

Uncle Tom's Department.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,—A little advice about talking may be read with interest, and be beneficial to some of our nephews and nieces, who, when young, if corrected of erroneous habits, are more easily broken.

How tired we get of hearing any one perpetually talking of their own affairs, their bodily ailments, domestic trials, vexatious lawsuits, elaborate schemes, or of their rich relations, and distinguished friends. No one is considered great merely because he knows great people. Always try to speak distinctly, not too fast, slow or loud, and not vociferously. Be careful not to interrupt another who is speaking without sufficient cause. In ordinary conversation give your company a fair chance, and do not monopolize all the talk, for there are people whose speech is like the steady flow of oil from a capacious tank, and it seems as though it might gush on uninterruptedly for ever. Whatever you are talking about, do not annoy the listener with the perpetual question, "don't you think so?" This questioning often is an intolerable nuisance. Do not get in the habit of depreciating yourself, which is well understood to be one way for fishing for a compliment. If you have a hobby, spare your friends the infliction of hearing the same subject every time you meet them. Do not talk too much about people, though the temptation is great, because most people are fascinated by personal gossip. It is a melancholy feature in our nature, that we retail all the little particles of scandal that happen to be floating in the air. There is nothing so despicable as the person who despises everybody else. Finally, never allow your talk to be defiled with slang, and do not talk too much nonsense. It is disgusting and repellant to encounter one who never seems to be in earnest about anything, treating everything with ridicule or scorn. The general observance of these simple rules would greatly improve the ordinary intercourse of society.

UNCLE TOM.

PUZZLES.

63—AN ENIGMA.

My first is in bread, but not in meat;  
My second is in corn, but not in wheat;  
My third is in garden, but not in field;  
My fourth is in skinned, but not in peeled;  
My fifth is in dish, but not in tub;  
My sixth is in tree, but not in shrub;  
My seventh is in conversation, but not in talk;  
My eighth is in ramble, but not in walk;  
My ninth is in fruit, but not in vegetable;  
My tenth is in strong, but not in able;  
My eleventh is in game, but not in play;  
My whole is a city in Germany.

ALLEN JONES.

64—NUMBERED CHARADE.

Whole, I give a general view. 1, 2 is my father;  
7, 8, my mother; 3, 4, 5, 6, my daughter; and  
5, 6, 7, 8, my servant. My 7, 2 does not care a 5,  
2, 1, what the 7, 6, 1 says, for while the 1, 4 is  
navigable, the 5, 6, 7, will supply us with wool. It  
now being 7, 4, 5, 3, I feel inclined for a 3, 2, 1, so  
say adieu.

EUREKA.

65—CHARADES.

My first is a circle; my next you will find  
Much used by a very great part of mankind:  
If you happen to speak of yourself, my third  
Is sure to be there, and sure to be heard;  
My fourth to progress, or advance, signifies,  
A motto for those who in life wish to rise;  
My whole you possess—even now, it may be,  
You are passing it, while you seek for the key.

66.

My first thing you must guess,  
Part of a ship will best express;  
My next you on the water do—  
A very good amusement, too.  
My whole will name a little bird,  
Whose voice you've very often heard.

LUCY CRUSE.

67.

My first you'll find's a negative;  
My second's an affirmative;  
My third, if I should give the clue—  
It is not me, but you;  
And if the three they are combined,  
They very soon will bring to mind  
Something which is cordial and  
Invigorating, too.

68.

Where is my primal? look at home;  
Open your mouth and see,  
Or seek in primeval books,  
Where ancient fossils be.  
My second often wrings the heart,  
Brings sorrow to the head,  
And sometimes makes the sufferer  
To wish that he were dead.  
My whole is very hard to bear,  
Yet often runs from ear to ear.

69—LOGOGRIPE.

At first I name a growth that's out,  
Sometimes daily, sometimes weekly.  
Transpose me, and then I become  
A support to strong and weakly.  
Behold me now, and straight I tell  
What you my friends thus far have done.  
Then transpose me, and I express  
What you might call a loved one.  
Once more, if you my form will change,  
And perform it as it should be;  
I name to you a little word  
That a brave man's motto would be.  
Cut off my head, and once again,  
Transpose my tiny form aright,  
And a part of yourself I shall  
Finally reveal unto your sight.

70—PICTORAL REBUS.



Answers to June Puzzles.

55—Africa, Australia, France, Richard, Ink, Chicago, America.

56—Man, pan, ran.

57—

P  
N E T  
V I T A L Y  
V I C E R O Y  
O V E R R E A C H E  
P E T E R S I M P L E  
F R I G I D I T Y  
G R A M M A R  
A S P E N  
E L F  
E

58—Cowslip.

59—1, Cart, cat. 2, Morose, moose. 3, Crow, cow. 4, Crook, cook. 5, Struck, stuck.

60—1, Hoop, pooh. 2, Dial, laid. 3, Garb, brag. 4, Bats, stab. 5, Lee, eel. 6, Reward, drawer. 7, Yam, may.

61—Stable, table, able.

Stone, tone, one.

Charm, harm, arm.

61—

I S A B L E      2 G I M E L  
A R R O W      I T A L Y  
B R A V E      M A K E R  
L O V E R      E L E M E  
E W E R R      L Y R E S

Names of Those Who Sent Correct Answers to June Puzzles.

John A. McDonald, Eliza Leach, Alex. Somerville, George Trevail, Francis Elliott, Robt. Lockwood, Nelly Cumberland, Amelia Vail, Harry Phillips, T. J. Taylor, Bosie Shore, Percy Sutherland, Sarah Cowan, Hannah Parkins, Theo. Summers, Edward Harris, Edward Curtis, Jessie Green, Ellen Burroughs, Bessy McFarlane, Noah Bayly, T. N. Weston, John Scott, Henry Marling, Lucie Hammond, Mary Weekes, Jesse Garden, Joel Stowe, T. J. Inch, Maud Grier, James Smith, B. L. Lucifer, F. T. Netherland, J. L. Thompson, M. J. Dutton, Edwin Cooper, Fred Mercer, John Butter, Elias Crompton, M. J. Smith, Sarah Vining, James Anderson, John Malone.

Honorable mention is made of Mary Weekes having answered the greatest number of puzzles correctly.

"Doctor," said an old lady, "I'm so troubled in my sleep. Last night I saw my grandfather, who has been dead thirty years." "What did you eat before you went to bed?" "Asked the doctor.—"Nothing but half a mince-pie."—"Well, if you had eaten the other half you might also have seen your grandfather."

Inside a Turkish Harem.

In Mrs. Burton's "Inner Life of Syria" we find the following pleasing picture of harem life:—"The moment we arrive and are announced the whole family will run to meet us at the boundary gate which separates them from the outer world. They will kiss us, and take our hands, and, with all the delight of children, lead us to the divan, and sit around us. One will fly for sherbet, another for sweets; this for coffee, that for narghilehs. They are so pleased with a trifle; for example, to-day they are quite delighted because we are dressed like them, and they consider that we have adopted their fashions out of compliment to them. They find everything charming, and are saying how sweet we look in their clothes. If we were habited in our own clothes they would be equally happy, because they would examine every article, would want to know where it was bought, what it cost, how it was put on; and if they could find it in the 'sook' (bazaar). Their greatest happiness is to pull your hair down to see how it is done, and to play with your hat. If you come in riding habit, they think you are dressed like a man. A lady's cloth riding under-garments are an awful mystery to them, and they think how happy we are to dress like men, and follow our husbands like comrades, while nobody says anything against us on that account. They envy us our knowledge and independence, and they deplore the way they are kept and their not being able to know or do anything. They say that we must stay all the evening with them, and are overjoyed at hearing that we accept. They will prepare music and dancing, and send round and gather their friends. Do you hear the tom-tom in the garden? That means that the Sitt (Lady) Leila invites all the harems on her visiting-list to a 'small and early.' In about an hour a hundred women of their intimates will drop in all dressed like ourselves, more or less magnificently. There will be a perpetual nibbling of fruit, sweets, and nuts, a similar sipping of coffee and sherbet, amid the bubble of the fountains, and fifty or more narghilehs. The singing, music, and dancing will be performed by the guests, who will throw in a good deal of talent. It will be quite modest, and not require checking like the professional performances.

Be Independent.

There is nothing in this world that ensures success so completely as does perfect independence. People who are always waiting for help may wait a long time as a general thing; a little assistance, a little recommendation, a little influence, is not to be had for asking, but there is always something one can do for himself. Do it, whatever it is, and do it with a will. One thing leads to another.

If you are a girl, don't sit still and hope a rich man will marry you, while your old father toils for your daily bread. Make dresses, or go into a shop, or—if you know how to be a good servant—into some one's kitchen. Good, honest pluck and sensible independence are a dowry in themselves, and there are men who know it.

If your means place you beyond such need, be independent in another way. Learn how to help yourself, and take care of yourself as much as possible. Rather be one who does things for others than one who must have things done for you or suffer. Two hands, two feet, sight and strength—these ought to enable you to dispense with help while you are young and healthy.

We like men who can defy adverse circumstances, and could earn a living in any quarter of the world in which they were dropped down; who can roll up their sleeves and set to work at almost anything that offers, and who can even sew on their own buttons and make themselves a cup of tea when deprived of the help of womankind.

We like women who are not annihilated when the servant girl goes off in a huff; who could wash a dress or sweep the floor, if either unpleasant effort were necessary; and who, if plunged into the depths of poverty, would fight their own way out of it, asking help of no man.

Independence makes no woman less loving. The most helpful woman are fondest and truest; and as for a man, never trust him in any capacity if he has not within him the true spirit of independence, without which neither strength nor sweetness may be hoped for.

In the battle of life there is but one way to succeed—fight it out yourself. Give the helping hand when you may. Take it if in some sore strait it is offered freely; but never wait for it; be independent as far as any man may be, if you would honour yourself, or be honored by others, or be happy.