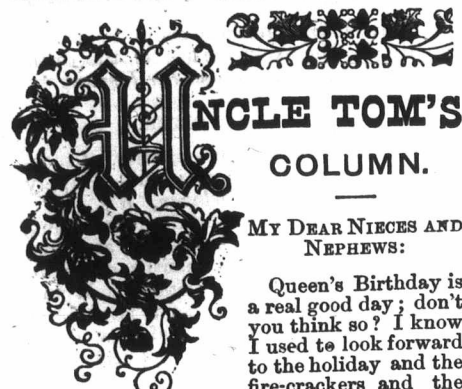




UNCLE TOM'S COLUMN.

MY DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS:

Queen's Birthday is a real good day; don't you think so? I know I used to look forward to the holiday and the fire-crackers and the torpedos and other sports as something just about next best to Christmas. But then isn't it mean to have it come on Saturday or Sunday; of the two Saturday is the worst, for you'd have Saturday for a holiday anyhow, so there's nothing at all gained. But if it comes on Sunday why you generally take Monday for a good time. You will all have spent your Queen's Birthday before you read this, so it's not worth my while to warn you not to get blown up with gunpowder and then get blown up when you get home.

Clarence, May 7th, 1874.

Dear Uncle Tom,

Before you put this letter in your pocket, please get dear Minnie May to sew it up for you. It is too bad to let you have holes in your pockets that way; you might lose your knife, or maybe some of your children when you put them in there for safe keeping. I would like to mend it for you, and then I know you would let me be a member of your family. I have no big brothers; I have only one twin brother, and he is a little humbug. Perhaps some of your nieces could send you a recipe for making a cement for stopping that hole in your pocket. ANNIE SHERRIFFS.

P.S.—I forgot to tell you that father brought in a lamb this morning that weighed 13 lbs.; don't you think it was most big enough to stop that hole in your pocket.

The following distich is of great antiquity, and although you may not think so, it is good English:

234. Down tooth erters a sy ouw ould bed one by.
LILLY CHESTER.

Oakland Farm, Kettleby, May 11, 1874.

Dear Uncle Tom,

I thought you would be glad to hear that I have planted a lot of shade trees since I wrote to you, and I planted a little one which I call "Uncle Tom's Son."

LAVILLA HEACOCK.

Hattie Haviland sent me some nice plants during the month. She says: "Tell Cora my grandpa thinks a great deal of her and her sister because they live down near where he came from."

235. A duck before two ducks; a duck behind two ducks, and a duck between two ducks. How many ducks were there in all?
H. H.

236. There was a man who was not born, His father was not before him; He did not live, he did not die, And his epitaph is not o'er him.
H. H.

Dear Uncle Tom,

Ever and ever so many times I have sat down to write to you and beg you to admit me into your family, and now at last I do it. I think it is but fair to tell you that I am very silly and stupid. I will tell you some of my troubles. In the first place I'm not a bit clever; then I'm not a bit pretty, or else I'd send you my picture, and then I'm only five feet, two inches in height. Some people are disagreeable enough to call me a fat, dumpy little rolly-polly, which is too bad, now, isn't it?

Now, on account of all these troubles, I have always wanted such a kind, good-natured uncle as you are, one that wouldn't shrug his shoulders and look cross, and say, "don't be a goose, Emie." But I would rather be a goose than a bear, wouldn't you, Uncle Tom? I like your family; I like Nina, and Cora, and Kitty, and Hattie, but I don't mind telling you that I am a little afraid of them, they are all so clever.

Cora says she is a little homely pug, but I don't believe it, do you, uncle? (No, I don't, not a bit of it.—U. T.)

I have a sister, Uncle Tom, and folks call her pretty, and she is a good deal smarter about games and puzzles than I am. I don't know what she thinks about her big brothers, but if you won't tell, I believe she thinks a great deal of some one else's big brother. Re-

member this is a secret; don't tell any one except the family.

And now, to finish. I want to make a bargain with you. If you will adopt me, by and by, when the warm weather comes, I want you and Minnie May to take a good long vacation, and go around and see all your nephews and nieces, and when you come to see me you shall have a nice ride in my swing, under the big butternut. And now I bid good bye to my cousins and yourself.

EMIE DONEGAN.

Magog, P. Q.

That's all very well, Em, but you're an awful long way off, so you may consider the offer a safe one. If you lived a little closer, there might be some hope of my having that swing under the butternut.

237.—GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

During the month of (a river flowing into the Danube) I called at an (a river in Switzerland), and found the keeper dressed in a full suit of (a river in Scotland), lined with (a country in Europe), wearing shoes made of (a country in Africa), having soles of (a city in Ireland). A (river flowing into the Amazon) conducted me to my room, where I saw a (mountain in the south of Africa), covered with (a sea south of Europe) cloth, which I removed, and discovered it was covered with (a group of Islands off the coast of Africa) of all sizes and shapes. At noon the landlord blew a (river in Montana), and then we went to dinner; the table was covered with (a sea north of Europe) cloth, and furnished with (a country in Asia). The (group of Islands in the Pacific) served us a (lake in Canada), which had too much (a large lake of North America) in it. We had also (a sea south of Europe) bread, with an (harbor of New Jersey) each. For (an island of the State of Maine) we had (a province in France) and (a river in Africa). After dinner (two capes off the coast of America), and I rode out with a span of (islands in the Pacific). We were much troubled with a strange (island in the Irish Sea), who had a span of (a river in Scotland). As it was getting cold (the cape of the coast of Maine) put on a (town in Hindostan) shawl, and the (cape of Labrador) put on a (sea south of Europe) coat, trimmed with large brass (islands in the North Pacific Ocean).

MATTHEW PARKINSON.

238. I am a little word of only three letters; if you heed me I have a strange meaning; if you cut off both my head and tail, nothing remains, but if only my tail is removed, a whole company will be left. My head, when cut off, sounds like the sea, and my tail like a broad, deep river, and in both my whole may sometimes be found. If spelled backwards I remind you of ship-building, but when thus reversed and my tail cut off, I become more active and energetic than before. With head and tail both off I utter a cry of pain, yet I never spoke a word in my life. Now, who am I and where do I dwell?

239. Place the letters contained in new door in such a position as to make one word out of it.

Dear Uncle Tom,

I hope you will accept me as one of your nieces. I have often thought of writing, but I left it off from one month to another; so now I have made up my mind to write this month, to send a few puzzles and also a few selections for your scrap book, and I also send a few recipes for Minnie May's Department.

MAGGIE A. COOKE.

Lansdowne.

PUZZLES.

240. My first is in cat, but not in kitten; "second is in glove, but not in mitten; "third is in whole, but not in half; "fourth is in cry, but not in laugh; "fifth is in drake, but not in goose; "whole is an article of great use.

241. My first is in glove, but not in hand; "second is in sea, but not in land; "third is in friends, but not in foes; "fourth is in bud, but not in rose; "fifth is in summer, but not in fall; "sixth is in narrow, but not in tall; "seventh is in arch, but not in bower; "whole is the name of a favorite flower.

242. My first is in good, but not in bad; "second is in boy, but not in lad; "third is in girl, but not in boy; "fourth is in sad, but not in joy; "whole is a precious metal.

243. I am a word of three syllables; my first is in a valley, my second is an indefinite article, my third is a species of merchandise, and my whole is one of the United States.

M. A. C.

Whitby, April 20, 1874.

Uncle Tom,

Not much improved in my writing, am I? Just like all the rest of the Canadians. Now, Uncle Tom, I guess I'll rate you; why didn't you put more of my poems in, and why didn't you give me the prize? I fully expected it. Now, do a little better for me this time. I am a new niece, but you must excuse me for being so bold. I do not think that you welcomed me so warmly as you did some other new nieces and nephews.

Yours not truly,

MAUD MULLER.

P. S.—And unless you do welcome me next time I guess I'll quarrel.

ANAGRAM.

244. Onhro nda ewaf fmor on dictionon eist cat ewil yrou trap, heter lal het rohon iles.
M. M.

245. My first is cold and frozen, "second is seen on the ground; "whole, when the weather is frosty, Comes down with a pattering sound.
ADDIE G. BRAY.

246. There is something in Amsterdam that comes twice in a moment, once in a minute, and not once in twenty years.

247. Two O's, two N's, an L and a D: riddle out that and tell it to me.
A. G. B.

Many thanks to Rose Widdifield for sending me plants and a very pleasant letter. Florence A. Baxter says she will send her picture as soon as she gets it taken. That is right; I want a photograph from every one of you, for all the old family pictures are gone, and I must get up another one, and I want all of my nieces and nephews in it.

248. My first is in corn, but not in wheat; "second in turnip, but not in beet; "third is in odor, but not in smell; "fourth is in water, but not in dell; "whole is a bird.
F. A. B.

Ingersoll, May 11, 1874.

Dear Uncle Tom,

I am going to tell you about a sleigh ride I had last winter. I was staying a week with my grandpapa at the time. One of my cousins hitched the sled mare to the little hand-sleigh, and wanted his brother and sister and I to get in and have a ride, so we got in, and away we went. It was rather rough where we were, and we would go up and down, up and down over the little hills; we thought it was fine fun, but the old mare did not like it very well, so she kindly helped us out very suddenly, and left us to pick ourselves up. I can tell you there were a few pale faces at first, but we enjoyed it very much afterwards.

Grandpapa said that if he was allowed to vote he would vote for Cora, and he would also vote for her to come up to this part of the country, for oh! it is so cold and the snow so deep. No doubt she thinks she has good times down there, but that should not stop her from coming to where she might have better. Grandpapa came from away down there, a great way below where she lives, and thought he had splendid times, but experience has taught him that we have better times, especially the big brothers that have to wade through the snow and face the keen wind. You will be getting so tired of me, so good bye.

Your niece,

HATTIE HAVILAND.

Come, come now! Clear the track and give us elbow room. You, Uncle Tom and Minnie May, just listen to me a minute. I don't want them other cousins to have all the good things to themselves. (Is Minnie May Mrs. Uncle Tom?) I ain't going to tell you how old, ugly, short or tall I am, for fear you shove me out.

I want to know if you all know how to make picture frames out of straw. I'll tell you how we do them. We select the straws as near of a size as possible; then some day when mother is dying black, we put in a few straws (although she does sometimes say: "child, do go away with your straw, and don't spoil the dye.") Then we take two black and four or five white straws, and sew them together from side to side with some fine cotton, being careful to hide the stitches as much as possible. Then we cut them an inch or two longer than the picture, so that the sides and ends cross each other; then we take short pieces and cross the corners. They make very pretty frames for photographs or small pictures, and are very cheap, I am sure.

We make moss baskets to hang in the windows, which look nicely. Take old hoop skirt steel and form into any shaped basket you like; then line with a good coating of nice green moss; fill in with earth and plant any running vine in it you like. This, suspended by cords from the ceiling or windows, looks very pretty.

Last summer we had one in which we planted morning-glories to climb up the cord, and geranium to run down over the basket. The morning-glories grew on a smaller scale than they do in the garden, and continued blossoming late in the fall. You would not believe how pretty they look, unless you have seen the like, which I suppose the most of you have, and may not thank me for my old-fashioned notion.

Good bye, dear Uncle Tom, Minnie May and cousins innumerable.

Your country cousin,
SLAM.

ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES.

210—When the spring opens out the blades.
211—You sit on one and stand on the other.
212—Knees, because animals were made before men. 213—Thou-sand. 214—Rome. 215—Maple. 216—Weston. 217—Maryland. 218—Ohio. 219—Hattie Haviland. 220—Mary. 221—Rat, hen. 222—Because he can't see through. 223—A tree. 224—Needle. 225—Windsor. 226—Venice. 227—Paris. 228—Spain. 229—Kingston. 230—Maid, aid. 231—Wheat, heat. 232—Hare, a.e. 223—T-h-a-t.

Uncle Tom's Scrap Book.

Farmer Downs was out in his orchard the other day, and was taken all aback by seeing his bull rushing down upon him full tilt. The farmer took to his heels, for there was no time to pause and reason with the beast, who had never made such an onset on any body before. On the good man ran, or flew, to reach the fence, but the enemy in his rear caught him on his horns as he reached it, and gave him a toss that plumped him into the dirt on the other side. The bull was mad with rage at having placed a barrier between him and his prey, and tore up the earth with his horns and hoofs. Old Downs rose from the ground, and turned upon his foe, cried out, "Oh, you rascal, you needn't stand there bowing and scraping, and making apologies. You done it o' purpose; you know you did!"

Two Irishmen engaged in peddling packages of linen bought an old mule to aid in carrying the bundles. Each would ride a while, or "ride and tie," as the saying is. One day the Irishman who was on foot got close to the heels of his muleship, when he received a kick on one of his shins. To be revenged, he picked up a stone and hurled it at the mule, but by accident struck his companion on the back of his head. Seeing what he had done, he stopped and began to groan and rub his shin. The man on the mule turned and asked, "What's the matter?" "The cratur's kicked me," was the reply. "Be jabbers," said the other, "he's did that same to me on the back of my head."

A new Nephew, Charles Wetherspoon, sends quite a collection of scraps, of which the following are a few.

An old gentleman by the name of Gould had married a girl scarcely nineteen years of age. After the wedding the juvenile bridegroom addressed to his friend Mr. G. the following couplet, to inform him of the happy event:

So you see, my dear sir, though eighty years old, A girl of nineteen falls in love with Mr. Gould.

To which the doctor replied: A girl of nineteen may love Gould, it is true. But, believe me, dear sir, it is gold without U.

Samuel Hammond sends scraps, of which the following are a sample.

Josh. Billington has an entirely bald head and it is related of him that once when he was at the zoological gardens in Paris, the day being warm he lay down upon one of the benches, and went to sleep. After a while he was awakened by a feeling of suffocation and when he opened his eyes, he found that something covered his face he began to struggle to relieve himself and the next moment a gigantic ostrich leaped up and began to prance down the path. The ostrich had observed the top of Josh's bald head, and mistaking it for one of his eggs had begun to set upon it for hatching purposes.

An Irish glazier was putting a pane of glass into a window when a groom began joking him saying, "Mind and put in plenty of putty." Paddy bore his torment for sometime when he put a stop to him by saying "Arrah, sir, be off wid you or I'll put a pain in your head without any putty."

In Cork, Ireland, a short time ago, the crier of the court endeavored to disperse the crowd by exclaiming "All ye, blackguards that isn't lawyers, leave the court."

"I SAY, my little son, where does the right hand road go to?" "Don't know sir; 'tain't been anywhere since we lived here."