

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

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

Enigma No. 1.

I am composed of twenty-three letters. My 1, 12, 20, 5, is a city in Maine. My 23, 8, 16, 21, 4, 23, 13, is a city in N. J. My 10, 12, 18, 3, is a country. My 15, 7, 9, 14, is a post. My 11, 2, 6, is a clamor. My 17, 6, and 6 is of great service in a printing office. My whole is a maxim which contains valuable advice.

Enigma No. 2.

Each of the following lines spells the name of a county in this State. What counties are they?

Tom Thornpau. Mr. Gotmoney. H. kills Lucey. Nothing dun.

THE POT OF GOLD.

LIEUT. CALDERWOOD was at his sister's on a visit, during his two week's furlough. He was sitting with her one evening in the parlor, while her two children were studying their lessons at the table in the back room.

"So Paul is a lazy scholar, eh?" said the lieutenant, lowering his voice.

"No, not at all. He is diligent enough, provided his studies suit his fancy. But what are they? If you look over his shoulder now, you'll find him pouring over some book of Dreams, or the History of Capt. Kidd and his treasures, instead of his school books. The man is deranged on the subject of growing rich suddenly, at some bold master-stroke. I wish you would talk to him just now. It may be you could ridicule him out of his absurdity; I cannot."

"But ought he to be ridiculed?"

"James!"

"Well, call Clara in, and I'll go talk to him a while."

Mrs. Forbes beckoned her little girl to her, and the lieutenant sauntered into the back room, and, I am sorry to say, lighted a cigar.

"Well, Paul, my boy, hard at it? What's the book? Latin or algebra?"

Paul colored a little. "Oh, I can run over my lesson in the morning. They are so horribly dull! I'm reading now."

"Head of your classes, I hope, aren't you?"

Paul laughed. "No, indeed, nearer the other end. Well, the truth is," throwing down his book, and leaning over confidentially, "I've got it into my head to make money. Mother has hard work to get along with Clara and me."

"I know, Paul," said the lieutenant, gravely.

"Now what good does this scanning of dead languages and pouring over cube roots do? How much meat will that put in the pot?"

"How do you propose to help your mother?"

"Well, sir," whispered Paul, eagerly, for this was his first patient listener, "if I had a large sum of money that I could get all at once, without any delay—a large sum, then, afterward, I could make a scholar or what I pleased of myself."

The lieutenant drew the book Paul had been reading toward him. "Revelations by Clairvoyance and Spiritualism, regarding hidden Treasures."

Paul watched him keenly, as he read the title, but not the vestige of a smile fluttered over the lieutenant's face.

"I'll tell you candidly, uncle, about it," hitching his chair nearer. Fred Parker came from Jersey, near where Kidd buried his treasure. You know the place?"

"Not precisely; do you?"

"Not the exact spot, but it is near Burlington. Kidd buried the chest, and then called on his men to know who would keep guard over it for a hundred years. So one fellow stepped out and stood firm till Kidd shot him through the heart. So they buried him standing over the chest, with his drawn sword in his hand. You've heard the incident?"

"Yes; but—"

"How will I find that place?" "Well—"

Paul began to fidget a little, turning over the leaves of the book.

"Perhaps you will laugh at me, uncle, but I don't see why you should. The ancients called in the aid of oracles and dreams. They knew how to read coming events in the flight of birds, or by the entrails of beasts. If we cannot do so, too, it seems to me it is because we have lost the power, not because the signs are not there to be read. The wisest men have not been ashamed to be superstitious. It is only fools who think there is nothing in the world but what they can see, and handle."

"I quite agree with you in regard to the fools, Paul."

"Paul, who had been defiant hitherto, blushed with pleasure. "I don't know," he continued, "what credit to give to spiritual mediums. Fact is, I've run after them until I'm about tired. They've got all my last two quarters' allowance, and so I've had to go without new clothes this winter. But if I could only succeed! If I could only find the pot or chest! Just think! It would make mother easy for life!"

"Very true," said his uncle.

They were both silent for a while, the lieutenant smoking, and Paul turning over the leaves of his book with a feverish haste, glancing up now and then, furtively at his uncle.

"What first put this matter in your head Paul?"

"I don't know. We really need money so often. And then Fred Parker told his stories of Kidd's treasures, and I see these clairvoyant advertisements in the paper every day."

As to these mediums," said lieutenant Calderwood, thoughtfully, "my opinion is that they will take your money, and you will get no information in return. I never had any intercourse with them, for I have no belief in their ability to tell you anything you do not already know yourself. A friend of mine, Cap. Johns, told me of a woman, a fortune-teller, whom he consulted here as to his future life, who made some remarkable predictions, very remarkable, indeed. She sketched out his whole career for him."

"Who was she? Where is she to be found?" cried Paul, forgetting to ask whether the prophecies proved true or not—and they were most ridiculously absurd and untrue.

"At No. 81 Poplar St.," said his uncle, after several moments of hesitation. "She was to be consulted only at night. But that was several years ago."

"I'll go and see her to-morrow night," said Paul. He was more nervous than usual that evening, and sat looking in the fire for a long time.

"The boy is ruined," sighed the mother. "Nothing will ever restore him to common-sense or usefulness."

"It is a long day until sunset," said her brother, quoting his favorite proverb.

The next night Paul put on his overcoat just after supper, with his last dollar in his pocket. His uncle had not been at home during the afternoon. Paul kissed his mother good-by once or twice.

"Where are you going, my son?"

"To make our fortune," he said, gaily, as he ran out.

No. 81 Poplar St. was soon found. Beside it was a narrow, dark entry, lighted by a red lamp, which gave a ghostly and murderous light. Paul went up the winding stairs, and found at the top a playcard, on which was written with a pen, MADAME D'AUBREY, SEERESS."

Paul tapped. No answer. He tapped again.

"Enter!" said a hoarse voice.

He pushed the door open and went in. The room was bare of furniture, except another red lamp, which shed its bloody glare over the gray walls, and a black antique chair on which sat a tall, gaunt woman. She was robed in a loose, falling habit of black from head to foot. Her face, of which Paul could see little of the chin, was deathly pale. Now and then he caught a glimpse of a pair of keen eyes, which he thought were both fierce and threatening.

She did not bow nor rise. He remained standing before her. The very assumption of authority which this implied impressed and awed Paul.

"I came to consult you," he stammered. The black-covered head nodded. "It is unnecessary for you to explain yourself further. Your name is Paul Forbes. You desire to know by what means you may obtain a certain treasure."

Paul was terrified. The other mediums whom he had consulted had never told him actual facts.

"When do you hold a seance?"

"Now," in a hoarse grating voice. "I need no trumpety tables, or cards, or machinery. Do you ask whether I can see into futurity? You have a scar on your shoulder beneath your clothes, and an unhealed wound below your knee. If I can tell you about these things that other eyes cannot see, you can afford to trust me for the truth of whatever else I may say. Ask what you will, and I will answer."

"How am I to obtain the treasure?"

"How should I know what treasure you mean? But pause. The figure moved her hand slowly to her forehead, muttered for a few moments, then took it slowly down, and looked piercingly at the terrified Paul.

"The pot of gold is waiting for you, enough to give you fortune and power. Here are the directions by which you are to obtain it." She placed a small slip of paper in his hand.

"On these conditions," she said, in a hollow whisper, "that you solve the mystery of this paper alone. You are to receive no assistance on reading it; if you do all is lost. Begone! you are answered."

Paul placed his money in her outstretched hand, and went stumbling down the stairs under the red lamp.

The next morning by daybreak he was knocking at the door of his uncle's chamber.

"What is this?" showing him a paper full of figures, lines, and diagrams. "Don't read it to me, only tell me what sort of a puzzle it is."

The lieutenant raised himself on his elbow, smothering a yawn. "It seems to be a mathematical puzzle," Paul; the description of some locality, I think. I won't interpret it to you. It would need a good topographical engineer to do that. Where did you pick it up?"

Paul mumbled out something, and disappeared.

A week after the lieutenant returned to his regiment. He noticed Paul busy every night with his mathematics, and his slate and pencil. The dream-book was laid on the shelf.

Several months after Mrs. Forbes writing to her brother said:

"I have something to tell you of Paul which I know will please you. Much to my surprise, he took the first prize in mathematics at school last term. Finding prize-taking agreeable, I presume he has devoted himself to all his studies with renewed assiduity. But mathematics appear to be a passion with the boy. He told me he designed studying topographical engineering, the very profession I would have chosen for him. I cannot tell you how thankful I am for his sudden change."

The lieutenant laughed, but made no other sign.

He heard from his sister but at long intervals, as he was stationed on the frontier, but every letter brought accounts of Paul's incessant, steady labor in one direction.

Whether the hope of the treasure still urged him on, or whether he found that mathematics were his proper work, and that for which his talents and real taste best fitted him, we cannot say. But it is certain that, at the end of three years, he was ready to enter the high class in Practical Surveying of the Polytechnic College.

A year later, lieutenant Calderwood was seated in the door of his tent, when two or three strangers dashed up, and a stout, bearded, bright-eyed young fellow jumped off his horse, caught him by the shoulder, shook him, laughed, and ended by kissing him like a girl.

"Paul Forbes! Bless you my boy! How did you come here?"

Paul jumped to his feet, turned red, and then burst into a shout of laughter.

"You were the seeress? I know you were!"

The lieutenant nodded. "Do you begrudge the dollar for his prophecy?" he said. "As I look back now, I don't quite approve of my manner of teaching you your lesson, but you have shown yourself a better scholar than I feared."

"Been appointed assistant surveyor of this Territory, sir? Attached to the Exploration Party under Gen. Hay. I can't tell you all now, only that I have the position for ten years, at a fine salary; and mother and Clara are snug and happy as they never were before. What do you think of that, Uncle Jim?"

Uncle Jim wrung his hand. "Think of that? Why, that you must have worked hard to achieve so much, Paul!"

"Yes, yes, it took hard work!" nodding. "It's queer, too, what trifles will drive a fellow on a road, eh?"

Several months after, the lieutenant came upon Paul one day, who was looking at a bit of yellow paper, covered with figures and lines.

"Do you know," said he, looking up, "there's a puzzle that took me years to work out? I did it just before I left home, and I found the answer to it—nothing."

The lieutenant paused, and smiled. "Hard, healthful study, a good profession, and a good income will not serve for a pot of gold then, Paul?" he said with a shrewd twinkling of his eye.

A Man Married to Another Man 17 Years ago Asks for a Divorce.

The Carlisle correspondent to the St. Louis Democrat relates this story, the circumstances of which, while they are exceedingly sensational, can be vouched for by persons residing in this city:

One of the most remarkable divorce cases on record has been begun, and is to be tried at the August term of the Macoupin County Circuit Court. The parties have lived together for seventeen years, known to the world as husband and wife. The reputed husband now files a bill, alleging the so-called marriage to have taken place in Macoupin county in 1855, and praying for a divorce on the ground that the person to whom he was then formally married is not a woman, although previous to and at the time of said reputed marriage he was induced to believe the person aforesaid to be a woman. If the allegations of the bill and of outside parties are true, the trial will show the extraordinary case of two men having lived together for this long period of time in the character of husband and wife, an instance, in other words in which a natural enuch has been able to personate the female character, and as such to go through the solemn external forms of marriage, and then to continue for many years to deceive the neighbors, and even intimate friends, as to his real sex. The complainant alleges that his ignorance of the laws of this country, he being a German, and the advice of supposed competent parties, prevented him from filing a bill for release long ago from the bondage of this pseudo-marriage. As the parties have accumulated a considerable property, it will be a point of great interest for the court to decide upon its equitable division, in case of a dissolution of the curious copartnership.—St. Louis Democrat, 16th ult.

SUNDAY READING.

Clerical Anecdotes.

In the South of New Jersey, some years ago, there traveled over some of the hardest counties, a good, faithful, hard working brother, named James Moore, Jimmy Moor, as he was familiarly called. He was devoted to the itinerancy. A true loyal Methodist, plain, pointed, and in all his preaching and exhortations.

After he had been laboring a year on one of his new fields, he gave his people who dearly loved him, his farewell sermon.

It is close he said: "My dear brethren this is my last address to you. I'm going from you and you may never hear the voice of James Moore again."

"Amen!" came loudly from the seat before him.

He looked at the man with surprise but thinking it was a mistake went on.

"My days on earth will soon be numbered. I am an old man, and you may not only never hear the voice of James Moore, but never see his face again."

"Amen!" was shouted from the same seat more vigorously than before.

There was no mistaking the design now. The preacher looked at the man—he knew him to be a hard, grinding man—stingy and merciless to the poor.

He continued his address—"May the Lord bless all those of you who have done your duty, who have honored him with your substance, those who have been kind to the poor, and—"

Pausing and looking the intruder straight in the eye, and pointing to him with his finger.

"May his curse rest on those who have cheated the Lord and ground the poor under their heels. Say amen to that, brother."

That shot told. He was not interrupted again.

In a Pennsylvania town there was an excellent but eccentric clergyman named Ross. He was about taking a collection for some special object, and had pleaded warmly in its behalf. "My brethren," he said, "I want you all to give liberally to-night—none of your pennies or five-cent pieces, but let every one give a quarter, and to set you an example, I will give the first myself," dropping a twenty-five cent note in the basket.

After the collection was taken, he lifted up the basket, looked them over carefully, and then remarked: "I see that my quarter is the only one here; so I shall take it back again," which he did, and put it in his pocket with evident disgust at their meanness.

A quaint Scotch minister was given somewhat to exaggeration in the pulpit. His clerk reminded him of it and its effects upon the congregation. He replied that he was not aware of it, and wished the clerk the next time he did to give a cough by way of hint.

Soon afterward he was describing Samson's tying the foxes tails together. He said, "The foxes in those days were much larger than ours and they had tails twenty feet long."

"Ahem!" came from the clerk's desk.

"That is," continued the preacher, "according to their measurement, but by ours they were fifteen feet long."

"Ahem!" louder than before.

"But as you will think this extravagant, we'll just say they were ten feet long."

"Ahem! ahem!" still more vigorous.

The parson leaned over the pulpit and shaking his finger at the clerk said: "You may cough there all the night long, mon, I'll nae take off a fut more. Would ye hae the foxes wid nae teels at a'?"

Are You There Mother.

A mother, busy with her household cares was obliged to go into an upper room, and leave two children alone for a time. So she gave them some books and toys to amuse them, which answered very well for a time. But, by-and-by the house seemed to grow so still and lonesome, they began to feel afraid. So the eldest went to the foot of the staircase, and calling with a timid voice, said:

"Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes darling," said the mother, cheerily.

"All right, then," said the little one, more to herself than to her mother. So she went back to her plays for a time. After a while the question was repeated with the same answer and the same result.

Oh, how often, in our loneliness and sadness here in this world, we forget that God is still overhead. But if we only send up our prayers to him, we shall ever get a comforting and quieting answer.

What makes Men.

It is not the best things—that is, the things which we call best—that makes men; it is not the pleasant things; it is not the calm experience of life; it is life's rugged experiences, its tempests, its trials. The discipline of life is here good and there evil here trouble and there joy, here rudeness and there smoothness, one working with the other; and the alternations of the one and the other which necessitate adaptations constitute that part of education which makes a man a man, in distinction from an animal, which has no education. The successful man invariably bears the mark of the struggles which he has had to undergo, on his brow.

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