphabet. You must not mistake this for the Republic of Letters, which is quite a different thing. Here there are plenty of monarchs.

(B)



The first of these monarchs is a martyr to pains in the face. One of the literals who came here on a visit, recommended this afflicted royal personage to use a glazier's diamond, which he said would be certain to remove the pane.

The monarch just behind is a very purblind person. He has evidently dropped something—a remark perhaps—and he is looking for it diligently with his barnacles.

The third monarch is simply an impostor. He is not really

an alphabetical monarch, though he tries to pass himself off for one. He has been trying very hard to get a crown for a long time by bribes and all sorts of shabby tricks. Now, when at last it is offered to him he pretends to ask the reason why he is invited to the throne. He is what I should call a Queery.

There is another monarch here, but I cannot give you his portrait, because I could not get his *carte de visite*. The fact is, he has a small income and is obliged to make it go as far as possible, and economy will not admit of photography. I shall also omit another alphabetical monarch, because he is such a mean, shabby fellow.

While we are talking about royal personages I may as well

(C)



show you a likeness of a monarch who rules the Realm of Mind, which is a country in close alliance with Puzzledom. You will

notice that he is particularly spare and skinny, which arises from his deep meditations on subjects of interest to the state. It was he who found out for me the imposture of the Queery Monarch, whose likeness I accepted and put into our gallery without suspecting that he was not of the genuine Alphabetical royal family. My attenuated friend, directly he began to contemplate the picture, pointed out to me that I was taken in.

But now we must be silent, and listen to the Puzzledom Choir who are going to sing. Here is a book of the words:—

(D)

CHARADE.

My First's of metal or of clay,
 You're welcome to a splash in it:
 But seldom in the present day
 I think there is a flash in it.

My Second was a little child
 Who roamed the country side;
 She heard the angels call, and smiled,
 And in the winter died.

My Last and Whole is often found
 In ancient lordly hall;
 But, though it always runs quite round,
 It never moves at all.

(E)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Come, children all,
 Both great and small,
 And show you study atlases;

If you, lads, show wit,
This title will fit,
But I cannot call you *that*, lasses !

1.

A barren rock that from the sea
Uprears its rugged front ;
But where would now our empire be,
Had that not borne the brunt !

2.

Not very far from the Pacific
Up-springs this stream gigantic,
And rushes, with a speed terrific,
To join the vast Atlantic.

3.

This is the name we give
To weather-beaten isles,
Where hardy fishers live,
And summer briefly smiles.

4.

City once famous, thy glory must cease,
Gone the renown of thy blade :—
Nay, thou art writ in the Gospel of Peace,
Never thy record shall fade.

Now I think we have done a fair excursion, so we will stay
at rest.

II.

I DECLARE we haven't got twenty yards on our next excursion before we meet a very great man. I don't mean simply that he is great in bulk, though he is excessively stout. He is great in the sense of being a person of importance.

(A)



Once upon a time he was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Puzzledom ; but the king had very strong reason to be dissatisfied with him, and the people were almost driven to rebellion by the heavy taxes he put on the commonest and most necessary articles. He even threatened to put a penny stamp on all notes of interrogation, which would have been ruinous to people who use as many as the Puzzlers do. He had actually had the stamp designed, and had made a Latin motto for it—“*Ex quæstionibus quæstus*,” which means “a profit upon questions.” The king was very angry at this, for it cost a good deal of reverence, and was of no use, so he deprived our great man of his office.

Can you guess why he was discharged ?

But here comes a Poet ! “How do I know he's a poet ?” Because I can see he has a small lawn-mower with which he is “rolling his eye.” Poets always roll their eyes in a fine frenzy. Homer did, though he could not see. He was the first “roller blind” mentioned in history.

The Poet begs to present you with a copy of his latest verses.

(B)

ENIGMA.

Go, seek me on the coast,
You'll find me on the sea ;
The wooden walls we boast
Can show you lots of me.
In men-of-war I'm found,
And yet, the truth to speak,
In tempests I'll be bound
In me for them you'll seek.
Nay—one remark I'll make ;
Whate'er may be your mien,
When you your "bearings" take,
Therein shall I be seen.
Come guess me if you can,
My mazy meaning follow ;
Then seize me like a man,
And pour me out, and swallow !

As there is a small countrified inn close by, and we are rather tired with our walk, suppose we drop in and have some lunch. Perhaps we shall swallow some of the mystery of the poet's enigma. I can see the landlord guesses we are tourists. He means to exercise his Puzzler privilege on us. He brings us our bread and cheese, and a tankard of beer, and he propounds his conundrum in this form :—

(C)

CONUNDRUM.

"You would say, at a first glance at me, that I am a comparative. But you're wrong, I'm positive ; and I'm positive you're wrong. Yet I am only partially positive, because I am only part of a whole. But, at any rate, what you may consider

my positive is worth four of me. It holds several gills of liquid, but my comparative would be a small portion of it only. Yet it would be equivalent to a number of bushels of wheat. However, as I am apparently driving you to distraction by all this convolution of meaning, I will give you myself, and that's only to be done by not giving you myself in any other forms, though you might make yourself at home in them."

I think the landlord will find us employment for some time to come. So let us set forward again, and explore further.

Ah, that's interesting now! Yonder is the Photographic Gallery of Phancy, the Puzzledom portraitist. You sit down before his camera. He takes your likeness, and, lo and behold,—it is something quite different from you. See there's some one going in to sit to him. "What a horridly frightful creature!" Well, yes, it's an ugly monster seldom seen out of dreams, a sort of nightmare. You'll meet all kinds of odd things in Puzzledom, so you must learn not to be nervous. Nevertheless, we will wait till our friend the demon has had his sitting, and then you little folks shall have your portraits taken.

Come along! Phancy is disengaged now—but first of all let us ask him to give us a peep at the plate on which his last sitter's portrait is taken. Here it is!

(D)



That's much prettier than the original. Let us see how Mr. Phancy will deal with you. I shall not show you the plate now, but you shall all see it by-and-by.

Mr. Phancy has a bit of a puzzle for you. He says it is a sort of charade.

(E)

PHANCY CHARADE.

Twice to thine,
And once to mine,
With Congou, make a gift divine.

By the way, there is a morning performance at the theatre opposite Mr. Phancy's studio, so we will look in, and see what is going on. We are just in time for a little farce called "The Prevaricating Participles." Let us see if we can make out the plot. The curtain rises, and discovers a grassy terrace in the foreground, mountains in the distance, and on our right, half-way up the stage, a fort with a thirty-five-ton gun on it. A young lady in an antique costume is sitting on the bank darning a stocking, while a slender young gentleman by her side is singing to her. Opposite to them is another couple. The young fellow, who is very remarkable for the suppleness of his body and limbs, is paying his addresses to an ancient damsel. But she is horrified at his impertinence, and rushes off in a pet. Suddenly the sound of hoofs is heard and a mounted officer gallops across the stage at full speed; and as he does so an artilleryman rushes up to the big cannon and takes aim at the officer.

Now all the actors are dissimulating! One lady is breaking herself of some serious faults, the other is notable for her faith. One of the gentlemen is a magician, another is conducting a

lady home, a third is chaffing him contemptuously, and the fourth is trying to stir them both up to quarrel.

I'll leave you to study the scene, and see if you can solve it.

(F)



III.

HERE, my young friends, is the photograph which Mr. Phancy took when we visited his studio last excursion. Try now and make out the meaning of your *carte*.

(A)



Before we proceed further on our travels, I should like to get a Puzzledom Newspaper, and see what is stirring. Here comes a boy—just run and ask him for this morning's *Riddlegraph*. Let us see what is stirring in the world! Well, for one thing, there has been a strike among the gas-stokers, and the *Riddlegraph* has a leading article upon it. It is described as a charade, and this is what it says:—

(B)

CHARADE I.

An Arab shepherd found my First
 In desert wastes astray,
 He gave it food, he slaked its thirst,
 And, in his bosom closely nursed,
 He carried it away.

Sad was its Second to behold !
 It needed food and rest ;
 With fear it trembled and with cold ;—
 But soon the shepherd sought the fold
 And bore it in his breast.

The sky had neither moon nor star,
 As home his steps he bent ;
 But soon his troubles vanished are,
 For clearly he beholds afar
 My Whole within his tent.

I wonder whether any of you understand what that leader recommends under the circumstances of a strike of gas-stokers? Perhaps you will be better able to make out the meaning of this notice of a new song, which also comes under the head of a charade. If you can guess one you will not, I fancy, be very long in deciphering the other. But I must admit that *Puzzledom* newspapers are not quite as intelligible as ordinary journals. However, here's what is said about the song :—

(C)

CHARADE II.

First.

I went to a French Masquerade,
 Where people were kicking their heels up ;
 Till when, I should much be afraid,
 To say they kept polkas and reels up !

Second.

I met a young person I knew !
 His age had not yet got a teen in,
 Said I " Master Tomkyns, for you
 This is scarcely a spot to be seen in !"

Whole.

Quoth he, " I believe you are right,
But I study my art *con amore*,
And I have at a concert to-night
To sing a short lyrical story."

I also notice a very interesting paragraph in the *Riddle-graph*, which quotes from the examination papers proposed to law students by the Benchers of the Middle Puzzle Temple. It will exercise your ingenuity to make head or tail of it.

(D)

LAW EXAMINATION.

In the first place the subject is a quadruped famous for its excellent fur, which by the way is of several colours. He is positive, but the man who assisted to carry the coffin on the melancholy occasion when "he died, and she married the barber," was comparatively better off. But the barber, having shaved off his customer's hair, whiskers, eyebrows, and even eyelashes, the morning after that celebrated ball when the "gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots," unintentionally conferred a superlative happiness on that odd-looking individual who seemed to think himself quite as great a personage as the Panjandrum himself. Luckily his pride had a fall, for a gentleman in a horsehair wig speedily demonstrated to him that he, the wigsgman, was comparatively beyond even the superlative.

I notice that our Puzzledom journals at times fall into that same error of writing what is called "fine English," which is so common a fault in ordinary papers. Here for instance is a bit of tall writing which compels one to call in the assistance of a

ladder, in order to get up to its level. I'll only give you a few sentences :—

(E)

TALL ENGLISH.

The crow of a bird of horny substance on the foot bids an annual market to surpass the usual leaps. The apple of the eye of Adam Smith will rejoice that the beak of a bird introduced to emancipate us from the hind part of a ship tyranny of the farmer was not leaf-metalled by the small sailing vessels of those who wished to compel us to convenience for using force whatever small weight of them and of them alone.

There! you don't often read greater nonsense than that, I fancy! But if you can only find the key to this "lock on the understanding" you will see its meaning clearly enough.

But who comes here? Oh, I told you we should meet with lots of monarchs, and this is one that is approaching us now. It's the King of Spades.



His Majesty is particularly gracious. "Now, then, boys!" he shouts as he approaches, "who'll come out digging with me? We shall make such wonderful discoveries as will make Layard envious, throw the explorations at Jerusalem into the

shade, and compel Pompeii and Herculaneum to wish they had never been dragged out of their obscurity."

One of our party objects to digging just now. He says it is hot dusty work and that he is parched with thirst.

"Thirsty!" cries the King of Spades. "Pooh, why there are half a dozen rivers close at hand! You don't see them? Take the spade and see if you cannot discover them in this little bit of a landscape."

(F)

A LANDSCAPE, WITH SIX SUBTERRANEAN STREAMS.

From the very first our attention is arrested by two snowy eminences, whose brows ever naked to the storm collect as it were a shroud—indeed by night they stand like sheeted ghosts watching in pity new generations sleeping beside the graves of their ancestors. I must confess that I, though I admire both, am especially struck with the calm power of the loftier peak. Within their very bosoms six noted English streams are bound in frozen fetters.

At this moment, luckily perhaps for our thirsty young friend, behold a damsel comes tripping past with her milk-pail. I have no doubt she will kindly give us a draught of the fresh frothing warm milk; and we can then without any further delay accompany the King of Spades to the locality where as he tells us six of the most famous cities in the world are buried.

Quick march! Forward!

A smart walk of an hour brings us to the scene of our explorations. It is a melancholy picture of ruin and desolation. In the background rises a gigantic volcano still venting smoke as if its wrath were not altogether appeased. Beside that colossus of mountains Popocatapetl and Chimborazo must hide their diminished heads. But let us be silent, for the King is about to describe the region to us.

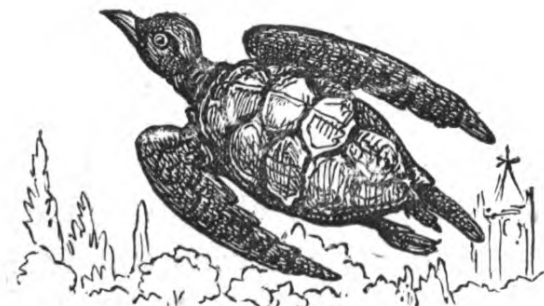
(G)

THE SITE OF SIX BURIED CITIES.

Seldom if ever, O men who boast of your great works, have those works been as utterly annihilated as here. Every trace of them is swept away, as when some fated vessel is driven helpless on the reef, and breaker in mad wrath ensuing upon breaker, crushes her on the cruel rocks till not a spar is left, and just as, while the waves howl on, do no hopes of escape remain; so from that louring volcano as from some demoniac limbo stone ashes and lava came pouring on the doomed cities, until the whole number, linked in one deadly embrace, sank for ever from the sight of mankind!

As we wander over the scene of desolation we come at times upon a stray jackal, or startle a lean vulture from its seat on some lava crag or boulder of half-fused rock. And see—yonder rises a bird, which is not a bird of prey, though I must admit its appearance is very peculiar. Is there any one among you who knows enough of Natural History to give me the name of that bird?

(H)



The King of Spades hereupon calls out to us that if we are fond of Natural History he will show us a little sport.

“There’s capital hunting ground close by—bring your spades

and in a very short time we will catch half a dozen burrowing animals in yonder meadow.”

(I)

A MEADOW CONTAINING SIX BURROWING ANIMALS.

Here is a pleasant green undulating meadow, with here and there a mound of earth just turned up so as to attest the truth of His Majesty's words. Our generalissimo uses his spade with a will. It will have to be a very rapid digger that escapes him—ah! there's something alive. “*There du bist,*” says the King in bad German, as he drags a little brown creature from its burrow, for us to wonder at. He asks us if we know what it is, and tells us to take care, for it has got terribly sharp teeth, and will bite to the bone.

It is not very easy to determine what the creature's name is—stop—there was (*J*) an animal ran by just that minute! Didn't you see it? Such a pretty little thing—you can guess its name in a minute if you see it, and it must be somewhere close at hand. Try to find it.

The King of Spades next asks us if we have ever been to the Puzzledom Zoological Gardens. “They are a remarkable sight,” he says, “for they contain such extraordinary animals as are not to be met with elsewhere. The Elephant, for instance, has a lock to his trunk, and keeps it in the aquarium, because it is a Chub. The Wild Boar, by the way, has recently become the father of a family. You will see the little gimblets running about the sty. They will grow up into big rough bores in time; unless they are reared in cannons, when they may turn out to be smooth bores. Let me see!” continued the King, looking at his watch, “this is Friday, and it's just about the feeding time in the Reptile House. Come and see them feed

the adder on six columns of figures, and then we can visit the rest of the beasts at leisure."

Let us see in the meantime if you are pretty well read in Natural History, supposing your parents were to inquire into your studies. If your mother, for instance, asked you (*K*) where you would look for the South American lion, you ought to say "in church,"—do you know why? You hear that deep baying—go and look at that animal (*L*) and tell me why it resembles your mother when she is suffering from an attack of rheumatism.

Ah, yonder goes the elephant—you can see his trunk. But remember you must not suppose that it is because he has a trunk that he is called a Pack-yderm. Then again you see that curious antelope, with a head like a buffalo, a neck and tail like a horse, a body and legs like a deer. He is called the Gnu, but you must not suppose it gets the name because, as Mr. Gordon Cumming relates, they are so gnu-merous that the herds often cover the plain on all sides as far as you can see (*see page 23.*)

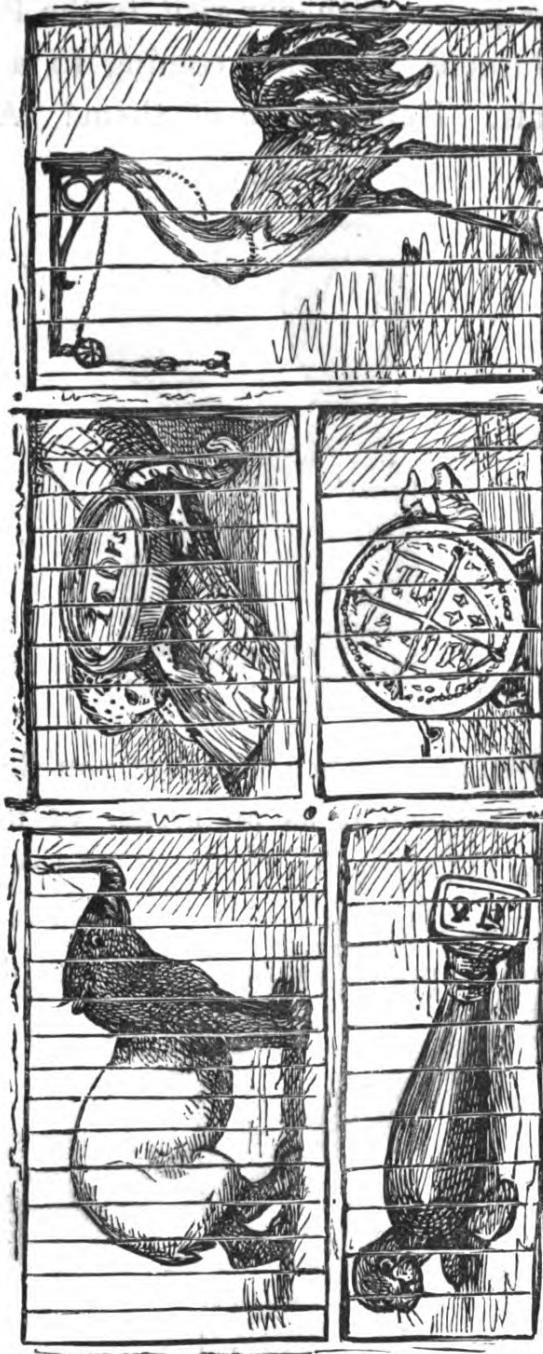
But come, here we are at the first cage.

It contains five animals, whose names you ought to be able to make out without any difficulty. Some of the cages we shall visit presently will give you more trouble, so you are lucky to have an easy one to begin with.

When you have discovered this puzzle, we will go and feed the polar bear with buns. He is a brown bear, not a white bear, but he is called a polar bear because he will climb a pole for buns. As a white bear will not climb a pole for buns, the Puzzledom naturalists refuse him the title.

That house among the trees on the right is the Monkey House. I suppose you know that Dr. Darwin wishes to persuade people that man is descended originally from the monkey. There is one curious fact I may mention to you—that every one of us

(M)



carries something of the monkey about him still. (N) What do you say? No, I don't mean a tail! You had better think it over, and see if you can find out.

IV.

WE will now go on with our visit to the Puzzledom Zoological Gardens. We are coming to a very interesting group of animals. Here is one of them! Although it has a

(A)



somewhat reptilian appearance, I assure you that attempts have been made to introduce it as an article of food, and I don't think anybody would regret its being added to that limited list of meats, which at present offers us simply a choice of beef or mutton.

The next would appear to belong to the ducks, or at any

(B)



rate to some aquatic tribe; but the appearance is, like the reptilian look I referred to just now, quite delusive.

The last of the group seems somewhat aquatic too, thanks to

(C)



the Clerk of the Weather, who has been very bountiful in showers these six months and more. If he does not stop the supply soon, he will turn all the inhabitants of Great Britain into natives; and all the crops will be changed into shellfish as they lie in the ground, if he continues to give them (m)oister beds.

(D) Perhaps you can some of you tell me why these last two specimens from the Puzzledom Zoo are like coals?

You see this pretty little cottage we are just approaching. It belongs to the head-keeper. It is a cosy little place, with a cheerful little sitting-room, where you will find he has a couple of domestic pets. Behind it is a sort of hospital where he nurses any of the beasts that are sick. There are three there under treatment now. What are they? The head-keeper says

he will put their names for you in proper Puzzledom form ; for they are contained in an Acrostic Charade on two of his pets.

(E)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

As cosy as could heart desire,
 The pair repose before the fire :
 They lead a peaceful pleasant life
 That's ne'er disturbed by any strife,
 In spite of what old saws may say :—
 Young people, see
 How they agree,
 And be as good and kind as they.

I.

Since he's as tall as any tree,
 If he were fierce 'twould awful be.
 But he is innocent and mild,
 And gentle as a little child.

II.

In and out
 He scuttles about,
 With many a scale
 In his coat of mail,
 For he's armour-clad from his nose to tail.

III.

Reposing in contentment deep,
 This animal lies fast asleep ;
 Scratch its back and call it this,
 And it will grunt to tell its bliss.

The keeper's wife and little girl are in the cottage. The little girl is in great distress because some one has stolen a favourite of hers. Her mother tries to comfort her, as she sits busily employed on her work. The keeper tells us the story, and he tells it in this way:—

First the little girl's distress.

(F)

CHARADE I.

My First.

A little dog my daughter had—
'Twas given her by a neighbour's lad ;
It was a funny woolly ball
At first, when it began to crawl.
Bow, wow, wow !
Bow, wow, wow !
Its bark was like a squeak, I trow.

My Second.

She nursed it till it grew up strong,
Its coat was silky, black, and long ;
She grew more fond of it each day,—
She cried when it was stol'n away.
Bow, wow, wow !
Bow, wow, wow !
We cannot hear it barking now.

The Whole.

The rogue, who stole the dog I know—
He sold it to a travelling show ;
As Toby now with Punch it fights,
And crowded audiences delights.

Bow, wow, wow !
 Bow, wow, wow !
 A strange opponent, this, I vow.

Second, the keeper explains how the industrious mother comforts her child.

(G)

CHARADE II.

Busily her needle plying
 Sits the mother in her chair ;
 Listens to her daughter crying
 O'er her loss in deep despair ;
 Strives to soothe her sorrow's burst,
 Ceasing not to do my First.

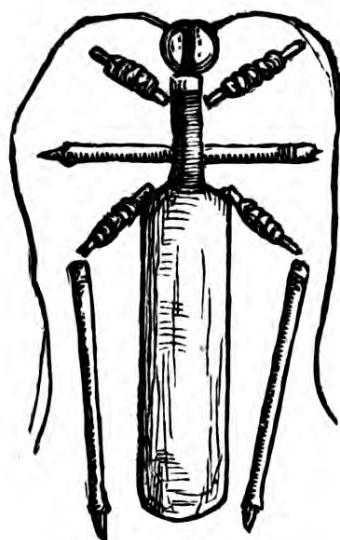
'Neath her fingers' deft designing,
 Swift the dainty pattern grows,
 Scarcely threads of spider's twining
 Are more delicate than those ;
 Foreign work, so precious reckoned,
 Cannot sure surpass my Second.

All the while her accents tender
 Soothe the wound her daughter feels ;
 To her loss she makes surrender,
 Down the tear no longer steals ;
 Mother, to thy daughter's soul
 Thou hast ministered my Whole.

All the while the keeper recites his verses there's something

that keeps up a shrill pipe as if to accompany him. The sound seems to come from the fireside. And look! I can see something alive running about—what a skip it gave just then! It sets up its shrill pipe again in another corner. I am sorry to see one of my little girls is frightened at it, and says “Kill the nasty thing!” My dear girl, never wish to have anything killed. It is very easy to destroy the life of a happy little insect that never did you any harm, and was enjoying its small existence in its humble way. But can you bring it to life again? Can anybody restore the spark of life which it is so easy to extinguish? I give you credit for a kind heart that would have been pained if anybody had taken you at your word and destroyed that merry little fellow. Look—there he is! Do you know his name?

(H)



But it is time we were going. As we pass through the keeper's garden you will see some very pretty flowers there. They are just the sort of flowers that you would expect to see

in a Zoological Garden. See, the little girl has picked you a few for a nosegay. I wonder whether you can tell me their names.

(1)



V.

WE will now bid good-by to our hosts at the little cottage, and set out again on our travels.

What is this? The gates are locked! How are we to get out of the gardens? Some one must run back to the cottage and explain the position we are in. There is a little delay, but at last we are released. This is the history of our adventure.

(A)

CHARADE.

We sought again the pleasant cot,
And there revealed the worst,
That we poor travellers could not
Get out at all, unless we got
What I shall call my First.

That her goodman was not thereat,
The wife was sorely vexed;
But by the fire awhile we sat,
And pussy, dozing on the mat,
Indulged us with my Next.

We had not very long to wait;
The goodman, worthy soul,
Returned, and then with pleasure great
Unlocked for us the wicket-gate:
For which we thanked my Whole.

As we are leaving the Zoological Gardens, we observe a nest in the grass. Some of the chicks have just chipped the shell, and you will see from the picture how surprised the mother-

bird is at the result of her long attention to the contents of the cosy little nursery she had built in her quiet corner. I wonder whether you can find out what the illustration means?

(B)



I think we have had enough of the gardens for a short time, so we will visit some of the more educational institutions. But before we do that I think we will go and see an old gentleman, who is very fond of little people. He is the Great Panjandrum, of whom I have no doubt you have all heard in connection with a cabbage leaf that was cut to make an apple pie, and a bear who put his head into a barber's shop, and made a rather rude remark about the scarcity of soap. Well, since the days when the Great Panjandrum danced till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of his boots and of those of the rest of the distinguished foreigners present, he has got to be a very old gentleman, but he likes to see little people, and I have no doubt he will tell you a story or two for your amusement.

Fortunately he is at home. We must thank him for admitting us. We tell him that we are proud, indeed, to be allowed to visit a chief of his importance. He smiles very kindly and

says he is glad to see us, but that he is not an important chief. "No!" he says to us, "I am a very humble personage. If you look on my mantelpiece you will see a photograph—by our friend Phancy—of one who really was a very great chief indeed!" You will see what the photograph is from the copy I have had taken. Here it is; and I want you to tell me whose portrait it is.

(C)



The Great Panjandrum has no objection to tell you little folks some stories, but he is afraid that you will know all that he has to tell. But I tell him that it is my opinion that little folks do not forget old friends, and are fond of hearing old stories over and over again, but that those who tell them must be very careful to repeat them without any alterations, or they will be certain to be found out.

The old gentleman settles himself in his easy-chair and begins his story.

(D)

CHARADE.

The sea ran high, the wind was strong,
The breakers roared upon the lee;
The hapless vessel drove along,
A plaything for the cruel sea:—

D

And now she on the rocks is thrown!
 One bitter cry—and all is o'er.
 While of my First one man alone
 Contrived to reach the rugged shore.

He dwelt upon that isle for years,
 That solitary shipwrecked man;
 No friend his lonely dwelling cheers,
 While slow the days complete their span.
 In wild-goat skins his limbs he clad,
 A figure very strange to view,
 What trouble dire he must have had
 Ere he my Second learnt to do!

But there's no need my tale to end!
 I see you know it; for you smile.
 You recognise an ancient friend,
 You've loved for a tremendous while!
 There—run along! Another day
 A newer story I may frame,
 Yet tell me, ere you go away,
 That solitary seaman's name!

Somebody wishes the Great Panjandrum to state whether the seaman had another name besides the one he has alluded to. Oh, yes, of course he had; the Great Panjandrum answers his query in this manner:—

(E)

CHARADE.

My First is to “convey;”
 My Second's where you stay;
 My Third's the light of day;
 And my Whole is—what d'you say?

You will see on the Great Panjandrum's walls a few curious pictures. They are illustrated proverbs. I suppose you all know what proverbs are,—“Waste not, want not,” “More haste, less speed,” “A cat may look at a king,” and bits of wisdom of that kind. Here is one of the pictures, which the Great Panjandrum has hung up in the hall in order to warn

(F)



people, who are going away to catch a train or a boat, that they must be punctual if they do not want to be left behind.

(G) Do you know why a man who once misses his train is like somebody who has had the measles?

There is another illustrated proverb in the Great Panjandrum's summer-house. The summer-house is a most comfortable and delightful spot. There the Great Panjandrum sits of an evening with his pipe and dismisses all the troubles of

(H)



life, and thinks of nothing that is not pleasant and cheerful.

Here is the picture that hangs in the summer-house. The proverb exhorts people not to fret.

But we must now bid good-by to the Great Panjandrum and proceed on our journey to the Educational Institutions. Our path lies beside the river, which winds along between its green banks very beautifully. It is such a pretty walk, it almost makes one want to sing, like the birds that are warbling in the willows.

(I)

SONG.

Eight stout men came up to town
From a city of renown :
On the Thames to hold a race,
And to strive for foremost place.

But a second gallant boat
Is, I see, as well afloat ;
Dark and light blue both contend,
And will struggle to the end.

In that song, I think, you will discover two rivers if you search for them.

But look! What a flash of jewellery that was that flew by us! Was it a bird? It was like a gleam of emerald and tur-

(J)



quoise. See, it goes glimmering away over the surface of the stream which reflects its gem-like beauty. I did not see what it was very clearly, but I think I can make what I may call a guess-sketch of it, and see if you are able to tell me its name.

Ah, here we are at one of the Educational Institutions. This is the School of Verse, where they teach young people to chop up prose into properly measured lines and tie them together into little bundles, which are called stanzas. Of course, this verse-writing is no more like poetry than playing at horses with tape-reins is like driving a four-in-hand down Piccadilly. But we will go and see what is going on, because I think it will amuse you to hear the lessons and try to work out some of the exercises. I suppose you most of you have learnt to read, if not to repeat, one or two poems, so that you know what verse means,—a set of lines, in each of which there is the same number of syllables, every alternate syllable having a stress on it like this,—“silly,” which has the stress, or what is called the accent, on “sill;” or “delight,” which has the stress on “light.” Now, if you make a line up of words like “delight,” the stresses will come like this—

di dum, di dum, di dum,

and so on, for you may have five or six or more “*di dums.*” “Silly” will make lines of “*dum di, dum di, dum di,*” and so on. In addition to this, verses end in rhymes—that is, one of two lines ends with a sound exactly like the end of the other, except in the first letter—for instance, “sound,” “bound,” “drowned,” are rhymes.

Now let us go into the first-class room. We find them doing “Blind Rhymes.” You will see that if instead of saying—

Lily and I
Finished the pie,

which is a very correct and proper rhyme, you were to say,

Lily and I

Finished the tart,

the second line would end in a blind rhyme.

The Professor is writing a set of blind rhymes on the black-board for his pupils to correct. We will copy them down and see if we can make out the way to put words in the second of each pair of lines that will restore the rhymes.

(K)

BLIND RHYMES.

As I was travelling on the Nile,
I saw a monstrous *hippopotamus*.

I saw it—to be more exact—

Not far from the first *pyramid*.

The day was clear, the wind was calm,

And scarcely stirred the distant *sycamore*.

“A pleasant journey we shall make,”

Said I unto the Arab *dragoman*.

The old man shook his head and scanned

The vast expanse of torrid *rocks*,

And then upraised his eagle eye

To search the region of the *heavens*.

“Stranger, I cannot tell,” he said,

“The sun’s light shows a lurid *yellow*,

And all too soon may come the gloom,

That ushers in the dread *hurricane*.”

In fear I left that strange old man,

And soon rejoined the *travelling party*.

In order to help you a little bit, as this is the first time you have tried blind rhymes, I have put the words which you have to alter into italics; for instance, *hippopotamus*. I don’t think you will have very much difficulty in this class-room.

I think by this time your excursion in Puzzledom has supplied you with quite enough to do for the next while, so we will take leave of the Professor and make our way home.

We walk back beside the river once more, and enjoy the beautiful scenery. Large white water-lilies are reposing on the breast of the stream, and the big bulrushes nod by the brink as the great blue and green dragon-flies poise for a moment on the brown spikes. See—there is a pretty white flower a little way off the bank. It has a very funny name, which you must try and find out from this sketch of it given in the *Puzzledom "Guide to Botany."*

(L)



VI.

WE finished off last with a peep into the Puzzledom "Guide to Botany." I confess I like the Puzzledom "Guide to Botany," because it contains only those pretty old names that associate the flower with some locality or circumstance, or link it with a pretty fancy. How much prettier it is to talk of a forget-me-not, or a mouse-ear (you know what hairy leaves the forget-me-not has, like the ear of a mouse), rather than the very high-sounding *myosotis palustris*. When you speak of the harebell you can fancy that as puss brushes by it, it sets up a little silvery peal of music, which only the fairies hear. Who would fancy that *antirrhinum* means our old friend Snapdragon, whose jaws we have opened and shut so often? I wish our friends the puzzling—not the Puzzledom—botanists would keep all those hard names for such flowers as *Bowiea volubilis*, which they describe as "a very curious plant, quite destitute of beauty." Don't you all think a plant quite destitute of beauty must be so very curious that you can hardly believe it exists? I do; especially on the ground that "handsome is as handsome does." I daresay you would hardly call a chimney-sweep beautiful; but if it were not for chimney-sweeps little folks would often be burnt in their beds, so that there is beauty in a chimney-sweep, if you only look for it; because "beauty" and "fitness" are much alike.

But we must get along with our puzzles, or you will think I am neglecting my "fitness." Here is a plant out of the Puzzledom "Guide to Botany," which you ought to be able to guess. It has shiny green leaves and purple flowers, and it is a terrible plant to ramble and scramble wherever it has a

chance. I don't know what long Latin name the puzzling botanists give it; and if I did know it I would not tell you,

(A)



because it would be like giving you a pin to pick the secret out with.

There are magnificent Botanical Gardens in Puzzledom. You see the climate of Puzzledom is so very accommodating! It is all built in squares, and if you feel too warm in the tropical square where you happen to be, you can call a cab and drive to the arctic square. The Botanical Gardens cover several squares; there is a cold one where alpine plants flourish; a hot one where tropical growths are seen in profusion; a damp one where marsh-loving things abound; and a dry one where there is little else than sage-brush, and that funny little Palestine Rose, that looks like a tangled ball of twine, until it is dropt into a saucer of water, when it opens out like a brown autumn fern, to roll itself up again into its old shape as soon as the water is dried up entirely. Here is a view of one portion of the Puzzledom Botanical Gardens. In order to give you a hint

as to its whereabouts I will admit that it is pretty "handy"—very handy, you will say—to the tropical department.

(B)



Not very far from the Botanical Gardens of Puzzledom, we find a large building which belongs to the Royal Geographical Society of Puzzledom. Its members are constantly travelling about to discover new countries or report on the manners and customs of nations whose territories have never been fully explored. The latest account received from a Fellow of the Royal Puzzledom Geographical Society is a description of the remote region of Topsiturvey. As it is being read this afternoon to the members, we will see if we cannot get tickets and go.

Fortunately a kind friend of ours, whose elaborate delineation of the peculiar dances of the tribes of the Piccaninies, the Joblillies and the Gayrulies has been published by the Society, is able to give us the needful tickets, so we will go early and get good places for hearing the paper read.

The distinguished traveller just returned from Topsiturvey, first of all describes how everything in that extraordinary

country is apparently "wrong-side-up." He draws our attention to the qualifying adverb "apparently;" because he says a short residence in the region convinced him that in many cases what *we* should consider "wrong-side-up" is practically the reverse;—"for example," he says (and he illustrates his words by doing what he describes), "it is much easier to take a pinch of snuff when you are standing on your head than when you are in what is called your normal position." He then compares Topsiturvey with Looking-glass Land, of which so able a report was rendered to the Society by Mr. Lewis Carroll, one of the perpetual presidents, who occupies the chair on this occasion.

Next he proceeds to describe

(C)

SIX RIVERS FLOWING UP HILL.

The appearance of these streams was very confusing to one accustomed to see descending waters.

At the same time it would be absurd to deny that the effect was not infinitely more grand.

Instead of the waves gliding peacefully down their course, they were seen furiously leaping from boulder to boulder, as if assailing the heights. The steepest rocks were scaled by degrees, the longest hills were bit by bit ascended, until the summits were achieved.

Thence the waters ascended to the clouds by showers of rain that rose instead of falling; for no dense mists crowned the hill-tops, no clouds obscured them.

It was over the sea and in the valleys that the mists gathered and the clouds hung to supply them with the moisture which the reversal of the watershed denies to them.

The same strange rule applies to the cities of Topsiturvey.

You enter the houses by the chimney, and if you wish to view the surrounding country you ascend to the cellars. The lecturer thus speaks of

(D)

SIX CITIES STANDING ON THEIR HEADS.

It is simply impossible to magnify or to exaggerate the effect produced by the first sight of these eccentric cities.

If I thought I was dreaming—that sheer weariness had induced me to nod—no living soul can wonder ; for I could scarce believe my eyes.

There is, sir, a peculiar confusion arising in the mind from such a reversal, which your tour in Looking-glass Land will enable you to appreciate.

It seems strange to poise cathedrals on their spires and to stick royal palaces on their chimney-tops.

It is difficult to decide in one's own mind whether this was the way in which the people built them, or whether they were reversed after construction.

I cannot better show the impression made on me than by stating that for fear of contradiction I kept photographs of these cities in order to lay them before the council of this Society.

The learned traveller further alleged that the fauna and flora were similarly affected, and that the vegetation, for instance, grew with its tops in the ground. In proof of this he produced specimens of

(E)

SIX TREES WITH THEIR ROOTS IN THE AIR.

To see this class of tree growing at the tops of the highest mountains you would think them Lapland trees, but in Topsy-turvey the coldest zone is the lowest, the highest the warmest.

In the temperate region half-way up the hills you will see these trees flourish in a thick clump here and there. Now and then I perceived them in the colder regions.

The trees I now show a sample of are inhabitants of the same region as the last, but seem less sturdy and hardy.

More delicate still is this tree. It is late in the spring ere its roots begin to push sap along the branching veins and arteries.

Another picturesque tree comes next. As I walked under them I listened to the murmur of the bees among their branches.

Another noble tree is the one I now show you. It is what I should consider a decorative object, but its timber, which is fragrant, is turned to a useful purpose.

Now let us see whether you can learn the Topsiturvey Rivers, Cities, and Trees. In the meantime we will stroll back to our lodgings. Ah! the postman has been, I see. He has left an envelope which contains a *carte de visite*, the latest photograph

(F)



from Phancy. Do you guess whose it is? It is the likeness of

a very kind old friend of ours, who enabled us to go to the Geographical Society.

We are fortunate enough to have a piano in our lodgings. So as you young people are perhaps a little tired with your walk to the Geographical Society and back this afternoon, suppose you sit down while I sing you a song. It is a new version of a very old song that I have no doubt you all remember well, about the little woman who was going to market to sell her eggs, but fell asleep and had her petticoats cut all round about by the wicked pedlar.

Now my little woman was going to buy eggs, for one of her hens wanted to sit, and the little woman thought it would be very nice to bring up a brood of chicks.

SONG.

There was a little woman, not four feet high,

Tol, dol, liddle liddle dol !

And she went to market some eggs for to buy.

Tol, dol, liddle liddle dol !

She went to market, all on a market day,

And she fell asleep by the Queen's highway.

Tol de diddle dol lol, lol, lol, dol !

Tol, dol, liddle liddle dol !

Now what do you think she fell dreaming about?

Tol, dol, liddle liddle dol !

That she had twenty chickens that were all hatched out !

Tol, dol, liddle liddle dol !

That she had twenty chickens, a chirping little troop,

That ran about the old hen that sat in the coop.

Tol de diddle dol lol, lol, lol, dol !

Tol, dol, liddle liddle dol !

Then the chickens all grew up and were fine laying hens ;

Tol, dol, liddle liddle dol !

At last she wished to fatten them, and shut them into pens,

Tol, dol, liddle liddle dol !

At last she wished to fatten them and kill them all for sale,

To bring a lot of money to her pocket without fail.

Tol de diddle dol lol, lol, lol, dol !

Tol, dol, liddle liddle dol !

But while the little woman slept, time flew fast,

Tol, dol, liddle liddle dol !

And when it got near evening she began to wake at last !

Tol, dol, liddle liddle dol !

And when it got near evening she learnt how she had dozed,

And couldn't buy her eggs because the market it was closed.

Tol de diddle dol lol, lol, lol, dol !

Tol, dol, liddle liddle dol !

Home went the little woman all in the dark,

Tol, dol, liddle liddle dol !

But she'd neither eggs nor chickens, as of course you will remark,

Tol, dol, liddle liddle dol !

She'd neither eggs nor chickens, and she sighed for them in vain ;

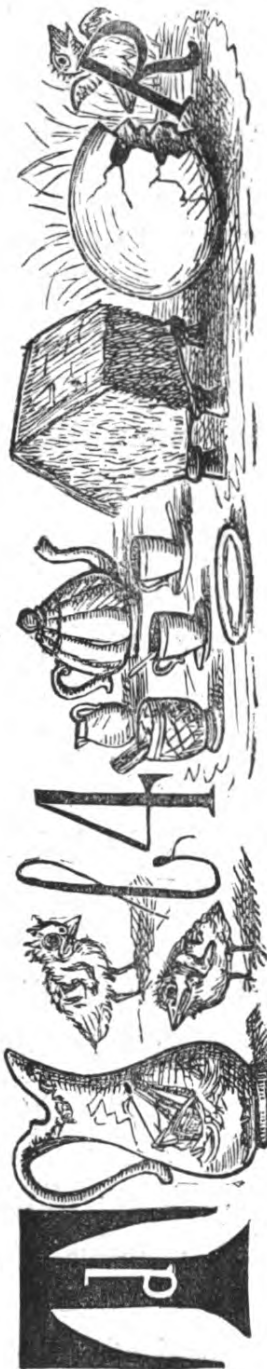
And so I hope the moral of my story's pretty plain.

Tol de diddle dol lol, lol, lol, dol !

Tol, dol, liddle liddle dol !

Here is the moral of my story in picture language.

(G)



By the way, here is a specimen page of a new Puzzledom Edition of Shakspeare all in picture language. It is a remark

made by a ghost in one of the plays which is best known. The line is often quoted, so try and puzzle it out.

(H)



E

VII.

AS it is nice spring-like weather in our particular district of Puzzledom just now, suppose we take a stroll in the fields before we sit down to our examination. How beautifully the grass is enamelled with all sorts of flowers. Run and pick me a little bunch somebody, please! Ah, that is capital—I wonder whether you can tell me what they are. One of them is beautiful indeed, and difficult to get.

(A)

PUZZLEDOM WILD FLOWERS.

The first is a common enough flower, but still one of the greatest favourites. If you dig up a root of it and take it home, and plant it in good earth, it will greatly improve. Here is a list of what goes to compose it. The initial letters read down give its name, the finals read down tell what change happens to it when cultivated.

No. 1.

1. A famous schoolmaster.
2. A Japanese potentate.
3. A farewell.
4. A troop of robbers, after a reverse.
5. An Educational Establishment.
6. A native of New York.

The second flower must have cost you some trouble and the risk of a wetting. In this case when you read down the initials you learn the name, and when you serve the finals the same, you learn where it is found.

No. 2.

1. A favourite Scotch name.
2. A volcanic feature.
3. An outrage.
4. A beautiful sentiment.
5. A space of time.

This third flower is decidedly one of the earliest harbingers of the spring; and that is probably the reason of its popularity, for it is not a strikingly beautiful plant. It is a compound word; read down the initials for the first half, down the finals for the second.

No. 3.

1. A French cook.
2. What cabmen are at times.
3. One of the Muses.
4. A city in Poland, on the Dnieper.
5. A part of a coin or medal.
6. A Swedish monarch.

Here again, in the fourth place, is a pretty flower and an early one too. They grow in great numbers in the woods, and give a beautiful colour to the grass at the foot of the trees. This is a compound like the last, and should be similarly treated.

No. 4.

1. Part of a hook.
2. The entrance to a park.
3. An adverb of time.
4. A strange fish.

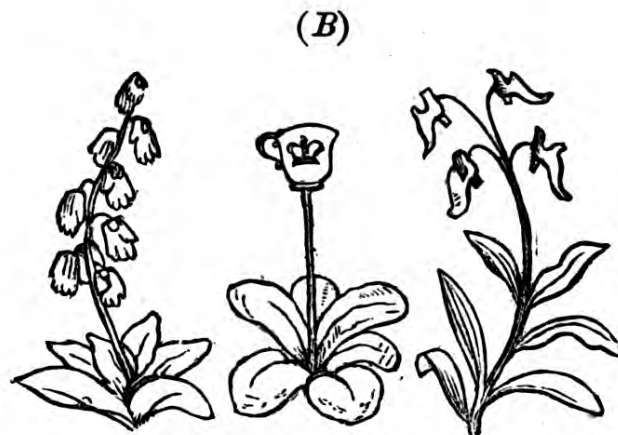
The fifth flower is well known, its pinky flowers and its quaint

seed pods are familiar to London boys even, I should say. This again, is a compound, and must be served as before.

No. 5.

1. A sacred song.
2. A disagreeable effluvium.
3. A naval dignitary.
4. A national dance.
5. The reputed birthplace of a bard.
6. An agricultural implement.

Then when you have learnt these names we will keep them for the herbarium. We shall put them between blotting-paper and press them quite flat, and afterwards fix them carefully in a sort of album. If you have never seen plants so prepared, I will show you three:—



Now we will walk home, for I want to write a letter before post-time. It is to a little lady who calls herself Daisy of Dieppe, and who sent me her answers to the puzzles with an address in picture-language. When I was a little boy, a very well-known gentleman, Mr. Smith, one of the two brothers who wrote a famous and clever book called "Rejected Addresses," was kind enough to send me letters sometimes in what I may

call letter-language. You will understand if I quote an example :—

O PT Miss MLE G
Who was stung in the I by a B.

The translation of that is—

O, pity Miss Emily Gee,
Who was stung in the eye by a bee.

Well, I used to answer Mr. Smith in picture-language, and I always began my letters, I can remember, in one particular way, so I shall adopt it now.

Here is my letter, see if you can read it. There's my monogram at the top, and the date in the right-hand corner.

(C)

A LITTLE NOTE.



Now as we take the letter to the post-office we will buy the last number of the *Puzzledom Magazine*, and see if there is anything very new in it.

Ah, here's a novelty. It's a puzzle that depends on the different spelling of words pronounced alike. It is entitled—

(D)

UNDER A SPELL.

No. 1.—The cricketer knows me well,
 And often sees me fly ;
 And the merchant too can tell
 My price, and if it's high.

I visit courts of law,
 A friend in need to be ;
 If you find in a boat a flaw,
 You'll have recourse to me.

No. 2.—You're sure to see
 Me come to tea ;
 My face you lack
 Not in the pack ;
 And find my traces
 In others' faces.

No. 3.—With trumpet and drum,
 And shows I come ;
 And whenever you eat
 With me you meet ;
 And whenever you spy
 Your sweetheart, she's I.

But sometimes when people, too fond of pelf,
 Seek me—I truly am not myself.

I see there's a picture in the magazine this month ; it is a portrait of three animals that have just been added to the Gardens of the Puzzledom Zoological Society. Here they are, one quadruped and two birds. Please tell me their names !

(E)

AT THE ZOO.



Here I find some lines that I will read to you, and see if you understand them. Their title is,

(F)

THE SAILOR-BOY.

These are the busy docks ; tiers after tiers
Of merchant ships are moored along the piers ;
While in their holds the crowding toilers place
Barrel and butt, crate, hamper, box, and case ;
For from the docks no ships are ever towed
Until my First have all on board been stowed.

The toil is o'er ; at last from moorings freed,
Follows the ship the steam-tug's fussy lead.
Upon the deck, behold a youngster stand,
Who gazes on the fast-receding land.
With sturdy frame, bronzed hands, and sunburnt brow,
He looks my Second every inch, I vow.

Descends the night ; the dews are cold and damp,
Faint burns the binnacle's suspended lamp.

Look up, young sailor ;—on the brow of night
Behold there burns a beacon clear and bright.
Though waves should wash the binnacle away
My Whole would guide you with its steadfast ray !

Here is a brief epigram, which I may as well give you to discover :—

(G)

EPIGRAM.

God did my First create, which made my Second ;
You join them ;—lo, my Whole. The week is reckoned !

One of my little friends said the other day that she was very fond of Acrostic Charades, so I will give her one :—

(H)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

We are words that rhyme,
And we're both in time,
One is a season, the other a song,
If you guess them rightly, you can't be wrong.

I.

It is very good fun,
If it's properly done.

II.

A beast with two toes,
How slowly it goes !

III.

The sun's overhead—
There's no more to be said !

IV.

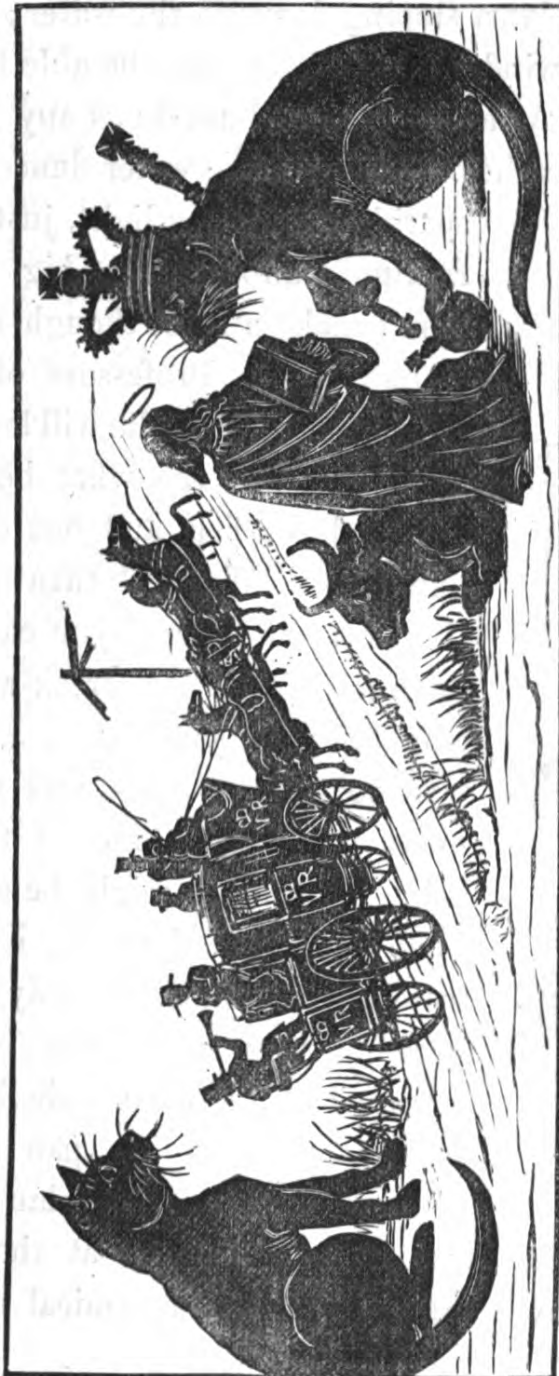
The sun's going to sink ;
This is coming I think.

Now I will wind up at present by giving you a peep at the Galanty Show. I think nowadays Galanty Shows must be

almost extinct—they were something like a Punch Show, but with a curtain of white paper in front, upon which the shadows of the figures were thrown by the rays of a lamp at the back. Here is one of the slides of my Galanty Show.

(I)

A SHADOWED PROVERB.



VIII.

I THINK as we are likely to stay for some time in Puzzledom that we had better leave our hotel, and take lodgings. I noticed a very pretty little cottage on the bank of the river the other day, with a lawn sloping down to the water; and as there was a bill in the window perhaps we may be able to get accommodation there. At any rate it will not do us any harm to walk there this fine weather. See how the water dances in the sun,

sparkling with the light, just as if it were raining sunbeams as big as shillings.

(A)

FRESH-WATER FISH.



Don't make a noise though, for I see there is one of the Professors of the College fishing. I daresay he will let us peep into his basket and see what he has caught.

Half a dozen fish, and one or two rather fine ones! We will turn them out on the grass and see if you can guess their names. They are fresh-water fish of course. We shall soon, I hope, pay a visit to the sea-coast, and then we shall

make the acquaintance of the salt-water fish. I think we might be able to start a little aquarium there—it is such fun to watch the animals. It only wants a little growing green weed; that is to say, weed attached to a stone or a shell, and you can make any basin or pan do. I have often found it a good plan to use weed-

grown limpets for my temporary tanks at the sea-side. I suppose you know what a limpet is—a conical shell, with an

inhabitant, that sticks to the rocks like a sucker,—and so tightly that it is often difficult to detach it. Very often you find them covered with quite a forest of green weed, which grows on their shells—a sort of back garden, you know! When you have established your aquarium with weed for a day or so, you can hunt about for anemones; they are more like chrysanthemums, though, made of jelly. I should not show them to the baby, however, if I were you, because they have such a bad habit of sucking their thumbs and fingers. They don't use a knife and fork, but take their food with their fingers, and tuck it away, fingers and all, in their stomachs! With a few anemones and a crab you will have a most interesting and amusing aquarium. Don't forget the crab by any means, he is such fun; and he generally gets quite tame in a little while. I had one who would climb up the sea-weed, hand over hand, like a sailor-boy in the rigging, whenever I tapped on the tank as a signal that his dinner was ready. The first crab I had played me a funny trick. When a crab's clothes get too tight for him he slips out of them bodily and grows a fresh set—even the skin of his eyes comes off, so that, as he does not fold his things up neatly and put them away, the cast-off garments look exactly like a crab. Well, my crab changed his clothes, and I, finding the discarded suit, mistook it for his corpse, and regretted his untimely death. Wasn't I startled a few days later when I saw what I thought was his ghost sitting on a stone twiddling his thumbs? I think he winked at me, but as crabs have such funny eyes growing on short stalks that move independently of each other, I should not like to declare positively. Poor fellow, he met his end soon after. He climbed up the weed and tumbled out of the tank to set off on his travels through London. He went down the stairs, dropping, bump, bump, from step to step, which must have shaken his intellect, for he didn't get out of the way

of the servant who happened to be coming up, and so he was trodden flat.

But we will say more about crabs and sea-fish by-and-by. Now we have reached the cottage. There is a green lawn with a mulberry tree in the middle, and there is a rockery all grown over with ferns and foxgloves. And only see what a nice old arbour there is, buried in shining ivy. It will be so nice to take tea (with spiders and earwigs in it sometimes, I'm afraid) in that quiet cool summer-house; if I can only come to terms with the owner of the cottage, and arrange our relations with

(B)



him somewhat after the style that is shown in this picture from the *Puzzledom Blackstone*.

The owner will be down directly, so we will walk into the parlour and wait for him. I think he must have come from England, for I see there are portraits of

(C)

THREE DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH ADMIRALS.

I. The first is a bird. It has a white collar round its neck and its head is shot—not with “lead, lead, lead,” but with beautiful colours, green, purple, and golden, like a rich silk dress. Its walk is not graceful, but when it is floating on the water it is a model for a fairy galley.

2. The second is a bird. When you hear a commotion in the poultry yard, and Dame Partlet calls her chicks about her and covers them with her wings, look up. You will see the bird I mean, hanging in the wind overhead like a becalmed yacht—

With wide wings
Strained to a bell: 'gainst the noonday glare
You can count the streaks and rings.

3. Another bird. It is a gregarious bird, but a crafty one. When the main army is feeding, there are always sentinels stationed in the trees to give warning of any one's approach; for in England I am sorry to say they are often killed very wantonly; whereas, in France, owing to their never being disturbed, they are very tame, and will let you walk quite close up to them, just as an impudent London sparrow would. I never can see one of them flapping his wings slowly and solemnly, as he sails overhead, without remembering a dialogue that my father used to recite to me, when I was a child, with appropriate pantomime, making long grave sawings of the air for the flight of the old bird and short sharp beats for the young one—the measure of the words keeping time with the wings. I daresay some of my little friends know it, but I will repeat it for those who have not heard it.

Old Bird.—“ *Don't go there! Don't go there!*”

Young Bird.—“ *Why not? Why not? Why not?*”

Old Bird.—“ *You'll be shot if you do! You'll be shot if you do!*”

Young Bird.—“ *Don't care, don't care, don't care!*”

Distant gun.—*Bang!*

You Bridng.—“ *Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!*”

Old Bird.—“ *I told you so! I told you so!*”

Do you think you can discover the names of the three

admirals? The portraits are very pretty, but then you must not always trust to appearances—though here I think you may —because there is an old proverb which says

(D)



I have done the proverb as a magic-lantern slide or a transparency.

But I had almost forgot to tell you that the owner of the cottage and I have come to terms, and if after I have looked over it I find it will suit us, we can move in at once. We will go upstairs and see what the bedrooms are like.

Here on the dressing-table is a handsome jewel-case of Indian manufacture; ivory, inlaid with silver. It contains half a dozen different jewels. Try and tell me their names.

(E)

A CASKET OF GEMS.

Thou, lady, art indeed happy in the possession of such trinkets. So lovely are thy gems the great Koh-in-noor could scarce shame thy stones for lustre.

How various are their hues. Some deep red like crystals of blood, some so pale that but for a tongue of flame in them they might pass for drops of milk.

Here is a pendant fit to equip ears like thine; there a ring suited for a finger like thine. We read in fairy legends of rings that summon a genie when one gives them a rub, yet I think thy white hand adorned with that circlet a more potent spell.

Look at that brooch, too, so bright and splendid; I am on desperate thoughts intent and could almost steal it—and thee, too, lady!

There again is an exquisite bracelet, deep crimson stones round it, a magnificent yellow stone in the middle of the clasp, and at the bottom and top azure stones set round with sparkling splinters of gem!

When we come downstairs, the gentleman of the house very kindly asks us to have some luncheon. I daresay the walk has

given you young people an appetite, so we will accept his offer with pleasure. The servant brings up a clean white cloth, and lays the table. In the centre she places a very pretty glass in which there is a bunch of flowers. What flowers do you recognise?

(F)

THE BOUQUET.

1. A form of the verb "to be," and a line of noughts.
2. A climbing vegetable, and a writing fluid.
3. An earthen vessel, and a deep respiration.
4. A part of the ear, and the *nom de plume* of a famous essayist.
5. Singing birds, and a noise made by a cat.
6. A fashionable dance, and the short for a Jewish name.

And now comes the luncheon. There is fruit for you little folks, besides some fish and bread and cheese for the elder ones, and there is a bottle of wine, which I think you must take in great moderation, as it is apt to get into little folks' heads. Here is the bill of fare:—

(G)

THE LUNCHEON.

Fish.

When Tom walked one day
 With two damsels so gay,
 His sweetheart's sad soul was o'erburdened with cares;
 My First you will view
 As one of the two
 Whose names you'll find mentioned in "Wapping Old Stairs."
 When a thoroughbred Scot,
 Is astonished, I wot,

Or would a remonstrance address to a man,
He'll surely say "Eh!"
And add by the way,
My Second; so please find it out if you can.

My Whole is a fish,
An excellent dish;
Which some prefer warm, but I prefer cold;—
No rich sauces for me,
But plain as can be,
Be the dressing to serve with the fish you behold.

Cheese.

The moon on the water beams,
But the waves are wrapt in dreams;
Not a ripple breaks on the strand;
There is silence on sea and land,
Not a breath disturbs the air—
For the night is my First, and fair!

To Heidelberg repair,
And view the castle there;
That ruin grey and old
'Twill charm you to behold;
But hurry not on so fast
As to miss my Second vast.

Like to some ancient tower
Destroyed by foeman's power;
(The notion is quite right,
It is destroyed by mite),
My Whole is ripe and nice;
I pray you take a slice.

Fruit.

Some at my First will catch,
But not upon the thatch.

The sexton does my Second,
His labour it is reckoned.

My Whole is most delicious,
When summer is propitious.

Wine.

A man was selling guineas
At a penny apiece to the people around him !
A set of stupid ninnies ;
What a terrible rogue they quickly found him.
For the guineas were all my First,
So they shamefacedly dispersed !

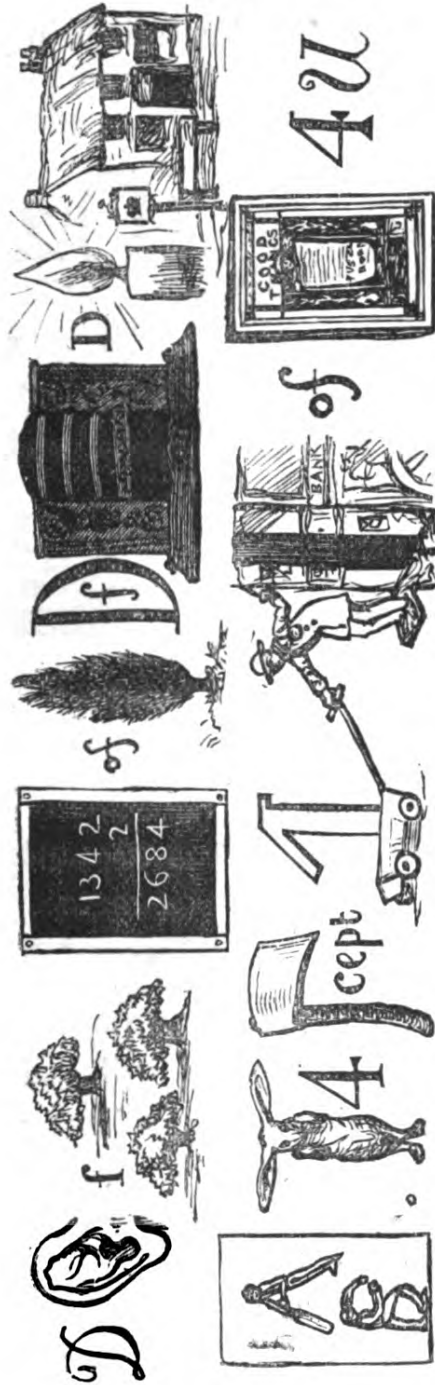
I never need reminders
Of the fact that one's teeth are addicted to aching :
For often my cruel grinders
Will keep me all night impatiently waking,
And so they are always reckoned
As the home of my terrible Second.

Fill high the cup and flagon,
Let the bubbles glisten, and dance, and glitter ;
I feel I could fight a dragon
Like St. George, or like Schiller's redoubtable Ritter,
Whenever I've tasted a bowl
Full to the brim of my Whole.

Now that we have finished our luncheon, we may as well
turn our steps homeward. I have written another short note

in picture language to you, my young friends, because I am sure you like picture language—it is ever so much nicer than mere writing. You must see if you can read what I have said to you.

(H)



IX.

THE time has come for me to redeem a promise that I made lately to my little party of Pilgrims in Puzzledom. Perhaps I had better convey the invitation in a picture-letter. Here it is:—

(A)



Puzzledom has plenty of pretty watering-places. I think before the holiday time is over, we will visit one or two of them, for the sake of variety. Some have yellow sands and tall white cliffs, like places on the south-east coast of England. Others have pebbly beaches, and ridges of rock, and cliffs of granite, or porphyry, like those in the west of England. Then others have long stretches of low sandhills, overgrown with rushy grass, and peopled with myriads of rabbits. Of course

the sea is the same everywhere—only the sea never *is* the same anywhere for two days running. It is like that wonderful creature the chameleon; it changes its colour every day. At one time it is inky black, at another sapphire blue, then green, next golden, sometimes yellow and cloudy, sometimes as clear as crystal, or with only the faintest shade of sunset-green. Do you know what sunset-green is? It is that delicate colour which you see in the sky where the fading gold of the sunshine melts into the quiet blue of the heavens. Of course the reflection of the sky or the clouds has much to do with the variations of the colour of the sea, but sometimes I think it is difficult to account for, even in that way. I saw the sea, a little while since, quite leaden grey, though there was a clear blue sky above it. By the way, I wonder whether you little people have ever noticed that at times the earth reflects the sky as the sea does! Yes; if you go out some cloudless bright day to a meadow where the grass is strong and coarse, you will see that its shining blades flash back the colour of the sky, and give the field quite a blue shade. When you have found out that, try and find out for yourselves, with observant eyes and patience, the wonderful blendings and reflections of colour that there are in Nature. To study colour will give you as much delight as the study of music; indeed music and colour have very much in common, as you will understand partly when you remember how the word “harmony” applies to both. As notes combine to make an air, tints combine to form a colour; and when once you have trained your eye to read tints, you have found a new delight, which I first discovered many years ago, when a party of four of us were lying down on the grass in one of the fine old avenues in Knowle Park, Sevenoaks. One of the four was a young painter of great promise, now, alas! dead—indeed only two of the four survive—and as we lay on the grass, he opened

this page of the book of Nature for us, pointing out as his practised eye could see them, the purples and reds, the blues and golds, on the stem of a beech; where, until he revealed them to us, we had only seen a rich shadow.

However, I must not wander away to Knowle from the sea-shore of Puzzledom. Let us first take off our shoes and stockings, and have a paddle in the fizzing foam that comes creaming up the sand as if the bay were a great champagne glass, and the sea were all champagne. Of course we have all brought our spades and buckets, and we can make fortresses, and garrison towns. Two or three of the biggest must be told off to dig a canal to the sea, so that our works may be surrounded with a moat in which our fleet can sail. If we have no boats, we can swim our buckets and call them ironclads; for they are somewhat like ironclads—only not so ugly.

Dear me, there's a scream! Who's hurt? Nobody! only somebody who has never been to the seaside before has had a fright! At what? Why, at this:—

(B)

A SEA MONSTER.

1. It lies there a giant, man's power cannot curb.
2. Present tense, plural number, third person, a verb.
3. An indefinite article—so 'tis defined.
4. An insect, but surely possessed of a mind.

My Whole, though in ocean alone he's a liver,
Is caught now and then, I am told, on the river.

Please tell me what monster that is! I'll tell you of another, and that may perhaps help you to guess the first.

(C)

ANOTHER SEA MONSTER.

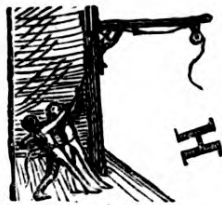
Seven letters, alone, form my limited range,
Yet like authors, famed after decease,
I seldom am "read"
Until I am dead ;—
And my first with my third if you happen to change
You'll find I have turned into bed,
And so forfeit the clause in my lease.

That's great nonsense, isn't it? But then when we come holiday-making to the seaside, we may be allowed to talk a little nonsense, and do some silly things. Only there is one silly thing I beg you wont do. Don't dig deep holes in the sand and bury one another in them up to the neck ; because if you forgot to dig your unlucky playfellow out before you went away, the tide would not forget to come up and drown him—and besides it spoils one's clothes. So don't do it, although people do look funny with their heads, only, sticking out of the sand. But take warning from the wicked Italian Count ! This wicked Italian Count was in the habit of catching stray monks, burying them up to their necks at the end of his bowling-green, and bowling at them with a heavy ball. Of course the poor monks would wink awfully, and dodge their heads on one side, when they saw the ball coming ; and that made him laugh—but he laughed so immoderately that one day he split his sides and died, and so he was no more a count. I never saw a man who split his sides, but I can quite imagine—as, I daresay, you can—that you couldn't put him to much use. He could not even get a living as a beggar, because everybody would see through him.

But a truce to nonsense for a while. Somebody wants to know what creatures are best fitted to live in an aquarium. I gave you the names of some in last section, but as we are in Puzzledom now I must refer you to the "Puzzledom Guide to the Aquarium." In the following picture you will find half a dozen suitable inhabitants :—

(D)

FOR THE AQUARIUM.



You can have very good fun fishing if you like, and are not afraid that you will be sea-sick. Ah, I thought so! You want to know a cure for sea-sickness. Well, the only sure preventive I know is—not to be sea-sick! Unfortunately it is a remedy that is not within everybody's power. Once when I went over to France in rather rough weather, a delicate-looking young gentleman asked me, just before we started, if I thought we should have a smooth passage. I was sorry to be obliged to tell

him I thought not, for he looked very nervous; but I recommended him to go below and try to get to sleep before we left the harbour. He went, and I saw no more of him until he came up next morning, looking rather pale, just as we ran alongside the quay at Dieppe. I asked him how he had passed the night, and he told me he had not slept; but that some friend had recommended him a preventive—which was to lie on his back and eat apples. He had done so, and, he assured me, with complete success. But for my part I should think it must be almost better to be sea-sick than to lie on your back eating apples for six or seven hours in the cabin of a steamboat.

However, if you are not afraid of sea-sickness, sea-fishing is delightful sport. You catch such strange fish sometimes, it's rare fun. My first acquaintance with the squid, which is a very small sort of cuttle-fish, was very amusing. I was fishing off the coast of Cornwall, and my bait had been taken by a fish too small to jerk the line. Presently, however, I felt it being drawn away, so I pulled up. The squid had fastened his arms round the fish and was burying his little parrot-bill into it. As it came near the surface of the clear water, I was at a loss to make out what my strange catch was, and bent over the side of the boat to see closer. Just as I drew it to the top, it squirted a jet of water in my face, let go its prey, and darted backwards like an arrow. I am told that I cried out, "Hullo! I've caught a garden-engine!" but I was too surprised to know what I said. I once caught a shark, too, about eight miles from the Eddystone, but luckily we did not get him on board the boat, or he would probably have knocked a plank out. We used to catch big skate, too, and the first time I had to haul one in, I quite appreciated the truth of a remark my father

made in a letter to some little folks at the seaside—that
“catching a flat fish was like swimming a kite.”

This is a pretty little corner of the coast here, so we will sit
down while I describe it to you in puzzle language :—

(E)

CHARADE.

Above us on the cliff the samphire springs,
Salt with the brine of many a stormy night ;
Close to the chalk the hornèd poppy clings ;
The grey gull shrieks and holds its seaward flight.
And see, low-roofed, where doth to seaward front
My humble First, exposed to tempest's brunt.

Thence starts at break of day the fisher brave,
Launches his skiff, and quickly is afloat
To spread his toils beneath the heaving wave,
And load with finny spoil his little boat :
And aye with curious eye a watch doth keep
Upon my Second's treasures from the deep.

What is it glitters in the dripping mesh ?
A ring—perchance from Cæsar's galley lost !
Loſt years ago, it visits earth afresh ;—
Say, what collector would begrudge its cost ?
The wealthy antiquary, lucky soul,
Buys it at once to grace my costly Whole.

Now, young people, how many of you will read that little
history aright ?

But as we are talking about fishing, I will draw you a picture on the sand with my stick. It is an old saying, which bids us not to despair because we see other people carry off what seem to be the grandest prizes in this world.

(F)

PICTURE PROVERB.



I don't think we have had any Blind Rhymes for a long time, so I propose that we try some. As blind people are supposed not to see, we will choose for our subject something we have never seen—the bottom of the sea. At least, *I* have never seen it, though some of you, for all I know, may have been there in a diving-bell, though it is not very likely. You will remember, I hope, that you have to substitute the correct rhyme for the italicised word.

(G)

BLIND RHYMES.

UNDER THE OCEAN.

Where human foot has never trod,
 Where crawls the hideous *terrapin*,
 Where in his cavern deep and dark
 Lurks, like a wolf, the cruel *sprat* ;
 Where the fair mermaid, in her seaweed kirtle,
 Feeds with fresh alga-fronds her favourite *porpoise* ;
 (The envious merman calls it an abhorred fish,
 And fain would set upon it his tame *lobster*;)

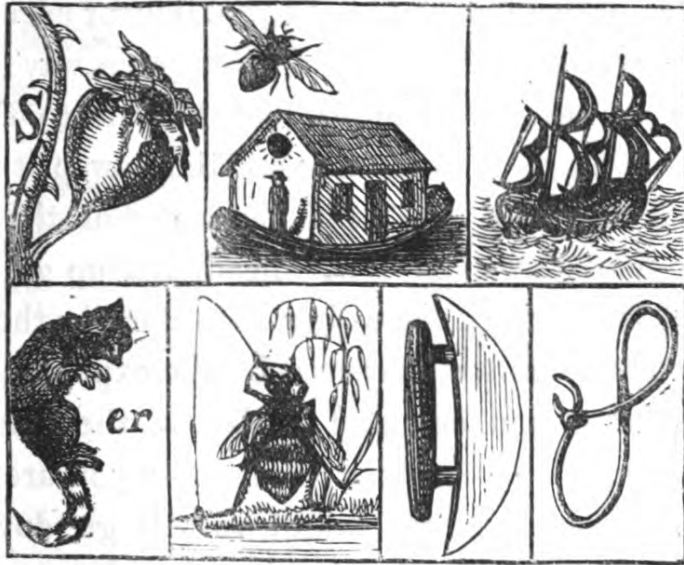
Where the huge kraken in the twilight dim
 Delights amid the lesser whales to *sport* ;
 And the sea-serpent, his vast coils unrolled,
 Crushes huge reefs of coral in his *grasp* ;
 Where the wild narwhal with its mates at play,
 Chases the armoured sturgeon and the *shrimp* ;
 There would I fain in safety take my stand
 And gaze upon the marvels new and *great*,
 That fill the ocean depths and spread on every *side*.

The bottom of the sea must indeed be a very wonderful place ;
 but its surface displays a vast variety of strange things that we
 have yet to see, and have yet to understand. So until the time
 comes when we fly through the air, or swim through the water
 in some strange vehicle, yet to be invented, we may as well be
 content with the marvels immediately within our reach. Talk-
 ing of vehicles, yonder goes a steamer, leaving a long trail of
 smoke behind her. This watering-place is on the ocean high-
 way to one of the principal seaports of Puzzledom, so we shall
 see all sorts of vessels sail past. Do you know how the dif-

ferent kinds of ships are named? Here is one of the illustrations of "The Puzzledom Nautical Guide." It contains seven styles of vessels; let me see if you know them:—

(H)

PUZZLEDOM SHIPS.



X.

THERE'S a fresh breeze to-day, that has brought all Neptune's white horses out of the stable for exercise. You can see their snowy manes tossing on the green waves as far as sight can reach. How the fishing-boat bounds to the breeze like a curvetting nag. At one moment the bowsprit points up to the sky, and the bows are out of the water on the crest of a wave, and the next down goes her head, and up go her heels, as a spout of foam springs round her cutwater like the smoke of a small cannon. I can see, however, by the expression of some of your faces, that you are glad to be on the shining sand rather than in that lively boat; so I suppose you are not to be tempted out for a sail. Never mind, we will go down to the landing-place to meet the returning boats, and see what sport they have had; although sport hardly seems the word for the toil they have undergone. All through the dark night, on the heaving seas, they have rolled to and fro, wet and weary, hauling in their nets. I never see a fishing-boat sail out into the gloomy night, without recalling the lines of "Caller Herrin'," which say of the fish,—

" Wives and mithers, maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men !"

Well, here we are at the quay-side. Let us see what different kinds of fish there are. There's a heap there containing three sorts of fish, such as are commonly eaten, and one specimen of a very beautiful creature not often eaten, I think. Here's a sketch of them.

(A)

SALT-WATER FISH.



Now let me know what their names are. Next we come to what I shall call

(B)

THE BUSY BEES.

1. A Bee on a donkey's head.
2. A Bee on the top of a certain number of quires of paper.
3. A Bee at the source of a small stream.

Please to catch those bees and turn them into fishes; and then we will see what you can make of this—

(C)

BASKET OF FISH.

1. Four-sixths of a discourse, and five-sixths of a throat.
2. What a river does to a bridge.
3. The weapon of an insect, and a beam of light.
4. A sinful aspirate.
5. Part of a Scotch name, and two liquids.
6. A Roman numeral, for once not even.
7. What little people should never do.
8. A sibilant sound, and a sailor's luxury.

9. Three-fourths of a form of physic, a letter, and solid.
10. A disturbance, and a proper name.
11. A letter, and a winter pastime.
12. Three-fourths of a lass, and an Eastern unguent.

Now we will go back to the sands again. Do you see that man walking in the water, pushing a pole before him? He is shrimping; you will see him every now and then raise his net out of the water, and after throwing away the "rubbish" empty his shrimps into the basket he carries at his back. Now that "rubbish" is just the very stuff for your aquariums, so if some of you bigger boys will roll up your trousers and pull off shoes and stockings, and take out two or three little buckets to him, I have no doubt he will put the rubbish into them, instead of throwing it back into the sea.

Now, let us see what you have in the small pails. Oh, here's a funny fellow! That is a hermit or soldier crab. He deserves both names, for he really inhabits a small cell, and he is particularly full of fight. You see his shell does not belong to him, except as a house belongs to a tenant. It is an empty whelk-shell, which he has taken for a term. I am not at all sure that he has not dislodged the original landlord and eaten him, for he is a big fellow. When he was a little boy he lived in a periwinkle-shell or a top-shell, but he has gradually moved into larger apartments. You can see nothing of him but his claws now, so we will put him down and watch him quietly, and then he will gradually come half-way out, like an old gentleman leaning out of window and smoking a pipe. It is rare fun to see him move when his increasing size makes him outgrow his apartments. You must strew a few empty shells about the aquarium, and then you will see him call wherever he sees a bill in the window. He does not knock at the door;—he simply reaches a claw in, and feels about the interior to see, I suppose, if he likes the

pattern of the paper. If the place seems to suit him, he catches hold of the side of the new shell, and before you can wink he has whipt out of his old home into the new one, as if he were afraid any one should catch him at it—which he probably is, for though his claws and head are in shell-armour like a respectable crab's, his body is quite soft and unprotected. Perhaps he thinks the real crabs would consider him an impostor if they caught him in this state, and give him a nip; and I think we all know it is not nice to have our bare legs pinched. I shall never forget the first time I saw a hermit crab, when I was a boy. I was walking by myself on Ramsgate sands and saw one in a pool. I recognised the whelk-shell, but I could not imagine what the claws and legs and feelers were; and it looked so much like a manufactured article that I did not like to say a word about it to anybody for fear I should be suspected of an inventive fib. It was not till many years afterwards, when aquariums were first found out, that I recognised my old friend.

Before I saw my first hermit crab I saw a much stranger animal at Ostend. Here is the story in picture language.

(D)

THE MONSTER.



G

Let us see what else you have among the treasures in the buckets. There are some lovely seaweeds, that will look very pretty mounted on cardboard, if you do it carefully. I have seen very tasteful little bunches of seaweeds arranged on card so as to look as if they were placed in a vase, represented by a flat shell, with handles and a footstalk made of smaller shells. Besides the weeds there are prawns, and shrimps, and several small fishes, some of them flat, and a few star-fish. We will keep them all in sea water, and carry them home for the aquarium.

Look at these rocks; they are covered with different kinds of shell-fish. Can you guess the names of these

(E)

TWO SHELL-FISH ?

Anchored firmly to the rock,
Like a ship, 'gainst ocean's shock,
Dark without and bright within,—
Name the letters that begin.

Firmly fixed as though at base
Built into the rock's smooth face,
Easier far to break than bend,—
Name the letters at the end.

1. Giant arms upraised on high;
Round and round they quickly fly.
2. Letters three—and they declare
What the Latin is for where.
3. What 'tis little people's fate
Oft to do upon a slate.
4. What aquariums, I deplore,
Often cause upon the floor.

5. When the sky grows gold and red
Little people go to bed ;
6. And—when snug in bed are they—
Nurse will carry this away.

There, now we must stroll homewards, for it is getting near lunch-time. We shall have some fish for lunch. Let me see ; it is a very sad story about them. I will put it into verse and call it

(*F*)

A DOLEFUL LEGEND.

Once the fishes laid a plan—

“ Yes,” they said,

“ We will marry sister Anne ;

She shall wed.

Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong dell,

We shall ring the merry bell.

“ We’ll bestow her hand upon

Some young fish :—

We’ll bestow it upon John,

Should he wish !

Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong dell,

We shall ring the merry bell.”

When the wedding day arrived,

Calm and fine ;

Lo !—John to get hooked contrived

On a line.

Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong dell,

Slow they tolled the mournful bell.

When she heard how John had died—

Was no more,

Anne committed suicide—
 Jumped ashore!
 Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong dell,
 So they tolled the lovers' knell.

Now I want you to tell me what were the names of the bride and bridegroom.

As we shall soon have to pack up our traps and leave the seaside, we must make the most of our time, and when lunch is over we will go out again to the sands. What shall we do when we get there? Here is a choice of amusements.

(G)



Ah, here comes a fishwoman with her basket of wares for sale. I want something to add to our lunch, so I'll see what she has got. They're not fish, but they are very nice. In fact there is only one kind of them I don't care about. "Not fish!" I hear somebody say. No, they are not fish, but something else. It's rather a hard word, so I'll make it easy for you in

(H)

A CHARADE.

My First—for that consult the cook,
She'll know the reason why;
She, without this, by hook or crook
Could never make a pie.

My Second—is not very hard,
You'll be upon the track,
If only you've the proper card
Selected from the pack.

My Third—you'll find that each true Scot
With that contrives to see,
And in the alphabet I wot
It's pretty sure to be.

My Last—in some things 'tis a first,
I give a clear suggestion,
And oftentimes, when you've conversed,
You've met it as a question.

My Whole—are dwellers in the sea,
And frequently you meet 'em,
And now if you'll come home with me,
I'll show you how to eat 'em.

XI.

WELL, we have packed up our boxes and bid good-by to the sea! The sea has ceased to be a playfellow of late. It has put off its holiday appearance and has begun to be in serious earnest; and sometimes of a morning instead of bringing us shells and seaweed, it has thrown up fragments of wreck upon the sands. Only a week ago the brave fishermen gathered on the beach at midnight and put out in the gusty darkness in the lifeboat to go to the help of a vessel that was showing signals of distress.

Yes, I am very much afraid that summer is over. We have wandered together in different parts of Puzzledom from season to season, and now it is time to be getting home. By the way, here is a fancy picture of two contrasting seasons, which I daresay you can identify without much difficulty:—

(A)



Autumn is a very beautiful season, but it is a little sad. The foliage begins to show splendid colours of every sort, russet, crimson, and amber; but we know that before very long the boughs will be bare. The flowers, too, warn us that winter

is at hand, and sometimes, owing to the drenching rains, are hardly able to hold up their heads.

But although we are, of course, sorry to say farewell to summer, we must not forget that even in the decay of autumn there is promise for the future, if we will but look for it. In a favourite poem of mine we are told to "look deeper" for such promises :—

"See," said Marian unto me,
 Standing by the cressy brook,
"How my wealth of flowers increaseth ;
 Have they not a pleasant look ?"

"Deeper still," I said unto her,
 " There the ceaseless worm alway
Feeds upon the living flower,
 Drooping, dropping to decay."

"Deeper yet," said Marian,
 " Love ; and thank the Love that giveth ;
In the death of every one
 Future wealth, uncounted, liveth !"

And that is quite true. The fallen leaves enrich the ground and feed the roots so that next spring the tender green buds may show like tiny emeralds on the boughs ; while for every flower that sheds its bright petals, we have a seed-pod of some sort or other containing the germs of many similar plants.

" Besides—" so I hear one of my little friends say—" in autumn we have the fruit ripening !" Ah, I see he is thinking of apples, and pears, and peaches, and all kinds of nice things. Besides, if he hasn't got fruit trees in the garden, he can do

what these good folks are doing,—tell me what they are doing!

(B)



Come, little people, our boxes are packed and the fly is waiting to take us to the station. One more peep out of the window at our old playfellow, the sea, and then we must be off. Before long we shall be settled down in our cosy little cottage again, and shall be repeating the old proverb which is concealed in these lines:—

(C)

A PROVERB IN RHYME.

When the sun is in the east,
 Waken all, or bird, or beast;
 When he sinks adown the west
 Homeward all things go to rest;—
 Given for toil is day's clear light,
 Sleep, best blessing, waits the night.

I think I must explain to you how that puzzle is constructed. It contains a proverb of six words, and one word will be found in each line. I will show you what I mean. We will take the proverb "More haste, less speed." That consists of four words, so we must have four lines of verse. Here they are:—

Shall I no *more* those moments see
 That now so quickly *haste* ?
 I would Time's wing *less* strong would be
 To *speed* my days to waste !

You will see that the words in italic give you the proverb.

Now that we are back at the cottage we shall be able to find time to arrange the collections of shells and seaweeds that we made at the seaside. It is so showery that we are glad to have employment for the dull afternoons when we are shut up in the house, and the rain keeps incessantly pattering on the window-panes. But every now and then we get a bright afternoon and can wander away for a walk or ramble about the garden, and then we can gather fruit. Here is a list of fruit. I shall call it

(D)

SOMETHING AND A FRUIT.

1. A bird—and a fruit.
2. A colour—and a fruit.
3. A file—and a fruit.
4. Three-fourths of a Scotch snuff-box—and a fruit.
5. Three-fourths of an account—and a fruit.
6. A senior—and a fruit.
7. Aurora's tear—and a fruit.
8. Four-fifths of a lifting machine—and a fruit.
9. Part of a grate—and a fruit.
10. A stalk of wheat—and a fruit.
11. Tardy—and a fruit.
12. A letter, the sound of wings—and a fruit.

Now there's a dozen different fruits. Let me know what their names are, please.

One of the signs of autumn is the number of spiders you see in the garden. What wonderful webs they construct! Don't you see how beautifully exact they are in pattern: it would puzzle us with a ruler and a pair of compasses to make a figure as carefully measured and divided; and yet that tiny creature has built it up, running like a nimble sailor from rope to rope, fixing a knot here, and carrying a line there. And how lovely the web looks after a shower, when the glistening drops are threaded like a diamond necklace on the slender lines, and glisten in the rays of the sun. There is another spider that does not make a web. You will see him gliding rapidly along on sunny walls where the flies like to bask. He is white, with black markings. He does not attack big flies—indeed you would scarcely think that he could catch any flying insect—but he creeps along like a skirmisher at the Autumn Manœuvres, availing himself of every bit of shelter afforded by the rough surface of the brick, until he gets close to his prey, upon which he jumps like the tiny striped tiger he is. Then we have the little gossamer spider, who builds himself, what men have been trying to build for many years, a sort of aërial ship, on which he floats along merrily. And last, not least, there is our old friend the daddy-long-legs spider, with its round body and spindle legs. Autumn is decidedly spider time. Every now and then you see such swarms of baby spiders, not as big as pins' heads, just setting up in the world; and if you are lucky you may even see the mother spider, who, alarmed at the accidental breaking of her web, rushes into her little parlour and comes out with her small bundle of eggs, wrapped up in soft white cobweb, like a napkin.

I have written four lines of verse about the season, which I will give you in picture language:—

(E)

A PICTURE POEM.



Now I am going to give you some more fruit.

(F)

TWO FRUITS.

There's a fruit that one perceives,
Purple 'mid the clustering leaves.
There are others that we know
By their ripe cheek's ruddy glow.

1. Take an orange and divide it.
You will find there's this inside it.

2. This—my meaning to reveal—
You for one another feel.
3. This fair maid, in Spenser's strain,
Rode a lion o'er the plain.
4. Here you have a perfect clue ;
This reflects—and so should you !
5. These in faith we trust to earth,
And in spring shall see their birth.

Did you ever see a conjuror who could roll one thing into another? I saw M. Herrmann take a bundle of pocket-handkerchiefs and roll them until they changed into a couple of rabbits, and then he rolled the two rabbits into one. I am not such a clever conjuror as he is, of course ; and whenever I try to play conjuring tricks I am sure to be found out, except when I eat bits of lighted candle, which is a very easy trick to perform with a little preparation. However, for once I will try if I cannot imitate M. Herrmann, and roll two fruits into one.

(G)

The fruit I take in my hand is, as you see, not very large. It is yellow in colour, and I don't think if I offered it to you, you would care to eat it.

You observe, I roll it very hard.

It grows and grows and grows.

I declare it is changing colour. The outside is turning greenish, and is becoming covered with network or lace.

I will roll it a little more.

From about the size of a pear it has swelled till it is almost as big as your head. We will be satisfied with that size, and leave off rolling it. Bring me a knife, and we will cut it and

see what it is like. There's a slice apiece; and now I think you will like to eat it, for it is sweet instead of sour, and melts in your mouth like ice or sugar.

I wonder how many of you will find out how I contrived to roll one word into another, and change one fruit for another! Wouldn't it be nice if we could only learn how to roll everything like that! We could roll pills into lollypops, which would make them much more pleasant to take!

The birds are leaving us very early this year. Is it not strange to think how far these tiny things fly over the stormy seas? When our big ships are labouring and toiling across the sea, high overhead these little birds are winging their way, and pass our great vessels. Nature laughs at science in that way, and says to man, "With all your resources you can construct nothing that can travel so surely and safely through sea or air, as my smallest creatures!" I can see some of the birds of passage that are leaving us, so I will give you a little flight of them to guess:—

(H)

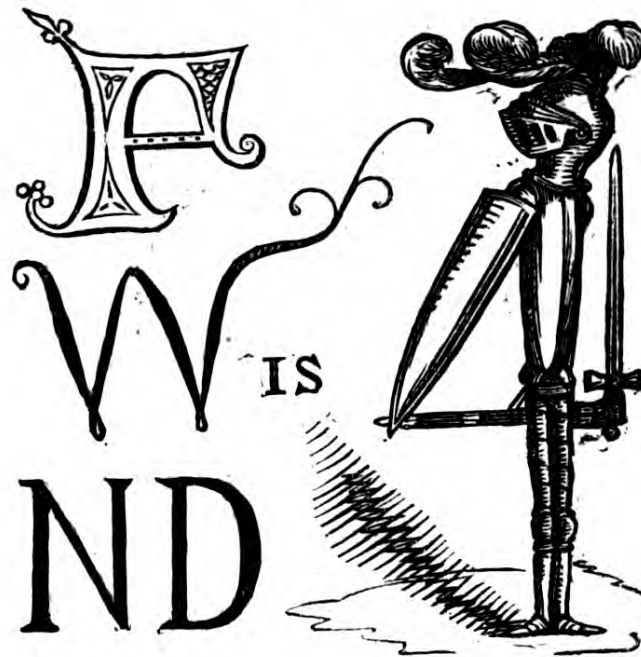
A FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

1. The time of darkness, and a piece of crockery.
2. A bad foundation for building, to spoil, and a metal.
3. A movement of the air, a vowel, and the gullet.
4. Insignificant, and fellows.
5. A pebble, a ringlet, and a vowel.
6. A common object of the seashore, and a Scotch musician.
7. Terra firma, and part of a wooden fence.
8. An insect, a sort of glee, and to go wrong.
9. A document, an interjection, and three quarters of rent.

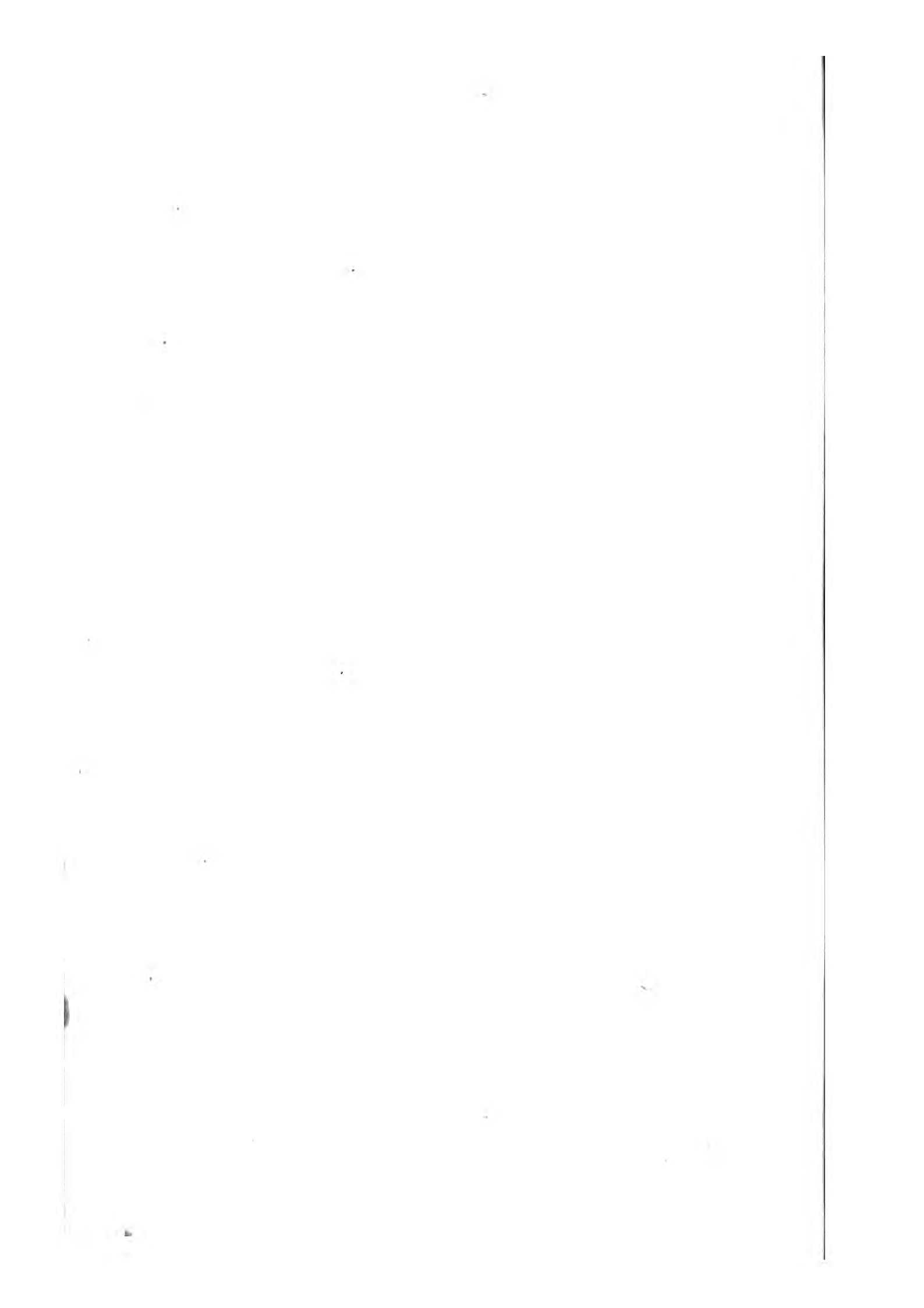
10. Grain, and a portion of the head.
 11. A testaceous reptile, and one of Venus's team.
 12. A warrior, a hostelry, and a breeze.

Will you, please, try and cage my dozen birds! They are not to be caught with chaff, as the old proverb says—in fact, I may as well tell you that they are so persecuted by bird-catchers when they first visit our shores that they know all about it, and can tell a trap or a net at the first glance. They know the truth of another old proverb which I am just going to give you:—

(1)



SECOND SERIES.



I.



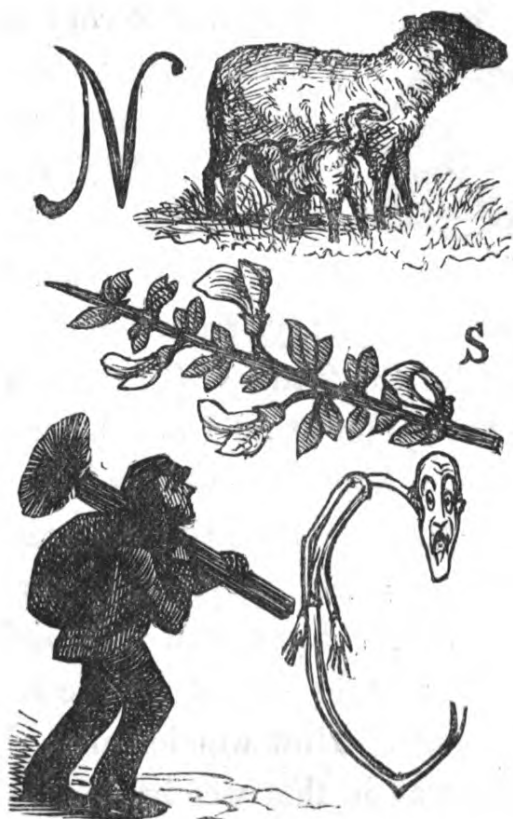
ILGRIMS of Puzzledom, please to take your staves, and don your cockle-hats, for we are about to start on another Series of Excursions. I begin this time with an emblematical illuminated initial in consequence, which those of my little friends who have so often expressed a wish to have some drawing given them to do, may like to copy and colour. Perhaps it will be as well if I explain what I mean by calling it emblematical. Well, down at the bottom of the P is the scallop, or pilgrim's shell. On one side of it is the

cornucopia, or horn of plenty, from which I hope to draw amusement for you for the future. On the other side is a web carefully spun by the spider—and I am the spider, who have to weave all the puzzles. Above the web is a flower growing out of a tiny little seed, to show how difficult puzzles can be built upon tiny beginnings. I have a plant in my garden, by-the-by, nearly twice as tall as I am, and very bushy and big, and it has grown in a few months out of a little hemp-seed thrown out of the parrot's cage. How wonderful to think of that big thing being packed away in that wee brown parcel!

But to go on with our initial;—opposite the plant, is a swallow, who, as you know, is a great pilgrim. Higher up the P you will find a caterpillar, a chrysalis, and a butterfly, to show how—just as the first goes through its changes till it becomes the last—words seem to alter their form and meaning for the purposes of Puzzledom, which strange land is typified in the quaint leaves and flowers which form the P. In the bow of the P is a fancy portrait of one of my Puzzledom pilgrims, in the proper attire. You will see he wears his large hat with a cockle-shell stuck in it, to be used to scoop up water to allay his thirst. Then he has his staff with a hook to it, on which is hung his gourd or drinking-bottle; and his scrip, or wallet for food, is slung across his shoulders.

We begin with an old proverb:—

(A)



It seems to me that autumn is going to be very short this year ; for we have had a taste of winter already in the shape of a frost, that nipped up a good many tender things in the garden, and killed my poor peacock, who had been for some time past suffering from rheumatism.

There are of course plenty of signs of coming winter in the country. In London there are three which I always notice particularly ;—the muffin-bell, the bunches of sweet lavender, and strongest of all, the whiff of burning charcoal from the chesnut-dealer's tin. So that by hearing, seeing, and smelling, one learns that the season of sunshine and flowers has gone by. I must honestly confess I do not like winter very much. It is pleasant to have a fire, it is true, but nowadays that is an expensive luxury ; and as far as the fire is concerned, I think I could sit by one in the height of summer, looking at the faces and the landscapes in it, changing every minute, as the cinders tumble in with a tinkle, or when some energetic puff of gas bursts into a flare as if it thought it were in a butcher's shop on a Saturday night.

Of course you little folks like the snowballing and sliding and skating, but I have passed the happy age when I did not mind a cold snowball in my neck, and not being skilful on the ice I am rather too tall to tumble on it with unmixed comfort, and I do not like the taste that comes into your mouth when you fall on the back of your head on the ice—as I generally used to do—it is so like sucking bad halfpence.

Suppose we anticipate winter in a

(*B*)

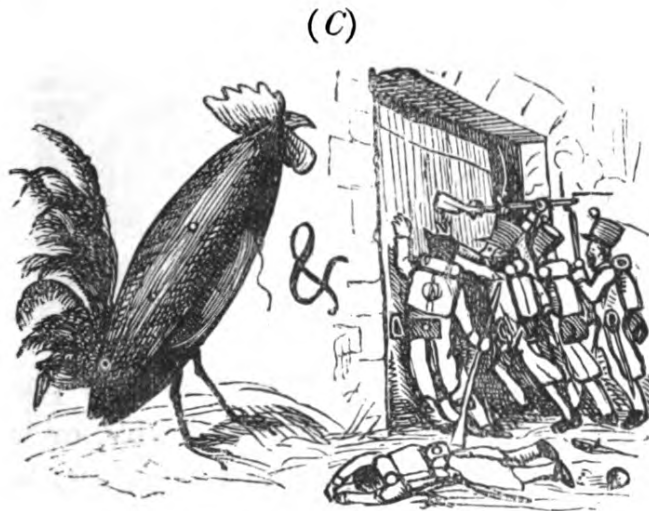
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A busy scene this wintry day,
The ice with merry crowds is gay.

Here in long line, one after one,
With shout and laugh the urchins run,
Then o'er the glistening pathway shoot
At rapid pace in swift pursuit ;
While others on the ringing steel
Glide, circle, figure, turn, and wheel.

1. Your slippery slime
Reveals your crime,
And here you are in the lettuce's heart.
Creepy crawler, prithee depart !
2. There's a morning hymn close up to the sky,
And a twinkle of light that gleams on high ;
And that is the bird,
Whose song is heard.
3. There the yellow tiger prowls,
There the foul hyæna howls,
There the elephant sagacious
Wanders through his jungles spacious.
You can tell me now mayhap,
What its name is on the map.
4. If you wish to mind your " i,"
With the rule you must comply,
Which will also tell you, please,
How you ought to take your " t"s.
5. Many an acre of meadow and wood,
Many a rood of ploughland good,
Belong to our wealthy squire, I wis ;
It's all his own and he calls it this !

Unluckily our climate does not always allow of outdoor games, and it is very difficult sometimes in winter to find something to do by way of a pastime. If you have a playroom or nursery, or a hall, of course you can indulge in this:—



But supposing there is no place big enough, or that you must not make a noise, then what is to be done? Well, there are some quiet amusements. I can remember two young people whose father was a literary man and an invalid, and was therefore obliged to have quiet; so they used to sit on opposite sides of the room and quarrel in dumb show by making faces at each other. I have it on good authority that the boy had in reserve one grimace so maliciously triumphant that it always finished the mute dispute by driving his sister to tears. I cannot commend this sort of pastime to my little friends, for it was not pretty, and I don't think even that boy quite enjoyed it, for he had a belief that if the wind changed while he was making that face he would "be struck so," and he did not want to go through life with that unamiable expression. But I can recommend a very quiet if rather complicated game. You must guess what its name is:—

(D)



Now, I am going to give you a new kind of puzzle, which is called a logogriphe, though I cannot tell why, or what the word is supposed to mean. In a logogriphe a word is taken and the number of its letters given, the letters being then used to form other words. For example I will take the word $\left. \begin{array}{c} 1\ 2\ 3\ 4\ 5 \\ \text{B e a r d} \end{array} \right\}$ and the puzzle will be in this form, except that I give the answer in each line to show you the meaning:—

I am a word of five letters, and am generally seen on a man's face [*i.e.*, beard].

My 1, 3, 4, occurs at the mouth of a river [*i.e.*, bar].

My 4, 3, 5, is a political nickname [*i.e.*, rad].

My 3, 4, 2, is part of the verb to be [*i.e.*, are].

And so on.

Well, now I will give you a

(E)

LOGOGRIPHE.

I am a word of six letters, and mean part of plants or trees.

My 3, 1, 2, is a beverage. My 1, 5, 2, a place sheltered from the wind. My 6, 5, 3, the ocean. My 4, 3, 1, 5, a low-lying locality. My 6, 5, 3, 1, a stamp. My 1, 5, 3, a meadow. My

5, 4, 2, the close of day. My 4, 2, 3, 1, a delicate meat. My 3, 4, 2, a Latin salutation. My 2, 5, 1, a fish. My 1, 3, 4, 2, to wash. My 6, 3, 4, 2, to rescue. My 4, 3, 6, 2, an ornamental vessel. My 6, 3, 1, 5, an auction. My 5, 1, 6, 2, otherwise. My 5, 1, 4, 2, 6, fairies. My 5, 3, 4, 2, 6, part of a roof. My 5, 3, 6, 2, comfort. My 1, 5, 3, 4, 2, to depart. My 1, 5, 3, 6, 2, an agreement. And my 6, 1, 3, 4, 2, a bondsman.

In answering this, by-the-by, you must remember to give me not only the word itself, but the list of words formed by the different letters of it, as for instance in the one I gave you as an example you would put—BEARD:—bar, rad, are, &c. There will be no difficulty when once you have the key. Talking of keys, I wonder whether you can tell me the meaning of this:—

(F)



After that bunch is disposed of, suppose we see what you can make of another "Proverb in Rhyme." I think you must all know, and I am sure you will all highly approve of the sentiment conveyed in

(G)

A PROVERB IN RHYME.

The sky is all aflame with morning gold ;
 Yonder the reaper to his work is hieing ;
 And, see, the shepherd seeks the bleating fold,
 Where no young lamb but, to its dam replying,
 Leaps in its play, with care and shelter bold.

And see the river, where such circles make
 The leaping jack and pike, so early feeding,
 And, lo, a fishing holiday to take,
 For once dull tasks and lesson-books unheeding
 Comes a glad boy, at earliest dawn awake.

While you are puzzling over that proverb, I daresay you would not mind having a little fruit. Very well, then, here I will give you a dish of

(H)

SOMETHING AND A FRUIT.

1. A box—and a fruit.
2. Three-fourths of the side of a house—and a fruit.
3. A sturdy little nag—and a fruit.
4. A mist, a liquid—and a fruit.
5. A shingly shore—and a fruit.
6. Earth—and a fruit.
7. Two partnerships—and a fruit.
8. Three-fourths of a donkey's remark, a terminal letter, two thirds of mishap—and a fruit.

You remember what I said about the great big hemp plant being so wonderfully packed away in the little brown seed, just now. Suppose I give you a puzzle about something of a similar kind.

(I)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

When the little squirrels craunch
This upon the gnarly branch ;
They devour the navies staunch
Which posterity should launch.

1. Pa will sometimes this provide
That the little ones may ride.
2. If you've much of this, we'll thank
You to send it to the bank.
3. Often in historians' works
By this name are called the Turks.
4. This to do, the labourer's fain
In the fields of ripened grain.
5. If you've guessed what you have read,
Then you hit these on the head.

II.



LD Christmas is close upon us now, young people; and I suppose you are all looking forward anxiously to the holidays. As we shall not meet again until the New Year begins, I must wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year now. Make the most of them, and enjoy them while you may, for they are the especial festivals of youth.

For your elders I think they are mostly sad, because, apart from the strange fact that just about this season dear friends die, or great men are called away—Thackeray, the author of those two delightful children's books "The Rose and the Ring," and "Dr. Birch," died on Christmas eve—the old folks look back upon the Christmas gatherings that can never be again, and remember the New Years that loved ones never lived to complete.

So, my dear little folks, make the most of the holidays, only be moderate in your indulgence in good fare, for there's the doctor lurking behind it like a spider to catch you, and taking pills is not nice; although I fancy the unpleasantness lies more in thinking you have to take them, than in taking them. It's like going to the dentist's—the pain is not in the actual drawing of the tooth but in the sitting down in *that* chair. It's all fancy, after all. I remember when I was ill as a boy making a terrible to-do every day over a draught I was ordered; until my father, who no doubt knew all about it, told me that

when he was little he had done just the same thing, but that happening to taste his medicine one day he found it was very nice and tasted of almonds! I thought I would try the experiment too. Oddly enough, *my* medicine was nice and tasted of almonds!

I expect before Christmas we shall have snow and frost, and then many of my little friends who tell me they are looking forward to skating and sliding will have their wish. For my part, I must own I don't like snow and cold. I don't like it personally, and besides it makes me sad to think of the number of poor people, with scarcely a rag to their backs, and no fire on the hearth, who have to suffer so terribly. Still I know frost and snow are dutifully doing their work, "fulfilling His word;" and if men only did the same there would be no poor people frozen to death in their garrets.

But it is time we began our march through Puzzledom; and as you little people like the sharp weather, we will turn our steps to that wide white plain yonder, where you can see nothing but the dark pine-stems; for all vegetation is completely concealed beneath the silvery shroud. The bushes bending under their wintry loads, look like crouching figures covered up in sheets. Even the pine-tops are burdened, and look like the tops of Twelfth Night cakes—only without the figures. It strikes me that if we search about here we shall find—

(A)

SIX GREEN THINGS BURIED IN SNOW.

We have no spades with us, not even our seaside ones, and I fancy some of you would prefer not to dig with your fingers. But don't be afraid! After the first chill, your hands will be in a healthy glow. Ah! there's the first find.

I see some of the athletic youngsters would rather have a game at snowballs. Well, I have no objection; only don't pelt me, for I don't like to have a snowball dribbling down the small of my back like Mrs. Brown's carnelian beads when her necklace broke as she was pushing into the theatre—ah, there's another find!

You had better not stand about in the cold. If you don't like snowballing or seeking for buried plants, you might build a snow-man, and that would be fine fun. Come, we've got another green thing!

Only look what a large space of ground we have divested of its white furry garb entirely in our search for the buried plants. I am afraid the poor grass will feel very cold without its warm white mantle. Let us shovel it back again, for we have made another find.

Now we'll try by the hedge here. Who is that leaning over the gate, looking so unhappy? Oh, it's Bob, the huntsman. Of course he's wretched because there will be no hunting till the snow is gone. No more "Hark-away, Yoicks, Tantivy" till the weather is open again. Poor Bob, what with violets in spring and snow in winter he is badly used, and everybody must pity him—except the foxes. But look! here's another find!

A little further along the hedge and we shall find the last object of our search. We will search under those low-hanging bushes which can scarcely leave the little shrub room enough to thrive in. Ah, I thought so!—here we have it, and so we have completed our collection.

I wonder whether you will discover those concealed plants. We have not had any buried things for a long time, but I don't suppose you have forgotten how to do them. I daresay though some of you will say to me—

(B)



That's a proverb that is often addressed to those careless little people who when they have done with anything for the present—hats, bonnets, cloaks, toys and books—pop them down anywhere; and when they want them again cry out that they are lost!

By the way, talking of losing things, there's a capital Christmas game that I remember called "Hot boiled beans," where one player goes out of the room while the others conceal some article previously agreed upon. The searcher, on returning into the room, is greeted with cries of "warm" or "cold," according as the hiding-place is nearer or farther. It is like "magic-music," but it can be played where there is no piano. Suppose we have a game at "Hot boiled beans." But first of all, you must find out what it is that I mean to hide. You will learn from this—

(C)

CHARADE.

"Whatever can our Johnnie ail,
That he should cry and bellow?
He's looking so alarmed and pale—
Come, what is wrong, old fellow?"

He shows us, with another burst
Of tears, a somewhat damaged First.

“ And pray, sir, how came that about ?

With terror you are smitten !

You’ve teased a savage dog no doubt,

And that’s why you were bitten.”

Upon that fate you might have reckoned

Because the creature was my Second.

“ Pray, don’t your mother go and scare,—

It’s done, and she can’t mend it ;

It served you right, as you’re aware—

But come and let me tend it !

(Of all her fears, the fear absurd

Of hydrophobia is my Third !)

“ There : now it’s dressed, so cry no more !

And, please, don’t look so sickly ;

It may be still a little sore,

But that will vanish quickly.

But if you wish it you may roll

Your injured limb up in my Whole.”

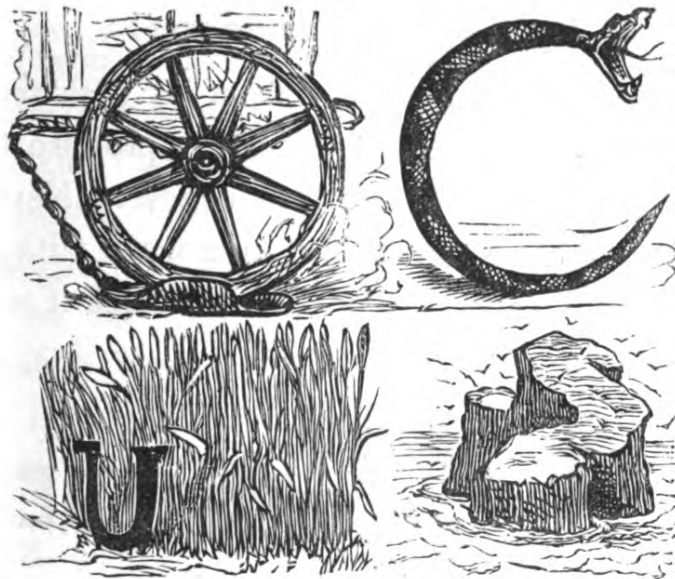
Talking of Christmas amusements, I saw a very pretty thing at the Children’s Ball at Dieppe, which is quite easily arranged. At all the little folks’ parties I have been to of late years there have been “costume crackers”—crackers that contain paper caps and head-dresses of all sorts. Well, at the end of the ball the little people were ranged in a circle and each received a cracker, which, at a given signal, was snapt with his or her next neighbour. Then all put on their head-dresses (which by the way had better be fastened on with a hair-pin as they are apt to fall off unnoticed, being so light) and then Mons. Cellarius, the Master of the Ceremonies, breaking the ring in one place, led the whole string off to the sound of a merry

march. He led them in and out in all sorts of curves and figures, but so as never to break the line, and the effect was extremely pretty, as I think my little friends will find if they try it.

I had a batch of photographs this morning from our old friend Mr. Phancy. It is lucky that Puzzledom photography is different from ordinary photography, for these are the pictures of four fabulous animals. Our ordinary photography has never yet succeeded in taking things that do not exist.

(D)

PHANCY PHOTOGRAPH.—FOUR FABULOUS MONSTERS.



While we are on the subject of photographs, I am glad to say I have received enough to send to some of my little friends to whom they have been long promised, and I hope to do so, as well as to answer many over-due letters, before Christmas. I am afraid some of them must have thought my promises were like piecrust, but, at any rate, the pie was none of my making. I have got all the letters by me, and I keep them in—but, no! You must guess for yourselves where I keep them.

(E)

ENIGMA.

Within the garden fair
 I keep your feet from straying ;
 And you will find me where
 Stage companies are playing.
 In churches, superintends
 My interest the beadle ;
 Men do me to their friends,
 As sailors to the needle.
 I, in the tavern warm,
 To sip your port invite you ;
 But if you're not "good form,"
 Upon the ear I smite you !

That's where I keep the letters from my little friends. I am afraid I have been so long in keeping my promise that some of them will prefer to see before they believe. Never mind ! in the meantime here's something to go on with, which will perhaps be borne out by the proverb in which it is embodied—

(F)



Now I am going to give you a very easy double acrostic this time, and explain all about double acrostics. We'll take (I) from last section. It meant "Acorn" and "Ships," and in the first two lines of the first verse reference is made to the former, and in the second to the latter. Then come the steps by which you are to guess the two words which form a double acrostic, the first word being made by the initial letter of each step, the second by the final, in this way:—

1. A s S
2. C a s H
3. O smanl I
4. R e a P
5. N ail S

Of course, you must in the answers give not only the two original words, but also the steps, in order to show you have not guessed the former at haphazard. I don't like what is ordinarily called "Instruction blended with Amusement," because it is generally like castor oil and water; the oil with its nasty taste on the top, and only a little drop of flavourless water to wash it down. But I do honestly believe that there is no sensible amusement which is not imperceptibly instructive and educating. However, that is lecturing, so we'll get to our

(G)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

They fall so silently and light,
Till all the hills and plains are white.
And lo, at morn in crystal etched
Upon the pane what scenes are sketched!

1. "A-tischew! A-tischew!"
Good fortune I wish you,
Some friend with a box has been trying to dish you!

2. Once there were ten, but nine have badly done,
And so of all the lot we find but one.
3. This is a comfortable size
For books, that one would read and prize.
4. Into the box they called him,
And there they overhauled him,—
Oh, no! I would not—would not be
Examined by a sharp Q. C.
5. Happy England, that can boast
Ocean bulwarks round her coast;
She can never fare amiss
Long as she continues this!

Next we are going to have

(H)

A BUNCH OF EVERGREENS.

1. A vowel.
2. Three-fourths of an aperture and two-thirds of cunning.
3. A vowel, and half of the fleet.
4. The colour of a horse.
5. Three-fourths of praise, and half of ease.
6. Three-quarters of a young lady, two-thirds of a measure,
and portion of a foot.

We'll carry that home to decorate the rooms with. How very short the days are growing, and of course the evenings lengthen out in proportion, and the great question is how to spend them. Well, for my part, I like reading, and there are some old favourites of my younger days that I can always take up with renewed pleasure. Here are three of them:—

(I)

THREE BOOKS.



I like all sorts of reading except "Bradshaw's Guide" and the "London Directory;" but I daresay some of you little people like history, and some travels, and some poetry, and some—well! what do some like? We will put it as

(K,

A LOGOGRIPE.

I am a word of seven letters, signifying a style of literature.

My 5, 4, 3, 7, is an appellation. My 1, 7, 4, 3, is a term in stationery. My 7, 4, 1, 5, is to merit. My 3, 4, 6, 7, is a spice. My 4, 3, 2, 1, is a little classic god. My 4, 1, 3, is a weapon. My 6, 4, 5, is a vessel. My 1, 2, 3, 7, is a city. My

3, 2, 4, is an extinct bird. My 6, 2, 5, 7, is a solid figure. My 1, 4, 6, 7, is a contest. My 3, 4, 1, is to destroy. My 6, 2, 1, 7, is the inmost centre. My 3, 4, 5, is a descendant of Adam. My 3, 2, 1, 7, is a comparative. My 5, 7, 4, 1, means propinquity. My 4, 3, 7, 5, is part of prayer. My 6, 4, 1, 7, is trouble. My 1, 4, 3, is a ship of war. My 6, 4, 1, is a vehicle. My 3, 4, 5, 7, is part of a horse. My 5, 2, 1, 7, is in the Thames. My 2, 3, 7, 5, is a sign; and my 3, 7, 4, 5, is penurious.

III.



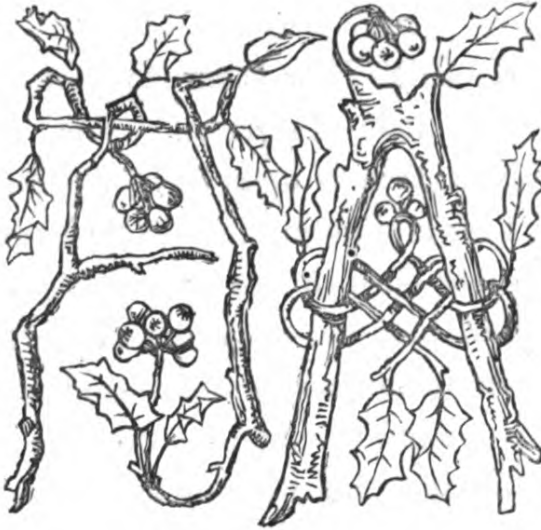
HAPPY New Year to you all, my little Pilgrims. For the New Year is upon us! The New Year is standing in the Old Year's shoes—which are rather big for him just yet—and knocking for admittance at our door; and as he is bound to come in, whether we like it or no, we may as well put a good face on it, and bid him welcome. “Don't stop to wipe your shoes, but just step in and make yourself at home,” as the shark said to the sailor, who had tumbled overboard, and seemed

anxious to get out of the wet. What the sailor's answer was I don't know; perhaps (sailors are rude sometimes) he only said “Hold your jaw!”

Well, I suppose you have all made up your minds to begin the New Year pleasantly. It used to be a very great treat to me, when I was a little boy, to be allowed to sit up, and hear the bells announcing the birth of another year. New years are like the mile-stones you pass on a long day's walk. At first, in the morning, you seem to pass them so quickly you are almost afraid the ramble wont last long enough. But by-and-by, when the sun is going down in the west, the mile-stones seem such a distance apart, and you toil along, very weary and footsore.

You, little folks, are at the beginning of the march, and so you welcome each New Year very heartily, because you have—ah, you have what we, old folks, don't get as often as we should like! You get—but you must guess!—

(A)



I daresay you all know that some people put a ring and a sixpence into the Christmas plum-pudding, and that it is said the finder of the ring will be married, and the finder of the sixpence rich before the next Christmas. Well, I will hide a coin and a trinket in my pudding :—

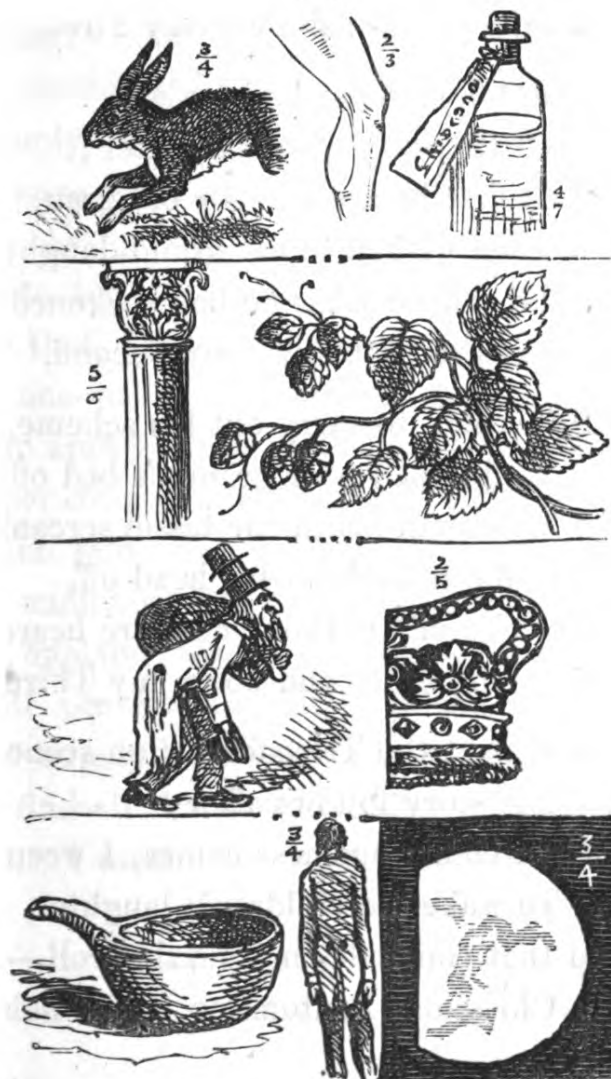
(B)

The weather
 is very severe just now,
 but it is seasonable, for all
 the old pictures of Christmas
 are white with snow. Of course,
 such hard weather places the poor,
 to whom no good child would wish
 ill, in great distress. But then those
 who are well off can and do assist
 their poorer neighbours, and so enjoy
 their own Christmastide all the better.
 How clear every sound is on the
 frosty air, for it froze hard last night,
 and the night before it snowed.
 “Ding!” ring the bells, “ding!
 ding!” So here’s a Merry
 Christmas and a Happy
 New Year to all
 of us!

There, my young friends, take a slice of that pudding, and see if you can hit upon the treasures concealed in it.

I suppose at this season, even in the very distant counties, wherever there is a theatre there is a special entertainment for little people. In London it is especially the children's time, and it makes one feel almost young again to hear their hearty silvery laughter at the pantomime, or the clapping of their little hands at the circus, where the horses go round and round and round, till one wonders they don't get giddy and tumble down; while the band keeps playing away, "*pum pum-pum!* *pum pum-pum!*" and the hoofs keep time to the music. But before we go any further, let me once more introduce you to four old friends.

(C)



I have been trying very hard to describe for you a Puzzledom Pantomime, but I have had to give up the task as too difficult. But I can give you a sort of a plot for one. You will find it in this

(D)

CHARADE.

Her Christian name I do not know—

Perhaps 'twas Jane or Fanny,

But this I know, she had to go

An errand to her granny.

And she was giddy—that's the worst ;

But then you see she was my First.

A cruel monster laid a plan

Of treason and of slaughter ;

And first he ate up poor old gran,

Then wished to eat grand-daughter,

But did not do what he had reckoned,

As you have probably—my Second.

But when, to carry out his scheme,

He jumped poor granny's bed off ;

A woodman heard the lassie scream,

Came in and cut his head off.

Loud cries of "author" here are heard,

And so comes in, and bows, my Third.

And next the Transformation scene

The story follows after ;

Then comic business comes, I ween,

To wake the children's laughter,

And that concludes my puzzle droll—

The Christmas Pantomime, my Whole.

It is very easy to get up little Christmas pieces among yourselves, my young folks, and I think it exercises your ingenuity and sharpens your wits to do so. The best amusements and employments you can get are those you devise for yourselves. You have too much ready-done for you in these days. Little girls can have dolls and dolls' houses all as perfectly furnished as if they were grown-up and going to marry and settle; and boys can go to a shop and buy steamboats all fitted. When I was a youngster such things were unknown, even supposing I had had the money to buy them. But what was the result? I had to contrive my own toys, and to this day I feel the benefit of it, because I can turn my hand to all sorts of odd jobs. My sister and I fitted a doll's house with furniture cut out of elder-pith, and I made a diving-bell with a broken wine-glass and a stick of firewood—only the diver, who was constructed of sealing-wax, would always come off his seat when he had been a minute under water. As for acting, we were stage-struck, and even got so far as to try the opera of "Sappho;" but ended it so tragically that, all the characters being dead on the stage, there was no one to let down the curtain; until Sappho (Miss Hood, her first appearance in that part), put her head up over the brown-paper-draped end of a bed, which formed the Leucadian rock, and said "Is it all over?" being astonished at the silence of the audience, who (two in number) thought it would be wrong to applaud before the fall of the curtain. A few rehearsals will prevent any little mishap like this—a little ingenuity will supply dresses—and as for plot and dialogue, well, you will find all that in the stories which must be familiar to all children. I mean—

(E)



Here is another Double Acrostic :—

(F)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Old Aquarius,
 Far from hilarious,
 Sets the top spinning again !
 And Seventy-Four
 Now knocks at the door,
 With a dozen of friends in his train.

1. For a garment like this
 In old days, I wis,
 That buff
 Was the stuff.
2. If in Darwin you believe
 This poor relation please receive,
 And bid him share
 Your Christmas fare.

3. Of Aunts and Uncles have I none,
So this is not my Uncle's son.
4. When Bessie sees a spider
She calls it this in terror ;
Were her experience wider
She'd know she was in error,—
That which obeys its Maker's plan
Is far more beautiful than man !
5. The sky
On high
Is like the eye
Of her for love of whom I sigh.
6. Cherry, Apricot, and Peach,
Take a kernel out of each ;
And you shall a flavour make
Which is very nice in cake.
7. Happy lad "with the dimpled chin
That never has known the barber's shear"—
That is how Thackeray brings you in,
Happy are you, whose lives begin,—
"Wait till you come to forty year !"

I heard the Waits last night, and I thought them rather melancholy. I prefer carol-singers, such as one hears in the country. They used to sing such quaint old carols in the West of England when I was a lad, and used to make a regular night's work of it, going from house to house in the village, to sing under the windows, and wish the dwellers all the compliments of the season. It must have been rather tiring work, but I think it never spoilt any one's appetite for Christmas fare. Ah, by the way, who knows the traditional history of Christmas fare? Here it is in picture language:—

(G)



There is another seasonable maxim which I will give you in the form of

(H)

A PROVERB IN RHYME.

Christmas is a pleasant season,
 For it comes when days are dreary ;
 We enjoy it, but with reason,
 And of games not once grow weary,
 For we have a lot of fun,
 When the year at last is done.

Next when Christmastide is finished,
 And we see it disappear,
 Comes with mirth all undiminished,
 After it, the glad New Year !
 And it brings new mirth and joy,
 Gladdens each good girl and boy,
 So they hail it with a cheer !

IV.



MONTH of the new year has slipped away, and we have reached February. It ought to be a very pleasant month, the first of the Spring, but the seasons are so uncertain nowadays it is impossible to tell. We have had such a mild winter, that it is not at all unlikely that the coming month will

“ Make our scribbling fingers ache,
And pinch our noses blue !”

According to the calendar and the poets it ought to be delightful, for the birds should pair and begin to set up housekeeping ; and there’s Valentine’s Day in it ! I don’t suppose that even if we had frost and snow, the crop of Valentines would be at all injured ! And the postmen would have plenty to do to prevent their getting chilled by standing about idle. As for the birds, at the time I am writing, if I go down into the garden of a morning, I can hear them singing and chirping and twittering in every direction and in every style, from the liquid whistle of the thrush down to the titmouse’s funny “ little bit o’ bread and no cheese !” Then, again, the green things are beginning to feel the stir of life ; the primroses are in bloom, and here and there I can find a pansy or a violet ; and the buds on the fruit-trees are so advanced that I am afraid, unless we get some cold weather to check their opening, they will be in blossom in

a very few weeks, and then our chances of peaches and apricots will be all over !

I think the most appropriate way of beginning Puzzledom this month will be to give you all a Puzzle Valentine.

(A)

A PUZZLE VALENTINE.

If I should blow a kiss to you,
 To show you where my heart would be ;
 Will you respond to love so true,
 By blowing back a kiss to me ?

As thirsting blossoms sigh for rain,
 To tell you all my love I pine :
 Alas ! that love should bring us pain ;—
 May you ne'er feel such pangs as mine !

No barbèd arrow, well-addressed,
 Or knife, bright-glancing in the sun,
 Shall e'er so deeply pierce my breast
 Or cut my heart, as Love has done !

Then let us join our hands and vow,
 In spite of all that Love has tried,
 In faith and constancy as now
 We two for ever will abide.

I daresay you will wonder how to set about this Valentine, so I may as well tell you it is done in the same way as "Proverbs in Rhyme," which I have given you once or twice before. I must confess I am not a very great believer in proverbs. "There is no rule without an exception" (which is itself an exception as a proverb, because it is nearly always true) is pleaded whenever a proverb breaks down, but it always seems to me that the proverb is the exception and not the rule—it is so

often wrong. A proverb asserts too much. It is as if I should say "All cats are black," which would seem a wise saying to people who had never seen tabbies, tortoiseshells, or white cats.

However, in spite of my doubts about proverbs, I will give you one in picture language. It is one of those which I don't like, for its tendency is to discourage people who are of an obliging disposition.

(B)

PICTURE PROVERB.



In old times the rule on St. Valentine's Day was that you became the Valentine for the day of the first person of the opposite sex whom you saw on the morning of the Fourteenth; and the gentleman was expected to give the lady some little present—a brooch, or a ribbon—in honour of the occasion. I am going to give you a diamond. But I will first tell you it is a Puzzledom diamond, which you will have to cut, polish, and set for yourselves. As you have never had any before, I will cut, polish, and set one for you. This specimen diamond is composed of—

1. A consonant.
2. A lad.
3. A flavour.
4. A quill.
5. A consonant.

When you have found these out and placed them under one another they will make a diamond, for the consonant is of course only one letter; the second step contains three; the third, five; the fourth, three; and the fifth, one. Reading from the top point of the diamond to the bottom, you will get one word—certain sweet flowers. Reading from the left point to the right, you will get another word—an appreciation of the beautiful. Well the first consonant is “R,” the lad is “BOY,” the flavour is “TASTE,” the quill is “PEN,” and the last consonant is “S.” Place these in proper order, and you find the diamond—

R
 B O Y
 T A S T E
 P E N
 S

The answer perpendicular is “Roses;” the answer horizontal is “Taste.”

Now that I have explained what you must do with it, I will present to you

(C)

A DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A consonant.
2. An undeveloped flower.
3. Slender.
4. A fruit.
5. A consonant.

The perpendicular answer will give the name of a personage supposed to be very influential on the Fourteenth. The horizontal answer will afford you assistance in sealing up your Valentines.

There's the diamond for you, and you must please to suppose that I saw you all at once on the lawn in front of our cottage at Puzzledom, and so have you all for Valentines. But, really, there are so many pilgrims now, that I think the cottage would barely hold their letters to me, and that to accommodate the pilgrims themselves I should have to run it up six or seven stories, build two wings to it, make a large addition at the back, and take in the front lawn to build a dining-hall upon. But, after all, we need not fidget, because we can do such wonderful things in Puzzledom. If the house is too small, we send for a contractor (why he should be called a contractor when he is wanted to enlarge the premises is another puzzle), and say to him, "Mr. I. Magginayshun, please let out the tucks of our house;" and he will pump invisible india-rubber into it until it becomes as big as the Shah's palace at Teheran.

While we are sitting on the lawn, I will show you four lines on February that appear in *The Puzzledom Post* to-day.

(D)

LINES ON FEBRUARY.





While you are trying to decipher those lines, I will hear what the gardener has to say, for I see he is coming along the path this way. Oh, he says it is time to plant some seeds he has in his list, if we want to have early vegetables. Luckily, I bought a packet of seeds in the City yesterday, when I was calling on the Great Panjandrum, so I can supply him at once. Come along into the kitchen garden, and we will watch him while he plants the seeds. He is putting in half a dozen different sorts. "What are they?" Well, here is his list, which you may read if you can.

(E)

SIX BURIED VEGETABLE SEEDS.

1. He begins by turning the ground well over, and breaking it up with his spade, for of course there must be a nice fresh bed of mould for the seeds to lie in.

2. Then he covers them over warm and close, but not too thickly, because, though we want them to escape any frost we may have, we must not bury them too deep for the warm sun to wake them.

3. And now that he has planted two kinds, he digs over a large space and sprinkles another kind over it, so that each seed is planted in turn. I paid very little for that seed.

4. Next we have another kind, which I fancy you all like. I hope to be able to offer a dish of them before very long at tea-time, or at breakfast if you prefer it.

5. Then we shall want something in the way of salads. The gardener is planting some in the beds, but they do but give them us tardily, so I mean to have some in pans in the greenhouse.

6. And I shall have this kind forced there too, because, though you may have acres sown, one little pan in the greenhouse will outstrip them all.

The gardener, when he has finished his sowing, begins to set up sticks and strings and rags and all sorts of devices, to scare away the feathered thieves, who are the plague of his life. He wants to shoot them, but I do not begrudge them the few seeds they may take. It is but a fair toll—even supposing they do steal a few—considering the songs they sing for us, and the number of insects they destroy, which would do infinitely more harm to the growing plants than they can do to the scattered seeds.

I will give you a Double Acrostic referring to this subject.

(F)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

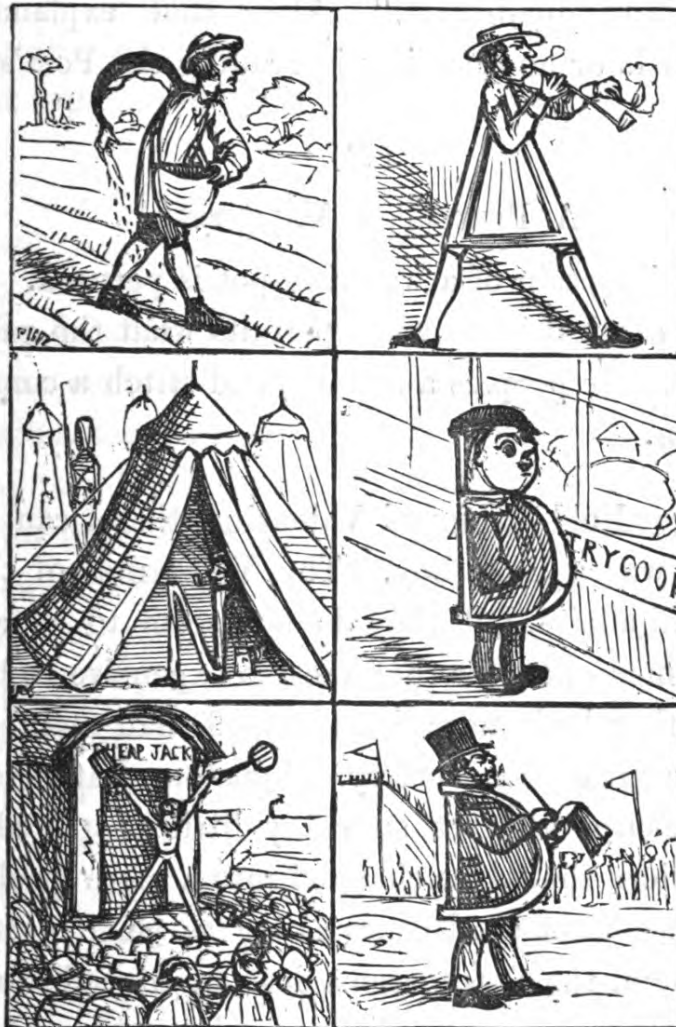
I love the tiny songsters all
Their tithe I gladly pay,
I list their lays at evening's fall
And at the dawn of day ;
And in my grounds, devoid of fear,
Their humble homes they aye shall rear.

1. With many a plum
And plenty of crumb,
Brown and shiny,
And not too tiny,
And purchased for such a moderate sum.
2. Bob from the window gazed sadly forth,
“The wind’s from the West and not from the North;
I must hang up my skates. It does nothing but rain,
And this will never come back again!”
3. It was ghosts or thieves, they vowed in a fright,
That made such noises all through the night.
But a terrier-dog whose ears were cropped
Found out the cause, and the noise was stopped.
4. I knew a boy,
Who didn’t enjoy
His wholesome tub,
The sad little grub!
5. Snip-snap,
A sharp-nosed chap,
Snap-snip,
Your nose he’ll clip.

I see by *The Puzzledom Post* that a new version of “The Prevaricating Participles” has been produced at the theatre. You remember we went to see it soon after we arrived in Puzzledom. The paper says it was very favourably received, and presents its readers with portraits of the principal characters. I wonder if you can discover the names of the *Dramatis Personæ*.

(G)

THE PREVARICATING PARTICIPLES.



In the same number of the *Post* there is in the Poet's Corner a Puzzledom Valentine, which is written in "Lofty Language," of which we had a specimen before. Ordinarily lofty language means using ten words to describe a thing when one will do—as for instance saying "a broad-bladed implement of husbandry" instead of "a spade." But in Puzzledom you will remember they do not do things ordinarily, so lofty language there consists in putting definitions

instead of words or syllables. For example, in *Puzzledom* lofty language, you would put for "pensive"—"the instrument of the ready writer, a culinary article ;" and for "hair"—"a long-eared and timid quadruped." After that explanation you should find little or no difficulty in reading the Poet's quatrain.

(H)

A PUZZLEDOM VALENTINE.

The perforated portion of a watering-pot is perused.
 The stringed musical instrument permits what the gale did.
 A tramway vehicle peoples a retinue, and stitch a consonant, an
 evergreen.

That's a good old-fashioned Valentine, that I can remember ever since I was a little boy. The Valentines of these days are very grand affairs, but they do not seem to me as nice as the old-fashioned ones, for they are too expensive to be sincere. I mean that they look more like show-off than real feeling, and I think it is a great pity a pretty old custom that gave so much harmless pleasure, and set so many little people all a-tiptoe with expectation, should be changed into a mere display. Now that Valentines want card-boxes as big as small portmanteaus to contain them, the fancy seems lost in the substance. The prettiest Valentine any of my little people could send me would be to blow me a kiss on the morning of the Fourteenth. I shall be on the look-out for the kisses, and will see they don't go astray.

Talking about Valentines, I think those of you who like illuminating and painting will find the initial at the beginning of this chapter useful ; for you might copy and colour it, and with a few more decorations make your own Valentines, which I fancy would be very much prettier, and certainly would be more

valued, than the unmeaning things you buy at the shops. In the A there are forget-me-nots, and a heart, and a true lover's knot. Then there are Cupid, and the dove carrying a letter, and the bow and arrow, and the heart's-ease, and several other suitable emblems.

Ah, that suggests another puzzle. This time it is—

(I)

AN ENIGMA.

I'm the dream of the maiden who wishes to wed,
And my name may be Dick, Tom, Jim, Harry, or Ned;
Yet when she's a lover too shy he may be
To say to a biped—not featherless—me;
And his ears, as an infant, my chimes may have heard,
And custom has therefore his title conferred.
No matter, young Love, by my aid 'tis confessed,
Has planted a dart in her innocent breast,
So her future she trusts, for good fortune or ill,
To that fortunate worshipper, happen what will;
For if clouds of disaster should darken Heav'n's cope
She thinks I shall shine as the beacon of hope.
So they marry at last—may their future be pleasant—
And I, all in white, at the wedding am present.

V.



UR pilgrimage has now brought us to the month of March, the first month of Spring, which is said to come in like a lion and go out like a lamb, because there are generally very high winds at the beginning, called the equinoctial gales. In the initial you will see the head of the ram, which is the zodiacal sign for the month. I suppose you all know the old jingle, which gives the English names for the Latin signs of the Zodiac—

The Ram, the Bull, the Heavenly
Twins,
The Crab, and then the Lion shines,
The Virgin, and the Scales ;
The Scorpion, Archer, and Sea-Goat,
The man that holds the Watering Pot,
And the Fish with glittering tails.

By the end of March, if we are lucky in our weather, we shall have the Spring flowers out plentifully. Even now, the primroses and snowdrops defy the frost and cold, but, I am sorry to see, fall victims to the slugs, whose dainty appetites are not satisfied with the green leaves, but nibble away the blooms. We have had so little frost to check them or kill

them, that I fear there will be such armies of slugs, snails, caterpillars, and grubs as will drive poor gardeners almost crazy this year, and rob us terribly of flowers, fruit, and vegetables.

There is a proverb which would teach these creeping gentry a lesson, if they could but understand it. As, however, its wisdom can hardly be said to be thrown away in cases where children are in an orchard or fruit garden, and little fingers are sorely tempted to pick the early blossom, I will give it to you as

(A)

A PROVERB IN RHYME.

It seems as if the sun to-day
Makes bright the world for you and me,
If we would wander o'er the lea,
And there enjoy the blossoms gay
The Spring is scattering free.

Fruit of the long dark Wintertide,
We'll gladly pluck this sunny hour ;
Not fearing now the Winter's power,
We'll ramble by the green hedge-side,
And seek Spring's foremost flower.

I fancy Spring's foremost flower is different in different parts of the country. In some it is the Lent-lily ; in many the primrose ; in a few my favourite little flower, the anemone, or wind-flower, which is an appropriate March flower, for the old naturalists said it only bloomed in a high wind. I suppose there is some pretty old legend about the origin of its name, if

one did but know. I like it for the fearless way in which it spreads its fragile white sails to the wind, and think that Shakspeare's lines are very suitable to it when he speaks of a flower

“That comes before the swallow dares, and takes
The winds of March with beauty.”

Considering that March brings in her lap, boisterous though she be, such delicate treasures as these, I fancy we shall agree in the sentiment of the following

(B)

PICTORIAL PROVERB.



You will notice in this month that the trees are beginning to put out buds, or even tiny green leaves here and there, for the

sap is beginning to stir in their weather-beaten limbs. This is lucky for our little friends the birds, because by the time their nests are built there will be a leafy covert to hide their homes from prying eyes.

I have just gathered a bundle of twigs. It looks a little like a rod, yet I did not collect it with that intention, but in order that I might show them to you, and see if you could guess them.

(C)

A BUNDLE OF TWIGS.

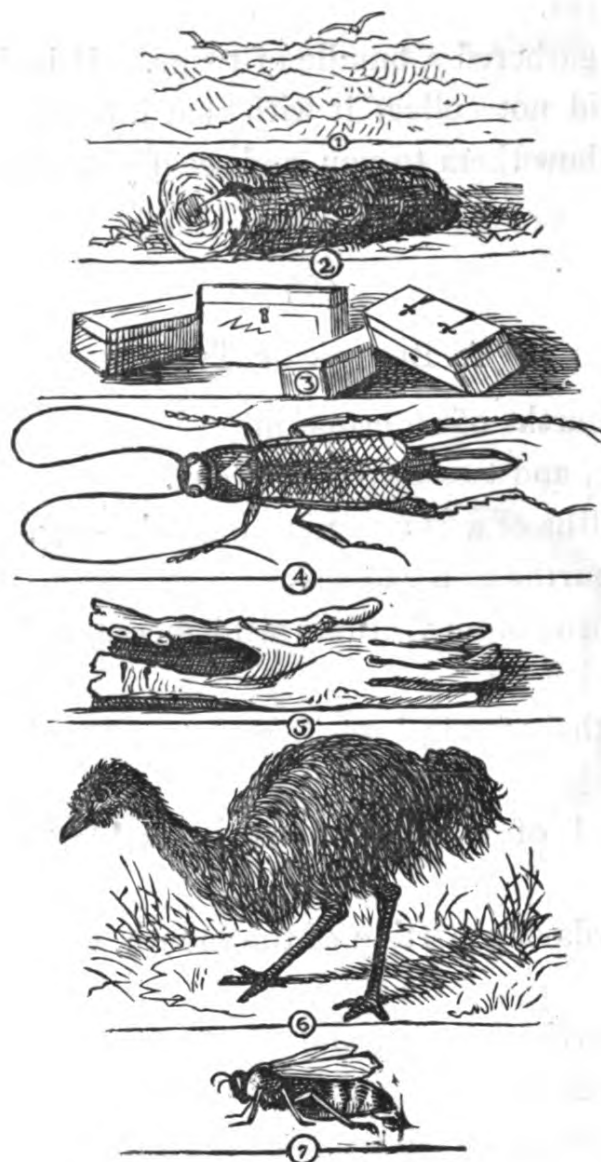
1. Three-fourths of an eruption.
2. A snake, and two-thirds of a fowl.
3. Three-fifths of a Dutch nightingale's song.
4. Three-fourths of a rudder.
5. Three-fifths of an Autumn wild flower, and three-fourths of a bird.
6. Four-fifths of pigs'-wash, and two-fourths of an exhibition.
7. One-third of a leguminous vegetable, and a narrow country road.
8. Two-thirds of a portion of the mouth, and two-fourths of flesh.
9. An industrious insect, and two-fourths of a gossip.
10. Two-thirds of beer, and three-sixths of cattle-food.
11. The outline of a country, and two-thirds of a limb.
12. Two-thirds of a hog, and two-thirds of a snare.

There, I hand you over the bundle of twigs. Let me see how many of them you can find out.

Here is a Diamond Puzzle in picture language.

(D)

PICTORIAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.



The answer, perpendicular, is a dandy; the answer, horizontal, is a popular game.

There is a somewhat similar sort of puzzle called a Square Puzzle, which I will explain to you. Here is an instance:—
 “A square of six, the top and initial side (being the same)

mean a sacred building; the bottom and finals make a carpenter's implement." The steps are—

1. A sacred building.
2. A Mahometan date.
3. To unpick a dress.
4. Haphazard.
5. Alteration.
6. A carpenter's implement.

The answer is—

C H U R C H
 H E G I R A
 U N T R I M
 R A N D O M
 C H A N G E
 H A M M E R

Now I will set you an easy one to begin with, which is only a square of four:—

(E)

A SQUARE OF FOUR PUZZLE.

The initial and top lines give one feature,
 The final and bottom lines give two organs.

Without the one you could not smell,
 Nor hear without the others well.

1. A feature.
2. A mountain in Greece.
3. What some grapes are.
4. Organs of sense.

Now if you don't all guess such a very simple puzzle as that, you will deserve to be visited by Puzzle C.

Some of my Pilgrims tell me that I have not given them a charade for some time, so I will set them one now.

(F)

CHARADE.

In early Spring, one silent night, ■
 The bold Sir Wilfred strayed
 Beneath his lady's lattice bright,
 To sing a serenade.

He sat him down upon my First,
 And there his loving lay rehearsed.

A silvery mist hung o'er the scene,
 Where thus he breathed his vows ;
 And dewdrops gemmed the herbage green,
 And decked the budding boughs.
 But ah ! Sir Wilfred should have reckoned
 The grass was sure to be my Second.

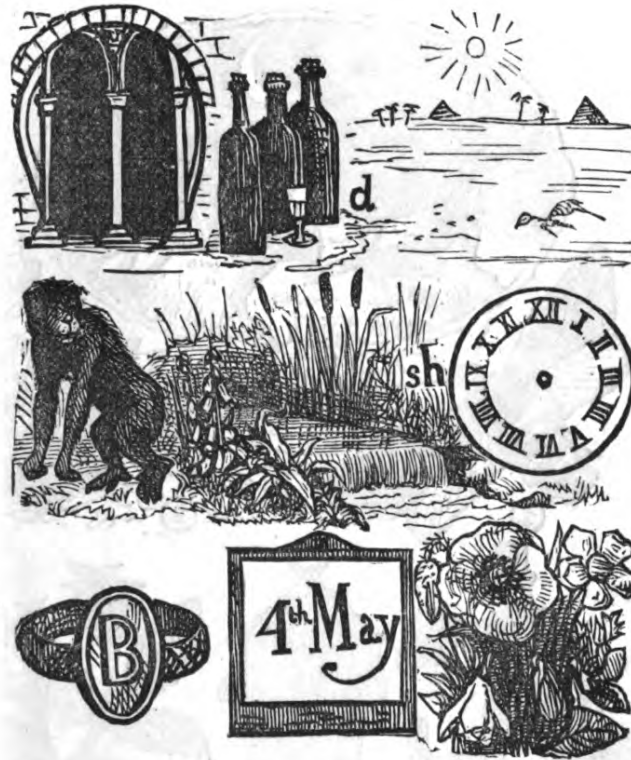
Next morn he did his foot-page call,
 And bade at once repair
 To gay Lord Guthlac's festive hall,
 And him this message bear—
 "Tell hib I'be ill—upol by soul—
 Al cal't to-dight atteld by Whole !"

You see poor Sir Wilfred got such a bad cold he could hardly speak plain. Let that be a warning to you little people, not to trust too much to the appearance of the weather and go dancing out in thin shoes, or without wraps or caps. For the climate is very treacherous during this month and the next.

My next puzzle refers to the weather I have just described.

(G)

A PICTORIAL RHYME.



I shall next give you—

(H)

A LOGOGRIPE.

I am a word of five letters, meaning the products of needle-work.

My 1, 3, 4, is short for a Christian name; my 5, 2, 3, is water; my 4, 3, is a parent; my 5, 3, 4, 2, is identical; my 4, 3, 5, 1, is a religious ceremony; my 2, 4, 1, is a well-known place abroad; my 4, 2, 1, 5, is confusion; my 3, 1, 5, is a quadruped; my 3, 5, is an ancient coin; my 4, 2, is the objective of a pronoun; my 2, 5, 1, is the name of a perfume; my 3, 4, is present tense of a verb.

With one more puzzle I will now wind up this section. It is—

(I)

A PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



In this the two whole words are contained in the oval at the top. From the initials and finals of the other pictures, taken in order, 1, 2, 3, and so on, you must discover what those whole words are.

VI.



H, what a cold raw disagreeable month March has been this year! People say it comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb, but if it has been like a lamb at all it was because of its white fleece of snow. At any rate it was very cold lamb indeed! Let us hope that April will be more pleasant. You will see that I have given you Taurus, the Bull, in the initial, the sign of the Zodiac for April; and just below that, in an April shower, the genius who presides over the 1st, when little people are sent to purchase strap oil, or a lump of ice well warmed through, or half a pint of pigeon's milk: which by the

way is not quite such an April fool's mission as people used to think, for the parent pigeon feeds its young with something very like curdled milk from its crop. I wonder what was the origin of All Fools' Day; I don't think I have ever seen an explanation of it, though I have often assisted at its celebration both as victim and as joker. One of our favourite tricks at school, and it had the advantage of being a harmless one, was to make up little brown paper parcels of waste paper, or to fill paper bags with it, and throwing them out on the pavement, watch through the wire blind what the finders did with them. Some would stop and examine and finally open them; some

would pop them quickly into their pockets and hurry on ; and I remember one very scrupulous person took his find to the policeman, who, on opening it, no doubt suspected our honest friend of playing him a practical joke.

Suppose we have something seasonable for our first puzzle :—

(A)

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Where is Mary, little Mary ?
 She has gone off to the dairy,
 Pigeon's milk to get a quart of.
 Where is Tom ? Off did he hie
 To the cobbler's stall, to buy
 Strap oil, which the coachman's short of.

1. Above the province of Bengal
 Dark clouds of fearful import brood ;
 The starving natives faint and fall,
 And cry with dying lips for food.
2. With epaulettes, and feather,
 And sash, he altogether
 Is fitted in his dress so smart
 To win a silly maiden's heart.
3. Beneath the sea he makes his bed,
 He wears a beard, but not a head.
4. The Desert Ship is the Arab's pride,
 As it crosses the sands with its swinging stride ;
 But in South America you may view
 As useful a beast of burden too !

5. Once did Professor Pepper show
A ghost that used to come and go ;
And every other ghost, I ween,
Would prove the same if closely seen.

6. Stride along ! You are strong, as you bound o'er
the ground
Ne'er your equal was found in the whole country
round.

7. They drove Macbeth to bay at last,
They scaled his fortress high,
"Come on !" he cried, "Here stand I fast.
In armour will I die !"

I daresay you all know the story of Macbeth as told by Shakspeare, and very likely some of you have seen it acted at the theatre. You will remember that he was a noble, who, after having by good fortune been several times promoted to different lordships, came at last to be king though he did not deserve it, and had no hereditary claim to the throne. His success was a proof that blind Fortune dispenses her gifts in a very arbitrary way, and does not always reward merit, while she often heaps prosperity on those who have no right to it. But frequently as in Macbeth's case she only lifts them up the higher, it would seem, that their downfall may be the more decided.

I will give you a proverb which describes the fickle conduct of Fortune :—

(B)

A PICTORIAL PROVERB.



Now I shall give you

(C)

A DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A sibilant.
2. What the tropics are.
3. Green food.
4. An Eastern race.
5. What will give you a spark;
6. A product of Cathay.
7. A liquid.

The answer perpendicular is a combatant.

The answer horizontal is a people he conquered.

There is a sort of Square Puzzle which has been suggested to me, and of which I will give you an example before setting you one to do. In this, not only the initial and top lines, and the final and bottom lines are the same, but the 2nd line perpendicular is the same as the 2nd line horizontal, and so on. For instance, the square is a square of four, and the steps as follows.

1. A Giant.
2. Profit.
3. Peel.
4. Terminations.

The answer is

O G R E.
G A I N.
R I N D.
E N D S.

Here you see the words "Ogre," "Gain," "Rind," and "Ends" occur both perpendicularly and horizontally. Now let us see what you make of this—we will call it

(D)

A SQUARE-OF-EACH-WORD PUZZLE.

1. Candid.
2. To remove the rind.
3. The Greek for Love.
4. A bird's home.

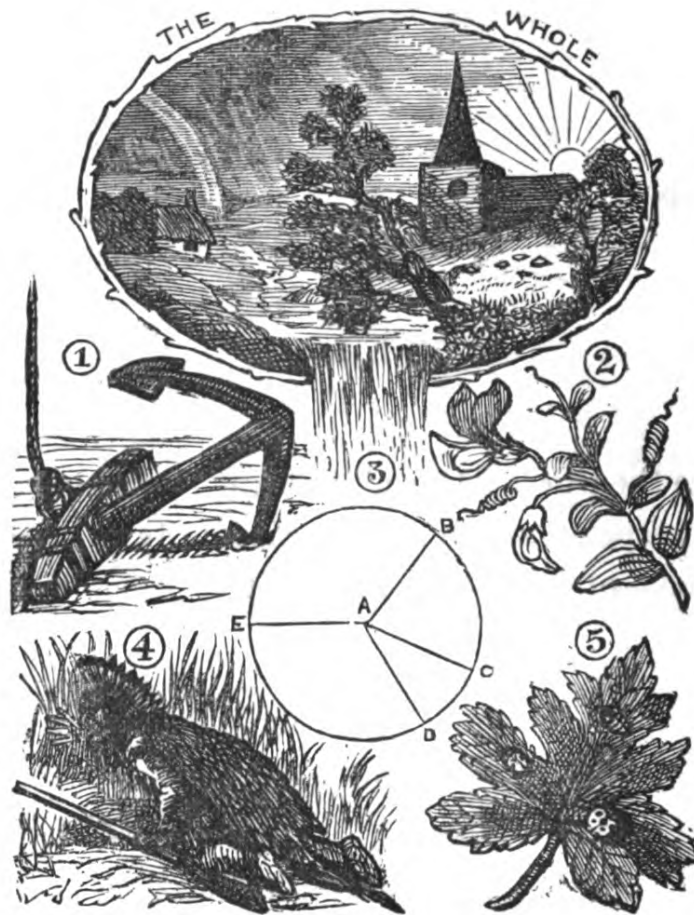
That is not a very difficult one to begin with, especially with the example above to help you.

I daresay in this uncertain month, with its changeable

showery days, you will often find yourself looking sadly out of window, watching the drops running down the pane, and wishing the showers would "go to Spain." Here is a seasonable puzzle for you in the shape of

(E)

A PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



However, let us hope that now and then we shall have snatches of fine weather between the storms, when we can get out for a stroll; for the country will be beginning to look really springlike soon if that horrid old Winter will but pack up his baggage and get him gone, instead of hanging his white linen out to dry as he has done of late a little too often. It seems as

if he had been blinded with his own snow, or that the icicles had formed so thickly in his long shaggy eyebrows that he can't see the almanac, and thinks it is still January. But never mind, Spring is creeping slyly up to him, and will presently trip up his loitering heels. I have got a basket of early flowers here, the scouts of Spring's army, but I have hidden them under grass and leaves and fern for fear Winter should nip them. See if you can discover them; there are half a dozen kinds:—

(F)

A BASKET OF EARLY FLOWERS.

1. Here is a modest little blossom, that has the courage to face hard weather, and even when we have a winter worthy of Russia or Canada, is yet to be found opening its hopeful little eye and gazing up to heaven.

2. Here is another bold little bloom, which, although the winter is now dropping its white mantle over the earth, rears its slender stem, and nods to the cold blast.

3. Yet another brave blossom, that bore the winter's tyranny with a smile, that opened under the eaves of the snowdrift, and from the very ice-gap rim, rose pale but unterrified, shaking the cold flakes from its virgin bosom as it bent to the chilly wind.

4. As for this flower, it is invincible. It will grow anywhere. I found it on the stony exposed side of a railway cutting—not the most choice land in England you will allow—but it didn't care a bit for that, and flourished finely.

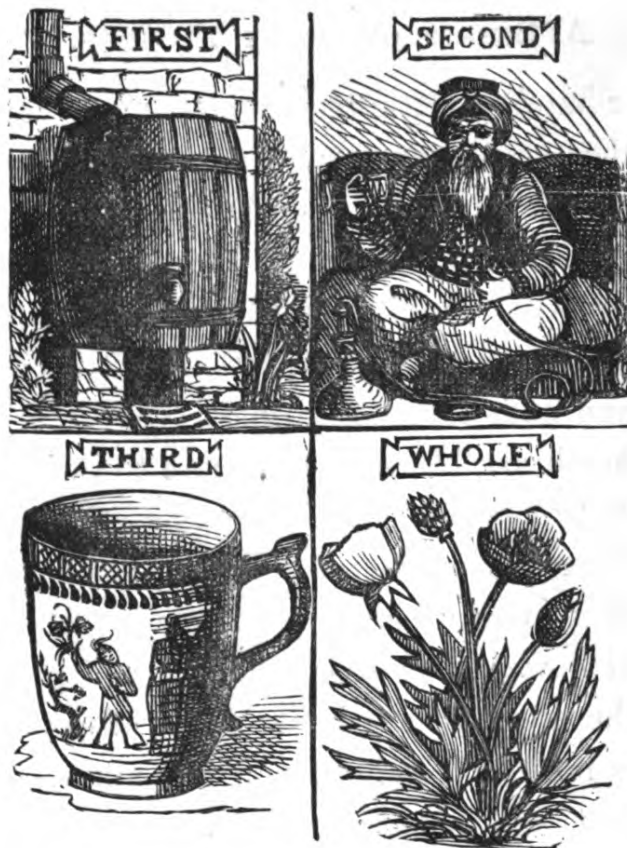
5. This flower is scarcely out yet, but some of the lower buds will open in the water. I will put them in a jug and set them in the hall, shall I? Lacking a better show of flowers, we can make these do.

6. As for the last, like the first, he is always to be met with, the whole year round; and a very good thing, or several young people I know would be sorely disappointed, for there would be no more kisses!

By the way, here is another flower for you. It does not belong to the basket, for I brought it home in my button-hole, so I will give it to you in Puzzledom style as—

(G)

A PICTORIAL CHARADE.



I have not given you one before, but you cannot but see how it is done—there is my First, my Second, my Third, and then the Whole Word, just as in a Charade in Rhyme.

It is a long time since we have had any "Blind Rhymes," so I propose to give you some now.

(H)

BLIND RHYMES.

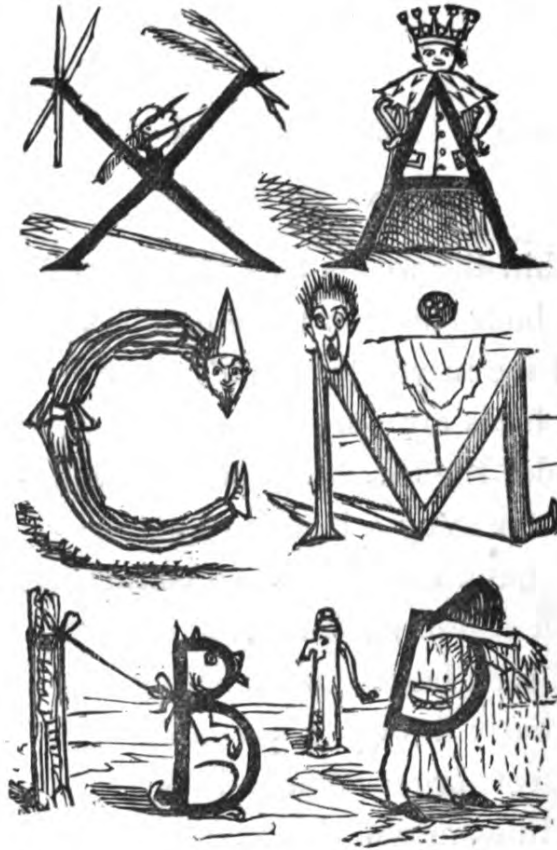
SIGNS OF SPRING.

Within the woods let's take a stroll!
The buds show on the elm-tree's *bough*;
And see in yonder larch's crest
The birds are busy at their *lunch*;
Yonder the throstle preens its wings,
And far away a blackbird *pipes*.
This bank the midday sunshine gets,—
We'll search for hidden *pimpernels*,
And seek beside the babbling rill
For early flowering *hyacinth*,
Nor yet forget anon to look
For lilies in yon sheltered *grot*.
The wind that in the fir-trees moans,
Has strewed our grassy path with *leaves*;
Note where the spider's threads among,
Like diamonds are dewdrops *poured*.
But hark! Be silent, I implore;
What was that sound the Zephyr *brought*?
Again it comes more clear and nigh—
It is—it is the cuckoo's *note*!

The next puzzle I am going to give you is just like our old friends "The Prevaricating Participles"—only I call these

(I)

VERBS IN MASQUERADE.



VII.



AY has come at last, and, if the old proverb is true, should have plenty of floral treasure, for we have had March winds and April showers in profusion. March went out like a roaring lion with very heavy gales, and April poured down her contributions as if the rose had come off the watering pot. So if we escape frosts in the early part of May we may expect a rare show in the gardens. In my initial letter you will see I have a lark's nest between two lilies, the typical flowers of the month, with a merry party round a Maypole in the distance. In the "M" are The Twins, the Zodiacal sign of the month, and a sprig of hawthorn, or May, as it is called, though

it seldom blooms before the middle, and sometimes not till the end of the month. The blackthorn is generally earlier, but there is none about here, so I don't know whether it has flowered yet. The hedges were white with it in France when I went over for my Easter holiday, but then France (though Normandy lies scarcely more south than we do) seems quite a month ahead of us. I saw peas coming into bloom in the garden of my old friend, the Abbé, which was bright with starch hyacinths,

anemones of all colours, wallflowers, periwinkles, Chinese primroses, and a lot of others, that made it look quite summerlike.

I suppose I must not give you very hard work this time in consideration of its being the flowery month, when you will all be anxious to go picking nosegays. I shall begin with a puzzle about something that I am afraid you will meet with pretty often in the garden:—

(A)

LOGOGRIPHE.

I am a word of eleven letters, signifying a creeping thing.

My 1, 2, 3, is a domestic animal, and my 1, 10, 5, 4, is what destroyed it; my 5, 2, 6, is what you give it when it steals my 6, 10, 3, which was meant for breakfast, or my 1, 10, 5, 6, the fish your brother caught. Still, as long as it will catch my 5, 2, 3, a quadruped, you will not complain, but let it 9, 4, 2, 6 (a verb of motion) into your 9, 2, 6, which is a comfortable seat for it. It is very useful about 6, 9, 10, 1, 4, which is a locality, so you will 8, 4, 3, which means to permit, the poor thing have enough to 4, 2, 3, which means to consume. Bring it some food in 6, 8, 2, 3, 4, which is a receptacle, and do not 11, 10, 3, 4, that is to say, scold it, unless it happens to 4, 11, 5—and we all do wrong at times. It is not so mischievous as my 10, 6, 4, which is another animal, and will steal my 6, 4, 10, 11, a fruit (when it is 11, 7, 6, 4—that is, ready to pick), just as a thief will steal from my 3, 7, 8, 9, where money is kept. You must be careful to lock your clothes up, for he will 11, 7, 6—that is, tear—your 1, 2, 6, 4, which is part of your walking costume, or knot up all your 3, 10, 6, 4, or binding, in a tangle, for which crime he should 11, 4, 2, 6, or obtain punishment, such as a 3, 2, 6, not a heavy blow, with a cane.

This is rather a gossipy sort of logogriphe, but I think that

will help you to find it out the more readily. If you can't discover it here, go and search for it among the plants. He is one of our garden enemies, like the snails. When I was a boy I knew some funny lines about snails—

“Ye little snails with slippery tails
That noiselessly travel along the gravel.”

That's all I can remember; and though I have often tried since to find out where the lines are, I have never succeeded.

I am next going to set you a seasonable puzzle in picture language.

(B)

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



The two whole words here form a festival, which used to be kept up in the country, but has gone out of fashion, like so

many of the pretty old fashions. It seems a pity, but I suppose the truth is that English people don't know how to use a holiday altogether, and so where there are no exhibitions or gardens to visit, they are apt to get into scrapes, and make themselves uncomfortable instead of happy. The French are more easily satisfied. I could hardly help laughing when I went to the Easter Monday *fête* at a little village near Dieppe. What do you think the dissipation of the *fête* consisted in? There were two or three cake and gingerbread stalls, and a spinning-table where you did *not* win the china figures and glass ornaments, but, if you were lucky, might get a teacup or a little tumbler. But *the* feature of the fair—the thing for which it was noted—was this: two or three old men had barrels of walnuts before them (oh, such dry walnuts!), with a little wooden saucer lying on each; and you paid a halfpenny and then filled your hands with nuts and dropped or threw them into the saucer, saying *oui* or *non*, which meant odd or even. When you had tried this as often as you liked, the proper thing to do was to lay a clean white pocket-handkerchief on the top of the barrel for the old man to put the nuts you had won in! And grey-headed folk, and gaily-dressed ladies, and young dandies came from Dieppe, a matter of four miles, to indulge in this revelry! Wasn't it funny?

Now, I am going to give you something fresh. It is done like a square puzzle, but we will call it—

(C)

AN EVERY-WAY PUZZLE.

I want a square, made of three words of three letters each, so constructed that you can read them up or down, backwards or forwards, which will give you six words in addition to the three original ones.

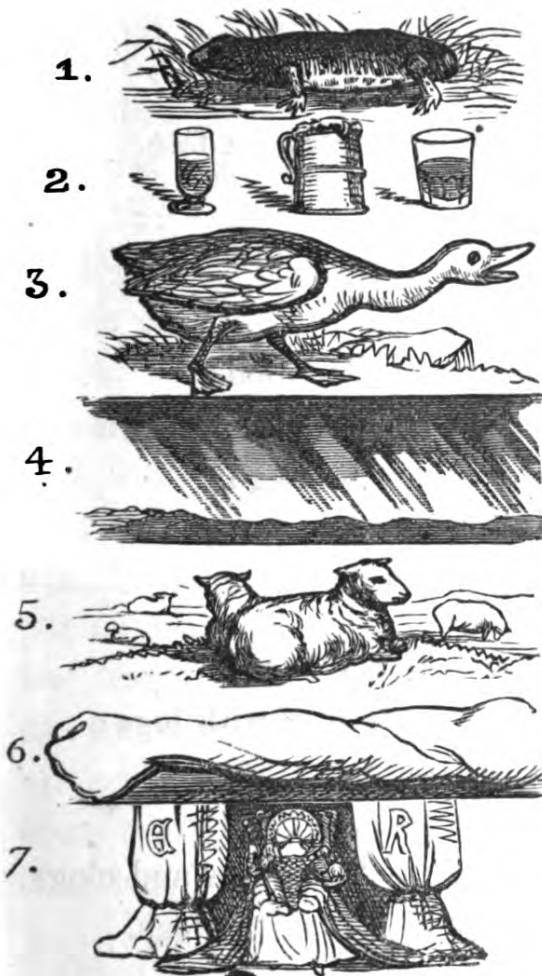
- Original Words—1. Insane.
 2. The past tense of devour.
 3. A sombre tree.

- Additional Words—1. A flower.
 2. Liquid diamond.
 3. A four-footed mother.
 4. A Greek letter.
 5. A certain measure.
 6. A foreign fruit.

From a Square Puzzle we naturally come to a Diamond one, so your next task shall be to solve me this :—

(D)

PICTORIAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.



The answer, perpendicular, is the beauties of Nature; the answer, horizontal, is what produces them. I think it fair to remind you that as Nos. 1 and 7 must be letters, they must be looked for here in words curtailed or decapitated; for instance, B might be expressed as Baby with its head cut off = (Ba)B, only that would be a terrible picture, would it not?

We will now have—

(E)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

How early breaks the welcome dawn,
 Night's sombre curtains are withdrawn,
 The flowers their leaves expand ;
 How late draws evening to its close,
 To wrap the world in soft repose ;
 Now summer is at hand.

I.

You have all of you heard of the poor young bride,
 Oh, the Mistletoe Bough !
 Who, hiding a huge oaken chest inside,
 Disappeared ; and they could not tell how.
 But she could not upraise the massive weight
 Of the door of the tomb where she met her fate.

II.

“ Now in we go !”
 “ Two stalls, the third row !”
 “ Will it be Verdi this evening, or Gounod ?”
 “ Really can't tell you, not knowing.” “ Do *you* know ?”
 Such is the gossip you hear where folks go,
 Some for the music, and others for show.

III.

The service is going, they say, to the dogs,
 Now we build ships with iron instead of with logs ;
 But look at Ashanti—
 The proofs are not scanty,
 That our gallant Jack Tars, spite of blunders and clogs,
 Won't let England's old glory be lost in the fogs.

IV.

Blessings to the man we owe,
Blessings o'er and o'er,
Who makes two blades of verdure grow
Where grew but one before.

Now I have invented a fresh kind of puzzle for you, something after the style of the "Prevaricating Participles" and the "Verbs in Masquerade." I think we will call them "Metamorphosed Substantives." In order to explain them to you, I shall have to tell you a story that is something between one of the Arabian Nights and a fairy tale, with a little dash of the Tichborne trial. There's a pretty hash for you!

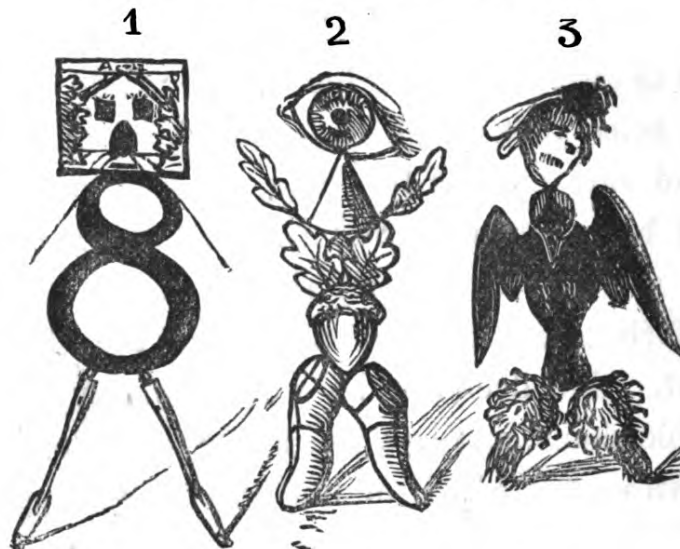
Once upon a time there was a regiment of soldiers. One day they mounted their horses and went out to practise shooting. They fixed up the mark against a tree on the borders of a wood, and then each in turn rode up at a gallop to within a certain distance and fired at the target as he passed. On this occasion they had been practising for about an hour, when they heard a loud noise. Looking up, they saw a great column of smoke, which certainly was not the smoke discharged from their fire-arms. Presently, it grew denser and denser, and at last took the form of a gigantic Genie. He was gnashing his great teeth, and flames of fire shot from his eyes. "Vile dogs," he bel- lowed, in a voice that shook the ground, "you have slain my son!" And sure enough they had, for that promising young person had been asleep behind the tree where they had fixed the target, and was completely riddled with bullets. In vain did the unfortunate soldiers explain that the whole thing was an accident. He declared he would change them all into some horrible shape, and was just about to do so, when a beautiful lady with a large pair of butterfly wings appeared out of

the wood. It was the Fairy Felicia. "You are very careless men," she said, addressing the terrified troopers, "for you have burnt several large holes in my new muslin with your nasty smouldering wads; but I will forgive you, and I hope my friend, the Genie, if he will allow me to call him so, will let me plead for you." But it was no use! The only thing she could obtain for them was that the Genie should grant them each one wish before he changed them. Then she whispered in the ear of the first man; and he, when the Genie asked him what his wish was, said, "That I may stay what I am!"—and all the others followed his example. This would have been a poser to any one but a Genie who had been to school in Puzzledom. "Oh!" was all he said; "That's it, is it? Well, I grant your wish—Carabineers you are—and Carabineers you shall remain!" and so they did! But they were metamorphosed all the same. Instead of a head, each had a tramway *car*; instead of a body, a corn-*bin*; and instead of legs, he stood on a long pair of donkey's *ears*!

There, now, see if you can find out these:—

(F)

METAMORPHOSED SUBSTANTIVES.



These are representatives of three sets of people. The first are members of a legislative body ; the second are destroyers of images ; and the third are very inferior painters. I don't know how they got metamorphosed, but perhaps the first had brought in a bill for regulating the traffic in Genies-in-bottle, the second had overthrown some Genie's idol in the Cannibal Islands, and the third had painted an unsatisfactory portrait of some distinguished Genie, and then exhibited it at the Royal Academy.

I shall next take you to the Charade Department, and give you to begin with—

(G)

A CHARADE.

It was a gallant Volunteer,
And he went forth to shoot ;
He always went the bull's-eye near,
And hit it thrice to boot ;
And he was clearly not the worst
Who aimed his rifle at my First.

And while the yards they fired were few,
Upon his feet stood he ;
But when the distance greater grew,
He knelt upon his knee ;
And when the widest space was reckoned,
He lay down flat upon my Second.

Within the hut the marker stood,
To score down every shot ;
He signalled those whose aim was good,
And those whose aim was not ;—
When to the bull's-eye bullets whirred,
He bade the red flag do my Third.

Awakened by the early spring,
 And taking little heed,
 A poor unhappy giddy thing
 Went straying o'er the mead,
 And so got shot! Your tears control,
 'Twas not a child—'twas but my Whole.

After that we will try something pictorial, so here are—

(H)

TWO PICTORIAL CHARADES.

I.

This is one of the early tokens of spring.



II.

This is one of the sweetest of spring warblers



We will wind up with—

(I)

A SQUARE-OF-EACH-WORD PUZZLE.

1. An entrance.
2. An Indian City on the Jumna.
3. A horse's pace.
4. What one does when one chews.

VIII.



HIS month of June, at which we pilgrims have now arrived, ought to be a warm and pleasant month, for it contains the heart of summer in Midsummer Day. But the seasons this year seem to have been changing places so much, that I am not at all sure that cloaks and coats and comforters wont be required for our journey.

I have put, beside the Zodiacal sign, a wild rose in my initial, as being peculiarly the flower of the month ; but I don't fancy you will find many in bloom during these cold easterly winds. You happy young pilgrims I suppose do not as yet see much

difference between an east wind and any other. I hope you will never become so weatherwise as to feel when there is an east wind as soon as you are up, and before you look out of window. All one's rheumatic joints send in notice to headquarters that the wind is in the east, just as all the stations along the sea-coast telegraph the state of the weather to the Meteorological Department in London. By the way, a young sailor, just returned from his first twelvemonth's voyage to Calcutta and back, told me the other day that a red cloudless sunset was a general sign of coming east wind. I don't admire cloudless red sunsets as much as I used to do, somehow !

Well, we must put on our "cockle hat and sandal shoon," and put our best feet forward for the pilgrimage without more delay. I will begin with a square-of-every-word puzzle, which is founded on a seasonable term, and we will put the different steps in verse.

(A)

SQUARE-OF-EVERY-WORD PUZZLE.

I.

A dweller in the sea, a sign,
That's sometimes caught with bait and line.

II.

Manuscripts illuminated
Thus are usually rated.

III.

Painting, Sculpture, Music be
Often reckoned sisters three.

IV.

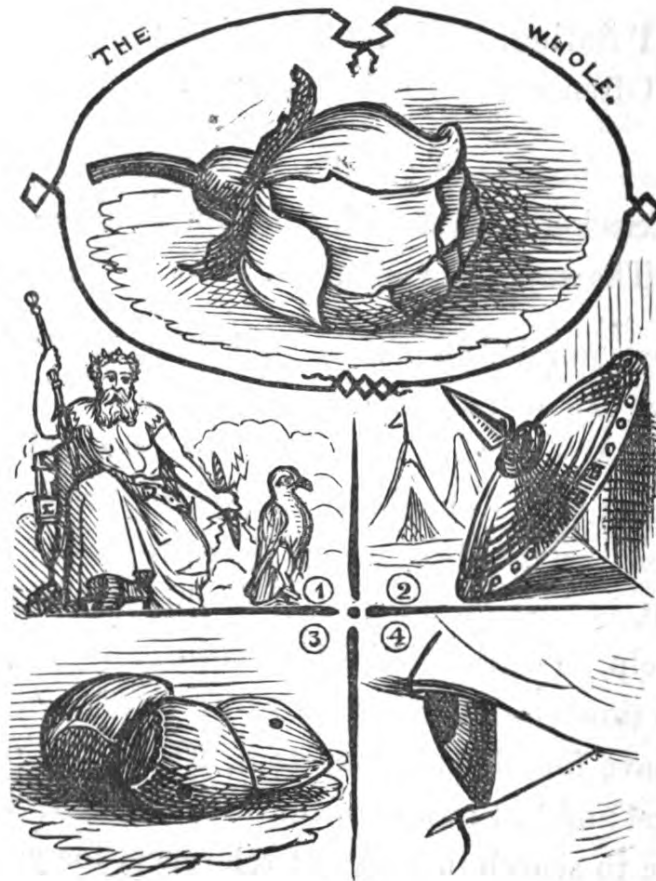
Seek—if meet with this you would—
The superlatively good.

In my next puzzle, in the second step, there is a classical word. Now, one or two little pilgrims may be inclined to complain of the introduction of foreign or classical words; but—besides the fact that I should often have to throw aside an otherwise excellent puzzle because of one word—I must remind them that it is just for such cases as this that they are allowed to obtain help, or—what is better still—can search for themselves in dictionaries or other books of reference, for they will generally have found the other steps, which will of course give them the first and last letters of the difficult word. It is an admirable practice to search in books of reference, for you are likely to

pick up odd useful bits of information while looking for the particular explanation you want. And it only needs patience, which is a capital virtue to exercise. When I was a boy, and before I knew a word of French, I picked out, in a French book, the translation of a story which had a picture that attracted me. How did I do it? Simply by getting the dictionary and looking out *every* word. Sometimes I was puzzled with irregularly-formed tenses, but I scrambled along, and found at last that I remembered a good many things and did not have to turn them up again in the dictionary. There's a bit of my experience of the value of patience, young people! Now for the puzzle.

(B)

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



I don't think you ought to find any difficulty there, even though number two is classical. Any of your brothers, young ladies, or any boy among your friends who is learning Latin, will be able to find it out for you, even if you do not—to parody the notice in some French shop-windows—"spike the Latin" yourselves. There, now, I think I have given you a pretty clear hint!

By-the-by, I forget to mention the poor little butterfly on the stem of the wild-rose in my initial. It is one of those pretty little azure butterflies that ought to be flying about at this time. But the few white butterflies, even, that I have seen looked very storm-tossed and unhappy, and I fear these poor little blue fellows would be quite shipwrecked. Except certain caterpillars, provided by nature with furry great-coats, and snails, who have a roof to cover them, all the insects seem shy of coming out. There is an old rhyme that—

"A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay ;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon ;
A swarm of bees in July
Is only worth a fly."

It strikes me there were no loads of hay this year, and that there will be more flies than silver spoons! When Lowell, the poet, asked—

"What is so sweet as a day in June?"

he did not calculate on one's having to answer the question while one sits warming one's toes at the fire, and listening to the rattle of hail on the window.

The next puzzle I am going to set you is an Enigma, of which we have had no specimens lately.

Excursions into Puzzledom.

(C)

ENIGMA.

When first it was created, earth
With this at once began its birth ;
And so with this, whatever thence
Springs into being, must commence ;
And with it, too, you may depend,
This vast terrestrial orb must end ;
It dwells not in palatial halls,
But 'mid the humble cabin's walls.
Nor land nor sea can it contain,
It shuns the heart, but haunts the brain ;
It breathes in slumber, but it flies
The vigil of the sleepless eyes ;
In one of man's most famous works—
 The telegraphic links that bind
 The distant races of mankind—
It in the cable's centre lurks.
In labour it delights, yet still
It shuns the mart, the mine, the mill ;
It closes in, with solemn gloom,
The farthest vista of the tomb,
So silently, it makes no sound
To break a stillness so profound ;
Yet in life's hubbub takes its place
With treble zest and rapid pace.
Say, would you at its home arrive ?
Go seek it in the busy hive !

I rather fancy enigmas are more difficult to guess than most puzzles. They are by no means easy to write, as it is necessary to find a word that has so many different meanings or applica-

tions. The best that ever was done is in my opinion that written in the Deepdene Album (by Miss Fanshawe, not Lord Byron), beginning—

“ ’Twas whispered in heaven.”

I don't think Praed, who wrote one of the best charades about “ Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,” ever wrote an enigma—at least I don't recall one of his, and lent some one his poems long ago (with the usual result)—but he would have done it very well, I fancy.

I am next going to give you a couple of lines in verse, written in pictorial language. We will call them—

(D)

A JUNE PICTURE RHYME.



There is a line of verse in each two lines of the puzzle.

The next thing is a charade, with a very touching story of the chivalric ages.

(E)

CHARADE.

Sir Topaz was a gallant knight,
 In Milan armour was he dight,
 That glittered in the sunshine bright ;
 He rode upon a gallant steed,
 That pranced o'er moorland and o'er mead,
 And seemed prepared for gallant deed.
 My First, with flowing plume and crest,
 Upon his saddle-bow did rest.

What sound was that, which reached his ear,
 Which made him grasp his tilting spear,
 And set sharp spurs to his destrere ?
 He laced his helm, unslung his shield,
 Prepared at once to take the field,
 And die, a hero, ere he'd yield ;—
 A woman's frightened voice implored
 The knight my Second to accord !

They saw him gallop to the stream,
 They saw his armour flash and gleam,—
 And he had vanished like a dream !
 His warhorse reached the further shore,
 But, ah ! Sir Topaz never more
 Was seen alive ; his race was o'er ;
 The coroner his body found
 Beneath my Whole's white foam-flakes
 drowned.

We have been having armour glittering in "the sunshine

bright" in London lately. The visit of the Czar has been signalized with grand doings, Crystal Palace fêtes, and City banquets, and reviews. The only thing we did not have enough of was the sunshine. It was bright enough at the Crystal Palace, but it did not choose to do justice to the decorations of the City when the Czar went to the Guildhall, nor did it gleam as it should have done on the arms and accoutrements of his suite and the escort.

The other day I had a letter from our old friend Mr. Phancy, the photographer. He has been taking a trip to London from Puzzledom, and has succeeded in taking some portraits of distinguished personages. He sends me a specimen. I wonder whether you can guess its meaning.

(F)

PHANCY PHOTOGRAPH.



But we will say good-by to London festivities, and steal away, if we can but get a little pleasant weather, into a quiet nook in Puzzledom, among the woods and green hedges, where we shall find something very very pretty that I am very fond of seeing. I will tell you what it is in puzzle language :

(G)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

“Twinkle, twinkle, little star,”
I can guess, though, what you are,
As you shine not up on high,
But among the hedgerows nigh.

I.

It's a shame and disgrace
Beyond a doubt,
To laugh right out
In any one's face ;
And in manners you make a shocking flaw,
With a “Ho! ho! ho!” and a “Haw! haw! haw!”

II.

The Indian who courses,
And catches wild horses,
Is apt at the use
Of the flying noose,
Which is one of his chief resources.

III.

Down, as Heaven's first law, lay
“Always obey
What your masters say !”

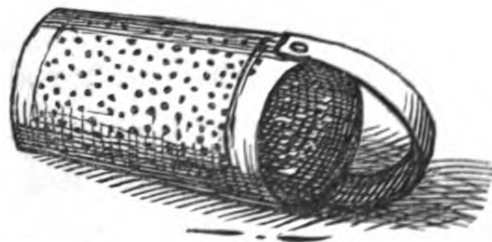
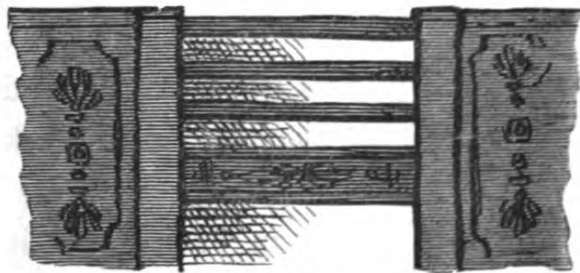
IV.

The chief of the tribe of Snakes
He always with him takes
The squaw, he chose to marry
In order that she might carry
His dwelling of skins and stakes.

I have contrived to think out a fresh sort of puzzle for you again this month, and it is not at all a hard one. It expresses the degrees of comparison of an adjective, such as, for instance, "Good, better, best." I shall fully expect every one to guess it.

(H)

DEGREES OF COMPARISON.



EST

We now come to a puzzle which may look like a new kind of

puzzle. But it is really an old friend with a new face. You will most likely remember the "Bunch of Keys" I once gave you in picture language; and this is very much the same sort of thing. It is "A Bunch of Roses for Budding." I suppose you have most of you seen the gardener budding roses, or know how it is done. He has first of all the stock, or stem, generally a brier or wild-rose stem—for all the beautiful roses we see must have come originally from that simple hedge-flower. Then he has a bundle of sprigs or sprays cut from the different cultivated roses he wants to grow on the stocks. He selects from each of these the suitable eye or bud, situated at the foot of a leaf stalk, and prepares it by cutting it off, with a little shield, as it were, of green bark attached. He then slits the bark of the stock in such a way that he can slide the little bud-shield under it, and lastly, binds it in its place with a bit of Berlin-wool. In a year or so's time the little bud has become a part of the stock, and pushes out branches and blossoms.

In my puzzle I give you the plain rose-stock to work upon, and then a handful of quotations from the poets for your bunch of buds. You will find a word in each quotation which, when fitted on the stock, will give you the name of some kind of rose or other with which you are familiar.

This ought to be easy enough, for after all it is very like the puzzle of "buried" things, except that you don't have to extract the required word from several others, because it is complete in each quotation.

(I)

A BUNCH OF ROSES FOR BUDDING.

1. "Home went the little woman all in the dark,
Tol, lol, liddle, diddle, dol!
When she began to ring the little dog began to bark,
Tol, lol, liddle, diddle, dol!"

2. "Here's the garden she walked across,
Arm in my arm, such a short time since.
Hark! as I push the wicket, the moss
Hinders the hinges and makes them wince."
3. "A lake and a fairy boat
To sail in the moonlight clear,
And merrily we would float
From the dragons that watch us here."
4. "Raising
Her hand to heaven with the cabbage in it
On which she meant to sup—
'Well, this *is* fairy work! I'll bet a farden
Little Prince Silverwings has caught me up,
And set me down in some one else's garden!'"
5. "The king
Has been shot at—hit in the liver-wing—
Carries his Bourbon arm in a sling!"
6. . . . "If wine is poison, so is tea,
But in another shape;—
What matter whether one is killed,
By canister or grape!"
7. . . . "She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek."
8. "Survey mankind with an extended view,
And waft a sigh from China to Peru."
9. "A cage, with a bird that sweetly sung,
As beside the tiny window it hung,
And a pot of musk that loved to perfume
The breezes that wandered into the room."

I will give you just one instance of how to do this puzzle, and must then leave you to your own devices. I have the stock "rose" to start with, and this quotation—

“ Singing ‘ From Palestine
Hither I come,
Lady-love, Lady-love,
Welcome me home !’ ”

I select "Palestine" as the bud-word, which gives me "Palestine Rose," which is the flower required.

My last puzzle will be a pictorial proverb. It is a warning to young people not to attempt to do things which are beyond their powers.

(K)

PICTORIAL PROVERB.



IX.



THE month of June has been so very much like what I conjectured it would be, that I am afraid to say anything about July; because it might be as obligingly unpleasant as June, and go out of its way to carry out my predictions. And we do really want a fine July, or we shall have no summer at all. June has not had a rose it could boast of, for the mild winter encouraged the insects that nibble all the points off the buds, and the dry weather stunted the growth. When the rain did come at last all the green things jumped to perfection at once; and three rows of my peas, between the planting of each of

which there had been a fortnight's difference, all began to cry out at once, "Please, pick us, and boil us!" The Clerk of the Weather has evidently got tangled in his seasons this year. They want to be unpicked and run together again, and I have no doubt many of my little pilgrims, deft at using needle and thread, would be quite ready to help in

the mending if called upon ; or—if the worst comes to the worst —my young friend in the mercantile marine might possibly with a sailmaker's needle and a bit of twine and some knotting and splicing prevent the rags of winter from getting into summer, as they have been doing, for we have had frosts in June !

Well ! we will hope that July will turn out a little better. The zodiacal sign is the lion, as you will see in the initial, and we will hope he will roar us like any sucking dove. The flower I have attached to the letter is the large wild convolvulus or bindweed, known in the country as "the Morning Glory," because it is so short-lived that it is faded by sunset. It is very beautiful as it climbs in the hedges, and so is its younger sister the small bindweed, which is pink and has a smell of almonds. They are very sensitive, these bindweeds, closing in dull weather, and with some other plants seem to me to have more life than mere vegetable existence. Their climbing has something curious in it, for they seem to put out, as it were, a hand towards branches they cannot see, and the coil of the creepers is all in one direction. It never turns the wrong way—which is a good deal more than we human beings can say always !

But I am going wandering with the wild convolvulus instead of attending to our puzzles. Still at times it is almost impossible to resist a ramble after pleasant topics, so I hope I shall be forgiven. I will remind my pilgrims of a line of Pope's, that I will put in picture language, as a plea for pardon :—

(A)



After that, we will get along with our puzzles, and I shall give you a “square-of-every-word” to begin with, as that form seems to suit most of you, to judge from the number of correct solutions I get. It is not a very easy matter to be constantly inventing puzzles, and it is even harder to give puzzles that will suit everybody. If they are too easy some of my elder pilgrims call me to task for “ridiculous nonsense;” if they are too hard everybody scolds me for such a difficult set; and there are always some who wish I had given some other kinds than those I have given; so that I feel often a deep sympathy with the old gentleman in Æsop’s fables, who failed to satisfy the public generally by the various plans he adopted to accompany his son and his donkey to market.

(B)

A SQUARE-OF-EVERY-WORD PUZZLE,

I.

The desert-king,
 Whose presence will
 Each living thing
 With terror fill.

II.

Of this word 'tis the mission
 To be a preposition,
 Giving you a notion
 Of onward, inward motion.

III.

This charm to blend
 The myriad roses of Cashmere you ask
 Their subtle essences to one small flask
 To freely lend.

IV.

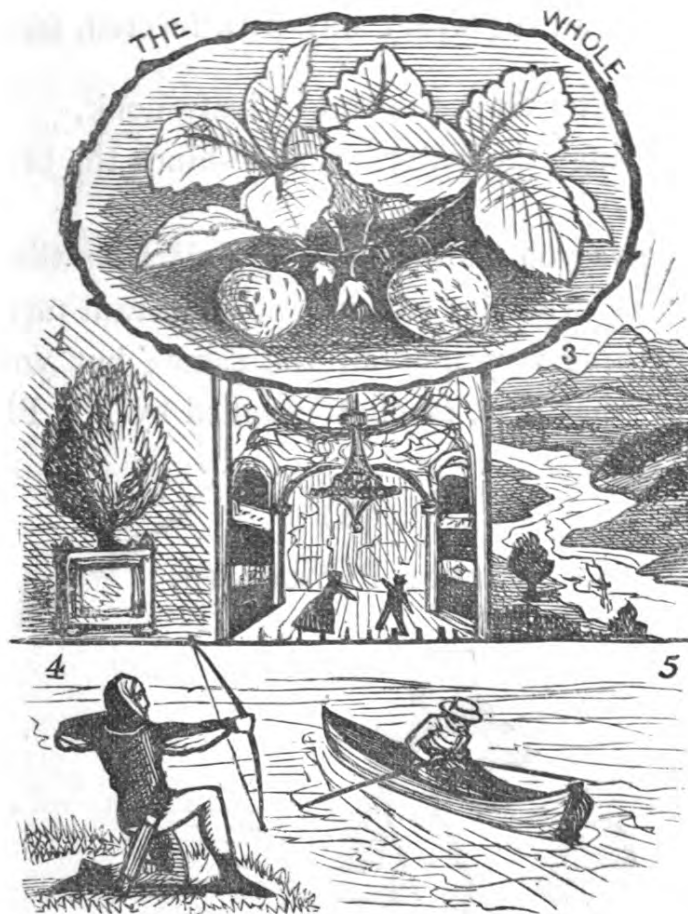
The midday to his labour trained
 The sun by sextant viewed,
 And said that Phœbus had attained
 His greatest altitude.

I am afraid we shall not get very much fruit this year owing to the blight and dry weather. The Jews in Egypt could not make bricks without straw, and our fruit-trees are equally hard-pressed to produce fruit without rain. Watering them with ordinary water is of little use; they want the chemicals, which those wonderful chemists, the clouds, combine with the rain,

and which work such wonders in a few hours by turning a little green pimple into a ripe raspberry. I will present you with a fruit in our next puzzle, which is—

(C)

A PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



The dry weather has not only delayed our fruit, but it has damaged the hay harvest. The meadows are burnt up with drought, and the merry swish of the scythe is not as loud as usual this year. We don't want rain when we mow our meadows, but it is very welcome when the grass is growing. When we sharpen our scythes it can hardly be too fine. There is a good old proverb about this :

(D)

PROVERB IN VERSE.

Come let us make ourselves at home
 Here in the meadow where the hay is sweet.

While we can rest what need to roam
 And tread the weary way with feverish feet?

We'll shelter from the sun in leafy nook,
 Where sings the waterfall, and shines the brook.

I will now give you another dish of fruit, from the Puzzledom gardens—not strawberries and cream, or currant tart, or cherry-pie, but something very nice all the same; but you shall see for yourselves what it is, as photographed by Mr. Phancy:—

(E)

PHANCY PHOTOGRAPH.



Our next puzzle shall be a double acrostic, which I hope will foretell the sort of weather we may expect now! People say that English people always talk about the weather. Well, I am not astonished at it, for the subject is one full of variety. To-day it is sunny, yesterday it rained, and to-morrow it may snow. In some parts of America, where earthquakes are common, they build their houses so as to fall with the least risk to their occupants; but it would be very difficult in England to build houses suitable to the rapid changes of climate we undergo. There would have to be an ice-well next door to the fireplace, and all the windows would have to carry umbrellas in case of their being left open when the rain came on.

(F)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The sun was glowing overhead,
The flowers were drooping in the bed;
The gardener stopped—
His brow he mopped—
And it was truly this, he said!

I.

A ruler wise King Pharaoh chose
(Your history examine),
Whose foresight taught him to oppose
The danger of a famine.

II.

A water-sprite,
So fair and bright
Once loved a knight,
But, ah, he was a faithless wight.

III.

They have no camels in Peru,
Or dromedary ;
But there's a creature that will do
Their loads to carry.

IV.

She spreads her white sails to the wind,
She leaves the other craft behind ;
She rounds the buoy with speedy pace,
The gun is fired—she wins the race.

In the next place I am going to give you a couple of Picture Riddles.

(G)

PICTURE RIDDLES.

I.



Why is this gentleman like one who pays us a visit unexpectedly just at meal-time?

II.



Why are these men like those who seek the friendship of strangers?

I shall now give you an Enigma to solve.

(H)

ENIGMA.

Filled to the bung with precious wine,
Behold this wondrous word of mine.
And yet no Volunteer will dread
To aim at it the cruel lead ;
And feels no harm can happen to it,
Because, you see, a sheep can do it.
You cannot yet the word construe—
Then I must make it now of you,
And hold you up as one in short
Who is for laughter only sport,

Should you compare it, upon bread
 You'll find that it is fit to spread.
 And yet—but I'll no further get,
 Because you see it's only—yet!

After that we will have

(I)

A CHARADE.

Beside the brook one summer day
 When Nature all was merry,
 I saw a gipsy maiden stray,
 As brown as any berry ;
 She with the limpid waters quenched her thirst,
 And picked a simple salad of my First.

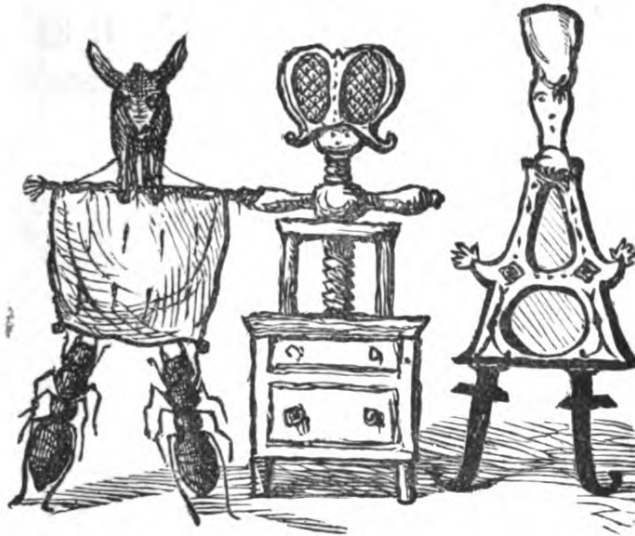
The woodbine and the eglantine,
 The woodruff and the mallow,
 Delight to twine and intertwine
 Beside that streamlet shallow ;
 And kissed by sunlight and caressed by dews,
 My Second in the air around diffuse.

The sun went down, the twilight fell,
 Outshone the stars unnumbered ;
 Each flow'ret closed its honeyed cell,
 And Nature softly slumbered.
 While pale and cold across the heavens stole,
 In modest maiden majesty, my Whole.

Now I want you to solve me these metamorphosed substantives. They are by no means as hard as some of you thought the first time I gave you some. You begin with their heads,

and they consist of a head, body, and legs ; except the centre one, which is only a two-syllable word, and has therefore only head and body :—

(K)



The first of these is a representative of a class of people who are always attacking us. The second is an imperial lady. The third is one of those who come into advantages by the wills of others.

I shall wind up this lot of puzzles with—

(L)

A LOGOGRIPE.

I am a word of eight letters, signifying a season very welcome to little people. My 8, 6, 5, is melancholy, and my 2, 4, 3, is not nice. My 3, 6, 5, is a youngster, who should make my 1, 6, 7, in fine weather. My 3, 6, 8, 1, belongs to a whip, of the handle of which it is well to get my 1, 2, 3, 5. If my 3, 6, 5, lives long enough he will be my 2, 3, 5, but I trust he will not

know what it is to 6, 4, 3, or he will have to go to the doctor for 6, 4, 5. If you go out for my 8, 6, 4, 3, you may perhaps catch my 8, 1, 6, 5, and if you cook it keep my 3, 4, 5, on, or my 6, 8, 1, may fall in, which would be disagreeable, so please mind what I 8, 6, 7. By my 5, 4, 6, 3, sometimes assisted by 8, 2, 3, you can tell the time of my 5, 6, 7. My 1, 4, 3, 5, 6, is the Christian name of a 3, 6, 5, 7. Now if you are 8, 3, 7, you will guess what I am without more 6, 5, 2.

X.



UGUST is likely to be very hot, if we may judge from the baking we have had for the last few weeks in July. The sun will not be to blame if the harvest is not golden yellow in all the fields, calling aloud for the busy sickles. My study window has a western aspect, so I get all the hottest of the glare, and though I have rigged up a screen of tissue paper, and keep the window open behind it, I am driven now and then to the cooler window in front, where I can see the ducks dabbling in the pond, and envy them terribly. I have a queer sort of barometer, that comes from Paraguay. It is made of a strip of wood, the grain running lengthwise, glued to another thin sliver of a kind of willow, the grain of which

runs across. The willow wood is very sensitive, and when rain is coming it swells, so that the strip stands quite upright; but with continued heat it shrinks, so that the barometer is curved like the top of a whip. For some time past it has been so very round-shouldered that I have begun to think the Clerk of the Weather has lost the key of the rain-tap. But when a shower *does come*, how beautiful will be the smell of the thirsty earth!

I don't think any of our perfumers have ever attempted to imitate that strange refreshing odour which the welcome rain raises like incense from the parched soil. I wish they would try.

How lovely the cornfields are. I daresay our friends the farmers could dispense very readily with the bright poppies, the big white bindweed, the azure bluet, and the purple cockle; but they certainly add to the picturesque effect of the crops. The little bits of bright colour tell so effectively among the golden grain. When I was in France last autumn, I made up some very pretty button-hole bouquets, with a blossom of the pale grey purple scabious—the wild Robin's-Pincushion—surrounded by bluets. The two colours went beautifully together, and the flowers are nearly always to be found close together in the autumn fields. For it is getting towards the autumn now. The fruits are ripening, and before long the leaves will begin to assume the russet and crimson tints that tell of the close of the year.

I shall begin my puzzles this time by giving you a seasonable Double Acrostic. Let me see whether you can find out what it is.

(A)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Ripe are the vine's rich clusters now,
And ripe the apples on the bough;

Festina lentè :—

And take it easy, for extreme
The burning heat, the blazing beam,
This month of plenty.

With sickle bright, and skin of tan,
The labourer, a sturdy man,
At toil is steady,

And husbands up his needful strength
Reflecting on the day's hot length—
'Tis warm already.

I.

“What, do no other worlds remain
For me to gain!”
The fatal fact thus driven to accept,
The conqueror wept!

II.

The bails are flying all about,
The stumps are down—yet still you doubt!
Well, ask the judge. “How's that?” “Why, out!”

III.

This coin of old
Was made of gold,
A shield that's made
Just like a spade,
Upon one side you will behold.

IV.

Another's throne
To make your own,
Another's realm
To overwhelm,
In modern time
Is thought a crime.

V.

Bring the tin,
And lather my chin,
Scrape me, scrape me,—please, begin.

VI.

Mr. Snip, will you do me the pleasure
To show me your doeskin and tweed?

I think the tournament is the only great difficulty in this puzzle, and you will easily guess the right word for that.

Now I think we will take a stroll through the fields to gather a bunch of seasonable plants, which we shall find buried. There are few prettier decorations for vases in the winter when flowers are scarce than a tastefully arranged group of grains and grasses. I have one, brightened up with some French artificial flowers, so naturally made you can hardly tell them from real. One of the prettiest of them is the puff seed-ball of a dandelion, made with swan's-down, and scarcely to be distinguished from the real thing.

(C)

SIX BURIED PLANTS.

The harvest is ripening now in the fields. Every evening when the sun sets it looks down upon riper crops, more golden ears, and leaves turning russet and crimson.

It is very strange to note how heat and sunshine combine to bring the different cereals to completeness, so that before long we shall hear the merry reapers at work in the fields.

And when the crops are all carried, and the brown stubble crackles under our feet, we shall see the sportsmen and their dogs, looking for the partridge, and we shall hear their distant guns go pop, pop. Pythagoras, the sage, would say they were shooting their relations.

Of course there are great rejoicings over the harvest, it is so plentiful this year ; so at some places I have no doubt there will be great gatherings and merry doings for the harvest home feast.

Nor will the harvest of cereals be the only one for which we hope, as there are other useful crops too.

We pray for a plentiful harvest of all produce, and shall, we trust, be answered favourably.

There are great numbers of insects always to be seen at this time of the year. The great shining dragon-flies dart and hover over the ditches and ponds, and the gleaming beetles in their jewelled armour are busily running to and fro. The humming-bird hawk-moth, which sucks the nectar from the flowers, while it poises above them on the wing, may be seen darting its long trunk into the blossoms. And then those wonderful mathematicians, the spiders, are busy with their webs, which look exquisitely lovely, like diamond-strung lace in the dewy mornings of autumn. Then there is that funny little green fly with large gauzy wings and eyes like two gold pins' heads, and that other bright little fellow that loves to bask on sunny walls with one half of his body blue tinsel, and the other crimson tinsel; he looks like a living jewel, he is so bright. It is astonishing to see how many beautiful insects you will observe if you choose a sunny bit of wall and sit quietly and watch it for a short time.

By the way, here is one of the special beauties of this season. He is a very quick flier, so you must not startle him.

(D)

A PUZZLEDOM INSECT.



When we have exhausted the insect world, there are the flowers and plants left for us to study. I am very fond of wild-flowers, or weeds, as some people very foolishly call them, forgetting that the gorgeous plants which it costs them so much to rear in their stoves and greenhouses are—if it comes to that—only the weeds of the tropical forests; and some of the rarest have been self-planted and accidentally developed in the earth or the bark on which some other plant has been brought to England. Of course, care and cultivation will do much to improve the different plants, but we must not forget that they had one common origin like man, and that superior chances and good fortune do not always fall to merit. The humblest weed in our fields is as glorious a work as the latest plant with a long name, brought by some enterprising traveller from tropical forests. Here is a floral puzzle for you:—

(E)

CHARADE.

I.

The fields are golden in the sun;
The breezes make a rustle
As o'er the nodding ears they run;
And lo! with merry bustle,
With tawny skins, and sickles keen,
The reapers come a-trooping;
And, see, my First around is seen,
With heavy tops down-drooping.

II.

The mill's tall sails are spinning round,
The breezes blow them gaily;
With store of grain the stone is crowned
And does its labour daily.

The air is white with misty meal,
 Before the task's conclusion ;
 And hoppers, heaped full high, reveal
 My Second's soft profusion.

III.

A handful, see, of ripened wheat,
 I'm in a bunch combining ;—
 The poppy red, the woodruff sweet,
 Among the ears entwining :
 And—prettiest bloom that ever grew
 In cornfield, dale, or dingle—
 My Whole, whose hue is heaven's own blue,
 Shall 'mid the wheat-ears mingle.

Oh, by-the-by, our friend Mr. Phancy, the Photographer,
 has just sent me a Puzzledom portrait of a very distinguished
 traveller. Please to tell me whom it represents.

(F)



I think I shall try you with another simple Square-of-every-word Puzzle next. It consists of only three words of three letters each. In the second verse there is a little poetical glorification of beer, but practically speaking I find the coolest and most refreshing beverage in this hot weather is a half-and-half, composed of black coffee, without milk or sugar, and cold water. I think iced drinks only make one warmer, but this mixture is very cool and refreshing. Now for our puzzle:—

()

A SQUARE-OF-EVERY-WORD.

I.

They are mowing the meadow-grasses ;
You can hear the mowers' song,
And the ring of the scythe, as it passes
Over the swathe so long.
Gladsome are youth and maiden,
As the heaps they rake and toss ;
And sweet comes the zephyr laden
With odour that's blown across.

II.

The sun's like a fiery dragon,
The shadows are all dispersed ;
Come, bring us the cooling flagon,
For the workers are all athirst ;

Not cider, or something weaker ;—
 John Barleycorn rivals those !
 And deep in the foaming beaker
 I'll bury my glowing nose.

III.

We rose at the break of morning,
 So jocund, and stout, and blythe ;
 All loitering laziness scorning,
 Each labourer sharpened his scythe.
 Now, dawn, noon, and evening are ended,
 And the night is descending I trow,
 But—an adverb's the word that's intended—
 Our task is not finished—just now !

It really makes me wonder to see how steadily the field-labourers go on with their work under the broiling sky. I suppose they are used to it, as cooks say eels are to being skinned, but I should think it must be rather hard work to get accustomed to swinging a scythe or wielding a sickle, when the glass is standing at a hundred degrees in the shade.

I never find it difficult to look on and do nothing, but there are times when that is very warm work too.

At this season of the year, when the sun is so scorchingly hot, the night is the most pleasant time, and one feels inclined to rest in the day and move about after dark, as they do in India. By the sea, when the calm waters double every diamond in the deep blue sky, it is very beautiful at night, but if we can't get to the sea, at least we can steal into the garden, or sit at a window and watch the moon and all the sparkling lights of heaven, including the brilliant comet which has lately been with us. Here is a puzzle on the subject :—

(H)

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



Our celestial guest is getting the credit for all the heat, and they tell us that the vintage will be a splendid one, so that prudent old gentlemen who like a glass of good wine will lay in great store of this year's clarets and ports. Of course, too, it will bring all the cereal crops to unusual perfection, and we hear already that the supply of grain in America is very large. It seems strange that a wandering body, flying off into space, for thousands of years sometimes, should have such a great influence over the well-being of this world, which must seem

as small to it, as it does to us, and of course does not a tail unfold!

Suppose we try a Logogriphe suitable to the time of year.

(I)

LOGOGRIPHE.

I am a word of seven letters, signifying an operation which takes place in the fall of the year. After 7, 5, 2, which is an evening meal, if you like to put on 1, 2, 7, an article of wear, we will see the labourers at 3, 5, 6, 7, an interval of repose. There will be no fear that we shall 6, 7, 2, 3, 4, 5, be famished that is, this year.

Stop, let us 7, 5, 2, 3, or pull up this 7, 2, 3, 5, a troublesome weed. See we have disturbed 1, 2, 3, 5, a timid creature almost as swift as the 1, 2, 3, 7, a very quick animal. See with what 1, 2, 6, 7, 5, speed, it runs away to 6, 2, 4, 5, preserve its life. Its 1, 5, 2, 3, 7, a vital organ, must be going at a rapid 3, 2, 7, 5, pace. This is where one of the workers 6, 2, 7, took a place, to eat the modest supper he 1, 2, 6, possesses. Others 1, 2, 4, 5, possess a 6, 5, 2, 7, a spot to sit down upon, by the hedge, where a huge oak spreads a 4, 2, 6, 7, extensive shadow. Some 2, 3, 5, exist, without coats, but wear a 4, 5, 6, 7, waist-coat, only. Go and fetch them some cider from the 4, 2, 7, large barrel, and they will drink to our health and give a loud cheer because their labour is over!

The picture-puzzle which I propose to give you next is a Square-of-every-word, with four letters to each word this time. The only difficult step in it is the musical instrument, on which the clumsy musician is playing in the second part. But you will not, I imagine, find it an insuperable obstacle to guessing the puzzle, or you will deserve a touch or two from step number three!

(K)

PICTORIAL SQUARE-OF-EVERY-WORD.



In the next place I shall give you an enigma, which is so easy that I think you must find it out, and that it will show you how to set about guessing enigmas in the future; for many of you don't at present attempt to solve them:—

(L)

ENIGMA.

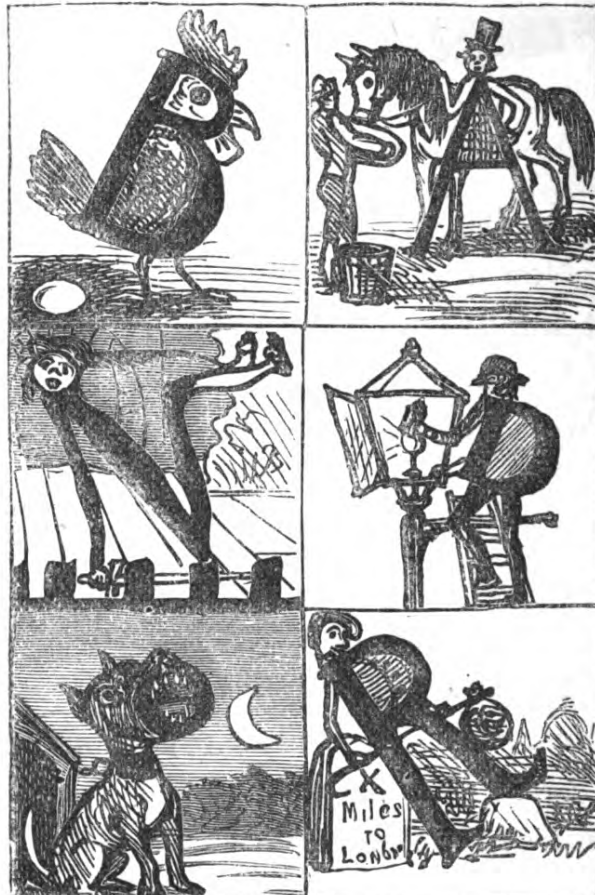
A quadruped, I beg to state,
Now guess it if you're able.
It stands before the kitchen-grate,
When not within a stable.
Two consonants, an aspirate,
And eke a pair of vowels.
It's clothed in rugs, when adverse fate
Deprives it of its towels.
By man it oftentimes is backed,
But sometimes by a barrel.
I've seen it hung, to be exact,
With portions of apparel.
Of legs it sometimes has but two,
And sometimes four possesses,

Sometimes it's nail'd—sometimes a screw,
 And then it feels distresses.
 The wealthy buy it dear, 'tis true,
 For pride or recreation ;
 But washerwomen have it too,
 It helps their occupation.
 Yet if you get it, let me note
 This trouble from it springing,
 You'll find it settles in your throat—
 And won't it stop your singing !

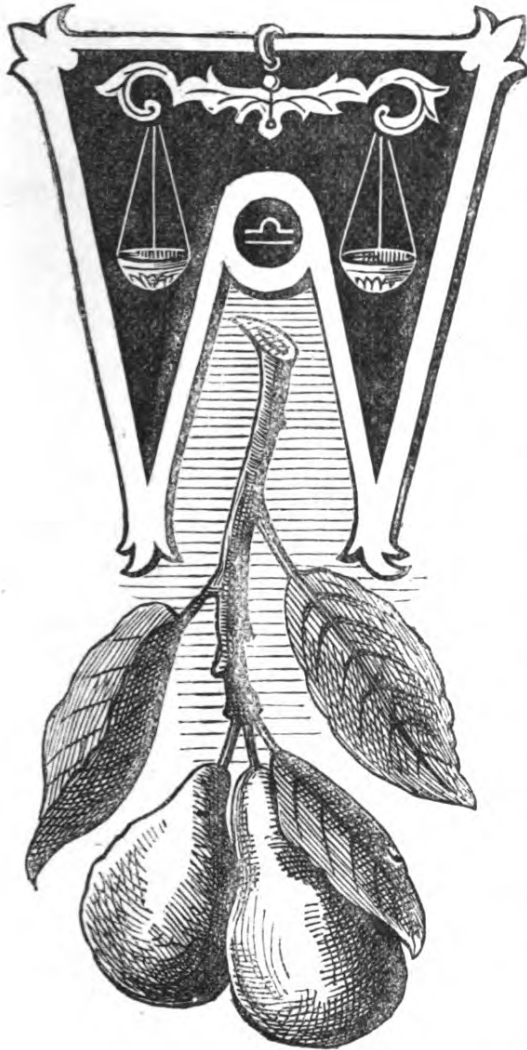
My final puzzle will be a batch of—

(M)

PREVARICATING PARTICIPLES.



XI.



WE have now reached September, and the short summer we have had is near its end. But it is some consolation that we are reaching the season of fruits—the very best fruits, that put gooseberries and currants into the shade altogether. The sign of the Zodiac for the month is the Scales, so I have put it into my initial, with a spray of pear. As I write I am looking out on a wall loaded with pears, in a quaint little garden at Dieppe, built in terraces with trellises and balustrades which make it look like the balcony scene in “Romeo and Juliet.” It is on the side of a hill, with the quaint old town nestling at its foot, and the blue

and green waters of the sea, which, by a rule of perspective, seems when viewed from the hill to climb higher than usual into the azure of the sky. We are having lovely weather, with a soft sea breeze, that must be the ghost of champagne, it seems to sparkle so and to fizz as one breathes it. Looking the other way, I can see the winding Arques coming down its valley where the wooded hills stand backward a space

on either side, to leave room for fat pastures dotted with kine. There is a bald spot in the woods on one slope with an obelisk in the centre, to mark the site of Henri Quatre's battery at the famous battle where he defeated the Duke of Maine, who commanded largely superior forces. I cannot see the old castle that was the point of attack, but I have visited it, and a fine old ruin it is.—

But because I am taking a holiday, I must not waste all my space in gossip. So we will begin with—

(4)

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Let us seek the south wall sunny,
 Where with downy cheek,
 Soft as blushes, sweet as honey,
 Hangs the fruit we seek.
 Oh, what happiness and luck,
 In this garden quaint,
 Melting globes like these to pluck,
 Thus without restraint!

I.

When the weather is hot,
 And the sky is clear,
 The best drink to be got
 Is ginger beer.

II.

It was a poor Italian boy,
 On England's shores all friendless thrust,
 And all his labour and employ
 To sell this plaster cast or bust.

III.

Sweetest lass of gold
In the legends old,
Humble, loving, sweet,
Famed for tiny feet.

IV.

The Esquimaux
Fears not to go
The wild waves through
In his canoe ;
A craft so thin
Of fragile skin.

V.

All that I can tell of it
Is some folks make an ell of it.

VI.

Follow this, so proverbs say,
And you will not go far astray ;
If you to guide a man would try,
This is the thing to lead him by.

VII.

A capital light
It is at night,
When it's bright,
And turned on right.

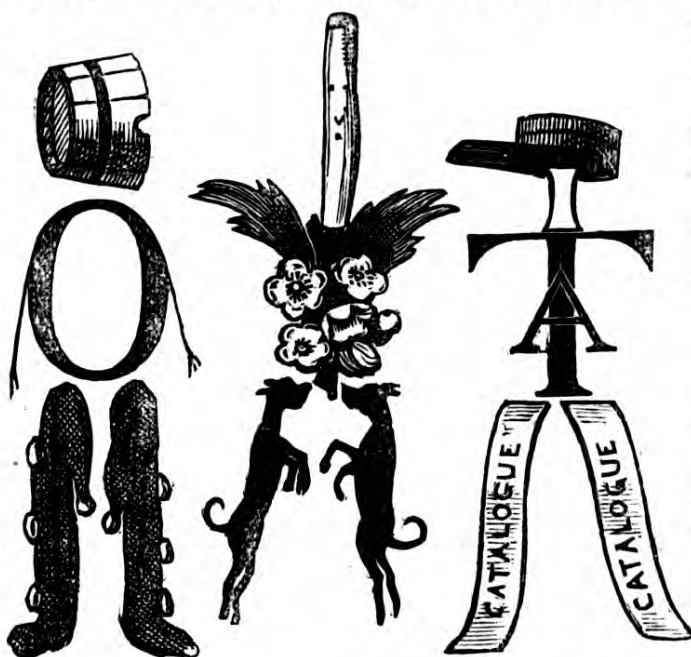
If you don't guess what that is you do not deserve to do what it describes. The fourth step is the only one that presents any difficulty, but I suppose most of you have read "Cook's Travels Round the World," and that was where I first learnt the word, and can remember even now the picture of the adventurous Esquimaux spearing a narwhal, and poisoning himself cleverly

with his double paddle in his very unsteady boat. It was something like those dangerous canoes you see on the Thames. When I was at Oxford two men of my college were drowned within six months by upsetting their canoes, and one was a good swimmer, but could not disentangle himself. All kinds of boats need careful management, for water is a treacherous element; but of all boats canoes seem to me to be the most unsafe, in spite of all that "Rob Roy" may urge to the contrary.

Our next puzzle shall be a Pictorial one, and I will therefore

(B)

THREE METAMORPHOSED SUBSTANTIVES.



give you three Metamorphosed Substantives. I seem to hear a groan from my party of pilgrims at the mention of them, as if I had peremptorily ordered peas into their shoes. But really they are not difficult. Each word begins with the head, which is one syllable, the body is another, and the legs are a third.

To reward you for your struggles to discover this puzzle, the next one shall be easy and on a pleasant subject. What do you say to some buried fruits? Please to dig them up carefully for fear of bruising them. There are six different kinds, but, please, don't think that the word "fruit," which occurs several times, is one of the buried ones.

So now set to work and find out—

(C)

SIX BURIED FRUITS.

I.

I have a nice lot of fruit here that will, mayhap, please my little Puzzledom pilgrims if they can only pick them out, for I have hidden them away in a heap of sand to try and store them.

II.

I like fruit very much myself, and think it, when it is really ripe, a real treat. They say it should not be eaten at night, but I don't see why. Of course when it is hard and green it ought not to be eaten at all.

III.

This is delicious ! What is more exquisite than to see a tree bearing a good crop luminous as jade, or jasper, or agate ? There are a great many varieties of this fruit, but I think they are all beautiful, and agreeable to eat.

IV.

You should never let escape a chance of eating this rosy downy fellow, who basks on sunny walls and turns a red inviting cheek, like some pretty child wishing a kiss from papa before going to bed.

V.

This is a most wholesome fruit, a blessing to the sick and feverish, whose burning thirst it allays. I have the plant on which it grows trained over the back of the house, and in high winds its branches are going rap everlastingly against the window as if some raven were tapping there.

VI.

This fruit is looked upon as food in some countries, but it is rather difficult to rear in our English climate, even under a

frame. I grew some long ago, but these last few years I have not been successful. I daresay the seed is tender, and unless it is very good one has little chance of rearing the plant to perfection.

The next puzzle is

(D)

A PICTORIAL CHARADE.



After that we will try a diamond puzzle, also about fruit. I hope I am not wrong in giving so much fruit to little people. Here however is—

(E)

A DIAMOND PUZZLE.

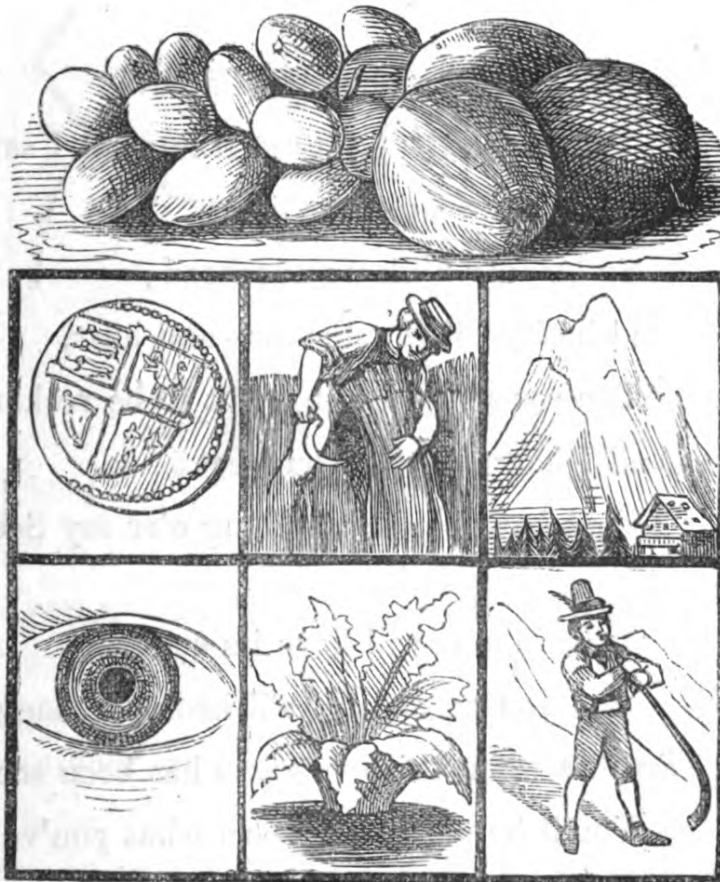
The answer perpendicular is a fruit, the answer horizontal describes the pleasure it gives.

1. A vowel, but the eldest of all the letters, vowels or consonants. Cockneys make it whether the sun shines or not.
2. A sneaking eaves-dropper at best, though useful enough in time of war, as are many other things as bad or worse.
3. A drink made in certain English counties, not altogether unlike cider, I fancy.
4. Bliss.
5. Something like nails, only not very large.
6. What the Tropics are.
7. A beverage, and a consonant.

Our next puzzle shall be—

(F)

A PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



I shall now proceed to set you

(G)

A CHARADE.

The covers are large and wide,
The stubbles for many a mile
Stretch over the country side,
And will tire you after a while.
To cover the whole of the ground
Is rather too much of a burst ;
So I think that the best 'twill be found
To merely shoot over my First.

I told you the stubble would tire,
You acknowledge 'twas true what I said.
The sun, like a pitiless fire,
So blazing high up overhead ;
And beside all the distance and heat,
The rough ground has got to be reckoned,
And I heartily pity your feet
That have plodded so long o'er my Second.

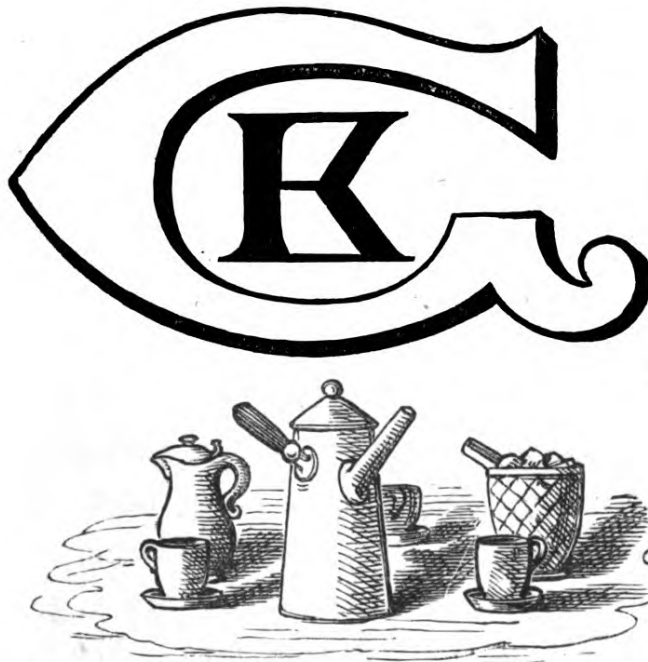
Yet the labour will have its reward,
And you never have shirked it or flagged,
So that when to-day's game has been scored,
You'll be pleased to learn what you've bagged.

The coveys were strong on the wing,
 But your nerves were well under control,
 And I fancy you've managed to bring
 Down a very fair bag of my Whole.

Our next puzzle shall be a Picture one. My friend, Mr. Phancy, the photographer, has sent me the *carte* of a distinguished potentate, who gave us a good deal of trouble a short time since, and is I fear likely to give us more before we have done with him.*

(H)

PHANCY PHOTOGRAPH.



Those of you who cannot find out that, I think I must really order to black your faces and join the Ashanti Minstrels, if there is such a *troupe*, with the choice of being given up to those African cannibals who prefer white pickaninny to any other

* This was written at the time of the war with the King of Ashanti.

dish, just as some people think lamb the nicest thing for dinner possible.

Our next puzzle will be—

(I)

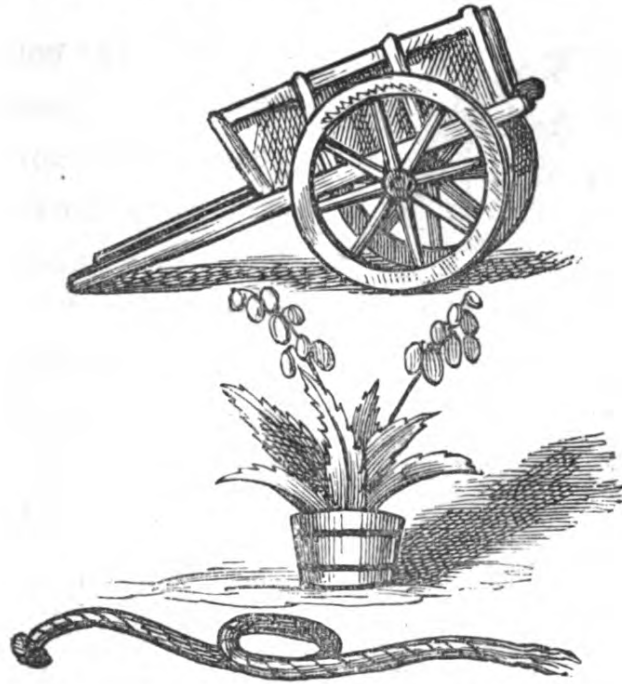
A LOGOGRIPE.

I am a word of eight letters, signifying autumn's offering. My 2, 3, 8 is a sign of regret, but you may wear yours with a difference. My 2, 6, 7, 8 is anger. My 1, 6, 5 is stout. My 4, 5 is—well, find it out. My 1, 4, 5 is what your clothes should do. My 2, 3, 5 is a nasty thing to drive over. My 5, 6, 7, you will find in the last lines of a comedy. My 4, 1 is a peace-maker, Shakspeare says. My 5, 6, 2 sails the stormy sea. My 7, 6, 5, 8 is an entrance. My 7, 8, 6, 2 is worldly goods. My 2, 4, 7 is the fashion of a ship. My 5, 8, 6, 2 is a rent. My 5, 4, 2 is a rifle match. My 7, 6, 4, 5 is bearing. My 5, 3, 2, 1 is sward. My 6, 7, 8 is a period of time. My 5, 4, 2, 8 is to weary. My 6, 4, 5 is an islet. My 6, 2, 5 is the sister of science. My 7, 2, 8, 6, 5 is large. My 3, 2, 4 is a canton. My 3, 2, 7, 8 is to stimulate. My 5, 3, 7 is a sturdy little steamer. My 2, 6, 5, 8 is a levy. My 2, 4, 5, 8 is a ceremony. My 2, 6, 7 is a scrap.

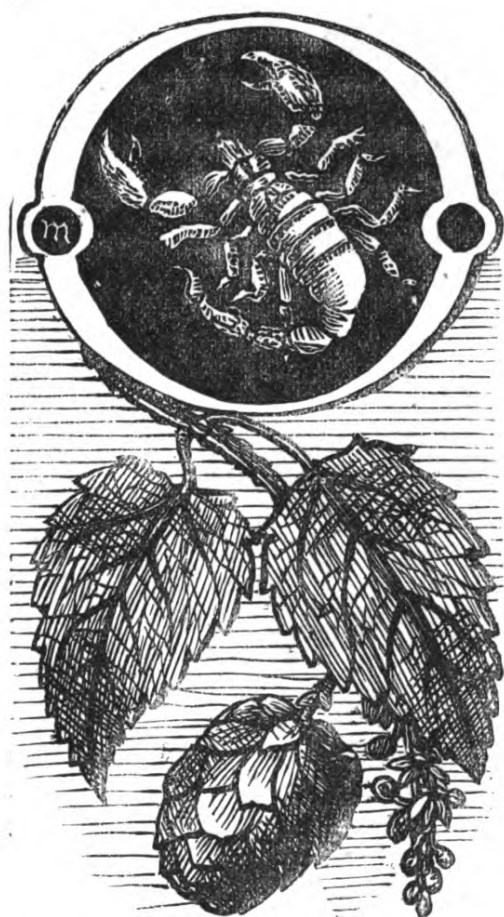
We wind up with—

(K)

A SQUARE-OF-EVERY-WORD PUZZLE.



XII.



CTOBER has come at last, and closes in the pleasant time of the year. Henceforward till the spring we must not hope for fine weather and all the beauties of summer. The foliage, which at the end of September began to assume the exquisite but sad tints of the declining year, is falling from the boughs at every sigh of the wind. In some years the month, however, is very lovely, and the crimson and russets and golds linger long on the trees; but this year the trees put on their dolphin-hues early, and the fall of the leaf had already

begun in September. In long droughts the leaves turn brown and withered, and when the rain comes the ascending sap seems to throw off the sickly foliage.

We must not, however, forget that the melancholy season is necessary to complete the great circle of Nature. The rains fall on the earth to glide by brooks and rivers to the sea, making earth green as they pass, and the sun sucks them up from ocean to restore them again in refreshing showers. So the leaves fall to rot in the moist autumn, and crumble in the winter frosts, that they may return to enrich the soil and climb again next

spring to verdant life in bud and blossom. So the world's great wheel ever revolves; and so life revolves too; our troubles, our sorrows, our losses are sent that they may in time bring us lessons of patience, to teach us to wait until they blossom into blessings and benefits. We must not, therefore, be too ready to murmur at the sad fall of the year.

The first puzzle I shall give you is appropriate to the month, and the thoughts to which it gives rise.

(4)

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

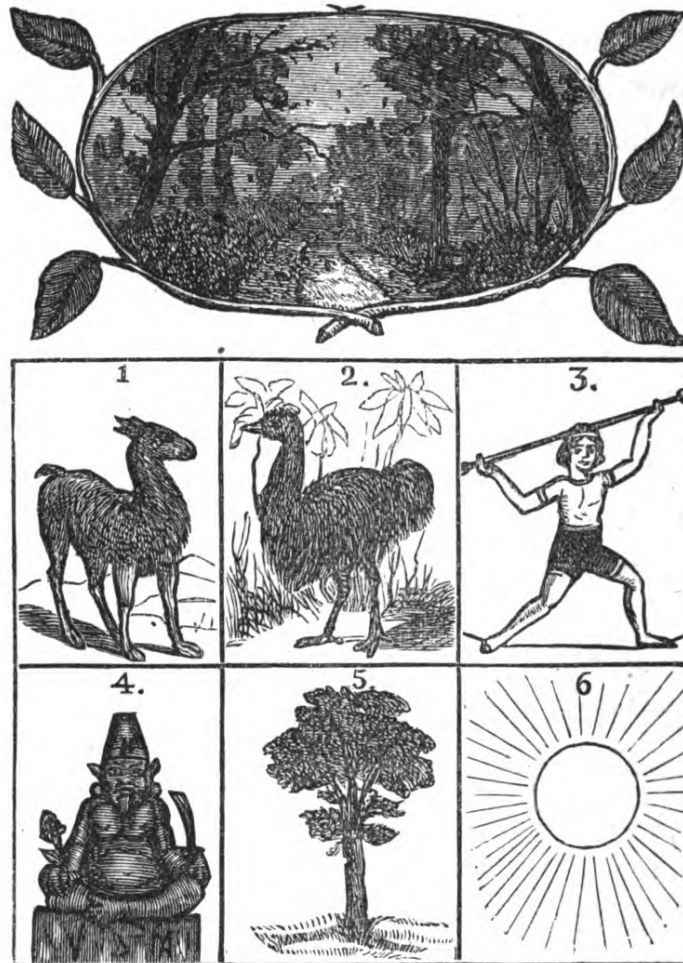
1. A vowel and an interjection,
Like nothing on a brief inspection.
2. A card that seems to be but small,
But oft is strongest of them all.
3. A very pleasant sort of pie,
The crust is light, its shape is high.
4. What this word is you wish to learn:
It's what the wheels do when they turn.
5. When you have found your funny bone,
It's somewhere near this, be it known.
6. Of this it is the highest praise
To say it bets not, though it lays.
7. A letter of the A B C—
A portion of the verb "to be."

A month the perpendicular you'll find,
The horizontal means to roll or wind.

I shall still follow up the same idea in the pictorial puzzle, which comes next. It is

(B)

A PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



I wish, as I look at the trees in the whole word above, that we had more trees in our open spaces in London. In Paris every Boulevard has its row of shady limes, and the squares—which are open to the public, by the way—are full of fine trees and shrubs of every description. The effect to the eye is so pleasant and refreshing, to say nothing of the comfort of the cool shade, and the healthy work that the lungs of the tree do in purifying the air for human lungs. There are many trees in

London, I know, even in the City; but they are in exclusive squares, or bricked in with walls. They always seem to me like prisoners as they fling their branches over the lofty walls, and remind me of Sterne's starling, with the pitiful cry, "I can't get out!"

My next puzzle will be about a tree—a buried one. It is rather a fit subject for the close of the year, for coal consists really of buried trees, and the time is coming when we shall be glad to see it sparkling in the grate.

(C)

A BURIED TREE.

There is a tree buried in the dead leaves here. Search for it, and after a while a few of its parts will reveal themselves to you. Here is one portion of the tree, see if you can discover what it is.

Dear me! Here we have come on a large stone. We shall have to lift it with a crowbar. Keep on digging round it, while I raise it. Ah, there it comes. Now see what is hidden under it. Tell me its name.

And now we have come on a mouse's burrow. Did you not see it run? Kneel down and put your hand in the hole, and see if there are any little mice in the nest. No! Then dig away, and we shall soon unearth another portion of the tree. Here it is!

Lift that carefully, for it is very rotten. Mind you don't slip. I think we have another bit here. Yes! I fancied as much.

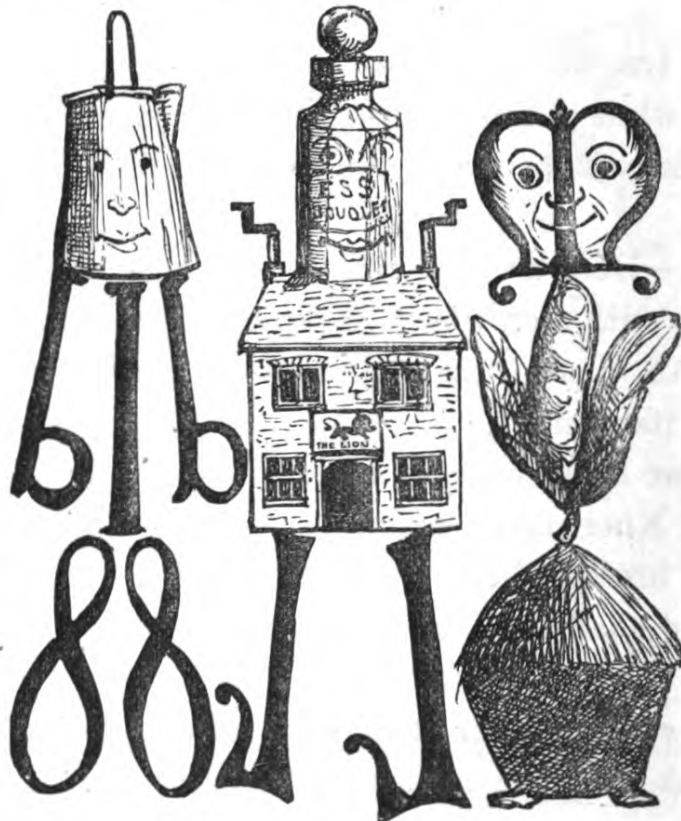
Now dig away again! I think, though, that slab ought to be moved further away, or we shall not have room enough. Push it away—or tie a rope round it and haul it off.

Now we have got it nearly all uncovered. A little more digging and then we'll get the rope round it. Haul away! Yeo, heave ho! Hooray! Huzza! Huroo! There it is, every bit of it.

I shall next give you some more Metamorphosed Substantives, and this time I will give a slight clue to the metamorphosis. The first is a class of people who desire to be appointed to certain posts or places. The second are soldiers told off for special duties. The third is a charlatan.

(D)

THREE METAMORPHOSED SUBSTANTIVES.*



There will be no excuse for those who can't find out that with a little trouble.

* In drawing this I have accidentally reversed the "l's and "d's.

I shall now give you another seasonable puzzle, which will be—

(E)

A HANDFUL OF OCTOBER FLOWERS.

I.

Two-thirds of twenty-four hours; an aspirate; and half of “subject to.”

II.

Porcelain; two-thirds of a donkey; and a classical word meaning “thrice.”

III.

A precious metal; a headless fowl; and an implement of punishment.

IV.

A note in music; to sell; and two-fifths of a mistake.

V.

Three-fourths of an orifice; two-thirds of an insect; and a German wine.

VI.

A quiet colour; rapidity; and a receptacle for water.

There are not, alas! so very many flowers in autumn that you should have much difficulty in discovering the small handful I have been able to gather for you. The hedges are fast losing their bright carpet of blossoms, and in the garden we are puzzled to keep the beds bright, or find the necessary ingredients for making a button-hole.

Prudent gardeners have long since looked forward to this time of the year, and have made provision to keep up some show. They have a few plants somewhere in an out-of-the-

way corner to fill up gaps in the ranks. It is all the more necessary because just before the time of scarcity has been the time of the wildest luxuriance; for at the end of September the plants, refreshed by rain and warmed by the lingering sun, have been running riot, and even the most trimly-kept parterres show a little wildness.

The prudent gardeners I have spoken of who are able to keep up still some show have put in seed long since to meet their wants now. They keep in mind the old saw which I will give you in

(F)

A PICTURE PROVERB.



In the next place I shall give you

(G)

A SQUARE-OF-EVERY-WORD PUZZLE.

I.

When night has spread its gloom
Across the azure cope,
It gleams o'er daylight's tomb,
Like dying Christian's hope.

II.

I have a wee bairn of my own,
So wee she is in frame,
That she is aye among us known,
By this, her wee pet-name.

III.

The chancel-door is ivy-grown,
And o'er the old oak gate,
Behold deep-carven on this stone
This word and then the date.

IV.

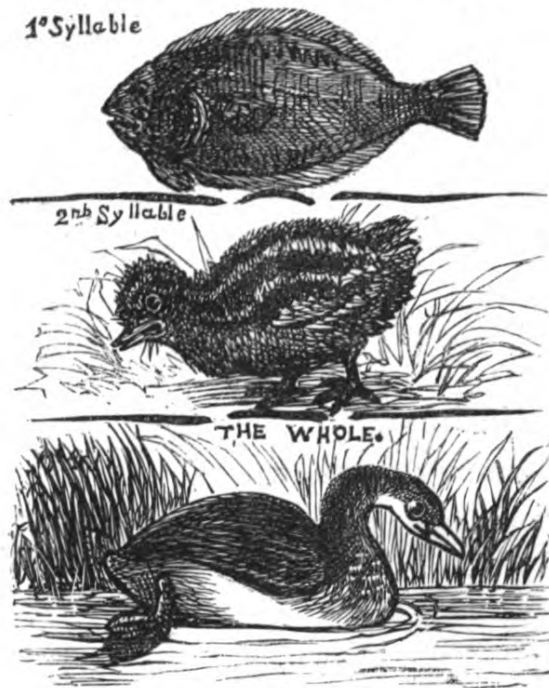
He is a man
Of Hindustan,
Whose constant toil
Makes rich the soil.

About this season our migratory birds of one sort leave us and are succeeded by the wild fowl which come to winter in our comparatively warm climate. My next puzzle will be about one of our autumn visitors, who makes his appearance now in quiet and secluded pools and streams.

I shall give it you as—

(H)

A PICTORIAL CHARADE.



You will find it easier to discover him in my puzzle than to catch him as he swims in his accustomed haunts, for he has a habit of disappearing as suddenly as if he were a stone flung into the water, leaving not a ripple to show where he has dipped. Presently he comes up with a pop, as if he were a cork; but you must hardly breathe if you want to see that part of his performance, for he is very timid, and will glide away unperceived under the water far out of your sight if

you make the slightest noise. His feathers are so glossy that when he comes up, shining like patent leather, you can hardly fancy that he has been really submerged for some minutes or so under the water.

My next puzzle shall be—

(I)

A PROVERB IN RHYME.

How sweet it is when all's as still as night,
 To sit beside the moss-grown village well,
 And on its surface note the stars that light,
 When daylight ends, the heaven's cerulean height,
 Like beacon-fires on well-watched citadel.

I'm afraid the picture is like the little bird, not often seen,

at all events just about now. For the nights are misty and heavy, and the stars seldom glitter as they will do in the frosty nights of winter by-and-by.

I am now going to give you a new kind of puzzle. I don't think you will find it hard, for I observe you are most of you pretty strong in your geography, to judge from the number that guessed my map in last section.

My new puzzle is—

(K)

SIX COUNTRIES.



I shall now give you

(L)

A LOGGRIPHE.

I am a word of eight letters, meaning whatever belongs to a civilised continent.

Q

My 1, 7, 3 is an organ; my 3, 4, 5, 1 is a cable; my 5, 1, 7 is a vegetable; my 5, 6, 7, 3 is a fruit; my 5, 6, 1, 3 is to gaze into; my 8, 1, 7, 5 is a sort of tide; my 3, 7, 5, 1 is a bird seed; my 8, 7, 5 is a short sleep; my 8, 7, 5, 1 is part of a neck; my 3, 7, 5 is a knock; my 5, 7, 3, 6 is to peel; my 7, 5, 1 is a climbing animal; my 5, 2, 3, 6 is unsullied; my 3, 1, 7, 5 is to harvest; my 3, 2, 6 is to regret; my 8, 1, 7, 3 is neighbouring; my 5, 4, 3, 6 is a duct; my 5, 7, 8 is a vessel; my 5, 3, 1, 6, 8 is to arrange plumage; my 5, 4, 2, 3 is to rain heavily; my 5, 6, 8 is an implement; my 3, 4, 2, 5 is an auction; my 5, 3, 2, 8, 1 is a plum; my 5, 3, 4, 7 is a kind of boat; my 8, 4, 3, 6 is at the mouth of the Thames; my 2, 5, 4, 8 is a preposition; and my 5, 2, 8 is a joke.

My last puzzle will be

(M)

A PICTORIAL SQUARE-OF-EVERY-WORD PUZZLE.

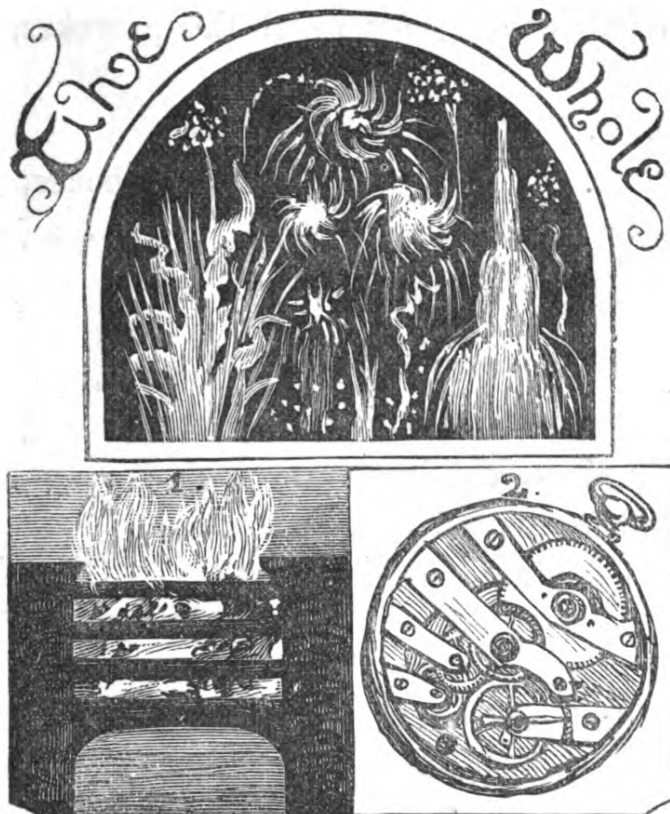


XIII.

I WILL begin the Puzzles this time with

(A)

A PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



It represents a scene which is very often to be met with during November.

Our next puzzle shall be—

(B)

A SQUARE-OF-EVERY-WORD PUZZLE.

I.

A very useful bird is this
 To farmers' fields, but still it
 Wont please you very much, I wis,
 If, shooting at a dove, you miss,
 And in the dove's place kill it.

II.

Whate'er the cause which this provokes,
 'Tis not, in my belief,
 A proper thing for little folks
 To show, since all good sense it chokes,
 And is a madness brief.

III.

"Once on a time," the legends say,
 This monster's greed was such,
 He ate up children every day;—
 But let me tell you, by the way,
 I don't believe it much!

IV.

Of time we've a division here,
 For which folks get their wages.
 It goes to make up month and year,
 And months and years, 'tis very clear,
 In their turn make up ages.

Our next shall be a seasonable puzzle, in the shape of—

(C)

A PICTORIAL CHARADE.



As we are on the subject we may as well exhaust it, and finish the display. So I will next set you

(D)

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

I.

My First on every side prevail
 Like comets, each with fiery tail.
 They sparkle, fizz, and whizz—when, hark!
 Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! and all is dark.

II.

My Second now with rushing sound,
Soars upward from the darkling ground;
One moment pauses, high aloft,
Then bursts into a radiance soft.

I.

Take the helm, O skipper,
I'm a pleasure-tripper,
And lack the knowledge quite
To guide the boat aright.

II.

I visited one day
A grand sensation play—
On "Notre Dame" 'twas founded.
I saw a hideous creature
Deformed in limb and feature—
His name so oddly sounded.

III.

I knew a lady so strong-minded
That to the beauty she was blinded
Of poem, fiction, inspiration;—
She quite despised imagination.

IV.

Fluid sable,
Strangely able
Viewless thought to photograph,
Though 'tis fit
I admit,
That you are not nice to quaff.

v.

Where Kentish hops
Yield plenteous crops
For foaming bowl,
 May you be seen
 With foliage green
Around the pole.

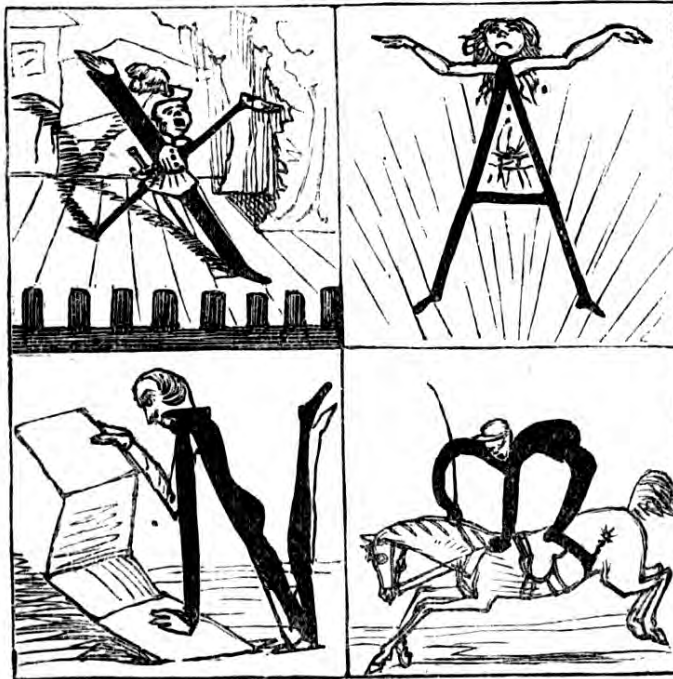
vi.

A partridge or pheasant
Is certainly pleasant
 At dinner or lunch,
Unless upon lead
An old tooth in your head
 Comes suddenly crunch.

You shall now try your hands at

(E)

PREVARICATING PARTICIPLES.



After that I shall set you

(F)

A CHARADE.

A mighty monarch in the days of old
 To far Golconda his High Admiral sent,
 To bring him back a diadem of gold
 Of passing worth. The vessel safely went,
 But, homeward bound, upon my First was tost
 And ship and crew and crown alike were lost.

A gallant sailor in the neighbouring port
 Put forth a little shallop one bright day,
 Among the finny tribes to take his sport
 And wile upon the sea his time away.
 If he caught little for his pains, he reckoned
 On having some enjoyment in my Second.

Long time he failed to catch the finny spoil—
 In fact he did not even see a fin,
 So, weary of unprofitable toil,
 “I’m off!” he cried, commencing to haul in.
 When lo! by some strange chance it had occurred
 That the lost crown was tangled in my Third.

The monarch, much delighted, in good sooth,
 At getting back his long-regretted crown,
 Determined to reward the gallant youth,
 And at his footstool bade him kneel adown;
 And when our hero, with elated soul,
 Rose to his feet again, he was my Whole.

My next puzzle will bear some reference to my last. It is

(G)

A PICTORIAL PROVERB.



After that your task shall be to discover

(H)

A DIAMOND PUZZLE.

I.

A consonant here view—
A vegetable too!

II.

As big as a fly's drink
On honeysuckle's brink.

III.

What little people do
When holidays accrue.

Excursions into Puzzledom.

IV.

If you get this, you may
Catch cold—so don't, I pray.

V.

A consonant, but found
In maps too, I'll be bound.

The answer horizontal you will eat
In sauce provided for a certain meat.

The answer perpendicular displays
Musical instruments of ancient days.
Beside this perpendicular there stand
Two others, one, of course, upon each hand.
The first with carpenters a common tool,—
Dog, cat, or bird, the second as a rule.

I shall next present to you

(I)

SIX COUNTRIES.



Our next puzzle is

(K)

A LOGOGRIPE.

I am a word made up of letters ten :—
Things that report men's doings unto men.
My 7, 6, 9, 2 you will find
It best to do to apple-rind.

II.

My 10, 8, 3, I own to you,
Is what all girls should learn to do.

III.

My 9, 2, 6, 5 is in fields,
To gather what the autumn yields.

IV.

My 7, 6, 1, 8, 10 are you
In windows always sure to view.

V.

My 3, 2, 8, 5, if you act well,
Your friends to do you'll not compel.

VI.

My 3, 6, 4, 7 of that beware !
'Twill hurt you if you take not care.

VII.

My 5, 9, 2, 10, 4 send forth
 My whole, East, West, and South and North.

VIII.

Assisting it 7, 2, 1, 10
 Find rest, I cannot tell you when.

IX.

My 5, 2, 6, 9 is a fruit
 That almost every taste will suit.

X.

My 10, 8, 2, 9, 4 are those
 Who boast the future they disclose.

XI.

My 5, 2, 3, 10 means a kind
 Of things you oft in churches find.

XII.

And for 6, 5, 10, 2 in church
 You also, I advise you, search.

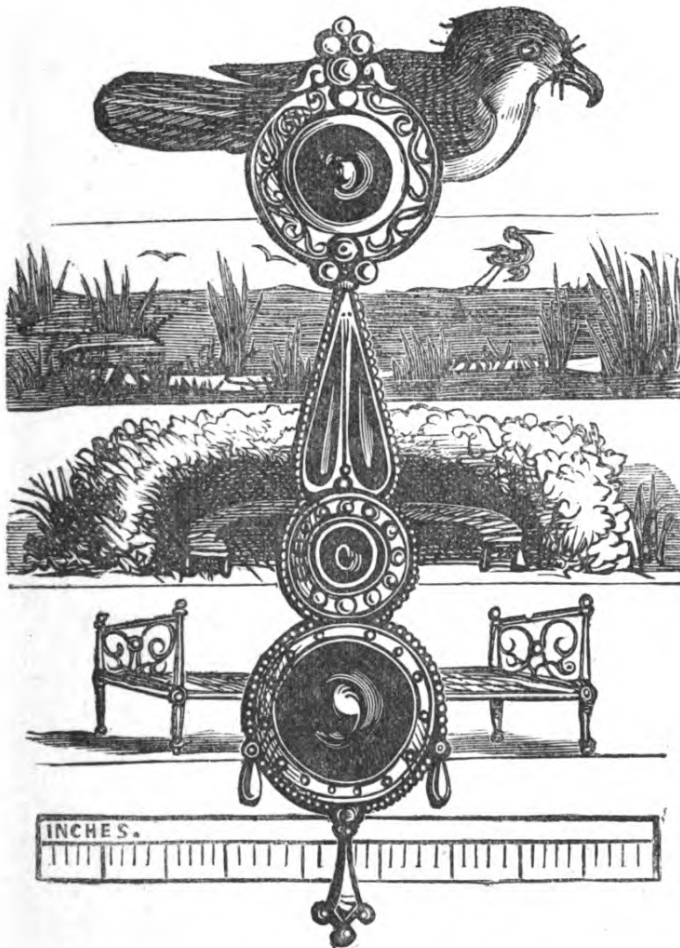
XIII.

My 3, 9, 6, 7, 4 is what
 Is of my whole full oft the lot.

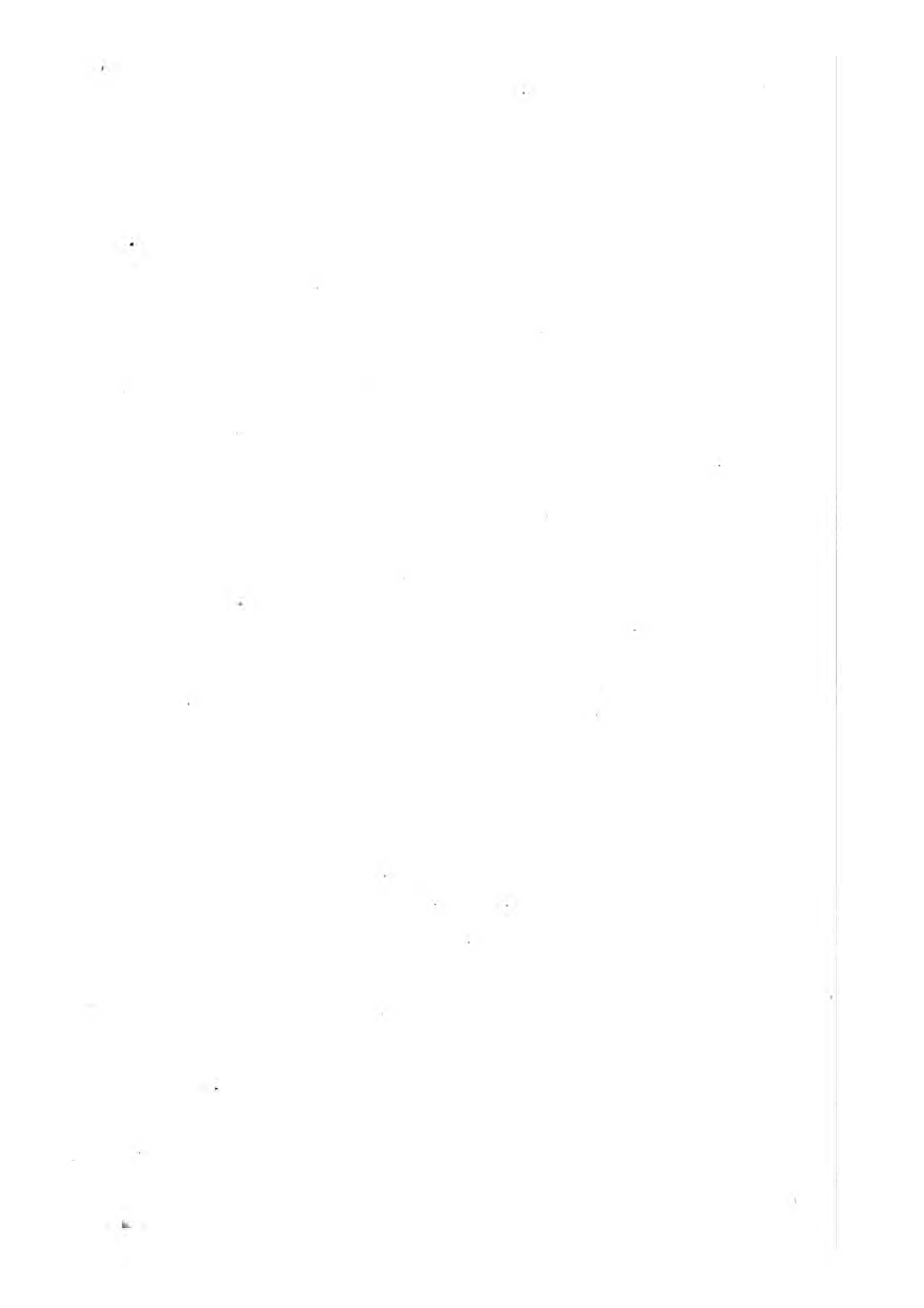
In my last puzzle I have introduced a new feature. I will explain it after I have given the puzzle as

(I)

A PICTORIAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.



In this the answer perpendicular is drawn from the top to the bottom of the cut, with the five steps behind it. The answer horizontal is the name of an anchor.



THIRD SERIES.

I.

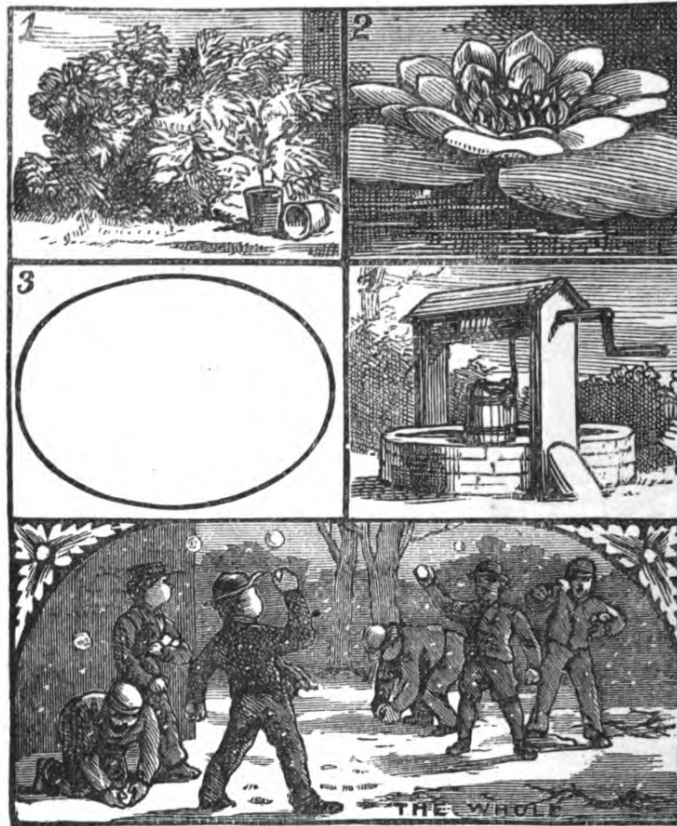


THE month of January is very aptly named after the Roman deity Janus, who was supposed to be the heathen god of gates, for the season is like a bare, broad, cold doorstep, over which we cross into the better promise of the coming year. As he was always invoked at the commencement of any undertaking, and was represented as bearing a key in his hand, his is one of the most appropriate months in which to begin our fresh series of searches into that mystifying country, where we have to pick the locks like so many thieves, and hunt for the keys in the most out-of-the-way corners. Among other pleasant days he has in store for you before we meet again, he will no doubt have introduced you to some pleasant Twelfth-Day parties, where the gay cake and characters add such merriment to the evening. When I was young, we were expected to sustain the characters we had drawn with some spirit, on penalty of a forfeit. Your friend, Mr. Tom Hood, then a merry bright-eyed boy, only just promoted to the dignity of "jackets," used generally to carry off the honours of the evening, by his apt quotations and ready speeches.

I will commence our course by giving you

(A)

A PICTORIAL ACROSTIC CHARADE.



Now as it is a great deal too cold to be digging for buried treasures in the frozen ground, we will try another game, which our leader suggested to us last year, only in another form. For the benefit of those who did not see it then, and do not know it, I will briefly say it is called "Hot Boiled Beans." I need hardly remind you that one player goes out of the room, while the rest, during his or her absence, carefully conceal some article previously agreed on. The absent searcher is then called into the room by the summons:—

" Hot boiled beans and very good butter,
Will you please to come to supper?"

As he comes nearer, or goes further off from the article hidden, the others cry out "warm" or "cold" as the case may be.

Now during my hasty visit to Puzzledom the other day, when I went to arrange for my future frequent journeys there, I found the young Puzzledomites playing at something of the same kind. But as their version of it differed a little from ours, and they call it by a different name, styling it "Mother Magpie's Mischievous Muddles," I thought I would learn it on the spot for your benefit, which I did.

Now, as you know, the Puzzledom people never do anything like other folks,—so in this case it is the hiding-places which must be found, and not the article itself, which is beginning, as one may say, at the other end of the game. To make matters a little clearer, we will say, for instance, here is a key, now we want to find a hiding-place for it. Well you must search in each of the following six sets of sentences, for six different articles of furniture in which, or under which, a key might be hidden. I have numbered each section that you may not confuse the several hiding-places. So now let us cry out:—

"Puzzledom, beans, and very good butter,
Will you please to come to supper?"

(B)

MOTHER MAGPIE'S MISCHIEVOUS MUDDLES.

1. It is not quite so easy to find a thing that is well hidden, though people are apt to think so. Far from it, for where a room is full of furniture, even very sharp eyes do not always detect the missing article.

2. Some little folks, however, are more clever than others, and become quite expert; able as they are to see afar off, they spy the secret hiding-place more quickly than others would.

3. Meanwhile, I am afraid the older folks are not so fond of these juvenile rummages; because there is generally too much noise in moving about, and too much air in shaking the curtains.

4. Grandmamma generally declares next day, that she has to

send for the carpenter and his tools, to repair the children's mischief and upsetting.

5. The housemaid too has her grievance, for she asserts it took her nearly an hour to rub out that ugly scratch, that will always leave a scar. Petty mishaps like these will often arise at Christmas time.

6. By-and-by, when the young folk grow up, and leave their houses for the rugged path of life, they will be steadier, and even grandmamma would not then consider them too frolicsome.

There, young folks, a search like that ought to warm you nicely during this cold winterly weather.

After the active exertion required by Mother Magpie's Mischievous Muddles, you are probably rather tired, and will be glad of a little quieter pastime ; so I will next give you

(C)

A PICTORIAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.



I think it is some time since you have had an enigma, so I have cut out this one from the corner of the *Puzzledom Sphinx* on purpose for you.

(D)

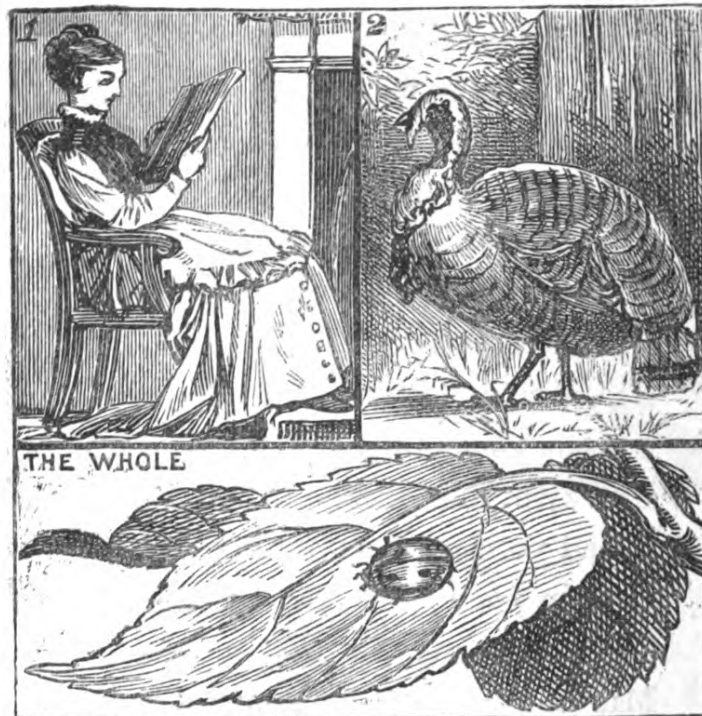
ENIGMA.

I'm in the earth, I'm in the sea,
The air from me is never free ;
The fire alone, the only one
Of all the elements I shun.
And yet in heat I may be found,
Though I the Arctic region bound ;
In Europe's little continent
I do not dwell ;—I am content
With the vast globe's three larger shares,
And there I settle my affairs.
I'm leader of a chosen band,
Who do their work in every land,
Under five captains ;—chief am I
By reason of priority.
Yet, though I'm vague, indefinite,
Not certain of my meaning quite,
By me in every action led,
I'm in your heart, and in your head !
I point your aims, if not your ends,
I'm with your slaves, if not your friends,
I lead your armies, not your fleets,
Live in your lands, not in your streets.
I dwell in hate, but not in love,
Mix in your rage, your anger move.
If in your youth I ne'er engage,
You're sure to find me in your age !

It is now neither the season for flowers nor insects—and the very birds have almost all deserted us for warmer climates and brighter skies. The sparrows look like the miserable, little, half-starved mendicants that they are,—and it is only sturdy Robin, with his red, warm waistcoat, who seems to hold his own against the inroads of cold winds and biting sleet-storms. So where the little, warmly-clad, delicate insect came from that I now present to you, only the fierce Custom-House Officer, with whom you made acquaintance on first coming to Puzzledom, could tell you. It must have concealed itself in some of those same hiding corners of Mother Magpie's, I fancy. See if you can recognise it :—

(E)

A PICTORIAL CHARADE.



And now we will turn to more seasonable pursuits. I have no doubt during the holidays you have all joined in the healthy

sports of the season, and have felt the warm young blood rush tingling through every vein in the fresh, bracing air that has painted such roses on your cheeks. Let me see if you can discover one of your favourite amusements here :—

(F)

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Ruler of all things, for a space his hand
Is traced in sparkling lines throughout the land :
Painting each pane and jewelling each tree,
Checking the brooks and rills that trickled free ;
Tasting the roots and fruits all stored away,
Withering the garden blooms that were so gay.
Such is my First,—the boys alone delight
To see his silent traces over night.
And greet him well, for long they all have reckoned
Upon his aid to help them to my Second.

I.

Where the fairies come, we grow,
Their most secret haunts we know.
Our fringed fans are tall and green,
Pavilions for the elfin queen.
Those that with all careful heed,
Sow at night our mystic seed,
May her sportive revels see
Underneath the greenwood tree !

II.

When a frisky fancy takes
The jovial Land of Cakes,

Excursions into Puzzledom.

She calls for her piper to play her a tune,
 Till the very roof-tree shakes !
 And then ere it grows too late,
 A perplexing figure of eight
 Is danced by the lads and lasses all
 At a most astonishing rate !

III.

When Pierre meets Marie in the lane,
 And slyly steals a kiss,
 He asks a question clear and plain,
 To which she answers—this !

IV.

No traveller of modern times
 Such wondrous tales narrated ;—
 As of this ancient mariner
 Have been most gravely stated.

V.

When the storm king rises
 From his cloudy lair,
 And his muttered anger
 Grumbles in the air ;
 Doors and windows rattle,
 Sign-posts creak and groan,
 And from roof and rafter
 This is roughly blown.

As Christmas is not long over, and you young folks have no doubt had your share of the good things provided for that festive season, you ought to be very well able to find the solution to the next puzzle I am going to give you :—

(G)

A SQUARE-OF-EVERY-WORD PUZZLE.



These square words are very good practice in spelling, and they are used on the Puzzledom blackboards, of which you may remember hearing, for that purpose. Indeed, spelling is carried to such an extent there that everybody carries about some sets of alphabets in his various pockets, with which he expresses his ideas. As the Puzzledomians are rather a silent people by nature, and much addicted to meditation, it is not an uncommon sight to see a couple of friends meet, and pause awhile, each searching in their pockets. Presently, with a relieved expression of countenance, they exchange, what seems to be a handful of nuts, and pass on their way. The supposed nuts are letters, and convey their opinions to each other in this ingenious way.

This may seem a tedious process, but then in Puzzledom time is no object: why, when a Puzzledom clock strikes fifteen it may mean half-past two, for each householder regulates his clock on arithmetical principles, so that he adds to or subtracts from the strokes according to a given system to obtain the necessary result. And this is why all young Puzzledomites are so sharp and well up in their figures. To return to the spelling question, here is a Logogriphe for you, composed by the last new master of the college here, as a specimen for his pupils to copy.

(H)

LOGOGRIPE.

I am a word of ten letters, denoting everything that arrives at its proper time. As it is now winter, I think you will find articles made of my 1, 3, 8, 9, 10 and 4, 2, 7, 9 very useful, for it is cold enough to nip your 6, 5, 1, 10 off. Old Winter has the 9, 10, 3, 1, 2 of the quarter just now, and is 8, 3, 1, 2 enough to take advantage of it, at his 10, 3, 1, 2, for which we do not 8, 9, 2, 1, 4 him. Every 8, 2, 10 has retired till cold old Winter has 9, 2, 1, 4 and sway. The gardeners are all frozen out, and have not even a 8, 10, 3, 6 for 1, 3, 9, 2. The fishers, however, do better; they still catch 10, 2, 9, 1 and 1, 5, 9, 2, 4, though the 4, 10, 3 is disturbed, and 8, 3, 1, 10 are not in yet. You can 4, 2, 10 old Time yonder, with his 8, 3, 9, 2 of finny prey on his 3, 1, 4, going to market, while his 4, 5, 6, who is as 9, 2, 3, 6 as himself, stays at home with the little 9, 2, 3, 4, 1.

The next puzzle I will give you is a proverb; a very true one—and certainly not confined to the feathered race alone.

(I)

PICTORIAL PROVERB.



We must not lose sight of our old friends, the "Blind Rhymes," which are particularly appropriate to these short dark days, when fogs and mists and rain seem to try to obscure even the little daylight we possess. See if you can make them out:—

(J)

BLIND RHYMES.

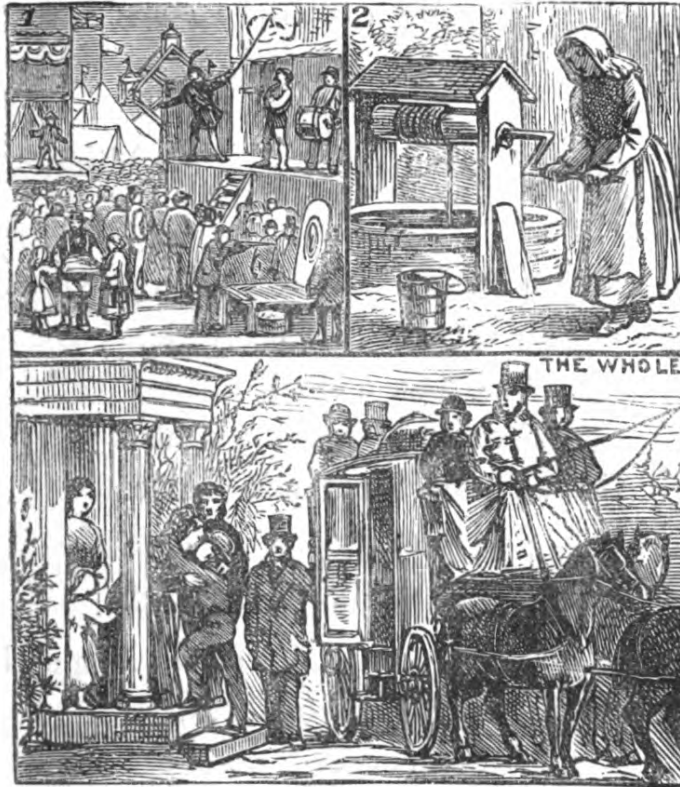
Cold Winter's reign begins at last,
 Around us steals the biting *wind*,
 The frost lies white o'er field and hill,
 The brooklet's merry voice is *mute*.
 The last frail leaf has left the tree,
 There is no hum of fly or *gnat*.
 Within her nest securely stored,
 The dormouse guards her prudent *heap*.
 While Robin by his hunger led,
 A welcome guest is gladly *met*;

All Nature's numerous children sleep,
And in their homes securely *stay*,
Content to leave the woodland bare,
Till Spring again shall make it *neat*!
Well knowing when cold Winter's past,
Her voice will summon them at *length*
To revel in the warmth and light,
And bring their treasured hoards to *see*.
Thus they their patient lesson teach,
In manner eloquent as *words*,—
“ Wait patiently through Winter's gloom,
For Spring's reward of life and *flower* !”

Most of you, I suppose, by this time are at the end of the holidays, and have returned to school. It is not quite easy, just at first, to take up work again, and set aside all those pleasures that have been crowding round you; but I am sure the Puzzledom Pilgrims have given proof that they are not a band of idle drones, but a host of busy bees, and so they will put on their cockle hats, and their sandals, and press on gallantly along the way. There is a word that is very hard to say—hard in youth even, at the short partings that make the merry meetings afterwards all the happier. But it is a still harder word to speak in after years, especially as it often happens that we speak it with no hope of any more meetings in this world. I will hope our Pilgrims will long be spared the knowledge of it in its bitterest sense, and that they will find its meaning below, only in a cheerful way.

(K)

PICTORIAL CHARADE.



I am now going to give you a sheet of the Puzzledom Almanac, which contains the date of the year in an Acrostic. Each verse gives a Roman letter, as the capital letter of a person's name, and the whole gives you the year 1875. It is called an—

(L)

ACROSTIC CHRONOGRAM.

I.

A remarkable lady of old,
Whose charms I have often been told
Were sufficient alone,
To convert into stone,
All those who came there to behold!

II.

The dame to whom, time out of mind,
Was our parish lanthorn consigned,
 When she lets out the spark,
 We are left in the dark,
And all grope about like the blind.

III.

A respectable boatman, who plied
On a river, remarkably wide,
 And took a small toll
 From each passing soul,
On reaching the opposite side.

IV.

A dog of remarkable feature,
Who was trebly endowed by Dame Nature,
 The collector of taxes,
 Three licences "axes"
On account of this curious creature !

V.

A justly renowned millionaire,
Whose wealth was so vast, he could spare
 A million or two,
 Without any ado,
That would make all the other folks stare !

VI.

A lover who swam every night
O'er a very wide stream, when the light
 Of his lady love shone,
 Till one night, like a stone,
He suddenly sank out of sight.

VII.

A lady much given to preach,
In such forcible figures of speech,
 That her husband drank up
 All his woes in a cup
Of poison, and died out of reach !

VIII.

A Persian commander and king,
Who thought war a very fine thing ;
 He conquered and fought,
 As he thought that he ought
Much spoil to his country to bring.

IX.

The celestial smith of the sky,
Who wields his vast hammer so high,
 That the sparks that fly from it,
 Are ta'en for a comet
By each astronomical eye !

II.



LAST month all our Puzzledom Pilgrims were still enjoying the lingering pleasures of the Christmas season, but by the time this reaches them they will already have taken up their work again in good earnest. In the old days, when Pilgrims first were invented (as we should say in Puzzledom), they travelled far over land and sea, and endured many hardships to reach the country where they desired to be. Now, as you have all known,

there are many hard places and difficult gaps to be met with in Puzzledom; and it is a country where it is necessary to have all your wits about you. But I think, and I am sure all our Pilgrims will agree with me, that they are simply the little labours that are so pleasant, that the reward of guessing them all, or even in part, quite recompenses them for the toil and trouble. When we are young there is nothing so delightful as climbing a mountain or getting over some stiff bit of the road; and the fresh young blood goes tingling through every little vein, and the air seems so delicious, and the sky so bright. Then is the time, dear Pilgrims, to store up every ray of sunshine and cheerfulness, because as you grow older, and the shadows lengthen, you will want all the sun rays you can get. Some day, perhaps, we may say in homely fashion, you may have some grief or sorrow, and happening to feel deep down in

your pocket, you may meet with the little hoarded bit of sunshine. We will commence our wanderings this month with

(A)

A PICTORIAL ACROSTIC CHARADE.



We have not had any diggings this year, for, as we decided last month, the ground is frozen too hard to be easily stirred. But as we have had everywhere a great deal of snow, let us try what that soft fleecy-looking substance will yield us.

(B)

UNDER THE SNOW.

First of all, let us admire the beautiful scene around us! Everything seems touched by the enchanted wand of

winter, and instead of fields and hedges, we seem to have a picture of lakes and mountains.

Secondly, pretty as it is, there has been a sad affair here ; for poor Farmer Blake's best cow fell into the ditch in the snow, and though they had ropes to pull her out as soon as they knew of it, she was frozen to death.

Thirdly, it is pitiful too to see the poor starved birds, hopping about on the bare boughs, and chirping faintly ; every bush is full of them, and so is every shrub. All the sparrows seem to huddle together for warmth.

Fourthly, look at that dark sky ; it seems as if the air was full of snow ; here and there, you can see a break and rift in the clouds, but it is but a gloomy prospect.

Fifthly, I was inquiring last year what was a good food for those poor little starving mendicants the birds, and a friend told me last September rye was a very useful grain for the purpose.

Sixthly, but it is getting late and we must retrace our steps and get home, only you must step very carefully, as it is freezing hard, and you may come to some harm, and that would be a sad termination of our walk.

If your cold fingers have enabled you to dig deep enough, you will guess these very easily, but as there are some young Puzzledom Pilgrims who are not able to climb the stiff winding paths that lead through that land of mystification, I will add that all the articles buried under that soft white fleecy blanket, begin with "snow," as for example, "snow-man."

Here is—

(C)

A DIAMOND PUZZLE.



As February contains a day that, no doubt, is extremely interesting to the elder section of our Pilgrims, our next subject shall be a Charade, suitable to the season.

(D)

CHARADE.

I've sat here all the morning,
As rigid as my First,
But the knocker gives no warning,
My hopes are at the worst.
I see my lively neighbour
Has letters at her will,
While my incessant labour
Yields but one horrid bill !
I have looked out at the casement,
To see my Valentine,

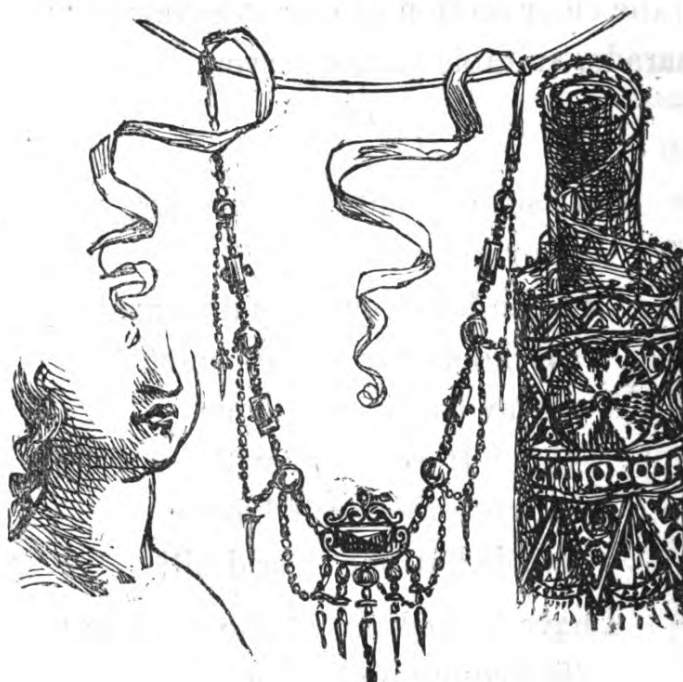
But to my great amazement,
 None ever came to mine.
 The cook beheld my Second,
 The housemaid saw my First,
 Of all disasters reckoned
 Mine surely is the worst.

My nerves are torn in pieces,
 My hopes are quite a wreck ;
 I shook my little nieces,
 Aunt bridles up her neck !
 Yet hope, so rudely shaken,
 Begins to spring once more,—
 Rat tat ! I'm not mistaken,
 My Whole is at the door !

The next puzzle I will set before you ought to be easily guessed.
 You will see the French artist, who will now draw all our designs,
 has given you a very pretty version of it.

(E)

A PICTORIAL CHARADE.



And now I am going to give you a specimen of another sort of Puzzledom Valentine. In our Second Series of Excursions, if you remember, it was written in "Lofty Language." This time, I must tell you, I have selected it because it is a Logogriphe in rhyme.

(F)

LOGOGRIPE.

Sweetest! in this lonely vale
Listen to my earnest 6, 2, 3, 9.
On the house below the lane,
Creaks afar the noisy 1, 2, 8, 4.
Had I but a gipsy's tent,
Thy sweet presence might be 3, 9, 5, 6
Or some vast cathedral's 8, 2, 1, 9,
Or where distant waters 3, 2, 1, 9.
Far beyond this narrow 3, 7, 5, 9,
I'd invoke the Muses 8, 7, 5, 4;
We would feast on duck and 6, 4, 2, 3,
When we lacked our beef and 1, 9, 2, 3;
On the lake at night we'd set
For our supper a light 8, 4, 6.
All the foolish world we'd leave
Just like Adam and like 9, 1, 4.

I daresay all you young folks have been very busy with sending off these flowery epistles about this time. I wonder if you enjoy them as much as the young country folks do in some parts of England, when after a knock at the door, a round gingerbread wheel is sent in with the salutation, "Good morrow to you, Valentine!"

We will next proceed to discover the meanings of these

(G)

VERBS IN MASQUERADE.



The next puzzle I will set you to work at is

(H)

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Some years she comes with smiling brow,
 A fair and open cheek,
 But oftentimes she shows, as now,
 With aspect far less meek;
 And her fair early blooms, I trow,
 You all in vain will seek.

It is my Second, and the chain
Of ice is round us cast,
Brook, stream, and river strive in vain
To break their bondage fast.
We'll hope Spring's balmy air again
Will set us free at last!

I.

Britain's sons have planted me
On many a shore across the sea
To mark their empire, full and free.

II.

Shut me close from all the din,
Of gossip, slander, untruth, sin,
None of these should entrance win.
But to wisdom, love, and truth,
Guardians of your thoughtless youth,
Ope the gate, and let them in!

III.

Early in the morning,
In the dawning grey,
While your eyes are sleeping
I am on my way
To the fragrant blossoms
Opening to the day.

IV.

Colonel Macvice
Thinks curry is nice,
With plenty of spice,
And well boiled ——!

v.

On your drowsy ears doth often come
 The echoes of my Third's low hum ;
 Cut off its tail and its busy head,
 And this is what the toiler said.

vi.

This was written in accents brief,
 A wail of woe on the hyacinth's leaf ;
 Since then its delicate blossoms bend
 With the weight of sorrow that has no end.

vii.

Dry were all the rivers,
 Parched the brooklet's source,
 Brown and sere the blossoms
 All along its course,
 Till a little cloudlet
 Gathered in the sky,
 And the longed-for succour
 Brimmed their channels high !

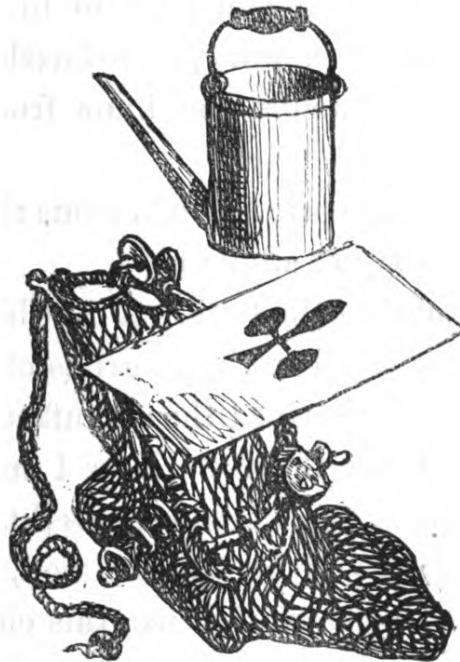
viii.

When life a pleasant journey is,
 The date of innocence and bliss,
 When hope and love can meet and kiss,
 Puzzledom Pilgrims all are this !

I am now going to give you a Square-word Puzzle which you ought to find a very easy one, but I daresay you are glad sometimes to be able to guess one easily, and it gives a chance to the little folks.

(I)

SQUARE-WORD PUZZLE.



I must now tell you that I met Jack Frost on my last visit to Puzzledom, and "a graceless loon is he," as the old ballad says, but he has been so busy with us all lately that it is no wonder I came across him, and he said, "I can't get over the borders of Puzzledom, for they are all so horribly lively there, they don't give me an opportunity of freezing them!"

So I answered, "Considering that you have been biting the noses and toes of all my Pilgrims, you can hardly expect me to be very cordial to you."

"Ah!" said he, "you ought to know by this time that Puzzledom salve cures most of the ills of mind and body."

"And what is the name of this wonderful medicine?" I said.

"Exercise," he replied, "exercise, which is good for both mind and body, or else like your steel fire-irons they both get very rusty."

I was rather nettled at his intervention, and his laying down the law in our own regions, although I really agree with him, so I merely inquired what he wanted.

“Well,” he said, “I wish you’d try to introduce this new machine, which is a patent of mine, into Puzzledom. There is one there already, as no doubt you know from the last book published there.”

“I have not been to the printing office this time,” said I, “so I don’t know what book you allude to.”

“Why the book that’s called ‘From Nowhere to the North Pole,’ and which is dedicated to the Pilgrims of Puzzledom,” he replied, “and in that is described the manufacture of verse, and therefore why not of other things? Now I am going to show you my patent process. You know very well that there is just now, thanks to me, plenty of ice about; well, now I am going to turn conjuror and transform this ice, this clear cool block of ice, into a great many different shapes; I’ve all the A B C city to do it with.”

“All the what?” said I.

“All the A B C city,” replied he very calmly; “don’t you remember last time you were in Puzzledom, they showed you how they thought with letters? Now I have improved on the plan, and have invented a machine, into which you put a block of common ice; then to it you add so many Puzzledom letters, and you obtain the most wonderful results.”

“Well,” said I, “as you are rather an erratic personage let me see a little of your performance before I present you to my Pilgrims!”

He consented, and produced a sort of coffee-mill, into which he told me to drop a letter now and then and watch the result. “You must observe,” said Jack Frost, “I first put in a good block of ice. Here is a box of letters, now put them in as you

like, and you will see they change into something very new and strange.”

I obeyed him, and leave my young folks to judge of the results.

(J)

PUZZLE.

I.

First I added one letter of the alphabet, and at the turn of the wheel I found a pair of cubes devoted to gambling.

II.

I took these out and substituted another letter, and immediately I heard two tiny animals running about.

III.

I got rid of them, and put in another letter which gave me something that tasted deliciously.

IV.

The next letter I adopted changed the frozen mess into a small Indian coin.

V.

The next letter (a consonant) made a grain eaten largely all over Europe.

VI.

The next letter turned into an article that keeps everything fast, when once it has taken hold.

VII.

After this I added two letters, as I found the machine worked so well, and I found I had the plan of the whole before me.

VIII.

Again I substituted two letters, and I found a portion carved ready.

IX.

Again changing the letters I found everything most highly seasoned.

X.

The next required three letters in addition to convert it into a very clever repair of part of a ship.

XI.

Three letters added to the block of ice, made it a way of temptation.

XII.

And four letters added made it the fitting receptacle for the dews of the morning.

I hope by this time all the disagreeable features of Winter will begin to disappear, and that Spring will soon be with us, to delight us with her leaves and blossoms. The birds are already beginning to build in the leafless trees, and in a short time now we shall have buds, blossoms, and leaves. Before we bid good-by to the severity of the past year, I am going to give you a Picture Puzzle which I hope you will all soon discover, and you will then remember how pretty these things are.

(K)

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



As we have not had for a long time a proverb in rhyme, I am going to give you one, which I hope you will bear in mind, as it is one which our mothers have often told us of, and which we are very liable to forget.

(L)

PROVERB IN RHYME.

Time out of mind has good advice,
Of various kinds been sought,
The long-earned sight of heavy price,
Out of life's treasury brought.
But of this rich experience, few
Mind what they're told, or what they do!

While I was in Puzzledom I met with the celebrated physician who cures all the ailments of the Puzzledom folks; but I must tell you about him by-and-by, for he was so busy with the young Puzzledomites who had been enjoying their Christmas fare, and I was so hurried in my journey, that we agreed

to meet another time. To finish up all our travels this month
I am going to give you a

(*M*)

A SQUARE-WORD PUZZLE.

Neighbour Binks, your fire burns,
Jane and I have watched by turns,
And *It* boils this very minute,
With the bit of bacon in it!

And this happy New Year's Day,
You no more for *This* can lay;
Jack is given back to you,
And your board is spread for two.

Happy mother, happy son,
Pleasant holiday, well won;
I need add no other word,
For it's time I got my *Third*!

III.



ANY of my Pilgrims, I have little doubt, grumbled at the beginning of last month that I continued to use such wintery subjects, but by this time they will have found out that I was not so far out. The old rhyme,

“If Candlemas Day shines fair and clear,
There’ll be two winters in one year,”

proved itself thoroughly trustworthy this season: for we certainly had a second period of

cold and snow in the early part of February, and a third in the end of it. But in this case an open foe is better than a treacherous friend, and it is more wholesome for the eager green buds to be checked now, at the outset of their career, than a little later when they would put forth promise of flower and fruit, that would suffer still more severely from the late frosts, which sometimes come so unexpectedly when we fancy old Winter has gone for good.

We will now hope, however, that brighter and warmer days are really “set fair,” and that the sunshine and balmy breezes will call forth all our friends of the woods and fields from their long rest. We will therefore commence our Puzzledom rambles with a seasonable subject.

(A)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

When equinoctial gales are o'er,
 And March a lamb becomes once more ;
 His balmy breezes, softer grown,
 Bring a sweet fragrance all their own ;
 For they have sought my First, and bear
 Its perfumed kisses on the air !
 My Second's messengers are they
 To say that she is on her way,
 To wake the earth, imprisoned long,
 To warmth and beauty, light and song !

I.

This we pray our Queen may be,
 Sovereign of the brave and free !
 O'er her wide dominions, yet,
 The great sun hath never set.
 May her rule and empire be
 Ever *this*, by land and sea !

II.

To prove his noble ancestry
 From the brave, and from the free,
 Did the wandering Arab set
 His foot within the rivulet.
 If the stream divided flowed,
 All his haughty pride was bowed ;
 But if *this* was arched and high
 Like a bridge of masonry,
 And the water trickled free
 Under it—high-born was he !

III.

'Tis Heaven's first law, and 'tis displayed
Throughout the vast creation,
Where all are marshalled and arrayed
According to their station.

IV.

Although a stone, my lovely hue,
Seems stolen from Heaven's ethereal blue.
When polished well, you may behold
In snowy clouds and veins of gold
What seems a mimic picture, lent
Me by the parent firmament!

v.

What little lasses' seams and hems
Should always be, you know;
What little lads' neat copybooks
Should in their writing show!
What both alike, we wish to see,
Should in their tempers ever be!

VI.

When Rag and when Bobtail
Begin their career,
One comrade is missing,
You'll find he is here.

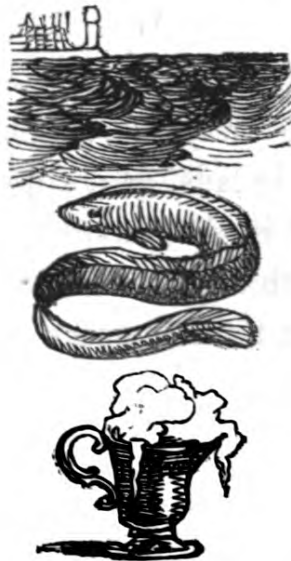
I hope you will be more fortunate in finding this sweet child of Spring than I was last Saturday; for although I went down very early to the market, all were already gone. I could

get handfuls of the pretty snowdrops, and a few early wall-flowers, of which last I shall have more to say a little later. I know all our Pilgrims are fond of flowers. I never met with any one who disliked them, and if such could be, I pity them greatly, for if they don't care for these "sweet nurselings of the earth and sky," they are quite out of the pale of dear old Dame Nature's power; and she is really the mother of us all, and, especially in early youth, she entices us into her very citadel, by attacking one of the five gates of our earthly dwelling.

I am now going to give you—

(B)

A PICTORIAL SQUARE-WORD PUZZLE.



When you have guessed that, as you will, no doubt, very readily, I may say to you, that if I were only my Second, I would easily cross my First to you, and drink some of my Third to our future merry meetings. Meanwhile, I hope you have been very busy with the logographical letter I set for you last month. The reign of the favourite saint seems to be growing

in favour, and increasing every year. In France, although they hold the saint in great reverence, as they do the others, it is not observed in an epistolary form. One of the prettiest stories about him is that he used to go about at night, and drop small purses of money inside the doors of the industrious "spinsters and knitters" of his diocese, as a modest marriage portion for them. All these quaint legends are like the pretty old fairy tales we love so dearly in our childhood, and which each teach a sweet lesson of humility, industry, or charity; only it is so prettily covered up with the beauty of the tale, that, like the Puzzledom riddles, they are not found out at once. I wonder if any of my Pilgrims remember the earliest riddle of all! I should like soon to have a little gossip about it with them.

We must now return from our by-way, and get into the Puzzledom path again, by solving the following:—

(C)

LOGOGRIPE.

This is a word of eight letters. My 8, 7, 2, 6 is a piece of needlework; my 4, 5, 6, 7 what my 1, 2, 3, 8 does; my 1, 7, 2, 8 is a delicate green-meat; my 4, 7, 2, 6 a set of either bipeds or quadrupeds; my 8, 2, 6, 7 repeated; my 3, 5, 1 the tiniest taste possible; my 4, 5, 1 the end of a wing; my 4, 2, 1 a sound; my 8, 2, 1 vegetable blood; my 8, 7, 4 a complete service; my 1, 7, 4 what every one would wish, secretly or openly, to be; my 1, 2, 4, 7 what sometimes contains a rattle and is often cracked; my 4, 2, 1, 7 the long pink tale most government offices could unroll; my 3, 2, 4 Humpty Dumpty's position; my 2, 8, 3 the friend King Midas borrowed his ears from; my

8, 4, 7, 2, 6 the great motive power ; my 6, 7, 4 a meeting gone by ; my 6, 7, 3, 8 what soldiers and sailors call the festive board ; my 6, 5, 3, 8 the equivalent to a mile ; my 1, 2, 8, 4, 7 what pies are made of and scissors used with ; my 8, 2, 4, 7 you will understand as part of a verb, when you have taken the last 8, 4, 7, 1 of my whole.

I must tell you that I have lately been to the Puzzledom Cat Show, and I have brought you the portraits of the six principal prize cats. Let me see if you can recognise them ; you will see that like all the Puzzledom things they are a little in masquerade, but I think you ought to recognise them easily, as they are all well known.

(D)

PICTORIAL CAT SHOW.



I will next set before you a Proverb in Rhyme, and for the sake of new Pilgrims will explain that one word is set in each line of the little verse which makes the proverb needed. In this case the proverb ends at the fifth line, as the sixth is only added as a moral.

(*E*)

PROVERB IN RHYME.

Small tongues wag easily, at least we know
'Tis said young folks are apt at tattle idle,—
But, "speech is silver, silence golden,"—so
Th' unruly member you should soonest bridle!
For these bad habits easily are mended
In early youth; my homily is ended!

We will now turn our attention to some of our old dramatic friends, the Prevaricating Participles: you will observe they still keep up their disguise, and are as contrary as our old friend Mistress Mary, of nursery notoriety. One is hugging his friend, though he is only pretending to fasten necessary articles of clothing; another, who claims to be in her right place and position, is simply giving an audience to her dress-maker; while a third, who is blandly smiling on his photographer, is really setting his whole mind against what he is doing! And the other three are equally deceiving, but our Pilgrims have now got some clue to their vagaries, and will no doubt easily strip them of their borrowed plumage.

(F)

PREVARICATING PARTICIPLES.



The next puzzle I am going to give you is a charade extracted from the Romances of Puzzledom, and I hope you will be able to make it out.

(G)

CHARADE.

Sir Gaileaf was a gallant youth,
My bonny Second, truly;—

He burned to fight the cause of truth,
And win his glory duly !
But joust and tournament were o'er,
Each lance and sword grown rusty,
The coats of mail were worn no more
And all the banners dusty.

He joined the gallant Onety First,
In country quarters poky !—
And daring Fate to do her worst,
Betook himself to croquet !
One day my First, which lacked one ell,
By chance, of its full measure,
Did trip him up, and down he fell,
In wrath and dire displeasure.

The ladies tittered, comrades sneered,
As Gaileaf sprang up madly,
While, most unmercifully jeered,
He felt Fate used him badly.
Had he but fallen on battle-plain,
A theme for song or sonnet !—
But oh !—to think that Lady Jane
My comic Whole wrote on it !

The Clerk of the Weather, who lives in Puzzledom (which accounts for all the odd changes and mistakes he makes in his arrangements), gave me the following statement in picture language, which he hopes to carry out this month. I hand it on to you as I received it :—

(H)

A PICTORIAL PROVERB.



The promises of Spring—that is to say, the little green telegrams she sends us, packed up like Christmas crackers on the twigs and boughs—are rather late this year, but I gathered a few for you, and you must unroll them as you did the “Rose Buddings” on a previous occasion, for a little bud of a tree is cuddled up snugly in each of the following quotations :—

(I)

A BUNCH OF BUDS.

I.

“The skipper he stood beside the helm,
 His pipe was in his mouth,
 And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
 The smoke now west, now south.”

2.

“ Dim grow its fancies,
Forgotten they lie ;
Like coals in the ashes
They darken and die.”

3.

“ And reapers, gleaners, and full carts of grain,
With undisturbing motion, and faint sound,
Fed the rich calm, whose marge a mountain chain,
Soaked in dream colour, girt with Beulah bound.”

4.

“ Oh, for the lessons learned by heart !
Ay, though the very birch's smart
Should mark those hours again ;
I'd 'kiss the rod,' and be resigned
Beneath the stroke, and even find
Some sugar in the cane !”

5.

“ Ere yet they bade a long adieu,
To climes, where soon the winter drear
Shall close the unrejoicing year !”

6.

“ We long for pine apples, in frames ;
With hopeless wish, one looks and lingers,
One breaks the glass and cuts his fingers !”

You must search for your buds, little folks, as you dig for your buds in the ground, and then I think you will find the air is as full of treasures as the ground.

We will now turn our attention to our old friends, the Metamorphosed Substantives, and I think you will not have much difficulty in recognising them. The first are foreign birds, the second very comfortable wrist-warmers, and the third is a multitude whose "name is legion."

(J)

METAMORPHOSED SUBSTANTIVES.



I don't know whether you are in the habit of squaring words for yourselves, but if so, you will have found out, no doubt, as I have done, that it is not quite so easy as it seems. The easiest way of doing it is to use one of the boxes of letters that are usually sold for very young children. The very act of twisting and turning the letters about, helps one to make new combinations, and, I also think, helps that very useful education of the eye (the necessary first step to all knowledge of drawing), which assists us so mightily in spelling well.

(K)

A SQUARE-OF-EVERY-WORD PUZZLE.

1.

Materfamilias says it's far too dear,
Pater replies, "The reason *why's* not clear!"

2.

The lovely plain, whence Hades' gloomy king
Bore Ceres' daughter in youth's earliest spring!

3.

The soul of opposition: right or wrong,
It heads a host of words, a mighty throng.

4.

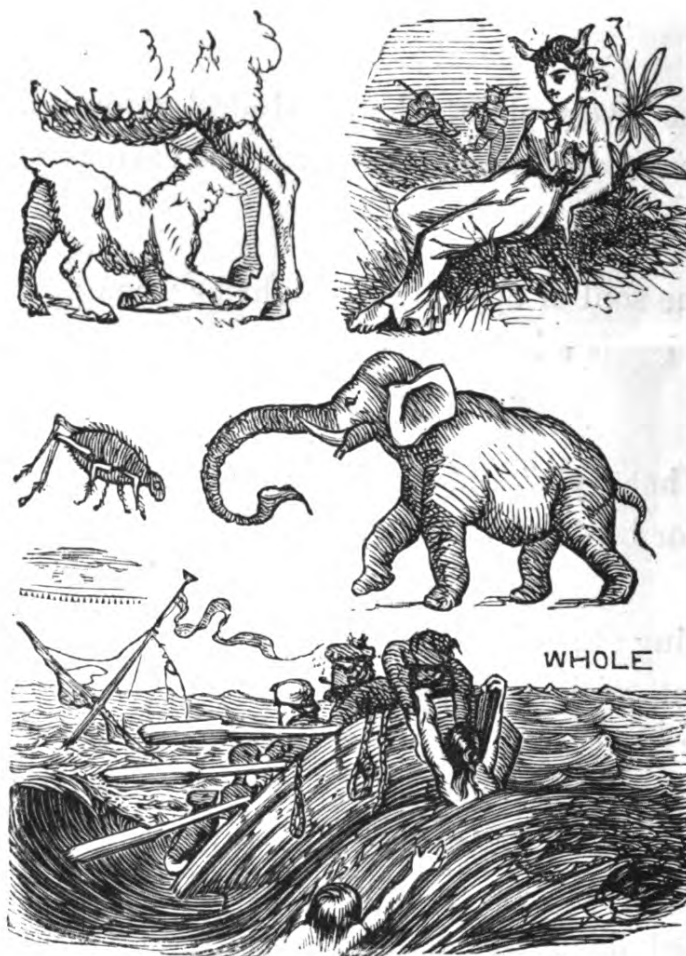
What "y's" and "g's" require beyond a doubt,
Nor birds, nor beasts, nor fish can do without!

I am going to give you for our last puzzle this time a charade that will, I hope, find its way to all your hearts. During the fierce gales and tempestuous seas of this most stormy winter, the subject of our last illustration has done, as it always does, most gallant service. While England lies surrounded by the sea, like a child girdled by its parent's arm, all her sons and daughters must naturally take a strong interest in those who follow their calling on the great deep. The ships that have brought, round dangerous headlands and rocky coasts, the coals that have warmed and brightened our Christmas hearths, and the vessels that have carried spices, sugar, fish, and good things too numerous to even mention here, for our enjoyment and our comfort, have this year been exposed to greater perils than usual on the sea. So I am sure, when our

Pilgrims have discovered the name of the wandering skiff, they will with one voice echo my prayer for her, "God speed her on her gallant way!"

(L)

A PICTORIAL CHARADE.



IV.



IN the pleasant uncertain month of April, which will have set in by the time this reaches you, that delightful bird the herald of Spring will be shouting a loud welcome through the groves and woods of "merrie England." It is almost enough to make old folks feel young again when

they hear that soft twin note, "Cuckoo, cuckoo," through the tender green leaves of the Spring. This year old King Winter has laid such an icy grasp upon us to remind us that he is still lord of all in his own kingdom, that everything has been rather backward, even in the generally sunny land of "fair France." But I hope Spring, though she is so late in her coming, will make up to us for it in the bloom and beauty of her later advent. And if, by the time this reaches you, the cuckoo has not yet been heard, you may be sure he is near, for—

" In April, come he will;
 In flowery May, he sings all day;
 In leafy June, he's out of tune;
 In hot July, he's ready to fly;
 In August, go he must!"

So directly you hear him, young folks, run all of you as hard as you can till you catch a sight of him, or else an old country saying predicts you will be lazy all the year !

We will begin our wanderings this time with

(A)

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

I.

Sweetest maid among the sweet,
Thine early footsteps do we greet,
As thou dost pass
Along the grass ;
Shedding from each flowing tress
Diamond raindrops ; how we bless
Thy balmy breathing advent, now
Heralded from bush and bough !

II.

Thou wilt bring us in thy train
(With thy fitful gusts of rain)
Such sweet showers,
O'er fields and bowers,
Of my Second, that old earth,
With her myriad creatures' birth,
Will dream that she is young again,
And fling her gifts o'er wood and plain !

I.

Son of the desert, wild and free,
His tent, his horse, and liberty ;
All of the barren sand he'll crave
Will be at last a narrow grave.

II.

Twinkling gaily in the sun,
Smiling to each comer,
Satin-coated cows, each one
To its icy chalice run,
In the heats of summer.

III.

In the solemn Spanish tongue,
This word means a river ;
Soft and stately, calm and long,
Both flow on for ever ;
Stream and speech so stately grown,
Mark an empire of their own.

IV.

When British woad supplied our need
The Britons loved blue raiment.
Our azure travels far indeed,
And needs a heavier payment !

V.

To and fro,
Like an ebb and flow,
Wearily ever the shuttles go !
Silk or brain
They weave and strain
In the heavy machine that tasks them so !
O'er and again,
With care and pain,
Weaving fast or weaving slow !

I must now tell you that I paid a rather long visit to Puzzledom this time ; for the first of the month is a day particularly dear to the people of that region. The Puzzle-

domites amuse themselves in a variety of ways by setting traps for each other; but the great feature of the day is the sailing of the Puzzledom Fleet to find the World's End. As I knew you would be interested in this event, I engaged my special artist to draw you a sketch of it. I am particularly requested by the inhabitants of Puzzledom to inform you that you are not to call these vessels "boats;" for they are all "ships" A 1.

(B)

THE PUZZLEDOM FLEET.



On the occasion of the sailing of the Puzzledom Fleet, as it is a general holiday, all the Puzzledomians wear tall, peaked caps, made of paper, that being the appropriate costume for the fête, and they all go off in the evening to the Lecture Hall. As I was told this was a very imposing affair, I determined to go to the Great Panjandrum, and ask him to give me a ticket. He received me most graciously, and said he would surely send me a card; but told me to be sure and go in Puzzledom uniform, or I should not be admitted. As I inquired rather anxiously what it consisted of, he kindly informed me it was the cap before mentioned, and what we call a "pin-a-fore;" only that in

Puzzledom it is a "pin-a-back;" for you reverse it gracefully, and wear it like a cloak.

"And now," said he, "as I understand you are the new Leader of the band of Pilgrims, I have kept a couple of little matters for you, which you can use as you like;" and so saying, the benign old gentleman, wagging his big button atop, most politely gave me a couple of papers, and bid me good-by. I copy them for you. The first is—

(C)

A PROVERB IN RHYME.

The spring-tide of the year, in truth,
When all the hopes and loves of youth,
Are open to the sun and air,
Dealing their sweetness everywhere!

The second paper, which I will number, as the French do their houses, *C bis*, which means twice, or repeated,—as "bis-cuit," twice cooked,—is in prose, and is called—

(*C bis*)

A PROVERB IN PROSE.

1. A cobbler's implement, and a sibilant.
2. Where truth is said to be found.
3. A man's head gear, crowned with an evening meal.
4. The finishing part of puddings, threads, debates, and stories.
5. The state of health that cannot comparatively be made better.

And now while I get ready to go to the "Puzzledom Hall

of Amusement," as they call their lecture room, I will give you, to occupy your thoughts in the meantime, a geographical puzzle :—

(D)

FOUR COUNTRIES.



Being now ready, I presented my ticket at the door of the hall, and having been placed in a most charming chair, covered with the richest velvet, and stuffed with the softest down, I began to look about me. I found that the Puzzledom folks did not give lectures like other people, for I could not see either chair, table, or glass of water. Instead, there was a pretty little arch of ivy stems twined with shiny leaves like a living frame, and the picture inside was a green dell, enamelled with flowers for a carpet, and decked with tall trees and waving boughs for curtains and drapery. The prettiest little cluster of mushrooms grew in the centre, and from under one of the biggest came a small elf dressed in green, who delivered the

following lecture in a voice as sweet as that of the piping bullfinch. I am bound to say he refreshed himself at intervals in the pauses of the lecture, by turning head over heels, swinging on a periwinkle stem, or taking huge draughts from a buttercup. And this was his lecture, taken down, of course, in shorthand :—

(E)

PUZZLEDOM CHARADE LECTURE.

Once upon a time, Titania sent to her Lord Chamberlain Moth, and bade him direct the fairy heralds, Woodbine and Bluebell, to summon all her court to a grand meeting to be held in the haunted glen on the next night. They were further to proclaim that a new member was to be added to the ranks of fairy knights, and therefore all the elfin cavaliers were to assemble in state to greet their new brother.

The moon shed her most silvery rays, and never was there a more brilliant court in all Fairyland. The *Court Circular*, which was written on a tulip leaf, afterwards remarked that her Majesty had never looked so well or so beautiful. The mystic ceremonies which precede these fairy rites were all over, and the queen introduced her new knight to his peers. A discontented whisper ran through all the ranks as the elfins muttered "Only a mortal."

The Fairy Queen's acute ears caught the murmur, and never did she look more royal than, when turning round, she thus addressed her discontented chivalry :—

"A mortal, fair knights? nay, you are wrong, this is an Immortal, whose existence will last when our frail wings and cobweb glories are forgotten. The changing month we love so well will be remembered to the end of time, from *his* birthday.

Our tenure of office is almost numbered, but in the hard practical days that are coming, when 'fairies have broken their wands,' my Whole will do my First to my Second, and fight gallantly on our side, against our enemies—Old Time, and his comrade Oblivion!"

The lecture was over, and as all the folks seemed to be going home, I returned to my cottage, of which you have heard before, and went to bed. Next morning I found the following *Illustrated News* lying ready for you on my table:—

(F)

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



I shall give you next—

(G)

A DIAMOND PUZZLE.

I.

Give him an inch, and he'll take this,
So his profits are not amiss !

2.

His name is Tom, and his voice is heard
Wherever he goes, the quarrelsome bird !

3.

HORIZONTAL.

When this wondrous dish you make,
Four opposing people take,
 To complete it !
First a spendthrift for the oil,
 Then a miser for the sour,—
 A sage the seasoning must pour,
A maniac mix it, by his toil !

4.

Nets and leather,—faces too,
Oft this process undergo.

5.

The better half of the wondrous world,
It lies, like a snake, around it curled !

PERPENDICULAR.

The perpendicular will show
 One of the sweetest flowers that grow ;
 Spicy and sweet it fills the air
 With its rich perfume, everywhere !

I will next proceed to give you—

(H)

A PICTORIAL SQUARE WORD.



Before I left the favoured clime I met the Puzzledom Gardener, Mr. Dibble, and he gave me a sad account of the trouble

Mother Magpie had occasioned him by her very mischievous doings. "I put all my flower seeds away so carefully," said he, "but that old nuisance pokes and prys about everywhere, and is sure to find them, and then, worst of all, hides them away. Now here's a handful she's poked away somewhere :"—

(I)

MOTHER MAGPIE'S MISCHIEVOUS MUDDLES.

I do love flowers, and all their blooming varieties very much. So much that mere sharp ink and pen can never describe my admiration.

I love them all so much that I don't care if even they grow on a bleak wall. Flowers to me are like dear friends.

I have been told some pretty stories of the persevering way in which they creep over all the world. They will grow on the most barren rock. Etna itself even, volcano as it is, I am told is not devoid of vegetation.

I particularly prize those which have a perfume, and are sweet! William says, but then he is only the gardener, that some of the showy sorts are best. I don't agree with him!

I love to look over my seeds, because they are the germs of future bloom, and I have a large stock supplied me each year.

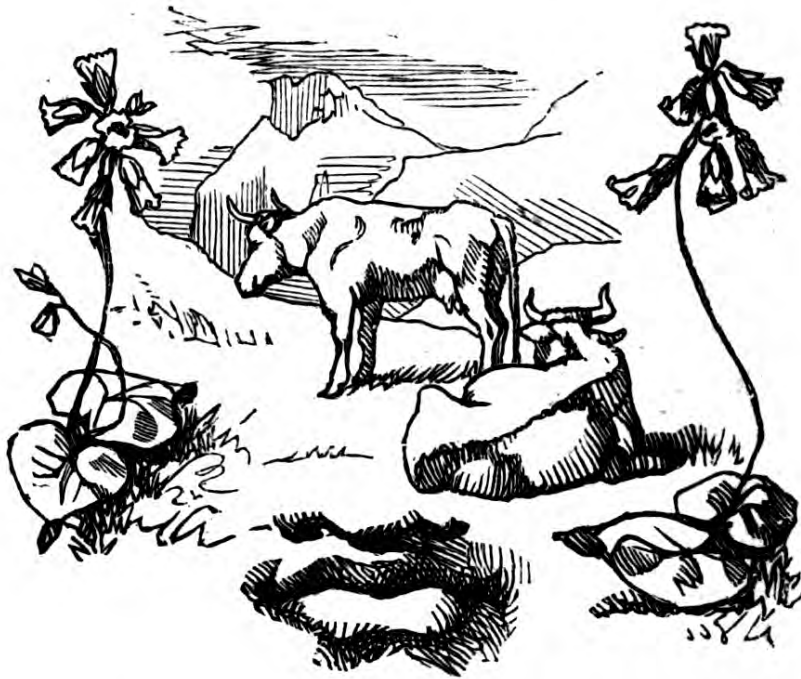
If I were ever so old, and loved to be idle and to rest and sleep, ease itself would not win me from my darling flowers.

"And now, ma'am," said Mr. Dibble, "here's a pretty wild-ling that only grows in God Almighty's garden, and is as innocent as a new-born babe. Pretty things they are—prettiest of all I think when He scatters them as He likes, like pretty

jewelled beads, over hill and dale. Prettier a deal than when they are all laid out in colours and patterns like a calico gown. But here's my flower for you :—

(K)

PICTORIAL CHARADE.



“And now,” said Mr. Dibble, “before you go, let me introduce you to our executioner, for I see he is coming up the garden.”

“What, the hangman?” said I; “no, thank you, I have a profound horror of him, and object to his office entirely.”

“Oh, he's only the headsman,” replied Mr. Dibble, smiling, “and I think you'll alter your opinion as far as he is concerned. He's coming to help me just now.”

So I stayed and witnessed a series of beheadings, little folks, all in your service, and now I hand them on to you!

(L)

DECAPITATIONS.

Mr. Dibble, first of all, placed one of his worst garden foes on the block—1.

After the axe fell it became an iron support—2.

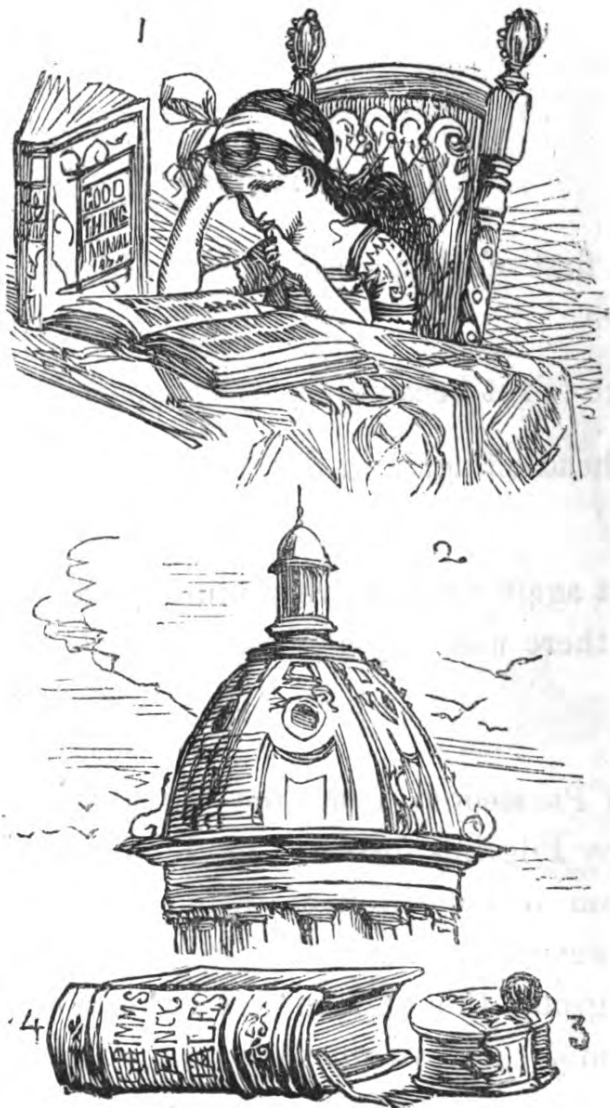
Cutting its head off again, it developed into a degree of sickness—3.

Beheading it again made it very much worse—4; and at the last severance there was only a small *measure* left—5.

Before I left Puzzledom, I desired Mr. Phancy to take portraits of all my Pilgrims, because, as I am only a recent acquaintance, I am very desirous of seeing you personally. He acceded to my desire, and has in this drawing given me a likeness of you all in a group, though I confess I would rather have seen you each separate. But we must take the will for the deed, and as he is the greatest artist of all, we must not even whisper of disappointment. He has, however, I must confess, transposed the last details, but even the biggest people are liable to mistakes sometimes —

(M)

PHANCY PHOTOGRAPH.



V.



BEFORE I begin on any other subject, I must tell you that I had a great honour paid me. The Grand Panjandrum sent me word he had got a ticket of admission for me to the Puzzledom Parliament. As this is the legislative assembly of the country, I must say I was rather desirous of seeing it, and I now give you my report:—

“Is this a ticket to the ladies’ gallery?” said I to the G. P.

“We have no ladies’ gallery,” he replied, looking at me rather disdainfully. “The Joblillies, and the Garyulies—even the Piccaninies themselves—have done without one, and why should *we* not?”

“How shall I be admitted then?”

“Why, of course,” he replied, “all are admitted to the Palaver alike, men and women, rich and poor. You see the Puzzledom women have so much to do at home, they have no time or wish to attend, and so all the men go, and arrange the outside matters as well as they possibly can, as in case of failure the women may appeal. If the taxes get out of order, or the money is not forthcoming, the women are obliged to turn out and set matters going again. There is one instance on record of a female parliament, rendered necessary by notorious abuses, called the

‘Pattens Parleyvoo,’ but it was, I have been told, of such a noisy nature that no accurate report exists. It occasioned a national convulsion ; the neglected babies rocked themselves and shrieked, and the men came home to raw chops and steaks, and uncooked potatoes ! I have even heard a horrible rumour that one wretched creature was reduced to eating his hat ! Since then everything has gone on well, and a Puzzledom woman would endure a good deal rather than be placed on the ‘Bored,’ that is to say, in committee.”

Well, little folks, I went, and I give you the results of my experience, leaving you to discover the names of all the members, who have been known to you from early childhood. But I must ask you also, in most cases, to attach to them their several attributes and occupations, which, as you are already pretty well acquainted with some of their connections, the Verbs in Masquerade, and the Prevaricating Participles, I hope you will be able to discover.

A)

THE PUZZLEDOM PALAVER.

The hall is a large one, occupied with long green benches on each side, while at the further end is the Chancellor’s seat—not a woolsack, but a high pile of very large books. A huge slate lies on the ink-stained and notched lid of a well-worn desk in front of the Speaker’s seat, and here I encountered the M.P.P., to whom the G. P. had introduced me. He told me that, as he had but little voice in debates, he was often told off for such duty, and glad to help me. He commenced by telling me the legislative body consisted of twenty-six ; the last of the number, according to Puzzledom precedent (1) taking the chair as Chancellor.

“And now,” said he, “let me give you a little insight into the constitution of our National Assembly. Here, on the right, are the Ministerial benches, rather scantily furnished, but very strong. The first in the row, that fine naval-looking man (2) is our First Lord of the Admiralty, a combative old fellow! The man next to him (3) is our smooth-speaking member, who wipes all angry speeches off the slate. The third person is singular (4), and is an auctioneer. The fourth (5) is the travelling member of all our learned societies, of a somewhat jaundiced complexion; you don’t always meet him here. The fifth is the second person, also singular, a near connection of mine (6), and addicted to darkness, wanting every one to agree with him! The sixth is your humble servant (7), who is happy to double his services whenever he is able to do so, and who may be said to be the Cockney advocate in general, and the esteemed friend of the lamented Mr. Weller in particular! Lastly, let me introduce you to the inquisitive member (8), the gentleman who is always asking questions, and who so rarely gets them answered!

“Between the Ministerial and Opposition benches there is a little space—a sort of gangway, where four more members have a place. These are those gentlemen who are always readiest to the lips, and prepared to speak readily on all occasions. The first (9) is renowned for his credulity, and for the number of articles belonging to him that are forgotten on his departure. The second (10) is celebrated for his charge over all mural defences, which he strenuously endeavours to keep in good order. The third (11) is the ‘ladies’ man’ of the House, who superintends all the ‘fancy work department.’ The last is a gentleman addicted to pets, who assumes a domestic fowl for his crest (12).

“I will now proceed to describe those on the Opposition

benches—which, as you will observe, form a large majority. We always pass a bill by the minority, considering that true wisdom is generally confined to the select few. The leader (13) is a notable man in the agricultural interest, who left the Ministerial side, and now watches over the grain question. The dark man next to him (14) is our analytical chemist, and is a good hater. His neighbour (15) is a man given to the study of families—care of children in particular. The next (16) is a man too little recognised in London and elsewhere, and popularly called the ‘injured party.’ His neighbour (17) represents a distant country, and though his tastes incline to birds in borrowed plumage, his duties lead him to cooking, and the study of how to stew, fry, and roast cat or puppy. The next (18) is agricultural, and cares for nothing but cabbage, having been long in the service of the monks of Melrose. The next M.P.P. (19) shoots, and is known for the joint or bend of his arm. The next (20) is the ranger of the woods and forests, who loves venison. His next neighbour (21), that very fat man, is an agriculturist—and devises hives. The next man (22) clothes all our soldiers in breastplates of steel; his neighbour (23) is President of the ‘Collection of Daubs.’ The last man but two (24) is a Cornishman, and devotes himself to his pet theory—that, however serpentine our course may be, the end and aim of life is how to construct pasties. That man with long outstretched arms (25) is the most troublesome member of the House—he represents the Chinese trade; is always adding sums and spinning round. The last man of all is in the upholstery line, and represents a thin economy of wood (26).”

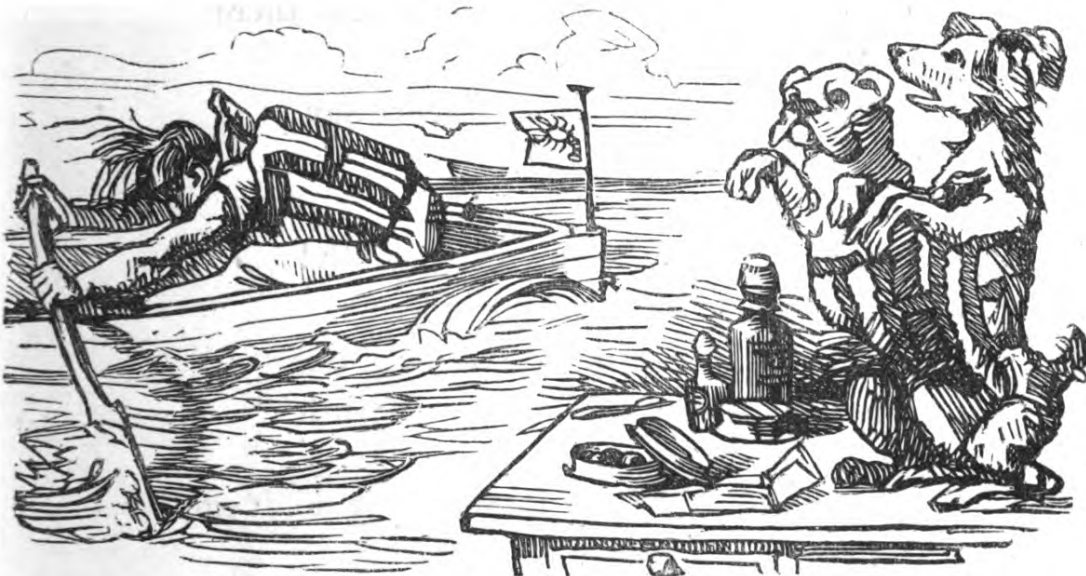
I thanked my kind guide for his very minute description, of which I made careful notes for you. I have no time for a report of the debate I heard on the subject of “the laws of mystifica-

tion," which was much interrupted by cries of "Spell! spell!" from both sides of the House. I left in consequence of a division.

I will now proceed to give you a Pictorial Puzzle, which will perhaps be acceptable after the above long report in prose.

(B)

A PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



I will now give you a Charade in Verse of a seasonable character, founded on an Irish superstition. It is written by the Puzzledom Poet Laureate, who generally employs lofty language as the vehicle in which to express his thoughts. But he told me just now he had not much time for study, for his honourable emoluments had just come in; for instead of our method of remunerating that court functionary, the Puzzledomians pay him tribute in flowers, honey, and perfume. So

he begged me to excuse his offering such a mere trifle, for next time he would send us something more worthy of his reputation.

(C)

CHARADE.

'Tis the reign of my First, the woods are green,
 And the skies are fair and blue,
 Where little clouds of snowy hue
 Like fleecy lambs are seen !

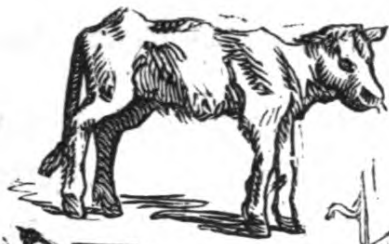
The maid of my heart, I know, went there
 At the early peep of day. .
 The pearly drops of my Second lay
 On blossoms fresh and fair !

I cried, " Oh love of my early youth !
 Did you seek the rising sun,
 To whisper dreams of the lovèd one,
 And hope they would change to truth ?"

She answered, " Dear Edbud, pray don't sgold,
 I searched in Dampus Dell,
 For by whole and igsdead of fairy sbell
 I'be got a dreadful gold !"

Let us now turn our attention to the following Acrostic Charade. The first four steps represent the double acrostic, and the two others the charade ; while the flower—a common wild one—which should be well known to most of our Pilgrims, makes the whole.

(D)
PICTORIAL
ACROSTIC
CHARADE.



As the last month was so cold, and all the poor flowers that ventured to put their heads up out of the earth, were chilled and checked, and sorely tried, I am going to set you a-digging once more for the things peculiar to the flowering month, but few of which as yet have appeared above ground.

(E)

BURIED MAY.

1. In the favourite month of the poets, it is indeed a pleasant time. People are fond of saying the seasons have changed, and May is not what it used to be. Even if we grant this, it is at least the threshold of summer.

2. Generally speaking, the air is balmy, the sun shines, and the birds sing sweetly under the azure roof. Lying on the grass we can hear the lark soaring up on high.

3. His voice is like that of an angel, clear and pure, as he "sings at heaven's gate." Compared to his lay, the other birds' songs are a mere Babel. Let us listen to him!

4. He is now far up in the blue sky, and you can still hear the sweet silvery notes which are his characteristic. At such a height it is surprising to hear the voice of such a tiny bird.

5. The butterflies are flitting about like loose flowers, and as I came up the lane I found such a fern!

6. The little fronds like fairy crooks were beginning to uncurl, and were showing their green leaves under the tall hedge shade which shelters them from the cold east winds.

The next puzzle I am going to give you is a very easy one, but then my Pilgrims must remember that the more difficult ones which some of our elder ones prefer,—as, for instance, no doubt our champion scholar,—are very great stumblingblocks

to the little ones. So, in spite of the warning fable of the old man and his donkey, I am going to try to please both. Those of our Pilgrims who have travelled abroad will know the pretty flower as an ingredient in the pleasant German "Mai Trank." I may add that the dainty darling refused to sit for her portrait in such cold weather, and the Puzzledom portrait painter had to sketch a likeness from memory, which will account for any little discrepancies.

(F)

PICTORIAL CHARADE.



At the request of some little Pilgrims I next add a production from the A B C *ceity* mill, but as Jack Frost is not now in regular

residence, he has delegated his office to the genius of Spring, who has accordingly presided over the following result:—

(G)

MISS MAY'S MAKINGS.

First of all the flowery lady (who was not so fashionably attired this year as usual) put one of the indefinite articles into the machine—1.

2. She added two more letters, and it produced a song.
3. She altered these two last for other two, and behold a stalk !
4. Another change, and it became Mrs. Grundy's opinion.
5. Again, and she exhibited a fairy !
6. Another change, and the light dawned upon me !
7. Again, a change made me very merry !
8. A bird addicted to borrowing proceeded from the next turn.
9. Another change brought a morsel of sunshine.
10. A fine expanse of water, under the protection of the land, was evolved from the next change.
11. Another turn gave me the view of a noble river.
12. A flower that smells sweetly at first, but as the poet truly says—

“ Whose fragrance ends in must !”

13. The side of the bargain most people care least for.
14. The exclamation they are often prompted to make on hearing of their liabilities.
15. And lastly, the route of all this maze, which I hope my wee folks will easily find.

I am now going to give you a leaf out of the Puzzledom Grammar, which is always taught there at this time as inculcating the “ possibilities of power, and the power of possibilities.”

The flower and insect combined are in the potential mood and present tense.

(H)

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



And now I think it is almost time we had a little verse, as we have had so much prose, and all prose and little verse is like a great deal of bread and a very little butter. So I will set you for your next guessing—

(I)

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Child of the "month of bloom," delicious May!
My First, elect to chronicle the hours
In which my Second come, and show each day
Some new arrival of the host of flowers!

I.

When old folks kept a mighty pot
Upon the fire a-boiling,

Excursions into Puzzledom.

To strangers pot luck they'd allot,
 Nor deem their dinner spoiling!
 And, midst the savoury mess of meat,
 This green thing proved a welcome treat.

II.

Fashioned on this by many a blow,
 The pond'rous iron lies;
 While the vast hammers, to and fro,
 Dispute their massive prize.

III.

A suit,—that not at law we gain;
 A suit,—we not at cards attain;
 A suit,—but not of cloth, 'tis plain;
 A verb—a suit—too oft in vain!

IV.

Roses run over it,
 Clematis cover it,
 Jasmine entangles it in her embrace;
 Sweet peas and passion vine,
 Ivy and eglantine,
 Rival each other and smother the place.

V.

When you and I
 Have a cherry pie,
 For fear of a miss,
 We'll both cry "This!"

VI.

The musical river where, you know,
The boatmen sing as on they row,
And oars and song keep time also.

VII.

Hop o' my Thumb was an urchin small,
He'd so many sisters, and so many brothers,
His father devoutly wishes each wall
Of the tiny cottage the whole tribe smothers !
But his wife, like our own modern mothers,
In her heart discovered *this* for all.

VIII.

This sighing youth, a most whimsical elf,
For lack of a better, admired himself ;
Reflected he saw in a fountain one day
His image, and therefore pined hopeless away.

The next puzzle I will give you shall be a Pictorial Diamond ; and I hear you all saying, it is not a diamond, for it is square ! So I am going to meet all your objections by telling you that diamonds are not always set alike, but that this puzzle may contain a difficult step—namely, the second. It is so difficult to vary words of the same meaning, that this time, little folks, you will have to search in your French dictionaries for the meaning of the second step—*i.e.*, the bird's necklace. But you can surely all find an English noun, spelt in three letters, rendered into a French word, also of three letters, when the thing itself is before you ! The perpendicular will give you the name of a plant, of which I will tell you more at another time, in our gossips.

(K)

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

The next thing we will proceed to solve shall be a Logogriphe, suitable to the season, which, by the time this reaches you, will be, I hope, in full swing.

(L)

LOGOGRIPE.

1. The spider's toil. 2. The trace of a fairy dance. 3. The bird's mission. 4. One of our worst sins. 5. Where all people like to see themselves. 6. The work Adam left to most of his descendants. 7. A woman's weapons. 8. The occupation to which councils, parliaments, coroners' inquests, and infirm people devote themselves. 9. The part of a partizan. 10. That which waits for no man. 11. A small tallow candle. 12. What all hard-worked folks long for. 13. The undoing of garments and quarrels. 14. A long scrap. 15. A metal for which the

Phœnicians traded with Britain long before the Christian era. 16. A rat or rabbit trap. 17. A wearisome noise. 18. Our besetting fault. 19. The unreasonable animal. 20. The miner's place of labour. 21. A fairy elf. 22. That which retains the kite from eloping. 23. The animal's castle. 24. The reasons that guide our ponies. 25. The tax paid for living in other folks' houses. The whole word describes the season of the year.

I have only now to set before you a Pictorial Square Word, to conclude our ramble this month.

(M)

PICTORIAL SQUARE WORD.



VI.



It is in the month of June that we now again start on our wanderings — the loveliest month in the whole year, when the freshness of spring still lingers to enhance the full bloom and beauties of summer. This year we have had so little warm weather that we shall hail June with a double welcome if she only comes up to her usual promise. She is indeed the queenly month of the year, and no ill represen-

tative of the stately Juno with her peacock by her side.

The poet says :—

“The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there’s never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature’s palace !”

To my mind that’s the very embodiment of June ; the idea of the sweet, warm, and yet calm happiness that gives light and life to such myriads of God’s creatures. We have had so severe a winter, and so tardy a spring, that we seem almost like torpid larvæ who have not yet become fully aroused from their wintry repose. I will now commence our labours with a seasonable subject.

(A)

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

She comes at last, expected long,
With glowing smiles and festal song
Mead and wold arrayed to meet her,
Glancing waters gaily greet her!
Loved of earth, and loved of air,
Sweet and radiant, warm and fair!

Foremost in her bridal train,
Offspring of the sun and rain,
This her maid will wait upon her,
Covering her with bloomy honour!
And the kindred fair and sweet
Spread a pathway for her feet!

I.

When the reapers in the wheat
Time their work with measured feet,
Binders, following in their track,
Place this in a graceful stack!

II.

When Parliament is not sitting,
And robberies not committing,
Or dukes and princes flitting,
 Reporters, in despair,
For something like this are looking,
Each hint and morsel booking,
With a little judicious cooking
 To eke their scanty fare!

III.

Boxes, belts, cases, and shoes,
 Bindings, chair-seats, what you choose,
 Made of this, rich people use !

IV.

In France we call our cat "minette!"
 "Puss" is too vulgar for our pet ;
 And she replies in French, no doubt,
 But what she says I can't make out.
 One thing is clear, both nations say
 Their cats converse in the same way !

V.

The border-land of many a place,
 Of tile or of box, of fur or of lace ;
 The power of the sword, the verge of the cliff—
 Avoid them both ; the latter, if
 Your head be weak and your knees are stiff.

VI.

Flow, flow, onwards go,
 Swiftly, stately, calm or slow,
 From thy source to meet the sea.
 Health and brightness,
 Strength and lightness
 (Very welcome aid to whiteness),
 On thy path attendant be.

I quite rejoice to see the flowers are making up for lost time,
 and showing themselves in the hedges and woods in profusion.

I wonder whether you will recognise this common old friend, whose pretty yellow spikes adorn so many waysides.

(B)

PICTORIAL CHARADE.



We have not had an enigma for some time, but have had verse enough already. I am going to give you one in prose, by way of a change.

(C)

ENIGMA.

“ I must introduce myself to you as a very old friend, whom you must have known, in some shape or other, from your childhood. As you grew older, I delighted you in various ways, and

when you attain manhood and womanhood, I still frequently attend you. To me you owe your acquaintance with Fairyland, with many other pleasures too numerous to mention. I have greatly delighted the more scientific members, with my narrative of Donati's comet, in whose suite I appeared. I am slightly addicted to arithmetic, but I prefer the romantic and more interesting studies. I form, more or less, a part of the entire animal creation, though in our feline species I am but feebly developed. I am not wholly of the snake tribe, though I have a general connexion with the boas, and I am most esteemed by the beaver. I inhabit the whole globe, even in those parts where man has never yet trod. I am known and respected by all the civilised world. I used to be valued in England, and was carefully attended; but, alas! they have dropped my acquaintance. The fair sex in Greece, Turkey, Switzerland, and elsewhere patronise me, but the 'lords of the creation' disdain me everywhere but in the Celestial Empire, where I am venerated highly. No doubt men dislike me; as the token of a distant representative of their race, of whom they are not proud. Boys still cherish me occasionally, and sailors love me, while cooks consider me their sheet anchor. I am largely imported from Siberia to aid in regal adornment. I have often about a hundred eyes, so no wonder I can observe so much. I am also slender, elegant, and useful, even to the extent of forming a bridge occasionally. The Scottish chiefs used to hold me in great value in days gone by. Finally, if you have not guessed me, I could even yet 'unfold' more of my history. At present, like a bell, I am told!"

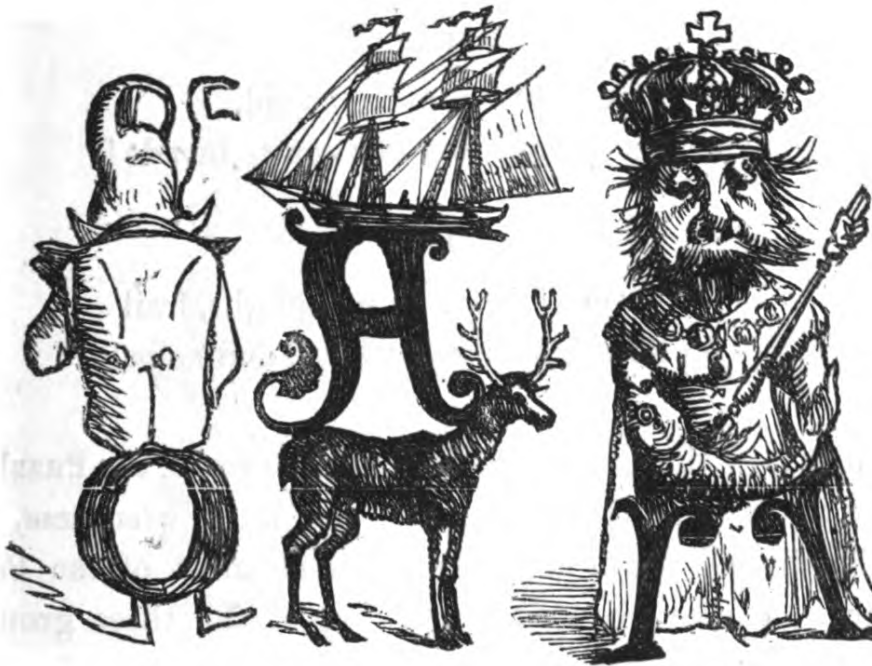
There, young folks, I should imagine you could easily find out that little mystery.

I will now set you some of those tough old nuts to crack, the

Metamorphosed Substantives. The first is an article of commerce connected with Sir Walter Raleigh; the second is an officer; and the third, some birds of exquisite plumage.

(D)

METAMORPHOSSED SUBSTANTIVES.



The next puzzle is cut out from the "Poet's Corner" of the *Puzzledom Gazette*. I've a notion, while the Poet Laureate is busy regulating his affairs, that the Grand Panjandrum occasionally amuses himself by stringing rhymes. I have a shrewd suspicion this is one of his:—

(E)

SQUARE WORD IN RHYME.

I.

Neatly packed in a tiny space,
It shakes out gaily from its case.

II.

A lady's name of German race,
In many a home it finds a place.

III.

In time of war a precious aid,
When foreign foes our coasts invade!

IV.

Children of dew and moonlight, frail
As flowers,—like shadows, and as pale!

As it is now the proper season for such events, the *Puzzledom Flower Show* has taken place, and was quite a success, being attended by all the *Puzzledomites*, and most of the *Puzzledomians*. I have procured a drawing of the three groups of prizes for you. The first gold medal was taken for a fine specimen of a charming flower in various colours. The two medals (silver) of the second class were gained respectively by a flower of the finest golden colour, and some specimens in purple and lemon velvet. The third class, which obtained fine pewter medals, were a fine crimson frilly blossom, a tall white flower, and last, and certainly least, a dingy purple flower.

(F)

PICTORIAL PRIZE FLOWERS.



There were also a dozen other specimens commended, but I had not time to take the names down, and was getting in a great fidget, when I met the Poet Laureate! He told me the season was so backward he had not received his usual emoluments as rapidly as usual; so having a little spare time he had made use of it to have a look at the Flower Show. So I praised his last poem up to the skies, and flattered the elderly Apollo so, that he volunteered, on hearing of my difficulty, to supply my

wants. "But it must be in Lofty Language, my dear madam, in Lofty Language, you know. I am so unskilled in the use of any other." I here lay before you the results of his labours:—

(G)

COMMENDED CLASS OF PUZZLEDOM FLOWERS.

1. The son of royalty, attached to the light clothing of an ornithological specimen.
2. The fairest half of the mundane creation, linked with a pedal investiture.
3. The most sagacious of monarchs, who appended his official instrument to the document.
4. The method of enticement by which a member of the aëronautic family is entrapped.
5. A roseate chorister clad in garments previous to ventilation.
6. The minor indemnity with which a number of the elongated-necked people are identified.
7. The Arcadian normal state of existence, associated with an implement of agricultural usage.
8. The metrical portion appertaining to a feathered fowl of kleptomaniac nidificatory habits.
9. The motive organisation of the civilisation of society, liquefied by a crude portion of solution of malt.
10. The monetary repository, necessarily confined, of an individual of pastoral inclinations.
11. The theologically celebrated disc of metalliferous origin, technically endowed with regal attributes.
12. The recondite folds of a domestic work which is performed by a machine, revolving the wards to secure it.

Now I hope you will think the Laureate has done his duty

nobly. You must remember also that in Puzzledom, ordinary garden flowers don't go for much, for the wild ones have an equal chance. In that little Utopia they maintain that cultivation is the thing, and that wild flowers are the most original.

I am now going to give you

(H)

A PICTORIAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.



Please give the perpendicular solution as well as the horizontal one. The first is the early conversation of a lamb with its mother. The second a skilful system of warlike tactics, invented originally, it is believed, by the ancient Hindoos.

Here is an old friend :—

(I)

BLIND RHYMES.

The merry summer comes at last,
 And frost and cold are with the *gone*.
 Bright morns begin, and sunset eves,
 The trees are clad in freshest *gowns* !
 The birds begin their votive lay,
 At the first glimpse of early *dawn*.
 The morn's first chorister, the lark,
 Begins his matins in the *gloom* !
 And flowers, dainty, fresh, and sweet,
 Upraise their beauty round our *shoes* !
 The busy bees fly to and fro,
 Laden with treasures, as they *pass*.
 The golden blossoms of the broom
 For their great legions still find *place*.
 And see—the billowy waves of grass
 Fall as the mowers onward *wind*—
 The air is charged with the soft breath
 Of odorous blooms that spring and *twine*
 The verdant hedgerows ; daisies white
 Spread their soft argent to the *sheen*,
 The river sends her chalice up,
 Ivory and gold, each gleaming *vase* !
 While ripples sparkle, breezes sigh,
 How sweet is June, our constant *word* !

Now I have got a Pictorial Proverb for you, which conveys the same lesson as the old adages, "Trust not to seeming," or

“ All is not gold that glitters.” Let us see if you can add a third proverb, in solving this—

(K)

PICTORIAL PROVERB.



We will finish up our travels for the present with a couple of

charades. The whole word of the first is an exclamation much in vogue in days gone by, but which seems now to have gone out of fashion. The pictorial one is a beautiful and seasonable insect.

(L)

CHARADE.

“Adolphus, adored one! next Monday at three,
 Be sure to be here at ‘The Hurst,’
 For ‘ma has invited a party to tea,
 Because we are making my First.
 There’ll be croquet and strawberries, archery and ice,
 To wind up with a dance on the lawn!
 If you come, it will be so exceedingly nice!
 Your own WILHELMINA McDAWN.”

My Second arrives, and, in uniform gay,
 My hero appears at “The Hurst;”
 But the blinds are all drawn, and deserted the lawn,
 Though the people are making my First.
 For the look of the mansion he cannot account;
 He inquires if any one’s dead.
 “No; but Miss Wilhelminy’s eloped with the Count,
 And missus has took to her bed!”

Like the “gay cavalier,” a philosopher quite,
 To fury not easily stirred,
 Von Cucumber calmly his meerschaum did light,
 And uttered but one little word.
 He sat himself down on a heap of my First,
 And peace o’er his countenance stole.
 How happy are they who can placidly say—
 Whatever befalls them—my Whole!

(M)

PICTORIAL CHARADE.



There, young folks, I think you ought to be able to guess that pretty easily.

VII.



ULY is now before us, my Pilgrims, with its glowing flowers and delicious fruits, and you are all young enough yet to enjoy the almost tropical heat of the sun. I hope all are having what the Americans so very expressively call "a good time." For, if we are necessarily obliged to give up skating, sliding, and snowballing, with all the other manifold winter delights, in their place we have boating, riding, cricket, picnics; in short,

"Treats and joys,
For girls and boys."

I have a shrewd suspicion that the travellers in Puzzledom solve their riddles under shady hedges and spreading trees, and find them harder still in this lazy season.

As this is the first summer I have received you in Puzzledom, you must permit me to invite you to that cottage which, designed, as your late Leader told you, by Mr. I. Magginayshon, will expand like the fairy tent of Prince Ahmed, and take you all in. Our "house-cooling," *vice* house-warming, as the Puzzledom people name all these celebrations, will be peculiarly appropriate to this season of the year. So you must place

yourself under the guidance of our Chief Chamberlain, Barmecide Makebelieve, Esq. (an old friend of all young folk), and transport yourself to our large park-like lawn. Under the shade of the weeping ash yonder, our servants, near relations of the Fairy Hands that attended in the Palace of the White Cat, have placed our cold collation. So accept a welcome, a very hearty welcome, my dear Pilgrims, to the Land of Mystification, and fall to on the dainties set before you.

(A)

MENU OF COLD COLLATION.

1. At the head of the table, a bowl which contains a Chinese vessel and two-thirds of a humid condition.

2. At the foot of the table, a large tray of glasses filled with five-eighths of a division of a word, and half a soapy delusion.

3. On each side are substantial dishes of rocks ground small, added to four-fifths of a question.

4. As a finish I have provided some slight gusts of wind.

And I offer, for dessert, some plural interred fruit: No. 5 being wheat stalks, No. 6 ornithological saviours of Rome, No. 7 "little accounts," and No. 8 four-fifths of a bird.

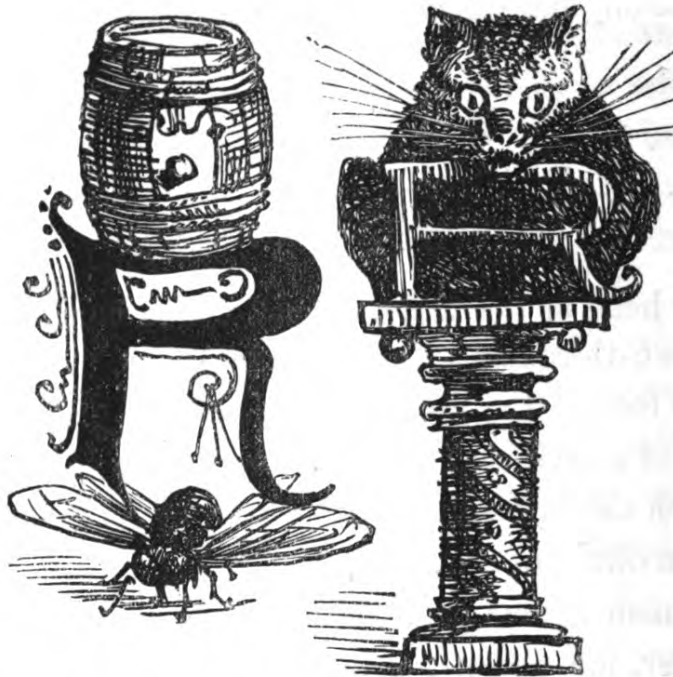
I hope you will enjoy your feast, for I am sure all the articles are very nice, and what you like best; so I will only add, as a sauce to your fruits, the ocean mixed up with a large quantity of paper (9). You will have appetites like ostriches if you require any more after that. So, having refreshed ourselves with this slight collation, let us turn to our regular work again.

I will now give you two Metamorphosed Substantives, who

have been and are very busy just now. As all Puzzledom things go backwards, and this is stolen out of their "Unscientific Askew," you will see that the child precedes the mother.

(B)

METAMORPHOSED SUBSTANTIVES.



The cold and prolonged east winds of this year's Spring have filled our roses and other garden plants with a good deal of blight. And yet, dearly as I love my flowers, and stern as I feel in extirpating and ordering off for instant execution the legion of petty but pestilent tribes that infest our favourite blossoms, I cannot help smiling at and admiring the wonderful order and motherly care with which all those insect nuisances cuddle up their destructive broods in the folds of leaf and bud. I vow vengeance on the leaf-rolling caterpillar and rose-cutting bees, who damage my pet queen of flowers, and yet what marvellous skill and patience is shown by these tiny

labourers, who are, after all, only providing carefully for their helpless children ! When it comes to a matter of necessity, we must kill these garden enemies ; but let us do it as speedily and as mercifully as possible ; for they teach us many a grand lesson, these little troublesome insects, and that's more than some equally tormenting human beings do !

And now, after that garden sermon,—and do you know, children, I often think a garden is like a revival of the old Eden?—I will set you a seasonable Square Word to guess :—

(C)

SQUARE WORD IN RHYME.

I.

The burning breath of summer, that drinks up
The shallow brook, and tiny river's cup ;
That scorches the green herb and languid tree,
Parching the blossoms on the dusty lea !

II.

The highest mountain in all "nater"
That doth possess a burning crater ;
And so familiar is its fame
That every nursery knows its name !

III.

One of the small, but most destructive races,
Who spread their empire through all sorts of places,
So small we tread their legions into dust,
Yet own their boundless power, as oft we must,
When our most valued products fall a prey
To their skilled labour in their onward way !

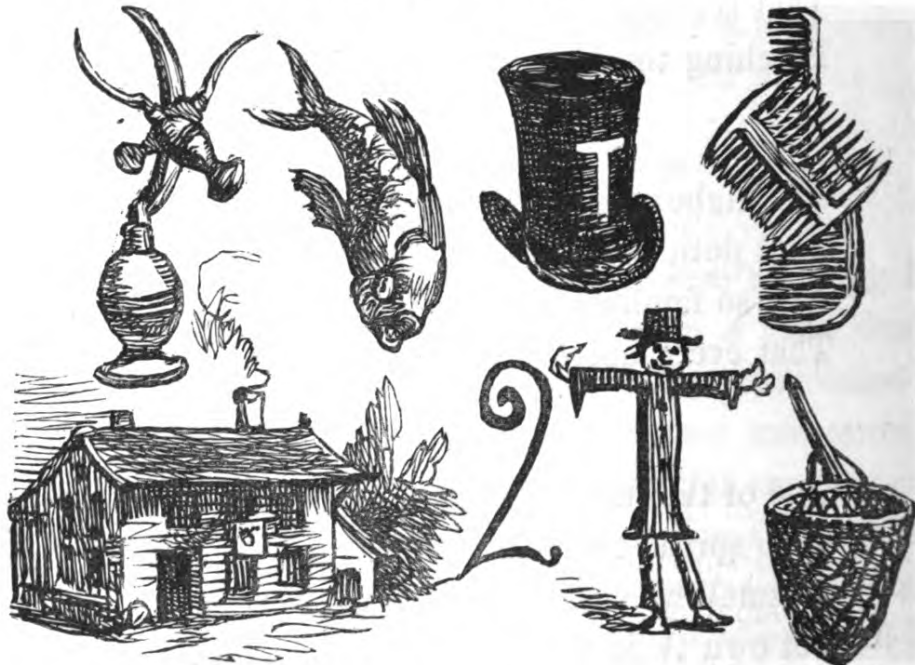
IV.

What all must learn, and many set,
 What often learned we soon forget ;
 What noble natures strive to do,
 What is well known to most of you !

I am now going to give you a Pictorial Proverb—one that I am afraid not only our fishers are too prone to use, but that all unscrupulous persons are apt to seize upon. Sometimes, however, the fishers—and other people as well—find that a shark has got into their nets, and is therefore making no small havoc with the meshes. So take the proverb, with the caution, like an added grain of salt.

(D)

PICTORIAL PROVERB.



As we have not had any varied things lately, suppose we put in our boring rod and try for some Concealed Waters, for the

first quarter of the year has been so dry we need what the country women call "a power o' watter to mysten it."

As our Pilgrims complain of difficulties, I must explain that in each sentence of the next puzzle a river is named, not always a celebrated one, but then it is not the big ones we should always seek. Everybody who does not belong to the honourable Order of "Noodles" knows where the Thames is to be found, and as our Puzzledom Pilgrims rank far above that class, I give them fair credit for industry.

(E)

HIDDEN WATERS.

1. In such warm weather as we are now experiencing, the very thought of water is pleasant, and those who live by the side even of the sea, and are used to it, enjoy its ceaseless murmur.

2. When the sun is blazing overhead like a disc of burning metal, and we all feel as if we were cooking in a copper stew-pan, we crave for the sound of water, and stay our weary longing with views of it.

3. We picture the sparkling drops of a water-fall, and dream we see the rainbow above the Horseshoe Fall, as it is! Is it not strange, this yearning for the sight and sound of "the many waters?"

4. From this arise, no doubt, the poetical names of the water-falls and cascades, as for instance, the Minnehaha, whose pretty appellation came, no doubt, from the music of its tinkling waters.

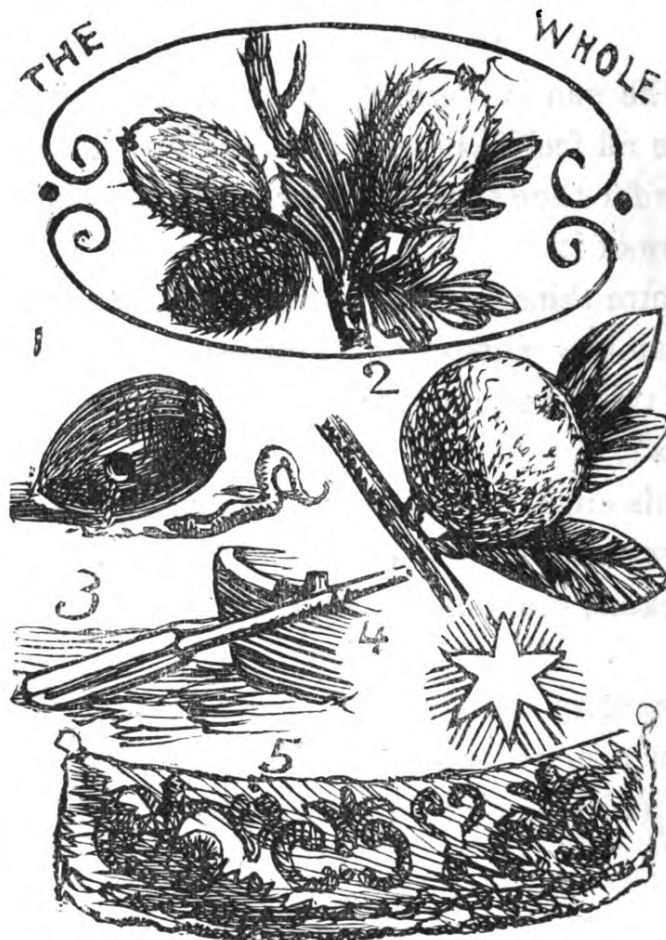
5. What is more delightful than to sit on a calm summer evening in our own green Isle of Thanet on the grassy edge of a cliff? Eyes and ears alike are entranced by sweet sights and sounds.

6. There are more lovely rivers and lakes in the British Isles than we can number easily, or than can be named. Way must also be made for the no less beautiful waters of other lands beyond the seas!

I have no doubt that if that terrible Custom-house officer, with his curved sword, had lately made a vigorous search for contraband articles, on the persons of our Pilgrims, he would have found, in numberless pockets, sundry hard green vegetable bullets, very detrimental to young folks' stomachs, but much esteemed by their contrary tastes. Let us see if they can find out the confiscated articles, mutilated as they are by our Douane!

(F)

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



I will next give you a Proverb in Rhyme that is encouraging to all, but especially to young folks who are particularly given to making "gobblestitches," not only in their seams, but in their manners and ways. Older people are equally open to its truth, but then, you see, the little tender green shoots which are so able to bend, and so easy to train in all their fresh green vigour, are apt to twist and bend and break; and if they don't snap short off, they generally shoot out into ugly bumps and swellings when they are meddled with in later years.

(G)

PROVERB IN RHYME.

It's all very well to be fond of work,
 But it never seems to cease;
 And too often, if even the least we shirk,
 Too late the holes increase!
 No scanty leisure we have to snatch
 From the make and mend, the darn and patch!

I'm sure some Puzzledomite's mother made that, after he had been having a troublesome eruption of knees and elbows through jacket and trousers! What a wonderful arrangement of human society it is that people should outgrow marbles! Fancy a learned M.A., or B.A. even, with patches at his knees! I have heard of many poor folks who have been said to be "out at elbows," but never of any grown folks with ventilating apertures on their organs of genuflexion—the old monks wore out the *stones*, if you remember, not their *cassocks*!

Now, let me see if you can find out from this narrow little drawing (which much resembles one of the old-fashioned French

houses, that run up so high and narrow like a sickly flower), the name of a gallant infidel, whose name has been brought to my mind often, in seeing so much of the duchy which formerly belonged to his still more gallant enemy—our own English king :—

(H)

PICTORIAL CHARADE.



Let me next see what you can make of these word-hashes, the Logogripes, which resemble a French dish, where you fancy you are eating fish, and it proves to be vegetable, or fowl, and it often happens to be flesh.

(I)

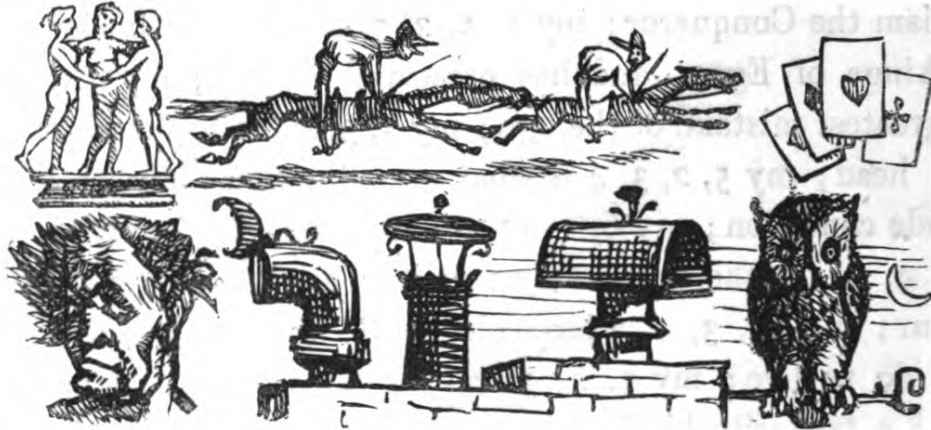
LOGOGRIPE.

My 8, 9, 10, 5 is an unfulfilled hope ; my 1, 11, 4 a damp condition ; my 7, 3, 4 a family whose ancestors came over with William the Conqueror ; my 1, 5, 2, 3, 4 has been buried with the kings of Egypt, and has preserved vitality ; my 8, 3, 7 is the greatest mistake of the age ; my 5, 3, 4 is the thatch or tile for a head ; my 5, 2, 3, 4 is what we enjoy now ; my 7, 3, 1 is a crude condition ; my 6, 1, 11 a lamb's maternal parent ; my 8, 3, 4, 11, 7 the universal necessity ; my 10, 9, 7 a title of honour ; my 10, 3, 1 a far-seeing tool ; my 11, 3, 4 what we must do to live ; my 5, 2, 3, 4, 5 a wide tract of land ; my 4, 3, 8 a favourite kind of marble ; my 5, 11, 3, 7 what we should do, and obey ; my 6, 3, 10, 2 the condition of comfort ; my 5, 9, 4 the smallest gain at backgammon ; my 6, 3, 7 the itching member ; my 7, 9, 10, 2 what most people do late ; my 10, 3, 4 what Humpty Dumpty did.

Now, if you have puzzled out all those articles, which are preserved in the Puzzledom Museum, and taken care of by the Riddlemares, I will next give you a new pictorial puzzle, in the shape of some Decapitations. They are solved in the same way as the prose ones, letter by letter, but I think are much easier, as they present the object visibly before you. I have been so reproached by several of my Pilgrims lately for the difficulty of some of the puzzles, that now I suppose, in order to avoid Scylla, I am about to tumble into Charybdis ; and I shall have the older ones abusing me by-and-by for their being too easy ! There's one consolation—I shall have pleased both, alternately, so I shan't mind the complaints, because as fast as the scale goes down one way, it's sure to spring up the other, and an even balance in everything is one of the best things in life.

(K)

PICTORIAL DECAPITATIONS.



I have reserved the Acrostic for the last, in this case keeping the longest hill for the last climb ; but I think all our Puzzledom Pilgrims have stout hearts and strong staves—so “charge, Chester, charge,” and onwards !

(L)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

When my First is smiling
 Over all the land,
 With her gifts of beauty
 In her lavish hand ;
 As she flings her largesse
 Wide o'er field and lea,
 Blossoms for the meadows,
 Leafage for each tree !

This my beauteous Second
 Doth she scatter wide
 O'er the silver rivers,
 With their dimpling tide :
 And the waters proudly
 The queenly gift do bear,
 For all earth's fairest gardens
 Boast no bloom more fair !

I.

A pretty empty thing it lies
Upon the shore, and softly sighs
For its dead owner ceaselessly,
And its loved home beneath the sea !

II.

There's a little wee land that's exceedingly small,
It's the highest inhabited country of all !
It's divided in portions of which this is one,
You've not far to search, so my story is done.

III.

Purple without, and pearl within,
It's beauty a careless eye might win,
It has a long beard to anchor by,
But neither hand, foot, nor a single eye !

IV.

There's a wonderful bridge both long and high,
That links the land to an isle hard by ;
And tall ships sail through the straits below,
Nor touch the bridge as they onward go !

V.

There's never sunshine unmixed with shade,
And joy is sweeter by sorrow made ;
And bitter things make sweet more sweet,
So many this salad delight to eat !

VI.

Lovely in life and sweet in death,
Fragrant even their latest breath ;
Scenting the hand that crushes and slays,
Who will not yield them their meed of praise ?
Types of forgiveness, till seventy times seven,
Blossoms of earth, but akin to heaven !

I will now give you what you have not had for a long time—
a Pictorial Letter—which conveys my hearty wishes to you all.

(M)

PICTORIAL LETTER.



VIII.



YOU are now, I hope, my Pilgrims, enjoying the long-hoped-for summer weather which has been deferred so late. From every quarter have come tidings of disaster and damage, and "the rain it raineth every day!" The sun has so obstinately refused to show his face till now that one could almost fancy he had more spots than usual on it, and hid himself for shame. At last, however, we are beginning to hope that having

passed half the year in every phase of unpleasant change, we may enjoy a little settled calm, and rejoice again in constant sunshine. We will begin our pilgrimage this month with

(A)

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My First, now coming in her place
 To bless the coming year,
 Has brighter promise on her face
 Than Summer's brow did bear.

Excursions into Puzzledom.

She brings us precious gleams of sun,
 Sore missed, and needed long ;
 What Summer leaves so poorly done
 She will make good the wrong.

May she my Second amply fill,
 And with her matron pace
 Calmly proceed to do her will
 With her abundant grace ;
 And feed the hungry nations all
 From out my Second's great,
 And eke out Summer's favours small
 From her more generous state.

I.

Double, double, toil and trouble,
 While the mental pot doth bubble ;
 Searching North, South, East, and West,
 For the words that suit it best !
 Multiplication may be vexation,
 But these are far worse irritation,
 The complex essay of mystification !

II.

'There was a little bachelor who kept his cheese and bread
 Upon a handy little shelf above his little head,
 But rats and mice, and such-like things, his victuals ate each
 night,
 So he was forced to seek a wife to set his larder right !

But all the lanes were narrow there, no coach or gig could
pass,
So in a little barrow he brought home his little lass.
Alack the little barrow broke, as he did sadly tell,
And this it was this very time his little wife befell !

III.

Puff, puff !
A pinch of snuff,
A long " churchwarden," or good cigar ;
A quid to chew,
Or a " weed" or two,
And made of this they all of them are !

IV.

This Shylock was ;—although at least 'tis true
To follow it, one need not be a Jew !
For so-called Christians of the present day
In shoals upon their needier brethren prey !

V.

The celebrated three, who legends tell
Were famed for speed, and made their running well ;
Although by the decree of Fate unkind,
Each of the trio was entirely blind !
This did not quench their running tastes at all,
And so they ran, and ran in spite of all,
Until the farmer's dame, to end the strife,
Cut all their tails off with her carving knife !

VI.

Mr. North, your tidings tell
 From Polar regions,—is all well?
 Are our ships set on their way?
 And will you treat them kindly, pray?

Signora South, from sick ones dear
 Do you better tidings bear?
 Have your balmy breezes cured
 Pains that scarce could be endured?

Rajah East, your winds we hate,
 Sore you've troubled us of late!
 But keep your smiles and riches rare
 Till we send you England's Heir!

Last, the daughter we love best,
 Do we greet you, Madam West!
 Send us word of peace and wealth,
 Ample harvests, progress, wealth!

And all four unite to spread
 This o'er all lands inhabited!

Several of my Pilgrims have asked me whether I did not find it difficult to invent fresh puzzles every month, and I must honestly confess I do. Even the Sphinx herself, if you remember, is only recorded to have perpetrated *one* riddle, and I humbly submit that, if she had to compass so many every month, she would collapse utterly, and feel remorsefully that she threw herself into the sea very unreasonably, as she had only *one* Oedipus to puzzle! We will proceed on our way with the following Square Word:—

(B)

A PICTORIAL SQUARE-WORD PUZZLE.



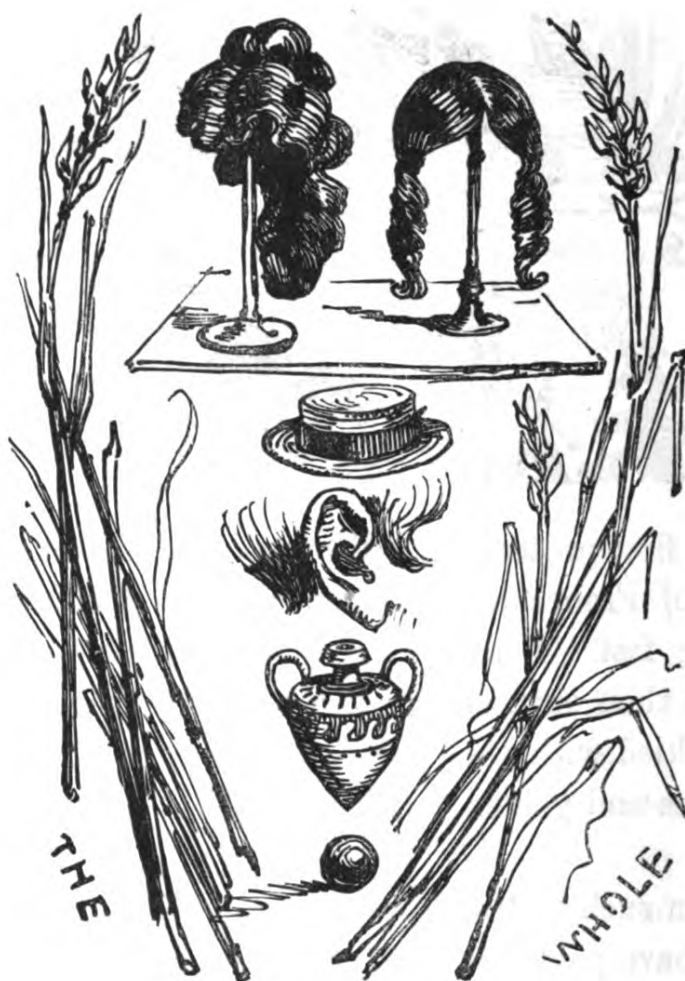
I hope the first proceeding will proceed prosperously now, for in this part of France at least, the crops are looking very well, and ripening fast. I always fancy Continental cornfields are prettier even than our own English ones, for they are so plentifully besprinkled with the blue corn-flower, as well as with the bright poppies and golden corn marigolds.

It has been such bad weather, and so unfavourable to travelling, that I have paid but brief visits to Puzzledom, and have

had no interviews with our old friend the Grand Panjandrum, but in the course of a day or two I hope to have some fresh news for you from the Land of Mystification, as I have heard some whispers of great revels that are to be held there shortly. I, however, obtained for you from the Royal Academy there one of the prize pictures which obtained honourable mention in the *Daub and Smudge Review*. Let me see if you can appreciate and understand it as much as the Puzzledomians appear to do:—

(C)

PICTORIAL ACROSTIC. CHARADE.



I will now give you a Square Word in verse to discover:—

(D)

SQUARE WORD.

I.

Dark clouds upon his country lay,
And foes were pressing sore,
And faithless friends had fled away,
Till hope seemed well-nigh o'er.
But dauntless heart and able hand
Ne'er failed him,—in disguise
With *this* he passed their armed band,
And won his high emprize!

II.

A patriarch plant of royal race,
I rear my stately head,
And honours vast my advent grace
Where'er my leaves are spread.
I see whole tribes and hosts decay,
Man's life so short appears;
They, the mere blossoms of a day—
Mine, of a hundred years!

III.

When raging winds, with angry roar,
The battered ships assail,
Close driven on the rocky shore,
By furious sea and gale,—

How oft, though small, and slender too,
 My help will succour more
 Than greater aid, and shipwrecked crew
 Will land all safe ashore !

IV.

I mix in all your festive cheer,
 Oft in the flowing bowl
 I lurk, and make my presence dear,
 The sweetness to control.
 Mince-pies themselves my aid avow,
 And turkey stuffings tell,
 That rasped, and steeped, and chopped enow,
 I do my duty well !

I don't know whether any of you know the Puzzledom Bird I am going to set before you ; but I have long admired his peculiar call, and enjoyed it especially one summer, till, after missing him and inquiring for him for some time, I found a friend of mine had caught him—and *ate him* !

(E)

A PUZZLEDOM BIRD.



This year, perhaps, as the Clerk of the Weather has shown such aberration of mind, we may not find all the seasonable things we should, but let us hope they will all come a little later; and "better late than never" is a very wise old saying in most matters. So, if you have found out our seasonable bird, may I not hope you will also discover some of the following buried plants:—

(F)

BURIED HARVEST GLEANINGS.

1. This year has been such a trying one, that the harvest in general is sorely in arrear. However, let us hope, as some say, the root-crops at least are good, and we shall not materially suffer.

2. The roses have been sadly beaten down with rain and hail, but many other flowers have thriven, owing to the damp weather; and, among others, our carnations, with that sweetest of all, the clove. Rest we, then, contented and thankful.

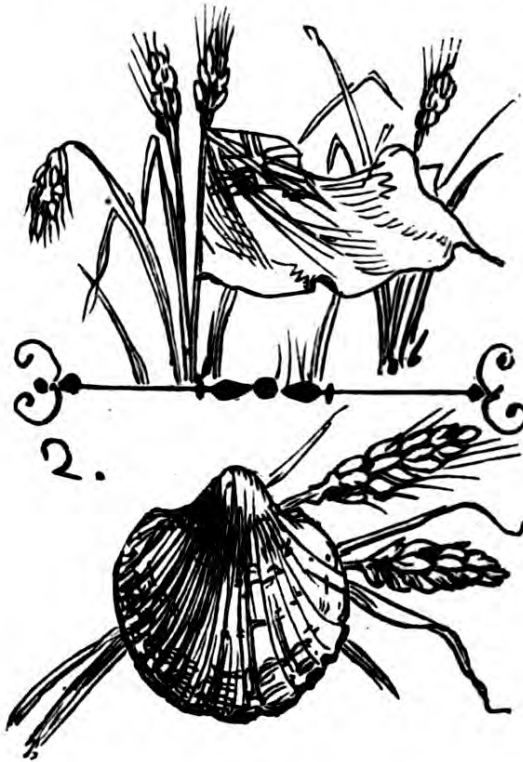
3. Do what you will with the weeds—dig them up, plough them up, nay, even use the harrow!—heat or cold, storm or shine, seem all to come alike pleasantly to them!

4. A proverb says that the earth is mother to the weeds, and step-mother to the flowers. I don't know how that may be. Answers may be found to the question, for there is a grain of truth in it.

Among all our searches in the harvest-fields, I have no doubt you have gathered many charming nosegays of wild flowers. I am so fond of that old word, it seems to express so much more than any other word of the sort, and has been so often used by the old poets. Now, can any of my Pilgrims discover the two harvest flowers that follow?

(G)

PICTORIAL HARVEST FLOWERS.



I will now give you a Proverb in Rhyme:—

(H)

PROVERB IN RHYME.

A chronicler from times of old,
 The rolling years above me pass :
 Throned on a stone, my dial cold
 Gathers the lichens, weeds, or grass ;
 No sign shows on my placid face
 Where moss obscures long centuries' trace !

The next Puzzle I am going to set before you is a pictorial one, and I think most of you will easily guess it—for the pretty thing is quite a child's flower-friend.

(I)

PICTORIAL CHARADE.



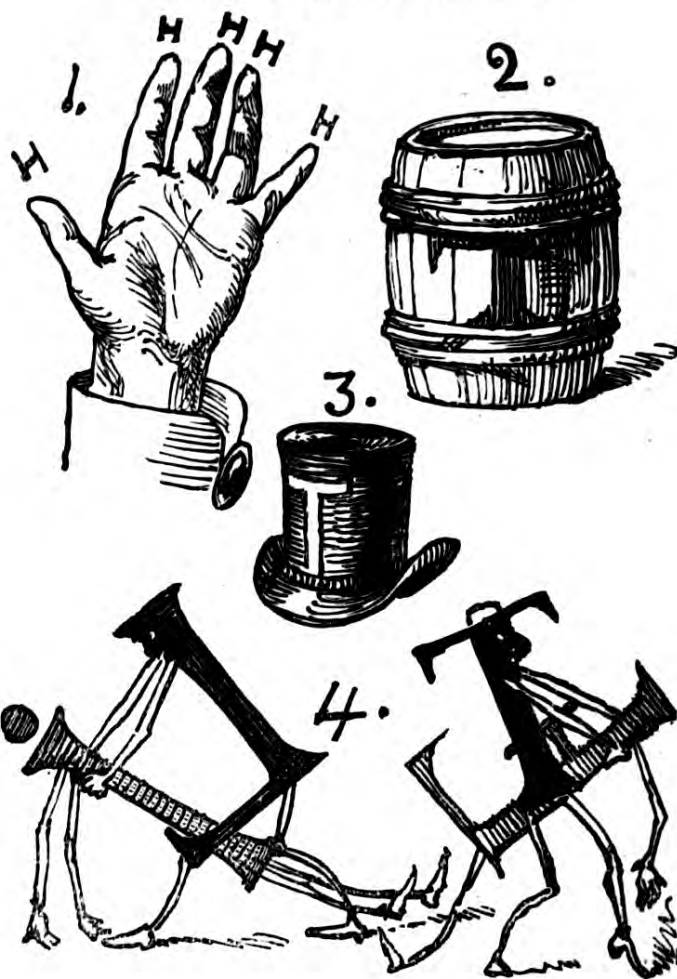
I suppose most of you have at some time or other seen the British Museum. When I was there last, I thought that even young folks brought up in London, and not able to get many enjoyable country days, might at least spend a few pleasant days there, in the rooms containing the wonderful collections of shells, butterflies, and nests of all kinds. Because, when we cannot sometimes have *all* we wish for, we must make the best of what we have—a secret well worth learning, especially in the “ days of

thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them!" For while the young blood courses merrily in the veins, and the young heart beats so lightly, it is so easy to learn, and so easy to remember what we learn. So turn your tender young branches to all the light you can get, my Pilgrims, and grow up, up, like the fresh green shoots you ought to be.

And so now, for a last Puzzle, I am going to set you a new part of speech in the form of some comical conjunctions. I think you ought to find them very easy, as their range is but limited.

(K)

COMICAL CONJUNCTIONS.



SOLUTIONS.

10. 11. 1911



FIRST SERIES.

I.

(A)

RIDDLEMAREES.

1. The English watering-place that is like bees and nettles in mown grass is Hay-stings.
2. If you were called Edward, and a certain mute selected you, it would be like sitting for your portrait, because you would be D-picked, Ted!
3. Of course a horse can only be the colour of the sea when it's a bay.
4. A hundredweight of candles cannot be heavy, because it is light.
5. When Black-eyed Susan went to see William the crews were all negroes because the poem says "the fleet was Moored."
6. Salmon can climb salmon-ladders because they know all about scales.
7. A cook without pepper is like a dandy in Rotten Row in October because he is "out of season."
8. That which sometimes builds walls up and sometimes knocks them down is mortar.
9. Galloping from York to London must be like taking forty bushels out in a boat, because you *rowed* the whole *wey*.

10. If houses were built of sweet things, the nicest part of the door would be the jam(b).

11. The sound an estuary makes when the tide goes out is a low creek.

12. Kent is famous for its cricket because a cricket is given to "hopping."

(B)

THE REALM OF ALPHABET.

A-king = Aching

C-king = Seeking

Y-king = Why king

(C)

Thin-king = Thinking

(D)

CHARADE.

Pan, Nell = Panel.

(E)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

G i B

O r o n o k O

O r k n e Y

D a m a s c u S

II.

(A)

You were asked why the king dismissed his Chancellor of the Exchequer from office. You ought, by this time, to be able to understand the odd ways of Puzzledom sufficiently to perceive that he owed his downfall to the fact that he was guilty of such an

“ ENORMOUS WAIST OF MONEY.”

(B)

ENIGMA.

Port.

(C)

CONUNDRUM.

Quarter.

(D)

MR. PHANCY'S CARTE-DE-VISITE.

You remember the unpleasant demon we saw enter Mr. Phancy's studio to have his portrait taken. His name is Nightmare, the offspring of Indigestion and Heavy Suppers. He is known to the scientific by the classical name "Incubus"—and if you observe the photograph you will see a 'bus in Q.

(E)

PHANCY CHARADE.

This means "Wit," for "twice to thine" is double you = W, and once to mine is I, and Congou is T.

*(F)***PREVARICATING PARTICIPLES.**

A-mending = Amending.
 N-chanting = Enchanting.
 D-riding = Deriding.
 X-sighting = Exciting.
 S-courting = Escorting.
 B-leaving = Believing.

III.*(A)***PHANCY PHOTOGRAPH.**

Chilled-wren = Children.

*(B)***CHARADE I.**

Lamb, Plight = Lamplight.

*(C)***CHARADE II.**

Bal, Lad = Ballad.

*(D)***LAW EXAMINATION.**

Bear, Bearer, Barest, Barrister.

(E)

TALL ENGLISH.

The crop of corn bids fair to surpass the usual bounds. The pupil of Adam Smith will rejoice that a bill introduced to emancipate us from the stern tyranny of the farmer was not foiled by the craft of those who wished to compel us to purchase grain from them and them alone.

(F)

SIX SUBTERRANEAN STREAMS.

Stour, Wye, Severn, Dee, Tyne, Thames.

(G)

SIX BURIED CITIES.

Rome, Athens, Paris, London, Boston, Berlin.

(H)

THE STRANGE BIRD.

The Turtle-dove.

(I)

SIX BURROWING ANIMALS.

Stoat, Mouse, Beaver, Badger, Rat, Otter.

(J)

THE ANIMAL THAT RAN BY.

Ermine.

(K)

WHERE TO LOOK FOR THE SOUTH AMERICAN LION.

In the Pew, ma = Puma.

(L)

THE DEEP-BAYING ANIMAL.

Ma-stiff.

(M)

THE CAGE OF BEASTS.

The Tapir, the Seal, the Ounce, the Guinea-pig, the Crane.

(N)

THE TRACE OF THE MONKEY IN MAN.

An-ape to his neck.

IV.

(A)

Eel-and = Eland.

(B)

Row-dear = Roe-deer.

(C)

Rain-dear = Reindeer.

(D)

.Because they are dear.

(E)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

Camelopard
Armadillo
P i G

(F)

CHARADE I.

Pup, pet = Puppet.

(G)

CHARADE II.

Sew, lace = Solace.

(H)

Cricket.

(I)

Harebell, Dandelion, Ragged Robin, Dog-rose, and Tiger-lily.

V.

(A)

CHARADE.

Key, purr = Keeper.

(B)

Nuthatch.

Solutions.

(C)

Well in G, ton = Wellington.

(D)

CHARADE.

Crew, sew = Crusoe.

(E)

CHARADE.

Rob, inn, sun = Robinson.

(F)

PICTURE PROVERB.

Tie man, tied D, double U, eight, four, No man = Time and
tide wait for no man,

(G)

Because he's not likely to catch it again.

(H)

PICTURE PROVERB.

Sea air (C - air), K ill, D a cat = Care killed a cat.

(I)

SONG.

Eight stout men *came* up to town.*Is, I see, as well afloat.* =

Cam.

Isis.

(J)

King-Fisher.

(K)

BLIND RHYMES.

Crocodile, cataract, palm, Sheik, sand, sky, red, simoom,
caravan.

(L)

Frog-bit.

VI.

(A)

Periwinkle.

(B)

A Grove of Palms.

(C)

SIX RIVERS FLOWING UP-HILL.

Dee, Tyne, Wye, Tiber Don, and Seine; reversed in "see descend," "deny that," "they were," "were bit," "no dense," and "denies."

(D)

SIX CITIES STANDING ON THEIR HEADS.

Troy, London, Paris, York, Rome, Pekin; reversed in "magnify or to," "nod no living," "sir, a peculiar," "stick royal," "them or," and "contradiction I kept."

(E)

SIX TREES WITH THEIR ROOTS IN THE AIR.

Palm, Pine, Elm, Ash, Lime, Cedar, reversed in "them *Lapland*," "then *I perceived*," "seem *less*," "push *sap*," "them *I listened*," and "consider *a decorative*."

(F)

Pan, Jan, drum = Panjandrum. Jan being the Dutch for John.

(G)

PICTURE PROVERB.

D on T, wreck on ewer, chickens, b 4, tea = t + hay = they, R hatched = "Don't reckon your chickens before they are hatched."

(H)

O ham, L ate, W-hat, A falling off WAS, tea + hare = there = "O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!"

VII.

(A)

PUZZLEDOM WILD FLOWERS.

No. 1.

Arnold

Daimio

Adieu

IttidnaB

School

YankeE

No. 2.

A n d r e W
L a v A
I n s u l T
L o v E
Y e a R

No. 3.

C h e F
U n c i v i L
C l i O
K i e W
O b v e r s E
O s c a R

No. 4.

B a r B
L o d g E
U n t i L
E e L

No. 5.

A n t h e M
M i a s m A
A d m i r a L
R e e L
S c i O
H a r r o W

(B)

Foxglove; Kingcup; Lady's Slipper.

(C)

A LITTLE NOTE.

(Monogram), a hood shaped like a T. (Date), L on D on May, 1873. Deer, Daisy,—Eye, Hope, U, R, well. Eye, W ant, two, run-over, 2 C U, bee 4, L on G. Awl W A's, Ewer, Love in G Uncle. (Monogram), T. Hood, (Date), London, May, 1873. Dear Daisy,—I hope you are well. I want to run over to see you before long. Always your loving Uncle.

(D)

UNDER A SPELL.

No. 1. Bale, Bale, Bail, Bale.

No. 2. Tray, Tres (the three in cards), Trait.

No. 3. Fair, Fare, Fair, Fair.

(E)

AT THE ZOO.

Wheatear, Corn-C, Rake = Corn-crake, Pork, yew, pine = Porcupine.

(F)

THE SAILOR BOY.

Loads, tar = Lode-star.

(G)

EPIGRAM.

Sun, day = Sunday.

(H)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

J e s T

U n a U*

N o o N

E v E

(I)

A SHADOWED PROVERB.

A cat, mail, Luke, cat a king = A cat may look at a king.

VIII.

(A)

FRESH-WATER FISH.

10'sh! = Tench

D-ace = Dace

Bee-leek = Bleak

Bar (in heraldry) Bell = Barbel

Car Pea = Carp

Pike = Pike

(B)

L and L o'er D & ten ants = Landlord and tenants.

(C)

THREE DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH ADMIRALS.

Drake; Hawke; Rooke.

(D)

AN OLD PROVERB.

F in E, feathers, do-knot, tall WAYS, may k, F in E, birds =
ne f eathers do not always make fine birds.

* The two-toed Sloth.

(E)

A CASKET OF GEMS.

1. *Shame thy stones* = amethyst. 2. *So pale* = opal. 3. *Equip ear like* = pearl. ("ears" a misprint.) 4. *Rub yet* = ruby. 5. *Splendid I am on desperate* = diamond. 6. *Top azure* = topaz.

(F)

THE BOUQUET.

1. *Are o's* = Rose. 2. *Pea ink* = Pink. 3. *Pan sigh* = Pansy. 4. *Lobe Elia* = Lobelia. 5. *Larks purr* = Larkspur. 6. *Bal, Sam* = Balsam.

(G)

THE LUNCHEON.

Fish.—*Sal, mon* = Salmon.

Cheese.—*Still, ton* = Stilton.

Fruit.—*Straw, bury* = Strawberry.

Wine.—*Sham, pain* = Champagne.

(H)

A PICTURE LETTER.

D ear, little f oaks, sum, of, yew, f in D, grate D light, inn, picture-letters, T hare, 4, axe cept, I drawn by the conductor, of, Puzzledom in Good Things, 4 U = Dear Little Folks,—Some of you find great delight in picture-letters, therefore accept one drawn by the Conductor of Puzzledom in Good Things, for you.

IX.

(A)

A PICTURE LETTER.

N owl et meat A Q z the, C's eyed. Wheel, w, auk on
THE, S &'s, pick, UP shells, and S, ale in a boat. W on T,
T hat, bean, ice? = Now let me take you to the seaside. We'll
walk on the sands, pick up shells, and sail in a boat. Won't
that be nice?

(B)

A SEA MONSTER.

Sea, Are, A, Bee = Crab.

(C)

ANOTHER.

Lobster.

(D)

FOR THE AQUARIUM.

Hoisters dropping the H = oysters; Anne M moneys =
Anemones; Peri Winkle; Limb pet = Limpet; P R (Prince
Regent) awns = Prawns; Sh (half of Shah) r imps =
Shrimps.

(E)

CHARADE.

Cabin, Net = Cabinet.

B B

(F)

PICTURE PROVERB.

T hair, R, ass, G, O, O, D, fish in the sea, ass sever work,
Nought—n = ought = There are as good fish in the sea as
ever were caught.

(G)

BLIND RHYMES.

Octopod, Shark, Turtle, Sword-fish, swim, hold, ray, grand,
hand.

(H)

PUZZLEDOM SHIPS.

S hip = Ship; Bee ark = Bark; B rig = Brig; S-'coon er
= Schooner; Fishing bee oat = Fishing Boat; Cutter;
S loop = Sloop.

X.

(A)

SALT-WATER FISH.

P lace = Plaice; Y tea in G. = Whiting; Doll fin =
Dolphin; Sp (asp-its head) rat = Sprat.

(B)

THE BUSY BEES.

1. B-ass = bass.
2. B-ream = bream.
3. B-rill = brill.

(C)

BASKET OF FISH.

1. Serm (on) (g) ullet = surmullet. 2. Flow under = Flounder (goby). 3. Sting ray. 4. Herring = Herring. 5. Mac R L = Mackerel. 6. C odd = cod. 7. Pout. 8. Squid = Squid. 9. Pil(l) e hard = pilchard. 10. Stir John = Sturgeon. 11. A skate. 12. Gir(l) nard = gurnard.

(D)

THE MONSTER.

Ivy, ears, s in C, scene, A W ale, witch, H add, bean, D riven, ash, oar, by, The tied, wood knot, U like 2, sea, I? W hen, harp, o on D, sum, *Times*, Wales, tea urn, v, rye, savage. = I've years since seen a whale which had been driven ashore by the tide. Would not you like to see one? When harpooned sometimes whales turn very savage.

(E)

TWO SHELL-FISH.

M i L L

U b I

S u M

S l o P

E v E

L i g h T

(F)

A DOLEFUL LEGEND.

John Dory and Ann-Chovey.

(G)

A CHOICE OF AMUSEMENTS.

Go, f o'er, D on key rides, inn, dull, gin, a sale, Bell, d, S, &, four tresses, bay, thin, the, salts, E. = Go for donkey rides. Indulge in a sail. Build sand fortresses. Bathe in the salt sea.

(H)

A CHARADE.

Crust, Ace, e'e, eh? = Crustacea.

XI.

(A)

Spring and Fall.

(B)

Going black-burying = Blackberrying.

(C)

A PROVERB IN RHYME.

East or West home is best.

(D)

SOMETHING AND A FRUIT.

1. Goose-berry. 2. Black-berry. 3. Rasp-berry. 4. Mul-berry. 5. Bil-berry. 6. Elder-berry. 7. Dew-berry. 8. Cran-berry. 9. Bar-berry. 10. Straw-berry. 11. Sloe-berry. 12. W hurtle-berry.

(E)

A PICTURE POEM.

W in D, s, bee, g in 2, H, owl, AT, knight,
Leaves, R, fall in G, down,
Earl I, Eve, n in g, steels, the, light,
Wood S, &, D ales, G row, brow, n. =

Winds begin to howl at night,
Leaves are falling down,
Early evening steals the light,
Woods and dales grow brown.

(F)

TWO FRUITS.

P i P
L o v E
U n A
MirroR
Seed S

(G)

Lemon :—Reverse the first three letters and you get melon.

(H)

A FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

Night jar ; sand-mar-tin ; wind-o (w)-swallow ; Petti-chaps ;
stone-curl-u (ew) ; sand-piper ; Land-rail ; Fly-catch-er (r) ;
well-oh !-(w) ren ; wheat-ear ; turtle-dove ; (k) night-in (n)-
gale.

(I)

PICTURE PROVERB.

F o'er W, o'er ND, is 4 armed = Forewarned is forearmed.

SECOND SERIES.

I.

(A)

PICTURE PROVERB.

N, ewe, broom, s, sweep, C lean = New brooms sweep clean.

(B)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

S lug S
L ar K
I ndi A
D o T
E statE

(C)

INDOOR GAME.

Shuttle-cock and battle-dore (battle, door).

(D)

INDOOR GAME.

Cat's cradle.

(E)

LOGOGRIPE.

Leaves :—ale, lee, sea, vale, seal, lea, eve, veal, ave, eel, lave, save, vase, sale, else, elves, eaves, ease, leave, lease, slave.

(F)

A BUNCH OF KEYS.

Lac-key; whisk-key; monk-key; don-key; Turk-key; tea-urn-key; stick-key. = Lackey; whiskey; monkey; donkey; turkey; turnkey; sticky.

(G)

PROVERB IN RHYME.

All work and no play make Jack a dull boy.

(H)

SOMETHING AND A FRUIT.

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Chest | + nut = chestnut. |
| 2. Wal (l) | + nut = walnut. |
| 3. Cob | + nut = cobnut. |
| 4. Haze l | + nut = hazelnut |
| 5. Beach | + nut = beechnut. |
| 6. Ground | + nut = ground-nut. |
| 7. Co, Co | + nut = cocoa-nut. |
| 8. Bra (y), z, il (l) | + nut = Brazil nut. |

(I)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A s S
C a s H
OsmanI
R e a P
N a i l S

II.

(A)

SIX GREEN THINGS BURIED IN SNOW.

1. *Prefer not* = fern. 2. *The athletic* = heath. 3. *Snowballing or seeking* = gorse. 4. *Garb entirely* = bent. 5. *Tan-tivy* = ivy. 6. *Shrub room* = broom.

(B)

PICTURE PROVERB.

T hose, T hat, hide, can, f in D = Those that hide can find.

(C)

CHARADE.

Hand, cur, chief = Handkerchief.

(D)

PHANCY PHOTOGRAPH—FOUR FABULOUS ANIMALS.

Fiery Drag-on; C, serpent = sea serpent; U nigh corn = Unicorn; Roc(k).

(E)

ENIGMA.

Box.

(F)

A bird, inn, THE, hands W o'er T. H. two in the bush = A bird in the hand's worth two in the bush.

(G)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

S n u f F
N igge R
O ctav O
W itnes S
S eagir T

(H)

A BUNCH OF EVERGREENS.

1. U = Yew. 2. Hol(e), (s)ly = Holly. 3. I (na) vy = Ivy.
4. Bay. 5. Lau(d), rel(ief) = Laurel. 6. Mis(s) el(l) toe =
Mistletoe.

(I)

THREE BOOKS.

Robin S on Cruse O = Robinson Crusoe. The R a bee
Anne knights = The Arabian Nights. Paw, Land! Virgin IA
= Paul and Virginia.

(K)

LOGOGRIPE.

Romance :—name, ream, earn, mace, amor, arm, can, Rome,
moa, cone, race, mar, core, man, more, near, Amen, care, ram,
car, mane, Nore, omen, mean.

III.

(A)

Hollied A's = Holidays.

(B)

1. *Wish ill, in great* = shilling. 2. *Snowed.* “*Ding*”-
ring = wedding-ring.

(C)

1. Three-fourths of hare, two-thirds of leg, four-sevenths of
quinine = Har-le-quin. 2. Five-sixths of column, and bine =
Columbine. 3. “*Clo!*” and two-fifths of crown = Clo-wn. 4.
Pan, three-fourths of tall, and three-fourths of moon = Pan-
tal-oon.

Solutions.

(D)

CHARADE.

Little Red (Riding) Hood.

(E)

Fair-eye-tails = Fairy Tales.

(F)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

J e r k i N
 A p E
 N e p h e W
 U g l Y
 A z u r E
 R a t a f i A
 Y o u n g s t e R.

(G)

“Beef, plum-pudding, mince-pies, and beer
 Came into England all in one year.”

(K, mint, 2, England, awl in 1 Y, ear.)

(H)

A PROVERB IN RHYME.

“Christmas comes but once a year,
 When it comes it brings good cheer.”

IV.

(A)

PUZZLE VALENTINE.

“If you love me as I love you,
No knife shall cut our love in two.”

(B)

PICTURE PROVERB.

Awl, ale, owed, donna, will in G, horse = All lay load on
a willing horse.

(C)

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

Cupid and Taper.

C
 B U D
 T A P E R
 F I G
 D

(D)

LINES ON FEBRUARY.

THE lit, Tell, W o'er blurs, bee, g in 2 billed, and warm, ly,
line, the, N's'ed, S with eggs, T hat, may, beef, ill D, W hen,
Times, r, f in E =

The little warblers begin to build,
 And warmly line
 The nests, with eggs that may be filled
 When times are fine.

(E)

SIX BURIED SEEDS.

1. *Be a nice* = bean; 2. *escape any* = pea; 3. *turn I paid* = turnip; 4. *offer a dish* = radish; 5. *them us tardily* = mustard
6. *acres sown* = cress.

(F)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

B u N
I c E
R a t S
D i r T
ScissorS.

(G)

PREVARICATING PARTICIPLES.

C-seeding = Seceding
A-lighting = Alighting
N-camping = Encamping
B-longing = Belonging
X-selling = Excelling
D-noting = Denoting.

(H)

PUZZLEDOM VALENTINE.

The rose is read, the viol lets blew,
Car nations suite, and sew r, yew =

The rose is red, the violet's blue,
Carnation's sweet, and so are you.

(I)

ENIGMA.

Beau, Bo! Bow.

V.

(A)

If you would enjoy the fruit, pluck not the flower.

(B)

PICTORIAL PROVERB.

T is A, N ill, double U in D, THAT blows, no body, A nigh
Good = 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

(C)

BUNDLE OF TWIGS.

1. (R) ash = Ash.
2. Asp, (h) en = Aspen.
3. (Cr) oak = Oak.
4. (H) elm = Elm.
5. Pop (py), lar (k) = Poplar.
6. (S) will, (sh) ow = Willow.
7. P (ea), lane = Plane.
8. Li (p), me (at) = Lime.
9. Bee, ch (at) = Beech.
10. Al (e), (fod) der = Alder.
11. Map le (g) = Maple.
12. Pi (g) ne (t) = Pine.

*Solutions.**(D)*

PICTORIAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

C (sea)
 L O G
 B O X E S
 C R I C K E T
 G L O V E
 E M U
 B (Bee).

(E)

A SQUARE-OF-FOUR PUZZLE.

N O S E
 O S S A
 S O U R
 E A R S

(F)

CHARADE.

Bank, Wet = Banquet.

(G)

PICTORIAL RHYME.

M arch, wine d, sand, ape, rill, sh, hours,
 B ring, 4th May, flowers. =

March winds and April showers
 Bring forth May flowers.

(H)

LOGOGRIPE.

Seams:—Sam, sea, ma, same, mass, Ems, mess, ass, as, me, ess, am.

(I)

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

M o t H
A r m a d A
R a t c a t c h e R
C a g E
H i p S

VI.

(A)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

F a m i n E
O f f i c e R
O y s t e r
L l a m A
I l l u s i o N
S t e e D
H a r n e s S

(B)

PICTORIAL PROVERB.

Kiss in G, G owes, Buy! Favour = Kissing goes by favour.

(C)

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

S
 H O T
 S A L A D
 H I N D O O S
 F L I N T
 T E A
 R

(D)

SQUARE-OF-EACH-WORD PUZZLE.

O P E N
 P A R E
 E R O S
 N E S T

(E)

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A n c h o R
 P e A
 R a d i I
 I n d i a N
 L a d y b i r d S

(F)

A BASKET OF EARLY FLOWERS.

1. *Canada, is yet* = daisy. 2. *Is now dropping* = snowdrop.
 3. *Ice-gap rim rose* = primrose. 4. *Choice land in England* =
 celandine. 5. *Shall I? Lacking* = lilac. 6. *Thing or several*
 = gorse.

(G)

PICTORIAL CHARADE.

Butt, Turk, Cup = Buttercup.

(H)

BLIND RHYMES.—SIGNS OF SPRING.

Bole, nest, sings, violets, daffodil, nook, cones, hung, bore,
cry.

(I)

VERBS IN MASQUERADE.

X-penned = Expend.

A-peer = Appear.

C-cure = Secure.

M-pale = Empale.

B-tied = Betide.

D-ducked = Deduct.

VII.

(A)

LOGOGRIPE.

Caterpillar :—Cat, care, rap, pat, carp, rat, leap, lap, place,
let, eat, plate, rate, err, ape, pear, ripe, till, rip, cape, tape, reap,
tap.

(B)

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MermaiD

Aurora

YeomanrY

c c

(C)

AN EVERY-WAY PUZZLE.

M A D

A T E

Y E W

1. May, 2. Dew, 3. Dam, 4. Eta, 5. Wey, 6. Yam.

(D)

PICTORIAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

E F (T) = F

A L E

G O O S E

S H O W E R S

S H E E P

A R M

(B) E S S - S

(E)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

L i D

OperA

N a v Y

GrasS

(F)

METAMORPHOSED SUBSTANTIVES.

1. Scene, eight, oars = Senators.
 2. Eye, cone, oak, lasts = Iconoclasts.
 3. Bee, daw, burrs = Bedaubers.

(G)

CHARADE.

Butt, turf, fly = Butterfly.

(H)

TWO PICTORIAL CHARADES.

No. 1. Cat, K in S = Catkins.

No. 2. Black, cap = Blackcap.

(I)

SQUARE-OF-EACH-WORD PUZZLE.

G A T E

A G R A

T R O T

E A T S

VIII.

(A)

SQUARE-OF-EVERY-WORD PUZZLE.

C R A B

R A R E

A R T S

B E S T

(B)

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

JupiteR

U m b O

N u t S

E y E

c c 2

*Solutions.**(C)*

ENIGMA.

B = Bee.

(D)

JUNE PICTURE RHYME.

The trees, bee-ring, 4th mid SUMM, ER shoots,
 Forge, Jew, N, witch, rye, pens, men Y, F roots =

The trees bring forth Midsummer shoots
 For June, which ripens many fruits.

(E)

CHARADE.

Casque, aid = Cascade.

(F)

PHANCY PHOTOGRAPH.

The G ran D, Dutch S. = The Grand Duchess.

(G)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

G u f f a W

L a s s O

O r d e R

W i g w a M

(H)

DEGREES OF COMPARISON.

Grate, grater, great EST = Great, greater, greatest.

(I)

A BUNCH OF ROSES.

Dog-rose, moss-rose, fairy-rose, cabbage-rose, Bourbon-rose,
tea-rose, damask-rose, China-rose, musk-rose.

(K)

PICTORIAL PROVERB.

Lit L, bee, oats, S, hood, keep, N, ear, SH oar.
Little boats should keep near shore.

IX.

(A)

PICTURE LANGUAGE.

II (c)ur, is Hume man, 2 F o'er GIVE, D vine = To err is
human, to forgive divine.

(B)

SQUARE-OF-EVERY-WORD.

L I O N
I N T O
O T T O
N O O N

(C)

A PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

S h r u B
TheatrE
R i v e R
ArcheR
WherrY

*Solutions.**(D)*

PROVERB IN VERSE.

Make hay while the sun shines.

(E)

PHANCY PHOTOGRAPH.

Goose-bury fool = Gooseberry fool.

(F)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Josep H

Undin E

L lam A

Y a c h T

(G)

PICTURE RIDDLES.

I. Dropping in for dinner.

II. Scraping acquaintance.

(H)

ENIGMA.

Butt, But, Butter.

(I)

CHARADE.

Cress, scent = Crescent.

(K)

METAMORPHOSED SUBSTANTIVES.

Ass, sail, ants = Assailants.

M, Press = Empress.

Leg, A t's = Legatees.

(L)

LOGOGRIPE.

Holidays :—sad, oil, lad, hay, lash, hold, lad, old, ail, aid, sail, shad, lid, ash, say, dial, Sol, day, Hilda, lady, sly, ado.

X.

(A)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

AlexandeR
UmpirE
GuineA
UsurP
ShavE
TailoR

(B)

PICTURE-LANGUAGE LETTER.

D, ear, little f, Oak,—

Eye, fan, c, yew, r, joust, star, t in G, 4, the, C, S eyed, s in C, it is, hollied A, Time, may U, N, joy, ewer, s, elves, with F on D, love,

TEA HOOD.

DEAR LITTLE FOLK,

I fancy you are just starting for the seaside, since it is holiday time. May you enjoy yourselves. With fond love,

T. HOOD.

(C)

SIX BURIED PLANTS.

1. Every evening = rye. 2. How heat ⇒ wheat. 3. Pop Pythagoras = poppy. 4. So at some = oats. 5. Hope as = peas. 6. Be answered = beans.

Solutions.

(D)

A PUZZLEDOM INSECT.

Peacock Butterfly.

(E)

CHARADE.

Corn, flour = Cornflower.

(F)

PUZZLEDOM PORTRAIT.

Dock, t o'er live in G, stone = Doctor Livingstone.

(G)

A SQUARE-OF-EVERY-WORD PUZZLE.

H A Y

A L E

Y E T

(H)

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Caryatide S

O w l e T

Mantill A

Empero R

Tadpole S

(I)

LOGOGRIPE.

Harvest:—Tea, hat, rest, starve, tear, tare, hare, hart, haste
save, heart, rate, sat, has, have, seat, vast, are, vest, vat.

(K)

PICTORIAL SQUARE-OF-EVERY-WORD.

C O R N
O B O E
R O D S
N E S T

(L)

ENIGMA.

Horse.

(M)

PREVARICATING PARTICIPLES.

B-laying = Belaying.

A-baiting = Abating.

N-acting = Enacting.

D-lighting = Delighting.

O-baying = Obeying.

R-resting = Arresting.

XI.

(A)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

P o P
I m a g E
C inderell A
K a j a C
I n c H
N o s E
G a S

Solutions.

(B)

THREE METAMORPHOSED SUBSTANTIVES.

Bar(rel), O, nets = Baronets.

Match, may, curs = Matchmakers.

Cap, I, TA, Lists = Capitalists.

(C)

SIX BURIED FRUITS.

1. *Mayhap please* = apple. 2. *Ripe a real* = pear. 3.
Crop luminous = plum. 4. *Escape a chance* = peach. 5.
Going rap everlastingly = grape. 6. *Some long* = melon.

(D)

PICTORIAL CHARADE.

Neck, tar, inn = Nectarine.

(E)

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A
 S P Y
 P E R R Y
 D E L I G H T
 T A C K S
 H O T
 T

(F)

A PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

GuineA
 ReaP
 AlP
 PupiL
 EndivE
 SwisS

(G)

CHARADE.

Part, Ridges = Partridges.

(H)

PHANCY PHOTOGRAPH.

K in G, Coffee = King Coffee.

(I)

LOGOGRIPE.

Fruitage :—Rue, rage, fat, it, fit, rut, tag, if, tar, gate, gear, rig, tear, tir, gait, turf, age, tire, ait, art, great, Uri, urge, tug, rate, rite, rag.

(K)

SQUARE-OF-EVERY-WORD.

C A R T
A L O E
R O P E
T E E S

XII.

(A)

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

O
A C E
P A T T Y
R E V O L V E
E L B O W
H E N
R

(B)

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

L l a m A
 E m U
 AcrobaT
 Vi sh n U
 E l M
 S u N

(C)

A BURIED TREE.

1. While *a few* = leaf. 2. Crowbar. Keep = bark. 3. *It run?* Kneel = trunk. 4. Slip. *I think* = pith. 5. Slab ought = bough. 6. Huroo. There = root.

(D)

THREE METAMORPHOSED SUBSTANTIVES.

1. Can did eights = Candidates.
2. Scent inn l's = Sentinels.
3. M pea rick = Empiric.

(E)

HANDFUL OF OCTOBER FLOWERS.

1. Da(y) h lia(ble) = Dahlia. 2. China as(s) ter = China Aster. 3. Gold (h)en rod = Golden Rod. 4. La vend er(r) = Lavender. 5. Hol(e) (f)ly hock = Hollyhock. 6. Grey speed well = Grey Speedwell.

(F)

PICTURE PROVERB.

Ass, tea, chin, Time, saves IX. = A stitch in time saves nine.

(G)

SQUARE-OF-EVERY-WORD.

S T A R

T I N Y

A N N O

R Y O T

(H)

PICTORIAL CHARADE.

Dab, Chick = Dabchick.

(I)

PROVERB IN RHYME.

All's well that ends well.

(K)

SIX COUNTRIES.

1. In D, A = India
2. Tar, Tar, eye = Tartary.
3. S, weed, N = Sweden.
4. Nu, South, whales = New South Wales.
5. Den, M, ark = Denmark.
6. N, o'er WAY = Norway.

(L)

LOGOGRIPE.

European :—Ear, rope, pea, pear, peer, neap, rape, nap, nape, rap, pare, ape, pure, reap, rue, near, pore, pan, preen, pour, pen, roup, prune, proa, Nore, upon, pun.

(M)

PICTORIAL SQUARE-OF-EVERY-WORD.

P E T

E V E

T E A

XIII.

(A)

PICTORIAL CHARADE.

Fire-Works.

(B)

A SQUARE-OF-EVERY-WORD PUZZLE,

C R O W

R A G E

O G R E

W E E K

(C)

A PICTORIAL CHARADE.

L ea F

IntagliO

N a G

K in G

SentrY

(D)

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

S tee R

QuasimodO

UnpoetiC

I n K

B in E

S ho T

(E)

PREVARICATING PARTICIPLES.

X-acting = Exacting
A-ricing = Arricing
N-folding = Enfolding.
M-urging = Emerging.

(F)

A CHARADE.

Bar row net - Baronet.

(G)

A PICTORIAL PROVERB.

In A calm, C, EV-wry, one's, a pie, lot = In a calm sea every one's a pilot.

(H)

A DIAMOND PUZZLE.

P
S I P
C A P E R
W E T
S

(I)

SIX COUNTRIES.

1. U rope = Europe.
2. A merry, K = America.
3. Ace, eye, A = Asia.
4. In G l and d = England.
5. News, Eland = New Zealand.
6. Ear, Inn = Erin.

(K)

LOGOGRIPE.

Newspapers :—Pare, sew, reap, panes, weep, wasp, press,
pen, pear, seers, pews, apse, wraps.

(L)

A PICTORIAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

J(ay)

F E N

B O W E R

B E D

L(ine)

THIRD SERIES.

I.

(A)

PICTORIAL ACROSTIC CHARADE.

S h r u B

N y m p h e A

O v a L

W e l L

(B)

MOTHER MAGPIE'S MISCHIEVOUS MUDDLES.

1. *So. Far* from it = sofa. 2. *Expert; able* as they = table.
3. *Too much air* in = chair. 4. *His tools, to* = stool. 5.
A scar. Petty = carpet. 6. *Rugged path* = rug.

(C)

PICTORIAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

J(ay)

C A T

C A N A L

V O L U M E S

P L A N E

A R K

Y

D D

*Solutions.**(D)*

ENIGMA.

The letter A.

(E)

PICTORIAL CHARADE.

Lady, Bird = Ladybird.

(F)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

F e r n S

R e e L

O u I

S i n d b a D

T i l E

(G)

PICTORIAL SQUARE-OF-EVERY-WORD PUZZLE.

P I E

I N N

E N D

(H)

LOGOGRIPE.

Seasonable:—Sable, seal, nose, lease, base, case, bless, bee, less, bean, sale, eels, soles, sea, bass, see, bale, ass, son, lean, lass.

(I)

PICTORIAL PROVERB.

2 Eve rye bird ITS nest eye S fair = To every bird its nest is fair.

(J)

BLIND RHYMES.

Blast, still, bee, hoard, fed, keep, fair, last, sight, speech,
bloom.

(K)

PICTORIAL CHARADE.

Fair, well = Farewell

(L)

ACROSTIC CHRONOGRAM.

M Medusa.

D Diana.

C Charon.

C Cerberus.

C Croesus.

L Leander.

X Xantippe.

X Xerxes.

V Vulcan.

M D C C C L X X V = 1875.

II.

(A)

PICTORIAL ACROSTIC CHARADE.

S w o r D

N e w s p a p e R

O c t a v O

W h i P

D D 2

Solutions.

(B)

UNDER THE SNOW.

Snow-flake	"Of lakes."
„ drop	"Had ropes."
„ ball	"Shrub. <i>All.</i> "
„ drift	"And rift."
„ berry	"September rye."
„ man	"Harm and."

(C)

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(e)F(t)

A R C

B R O O M

A S S

T(ea)

(D)

CHARADE.

Postman.

(E)

PICTORIAL CHARADE.

Neck, Lace = Necklace

(F)

LOGOGRIPE.

Valentine :—Tale, vane, lent, nave, lave, line, nine, teal, veal,
net, Eve.

(G)

VERBS IN MASQUERADE.

1. X-plane = explain.
2. D-tail = detail.
3. D-face = deface.
4. N-lace = enlace.
5. M-bed = embed.
6. N-chain = enchain.

(H)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Flagstaff

E a R

B e E

R i c E

(b)U — Z(z)

(w)A — I(l)

R a i N

Y o u n G

(I)

SQUARE-WORD PUZZLE.

C A N

A C E

N E T

*Solutions.**(J)***ICE PUZZLE.**

1. D ice.
2. M ice.
3. N ice.
4. P ice.
5. R ice.
6. V ice.
7. Dev ice.
8. Sl ice.
9. Sp ice.
10. Spl ice.
11. Ent ice.
12. Chal ice.

*(K)***PICTORIAL PUZZLE.**

I, sickles = Icicles.

*(L)***PROVERB IN RHYME.**

Out of sight, out of mind.

*(M)***SQUARE WORD.**

P O T
O N E
T E A

III.

(A)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

VICTORIOUS
I N S T E P
O R D E R
L A P I S L A Z U L I
E V E N
T A G

(B)

PICTORIAL SQUARE WORD.

S E A
E E L
A L E

(C)

LOGOGRIPE.

Pastimes :—Seam, time, pass, peas, team, same, sip, tip, tap, sap, set, pet, pate, tape, sat, ass, steam, met, mess, miss, paste, rate, step.

(D)

PICTORIAL CAT SHOW.

1. Cat-ologue.
2. Cat-acomb.
3. Cat-o'-nine-tails.
4. Cat-erpillar.
5. Cat-kin.
6. Cat-aplasm.

(E)

PROVERB IN RHYME.

Least said is soonest mended.

*Solutions.**(F)*

PREVARICATING PARTICIPLES.

A-mounting = Amounting.
 M-bracing = Embracing.
 N-circling = Encircling.
 B-fitting = Befitting.
 O-posing = Opposing.
 A-tuning = Attuning.

(G)

CHARADE.

Ball, lad = Ballad.

(H)

PICTORIAL PROVERB.

A peck of M arch dust eye S W o'er TH, A king, s ran sum =
 A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom.

(I)

A BUNCH OF BUDS.

1. Elm ; 2. ash ; 3. oak ; 4. birch ; 5. lime ; 6. pine.

(J)

METAMORPHOSED SUBSTANTIVES.

Cock A 2's.

Muff A T's.

Pop U lace.

(K)

SQUARE-OF-EVERY-WORD PUZZLE.

M E A T

E N N A

A N T I

T A I L

(L)

PICTORIAL ACROSTIC CHARADE.

L a m B
I O
F l e A
ElephanT

IV.

(A)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A r a B
P o o L
R i O
IndigO
L o o M

(B)

PICTORIAL PUZZLEDOM FLEET.

1. Horseman-ship.
2. Lady-ship.
3. Wor-ship.
4. Friend-ship.
5. Partner-ship.
6. Fellow-ship.

(C)

PROVERB IN RHYME.

Truth loves open dealing.

(C bis)

A PROVERB IN PROSE.

Awl s, Well, Tea hat, ends, well = All's well that ends well.

(D)

FOUR PICTORIAL COUNTRIES.

1. Hung a wry = Hungary.
2. Turk eye = Turkey.
3. Jay pan = Japan.
4. Hay tie = Haiti.

(E)

PUZZLEDOM CHARADE LECTURE.

Shake-spear = Shakespeare.

(F)

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

S n a i l S

P e a c H

R e l i e v O

I n t a g l i O

N u T

G r a c e S

(G)

DIAMOND PUZZLE IN VERSE.

L (ell)

T I T

S A L A D

T A N

C (sea)

(H)

PICTORIAL SQUARE WORD.

B U D

U N A

D A B

(I)

MOTHER MAGPIE'S MISCHIEVOUS MUDDLES.

1. Sharp *ink* = pink. 2. *Wall. Flowers* = wallflowers. 3. *Rock Etna* = Rocket. 4. *Sweet! William* = sweet-william. 5. *Stock supplied* = stocks. 6. *Sleep ease* = peas.

(K)

PICTORIAL CHARADE.

Cowslips.

(L)

DECAPITATIONS.

Snail ; nail ; ail ; -il (l) ; l (ell).

(M)

PHANCY PHOTOGRAPH.

Puzzle, dome, Pill, Grimm's = Puzzledom Pilgrims.

V.

(A)

THE PUZZLEDOM PALAVER.

1. The Chancellor Z. 2. A-sail = assail. 3. E-face = efface. 4. I-bid = ibid. 5. O-range = orange. 6. U-night = unite. 7. W = double-U. 8. Y—? 9. B-leave = believe.

10. F-fort = effort. 11. M-broider = embroider. 12. P-hen = peahen. 13. C-seed = secede. 14. D-test = detest. 15. G-nu(r)se = genus. 16. H=ill-used letter H. 17. Jaypan = Japan. 18. K-le = kale. 19. L-bow = elbow. 20. N-deer = endear. 21. O-bees = obese. 22. Q-rass = cuirass. 23. R.A. = array. 24. S-pie = espy. 25. T-totum = teetotum. 26. V-near = veneer.

(B)

PICTORIAL PROVERB.

T H row, physic two T H E dogs = Throw physic to the dogs.

(C)

CHARADE.

Maydew.

(D)

PICTORIAL ACROSTIC CHARADE.

C a l F

R i a l t O

O t t O

W h e a T

(E)

BURIED MAY.

1. *Be. Even* = May-bee. 2. *Roof. Lying* = May-fly
3. *Babel. Let* = May-bell. 4. *Characteristic. At* = May-
cat. 3. *Such a fern* = May-chafer. 6. *Shade, which* = May-
dew.

(F)

PICTORIAL CHARADE.

Woodruff.

(G)

MISS MAY'S MAKINGS.

1. A. 2. lay. 3. hay. 4. say. 5. fay. 6. day. 7. gay.
8. jay. 9. ray. 10. bay. 11. Tay. 12. may. 13. pay. 14.
nay. 15. way.

(H)

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.

May-bee = May be.

(I)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

H e r B
A n v i L
W o O
T r e l l i S
H a l v e S
O h i O
R o o M
N a r c i s s u S

(K)

PICTORIAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(Bee) B
A R C
G O O S E
T O P
M

()

LOGOGRIPE.

Springtide :—Spin, ring, sing, pride, print, dig, pins, sit, side,
tide, dip, trip, rip, strip, tin, gin, din, sin, pig, pit, sprite, string,
den, reins, rent.

*Solutions.**(M)*

PICTORIAL SQUARE WORD.

M A Y

A L E

Y E W

VI.

(A)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

S h e a F

UnusuaL

MoroccO

M e W

E d g E

R i v e R

(B)

PICTORIAL CHARADE.

Toad-flax.

(C)

ENIGMA.

Tail, tale.

(D)

METAMORPHOSED SUBSTANTIVES.

Toe back O = Tobacco.

Brig A deer = Brigadier.

King fish rr = Kingfisher.

(E)

SQUARE WORD IN RHYME.

L E A F
E L L A
A L L Y
F A Y S

(F)

PICTORIAL PRIZE FLOWERS.

- 1st Medal. Larks-spur.
- 2nd „ Butter-cup. Heartsease.
- 3rd „ Cocks-comb. Fox-glove. Monks-hood.

(G)

COMMENDED CLASS OF PUZZLEDOM FLOWERS.

- 1. Prince's feather.
- 2. Lady's slipper.
- 3. Solomon's seal.
- 4. Catch-fly.
- 5. Ragged Robin.
- 6. Cranesbill.
- 7. Rest-harrow.
- 8. Cuckoo pint.
- 9. Money-wort.
- 10. Shepherd's purse.
- 11. Penny-royal.
- 12. Hemlock.

(H)

PICTORIAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(Bee) B
E L K
C H E S S
H A T
(Tea) T

(I)

BLIND RHYMES.

Past, leaves, day, dark, feet, go, room, pass, wreathe, light,
cup, cry.

(K)

PICTORIAL PROVERB.

Awl, hoods, M ache, knot, monks = All hoods make not monks.

(L)

CHARADE.

Hay-day = Heigh-day!

(M)

PICTORIAL CHARADE.

Dragon-fly.

VII.

(A)

MENU OF COLD COLLATION.

1. Junk (w)et = Junket.
2. Sylla(ble) bub(ble) = Syllabub.
3. Sand w(h)ich = Sandwich.
4. Puffs.
5. Straw bury = strawberry.
6. Goose bury = Gooseberry.
7. Bil(l) bury = Bilberry.
8. Cran(e) bury = Cranberry.

(B)

METAMORPHOSED SUBSTANTIVES.

Butt R fly = Butterfly. Cat R pillar = Caterpillar.

(C)

SQUARE WORD IN RHYME.

H E A T

E T N A

A N T S

T A S K

(D)

PICTORIAL PROVERB.

Awls fish T hat combs inn 2 the net = All's fish that comes into the net.

(E)

HIDDEN WATERS.

1. *Side even* = Dee.
2. Our *weary* = Wear.
3. *Is! Is* = Isis.
4. Appellation *came* = Cam.
5. *Green Isle* = Ni(s)le.

(F)

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

G r u B
O a k - a p p l E
O a R
S t a R
E m b r o i d e r Y

(G)

PROVERB IN RHYME.

It's never too late to mend.

(H)

PICTORIAL CHARADE.

Salad inn = Saladin.

(I)

LOGOGRIPE.

Weatherwise :—Wish, wet, rat, wheat, war, hat, heat, raw, ewe, water, sir, saw, eat, heath, taw, hear, ease, hit, ear, rise, sat.

(K)

PICTORIAL DECAPITATIONS.

Graces, races, aces ; scowl, cowl, owl.

E E

Solutions.

(L)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

S h e l l

U r I

MusseL

MenaI

EndivE

R o s e S

(M)

PICTORIAL LETTER.

Deer pilgrims, eye hope ewe W ill bee a bell 2 N J o Y The
finE sum R Time 2 ewer C on tent. UR F rend ef(t) Broad
rip = Dear Pilgrims,—I hope you will be able to enjoy the fine
summer-time to your content. Your friend, F. BRODRIP.

VIII.

(A)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

AnswerS

U p s e T

Tobacco

UsureR

M i c E

N e w S

(B)

PICTORIAL SQUARE WORD.

R E A P

E T N A

A N T S

P A S S

(C)

PICTORIAL ACROSTIC CHARADE.

W i g S
H a T
E a R
AmphorA
T a W

(D)

SQUARE WORD.

H A R P
A L O E
R O P E
P E E L

(E)

A PUZZLEDOM BIRD.

Corncrake.

(F)

BURIED HARVEST GLEANINGS.

1. *Least are* = tare. 2. *Clove. Rest* = clover. 3. *Harrow!*—
heat = wheat. 4. *Be. Answers* = bean.

(G)

PICTORIAL HARVEST FLOWERS.

1. Sweet-flag. 2. Corn-cockle.

(H)

A PROVERB IN RHYME.

A rolling stone gathers no moss.

Solutions.

(I)

PICTORIAL CHARADE.

Harebell.


(K)

COMICAL CONJUNCTIONS.

1. And. 2. But. 3. That. 4. Till.

 *In Neat and Handy Vols., price 2s. 6d. each,
in novel cloth binding.*

Strahan's Books for the People.



ADVERTISEMENT
BY THE EDITOR.

I HAVE long entertained the desire to publish a connected series of really good books, at such a price as will bring them within the easy reach of every class of the community. Knowing from my own experience how much of pleasure and profit can be conveyed by good books, I earnestly long to place these within the easy attainment of the humblest reader—to throw open the granaries of intellectual food to all who feel, as a want of our nobler nature, the hunger of the mind.

The present time seems to call loudly for some such

enterprise as that now proposed. Old establishments are adapting themselves to the spirit of the age ; new establishments are arising ; the Board-schools are introducing improved systems of instruction, and reading is becoming universal. So it is in England ; and if we look abroad, we see colonies of her children, trained more or less in her ways, occupying extensive territories in various parts of the earth, and increasing in population, wealth, and power, as colonies never did before. It is a marked time of transition, and if advantage is not taken of it to improve the character of the literature so generally diffused, so much the worse will it be for us all.

In *Strahan's Books for the People* there will be a progressive link between volume and volume, which it is to be hoped will lead on unconsciously to the study of still wiser instructors and graver masters. I am convinced that it should be our aim not merely to know the one thing which is to be our principal occupation, but also to know something of all the great subjects of human interest, remembering that we must obtain a true view of nature and life in their broad outline before we can expect to be of much use in the world.

The other day an eminent *savant* wrote, " In a corner of my house I have Books—the miracle of all my possessions, more wonderful than the wishing-cap of the Arabian Tales, for they transport me instantly, not only to all places, but to all times. By my books I conjure up before me into vivid existence the great and good men of all periods, and I learn what they thought and did : the orators declaim for me, the philosophers teach, the historians and novelists recite, the poets sing." In a corner of every house—whether it be two-roomed or twenty-roomed—I should like to be able to place some books like these ; works which would find favour in those hours when the shop is closed, when the flocks are penned, and the factory has released its toiler ; which would be read by those who, like myself, are workmen ; which would afford some relaxation after labour, some solace amidst pain, as well as supply some salutary escape from the stern realities of life.

ALEXANDER STRAHAN.

THE FOLLOWING BOOKS ARE
NOW READY:—

THE GIRLS OF THE SQUARE.

By Mrs. ROBERT O'REILLY. [Young Folks Section.

THE FLOWERS OF THE SKY.

By R. A. PROCTOR, B.A. [Scientific Section.

THE HAVEN OF REST, &c.

By the Author of "Episodes in an Obscure Life." [Sunday Section.

LIFE BY THE FELS AND THE FIORDS.

By BjÖRNSTJERNE BjÖRNSON.

[Travel and Foreign-Life Section.

THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

[Story Section.

DORA'S BOY.

By Mrs. ELLEN ROSS.

[Sunday Section.

THE DIARY OF AN EARLY METHODIST.

[Sunday Section.

THE GOOD-NATURED BEAR, &c.

By R. H. HORNE.

[Young Folks Section.

THE RED HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS.

By Mrs. R. O'REILLY.

[Story Section.

LIFE IN A FRENCH VILLAGE.

By L. G. SEGUIN.

[Travel and Foreign-Life Section.

SLYBOOTS, AND OTHER FARMYARD CHRONICLES.

By BEATA FRANCIS.

[Young Folks Section.

MARQUISE AND ROSETTE, &c.

By the Baroness E. MARTINEAU DES CHESNEY.

[Young Folks Section.

THE STORY OF TEN THOUSAND HOMES.

By Mrs. R. O'REILLY.

[Social and Domestic Section.

The following will be Published shortly :—

WORK AMONG WORKING MEN.

By ELLICE HOPKINS.

_____ [Social and Domestic Section.

**AN APOLOGY FOR THE NERVES, WITH
OTHER APOLOGIES.**

By MATTHEW BROWNE. [Belles Lettres Section.

JAMES DUKE, THE COSTERMONGER.

By WILLIAM GILBERT.

_____ [Social and Domestic Section.

LILLIPUT LECTURES.

By the Author of "Lilliput Levee." [Young Folks Section.

SHOEMAKERS' VILLAGE.

By HENRY HOLBEACH.

[Story Section.

HOW OUR WORKING PEOPLE LIVE.

By RICHARD ROWE ("Good Words" Commissioner).

_____ [Social and Domestic Section.

THE LITERARY LIFE.

By MATTHEW BROWNE.

[Belles Lettres Section.

ROUGHING IT IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

By EDWARD HOWE.

[Young Folks Section.

THOMAS WINGFOLD.

By GEORGE MACDONALD.

[Story Section.

GERTRUDE'S EXPERIENCES.

By NELSIE BROOKE.

_____ [Social and Domestic Section.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE: A New Argument.

By ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL.D.

[Sunday Section.

THE CURATE OF CROSSLANE.

By JAMES BARTON.

_____ [Social and Domestic Section.

ENCHANTED GROUND.

By GEORGE MACDONALD.

[Young Folks Section.

LITTLE GUM-CISTUS: A Story of a Quiet Corner in France.

By Mrs. C——.

[Story Section.

CHANGED HOMES.

By Mrs. ELLEN ROSS.

_____ [Social and Domestic Section.

*** NUMEROUS OTHER WORKS IN PREPARATION.*

STRAHAN & CO. LIMITED, 34, PATERNOSTER ROW.

