

Uncle Tom's Department.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES.—It seems to me a very short time has elapsed between this letter and my last, but already a month has flown swiftly by. "Tempus fugit" is a very old proverb but nevertheless a true one, and the elder we grow the more we realize the truth. I am sure you have often seen pictures of Father Time, represented as being very old and carrying a sickle in his hand, with which he removes everything that impedes his course. He waits for no one, rich and poor are treated alike by him, and "time once lost can never be regained." I wonder if you have never regretted the many idle moments spent by you either at school or at home, and wished so much that you could recall them! but they have passed quietly on, never to return. I must not convert this letter into a sermon, though a lecture now and then has a very salutary effect; but I am afraid if you had all lectures you would soon tire of my letters. I suppose a great many of you attend school. Now that you have had such a nice long holiday, you should be able to commence your studies with renewed vigor. I know that at first it is rather hard to settle down to earnest study—to some there are a great many more pleasant occupations. However you will be able to enjoy those better, by and by, if you make use of the present time, and in after years you will look back on your school days as the pleasantest time of your life. You will hardly believe this, but "experience is the best teacher," and after a time you will acknowledge that I am right.

UNCLE TOM.

PUZZLES.

81.—ENIGMA.

My first is in ducat, my second in gold.
My third is in courage, my fourth is in bold.
My fifth is in whimper, my sixth is in scream.
My seventh is in thinking, my eighth is in dream.
My ninth is in acorn, my tenth is in seed.
My eleventh is in hunger, my twelfth is in need.
My thirteenth is in silence, my fourteenth in death.
My fifteenth is in living, my sixteenth in breath.
You may spell out my name, you may have me in view.
But I'm still an enigma to all but a few.

82.—NUMERICAL CHARADE.

I am an ancient historian composed of 8 letters.
My 5, 7, 3, 8 is a pet animal.
My 6, 2, 3, 4 conveys water.
My 1, 2, 8, 6 is a nickname.

83.—WORD SQUARE.

First, an explosive article. Second, a mixture.
Third, manner. Fourth, in a servile state.

84.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Frozen vapor. Fear. A fruit. A form of government. A member of a religious community. Vessels. Answer—Tempests, and their consequences.

85.—ENIGMA.

My first is in cat, but not in dog.
My second is in marsh, but not in bog.
My third is in hand, but not in fist.
My fourth is in rubber, but not in whist.
My fifth is in cow, but not in milk.
My sixth is in woollen, but not in silk.
My seventh is in brays, but not in neighs.
My whole is a poet whose rhythmic lays
Are writ in English of ancient days.

86.—CRYPTOGRAM.

Geb Utoltg zhf h loxhphgo bto
Hgf vemxi h otaxve weyx
Hgf ozrp rgoe ozx Dhoxgixk
Tg axkkc urtpx zx pleyx

T dhax ixdrpx cerk zekpx berof deax
Hgf ts Tbxoo sektufx
Ac zho hgf btu btuo peeg ix zxxk
Ozxc hxx rleg ozx hehf



87—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—GOOD ADVICE.

Answers to September Puzzles.

76—Cincinnati.

77—BONE
OVAL
NAIL
ELLA

C
ALE
78—CLEAR
EAR
R

79—C o r d
O d o r
W h y
P l a i d
Embrace
R a i n
Cowper. Dryden.

80—Landseer.

Names of Those Who Sent Correct Answers to September Puzzles.

Minnie Howell, Charlie Pancrost, Lizzie Munroe, Albert Lewis, Bessie Lee, George Wyld, Lillian Kitchen, Randall Hammond, Willie Russ, Clover Forbes, Jessie McIntosh, Sarah Walker, Joseph Henderson, Emily Woods, Arthur Springer, Carrie Jell, J. M. Moore, Tom Stevens, A. C. Maynard, Arthur Springer, Josie and Eliza Clarkson.

HUMOROUS.

An old farmer's wife who had a servant that was notorious for breaking dishes, on one occasion fell asleep in church. During her slumbers her elbow unluckily overturned a Bible, when to the amusement of her fellow-worshippers, she was heard to mutter in a very audible voice—"Anither bowl, ye hissie."

"Going to leave, Mary?" "Yes, mum; I find I am very discontented." "If there is anything I can do to make you comfortable let me know." "No, mum, it's impossible. You can't alter your finger to my finger, no mor'n I can. Your dresses won't fit me, and I can't appear on Sundays as I used at my last place, where missus' clothes fitted 'xactly."

ALL BUSY LYING.—"Where were you when the first shot was fired?" asked the lawyer.

"I was lying down on the sofa."
"Where was your husband?"
"He was lying down on the back gallery."
"And your children—where were they?"
"They were lying down on the bed, fast asleep."
"Any other member of your family lying down?"
"Well if my brother-in-law was here I expect he would be lying down in the court-house. He is a lawyer unless he has reformed recently."

A gentleman the other day saw his little daughter dipping her doll baby's dress into a tin cup, and inquired: "What are you doing my daughter?"

"I'm coloring my doll's dress red."
"What with?"
"With beer."
"What put such a foolish notion into your head, child? You can't color red with beer."
"Yes, I can, pa; because ma said it was beer that colored your nose so red!"
And the gentleman had business that required him to be down town immediately.

In some literary societies it is customary at the close of the session to have a "funny night," when all the orations, essays, and declamations are humorous, and when some amusing or ridiculous question is set for discussion. On one such occasion the following speeches, written by a Randolph Macon, student, were (in substance) delivered on the question, "Which is the mother of the chicken, the hen that laid the egg or the one that hatched it?" Mr. J. on the affirmative; Mr. C. negative.

Mr. J.—Mr. President:

This silly-sounding question, sir,
Concerning fowls' increase
Was specially designed, I think,
To show us up as geese.

But since I'm bid to speak on eggs,
I'll not eggs-cuse nor shrink;
And as a speech you will eggs-act,
I'll eggs-press what I think.

That like begets that which is like
Is one of nature's laws,
And laws of eggs we sure must cite
In this eggs-citing cause.

The mother of a calf's a cow,
That of a wren's a wren.
And thus the mother of a chick
Must surely be a hen.

Now set a duck on a hen's egg.
And, granting you have luck,
Pray, from that egg say will there come
A chicken or a duck?

And if you want a Shanghai chick
Say, gentlemen, I beg,
Pray would you set a Shanghai hen
Or get a Shanghai egg?

Will a Shanghai hen hatch a Shanghai chick
From a common egg, I beg;
I'll take my chance with a common hen,
And a genuine Shanghai egg.

And the Shanghai pullet testifies
Whenever she does lay,
She cackle-ates a Shanghai chick
Is started on the way.

Then let your hatchers strut around,
And cluck, and scratch and pick;
But sir, the hen that laid that egg
Is mother to that chick.

Too Bad.

The following is vouched for by one of Philadelphia's divines: A young clergyman having agreed to supply the pulpit of an older brother absent from home, escorted to church the daughter of the pastor, and after seeing her safely in her father's pew, ascended to the pulpit, unconscious that this natural attention to the young lady was sufficient to excite lively imaginations and inquiries in the audience. Upon reading the hymn to be sang, the young clergyman was surprised to perceive evident efforts in the congregation to suppress laughter. The daughter of his friend possessed the mellifluous name of Grace, and all unsuspecting of that fact, he had chosen the hymn beginning with the words "Amazing grace," and proceeding with:

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved,
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

—Harper's Magazine.

"My boy," said a father to his young son, "treat every one with politeness; even those who are rude to you. For remember that you show courtesy to others, not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one."

A colored banker, much alarmed by the failure of several other banks in his neighborhood, closed his own establishment. A man knocked at his barred door. "Who's dar?" cried the banker. "Open the door!" called the man. "Don't care whether the bank's closed or not," cried the stranger, "I left a pair of new boots here yesterday and I want them." "Presently the door was thrust partly open and one boot pushed out, with the remark: "We is only payin' fifty cents on the dollar to-day."