

## ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

All contributions to this department must be accompanied by the correct answer.

## Square Word Enigma.

My first is to deride.  
My second is a kind of look.  
My third was the surname of a prominent Statesman.

My fourth was the surname of a man whose murder caused a great excitement.

## Cross-Word Enigma.

My first is in scowl, but not in frown;  
My second is in village, but not in town;  
My third is in milk, but not in water;  
My fourth is in mould but not potter;  
My fifth is in Tell, but not in Swiss;  
My sixth is in Belle, but not in Miss;  
My seventh is in ball, but not in kite;  
My eighth is in condition, but not in plight;  
My ninth is in mad, but not in cry;  
My tenth is in moon, but not in sky;  
My eleventh is in laws, also in constitution;  
My whole was a statesman of the revolution.

Answer to Geographical Enigma in last week's TIMES:—ALBANY, NEW YORK.

## MY WIDOW.

BY ROCHESTER.

JONES advised me not to marry her—he said she was too young and pretty. Farnum advised me to be an old bachelor—told me a man past forty simply made a fool of himself by matrimony.

Tewksbery—a man who is notorious for never minding his own business—told me she had made a love affair with Harry Birmingham, before he went South.

Allen shook his head, and said Clara Myers might be very pretty, but he liked somebody mature and settled.—(N. B.—He married his housekeeper the next week, and she is mature enough for Methuselah himself.)

Everybody thought I was trying a dangerous experiment; but I didn't pretend to suit everybody—so I simply suited myself. I went quietly to church with Clara Myers, and married her one glorious January morning, when the old St. Paul's was fringed with glittering icicles and the brisk wind was freighted with particles of flying snow, like a battalion of diamonds on a double quick.

She was nineteen and I was nine and thirty. She was as beautiful as a rosebud; I was a rough old codger, sound enough at heart, but like a winter apple, unpromising on the exterior.

In short, we were as unlike as May and November, and the good-natured world shook its head and said, "no good could come from such an unequal match." But she said she loved me and I believed her. Nobody could look into Clara's blue eyes and not believe her, you see.

The next day I made my will and bequeathed all my property unconditionally to my wife.

"Are you sure you are doing a wise thing, Mr. Folliot?" said Mr. Mardyn, the lawyer, pushing his blue spectacles upon his forehead, until he looked like an old bald gnome, with a double pair of eyes. "You see she is very much younger than yourself, and—"

"Please to be so kind as to mind your own business," said I brusquely.

"Don't be offended, Mardyn, but really people seem to suppose I am not able to attend to my own affairs."

"Just as you please," said Mardyn, in a rage. "I am a mere tool in your hands."

"That's it, exactly," said I. So I signed the will and went home to Clara.

"Oh, Paul, you must not die!" said Clara, with a scared look, when I told her what I had done. "Nobody ever loved me as truly and generously as you have done, and I don't know what I should do if you were taken away!"

"There was young Birmingham, if all reports are true—" I mischievously began, but the curl of Clara's lip stopped me.

"A mere butterfly," she said tauntingly "without either brains or principle.—Paul, I have found a shelter in your true, loving heart, and I mean to nestle there always!"

And then she cried—this foolish, soft-hearted little wife of mine.

Jones and Tewksbery might have called this policy. Farnum would have said it was acting. But it was very pleasant, but I felt more than ever like a man who had found some precious jewel, and wears it like an amulet on his breast.

So the thing went on until the firm of which I was managing partner needed to send some one to Calcutta to see after a turbaned scoundrel of an agent, who had absconded with more money than he could well afford to lose. Morrison was old and feeble—Hewitt's wife lay very ill, so I was the one to go. I kissed Clara good-by as cheerfully as I could, fully expecting to be back in three months or so.

I had to follow the agent up into the mountains of India. I fell ill of one of those burning climate fevers in the bungalow of an old native priest, and the months flew by, until it was more than a year before I found myself on the "Blue-eyed Mary," steaming into New York harbor.

And all this time Clara had not heard a word from him.

I had written to her to prepare her for

what seemed almost like my rising from the dead, but I had afterwards found my letters in the pocket of the neglectful native servant who had undertaken to deliver the mail to the Calcutta office.

"But it don't matter so much now!" I thought she would be the more delighted, poor, little girl!

And then a cold chill seemed to creep through all my veins, like November's wind suddenly breathed across a bed of flowers.

Clara had heard nothing of me for fifteen months—what might have happened in that time? All that Tewksbery, and Jones, and Allen, and all other prophetic ravens of my acquaintance had said, recurred to my mind like a burden of an uneasy dream! I had been counting the hours and the very minutes, until we should touch port—but now that my feet rang once more on the pavement of my native city. I actually dared not go home.

I turned into a down town restaurant, where I had been wont to go, in the days of my bachelorhood, and slunk into a dark corner—the twilight was just falling, and I was sheltered by the partition.

Hush!—that was Tewksbery's voice, harsh and jarring, as of old.

"Just what might have been expected," said Tewksbery. "Pretty and young widows don't go begging in this market."

"Folliot might have known it," growled old Farnum. "Poor Folliot, there was some good points about him, too! sad thing that, very sad thing!"

"We must all die," said Tewksbery, gravely.

"Yes, but a fellow would naturally prefer dying in his bed to be carried off by an East Indian fever and buried in the jungles."

I shuddered. Had I come home to my own funeral as it were.

"And she is going to marry young Birmingham after all?" added Farnum.

The paper dropped from my hand.

"I could have told Folliot so when I found out the confounded idiotic will he had made," said Tewksbery. So gold has fallen again. Just my luck; I sold out today."

I stayed to hear no more, and staggered out in the darkness with one idea whirling through my Gizzy brain—my Clara was mine no longer.

It was unquestionably as Tewksbery had said; I might have anticipated some such end. She was too young, too lovely for such a rough fellow as I was. My widow! what a curious sensation the words gave as I mentally pronounced them.

Under my own windows, with the ruby-red light shining through the wine-colored damask curtains, I stood there feeling as Rip Van Winkle might have felt in the play—like a dead man walking upon the earth once more. Voices and lights were within. I opened the door softly and crept into the hall.

The drawing room door was ajar.—Clara herself stood before the fire, with a frill of white crape on her auburn gold tresses—the awful sign of her widowhood. Directly opposite stood Harry Birmingham, looking diabolically young and handsome in the soft light.

"Clara, Clara," he cried, "you surely are not in earnest. You will reconsider?"

"My answer is final," she replied.—"The time might once have been when I fancied I had a childish liking for you, Harry Birmingham. But that time has long since passed away. I gave my heart to the best and noblest man that ever breathed—Paul Folliot—and in his grave it is forever buried. I loved him once, I shall love him on into eternity! I never was half worthy of him, but—"

And Clara's voice was choked with sobs. "My love—my darling—my own precious wife!"

How I ever got into the room—how I managed to make Clara comprehend that I was my own living self, and not a ghost risen from the shadow of the sepulchre, I cannot tell to this day neither can she, but I know that young Birmingham somehow disappeared, and I was standing with Clara clasped to my breast, the happiest man that ever breathed God's blessed air.

For Jones, Tewksbery, Farnum & Co., were all wrong—and to use the words of the orthodox fairy stories, slightly paraphrased, I and my widow "lived happily ever afterwards."

In a Western city a cabinet-maker employed two Germans as porters to deliver his furniture. One morning he loaded his car with a bureau, and gave directions where to have it left.

"And by the by," said he to one of them, handing him a shilling, on your way back get a pint of peas."

They stayed an unusual time, and when they did return, it was soon ascertained that they had enormous "levicks" in their hats.

"Why, you infernal rascals!" roared the angry boss, "you are both drunk."

"Yaw," said one of them, "you gift us ter shilling to pay a pint-a-piece; we drinkt him, and we are pote so drunk as ter teuyful!"

Josh Billings says he will never patronize a lottery so long as he can hire anybody else to rob him at reasonable wages.

## How Oil Cloths are Made.

NO little interest pertains to the process of the manufacture of floor oil cloths, which have become an article of such universal consumption. The body of them, as is well known, is coarse canvas, made of flax, with more or less hemp intermixed. It is always essential that this cloth should be without seam, and its manufacture, therefore is a distinct branch of business. It is woven of all widths, from one to eight, or more, yards, and of any convenient or required length. These webs are rolled in bales and disposed of to the painters, as print cloths are to the calico printers.

At the painting establishments the canvas is taken first to what is called the "frame-room," where stand a number of upright wooden frames arranged for stretching pieces of canvas of various dimensions. Before each frame is a scaffold, with platforms and ladders, which will enable the workmen easily to reach any part of the cloth. A piece of this cut from the web, of whatever dimensions may be required, is first stretched tightly over a frame. Care, however, is required that, if this is done in dry weather, the contraction, which occurs in the hempen fiber when moistened, shall not burst the canvas upon wet days, as it has sometimes been known to do. This tightening, and relieving the tension, is easily effected by means of screws and rollers in the sides and ends of the frame.

To prepare for the paint a weak solution of glue size is first laid upon the back of the cloth with brushes, and while yet damp, rubbed in with pumice stone. This smooths irregularities, and fills up interstices of the cloth, so as to prevent the paint, yet to be laid on, from penetrating too far; for this would make the cloth brittle. When this coat is dry, another, made of oil and some cheap coloring matter, somewhat thicker than is used in house painting, follows. This is called "trowel coat," because it is thrown on in "dabs" with a thick brush, and then worked smoothly in with a long, elastic, steel trowel. After about two weeks this becomes dry enough to admit of another similar coat, which is worked and smoothed with still greater care, so as to finish the work upon the back of the cloth.

But, meantime, similar operations have been going on upon the other, or face side; first the glue sizing, then a "trowel coat," rubbed in so carefully with the pumice stone as to smooth away every knot or irregularity in the cloth. Then follow two more trowel coats and pumice rubbings, and when these are dry, another coat carefully laid on with the brush. This is called the "brush coat." The operation thus far has consumed from two to three months, and for the best goods the original cloth is nearly quadrupled in weight by the materials put upon it. It is now cut down from the frame, and the face being carefully protected, is carried to the "printing room."

In printing, each color is put on by itself. The pattern is first carefully drawn upon paper. This is then laid upon other sheets, and all parts of the figure which are to be laid on in any particular shade are traced upon the under sheet by pricking through the lines that bound them. This under sheet is then laid upon the smooth face of a block of wood, which has been prepared for the purpose, and finely pulverized coloring matter shaken above it, which, scattering through the perforations, traces the lines upon the wood so that the engraver can easily cut that part of the figure upon its face. A similar operation prepares a block for each of the other colors, which, altogether, make up the whole figure. These blocks are usually not large—perhaps about eighteen inches square; but the face, at least, must be of some smooth, tough grained wood, like the pear. Prepared with so much care, they are expensive, and, in most establishments they represent no small part of the capital required. In using the blocks a smooth, soft pad is prepared, upon which the paint is freely laid with a brush (usually by a boy, who stands near with a paint pot), when the workmen puts the face of the block upon this pad, and then transfers it to the oil cloth, which has been stretched upon a table near, and the particular spot prepared to receive the impression by being roughened with a steel scraper and hard brush. Formerly the workman struck his block a few sharp blows with a heavy hammer, so as to make his impression distinct. Lately he secures the same result much better with screw-presses, differing some what in construction in different establishments. Having put on his portion of the figure he goes to the next square, always adjusting his block with the greatest precision as he proceeds. He is followed by another workman, who puts on another color in the same way; and he by another, and another, until as many has gone over the same spot as there are colors to be laid on, and the figure is complete. Any imperfections are afterward remedied by a camel's hair brush. The whole cloth, when thus completed, piece-meal, is carefully removed to the drying-room, where it is kept for months.

Fame is like a shaved pig with a greased tail, and it is only after it has slipped through the hands of some thousands that some fellow, by good luck, holds on to it.

## A Phenomenon in the Oil Regions.

The Titusville Courier of the 27th ult., gives the following interesting particulars of the Newton well on the Nelson farm, six miles north of that city: It has been down about twenty days, has continuously poured forth such a volume of gas that it was found impossible to pump it, as the valves would not work. The tubing was pulled on Wednesday, and the well was cased in order to let the gas blow off, so that it might be pumped. After the casing was put in, the sand pump was lowered for the purpose of agitating the well and the gas raised a column of water, throwing a solid stream into the air a hundred feet. The noise was something like the loud roar of thunder, and when the column burst at the top it threw the water each way fifteen rods from the well. The noise around sounds like the rushing of a whirlwind.—The column can be seen a mile from the well. No tools can be put into the well. As soon as the attempt is made, with such force does the gas come out, that the tools are carried into the air. From descriptions of eye witnesses, this is probably the greatest oil well ever struck in the oil regions. Up to date the gas showed no signs of being exhausted. The people in that vicinity are very much alarmed, and the cattle run about the fields perfectly wild with fright.

## "Jonathan."

The English journals report the case of a miller who was recently tried on the charge of having in his possession sixty-three sacks of an article supposed to be sawdust, for the adulteration of meal. This particular substance, it was proved, is called "Jonathan," and for the last fifteen years has been extensively used by millers to mix with Indian and barley meal. An analytical chemist, having examined the article, stated that it consisted entirely of fibre, resembling calcined and ground oat husks, and that the proportion of nutritious matter did not amount to one in two thousand parts. The defence contended that the article not being sawdust, but being the husks of oats, was not a "foreign substance," within the meaning of the act of Parliament which forbade such adulterations. The Court, however, held that "Jonathan" was not a legal ingredient of meal, and imposed the prescribed penalty for its use.

During the thunderstorm on the 2d inst., the farm house of Henry Hoy, in East Brunswick township, Schuylkill county was struck by lightning and considerably damaged. The fluid struck the lightning rod and ran down, passing through the stone basement wall into the kitchen, where it played sad havoc with things in general. Mr. Hoy was in the upper part of the building, and escaped injury. Upon hearing the report he ran down and found the members of his family lying insensible upon the floor, and immediately applied water freely, which soon revived them. The electric fluid passed out through the kitchen door into the garden, leaving distinct visible marks of destruction in its course—withering every green thing for some distance around. The escape of the family from instant death, and the house from burning, is considered miraculous. This is the most destructive freak of lightning we have been called upon to record this season.

## Home Again.

Miss Amanda Barber, who married "Squatting Bear," a Cruel Sioux chief, at Washington, in 1867, and went to Dacotah Territory, with her husband, as a missionary, has arrived at her home in Milford Mass., after spending three years with the Sioux, suffering gross indignities and being compelled to perform the most menial services. She attempted to escape, but was recaptured and beaten nearly to death by her husband, and then sold to the Cheyenne chief for three ponies. She was taken north in 1870, and remained with the Cheyennes till this spring, when she escaped to Fort Benton, and was brought from there by a government steam-boat to Kansas city.

About five years ago Miss Eliza Hite, now about twenty-three years of age, residing on Bedford street, in Cumberland, Md., lost the power of speech entirely, from the effects of a cold, and had not, up to Sunday last uttered a word since. The skill of the best medical advisers of that city and Baltimore was obtained by her distressed parents, but all in vain, and all hopes of restoration were given up.

Sunday morning she was returning from church, and was thinking of a particular tune sung by the choir at the service, when she found herself unconsciously humming it. She was greatly astonished to hear sounds issuing from her lips, but proceeded to make other experiments, and found that she could speak.

## One Cent For a Kiss.

Daniel Harvey, of Barnet, Vt., claimed that Joseph Whitcher had insulted his sister by attempting to kiss her. He went over to the residence of Whitcher and demanded an apology, which Whitcher denying the insult, refused to make. Upon this Harvey gave Whitcher a smart beating, for which he was fined \$88 50. Then Harvey's sister sued Whitcher for the attempted kissing, and recovered one cent damages.

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