ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

Square Word Enigma No. 1. My first is an insect.

My second is a disease. My third admits of no doubt. My fourth is a kind of look.

Cross-Word Enigma No. 2.

My first is in heart but not in soul. My second is in arch but not in hole. My third is in frost but not in snow. My fourth is in reap but not in mow.

My fifth is in April but not in June. My sixth is in sun but not in moon.

My seventh is in debt but not in money. My eighth is in sugar but not in honey.

My ninth is in ride but not in walk. My tenth is in sing but not in talk. My whole is a town in Pennsylvania.

Geographical Enigma No. 3.

I am composed of 15 letters : My 7, 11, 6, 13 and 3 is an Island in the

Pacific. My 9, 8, 5 and 12 is a Cape extending into the Atlantic.

My 10, 5, 12, 14 and 8 is the name of Islands in the Atlantic.

My 6, 1, 7, 14, 2, 15 and 18 is the name of a river north of this State.

My 7, 5, 4, 11 and 6 is the name of a river south of this State.

My 5, 4, 14, 3, and 12 is the name of a river on the Eastern Hemisphere. My whole is the name of a person prominent

in Amercan history.

A Young Lawyer's Speculation.

A NYTHING over to-day?" asked, with a significant and ironical emphasis, a young and briefless lawyer, named Kit Hammerton, of another equally young and briefless "limb," Bill Bellenden, as he sauntered into the latter's rooms in Court street, which rooms had a very professional air-a rusty grate filled with scraps of paper, and cigar-ends, a table littered with law-books and sheets of foolscap, floor ditto, leather-bottomed arm-chairs, very crazy and truculent-looking, window panes that looked like thick cobwebs, all as it should be winus a client. "Anything over?" he repeated.

"Over head and ears in love and debt," answered Bellenden, that's all. O, I forgot two dimes and a smooth quarter in the wafer box."

"And the governor?"

"Has departed for New York and Philadelphia, to be gone for three months. He has let his town house, you know, and was preparing to reside at his country seat at -, was looking around for servants in fact. The grounds are taken care of by his next door neighbor a gardener. He thinks now he shan't be back till fall !"

"Of course he came down handsomely before he left!" remarked Kit, whittling the table with his penknife.

"He gave me a check for my quarter's allowance in advance," answered Bellenden. "Have you drawn the money ?"

"My dear fellow, I require it all to consolidate my debts."

"What a stupid proceeding !"

"A necessary sacrifice. My creditors were pressing. I had to compound with them for the credit of the bar."

"And I think you told me that not daring to confide the state of your affairs to your father, you had taken up your lodgings on the sofa here and dine at a cheap eating

"Exactly so, Kit."

"Umph, a pleasant way of passing the next three months, certainly."

"I shall live like a nabob for the next three months, and have a little cash to boot," said Bellenden, triumphantly. "As how ?"

"You know just now everybody is moving out of town."

"Yes, and you're obliged, thanks to your want of forethought and extravagance, to swelter here during the hot months." "Listen. Will you?" cried Bellenden.

"Hear what I have written." And taking up a sheet of foolscap, he read as follows: "To BE LET-FURNISHED-A genteel country residence four miles from State street, with fourteen rooms, furnished in

modern style, stable, granary and large garden stocked with the choicest kinds of fruit—near a railroad and omnibus station. Part of the rent will be taken out in board by the advertiser. Terms made known on application to W. B.—, No.—, — Buildings, Court street."

"Zounds!" cried Kit, his eyes starting out of his head. "You aren't going to let your own father's house."

"That was my plan," replied Bellenden, coolly. "Why should the house remain empty for a whole quarter?"

"But the new farniture will be spoiled." "I shall only let it to a respectable ten-

Kit remonstrated, but in vain, Bellenden assured him that stern necessity compelled him to act, and begged to inform him that his resolution was so unalterably fixed that no power on earth could shake it. That evening the advertisement appeared in the Transcript. The next morning a modest tap at Bellenden's office door produced an invitation to enter, and a highly respectable old gentleman availed himself of the permission. He was dressed in black, with a white neckeloth, wore a heavy gold chain and square, old-fashioned watch key, and polished shoes and white stockings, and carried a buff cane, with an ivory head, the

very bean ideal of anfold Boston merchant.

"I called, sir,in consequence of your advertisement in the Transcript last evening." "Pray be seated. You have an idea of

moving out of town?"

"Yes, for three months only. I will drive out this afternoon and see your house, and if I like it, and the terms are not too high, I think we can manage to make an agreement."

"What family have you, sir?" asked Bellenden, with the air of a practiced land-

"Only my wife, daughter and self," replied the old gentleman.

"And you have no objection to taking me to board? I'm not much trouble in a house,' said Bellenden.

"None whatever. Pray what are your terms?"

"One hundred and fifty dollars for the season-that is three months. I will allow you five dollars a week for my board-that takes off sixty."

"Balance ninety," replied the old gentleman, rising. "Very well, sir, if I like the house I will call to-morrow, and pay you in advance."

"As you please, sir."

"My name," said the old gentleman, as he took leave, "is Greyling, Godfrey Greyling & Co., India wharf. Good morning, sir.

"Greyling! One daughter!" cried Bellenden, as he paced his room. "What if he should be the father of the glorious creature I met at Gloucester last summer. The idea of being under the same roof with her almost drives me mad, and atones for much that I have suffered, and am still suffering. Greyling! Greyling!"

His conjectures were correct. Greyling called next day, paid the rent, and received the key, and the evening after when he went out to the villa, he discovered, to his delight, that Julia Greyling was no other than a very charming girl whom he had casually encountered at Cape Ann the previous season. She was then visiting the place with her aunt, and whether she was conscious of nascent penchant for our hero, or for some other reason, she had forborne mentioning to her mother having met a young gontleman by the seaside, with such a dear corsair expression, and such a sweet monstache!

Of course Bellenden did not come into town any more. Why should he? He had no client there-and a suit here which must not be suffered to go by default. What duets by the piano! what strolls in the garden! what walks by moonlight! what rides at sunset! It was a fairy existence. But in the sweetest cup of pleasure, are bitter dregs-and coiling at the bottom of his beaker of bliss lay a serpent, the thought that all this fairy scene would soon vanish like a summer day dream. With the birds and flowers the Greyling would be gonehe had three months of enjoyment before him. Three months ! he had not four and twenty hours.

The next forenoon, Bellenden was strolling in the garden, waiting for Miss Greyling to join him, when the omnibus stopped at the door, and out of that omnibus-a vision of dread-alighted Mr. Bellenden, senior.

"You here, sir !" exclaimed the young

"You here, sir !" exclaimed the father. "How came you to think of opening the house? Did you get word that I was com-

" No, sir, but I thought you wouldn't dislike it."

"Not at all. You saved me a deal of trouble. Servants here?" "Yes, sir."

"Well, well, let's get out of the sun," replied Mr. Bellenden, impatiently.

"One moment, sir. I have some friends staying with me-very respectable people, I assure you, sir-the Greylings-do you know them?" he added, anxiously.

"No, but I've heard the name."

"I've kept you waiting," cried Miss Greyling, running down the steps of the piazza in a charming walking dress, "but I am quite ready now." She stopped suddenly and blushed on perceiving a stranger.

"My father, Miss Greyling." "I am very happy to see you, sir. Won't

you walk in ?" "Very hospitable." muttered Bellenden,

"seeing that it's my house." "Miss Greyling," said young Bellenden, nervously, "I am very sorry that I must deny myself the pleasure of walking with you, but my father-I-pray excuse me."

"O, certainly, certainly! Don't make any apologies. I couldn't think of going now. Pray, walk in, sir. You'll dine with us, I hope, sir ?"

"I rather think I shall, young lady," an-

swered Bellenden, senior, coolly. "You're dusty and tired, father," said young Bellenden, who dreaded a discovery. 'Won't you walk up into my room?"

"No, sir," replied Bellenden, senior, peremptorily. "I want to see how the drawing-room looks. With what taste your poor mother had she been alive, would have furnished it."

And tossing his hat on the table, he walked into the long drawing-room, followed by his son and Miss Greyling.

"My father and mother, Mr. Bellenden," said the young lady getting before him and performing the ceremony of introduction.

Mr. Greyling had fallen asleep uncon-

sciously on the ottoman, and sank from a

up, rubbing his eyes.

"Bless me ! what a solecism ! I'm afraid was vulgar enough to doze, Mr. Bellenden. I'm very happy to see you. My wife. Pray sit down, sir.'

"Thank you, sir, I prefer walking about," replied Mr. Bellenden, senior. "Curse his impudence," he muttered to his son. "Sleeping with his boots, on my cut velvet ottoman. Asking me to be seated in my own house !"

"He's rather eccentric," whispered young Bellenden, "but most amiable of men." "My father," he said in a low tone, addressing Greyling, "is odd; very peculiar-but you mustn't mind him."

"You will dine with us en familie," said Mrs. Greyling, a very amiable and polished

old lady, by the way. "I intend to, madam, certainly," replied Bellenden, senior, who was strolling about the room, examining the furniture, and occasionally changing the place of a chair, a card table or a vase.

"Traveling makes one hungry, and as the country probably produces the same effect on you, I shall make no apology for ordering dinner." And he rang the bell. A smart man-servant answered it.

"Dinner directly Sam," said Bellenden, semor.

" James, sir," replied the man, with dignity, and looking with an inquiring air to Mr. Greyling.

"Serve the dinner, if it is ready, James," said Mr. Greyling, smothering his indigna-

"Confound his impudence!" said he to himself. "Does he presume to give orders to my servants !"

"Hang his insolence !" whispered Mr. Bellenden to his son. "Must he tell my people what to do?"

Dinner was soon announced. Mr. Bellenden, senior, offered his arm to Mrs. Greyling. Young Bellenden sailed in with Julia, and Greyling brought up in the rear. Mr. Bellenden senior handed the old lady to her place with great gallantry, and seated himself opposite to her, to the astonishment, indignation and disgust of old Greyling, who would have broken out in remonstrances if his daughter had not restrained him. Young Bellenden clutched his napkin in agony

Mr. Bellenden, senior, did the honors of the table with easy nonchalance, but all the other members of the family labored under a singular restraint, and the ladies sought the earliest opportunity of retiring.

"Now, James," said Mr. Bellenden, senior, "the champagne!"

"Really, Mr. Bellenden," stammered Greyling, but the words fairly choked him; he leaned back in his chair, and unloosed his cravat. The poor man looked quite apoplectic.

James handed Mr. Bellenden a bottlethe wire was cut-the cork bounced out perversely, and smote Mr. Greyling on his rather prominent Roman nose.

"A random shot. I beg a thousand pardons," said Mr. Bellenden, bowing. And he passed a foaming beaker to the irritated merchant.

"I don't drink champagne," said Greyling, testily. "James give me some clar-

"That's right, Mr. Greyling, call for what like," said Bellenden. "Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to see people make mselves at home."

"I should think so, sir," replied Greyling, drily, as he sipped his wine in angry gulps. "The cellar is pretty well stocked, eh, William?" pursued Bellenden, addressing his son.

"And I beg, Mr. Greyling, you will name your favorites. What do you say to Burgundy ?"

"If you desire Burgundy, Mr. Bellenden," replied Greyling, with dignity, "James

will supply you." "Of course he will," replied Bellenden. "Bottle of Burgundy, James."

"You must excuse me, Mr. Belienden," said Greyling, rising. "I would prefer to join the ladies."

"Do not place any restraint on yourself. Consider yourself perfectly at home while you are here."

"I do so consider myself, I assure you," answered Greyling, rising, "and shall do so while I remain, which will be till next September." And he slammed the door behind him in a pet.

Mr. James followed the example of his

"What under the sun, William," cried Mr. Bellenden, when they were alone, "could have induced you to invite such a vulgar, ill-bred set here? Talks of staying till September, too !"

"My dear sir," stammered young Bellenden, "he is a client, and promises me a large business.19

"And makes up for paying heavy fees by quartering himself and family here for months! The old fellows impudence beats everything I ever heard of."

"He is certainly eccentric," said young Bellenden. "But if you knew him as I do, sir, you'd excuse his peculiarities."

"Doubted," said Bellenden, senior. "But let us join the ladies. The daughter is pretty and attractive, though not, I am constrained to say it, over well-bred."

The evening passed off pretty well, the tasteful performance of Miss Greyling on the plane soothed the trouble spirits of all they have been obtained.

sitting to a recumbent position. He started her auditors. But when the hour for retiring arrived, the unpleasant feelings of the two seniors were revived.

"I trust you will pass the night with us,"

said Mr. Greyling, civilly. "Why, where else should I pass it?"

"Very well, sir," replied Greyling. When you are ready, I will light you to your room-the blue chamber."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," retorted Bellenden, "but if it's all the same to you, I prefer to select, my own sleeping apartment."

"Sir, I wish you a very good night!" said Greyling, taking up a lamp, and sweeping out of the room, followed, by his wife and daughter.

"Extraordinary!" growled Bellenden. 'Hang me, if I ever saw, read or heard of

such immeasurable impudence?" The next morning, Mr. Bellenden, senior, was up betimes, and walking in his garden. He was soon joined by Mr. Greyling, who appeared to have passed a feverish night. The two old gentlemen saluted each other

"I hope you have passed a good night, sir," said Mr. Bellenden.

"I didn't sleep a wink," said Mr. Grey-

"Indeed? I am distressed to learn it." "Mr. Bellenden, sir, it is very evident that, although your son and I agree very well together, you and I cannot exist under the safe roof."

"Indeed! And I presume," said Mr. Bellenden, ironically, "that you are about to suggest the expediency of my taking up my quarters elsewhere. From what I saw of your conduct yesterday, I should judge you quite capable of such a proposition.'

"Mr. Bellenden, as a lawyer, you must be aware that I have a right to make it."

" A right to make it."

"Yes, sir, but I scorn to do so, and I merely came to give you notice, that I shall vacate your premises to-day, leaving it to your sense of justice to record me reasonable damages."

"Reasonable damages!" cried Bellenden, furiously. "Haven't you taken up your quarters here, bag and baggage-ordered my servants about-appropriated what rooms you saw fit to your use-cut boquets out of my garden, sent presents of fruits and vegetables to your friends in town, acted, in a word, as if you were master here, and now you talk of damages !"

"Well, sir!" roared Mr. Greyling. "Haven't I paid the rent in advance !"

"The rent in advance! You're crazy, old fellow !"

But at this crisis appeared young Bellenden, alarmed, abashed and penitent. He made a full confession of the trick the had perpetrated, and then stood, culprit like, trembling, and covered with confusion. The two old gentlemen eyed each other for a moment, then burst into a hearty fit of laughter, and shook hands cordially. The young scape-grace who had occasioned all the trouble was pardoned, and his father agreed to discharge his debts on his pledge of making a good husband to Julia Greyling. The young couple took up their abode in the Bellenden villa, and young Bellenden says he at least made one good spec-

Wonders of the Universe

What assertions will make one believe

that in one second of time, one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over 132,000 miles, and would therefore perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride! What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is almost a million times larger than the Earth?-and that, although so remote from us, a cannon ball shot directly toward it and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it, yet it affects the Earth by its attraction in an appreciable instant of time? We would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second ?-or that there exist animated and regularly organized beings, many thousands of whose bodies laid together would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes is affected with a succession of periodical movements; regularly recurring at equal intervals, no less than five hundred million of millions of times in a single second! That it is by such movements communicated to the nerves of the eye that we see; nay, more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affect us with the sense of the diversity of color? That, for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness, our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty-two million of millions of times -of yellowness, five hundred and forty-one million of millions times-and of violet. seven hundred and seven millions of times per second? Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madmen than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses? They are, nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which

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