

# Uncle Tom's Department.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES.—November has come, with its cold rains and dull days. Our rambles in October woods are over. I must tell you about a nice walk I had, and the mysterious voices which whispered to me, teaching me wondrous lessons. Do you remember one holy, calm day in the month just past away? Well, that day, as I rambled leisurely through the woods, I picked up several beautifully painted leaves. Oh, how lovely they were! The tints of crimson and green were so delicately blended, the shape so graceful, and the millions of tinted veins so perfect, that I repeated aloud the words of a poet who has written one of the most musical poems in our language. I would tell you his name, but I want you to have the pleasure of finding it out for yourselves:

"Full many a flower (leaf) is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."  
As I uttered these words, the little leaves trembled, and then I heard a strange murmuring sound above me as of far-away music, which, when you grow older, will make you think of the happy days of childhood—those sweet, careless days when you as merry boys and girls played together in the dear old home-stand.

The murmuring sound grew louder, and I heard a chorus of tiny voices say: "We have heard your words, and we are sorry for your ignorance."

We have much work to do. The first and earliest work our Father gives us is to make the world beautiful. Would you not miss the tender green of May, the richer verdure of the summer months, and the gorgeous tints of autumn? But we are useful as well as beautiful; we provide shade for man and beast; hundreds of little birds find homes in our bowers; troops of merry girls carry us to their pleasant homes to make them even more beautiful; artists try in vain to paint our glowing colors. Even in death we are useful; we enrich the earth which gives us a grave, and out of our ashes spring the sweet violets. O blind mortal, do you still say we bluish unseen and that our sweetness is wasted? I opened my lips to answer, "No, a thousand times, no." The voices died away, and I found myself lying on the ground, looking up at the beautiful blue sky which I could see through the trees above me. People may say I dreamt it, but I shall always believe that I found "tongues in trees." The poet who studied nature in every aspect most, said there were tongues in trees; indeed the lines are so beautiful I think I must give you them:

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks;  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

And now, my dear boys and girls, can you not find out for me who wrote the beautiful words I have quoted? If you begin now to learn the noble thoughts of others, you will find in them much that will give you pure and true pleasure, and make you better boys and girls, nobler men and women. You will find voices in the woods you never dreamt were there, and every one of these will speak to you of the work of your Heavenly Father's hand, and of His love for you.

UNCLE TOM.

## Puzzles.

### 1. LOGOGRIPH.

My whole, dear cousins, means to retain;  
Behead and transpose and I will cause you pain;  
Behead me now and I mean to obey;  
Transpose and I mean to divide or take away.

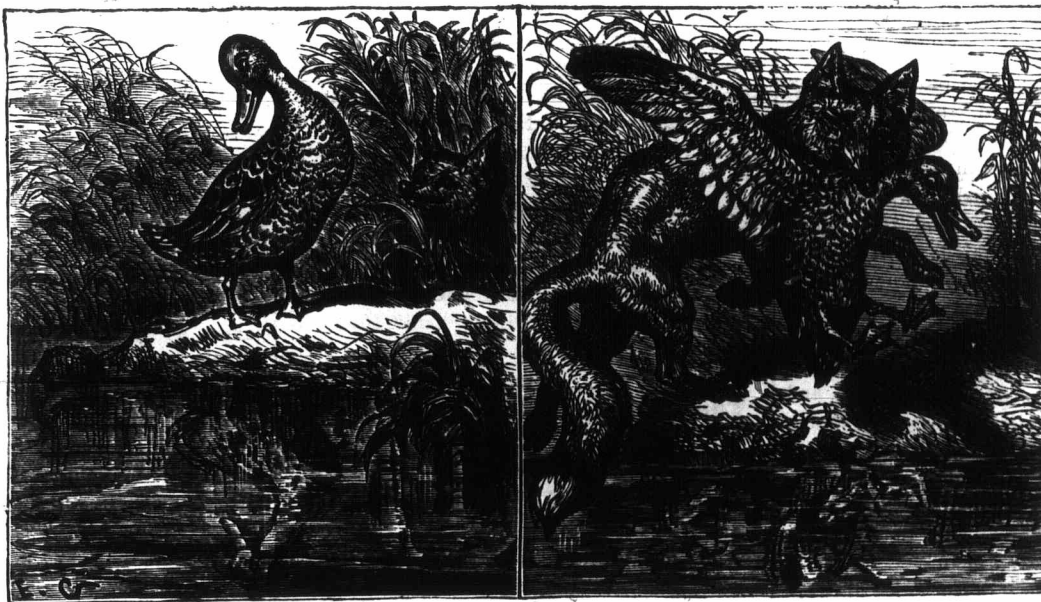
ADA ARMAND.

### 2.—HIDDEN FRUIT.

- 1.—I shall take a nap, please do not disturb me.
- 2.—See what a beautiful plumage the bird of Paradise has.
- 3.—I cannot think you have been lame longer than I have.
- 4.—One day I looked in a deep hole and saw at the bottom a load.
- 5.—I will show you a nice trick if you bring me a pea, Charlie.

LOUISA F. REDMOND.

### THE DUCK AND THE FOX.



"Certainly, I am handsome," said the duck, looking into the water.

"Very," said the fox, carrying her off for his dinner.

### 3.—HALF-SQUARE WORD PUZZLE.

A consonant; a verb; a kind of meat; an animal;  
a lord; a substance for sticking.

LOUISA F. REDMOND.

### 4.—HEXAGON.

- 1.—A body of water.
- 2.—An open space of ground.
- 3.—A kitchen utensil.
- 4.—To give a right to.
- 5.—A plant.
- 6.—Chosen.
- 7.—Corrodes.

### 5.—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



### 6.—ANAGRAM.

Anagrams we've often had,  
But never any like this, lad;  
The answer you may now disclose,  
If the letters in italics you transpose.

A pretty maid did one day sigh,  
"My heart is full of woe,  
And if I ever get the chance  
To the United States I'll go."

No truer words did she ever speak,  
For e'er the year was spent,  
She packed her trunks and said good-bye,  
And into my arm she went."

ADA ARMAND.

### 7.—CHAIR PUZZLE.

Diagram. Letters forming back of chair form the name of a lady beloved by us all.  
Letters in seat of chair, read from right to left, is what she wishes us to be with regard to our studies.  
Letters in rung of chair, from right to left, is what she does not wish any of us to be.  
Behead and curtail letters in front of chair and you will get name of sender.

### 8.—CHARADE (Numerical.)

If an equal you would see,  
It is when placed at 1, 2, 3.

Place my 4, 5, 6 in your mind,  
A Spanish title you will find.

And now reverse, take a 6, 5, 4,  
But be careful that you do not more.

Or else, perhaps, some friend in fun  
May give to you a 3, 2, 1.

And now your 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 I ask,  
For I have finished my task.

FAIR BROTHER.

### 9.—TRIPLE LETTER ENIGMA.

In SCHOONER, but not in TUG.  
In TERRAPIN, but not in BUG.  
In MORALIST, but not in WISE.  
In GORMAND, but not in SIZE.

In KINE, but not in cow.

Three wading birds, please find out now.

FAIR BROTHER.

### 10.—TRANSPOSITION.

Ni hte dwort's drbon dell fo ettlba,  
Ni eth ovaucib fo Ifel,  
Eb the klie budm drevin etlca,  
Eb a oher ni teh first.

BELLAURI  
R. ARMES.

### Answers to Oct. Puzzles.

- 1.—Re-draw.
- 2.—M  
OF  
MONITOR  
FIGURE  
TUNIC  
ORIOLE  
RECLINE  
EN
- 3.—Not to go back is somewhat to advance.
- 4.—Friendship.
- 5.—Rural.
- 6.—Martingale.
- 7.—Liverpool—Edinburgh.
- 8.—The world is a looking-glass, frown at it and it will frown back at you; smile at it and it will give you smiles in return.
- 9.—O, well for the fisherman's boy  
That he shouts with his sister at play,  
O, well for the sailor lad  
That he sings in his boat on the bay.
- 10.—Derby, Hereford, Longford.
- 11.—Carve  
Haise  
Farce  
State  
Hoot  
Tract  
Genius  
Hoop  
House  
Mast

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### Names of those who have sent Correct Answers to October Puzzles.

Louisa F. Redmond, Charles E. Smith, Ada Armand, Emma Dennee, Robert Wilson, E. Manning, Arthur T. Reeve, Wm. Boynton, Robert J. Risk, Mary Morrison, Thos. Moorhead, Minnie Cousins, Edna Simpson, Charlie Johnson, M. O. Webb, Frank E. Ferguson, Bessie Sexton.

Two sons of Erin, shovelling sand on a hot day, stopped to rest and exchange views on the labor question. "Pat, this is mighty hard work we're at." "It is, indade, Jimmy; but what kind of work is it you would like if you could get it?" "Well," said the other, leaning reflectively on his shovel and wiping the perspiration with the back of his hand, "for a nice, aisy, clane business, I think I would like to be a bishop."