

collection of statues of little boys
"Pum!" said Johnny, ungratefully, at
the while; "Boys is nothing! Show us some
little girls."

An Unsuccessful Experiment.
[Chicago News.]
"Say, ma," remarked the small boy, "isn't it
funny that everybody calls my little brother a
bouncing baby?"
"Why do you think it is funny, William?"
retorted the mother.
"Because, when I dropped him on the floor
this morning he didn't bounce a bit."

KNOTTY PROBLEMS.
[Our readers are invited to furnish original enig-
mas, charades, &c., and to solve the "Knotty
Problems," addressing all communications relative
to this department to E. R. Chadburn, Lewiston, Me.]

No. 2651.—The Poet's Dream.
[METRABRAM.]
A poet slumbering on a grassy knoll,
Across his brain what fancies stole;
He thought on love, and, suddenly aroused he slept,
That on his privacy celestial crept,
And in his arms a radiant angel leaped,
And, smiling, put another on instead—
Queer scenes creating, witty or sublime,
Like transformations in a pantomime.
First Queen Titania of the golden roof
Produced a nymph obedient to her lord;
Then gorgeous Phobus illumines all the same
As from the bard a beam of light
Arose;
Next Neptune, drinking from the watery main
Displaced a portion of his crown;
And Ceres, Ruth-like, "mid the yellow grain,
Then fragrant produce of the grassy plain,
Then Flora came, and roses sprang
To show a season sacred to her hand.

As Father Time was frisky as an elf,
About to show a portion of himself,
He thought on love, and, suddenly increased he slept,
Replaced the rightful hour and thus commenced;
Ere this grim auto of his glass and eyes the
My visage wrinkled with his fingers dead,
My body round and plump as a new pear,
My brown locks whitened with his icy breath
Ripe for the sickle of the reaper Death.

None seemed inclined the wordy war to wage
So he, the poet, meditated the touch of age?
The troupe dissolved, and he awoke across the plain,
And, waking, "Behold, is himself again!"

No. 2652.—How Many?
[W. WILSON.]
Some men engaged to do a work,
And raise a building fair;
They stood, to help, all at their posts,
For now we want to know how many?

One man in front of two stands firm,
One behind two is seen;
One in the midst next takes his place,
And all are fixed, I ween.

[A. M. L.]

No. 2653.—A Square.
1. A Turkish javelin. 2. A West India island,
3. Corrected. 4. Boisterous preachers. 5. Small
mammals. 6. A ruck of ice. 7. The plain, is
cautious (sentences). 8. Q. Bona.

No. 2654.—Rehearsal.
To market one morning I leisurely strolled,
And what there occurred is here briefly told;
Behold what I saw—first a man in a black coat,
Behold! I bought it, and used it to cook;
Behold again, 'twas sent home in a cart:
Once more I beheld, and in this part
When, behold, there was left, by this latter inven-
Other things, and so forth, too numerous to men-
tion.

[B.]

No. 2655.—Riddles.
L
To denote you up is the first thing I do;
Then cut you into a "Gutter."
Then only soft feathers are left to my view.

I went into a tent,
And father said to be, it is thing changed,
And a rich person I create.

[ANTHIE'S LAURENTICS.]

No. 2656.—A Rhomboid.
Across—(1) Act of having an order paid at a bank.
(2) A piece of soap. (3) A thing. (4)
Transported. (5) A sculptor. (6) A fringe.
Down—(1) A lecturer. (2) An abbreviation. (3)
Both cut and a little. (4) A thing. (5) A
hypocrite. (7) An ex-governor of Michigan. (8) A
vehicle. (9) A pronoun. (10) A boy's nickname.
(11) A letter and a name. (12) A buzz.

No. 2657.—A Spanish Hero.
A central stand and on my left hand
Five hundred extend a greeting,
Five eagle and two a hundred is left
To herald forth our meeting.

Farther to explain, I was blessed in Spain,
Her champion and hero;
In history my fame unmix'd with blame,
Surpasses that of Nero.

[BEN.]

No. 2658.—An Anagram.
Then must the airy tales of yore,
Of forest field and night,
We presently see in a forest
Its scenes and visions bright.
But vain deception's giddy train
To "sore out" I breathe and out them dance
A measure every light.

[G. A. CHADBURN.]

"Knotty Problems" Made Plain.
Heleno Roy thinks No. 2651 was the hardest
problem she ever tried; and No. 2652 is declared by
her to be the most difficult one she tried to solve.
"Another particularly pleasing tangle—con-
taining a number of riddles—was No. 2657. The
older of the solvers will not fail to appreciate the
beauty of No. 2656 and 2649."
The needle and the surgeon's compass
were by mail recently. An unusual pleasure to it. Many
thanks to Grandfather Yearhearted.

Answers.
2648.—Settee, island, hammock, cracker. "Wine is
a mocker."
2649.—A handkerchief.
2651.—Carrier-pigeon.
2656.—
H E
A n g e l
S m e t h i n g
O n e t o p u
G o t t o b e
D e a d e n d p h a
I m p o s s i b i l i t y
C u l t u r e
A b h o r r e n c e
L i g h t h e a d e
2648.—Tyros, siary, tyots.
2649.—40°-40.
2650.—Pantology.

Fixing Up a Job on the Court.
To the EDITOR.—Sir: The republican managers of
this locality are making a desperate effort to raise
funds for their defense, and to secure the aid of sev-
eral individuals who have recently been indicted by
the federal grand jury for criminal violation of the
election laws. And the leaders of the party here,
who would have these officers continue in office, are sup-
plying themselves with lists of the venire from which
jurors are to be selected, and, in advance of the day
set for trial, are compelling these jurors "to block
the wheels of justice," by making them refuse to
consider their duty for their purpose to retain upon the
trial jury. We are also informed that these political
workers are in active correspondence with men of
their own kind in other localities, and are endeavoring
whenever the proposed jurymen call, to ascertain with
as much certainty as possible the character and po-
litical affiliations of the venire, and to influence them
by influences, the stiffness of their backbones, etc.
etc. We think it is proper that the venire should be
kept in their own hands, and that the venire should be
brought to justice, that these schemes be
exposed, so that if needs be such parties who are
striving to block the wheels of justice, in contempt
of the law, as they are, should be justly de-
fined.

Fowler, Ind., Feb. 13, 1888. JACOBSON.

A Winter Evening.
Good-bye, dear; I thought down the street to-night
When I saw how weary the faces I met,
How the cold street-lamps shed a glimmering light,
And the convent bell had a sound of regret.
Keep on in the night, dear, and I'll be with you,
For words that were spoken, the vow pledged for
you;
And when sunset and moonrise met in the sky
We met where?—no matter, 'tis lonely there now!
I thought how you said O, so true we would be
When winter brought changes and tempest and
snow.
For in place of a trust 'neath a whispering tree,
The old story we'd tell in the firelight's glow.
But to-night I am here, by the hearth alone,
And the wind at the casement creeps in with a
moan.
And I try to be happy, but, dear, I will own
That I cannot but miss you. Good-bye! Good-bye!
[MENA KEMP OGAN.]
Indianapolis, Feb. 8, 1888.

"The Sentinel" Indorsed.
To the EDITOR.—Sir: Give the school book trust
an airing, and all the other trusts. Your course
meets with general approval, and I predict a glorious
future for THE SENTINEL and the democratic party
of Indiana.
[W. D. F.]
Lynchville, Ind., Feb. 14.

EXETER, N. H., Feb. 13.—Gen. Otis Mearns
has been tendered and accepted the appointment of
U. S. senator by Gov. Sawyer, from the 4th of
March, until the legislature in June provides for the
next year. He has been a republican leader for