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MORE CHARADES

by

William Bellamy

17 Bowdoin Avenue
Grove Hall. P. O.
Boston, 1911 Dec. 7.

Dear Miss Hubbell:

The answers you ask for are Dodo and Depressed. (deep, rest)

My wife's brother sent me a charade on Dodo, in which he said, "My total is an early bird." I answered that it was rather a late bird since it had passed away. And then I sent him mine and he failed to guess it. So you see there are others who failed besides you.

Sam Wells, you know, tried the pump cure one morning.

Yours sincerely

William Bellamy

Books by William Bellamy

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HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
BOSTON AND NEW YORK

MORE CHARADES

MORE HARADES

BY

WILLIAM BELLAMY

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BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
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"Try what the open, what the covert yield"

I

NEVER request it of me that I sing of
the wrath of Achilles:
For should my second my third to my whole
charade or conundrum,
Then would the Muses deplore my first that
Cassandra foretold not.

2

MY first is very sure to break;
My second the centurion spake;
My whole across the ocean came,
And took a number for his name.

3

MY first is a firm,
And my next is ungainly;
Of nations my third
Is my whole, to speak vainly.

4

KIND words are not in vain
When one receives a present;
My last should not disdain
My whole a simple peasant;
But sometimes look of happiness
Tells more my first mere words express.

5

MY first, a western island bare,
Is something women sometimes wear.
The man who trusts a jockey's word
May find my second was my third.
God said my whole for man to do,
And Theodore commands it, too.

6

THERE was an egg my second third,
Laid by my first, a little bird.
All the king's horses and all the king's men
That egg can never my whole again.

7

SAN JUAN Hill is my first, second, third;
So is Havana, no doubt you have heard.
My fourth is the name of a rock in a moor;
My whole is a step-mother, — heartless, I 'm sure.

8

MY first is clammy cold
With the cold hand of Death;
My last a woman told,
The wide world wondereth;
My whole (O Greed of Gold!)
The land encumbereth.

9

MY first was a woman we pity, for she
Was maddened and driven to killing.
My next is a river by bonny Dundee;
My third is a rock high and steep;
My whole is a man known as willing
To give away what he can't keep.

10

MY first is often played at whist,
My second seen my third my first at table;
My whole 's a narrative involved in mist;
It may be history, it may be fable.

II

I MET an old man who used to be spry;
My second my third smote his hip and his thigh.
He now takes my first when he goes for a walk;
And he says his my whole is turning to chalk.

PA was stern and Ma was mild;
Pa said Ma would spoil the child.
"Spare my last," said Solomon,
Pa, my first just laid it on.
Such cruelty was never known
Since my whole was on the throne.

MY first is an unknown
Whose equal oft is found;
My last some call a child half-grown
Who chases others round.
My whole,— a negress at a play,
I sought,— and then I went away.

14

A MAN was my first, and his hopes were absurd;
He filled a balloon with my second and third.
He said: "In my fourth I 'll discover the pole,
And then in a jiffy I 'll land in my whole."

15

MY whole is one of three, though some pretend
There is a fourth we cannot comprehend;
But whether we conceive it false or true,
My first we must, men shun my other two.

16

THOUGH my whole has passed away
And my last lies seeming clay,
Still the little seeds of life
In their secret cells are rife;
Daily praise mankind must give,
My first has risen that man may live.

17

MY second's a bird,
A table provider;
As we get my third,
My first grows wider.
My whole a lecturer declares
The finest gem this proud earth wears.

18

THE wars are over, and my last
Is on my first and spear;
While warriors tell of dangers past,
Behold another near!
Lives there a knight in armor dight
Who can my whole withstand,
Or would not die to eat a pie
Hot from his lady's hand?

19

I GAZE from out my window
On my second just below;
But my first is very heavy,
And my breast is full of woe.
It is my third and fourth,
And the little birds rejoice;
But my whole is in my throat,
And I may not lift my voice.

20

MY first was a marshal who perished in Spain;
When a girl is my first she is apt to be plain.
My second and third is the first sign of Spring.
If you capture my whole, you may break up a ring.

21

MY whole is false, and should not cause alarm;
My first, once two, is often now one hundred;
'T is said my second no pure maid will harm,
And so my third and fourth need never nun
dread.

22

MY first and second, strange his life and lot!
Now grasping in his hand uncounted riches,
And now a plunger, stripped of all he's got!
My third's a Roman, not a Gordian knot.
My whole a lady? Wearing a man's breeches!
Disowned by her creator too! Great Scott!

23

THERE were two beauties at a dime museum
Where countrymen paid my second to see 'em.
For those who took them at their word,
They were my whole. They were both my third.
But if any galoot grew too familiar,
They could say my first in a way to chill yer.

'TWAS ever thus, and still is yet,
And so my first will always be;
I never had a bird for pet,
But lo, my last escaped from me!
As rose above the ripened corn
The highland reaper's song forlorn,

"Will no one tell me what she sings?"
Was asked by Wordsworth long ago;
Such old, forgotten, "far-off things"
You really ought to know.
She sang my whole, so low, alone,
That even Wordsworth might have known.

A WIDOW stood by the ocean wave,
A stick in her hand, her foot in the grave.
She said, as on her staff she leant,
"To my first my second went;
Every one pursues his bent;
Whether my second come back or no,
My whole will come, my whole will go.

"One was fickle, young and fair,
One warm-hearted, debonair,
One was rich with wealth to spare,
One is cold, with frosted hair:
All of these I see return,
Still for those I watch and yearn."

26

MY first was dark
In Noah's Ark.

My last is noise
A cat enjoys.

When dies the year,
My whole brings cheer.

27

THERE 'S my first! as Hamlet said
When he wished that he were dead.

Where 's my last? might donkeys say,
Pining for a wisp of hay.

That 's my whole, the priest declares,
Ordering the Church's prayers.

28

MY first is a woman's reason;
My second meet in the past;
I think I see my finish;
My whole makes beauty last.

29

MY first upon my whole has trod.
Like other horses he prefers the sod.
My second are the saints in heaven,
And two my third will make eleven.

30

MY first I 'm told is wickedness supreme.
My next, 't is said, is not in Nature's scheme.
(Yet I have seen it on the Delaware,
And even in apparel of the fair.)
My third is not my wealth, though wealth of mine.
My whole 's an eastern city near the line.

31

AN automobile with a broken wheel
You may find in my first, perchance.
My last is n't tight, but his morals are n't right,
Though he once was the flower of France.
My whole you don't meet in a crowded street,
And I doubt if you see at a dance.

A FATHER told about my third,
And how a noble stag he slew;
"Now," said his boy when he had heard,
"Tell how he killed my number two."
His father said, "My first, my son,
For in my whole there was not one."

LITTLE SUE is weeping sore.
She threw herself upon the floor,
Sobbing like her heart would burst,
Because my last had lost my first.
Sure to disappoint that way
Is my whole with feet of clay.

ONE of the joys of living
Is the family Thanksgiving.
As long as I am able
I shall have my last at table;
I mean to take at dinner
My whole for a beginner;
And, spite of children's laughter,
To enjoy my first right after.

I CALLED, "Who wants some candy-kisses?"
And I heard my last from a score of misses.
Had I been my whole on a hill new-lighted
They could n't have been more delighted.
I gave to my first that I loved the best,
And she divided with the rest.
Ah, sweet indeed are the joys of youth,
And Life's sweetest gift is a sugar tooth!

36

A FORESTER is sometimes vexed
To find my whole in oaks and birches.
I 've seen a caterer my first and next;
My other two support the churches.

37

MY first is "darkly wise and rudely great."
Time is my other two, or soon or late.
An actress has my whole, — yet others say
She always manages to have her way.

INVITED to tea,
In finery dressed,
Delighted was she,
And looking her best.

But my total came up
Just as she was going;
Of sorrow her cup
Was filled to o'erflowing.

Her dress was my first;
It was ruined, she knew;
Into weeping she burst
As she made my last two.

39

A CHERUB and a seraph
May abide in love and peace,
But my first is sure to follow
If their number should increase.

If everything were perfect,
Would no tear of sorrow fall
That my next could be no more,
And my third be never 't all?

Even though we lived forever,
Might not life grow dull and flat?
Is it good to be my whole?
I am not so sure of that.

"DOCTOR," said his patient, "I have a fearful thirst,
I am very much my whole, my head 's about to burst;
I meant to take my last, but instead I drank my first."

The doctor said, "You foolish chump,
Go put your head beneath the pump."

41

MY first is head in Hold Hengland;
Hon is ed e as is at.
My second my third, in summer
My whole will tumble flat.

Such buildings fall
In Montreal
Before their fall.

42

MY first is king, Italians say.
My second has eight feet.
My whole is kept from day to day,
And very hard to beat.

43

IN Paris long my second, third,
My first was quite a common word.
My whole 's a city in the west
By many called the wickedest.

44

MY first is bulky, quite;
My next denotes but one;
My third is lost from sight
Although it hides the sun.
My whole, a dweller in Bagdad,
Wished that another wife he had.

45

PERSEPHONE, you thoughtless maid,
When in my second, third you strayed,
My first upon your feet of snow,
Oh, why unguarded did you go?
Why had you not my whole for dragon
To keep you safe from Dis's wagon?

46

A BROTHER gave me wine
To drink at my repast.
My first I cannot name,
But I know it was my last.

A stranger gave me water
Because I was athirst.
My whole I cannot claim,
But I know he was my first.

SWEETS my first has never known,
Wealth my last can never bring,
Love has these, and reigns alone;
What is gold when Love is king?

So the maiden felt, and cried,—
"Heaven hath no higher bliss!"
Then my whole she drooped and died.—
Is there lower hell than this?

48

IN my first, when green and hale,
Lived and grew a twice-told tale.

In my second, dark and cold,
Giants lived in days of old.

In my whole, repeated long,
Lives the substance of a song.

49

MRS. LANGTRY (oh, how shocking!)
To my first once sent her stocking.

When my next you tune the harp,
It is enough to make one sharp.

My whole obeyed his country's call,
And never weighed my third at all.

50

"MY first my last," I begged a maid.
"I can't without my notes," she said.
"Well, then my last my first," I prayed.

My whole some doctors like to keep;
Change but one letter and it 's half asleep.

51

YOU may give to the devil my first for all me;
On my next as a measure no nations agree;
When a ship has my last, she's in peril at sea.
My whole was a bravo at whom the law winked,
But the breed in this country is nearly extinct.

52

MY FIRST & SECOND

Oft to the proud unknown,
The poor abide in me.

MY THIRD & FOURTH

The rich call me their own,
I make the filly flee.

MY WHOLE

I go to her who lives apart,
And help to heal a broken heart.

53

MY FIRST

In pepper you will find us,
And careful people mind us;
We all are much the same.

MY LAST

Examples to the lazies,
We 've won a monarch's praises,
The hatred of a dame.

MY WHOLE

We sing in opera chorus.
Our toil brings little for us.
Our condition seems a shame.

54

MY whole across the country goes;
Though brought at last by lagging feet,
No arrow from my first so fleet.
My second an example shows.
My final heads the flock below,
Above he leads the starry show.

55

IF I were a rose and my whole,
I would seek my lady's breast.
If I were my last I would fly
To make her bosom my nest.
If I were my first I would lie so light
I would not disturb her dreams at night.

56

AFTER my first why make a dash?
The Devil is n't shy.
On damp my next it would be rash
For me to sit or lie.
In my third my fourth I 'm weak.
My whole tried hard to speak in Greek.

57

I WENT to Coney Island,
Upon my whole to wander;
I thought when back on dry land
A dollar I would squander;
So I ordered clams for my repast;
Had I let them my first 't would have
spared me my last.

ONE Sunday, sick and weary,
I thought to lie abed,
But my wife said to me, "Dearie,
Rest in my first instead."

When the parson got to thirdly
(He was n't going fast),
It reminded me, absurdly,
It was time to take my last.

But my wife she caught me at it,
My whole was in her eye;
To myself I murmured, "Drat it,
I shall take it by and by."

HAPPY the man who from my first
The farm that knew his birth
With healthy appetite and thirst
Enjoys the fruits of earth;

Whose grandson prattles at his knee
When seated by the fire
Upon the very chair where he
Looked up at his grandsire.

Around his board now children laugh
As parents laughed before,
And from my last my whole still quaff
Where forbears quaffed of yore.

60

MY first is a cooler a lady enjoys.
My last with itself makes a terrible noise.
My whole may upset any one's equipoise.

61

MY first was a cripple who kept of good cheer.
My second is final four months in the year.
My whole we are threatened will soon disappear.

BEFORE my whole with "shoures sote"
In calendar of time was wrote,
My first came down with shambling pace,
And in my last he washed his face,
And chancing thus his form to spy,
He mused upon his destiny;
'T was there his upward course began,
He rose and said, " I 'll be a man."

63

MY whole at the Academy
Was always at the head,
My last was always at the foot;
But, now my whole is dead,
To-day at most academies
My first is first instead;
And often when we designate,
It is my last we call the Great.

MY first was waving in the wind,
My next was wriggling in the river,
When Gretchen came with braids behind,
I wondered what on earth to give her;—
A column in the Advertiser,—
A doll that shouted, Hoch the Kaiser,—
Jewels that my whole might wish,—
Or butter in a lordly dish.—
I asked her what she most preferred:
The mädchen simply said my third.

65

WHEN fountains were by nymphs frequented
Ere soda-water was invented,
My whole did an uncommon thing,
She made a plunge and made a spring
To shake her lover. ('T was no use,
He followed her to Syracuse.)
Now, though indeed it seems a shame
To take such freedom with the lady's name,
Just let my fourth a lone appear,
And my first three are thus quite plain and clear.

66

EVERY mother is my first;
Many wives my next have nursed,
My third my whole the mountains look;
To live a slave could Grecian brook?

67

MY first lives only in a single state;
My second separates the small and great.
I sent my whole across the barren sea,
And by-and-by my whole came back to me.

68

HE chose my first and second,
But she my whole preferred;
So, after each had reckoned
How much 't would cost my third
To gratify the other's whim,
They bought them both
Though each was loath.
How good of her! how good of him!
She wears the one to play and ball;
He hung the other in his hall.

I SAW two neighbors side by side
Upon my whole together,
And each the other calmly eyed,
Her gown, her hat and feather.
I thought it strange they did not chat,
And questioned each in turn
When next my last I met her at,
But little did I learn.
I got from each the same reply,
"She is n't in my first, that 's why."

70

'TWIXT autos, car-tracks, and expense
My first no longer gives me pleasure;
My last are prone to take a fence,
Young women cut them in a measure.
Filibusters in times past
Hung my total from my last.

OF all the fishes in the lake
My first is sure my last,
And if the fly he would but take,
We 'd make a full repast,
And then my whole upon the shore,
We 'd fall asleep and gently snore.

IN a distant northern clime
Lived my first, a curious bird,
And this bird from time to time
Laid her eggs upon my third.
Man my second on her kind,
And my whole was no defense;
Now those eggs are hard to find,
So they fetch a price immense.

MY first was most a thousand,
My next and third a few,
And when they heard the order,
My whole they could not do;
But each drew my fourth and fifth,
And the rabble fled in fear;
When they hear the call of duty,
My sixth they always hear.

74

THOUGH my first and next may puzzle,
They are to me quite plain.
My third and fourth of politics
Is certainly the bane.
My whole though not in fashion
Undeniably is swell;
Yet it calls for our compassion
On a dandy or a belle.

75

WHEN my third that Jane admitted
Came my first so late last night,
I would have been my second witted
Not to know that he was tight.
Were I my whole to let him stay,
He soon would drive the rest away.
It 's ruin to a poor landlady
Once folks think her place is shady.

76

THERE was once a cotton broker
Lost my whole a-playing poker.
He sent my first a hundred dollars,
And said, "Enroll me with your scholars;
I'd give another hundred too
If I could play my last like you."

77

MY first I know must be a woman,
And Shylock thought my second human.
To keep my third were I inclined
Good pious reasons I could find;
But some may fathom my intent,
And say my whole is fraudulent.

SIR Walter and the Virgin Queen
One morning took a stroll.
They came to mud an inch or more
(It must have rained the night before).
And so to keep her slippers clean
Her gallant spread my whole.

"Just like my first," she said,
And set my last upon it.
Sir Walter bowed his head,
And likewise doffed his bonnet.

PEGGY was knitting beside her door
When Hiram came whom she found a bore.
He said, "My heart as your needles fly,
My first my last in chains thereby.
As soon as the harvest work is done
Let us ask the priest to make us one;
Then we 'll be my whole till death shall sever,
My first will be mine when I 'm yours forever."

But saucy Peggy shook her head;
"I love my first, — my last," she said.

80

MY first an actress knew,
Perfect in her rôle;
Flies my other two
Crawling on my whole.

LIEF, son of Eric, told
Of a far-off sunny soil
Where winds blew never cold,
And Earth rewarded toil.

Knut, Beowulf, Bjorn,
Olaf and Sven and Gurd,
Passing the drinking horn,
Wide-eyed the story heard.

To my last hell-bent they went,
They pledged my whole before,
Back my first no message sent,
And they were seen no more.

82

MY first exceeds my next by five.
My third must come to all alive.
But few can smile if Fortune frown,
And view content my whole cut down.

HE ran about my whole,
I had not my last to watch him,
He went behind that knoll,
I did my last to catch him,
He has my last my first,
He surely is a beauty,
But of rascals he 's the worst,
To kill him is my duty.
So if he comes again
To steal my hens and chickens,
I 'll shoot him there and then,
Though I hate to, like the dickens.

84

MY first is a great sustainer,
My last, a sustainer too;
My whole is a spendthrift's restrainer,
And sometimes he skips to Peru.

THERE was a little lady once and no one was devouter.

Although she said it of herself, none said my first about her.

When in my second she would sing the praises of my third,

But he was such a godly man that no one cried, — absurd!

And when her neighbor fell from grace it almost broke her heart.

She had a fall herself one day, and broke — another part.

They lifted her most tenderly and laid her on her bed,

And called old Doctor Sawbones in: my whole was what he said.

CHLORIS was walking in the park,
And overheard a rude remark.
Perhaps she blushed, I cannot swear,
The color was already there;
But Lalage my total heeded,
And put my first my last than *she* did;
In fact so skilfully she painted
That no one knew — until she fainted.

87

HIS helm my second, round my first his shield,
The Grecian fought, ten thousand strong;
The Roman loved the battle-field,
And never thought that wars were wrong.

Beneath my third each soldier sleeps,
My first for shield is borne no more,
But still my second fighting keeps,
And still my total leads to war.

MY first and last are wise;
Between, a noble lies.
My whole the robins build,
My whole the dog-star rages,
My whole old farmers tilled,
My whole we change our ages.

89

WHEN Harry made my whole one day,
My first was proper, one might say,
But proper Sarah when she heard
Disliked my second and my third.
Harry being answered nay,
Said when he had turned away,
"I don't care a
Straw for Sarah."

I HAD borne the burden and the heat,
The trials of the day,
Had suffered insult and defeat,
Till I asked, "Does living pay?"
I closed my whole but I could not drive
From my mind its gloom and fear;
I thought how useless 't was to strive
With naught to soothe or cheer;
So I took my first my second
A bottle of lager beer.

FILLING her bosom with rare delight,
Rose the notes of my whole in the languid night,
And these were the words that her lover sang,
Keeping time to its silver twang:—

"Lady, the glance you gave
Made me your willing slave.
Oh, rise and let me know
You love me ere I go,
That ever only mine
My last your lips of wine."

But the lady never stirred
From her couch where the moonbeams played;
My first was all he heard,
And the troubadour obeyed.

HE met her at a fancy ball,
At least he thought he did,
To see her was to love her
Although her face she hid.
Her mincing step, her buxom mien,
Her perfect waist my third
Enticed him so he offered her
A bottle and a bird.
She said while looking through my first,
"There is onion soup, I see,
And since my second are so good,
Please order some for me;
But instead of one small bottle
We can punish three or four."
So he knew his charmer was my whole,
And his dream of love was o'er.

A LITTLE family I knew
My second Ypsilanti
Whose luxuries were very few,
Whose means were very scanty;
Their table lacked my first or two,
Their house was but a shanty.

But now they live my second, third,
And ask me oft to dine;
They have a butler carve the bird
And pour the costly wine;
Then when the ladies have retired
I stretch my one, two, three,
Mine host produces some all-fired
Good whisky, O. V. G.
And tells how they my whole became;
And then we pledge the donor's name.

TO her husband's office
His wife despatched a note;
My first was on the envelope,
And this is what she wrote: —

"Dear Charles, our little Charley
Has been very, very naughty;
He went snooping in the pantry,
Then laid it on to Lottie;
He took from out your bureau
My last to make some reins;
He has broken all to pieces
That china doll of Jane's;
My poor dear mother's portrait,
He shot an arrow through it;
And I should say my whole;
And you 're the one to do it."

'T WAS spring-time and the woods were green,
My first put on her gayest dress,
The birds sang, and my last was sheen,
But I was steeped in bitterness
Because the proud whirled past me by,
And no one pitied my distress:
When as I sat upon a stone,
And blamed myself and cursed my race,
A damsel called my whole her own,
And claimed in it a nestling place.
"Come, fly with me," this fairy cried,
"To where the earth and heaven meet
Beyond the clouds of even-tide."
Alas! my whole no more could beat,
And so dejected I replied:
"My child, in vain your wish is spoken;
I cannot, for my whole is broken."

GAZING in my first one day,
I heard my last Colletta sigh;
Drawing near I heard her say:
"Why does Colin pass me by?

"In my first for aught I see
I appear as well as ever;
Yet he keeps away from me;
'T aint my first, my last, nor clever."

So I sought young Colin out,
Wondering what made him shy;
Questioning the silly lout,
Thus to me he made reply:

"For my whole I left Colletta,
Things were getting far from funny;
I don't want to marry yet-a-
while unless I marry money."

IN my whole there dwelt
A lovely señorita
Whose glance a stone would melt.
Her name was Carmencita.

To woo her came from Cadiz
A handsome, rich hidalgo.
Born killer of the ladies,
He seldom let a gal go.

As Greek encounters Greek,
Met these resistless forces,
And but for Cupid's freak
Both hearts had soon been corses.

They might have loved and wed
And lived forever happy,
But he wished her hair were red,
And her pet dog was snappy.

He called her pet a cur,
She called his wish a whim,
He got my first with her,
She got my last of him.

SHE was an heiress passing fair,
And he was but a proletaire

Doomed to his second all his days
Because his first he could not raise.

Long had she watched him at his whole
Till of her heart she lost control;

Whilst he adored her from afar
Much as the puddle loves the star.

One morning when his first was high
She raised her whole as he passed by,

And saw him pause, his hat in air,
His face the picture of despair.

Oh, had he known what flushed her cheek,
That to her first he'd but to speak,

He might have won her heart and hand,
And shared the wealth at her command.

But no: as ships at night they passed;
He cursed his first, she kept her last.

MY FIRST

SWEET Alice dressed in simple white
Across the lawn comes tripping spry;
She brushes me with feet so light:
The border of her lawn am I.

MY SECOND

Once I was a twin, and then
We two were worshipped as divine:
A goddess we, adored of men.
Whatever is I claim is mine.

MY THIRD

Alas, since Love has cast me out,
A trembling ghost, a startled shade,

I wander timidly about,
And even of myself afraid.

MY WHOLE

Cynthia, showing half her face,
Hides me from each mortal eye;
Continents in my embrace,
Oceans on my bosom lie.
I am but one, but were I two
I would be all the world to you.

IT is my whole, the ancient,
The last unhanged of nine;
He stoppeth one upon the street,
He maketh secret sign,
And naught will serve but they must go
Where sailors drink and dine.

"I fear thee, ancient mariner,
I fear to drink thy rum."
He fixed him with his watery eye, —
"Fear not, fear not, I will not try
To put thee on the bum."

"I fear thee, ancient mariner,
I fear thy gin so mild."

That sailor thin bowed down his chin,
And wept like a crisom child.

"Dost hear my first? 't is a sound accurst,
And whenever that sound I hear
I must find a chum to drink my rum
While I pour my tale in his ear."
The unwilling guest pulled down his vest,
And said he would have some beer.

THE TALE

"From Banca Straits our good ship sailed,
My second was in the hold,
The sun shone high in the northern sky,
And the south wind blew cold.

"But ever above the storm-blast's wail
My first came from below,
It was not the cry of my second,
But more like a soul in woe."

"What ails thee, ancient mariner?
I pray where art thou at?
Why lookst thou so?"—"With my great toe
I kicked the captain's cat!

"And straight my face was flecked with bars:
It was a gruesome sight,
The crew laughed loud, and the captain swore
That the cat had served me right.

"But the cat came back next morning
While I knelt to say my prayers,
And the holy stone slipped from my hand,
And I blessed him unawares."

"I fear me, ancient mariner,
I fear thou speakst not true;
To bless a cat is something that
I know thou wouldst not do."

"Be still, be still, thou foolish guest,
And know I speak the truth;
When I say bless, thou mayest guess
I speak in French, forsooth.

"In irons I lay in the brig next day,
My first no more was heard,
But the rats grown bold came up from the hold,
And nibbled off my third."

L'ENVOY

He guesseth best who loveth most
All riddles, great and small;
But it takes great sense and a love immense
To guess and like them all.

KEY NUMBERS

1 1 1 4 2
1 1 3 2 5 4 2
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KEY

Substitute for each letter of a supposed answer the figure standing over it in the table. If the number thus formed is not found in the following list, the answer is incorrect.

TABLE

1	2	3	4	5
A	B	C	D	E
F	G	H	I	J
K	L	M	N	O
P	Q	R	S	T
U	V	W	X	Y

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