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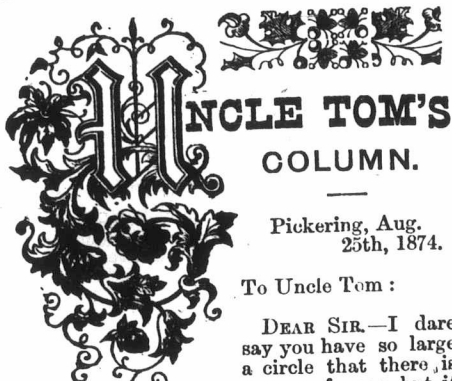
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Oct. 1874

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

157



Pickering, Aug.
25th, 1874.

To Uncle Tom:

DEAR SIR—I dare say you have so large a circle that there is no room for me, but if you will kindly take notice of me, I shall be very glad. Dear sir, I have several little sisters and brothers, and Rolla, who wrote to Minnie May, is one. She sends this likeness to you, and wishes Minnie May and I to introduce you to her. I think I need introduction myself, but she thinks I don't, for she says I have a good Scotch tongue in my head. I know a great many puzzles, and if it is your pleasure I shall send you some. I also know any amount of games, but I am not good at describing them. I am highly delighted with the games that were in the paper last time. Here are some puzzles:

STELLA G. RENTON.

267. It was done when it was begun; it was done when it was half done, yet it was not done when it was finished.

268. I make little folks laugh,
For sometimes I am physic,
And sometimes I am pie.

CHARADE.

269. Papa this morning bought my first,
In colors gay and bright;
And Laura claps her tiny hands
And laughs in great delight.

My second Laura is, you'll find,
And many a pretty thing
To please her, from the toyshop near,
Her kind papa will bring.

Upon a stool Miss Laura sits,
While to my first she ties
A silken cord, that she may draw
Along my whole—her prize.

STELLA G. RENTON.

Poplar Grove, July 31st, 1874.

Dear Uncle Tom,

I have intended writing for a long time, so I thought I would write at last and send some puzzles, scraps, &c. I am sorry for your unfortunate pocket. I think Aunt Tom must make some button-holes and sew some buttons on, and button it up. But this reminds me of the hole that was in the packet of wheat that father sent for. He sent to Mr. Weid for a packet of Stone's White Wheat, and when he got it there was a hole in the paper and all the wheat gone but thirteen grains. I think if you and father could meet you might sympathize. But do not want you to lose this lengthy epistle. I have lots of riddles to send this time, so here they are.

ADDIE G. BRAY.

270. I am composed of 12 letters:

My 1, 9, 3 is a vessel,
My 10, 12, 11, 7 is part of a foot or part of a hand,
My 6, 2, 7, 1 is a noise,
My 4, 11, 10, 2 is a number,
My 5, 9, 11, 7 belongs to a vessel,
My whole is one of the United States.

271. My 1st is in date but not in state,
My 2nd is in Laura but not in Kate,
My 3rd is in Arthur but not in Bill,
My 4th is in Harry but not in Will,
My 5th is in flask but not in gun,
My 6th is in mother but not in son,
My whole is a county in Ontario.

272. My 1st is in Frank but not in Tom,
My 2nd is in Nona but not in Sue,
My 3rd is in Xenophon but not in said,
My whole is a harbor in Newfound-land.

HIDDEN RIVER.

273. Will Ethel be there?

HIDDEN FISH.

274. I heard her ring the bell for you.

275. Give it a slight rub as she does.

Kilsyth, Aug. 13th, 1874.

Dear Uncle Tom,

Being one of those despised beings, known in your family circle as a "Big Brother," it

may be thought very presumptuous of me to try to shove myself in edge ways, but "never venture, never win," is my motto. Perhaps some of my fair cousins who have been hurling anathemas on the heads of such bipeds as I, may belong to a Grange, so I send them a little doggerel as a peace offering. Hoping this may escape that big hole in your pocket, I remain your nephew,

"HUMBLED."

I WANT TO BE A GRANGER.

I want to be a Granger, and with the Grangers stand,
A bony-fisted farmer, with a hay stack in my hand;
Beneath the tall tomato tree I'll swing the glittering hoe,
And smite the wild potato bug that skips along the snow.

I'll buy a Short-horned Durham ram, and a grey Alpacha cow,
A Lock-stitch Osage stump machine, and a patent leather plow;
I'll buy a span of fishing boats, a hand saw and a horn,
And a cord of blacksmith's bellowses to prune the early corn.

I'll buy some silent motion swine, and double-turbine ewes—
Oh then I'll sweep the prizes, boys, at all the county shows;
I'll have some sturdy carpenters to draw the egg machine,
To weed the pumps and hand saw files, and chicken hawks so green.

I'll need some Indian lightning rods, that feed on iron shucks,
A patent lever sawing horse to milk the Arabian ducks.
Oh, when I am a Granger I'll make the nations stare,
To see me drive my hornet hive a gentleman so rare.

Please excuse bad writing, as I have a bealing hand. If this is not worth putting in print, please pass it on to the waste basket without further notice.

A. H. FINCH.

JUSTIFIABLE SUICIDE.

Is suicide ever justifiable? A Pittsburg paper states that near Titusville, Pennsylvania, a melancholy case of self-murder occurred. The following schedule was found in the victim's left boot:

"I married a widow that had a grown up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter, and married her; so my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time afterward my wife had a son; he was my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife, I. e., my step-daughter, had a son; he was, of course, my brother, and in the meantime, my grand-child, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grand-mother because she was my mother. I was my wife's husband and grand-child at the same time, and, as the husband of a grand-mother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather."

UNCLE TOM'S SCRAP BOOK.

THE MAN THAT DIDN'T LIKE TRIPE.

Liston, the actor, delighted in a peculiar sort of practical joking in the streets. Walking one day with Mr. Miller, a theatrical bookseller, he happened to mention casually that he was going to have tripe for dinner, a dish of which he was particularly fond. Miller, who hated it said:

"Tripe! beastly stuff! How came you to eat it?"

That was enough for Liston. He stopped suddenly in the crowded thoroughfare, in front of a house, and holding Miller by the arm, exclaimed in a loud voice:

"What, sir! Do you mean to assert that you don't like tripe?"

"Hush!" muttered Miller, "don't talk so loud; people are staring at us."

"I ask you, sir," continued Liston, in still louder tones, "do you like tripe?"

"For heaven's sake, hold your tongue!" cried Miller; "you will have a crowd around us."

And naturally people began to stop and wonder what was the matter. This was exactly what Liston wanted, and again he shouted:

"Do you mean to say you don't like tripe?" Miller, making a desperate effort, broke from him, and hurried away in consternation, followed by Liston, bawling after him:

"There he goes! That's the man that doesn't like tripe!" to the immense amusement of the numerous wayfarers, many of whom recognized the popular comedian, till

the horrified bookseller took to his heels and ran as if for life, pursued to his very doorstep by a pack of ragamuffins, who took up the cry:

"There he goes!—the man that doesn't like tripe!"

BELLA FISCH.

A young man sent his girl a box of grapes, and the next day a fellow met him on the street and said: "Those grapes were jolly good last night. Send some up every Wednesday evening; that's my night, you know."

A LITTLE NERVOUS.

A good story is told of a lying officer having been victimized by a brother officer, who was noted for his cool deliberation and his strong nerves, and his getting square with him in the following manner:

The cool joker, the captain, was always quizzing the lying officer for his nervousness, and said to him one day in the presence of his company:

"Why, nervousness is all nonsense; I tell you, lieutenant, no brave man will be nervous."

"Well," enquired his lying friend, "how would you do, thuppothe a thell with an inch futhe should drop itself into a walled angle, in which you had taken shelter from a company of sharpshooters, and where it wath thertain if you put your nothe out you'd get peppered?"

"How," said the captain, winking at the circle; "why, I'd take it cool, and spit on the fuse."

The party broke up, and all retired except the patrol. The next morning a number of soldiers were assembled on the parade ground and talking in circles, when along came the lying lieutenant. Lazily opening his eyes, he remarked:

"I want to try an experiment thith fine morning, and thee how excee'ingly cool you can be."

Saying this, he walked deliberately into captain's quarters, where a fire was burning on the hearth, and placed in the hottest centre a powder cannister, and retreated. There was but one mode of egress from the quarters, and that was upon the parade ground, the rear being built up for defence. The occupant took one look at the cannister, comprehended his situation, and in a moment dashed at the door, but it was fastened.

"Charlie, let me out, if you love me!" shouted the captain.

"Thspit on the cannithter!" shouted the lieutenant, in return.

Not a moment was to be lost. He had first snatched up a blanket to cover his egress, but now dropping it, he raised the window, and out he bounded sans everything but a very short undergarment, and thus, with hair almost on end, he dashed upon the full parade ground. The shouts which hailed him drew out the whole barracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified captain pulled the sergeant in front of him to hide himself.

"Why didn't you thspit on it?" asked the lieutenant.

"Why, because there were no sharpshooters in front to prevent a retreat," answered the captain.

"All I've got to thay, then, ith that you might thafely have done it; I'll thwear that there wath not a grain of powder in it."

The captain has not spoken of nervousness since.—*Travelers' Record.*

BELLA FISCH.

A housemaid writes to a friend respecting the fashions of the city. She says:

"As for lo necs, the loer it is the more fashionabill you air drest. Miss Goodra gave me a blue silk of hern, and I cut its nec off, and Suzin Simmons cut off hern, and we attrax a great deal of attention to our necs, promoting the streets like uthel lads, and holden up our cloz. Nobody isn't nothin' now which doesn't hold up her cloz, and the heir yu hold them the more you air noticed."

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

At a recent dinner party, some one quoted the witty paradox, that "an Englishman is never happy unless he is miserable, a Scotchman never at home except when abroad, and an Irishman never at peace except when at war."

The late Sir Henry Holland, who was present, followed with a story of an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman, who were represented looking through a confectioner's window at a beautiful girl sewing in the shop.

"Oh!" exclaims Patrick, "do let us be spending a half crown with the tear crayture, that we may look at her more conveniently and have a bit of a chat with her."

"You extravagant dog," said John, "I am sure one-half the money will do as well; but let us go in by all means, she is a charming girl."

"Ah, wait a wee," interposed the canny Scot, "dinna ye ken it'll serve our purpose equally well just to ask the bonnie lassie to give us twa sixpences for a shilling, an' to enquire where's Mr. Sampson's hoose an' sic like?—We're no hungry, an' may as well save the siller."

This anecdote was told by the distinguished physician to illustrate the difference among the populace of the three kingdoms with respect to temperament—the Irish ardent and impetuous, the Scotch comparatively cool and cautious, while the English are perhaps a fair average between the two.

Another titled gentleman told a story of two friends who made an experiment in London by speaking to every laborer they met between St. Giles and Holborn Hill until they found one belonging to each of the three nationalities, and to each, but separately, they put the question:

"What would you take to stand on the top of the monument all night in your robe de nuit?"

The Englishman, in a straightforward way, replied at once, "Five pounds." The Scot cautiously asked "What'll ye gie?" And the Irishman exclaimed off-hand, "Shure I'll be afther taking a bad cold."

An Englishman thinks and speaks, a Scotsman thinks twice before he speaks, and an Irishman often speaks before he thinks; or, as some writer has remarked, a Scotsman thinks with his head and an Irishman with his heart.

We may recall another illustration, given by a celebrated poet:

When George IV went to Ireland, one of the "pisintry," delighted with his affability to the crowd on landing, said to the toll-keeper, as the king passed through—"Och, now, an' his Majesty—God bless him!—never paid."—"We let's 'em go free," was the answer. "Then there's the dirty money for ye," said Pat. "It shall never be said the king came and found nobody to pay the turnpike for him." Thomas Moore, on his visit to Abbotsford, told the story to Sir Walter, when they were comparing notes as to the royal visits. "Now, Mr. Moore," said Scott, "there you have the advantage of us. There was no lack of enthusiasm here, for the Scotch folk would have done anything in the world for the king but—pay the turnpike."

ONE-LEGGED PANTS AND CAVALRY BOOTS.

A one-legged soldier walking up the Bowery, New York, the other day, was accosted by a clothing merchant with the usual "Sell you something to-day?"

Entering the store the veteran was invited to inspect the large stock, but having looked through the array of vests and trousers, he turned to go, saying that he saw nothing there that would suit him.

"Well, vat you vanta?"

"I want a pair of one-legged pantaloonas."

"Vos dat all? Yacob, bring me one of dem one-legged gray pants on dot pile in de corner."

In a few minutes Jacob returned, and reported that the last pair had been sold.

Meanwhile the partner next door, who had been listening through the thin partition, had mapped out a plan of campaign against the one-legged cripple. "Yohn," he whispered to the attendant, "cut me off de leg of one of dem gray pants. Send him up quick."

By the time this had been done the soldier had hobbled out of the first store, only to be inveigled into the second. Again he went through the inspection of odds and ends, and again demanded one-legged trousers, intimating that he didn't believe the trade had them.

"Not haf one-legged pants. Fadder Moses! vat you takes me for? Yohn, bring me one of dem one-legged gray pants in dat pile in de back of de shstore."

The newly altered trousers were produced, and the waggyish soldier gave himself up as lost. But as he spread them before him he became conscious, as did the dealer, of something wrong.

"Mein Gott! Fadder Abraham! Yohn, you haf ruin me! You haf cut off de wrong leg."

Another of the Chatham street dealers had what he called army brogans and cavalry boots. An ex-soldier purchased a pair of the latter one rainy day, but returned to the store within a few minutes, complaining that the soles were of pasteboard and had already soaked to a pulp.

"Vot you as done mit dem boots?" asked the dealer.

"Why, I walked two or three blocks."

"Valk! You walk in dem boots! Vy, dem is gavalry boots."

— That well-worn subject, "Whittington and His Cat," is to be made the subject of an opera bouffe, to be produced as a Christmas novelty in London next December.

M. Offenbach, it is said, has entered into a contract with Messrs Cramer & Co. to write the opera, and its production at Covent Garden will, no doubt, be looked forward to with a considerable amount of interest.