OMAHA,

LATE WITH STERN BROS., NEW YORK

LATEST NOVELTIES

Very Lowest Prices.

In the Store of Heyman & Deiches,

OMAHA.

## EVERY EXPERT

That has ever used the



Gives it the distinction of being the Peer

among Typewriters.

WESSEL PRINTING CO., Agts

1134-36 N St.

Courier Building.

# WEBSTER

The so-called "Webster's Un-abridged Dictionary" which is being hawked about the country and offered for sale in Dry Goods Stores at a low price, and also offered as a premium in a few cases, for subscriptions to pa-pers, is substantially the book of

OVER FORTY YEARS AGO The body of the work, from A to Z, is a cheap reprint, page for page, of the edition of 1847, reproduced, broken type, errors and all, by phototype process.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED!! Get the Best! | Which bears our



A Dictionary of the Language A Dictionary of Biography A Dictionary of Geography A Dictionary of Fiction All in One Book.

The New York Tribune says: It is recognized as the most useful existing "word-book" of the English language all over the world.

Sold by all Booksellers. Pamphlet free G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Pub'rs, Springfield, Mass.



### DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"FARMING A GOSPEL TYPE," THE SUBJECT OF THE TEXT.

He Preaches Before the American Farmers' Encampment at Mount Gretna-His Words to Christian Workers "Plow Deep!"-The Reward of Perseverance.

LEBANON, Pa., Aug. 17.-The American Farmers' encampment at Mount Gretna, near this city, today listened attentively to a remarkable discourse by the great Brooklyn preacher, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, who arrived here yesterday from Piedmont, Chautauqua, Ga., where he spoke on Wednesday last. The subject was one peculiarly suited to the vast audience, being on "Farming a Gospel Type." I Kings xix, 19: Elisha, the son of Shaphat, who was plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth.

Representatives of the great farmers' associations from all parts of the country are at the encampment, preparations for which have been going on for months in advance. The surrounding densely populated counties of Pennsylvania are also fully represented. Today's services were held in the open air. An immense choir from the churches of Lebanon led the

Rev. Dr. Talmage spoke as follows: Farmers of America! Accept my salu-tation. Our text puts us down into the plow's furrow, where many of us have been before. My boyhood passed on a farm and my father a farmer, your style of life is familiar to me. One of my earliest recollections is that of my father coming in 1518-20 Farnam Street | lections is that of my father coming in from the hot harvest field exhausted, the perspiration streaming from his forehead and chin, and fainting on the doorsill, and my mother resuscitating him, until seeing the alarm of the household he said: "Don't be frightened. I got a little tired and the sun was hot, but I am all right now." And I remember mother seated at the table, often saying, "Well, I am too tired to eat!" The fact is that I do not think the old folks got thoroughly rested until they lay down in the graveyard back of

Somerville to take the last sleep. THE FARMER'S INDEPENDENCE. Office seekers go through the land and they stand on political platforms, and they tell the farmers the story about the inde-pendent life of a farmer, giving flattery where they ought to give sympathy. In-dependent of what? No class of people in this country have it harder than farmers. Independent of what? Of the curculio that stings the peach trees? of the rust in the wheat? of the long rain with the rye down? Independent of the grasshopper? of the locust? of the army worm? of the potato bug? Independent of the drought that burns up the harvest? Independent of the cow with the hollow horn? or the sheep with the foot rot? or the pet horse with a nail in his hoof? Independent of the cold that freezes out the winter grain? Independent of the snowbank out of which he must shovel himself? Independent of the cold weather when he stands threshing his numbed fingers around his body to keep them from being frosted? Independent of the frozen ears and the frozen feet? Independent of what? Fancy farmers who have made their fortunes in the city and go out in the country to build houses Yost Writing Machine with all the modern improvements, and make farming a luxury, may not need any solace; but the yeomanry who get their living out of the soil, and who that way have to clothe their families and educate their children and pay their taxes and meet their interest on mortgaged farms-such men find a terrific struggle. And my hope is that this great National Farmers' encampment may do something toward lifting the burdens of the agriculborn in the country. We dropped corn in the hill, and went on Saturday to the mill. tying the grist in the center of the sack so that the contents on either side of the horse balanced each other, and drove the cattle afield, our bare feet wet with the dew, and rode the horses with the halter to the brook until we fell off, and hunted the mow for nests until the feathered occupants went cackling away. So we all understand rustic allusions. The Bible is full of them. In Christ's sermon on the mount you see the full blown lilies and the glossy back of the crow's wing as it flies over Mount Olivet. David and John, Paul

> the responsibility of calling God a farmer, declaring,"My Father is the husbandman." Noah was the first farmer. We say othing about Cain, the tiller of the soil. Adam was a gardener on a large scale, but to Noah was given all the acres of the earth. Elisha was an agriculturist, not culturing a ten acre lot; for in my text you find him plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth. In Bible times the land was so plenty and the inhabitants so few that Noah was right when he gave to every inhabitant a certain portion of land; that land, if cultured, ever after to be his own possession.

and Isaiah find in country life a source of

frequent illustration, while Christ takes

CROPS OF OLDEN TIMES. They were not small crops raised in those times, for though the arts were rude the plow turned up very rich soil, and barley, and cotton, and flax, and all kinds of grain came up at the call of the harvesters. Pliny tells of one stalk of grain that had on it between three and four hundred ears. The rivers and the brooks, through artificial channels, were brought down to the roots of the corn, and to this habit of turning a river wherever it was wanted Solomon refers when he says: "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, and he turneth it as the rivers of water are turned.

whithersoever he will." The wild beasts were caught, and then a hook was put into their nose, and then they were led over the field, and to that God refers when he says to wicked Sennacherib, "I will put a hook in thy nose and I will bring thee back by the way which thou camest." And God has a hook in every man's nose, whether it be Nebuchadnezzar or Ahab or Herod. He may think himself very independent, but some time in his life or in the hour of his death he will find that the Lord Almighty has a

hook in his nose. This was the rule in regard to the culture of the ground, "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together," illustrating the folly of ever putting intelligent and useful and pliable men in association with the stubborn and the unmanageable. The vast majority of trouble in the churches and in reformatory institutions comes from the disregard of this command of the Lord, Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an

ass together." There were large amounts of property invested in cattle. The Moabites paid 100,000 sheep as an annual tax. Job had 7,000 sheep, 3,000 camels, 500 yoke of oxen. The time of vintage was ushered in with mirth and music. The clusters of the vine were put into the wine press, and then five men would get into the press and trample out the juice from the grape until their garments were saturated with the wina

and i ad become the emblems of slaughter. Christ himself, wounded until covered with the blood of crucifixion, made use of this allusion when the question was asked: "Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel and thy garments like one who treadeth

the wine vat?" He responded: "I have trodden the wine press alone." In all ages there has been great honor paid to agriculture. Seven eighths of the people in every country are disciples of the plow. A government is strong in proportion as it is supported by an athletic and industrious yeomanry. So long ago as be-fore the fall of Carthage Strabo wrote twenty-eight books on agriculture; Hesiod wrote a poem on the same subject—"The Weeks and Days." Cato was prouder of his work on husbandry than of all his military conquests. But I must not be tempted into a discussion of agricultural conquests. Standing amid the harvests and orchards and vinevards of the Bible, and standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of our own country-I want to run out the analogy between the production of crops and the growth of grace in the soulall these sacred writers making use of that analogy.

PLOW DEEP! PLOW DEEP! In the first place I remark, in grace as in the fields there must be a plow. That which theologians call conviction is only the plowshare turning up the sins that have been rooted and matted in the soil. A farmer said to his indolent son, "There are a hundred dollars buried deep in that field." The son went to work and plowed the field from fence to fence, and he plowed it very deep and then complained that he had not found the money, but when the crop had been gathered and sold for a hundred dollars more than any previous year. then the young man took the hint as to what his father meant when he said there were a hundred dollars buried down in that field. Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. He who makes light of sin will never amount to anything in the church or in the world. If a man speaks of sin as though it were an inaccuracy or a mistake, instead of the loatheome, abominable, consuming and damn ing thing that God hates, that man will never yield a harvest of usefulness.

When I was a boy I plowed a field with team of spirited horses. I plowed it very quickly. Once in a while I passed over some of the sod without turning it, but I did not jerk back the plow with its rattling clevises. I thought it made no difference. After a while my father came along and said: "Why, this will never do; this isn't plowed deep enough; there you have missed this and you have missed that." plowed it over again. The difficulty with a great many people is that they are only scratched with conviction when the subsoil plow of God's truth ought to be put in up

My word is to all Sabbath school teachers, to all parents, to all Christian workers

-plow deep! plow deep! And if in your own personal experience ou are apt to take a lenient view of the sinful side of your nature put down into your soul the ten commandments, which reveal the holiness of God, and that sharp and glittering coulter will turn up your soul to the deepest depths. If a man preaches to you that you are only a little out of order by reason of sin and that you need only a little fixing up, he deceives! You have suffered an appalling injury by reason of sin. There are quick poisons and slow poisons, but the druggist could give you one drop that would kill the body. And sin is like that drug; so virulent, so poisonous, so fatal that one drop is enough to kill the soul.

for a soul. Broken heart or no religion. Broken soul or no harvest. Why was it | the fields! Reap! reap! that David and the jailer and the publican that David and the jailer and the publican and Paul made such ado about their sins? There is a time for threshing. I tell you Had they lost their senses? No. The plowshare struck them. Conviction turned up a great many things that were forgotten. As a farmer plowing sometimes turns up the skeleton of a man or the anatomy of a sickbed is the threshing floor. What, say monster long ago buried, so the plowshare of conviction turns up the ghastly skeletons of sin long ago intombed. Geologists An aged man has fallen asleep. Only never brought up from the depths of the mountain mightler ichthyosaurus or megatherium

But what means all this crooked plowing, these crooked furrows, the repentance friends. The telegraph carries the tidings, that amounts to nothing, the repentance that ends in nothing? Men groan over their sins, but get no better. They weep, but their tears are not counted. They get convicted, but not converted. What is the reason? I remember that on the farm we set a standard with a red flag at the other end of the field. We kept our eye on that. We aimed at that. We plowed up to that. Losing sight of that we made a crooked furrow. Keeping our eyes on that we made a straight furrow. Now in this matter of conviction we must thing ghastly in that? No. The threshhave some standard to guide us. It is a red standard that God has set at the other end of the field. It is the cross. Keeping your eye on that you will make a will make a crooked furrow. Plow up to the cross. Aim not at either end of the horizontal piece of the cross but at the upright piece, at the center of it, the heart made satisfaction. Crying and weeping will not bring you through. "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour

Again I remark, in grace as in the field there mu t be a sowing. In the autumn weather you find the farmer going across the field at a stride of about twenty-three inches, and at every stride he puts his hand into the sack of grain and he sprinkles the seed corn over the field. It looks silly to a He is doing a very important work. He is scattering the winter grain, and though the snow may come, the next year there will be a great crop. Nov, that is what we are doing when we are preaching the gospel-we are scattering the seed. It is the foolishness of preaching, but it is the winter grain; and though the snow of worldliness may come down upon it, it will yield after a while glorious harvest. Let us be sure we sow the right kind of seed. Sow mullen stalk and mullen stalk will come up. Sow Canada thistles and Canada thistles will come up. Sow wheat and wheat will come up. Let us distinguish between truth and error. Let us know the difference between wheat and hellebore, oats and henbane.

THE RELIGION OF NEGATION. The largest denomination in this country is the denomination of Nothingarians. Their religion is a system of negations. You say to one of them, "What do you be lieve?" "Well, I don't believe in infant baptism." "What do you believe?" "Well, I don't believe in the perseverance of the saints." "Well, now tell me what you do believe." "Well, I don't believe in the eternal punishment of the wicked." So their religion is a row of cypners Believe something and teach it; or, to resume the figure of my text, scatter abroad the right kind of seed

mon calculated to set the denominations of Christians quarreling. He was sowing nettles. A minister in Boston advertised that he would preach a sermon on the su-periority of transcendental and organized arces to untranscendental and unorganized forces. What was he sowing? The Lord Jesus Christ nineteen centuries ago planted the divine seed of doctrine. It sprang up. On one side of the stalk are all the churches of Christendom. On the other side of the stal's are all the free governments of the earth, and on the top there shall be a flowering millennium after a while. All from the gospel seed of doctrine. Every word that a parent, or Sabbath school teacher, or city missionary, or other Christian worker speaks for Christ comes up. Yea, it comes up with compound interest-you saving one soul, that one saving ten, the ten a hundred, the hundred a thousand, the thousand ten thousand, the ten thousand one hundred thousand-on, on forever.

Again I remark, in grace as in the farm there must be a harrowing. I refer now not to a harrow that goes over the field in order to prepare the ground for the seed, but a harrow which goes over after the seed is sown, lest the birds pick up the seed, sinking it down into the earth so that it can take root. There are new kinds of harrow, but the harrow as 1 remember it was made of bars of wood nailed across each other, and the under side of each bar was furnished with sharp teeth, and when the horses were hitched to it it went tearing and leaping across the field, driving the seed down into the earth until it sprung up in the harvest. Bereavement, sorrow. persecution are the Lord's barrows to sink the gospel truth into your heart. There were truths that you heard thirty years ago that have not affected you until recently. Some great trouble came over you, and the truth was harrowed in, and it has come up What did God mean in this country in 1857? For a century there was the gospel preached, but a great deal of it produced no result. Then God harnessed a wild panic to a harrow of commercial disaster and that harrow went down Wall street and up Wall street, down Third street and up Third street, down State street and up State street until the whole land was torn to pieces as it had never been before What followed the harrow? A great awakening in which there were 500,000 souls brought into the kingdom of our Lord. No harrow, no crop.

THE CHRISTIAN'S REAPING. Again I remark, in grace as in the farm there must be a reaping. Many Christians speak of religion as though it were a matter of economics or insurance. They expect to reap in the next world. Oh, no! Now is the time to reap. Gather up the joy of the Christian religion this morning, this afternoon, this night. If you have not as much grace as you would like to have, thank God for what you have, and pray for more. You are no worse enslaved than Joseph, no worse troubled than was David no worse scourged than was Paul. Yet amid the rattling of fetters, and amid the gloom of dungeons, and amid the horror of shipwreck, they triumphed in the grace of God. The weakest man here has 500 acres of spiritual joy all ripe. Why do you not go and reap it? You have been groaning over your infirmities for thirty years. Now give one round shout over your emancipation. You say you have it so hard; you might have it worse. You wonder why this great cold trouble keeps revolving through your soul, turning and turning, with a black hand on the crank. Ah, that trouble is the grindstone on which you are to sharpen your sickle. To the fields! Wake up! Take off your green PLOWING FOR A SOUL. spectacles, your blue spectacles, your black spectacles. Pull up the corners of your mouth as far as you pull them down. To

bluntly that is death. Just as a farmer beats the wheat out of the straw so death beats the soul out of the body. Every sickness is a stroke of the flail, and the you, is death to a good man only taking the wheat out of the straw? That is all. yesterday you saw him in the sunny porch playing with his grandchildren. Calmly he received the message to leave this world He bade a pleasant good by to his old and on swift rail trains the kindred come wanting once more to look on the face of dear old grandfather. Brush back the gray bairs from his brow; it will never ache again. Put him away in the slumber of the tomb. He will not be afraid of that night. Grandfather was never afraid of anything. He will rise in the morning of the resurrection. Grandfather was always the first to rise. His voice has already mingled in the doxology of heaven. Grand father always did sing in church. Any ing of the wheat out of the straw. That

is all. "DEAR LORD, GIVE ME SLEEP, The Saviour folds a lamb in his bosom. straight furrow. Losing sight of it you The little child filled all the house with her music, and her toys are scattered all up and down the stairs just as she left them. What if the hand that plucked 4 o'clocks out of the meadow is still? It will wave of the Son of God, who bore your sins and the eternal triumph. What if the voice that made music in the home is still? It rose in one hand and a red rose in the to give repentance." Oh, plow up to the other hand, and a wreath of orange blossoms on the brow; the white flower for the victory, the red flower for the Saviour's sacrifice, the orange blossoms for her marriage day. Anything ghastly about that? Oh, no. The sun went down and the flower shut. The wheat threshed out of the straw "Dear Lord, give me sleep," said a dying boy, the son of one of my elders; "Dear man who does not know what he is doing. Lord, give me sleep." And he closed his eyes and awoke in glory. Henry W. Longfellow, writing a letter of condolence to those parents, said: "Those last words were beautifully pactie: 'Dear Lord, give me people's calls to various kinds of animals:

Twas not in cruelty, not in wrath That the reaper came that day: Twas an angel that visited the earth And took the flower away.

So it may be with us when our work is all done. "Dear Lord, give me sleep." I have one more thought to present. I have spoken of the plowing, of the sowing. of the harrowing, of the reaping of the threshing. I must now speak a moment of the garnering.

Where is the garner? Need 1 tell you? Oh, no. So many have gone out from your own circles-yea, from your own family-that you have had your eyes on that garner for many a year. What a hard time some of them had! In Gethsemanes of suffering they sweat great drops of blood. They took the "cup of this cup pass from me." With tongues

of us remember, on the farm, that the sheaves were put on the top of the rack which surmounted the wagon, and these sheaves were piled higher and higher, and after a while the horses started for the barn; and these sheaves swayed to and fro in the wind, and the old wagon creaked, and the horses made a struggle and pulled so bard the harness came up in loops of leather on their backs, and when the front wheel struck the elevated floor of the barn it seemed as if the load would go no farther until the workmen gave a great shout, and then with one last tremendous strain the horses pulled in the load; then they were unharnessed and forkful after forkful of grain fell into the mow. Oh, my friends, our getting into heaven may be a pull, a hard pull, a very hard pull; but these sheaves are bound to go in. The Lord of the harvest has promised it. I see the load at last coming in the door of the heavenly garner. The sheaves of the Christian soul sway to and fro in the wind of death, and the old body creaks under the load, and as the load strikes the floor of the celestial garner it seems as if it can go no farther. It is the 6. A letter from Spain. 7. A man's name, last struggle, until the voices of angels and 8. Unbending. 9. To offer. 10. Worthy the voices of our departed kindred and the of imitation. 11, A rope dancer. welcoming voice of God shall send the harvest rolling into the eternal triumph, while all up and down the sky the cry is heard: 'Harvest home! Harvest home

Injurious Enamel "Sweat Bands." "A good many sore faces," said a well known physician, "are caused every summer by poisonous 'sweat bands' in hats. Some men always insist on buying Derby hats with enameled sweat bands, and if they wear them during the summer months a mild sort of blood poisoning is apt to result. As a man's head always perspires very freely under the sweat band of his hat the poison in the enameling composition is softened and released. But its unpleasant effects are seldom noticeable there. The very fact that the perspiration is constantly coming out of those particular pores pre vents the poison from going in. But as each little bead of perspiration rolls down his face it is charged with the poison, and if it happens to run over a little pimple or a place where he has scratched his face or cut it with a razor the result will probably

be unpleasant. A dozen tiny pimples will appear, and no matter how many "blood purifiers" he doses himself with his face will be dotted with little sores, until he buys a hat with a good sweat band. Straw hats are seldom made up with these enameled sweat bands. and that fact is another reason why every man should wear them in the summer. Of course, this warning does not apply to all hats with enameled sweat bands. Some of them are perfectly harmless, but as it is impossible to tell which are good and which are bad without a chemical analysis, and as a chemical analysis would spoil the hat, enameled sweat bands are good things to avoid in hot weather.-New York Sun.

#### Hazing at Saint Cyr.

Saint Cyr, the military college at which young men are trained for commissions in the cavalry and infantry, is just now the scene of a lively feud between the senior and the junior cadets. It all originated out of the spirited conduct of a "melon," as the new comers are called. He had entered the billiard room frequented by the older cadets, who, resenting this intrusion, proceeded to evict him. As he was being hustled toward the door he hit out right and left-a piece of disrespect which so aroused the wrath of the seniors that they set to work to throw the mattresses of the 'melons' out of the windows, and forbade them to saunter into the adjacent wood. thus consigning them to the Wagram court yard, which they styled disdainfully the 'oyster bed;" nor did their animosity end

They lost no opportunity of playing off tricks on the juniors—pouring water into kind. 13. A color. 14. A northern contithe muzzles of their rifles, drenching their | nent beds and making their lives generally a burden to them. At last the exasperated "melons" captured a senior one evening as he was crossing the "oyster bed," denuded him of his uniform and tied him to a tree The unlucky senior was not released till morning. This brought matters to a head, and if report is to be believed a number of little affairs are on hand which will have their conclusions when the school breaks up for the holidays.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

### The Town Not Responsible.

An important decision has just been rendered by Judge Tyler, of the Vermont supreme court, in reference to liabilities of the towns in the state for injuries to per sons and property on the highways. The case in question was that of Charles E. Bates and wife against the village of Rutland to recover damages for injuries sus tained by Mrs. Bates by being thrown from a carriage near the village stone crusher, it being set up as a claim that the horse was frightened by the machinery.

The case was heard in the September term of court, 1889, Judge H. Henry Powers presiding. The jury brought in a verdict for plaintiff to recover \$2,500 damages and costs. An appeal was taken to the supreme court and heard in January by four members of the court and the opinion assigned to Judge Tyler, who now hands down the opinion and files the decision as follows: "In this case the clerk may enter judgment reversed. and judgment for the defendant." This is 4. Time of session will sing the eternal hosanna. Put a white the first case in which the issue is plainly taken that the village or town in repairing highways acts as the agent of the state, and is not responsible for negligence. It disposes of innumerable cases now on the dockets of the lower courts.-Springfield Republican.

### A Query.

"I have been spending a part of my vacation on a farm-areal, professional farm, and not an amateur farm-with a friend. and this observant friend has puzzled me with a question that I can't answer. He has made the following list of the country To cattle-Boss! boss! boss! (sometimes shortened into boh, boh, boh.)

"To sheep—Ca-day', ca-day', ca-day'!
"To horses—Co-jock', co-jock'; co-jock'! "To swine-Poo-ig', poo-ig', poo-ig'! "To hens-Chick, chick, chick;

"He says he can understand theorigin of most of these calls. When the farmer goes out to call his cattle he simply speaks Latin in shouting bos, bos, bos. But when he calls his sheep with ca-day, ca-day, and his horses with co-jock, co-jock, what language does he speak !- Boston Transcript.

### Albani

Mme. Albani-Gye, like Mr. Santley, is a strict and devout Catholic. She has obtained special permission from the pope in order to sing at the festivals in Protestant cathedrais. This gifted singer has one lit trembling" and they put it to their hot the boy, who has inherited his mother's lips and they cried: "If it be possible, let musical talent. He was 5 or 6 years old when Gounod's "Mors et Vita" first came of burning agony they cried: "O Lord, de out, but he knew the whole of that great liver my soul!" But they got over it. They work, from hearing his mother constantly all got over it. Garnered: Their tears practicing it. Mme. Albani has a country wiped away; their battles all ended-their seat in Scotland, not far from Balmoral, burdens lifted. Garnered! The Lord of and she frequently visits the queen, who A minister in New York preached a ser-



No. 219.—An Hour Glass. Centrals, read downward, give an Amer-

> \* \* \* \* 0 \* \* \* \* XXXOXXX XXOXX XOX X O X XXOXX XXXOXXX X X X X O X X X X \* \* \* \* \* \* 0 \* \* \* \* \* \*

1. To mix. 2. Eminent. 3. A letter. 4. A covetous person. 5. A title of respect.

> No. 220,-A Curtailment. The monarch has an all; Curtail, a sound does fall Upon the ear-Both shrill and clear-Which us from sleep does call.

No. 221.—Numerical Enigma. My whole, composed of 32 letters, is a well known proverb. My 3, 14, 21, 18, 12, 16, 30 is the nature of

My 24, 11, 7, 20, 22, 5 is to ignite. My 32, 29, 8, 4, 19 is an account. My 6, 15, 17, 28, 25, 31, 26 is prosperity. My 1, 10, 27, 13 is a rough. My 9, 2, 23, 7 is lean.

No. 222.-Letter Enigma. First in nation, second in ration, Third is found in apple pie; Fourth in whittle, fifth in little, Sixth and last in satisfy. Whole is a city far over the sea. Solve this, please, will you, for me?

No. 223 .- A Prefix Puzzle



The same noun may be used as a prefix o each of the eleven objects here shown. What is the prefix?—St. Nicholas

No. 224.—An Endless Chain. (Words of two syllables, the last syllable of each being the first one of the following word, and the last syllable of the last word being the first one of the first word.

1. A scene in nature. 2. A graceless fellow. 3. An umbelliferous plant. 4. A gardener's tool. 5. Curvated. 6. An Anglo-Saxon name, meaning a guardian of property, 7. Pupilage. 8. A cargo. 9. Magnetic iron. 10. A quarry. 11. A tool

No. 225.—Enigmatical Trees. What's the tell tale tree,

And the traitor's tree. And the tree that is warmest clad? The languishing tree, The chronologist's tree. And the tree that makes one sad?

What is the tree That makes each townsman flee, And what round itself doth entwine: What's the housewife's tree, And the fisherman's tree: What by cockneys is turned into wine? What's the tree that got up,

And the tree that was lazy.

And the tree that guides ships to go forth? The tree that's immortal, The trees that are not, And the tree whose wood faces the north? The tree in a bottle,

The tree in a fog, And what each must become ere he's old? The tree of the people, And the sad tree which schoolmasters hold?

What's the tree that has passed through the That's half given to doctors when ill? The tree that we offer to friends when we And the tree we may use as a quili?

No. 226.-Easy Squares.

A small fly. 1. A small fly.
2. Middle part of a wheel.
2. A city of Italy. 3. To assert. 4. Not distant. No. 227.-Riddle.

White at first as snow new failen, Then a round thing, green and swollen, By a spheroid that is followed Scarlet, gold or garnet colored. Who Wrote Most?

Warren wrote "Now and Then:" Edward Maitland wrote "By and By;" Bulwer wrote "Night and Morning;" but Dickens wrote "All the Year Round.

Key to the Puzzler. No. 211.- Rhymed Decapitations: Bright, right, told, old; sport, port; fit, it. No. 212.—Illustrated Rebus: As Davy Crocket one time said, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead,' No. 213.—Try this; please

No. 214.—A star: AH PORTENT RT WW O SHINING NN

G No. 215 - An easy one: Spring No. 216.—A Knight's move Puzzle: Flag of the free heart's hope and home, By angel hands to valor given

Thy stars have lit the weikite doin And all thy hues were born in heaven No. 217.—Arithmetical: 1. 1x from sixty icaves sty. 2. Ten from fifteen leaves fife 3. O from four leaves for 4. V from five leaves de. 5. Three from thirteen leaves

No. 218. - Anagrams of English Authors: John Keats. 2. Charles Lamb. 3. Matthew Arnold. 4, Thomas Hood. 5. Leigh Hunt.