

**Answers to December Puzzles.**

- 105.—May-basket.  
 116.— "Yet do not think I doubt thee;  
 I know thy truth remains;  
 I would not live without thee,  
 For all the world contains!"  
 107.—Ague, lark, hart, mouse, pastor, Fred, clock, shovel,  
 chair, scorn.  
 108.—Uncle Tom's Department.  
 109.—Nelson.  
 110.—Sir John A. Macdonald.  
 111.—Backgammon.  
 112.— W H A T            S T A R  
       R A R E            N A M E  
       E V E N            O M E N  
       N E A T            M E N D  
 113.—Continue in well doing.  
 114.—1. Tea. 2. Beef. 3. Butter. 4. Ham. 5. Egg. 6.  
 Meat. 7. Pie. 8. Fish. 9. Shad. 10. Salad. 11. Peas.  
 12. Hash.  
 115.—Liverpool. 1. Liffey. 2. Irrawaddy. 3. Vienna.  
 4. Euphrates. 5. Rhone. 6. Po. 7. Oder. 8. Ohio. 9.  
 Lena.  
 116.—Tempus Fugit (time flies).

**Names of Those Who Sent Correct Answers to December Puzzles.**

Minnie Hyde, Alida Hamilton, Fred. W. Lamphier, Royal Grafton, Maggie Blair, And. Wm. Lowry, Harry W. Husband, A. E. Grass, James M. Jackson, Peter J. McLaren, William J. Drope, Charles M. Stewart, And. Lewis, Annie Walker, Ella Walker, Carrie Gray, Thos. M. Taylor, Maggie W. Porteous, W. H. Groat, Nellie Austin, Mrs. Hepworth, Sam. G. Stephenson, Edith H. Cutten, Chas. Broughton, H. Howell, John H. Stephenson, Mrs. S. W. Day, Martha W. Ayen, Edith Wilkinson, Lizzie M. Dow, Fred. Pease, Arthur Smith, Maude Adams, Mary J. Collett, A. Webb, Josie Warren, Hannah Emery, Anna Stratton, John Williams, Frank Richardson.

We are pleased to state that our niece, Minnie Hyde, answered all December puzzles correctly. Great credit is due her. Many others answered all save one or two. Persevere, dear nephews and nieces, and let us have the pleasure of publishing a long list of the clever ones.

**HUMOROUS.**

The cabman's "rest"—When he gets over and above his regular fare.

When you keep a man waiting it gives him a chance to count up your faults.

Bashfulness is often like the plating on spoons—when it wears off it shows the brass.

"Great talkers are common liars." And we know of some who are uncommon liars.

Sprightly Young Lady: "I am afraid I have a very large foot!" Polite Shopman: "Large, miss! Oh, dear, no, miss! We have lots o' gent—that is, customers with much larger, miss!"

A newly-married man complains of the high price of "ducks." He says his wife recently paid for three of them—a duck of a bonnet, a duck of a dress, and a duck of a parasol.

A bare-headed, bare-footed little boy astonished a worshipping congregation in a Massachusetts town, on a recent Sunday, by rushing into church and exclaiming: "Where's my papa? The pigs are out."

HIS QUIETUS.—An old gentleman put the quietus upon a young man who chaffed him upon his bald head, in these words: "Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours, I can raise hair to sell."

A FEARFUL SUGGESTION.—Fred (to chum): "I dreamt about you last night, Bob!" Bob: "I hope it was pleasant?" Fred: "O, yes, very pleasant while it lasted. I dreamt that you paid the ten dollars you owe me."

ON DANGEROUS GROUND.—Archie: "Auntie, what's a torpedo?" Auntie: "Something that blows something up, my love." Archie: "Then are you a torpedo, auntie?" Auntie: "No, my dear. Why?" Archie: "Because I heard uncle telling pa you were always blowing him up."

The late Mrs. W— was equally remarkable for kindness of heart and absence of mind. One day she was accosted by a beggar, whose stout and healthy appearance startled her. "Why," exclaimed the good old lady, "you look able to work." "Yes," replied the applicant, "but I have been deaf and dumb these seven years." "Poor man, what a heavy affliction!" exclaimed Mrs. W—, at the same time giving him relief with a liberal hand. On returning home she mentioned the fact, remarking, "What a dreadful thing it is to be deprived of such precious faculties!" "But how," asked her sister, "did you know the poor man had been deaf and dumb for seven years?" "Why," was the quite unconscious answer, "he told me so."

**Father's Dinner.**

Ada Burrows lived with her father and mother in one of the pretty cottages of Laneton village. She was a little girl with brown eyes, rosy cheeks, and light, wavy hair. She was a good little girl, as little girls go; she felt a shade of discontent now and then, and her small duties sometimes seemed to her rather tiresome; but these bad feelings were soon over. To-day she was busily tying up the mignonette in the corner of the little garden which she called her own, when she heard her mother call.

"Ada!" cried Mrs. Burrows, putting her head out of a side-window of the kitchen, and which opened towards the garden.

"Yes, mother," Ada answered as she ran in, and found her mother tying a cloth over a yellow and black basin, covered with a soup-plate.

"Here now, Ada," said her mother, "you run over to father with his dinner. Put your hand here under the knots of the cloth. Here's the cold tea. Oh, dear! I forgot the dumpling! That's a surprise for father."

Mrs. Burrows untied the bundle again, and going to the fireplace, she returned with a splendid apple-dumpling, which was added to 'father's dinner,' and Ada started on her way.

Her father was a gardener, but had not of late been in regular employ at any one place. He was now putting the garden at the Vicarage in order. The vicar and his family were absent at the seaside, or I dare say Ada's father would have had his dinner in the kitchen. But they were expected home in a day or two, and Burrows had plenty to do. So he would not come home at noon for his dinner, and his little daughter had to bring it to him.

The sun was high and hot, and the road dusty. Ada had been working long in her garden, and she was hot too. 'She was very hungry—much more hungry, it seemed to her, since she had seen that glorious dumpling than she was before. She walked along the road, holding the dinner carefully by its cloth, when who should she meet but Bessy Dixon!

Bessy was not half so pretty as Ada. She might, however, have been prettier to look at than she was now if she had tried, for a clean face is prettier than a dirty one, any day. "Wherever are you going?" said Bessy.

"Up to father with his dinner," said Ada, and walked on. She answered quite civilly, but without showing any strong desire for Bessy's company, as she knew that her mother did not wish them to be friends, for Mrs. Burrows was a good and careful mother.

"All that way!" said Bessy. (Ada thought that it really was a good way to go, but said nothing.) "What has he got for dinner?" asked Bessy, putting her face near the bundle, and sniffing.

"Beef and vegetables," answered Ada, "and bread; and, oh! such a splendid apple-dumpling!"

"Apple-dumpling?" cried Bessy. And then, sinking her voice, she added, "Oh, Ada! I am hungry, and I do like apple-dumpling."

Ada thought within her that both these statements were extremely true about herself also; but she said nothing about this. But she did say, "It's a surprise for father. Mother told me he didn't expect it."

Bessy was walking on beside her. "Oh, Ada!" she said in a low voice, "I just am hungry. Are not you? I say, your father doesn't know there's any apple-dumpling?"

Here she hesitated and looked wistfully in Ada's face. Ada was much more hungry than Bessy, who indeed had had her dinner already; but she only looked in Bessy's face as if she could not understand her.

"I say," repeated Bessy in an excited whisper, "he doesn't know of it. He'd never miss it." Then looking hard in Ada's eyes, and touching her arm, she whispered, "I say, let's eat it. He won't know."

They had reached the corner of the quiet lane leading from the high road to the gate of the Vicarage garden. It was narrow and shady, and very retired. High banks and thick hedges were on each side, the boughs of the trees met overhead, the sides were grassy; there was no sound but the twitter of the birds and sometimes the hum of a wandering bee. Bessy had not ill chosen the scene of her temptation.

The two girls had paused, and were standing at the entrance of the lane, looking at each other; and as Ada put her one disengaged hand to the bundle, Bessy thought for a moment that she had prevailed.

But nothing was farther from Ada's thoughts. She was only changing hands for the safer carrying of 'father's dinner.' Not for one moment did the idea of yielding to Bessy's suggestion enter her mind. Indeed, what Bessy wished was scarcely plain to her for a moment. Then, as the baseness of the temptation broke upon her, "Oh, Bessy!" she said: no more, but the tone was enough. "Good-bye!" she hastily added, and ran up the lane to the Vicarage gate, making the basin and soup-plate rattle as she went, and arriving at the place where her father was at work much hotter than if she had not met Bessy Dixon.

When John Burrows, seated on his tilted-wheelbarrow, had finished his bread and meat, and had begun upon his dumpling, his little daughter, who was leaning on his knee, surprised him with a chuckling laugh. He looked up, and saw her face full of merriment, but a queer look in her brown eyes.

"What's the matter, little maid?" he asked.

"I was thinking, father," said Ada, "suppose I had stopped on the way and eaten up your dinner, what would you have said?"

"I should have said it was not my little maid that did that," said John Burrows, as he put the last piece of his dumpling with much content into his mouth.

There was a dumpling waiting at home for Ada also, though I think it rather spoils the perfume of the story to tell you so.

During a dense fog a Mississippi steamboat took landing. A traveler, anxious to go ahead, came to the unperturbed manager of the wheel and asked why they stopped. "Too much fog; can't see the river." "But you can see the stars overhead." "Yes," replied the urbane pilot, "but until the boiler bursts we aint going that way." The passenger went to bed.

SOMETHING OUT OF IT.—Old Mr. D. was a prominent lawyer in Tuolumne. He was employed to defend a client for stealing a hog. The man was acquitted. He was grateful, but had no money. "How can I ever repay you, Mr. D.? Accept my thanks." "Thanks," cried the lawyer. "Send me a side of the pork!"

Biddy (to old gent): "Please to help a poor woman with seven small children, all to—" Good-natured old gent (who knows her): "Yes, but I say, don't you think your family increases rather too rapidly? Last week it was only five." Biddy (not a bit abashed): "Sure and isn't it all the more reason why 'yer honor should help me agin?"

"Yes," observed a friend the other evening, "she certainly is very highly cultivated. She is very stylish, plays well, sings well, talks well, dances well and rides well, and succeeds well in private theatricals. In fact," he added, "she's just the kind of a girl you'd like one of your friends to marry." "Then you wouldn't care to marry her?" suggested Causeur. "By no means, my dear fellow. What I'm looking for is a real nice girl!"

IT DIDN'T FIT.—They were walking arm-in-arm up the street, and just ahead of them was a woman in a new princess dress. The setting sun was gilding the western heavens, and throwing a beautiful crimson glow all over the earth. He said, in a subdued tone, "Isn't it lovely?" "Well, I don't know," was the reply of his fair companion: "I don't think the trimming matches very well, and it doesn't fit her a bit." He shuddered.

CLERICAL WIT.—A clergyman was annoyed, during the delivery of his sermon, by some young persons whispering and laughing. Quite out of patience at last, he said: "I dislike very much to rebuke anyone for improper conduct or irreverence in the sanctuary, for I once made a great blunder. A young man in front of me kept giggling, making up faces, and otherwise disregarding the solemnity of the day and place. At the close of the service one of the deacons told me that the young man was an idiot, and not responsible for his conduct. Since then I never reprove anyone from the pulpit, lest I should, by mistake, address another idiot." He was not interrupted again.