

American Servant Girls.

A wealthy man from the old German country of Pennsylvania said to me, says Gath: "You would not think that in our region it is hard to get domestic servants, where we have so many strong, farm-raised native girls to whom work is the chief education. Yet it is true, and I attribute it to the radical change money has effected to the real injury of the well-to-do people; for of what use is our money if we cannot get reliable cooks, nurses and maids? Not many years ago we raised the best household servants in the country and there were plenty of them at easy wages. Then we were not so puffed up with money and our girls had a pleasant relation with the family and when their work was done would come upstairs and hear what was being talked about. Now, since some of us have become rich, they are no longer invited upstairs and must sit in the kitchen, and as they are social animals they will have their company. They say, 'they don't care anything about us. We owe them nothing.' And," said my friend, "it is rapidly coming down to a sort of eight or ten hour law among servants. They will get your breakfast at a certain hour and stay with you till evening, and then they are going up in the village to have recreation. The fact is," said my acquaintance, "that they are Americans like ourselves, and if we want to draw the line on them they mean to draw it on us. There are disadvantages about dividing our republican people into two classes."

The Wedding on the Creek.

Oh! I's got to string de banjer 'gainst de closin' ob de week.
For dar's gwine to be a weddin' 'mongst de niggers on de Creek.

Dey's gittin' up a frolic, an' dar's gwine to be a noise
When de Plantation knocks ag'in' de Slah Town boys!
Dar'll be stranger folks a-plenty, an' fresher dan de jew!
A'nt Dinah's gitin ready, wid her half a adozen daughters,
An' little Angelina fum de Chinkypen Quarters;
Annuder gal's a-commuin', but I couldn't tell her name;
She's sweet as 'lasses candy and pretty all de same!
She's nicer dan a rose-bush an' lubly eberywhar
From de bottom ob her slippers to de wroppin' in her ha'r.
Lordy mussy 'pon me, how 'twill flusterate de niggers
'To see her slidin' 'cross de flo' 'n' steppin' froo de figgers!
—J. A. Macon.

A Misunderstanding.

The other morning, as the cashier of the Frog Hollow Savings Bank was writing a private letter to an Eastern firm of co-operative burglars, the door opened and the entire Board of Directors entered in a very solemn manner.

"Mr. Steele," said the President, referring to a paper he held in his hand, "I desire—"

"I know just what you would say," interrupted the cashier, hastily; "what sort of a compromise can we make?"

"A what, sir?" asked the President.

"Why, a compromise, of course," repeated the cashier. "Suppose I turn over thirty per cent. and we liquidate for ten on the dollar, and—"

"Ten on the dollar?" said the entire board, much surprised.

"Well, then, say five cents," continued the executive officer. "That will leave more for you fellows. Then, if you think it looks better, I'll stay in jail for a month or two while the depositors are moving out to the poorhouse, and—"

"I don't understand what you are talking about, sir," said the president. "Our business here, sir, is to compliment you on the present admirable condition of the bank under your management, and to present you with this gold-headed cane as a token of our esteem and confidence."

"Great Scott!" muttered the cashier, after the directors had congratulated him and walked out; "I thought the old duffers had been investigating the books and counting the cash."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

To be young is to be one of the Immortals.—HAZLITT.

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

The competition for the Christmas prize still continues interesting, while a number have fallen off who sent splendid letters last month, and some few new ones have entered the contest. The list who have sent correct answers to the October puzzles is as follows: Crocodile, Sarnia; Scout, West Point, N. Y.; Bertha Miller, Walkerville; Geo. U. Stiff, Hamilton; Albert Aspley, Montreal; Walter Symmes, Goderich; James Thompson, Toronto; George H., Toronto; Robert Lee, St. Catherines; Charlie Hutton, St. Thomas, and a Windsor correspondent who forgets to sign name. The contest is close and much depends upon the solutions to the puzzles in this number. Remember all answers must be in by the 5th of December, and the prize will be awarded before Christmas.

NOVEMBER PUZZLES.

1

SQUARE WORD.

Learning.

Part of a stove.

To peruse.

Limits.

2

DECAPITATIONS.

- Behead a small animal, and leave a large one.
Behead a quarrel, and leave an abbreviated name.
Behead a seat, and leave an instrument of use.
Behead to hinder, and leave the highest point.
Behead a place of confinement, and leave decline of life.

3

HIDDEN CITIES.

- It was not frosty enough to get even ice to skate on.
The heir fell asleep poor on Sunday night, but awoke rich Monday morning.

Look yonder, Jacque beckons you.

4

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

"In sleep,"

A sharp edged tool.

A common Canadian fruit.

To examine thoroughly.

A Canadian town.

A series of years.

In "wake."

ANSWERS TO OCTOBER PUZZLES.

1. Charade:—Tea-pot.

2. Square Word:— I.

POLE

ODOR

LODI

ERIN

II.

YULE

URAL

LAVA

ELAM

3. Educational Anagrams:—Spelling, Arithmetic, Algebra, History, Botany, Chemistry, Geometry, Mensuration, Composition.