Enigma Department.

The answer must accompany all articles sent for publication in this department.

Answer to enigma in last week's *Times*: William A. Holland, Duncannon, Perry Co., Pa.

Cross Word Enigma.

I am composed of twelve letters.
My first is in land, but not in sea.
My second is in bark, but not in tree.
My third is in pike, but not in fish.
My fourth is in saucer, but not in dish.
My fifth is in sun, but not in moon.
My sixth is in duck, but not in loon.
My seventh is in play, but not in fun.
My eighth is in bayonet, but not in gun.
My ninth is in run, but not in walk.
My tenth is in whisper but not in talk.
My eleventh is in song, but not in tune.
My twelfth is in fork, but not in spoon.
My whole is a lake in the United States.

Answer next week.

How old were They?

"When first the marriage knot was ty'd
Between my wife and me,
My age did hers as far exceed
As three times three does three;
But when ten years, and half ten years,
We man and wife had been,
Her age came then as near to mine,
As eight is to sixteen.

MAUD'S PRESENT.

IT WAS rather an embarrassing thing to do, but Charley May had done it well and bravely, like a man. He was nothing but a clerk at two thousand dollars a year, nevertheless, he had boldly craved audience of the portly old millionaire, and asked him for his daughter, as he might have asked for the milliner girl around the corner.

Mr. Bryant coolly wiped his pen and laid it in the carved bronzed rack; he moved back his chair a pace or two, looking Charles May full in the face, as he did so, with a curious, mocking light in his cold blue eye.

"So you want to marry my daughter, eh?"

"I do sir," said Charley.

Provokingly handsome he looked as he stood there, with the reddish brown hair thrown back from his square, white forehead, the hazel eyes, clear and confident, and the perfectly cut lips a little apart. Somehow, in the midst of his wrath and derision, old Richard Bryant could not help thinking that were he a girl of eighteen, he might possibly have fallen in love with such a young man as Charles May.

"Is there any other little trifle I could let you have?" sneered the caustic old man. "A row of houses, or the lease of my mansion, or any other small favor?"

"You are laughing at me, sir," said Charley, coloring, yet speaking with a certain quiet dignity. "I have asked you a simple question; surely I have a right to a frank answer."

"Then listen to me, young man," said Richard Bryant, with sudden, abrupt sternness. "You are aspiring altogether too high—you cannot have my daughter Maud. Now you have your answer—go!"

Charles May stood for a moment like one upon whom a thunderbolt had fallen with sudden blighting power; then he turned and walked quietly out of the handsome gothic library, where the blue and gold circles of light from the oriel windows quivered over the deep crimson of the Wilton carpet, and the pure marble faces of Pallas and Venus de Milo watched him as he went.

"Maud, my love, my darling, what is the matter?"

The red glow of the November sunset could scarcely pierce the folds of ruby velvet that hung over the plate-glass window, yet in the odorous twilight Mr. Bryant saw his daughter, with her face hidden in the satin soft pillows, and the heavy, bluish black curls drooping low over the carved rosewood.

"Tell me, little daughter, what troubles you?" whispered the merchant, bending fondly over the girl.

Maud had never known a mother, and there was a tenderness in the old man's tones at that instant that was almost maternal.

She looked up with the stain of fresh tears on her crimson cheek.

"He has gone, papa—he has gone and left me!"

"He—who?"

"Charley May."

And Maud Bryant, who had spoken all her life long to her father as if he had been a loving mother also, hid her face on the kindly breast, and cried afresh.

"Whew-w-w!" was the merchant's softly-breathed comment.

"I have been trying to convince her how very absurd all this is," said aunt Eloise, a portly widow, in garnet silk and carbuncle jewelery, who sat by, alternately quoting truisms at her niece, and sniffing at a gold cassolette that hung at her waist.

"Maud," said Mr. Bryant, gravely, "do you mean to tell me that you actually care for that young snip of a clerk?"

Maud sat up indignantly, with lightning in her black eyes.

"Care for him, papa! I love him!"

"Very improper!" groaned Aunt Eloise.

"Aunt, I wish you'd hold your tongue!" sputtered Maud, growing prettier every moment in her biright indignation. "I do love him, papa, with all my heart and soul!"

Aunt Eloise uttered a hollow sigh, and Mr. Bryant looked at his daughter with a face that was half troubled and half amused.

"My little lilly-flower," he said gently, "all this sounds to me like a girl's romance. Maud Bryant is scarcely fitted to be the wife of a young man like Charles May."

"But why not, papa?" pleaded Maud, piteously. "I love him, and I—I think he loves me."

"Very probably," said Mr. Bryant, smiling. "But did it never occur to you how very unsuitable a wife you would make to a man who has his own way to win in the world?"

"No, papa," said Maud, eagerly. "I can dust furniture, and I can make jelly-cake, and once I baked a cranberry tart."

"Most important qualifications, yet not quite sufficient," said her father, with the utmost gravity. "But just consider, my dear; here, on one hand, is a salary of two thousand a year, or six, we'll say. It's just possible that where he has gone, they may pay him more; on the other hand Miss Bryant, with her little white useless hands and her luxurious ideas, and her diamonds, and her silk dresses. Why, my child, I don't suppose you know what calico means."

"Yes, indeed, papa," interrupted Maud, earnestly. "I had a pink French calico once, with pink coral buttons—don't you remember?"

"You a poor man's wife?" went on her father, patting her little fevered head. "Maud, it would be like taking one of the little japonicas out of the conservatory, and planting it on a bleak hill. What idea have you of the trials and sacrifices of life, my little petted child?"

"Papa!" sobbed the young girl passionately. "I am ready to endure any ordeal—to make any sacrifice. What do I care for diamonds and dresses? Papa!" she exclaimed, suddenly starting up with an emphasis that made Aunt Eloise drop her gold essence bottle, "you think me a mere butterfly that cares for dress and jewels only. Now listen to me.—For one year from this time—for one year mind—I pledge myself to wear no silks or jewels. Will you believe in me at the years's end?"

"I shall think you a very extraordinary young lady, Maud, but—excuse me, darling—I have no very strong faith in you persistence."

"You will see," said Maud, shaking her curls triumphantly. "And oh, papa—if—"

"Maud," said Mr. Bryant, with a quiet decision. "I have already answered you—my decree admits of no appeal."

She would not cry any more, this haughty little girl—she was too proud to cry; but she rose up and went away with compressed lips, and eyes whose glitter was sadder far than tears.

"I won't be discouraged for all this," she thought; "I will show papa that I am something more than a doll."

"Maud, you are not going to Mrs. Heminway's in that dress!"

Mrs. Harrington, superb in wine-colored velvet, with garments blazing round her plump throat, and at her wrists, stood horrified as Maud came tripping down stairs.

"Why not, Aunt Eloise? I think the dress very neat."

Mr. Bryant looked up from his evening paper at the slender figure in white floating muslin, with white roses hanging among the blue-black curls that touched her shoulders.

"I think so too," he said quietly.

"Stuff and nonsense!" angrily exclaimed Aunt Eloise. "Richard Bryant's daughter in white muslin with paltry roses in her hair! You should have worn pink satin and diamonds."

"I shall wear no more silks and jewels, aunt," said the little lady very decidedly.

"Now Richard," said Mrs. Harrington, turning to her brother, "are you going to allow this? She will set half New York talking."

"Maud shall do as she pleases," said the merchant, quietly, and Maud gave him a bright grateful glance as she fluttered away like some snow-white bird.

The next morning a small triangular casket of amethyst velvet lay beside Maud's plate at the breakfast table.—She took it up with an inquiring look at her father.

"Your birthday, my child," he said simply.

She opened the casket with a low exclamation of delight as her eye fell on the white gleam of a magnificent pearl necklace.

"Oh, papa, how splendid this is!—Don't they look like drops of frozen moonlight? And I have always so longed for pearls."

Mrs. Harrington looked complacently on.

"They will be the very thing to wear to-night with your white silk dress."

"My white silk dress!"

Maud paused abruptly, while a deep crimson flush stole over her fair forehead.

She rose and crept softly round to her father's side.

Papa, I am very much obliged to you—but—but I had rather not take the pearls."

"Not take them, Maud?"

"No, papa—you remember my resolution."

"Maud!" exclaimed Aunt Eloise, "you will never be so absurd as to refuse that pearl necklace that a royal princess might be proud to wear, because of a whim."

"It is not a whim, Aunt Eloise."

And no amount of coaxing or banteringcould induce Maud Bryant to take the pearls.

"Give me a bud from the conservatory, papa, or a bit of a book, such as I used to have when I was a wee thing, and I'll value it for your sake as long as I live; but can't take the pearls."

So the merchant, with a curious moisture in his eyes, gave her a kiss, and told her "that would have to do."

And the weeks and months passed on, and Maud surrounded by temptations on every side, thought of Charley May, and resisted them all.

"Maud," said the old man suddenly, one day, "when did you last hear from young May?"

"Last hear from him papa? Never since the day he went away."

"Do you mean to tell me that you do not correspond with him?"

"No, papa; you told me not to, and I have obeyed you."

"And he has never written?"

"Never, sir."

"Then most probably he has forgotten you."

"No papa, I know he has not forgotten me."

"You're a curious girl, Maud," said her father, caressingly stroking down the bright black curls. "Never mind, pet; when your year of calico is over I'll give you a present that shall please you pretty well."

"I don't want any present, papa," said Maud, wistfully looking up into his face. "Oh, papa, there is only one thing in the world that I do want."

"And that you know very well you can't have," said the merchant, sturdily. And so the colloquy terminated.

"Oh, Aunt Eloise, what a magnificent silk! real gold color, isn't it?"

"Yes, I think it is rather handsome," said Mrs. Harrington, complacently.—"I ordered it to be imported myself. See, it shines like a sheet of gold in the gas light."

"Who is it for?"

"You, to be sure, child—for Oriana Sykes' wedding reception."

Maud shook her head dumurely.

"Why, Maud, what will you wear? You must have a new silk."

Maud caught her father's eyes fixed earnestly upon her.

In an instant her resolution was taken.

"I shall wear calico, Aunt Eloise."

"Calico to Mrs. Sykes' wedding reception?"

"Why not, Aunt?"

"You dare not thus defy society."

"Dare I not?"

That was all Maud said.

The year of ordeal was up that night, and she had stood bravely to her colors.

Mr. Bryant did not often attend parties, but he went to Mrs. Sykes' that evening without his daughter's knowledge, and stood leaning against a side-door watching the brilliant devotees of fashion as they entered in glittering perfumed throngs—watching them with an anxious eye.

Would Maud waver now?" Was her will no stronger than that of five hundred other women?

Presently she came, as lovely as ever, the throng parting on either side, as she advanced up the room at the side of her portly, vexed looking Aunt Harrington. What was the murmur that reached his ears?

"Pink calico! Calico — impossible! Miss Bryant wear calico, indeed! Glace, more likely, or moire antique. Actually calico? What a strange whim! But Maud Bryant looks lovely in anything."

Lovely—she did look lovely in the soft folds of the French calico, with her sweet eye full of liquid light, and her cheek glowing with soft scarlet.

Mr. Bryant drew a long sigh of relief, and then ordered his carriage for "home."

It was late when Maud returned, but nevertheless she took a peep into the library to see if her father were still up.

"Papa!"

"Come in, Maud. Do you know, pet, your year of probation is up to-night?"

"I do not call it probation, sir."

"Perhaps not. "Well, do you remember my promising you a present if you adhered to your odd notions?"

"Yes, papa; but I told you I did not want a present."

"You'll find it in the drawing-room, child."

"I won't take it, papa."

"Won't you? Suppose you just take a look at it first."

And Maud went slowly up stairs, obedient to her father's gesture.

"I will not take it, whatever it is," she thought, as she opened the door, "for—my goodness! Charley May!"

"Maud my own true love!"

And Charley's bright brown eyes were looking into her's—Charley's chestnut moustache was close against her cheek.

"What do you think about taking my present now, Miss Maud?" demanded Mr. Bryant, rubbing his hands gleefully. "I've sent all the way to Australia for it, and I think you seem rather pleased with it than otherwise. I tell you what, Charley May, you may imagine that you have been working hard for my daughter all these months, but she has not been idle. Maud has well earned the happiness of this hour."

And Mr. Bryant went down stairs to explain it all to Aunt Eloise, who was highly mystified as to the state of affairs.

This was the solution of the enigma that so puzzled the fashionable world a few days subsequently, when they read in the papers that Maud Bryant had married a no more distinguished person than Charley May.

Minnesota's Latest Romance.

Rochester, Minn., has a romance. The story is that a young Bostonian named Carlton Stanton, went to Minnesota for his health in 1870, and at Rochester met, and became engaged to Mary Phillips, a worthy girl. Unfortunately, however, Stanton was thrown from a sleigh a few months after, and fatally hurt by the discharge of a revolver in his pocket.

His mother, then visiting at Chicago, reached him in season to see him die, and then returned to Boston. The poor girl heard no more till last summer, when she received a letter from Mrs. Stanton, saying that her dying boy made her promise that $5,000 half his estate, should be given to Miss Phillips; the mother had postponed the fulfillment of her promise, but was not content; her only remaining son had just died, and she assured the girl that she should soon have her money.

Months passed, till about Thanksgiving time, another letter from Mrs. Stanton begged the girl to come to Boston, for she was ill. Miss Phillips went and was taken to a luxuriant home, not too soon, however, for Mrs. Stanton died that night. But she appears not to have forgotten her pledge, for within a few days, Miss Phillips has received, at her home, $8,000, the amount due from her lover's estate, with the news that Mrs. Stanton had willed her $35,000.

A Faithful Servant.

A poor man possessed a fine large dog, had occasion to remove from one village to another some distance off. For the purpose of transporting the goods he employed a small van, on which the furniture was packed, the man leading the horse, while his dog brought up the rear. On arriving at his destination and unloading the van, the man was astonished to dicover that a chair and a basket were missing from the back part of the van, and the dog could not be found. The day passed, but no dog was forthcoming, and the poor man began to fear that something must have happened to his dumb retainer. The next morning, as he was on the way to the old cottage to take away another load, judge of his astonishment and delight when he saw by the roadside not only his lost property, but his faithful dog, seated erect by the chair and basket, keeping strict guard over them. The articles had fallen, doubtless, from the van, which the man had not observed; but his watchful companion had deemed it his duty to remain and protect his master's property. Although left for so long a time without food, the faithful creature had never deserted his self-imposed charge until he could surrender it to its rightful owner. The joy of master and servant was without doubt great at the meeting.

☞ A contractor who was building a tunnel on a certain railroad observed one morning that the face of a member of his gang was disfigured with bruises and plasters. 'Halloo, Jimmy,' said he, 'what have you been doing?' 'Not very much, sir,' answered Jimmy; 'I was just down at Bill Mulligan's last night, sir, and we had a bit ay a disconshed wid sticks.'

☞ The wife of John Heffner, junk dealer, Reading, has just presented her husband with their forty fifth child.—The occurrence is the common topic of conversation in that neighborhood.—There is probably not another family in the State having so many children.