

FANNIE.—You do not state whether the dress is for a young girl or grown person, so it is hard for us to advise you; but a very pretty and simple way is to trim the skirt with alternate rows of double box plaitings and wide lace, or with ruffles edged with narrower lace. Make an overskirt with full, loose drapery at the back, and long, pointed front trimmed with lace, and a yoke waist.

For the amusement of our readers we insert the following, taken from a Wisconsin paper:

A man writes to The Sun as follows:

DEAR SIR:—Am a constant reader of the Sun, and humbly solicit your advice. I am a young man thirty-two years of age, good looking, so the people say, and the young ladies say that my eyes are enchanting and mustache just lovely; am a lovely dancer, have arrived at the period of life that I feel as though I ought to get married. Now the trouble is, I can get almost any of the young ladies here for a wife, but I am madly in love with a young waiter girl. She is also good looking, sixteen years old, and I think she loves me. My relatives object to my keeping company with her because she works out. I am worth about forty thousand, and am really smart. Please inform me what to do. I don't like to elope.

[Bah! You make us tired. A man thirty-two years old that hasn't got more sense than you have, ought to go and bury his head. And so the ladies say your eyes are enchanting, eh? Your mustache is lovely, is it? Well you better keep on travelling on your shape, twisting your mustache, looking at fool girls out of your enchanting eyes, and keep away from that waiter girl, as she has probably got more sense than your whole family. And pray what right have your relatives to stick up their noses at a girl who works for a living? Are they trying to ape the cod-fish aristocracy of Boston, which believes that a girl who works cannot enter the kingdom of heaven without a pass from them? Are your relatives Dukes and Duchesses, that they are above a girl who works? who appointed them to preside over the destinies of the poor? Did any of them ever work? If they did not, they have nothing to say. What do they do? The Sun is of the opinion that the waiter girl is as far above any relatives of yours who tries to look down on her, as you are above a calf, and if she knew what a soft headed fellow you were, she wouldn't allow you to address her. If you were worthy of that waiter girl's love, you would have been so indignant and insulted when your relatives objected to you keeping company with her on account of her having to work for a living, that you would have gone to her and proposed in fifteen minutes, laid your forty-thousand miserable dollars at her feet, and set her up at the head of an establishment that your relatives might envy. One throb of that girl's noble heart is worth more than your forty thousand dollars, and your shoddy relatives thrown in. But your own letter shows that you are a vain man, unworthy of such a girl, and you had better marry one of those girls who say your eyes are enchanting and your mustache just too lovely. If you should marry the working girl you would be apt to twit her of being nothing but a working girl when you married her, and you wouldn't have sand enough to protect her from your nickle-plated relatives. A working girl wants a man for a husband, not an enchanting-eyed dancer with a lovely mustache, who is smart.]

Uncle Tom's Department.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES.—I want to tell you a little story by way of introducing my letter this month. The other day three boys went off for an afternoon's skating. The ice was as smooth as glass, and they flew over it like the wind, sometimes describing great circles, sometimes spinning round like tops, then cutting all sorts of pretty, fancy figures, and again racing along as fast as their skates could go. After awhile Frank paused for breath. On the bank of the pond he saw a schoolmate, who was watching the sport with wistful eyes. "I declare boys," says Frank to Harry and Fred, "I don't believe that fellow has had a chance to skate this winter. He hasn't any skates, I'm sure." "Skates? not he; a good many days, I am afraid, he doesn't get any dinner," answered Harry. "Well," Frank smothered a little sigh as he spoke, but he spoke bravely, "I think it's mean for us to have such fun while he has none, and here goes. I say, Dan," he shouted to the boy on the bank, "come, take a turn on the ice; I'll lend you my skates awhile." Dan needed a little urging, but the other boys, who liked their comrade none the less because he happened to be poorer than themselves, insisted, and the rest of the time he was among the skaters instead of Frank. They all went home happier than usual, for those who do kind things are always repaid by the double delight they feel; and those who accept kindness gracefully are the happier for it, too. How many of you boys and girls are enjoying the luxury of helping others along the way? We like to think that every day some of you are making the world gladder by simply doing the best you can wherever you happen to be. Do not wait for the chance to distinguish yourselves by great deeds, but seize the little opportunities as they come. It may be only amusing a fretful child, or helping a dull one to learn a hard lesson, or sewing a rip in an unlucky brother's gloves, or, as these three little fellows did, loaning a pair of skates; but believe me, no unselfish action is ever done in vain. A word about our puzzle department before closing. I am pleased that many new ones have added their names to our list of nephews and nieces, and thank them for their kind New Year's greetings and letters, some of which I shall publish. I cannot say the puzzles sent in were at all satisfactory, but hope you will improve, and by next month I shall receive a first-class collection. UNCLE TOM.

Puzzles.

1—SQUARE WORD.

A harbor; to idolize; franchises; to build; songster's home. MARY E. HARAGAN.

2—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



3—TRANSPOSITION.

Ywh od liness os fto lerep su.
Grihbt ysee runt rou gilsnee locd.
Hwta si ti atth moeso ot letl su.
Lal tath ligerstt si ton lodg.

ANNIE B. S. SCOTT.

4—HIDDEN ADAGE.

Are you going to church, Alfred?
Ask if you may come home with us.
He is a tall, loafish looking fellow.
What did you intend to wish for?
We all bet Teresa would win the prize.
We met a little girl with an old, blind man.
Edwin got a new book to read at noon.
The man with the sabre advanced slowly.
ADA ARMAND.

5—CHANGED HEADINGS.

An animal—a small vessel.
To contend—a falsehood.
To overspread—an admirer.
To educate—part of the head.
A small animal—a path.
A rent—dread.
Metal coined—a sweet substance.

ADA HAGAR.

6—DIAMOND.

A consonant; a pronoun; a blaze; operating; planned; a dramatist; expectations; the allotted age of man; a trick; a limb of the body; a vowel. ANNIE M. SCOTT.

7—ENIGMA (two words).

My first is in slap, but not in box,
My second is in ape, but not in fox,
My third is in shape, but not in form,
My fourth is in cyclone, but not in storm,
My fifth is in shoes, but not in boots,
My whole are two very nice fruits.

HARRY A. WOODWORTH.

8—DROP-VOWEL PUZZLE.

Th-f-r-st h-s sp-lls t-nch-nt m-
Th-m-nt-n h-s p-w-r-t-n th-n-ll
B-t th-gr-c-f-w-ys-d-bl-s-m
C-n st-r my h-r-t d-p-r th-n-ll.

HATTIE KIRKLEY.

9—ENIGMA.

My first is in mule, but not in donkey,
My second is in baboon, but not in monkey,
My third is in spear, but not in lance,
My fourth is in England, but not in France,
My fifth is in beet, but not in carrot,
My sixth is in poll, but not in parrot,
My seventh is in eagle, but not in hawk,
My eighth is in yard, but not in dock,
My ninth is in often, but not in seldom,
My whole of a country is an emblem.

WILL THIRLWALL.

10—SQUARE WORD.

A bird; dimensions; to use; a city in Asia. WILL THIRLWALL.

11—CHANGED HEADINGS.

Change bell to seal in three moves.
Change park to fare in three moves.
Change help to lend in four moves.
Change cold to warm in four moves.

ALICE HUME.

Answers to January Puzzles.

1—Relieve—believe.

Pillow—billow.
Carrot—parrot.
Bean—mean.
Roast—boast.

2—Another year with all its hopes and fears,
Has sunk into the deep abyss of time;
And on the threshold of a new one stand,
Like travellers to some strange and distant clime.

3—Tale, male, mole, more, morn.
Call, cell, sell, seal, seat.
Mund, mine, mane, lane, lame.
Leap, lean, mean, moan, moon.

4—There was never an evil if well understood,
But what rightly managed will turn to a good.

5—

H	N
HAS	PEN
HAPPY	POWER
SPY	NEWYEAR
Y	NEEDY
	RAY
	R

6—There are none so deaf as those who will not hear.