

Uncle Tom's Department.

MY DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS,—You all seem to be quite lively this month, as our table is stacked with letters, all hoping and striving to be the fortunate winner of the prize which was offered to the one who succeeded in solving all or the greatest number of puzzles—not to everyone who sent correct answers, as some appear to have understood. We, however, have read our letters, and find that Minnie Hyde and Henry Ptolemy have answered an equal number correctly this month; last month Minnie Hyde was just one ahead. This being such a close contest, we take pleasure in sending each a chromo. We again offer a beautiful chromo to the one who sends the most correct answers to August and September puzzles. All communications must be in by the 20th of each month. Now, my nephews and nieces, be "wide-awake."

UNCLE TOM.

PUZZLES.

106—ENIGMA.

I am composed of thirty-four letters, and am the first line of a celebrated poem.

My 32, 26, 6, 9, 29, 19 is the originator of a theory that has excited much discussion.
My 2, 17, 3, 12 is a part of a man.
My 4, 5, 13, 22 is to select.
My 7, 8, 20, 10 everybody owns.
My 1, 34, 25, 3 is used by printers.
My 1, 5, 19, 29, 4 is a loose garment.
My 10, 11, 25, 29, 4 is a subject of discourse.
My 25, 29, 18, 20, gives the name of a fish.
My 31, 11, 33, 10 is an animal. A.M.N.

107—CHARADE.

"Sitting one day at my window
Looking out on the street,
I saw my first passing by—
'Twas a little girl with bare feet.

"She had on an old dress
All tattered and torn,
While my second, used so long
That it was old and worn.

"It was pitiful to see
My whole in such a state,
I called her in and clothed her well,
And found her a better fate."

ESTELLA.

108—SHAKESPEARIAN ENIGMA.

I am composed of forty-four letters, and am a celebrated phrase from Shakespeare, spoken by Brutus to the Romans.

My first is in sand but not in lime,
My second in yours but not in mine,
My third in tumble but not in leap,
My fourth in gift but not in keep,
My fifth in high but not in low,
My sixth in reap but not in mow,
My seventh in Tom but not in Jack,
My eighth in carriage but not in hack,
My ninth in love but not in hate,
My tenth in companion but not in mate,
My eleventh in vice but not in sin,
My twelfth in screw but not in pin,
My thirteenth in doom but not in fate,
My fourteenth in reckon but not in rate,
My fifteenth in tart but not in sour,
My sixteenth in bread but not in flour,
My seventeenth in string but not in rope,
My eighteenth in marry but not in elope,
My nineteenth in tear but not in mend,
My twentieth in pull but not in send,
My twenty-first in idle but not in study,
My twenty-second in postpone but not in ready,
My twenty-third in sip but not in drink,
My twenty-fourth in beaver but not in mink,
My twenty-fifth in you but not in me,
My twenty-sixth in port but not in lee,
My twenty-seventh in least but not in less,
My twenty-eighth in hamper but not in mess,
My twenty-ninth in cat but not in dog,
My thirtieth in wet but not in fog,
My thirty-first in Edwin but not in Ed,
My thirty-second in stool but not in bed,
My thirty-third in town but not in city,
My thirty-fourth in love but not in pity,
My thirty-fifth in tile but not in rail,
My thirty-sixth in dish but not in pail,

My thirty-seventh in real but not in fable,
My thirty-eighth in horse but not in stable,
My thirty-ninth in mountain but not in hill,
My fortieth in move but not in still,
My forty-first in mirth but not in glad,
My forty-second in sorrow but not in sad,
My forty-third in black but not in green,
My forty-fourth in saw but not in seen. A.N.

109—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

Take one-half of ten, and multiply it by itself so that the answer will be neither less nor greater than the number taken. S.Q.

110—BURIED POETS.

1. Do not go near that cow; perhaps it may toss you.
2. Our old servant lived in brother David's cottage.
3. Please get me a box of Mitchel's pens, Ernest.

111—BURIED FISH.

1. Is Kate or Mary going out with you this morning?
2. He made a paper church for Ned to play with.
3. If you think so, let me take the parcel to the station.
4. Mamma says almonds and raisins will not hurt children.
5. Julia lost her ring at the concert, which made her very cross.
6. I gave him the map I kept for him.

EMMA FARMER.

112—ANAGRAM.

Fi omse ungo ylad i uocld dinf
Ho'wd kate em rof reh wno,
Ot erh d'i eb a bansduh inkd,
(Ym "ilwd atos" rae lal wosn)
Tub hesudl les eb ssoepes'd twih asho
Phrepas 'willt eb sa lewl,
Cebusae I siwh ot uct a sadh,
Dan eb het "pit pot" weall.

- 113—My first a meat we often eat,
My second a beverage is,
My whole a food is rendered good
For invalids to use.

HENRY PTOLEMY.

114—ENIGMA.

My first is in rain, but not in snow.
My second is in catch, but not in throw.
My third is in stem, but not in stalk.
My fourth is in crow, but not in hawk.
My fifth is in rock, but not in clay.
My sixth is in week, but not in day.
My seventh is in lamb, but not in sheep.
My eighth is in much, but not in a heap.
My whole is a confection much prized by children in the summer season.

115—ACROSTIC.

A State in Germany; a fruit; a vegetable; an annual; a town in Scotland. The initials and finals give the name of two English officers.

Answers to July Puzzles.

95—But-ton, Flint-lock, Book-rack, Kid-glove. 96—Printing Ink.

97—Manganese.
Limestone.
Lardaceous.
MenDacity.
HumiliLity.
ReferEnced.
Confessed.
ConductEd.
HeterodoX.—MIDDLESEX.

98—Meats.
Cold Ham.
Pickled Tongue.
Roast Beef.
Broad.
Biscuit.
Cold Bread.
Cake.
Lemon.
Gold and Silver.
Cookies.

99—Sam, Fred, Nora, Willy, Esther. 100—North American Indians. 101—Night shade. 102—St. Helena. 103—1, Rice. 2, Indian. 3, Suet. 4, Bread. 5, Tapioca. 6, Apple.

104—
E L F
C L O V E
I V Y
E
T C
T E A C U P
A P

105—

Names of Those who have sent Correct Answers to July Puzzles.

Amelia Shambel, Alice M. Nicholson, Henry Ptolemy, Emma Turner, Kitty Lowe, Susie Leader, Minnie Hyde, Kattie Thompson, Janet Lowe Lovekin, Mrs. M. A. Hepworth, A. Symonds, Tom Omase Shanks, James Holmes, Frank Taylor, John Freeman, Lucy Ferguson, Stephen Murdock, Alice Smith,

James Harris, Susan Hunt, Theo. Black, Nora Hooper, Harry Trevall, Edwin Caesar, Eleanor West, Myra, Emma Murray, John LeForte, Maude Clindrer, Nellie Anderson, W. Frost, James Day, Fred. Barnes, J. Cromwell, Jean McDougall, Nettie Leicester.

DEAR UNCLE TOM,—As you so often have requested your nephews and nieces to communicate with you, I think I will embrace the present opportunity of sending you a brief account of holiday time with me. Father allowed me two weeks for recreation before going into the harvest field to assist him, having passed my examination creditably and satisfactorily to him. Two weeks I thought would be such a long visit, having never been away from home so long at a time before. I went to visit my uncle, who has a farm bordering on the River St. Clair. Such a rare treat to see that lovely river! My cousins and I went out fishing, boating and bathing, all of which were novelties to me. How proudly I walked home from the river carrying my first pickerel, and how pleasant it is to be in a row boat, with a long line trailing from the stern trolling for pickerel, and to pull them in one after another—great fellows with wide mouths and voracious jaws, that make the water fly when they take the hook! My cousins took me to visit Detroit. We went via the River St. Clair; the day was bright and lovely for sailing. They told me the names of all the islands in the river, which we have all studied in our geographies. Some of them are inhabited. The most delightful part of the scenery is going through the canal, which is a mile and a half in length; there are willows growing on both sides and a lighthouse at each end. There are two or three island hotels not far from Detroit, where people go and spend the day (some longer) in fishing, boating, etc. The boat leaves Detroit at nine in the morning and returns at ten in the evening, which leaves a pleasant day for the citizens to enjoy the river or island. Now I must tell you of a little we saw in Detroit. We went to the summit of the City Hall, it is a fine building; we had to climb up 216 steps to reach the top, but the view you get of the whole city quite repays you. There are a great many trees growing on the streets, which present such a pretty appearance peeping through the mass of buildings; on one side we got a good view of Windsor and the river, which looks all astir with boats. My cousins took me to the library, which is one of the finest buildings in the city. We went to the different parks, cemeteries, etc. Elmwood cemetery is beautifully situated, and the natural scenery is exquisite. In fact, everything looked very nice to me, as it was my first visit to an American city. From your nephew, JAMES.

HUMOROUS.

SCENE AT THE SEASIDE.—Youth, with sad, love-struck air: "Oh, wilt thou be mine, my own dear bride? I love you deeply, fondly, passionately, wildly! I cannot live without you! Say, oh say thou wilt be mine!" Maiden—with downcast eyes: "Adolphus, is there anything the matter with my dress? I saw the Smith girls just now look at me curiously. Does my hair set all right?" Adolphus discontinued his love-making.

DIDN'T LIKE MUTTON.—A good story is told of the recent excellent performance of Handel's "Messiah" at a Baptist church: A farmer took his wife to hear the grand music so splendidly rendered on that occasion, and after listening with apparent enjoyment, the pair became suddenly interested in one of the grand choruses: "We all, like sheep, have gone astray." First a sharp soprano voice exclaimed: "We all, like sheep—" Next a deep bass voice uttered, in the most earnest tone: "We all, like sheep—" Then all the singers at once asserted: "We all, like sheep—" "Darn'd if I do!" exclaimed old Rusticus to his partner. "I like beef and bacon, but I can't bear sheep-meat." There was an audible titter in that vicinity, but the splendid music attracted attention from the pair, and they quietly slipped out.

A Yankee gentleman, escorting a British friend to view the different objects of attraction, in the vicinity of Boston, brought him to Bunker Hill. They stood looking at the splendid monument, when the Yankee said this was the place where Warren fell. "Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted up in local historical matters, "did it hurt him much?" The native looked at him. "Hurt him!" said he, "He was killed, sir." "Ah! he was, eh!" said the stranger, still eyeing the monument, and compounding its height in his own mind, layer by layer. "Well, I should think he would have been, to fall so far."