



UNCLE TOM'S COLUMN.

MY DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS:

There will be a prize next month of one of Vick's chromos for the boy or girl who sends the best collection of different kinds of oats, wheat and peas (two grains of each will be sufficient), with their correct names and the way to distinguish them when they are growing, and when and after they are threshed.

This will give you all a chance to study up something which will afterwards be of service to you. Specimens, &c., must be in by the 15th of September.

The prize for the month after that will be for the best story about boys and girls managing for themselves with bees, poultry or gardening, and telling how it was all done, and how they got along. This will enable you to get your inventive and descriptive faculties to work. The stories must be in by the 15th of October.

Byron, July 30th, 1874.

Dear Uncle Tom,—

I will now fulfil my promise of writing to you. My foliage plant is growing beautifully; there are branches all around it, and it is so nice. I would like to get acquainted with some of your nieces and nephews. I have a little brother, and I like him very much, and I am sure he is no humbug at all. Good bye.

MINNIE MAY JARVIS.

Willie A. Ru'herford sends answers to puzzles, and wants to know if his selections are going in this month, as they did not appear last. As a general thing, if they are not printed the month they are sent, it is not likely they will be at all. Of course I do not put in all the pieces which are sent to me; some because they are too well known; some because I don't like them, and some because, although very good, are not good enough. Don't get discouraged, though; send on some more, and you may suit my ideas next time.

259. Though you set me on foot, I shall be on my head. MICHAEL STEELE.
260. In my first my second sat; my third and fourth I ate. M. S.

261. My first is in Tom, but not in Mary.
My second is in thorn, but not in berry;
My third is in hate, but not in love;
My fourth is in mitten, but not in glove;
My fifth is in speech, but not in talk;
My sixth is in stone, but not in rock.
My whole is the name of a river.

SIDNEY POTTER.

Minnie E. Turner says: "I have no big brothers, or little ones either; I had a little sister and a brother, but they both left me and I am alone." Never mind, Minnie; come into our family and you will have plenty of young relations.

Here are some very easy puzzles:
262. I am composed of eight letters.
My 1, 3, 2 is a wriggler,
My 5, 7, 8 is a weight,
My 7, 6, 2 good to burn,
My 4, 7, 2, 5 a young horse.

263. I am composed of four letters.
My 3, 4, 1 are not many.
My 3, 2, 3, 4 a musical instrument.
My whole is what the young men ought to be looking out for.

264. Square word:
A piece of furniture; a shape; a true saying; a part in music.

CHAS. WITHERSPOON.

265. Square word:
A part of the human body; to go in; to make amends; money paid for houses; a lock of hair.

JACOB M. SHERK.

Maple Grove, June 13th, 1874.

Dear Uncle Tom,—

I am a most afraid to write for fear my letter will go down in that hole in your pocket, but I hope Minnie May has sewed it up for you before this.

Oh, by the way, I quite agree with Cousin Sam in thinking that Minnie May is Mrs. Uncle Tom. What a lot of nephews and nieces you are getting, uncle; you keep getting more and more every month. I wonder what is the matter with Cousin Cora; she has not written for a long time.

Oh, Uncle Tom, do you know what I have been thinking about. I think it would be so nice if you would have a picnic some place, and invite all your nephews and nieces, and then we could all get acquainted with each other. I would like very much to get acquainted with Hattie and Cora and Nina and some of my clever cousins. I think you might accept the invitation of Cousin Minnie. I will not promise to give you a swing, but I will let you have a game of croquet instead, but you must remember if you do not bring Minnie May with you, you will not be a bit welcome. Well I guess I must close, for you will be getting tired; so adieu until next month. From

ROSE WIDDIFIED.

Brucefield, June 18th, 1874.

Dear Uncle Tom,—

Most of the seeds you so kindly sent me are doing well. The vegetables are all looking very well. I built a 'cabin,' or mound of earth and stones in our garden this spring. I planted a geranium, a petunia and some dew plant on the top of it, and moss and dew plant all round the sides, in the spaces between the stones. I named it "Uncle Tom."

My little four-year-old brother says some funny things sometimes. The other night he was lying on the lounge, and said he "was fearful tired." I told him he had better go out into the kitchen, and I would wash his feet and put on his "knock-down" (that is his name for night-gown). He said he was too tired to walk out. I asked him how he came in, then. He answered "Oh, I just flew in." I said he had better fly out again, then. "Oh my wings broke off," he replied. He calls his pant legs his "foot sleeves." Not bad, is it? I am glad to hear you have got a little son. I hope he is well, and that he will be a credit to his father. Yours truly,

LALLIE.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

266 One Sunday morning as I was comfortably seated reading Irving's History of (the capital of Ohio), (a city of Maryland), who never gives me a moment's peace, exclaimed: My (island off the coast of Maine) it is high time you dressed for church. The morning was (a state of South America), and I dreaded to go out, but my brother, who is as cunning as a (small island south of Maine), remarked: You know you want to wear your new (town in Scotland to-day). Thus reminded, I was soon ready, and we set out, (a cape east of Massachusetts) throwing a light (mountain in Oregon) over my bonnet to protect it from the (mountains in south Africa). My brother declared that I had never looked prettier, but this I knew was (a cape west of U. S.). When we reached the church, we found the Rev. (town in Illinois) in the pulpit. He is not a favorite of mine, but some people think him a very (city in the north of Russia). The text was from one of the epistles of (the capital of Minnesota). The preacher exhorted us to follow the example of (a bay east of Brazil) and wage war upon them till they were all (a sea in Palestine), and we safe across the (river connecting Great Salt and Utah Lakes). The sermon was so long that it seemed to me it must have covered (a city of France), but the singing was really (a lake between U. S. and British America). As we came out we heard (a bay east of Michigan), and I remarked that we should soon see (a cape west of Oregon), to which my brother replied (a river of Italy), the (island west of Scotland) is too nearly (a cape south of Ireland) for that. On arriving at home, we found (a city of Italy) and dear little (town of Ohio) already at dinner, but I had very little appetite. After taking a little (island west of Africa), I felt somewhat refreshed, and, with the life of (a city in Florida), written by (a sea north of Russia), I retired to my room and made a perfect (island south of South America) of myself during the rest of the day.

HATTIE HAVILAND.

HOW IS IT MADE;

During one of the earlier visits of the Royal family to Balmoral, Prince Albert, dressed in a very simple manner, was crossing one of the scotch lakes in a steamer, and was curious to note everything relating to the management of the vessel, and among many other things the cooking. Approaching the "galley" where a brawny Highlander was attending to the culinary matters, he was attracted by the savory odors of a compound known by Scotchman as "hodge-podge," which the Highlander was preparing. "What is that?" asked the Prince, who was not known to the cook. "Hodge-

podge, sir," was the reply. "How is it made?" was the next question. "Why, there's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and carrots intil't, and—" "Yes yes," said the Prince, who had not learned that "intil't" meant "in it," expressed by the contraction "intil't;" "but what is intil't?" "Why, there's mutton intil't and turnips intil't and carrots intil't and—" "Yes, I see; but what is 'intil't'?" The man looked at him, and seeing that the Prince was serious, he replied, "There is mutton intil't and turnips intil't and—" "Yes certainly, I know," urged the inquirer; "but what is 'intil't'—intil't?" "Why," yelled the Highlander, brandishing his big spoon, "am I na tellin' ye what's intil't? There's mutton intil't, and—" Here the interview was brought to a close by one of the Prince's suite, who, fortunately passing, stepped in to explain matters to the Highlander, who opened his mouth with stupid wonder at the possibility that a wise man like himself should not at once have known that it was the Prince.

May 7, 1874.

Dear Uncle Tom,—

I have been busy ever since sunrise, for early this morning I said to myself, I am going to write to Uncle Tom to-day, and I've hurried ever since. Now it's all done, and here I be. Uncle Tom, your a jewel—the best of all good uncles! I hope it is not too late to vote; I want to vote for Nina. My brother says he will vote for Kitty. He says he thinks it hardly fair to speak in so slighting a manner of big brothers. He is an awful torment, but he has gone away now. He is going to learn to talk French, and, when he comes back, I suppose he will have grown very dignified, and wear a moustache. Oh! I forgot to ask you do you like weddings? We had lots here this spring. Almost everybody got married. All the widows and widowers, old maids and bachelors, and some of them real old. It was jolly to see them trying to look so awfully sentimental. I hope that you got some wedding cake. It was too bad if you didn't; but never mind, Uncle, the next time there is a wedding in the family you shall have a piece of the cake, and Minnie, and Nina, and Cora, and all the rest of the cousins. Please tell me if one of the family should marry a king. Don't that give me a right to a title? That's a conundrum.

We have got some house plants, and among them is one very large plant that we call Indian shot. The leaves of it are like the leaves of field corn. I have been told that that was not the real name of it. Could you set me right? Mother says it is time to get dinner, and I suppose you are not sorry, as you get rid of my chatter.

Love to all,
EMIE.

ANSWERS TO JULY PUZZLES.

249. Rugby. 250. Bright n. 251. Oxford.
252. Humber. 253. Charles Dickens.
254. R O M E 255. H U G E
O P A L U R A L
M A L L G A O L
E L L A E L L A
256. When we want a bar-maid. 257. Because the spring brings out the blows. 258. On account of the quantity of bark they yield.

Uncle Tom's Scrap Book.

I stood beneath a hollow tree; the blast it hollow blew;
I thought upon the hollow world and all its hollow crew—
Ambition and its hollow schemes, the hollow hopes we follow;
Imagination's hollow dreams—all hollow, hollow, hollow.

The hollow leader but betrays the hollow dupes who heed him,
The hollow critic vents his praise to hollow fools who feed him;
The hollow friend who takes your hand is but a summer swallow;
Whatever I see is like this tree, all hollow, hollow, hollow.

A crown it is a hollow thing, and hollow heads off wear it,
The hollow title of a king—what hollow hearts off bear it.
No hollow wiles nor honey'd smiles of ladies fair I follow,
Whatever I see is like this tree, all hollow, hollow, hollow.

Dear Uncle Tom,—

Allow me to ask three questions:
Who was the favorite of the family? You have not told who was honored with the most votes.

What are you a-going to name your boy?—If you have not selected, I think it would be no more than right to consult your family.

Would you like a patent pocket lock for your pocket; if so, I will send you one.

CANADIAN CIFF.

South Granby, P. Q.

A WARNING TO LOVERS.

"Metildy, you are the most good for nothin', triffin', owdacious, contrary piece that ever lived."

"Oh, ma!" sobbed Matilda, "I couldn't help myself—deed I couldn't."

"Couldn't help yourself? That's a pretty way to talk! Ain't he a nice young man?"

"Yes'm."

"Got money?"

"Yes'm."

"And good kinsfolks?"

"Yes'm."

"And loves you to distraction?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, in the name o' common sense, what did you send him home for?"

"Well, ma, if I must tell the truth, I must, I s'pose, though I'd rather die. You see, ma, when he fecht his cheer clst to mine, and ketcht hold of my hand, and squeezed it, and dropt on his knees, then it was that his eyes rolled and he began breathin' hard, and his gallowes kept a creakin' and a creakin' till I thought in my soul somethin' terrible was the matter with his in'ards, his vitals; and that flustered and skeered me so that I bust out a cryin'. Seem me do that, he creaked worse'n ever, and that made me cry harder; and the harder I cried the harder he creaked, till all of a sudden it came to me that it wasn't nothin' but his gallowes; and then I bust out laughin' fit to kill myself, right in his face. And then he jumped up and run out of the house, mad as fur, and he ain't comin' back no more. Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo!"

"Metildy," said the o'd woman, sternly, "stop sniv'lin'. You've made an everlastin' fool of yourself, but your c'ke ain't all dough yet. It all comes of them no 'count, fashionable, sto' gallowes—'spenders' I believe they calls 'em. Never mind, honey. I'll send for Johnny, tell him how it happened 'pologize to him, and knit him a real nice pair of yarn gallowes, jest like your pa's, and they never creak."

"Yes, ma," said Matilda, brightening up, "but let me knit 'em."

"So you shall, honey; he'll vally 'em a heap more than if I knit them. Cheer up, Tildy; it'll be all right, you mind if it won't."

The other day an aged couple drove into an Indiana city just as an undertaking firm was moving into an old church, which had been purchased for a shop. The old gentleman stood up in his wagon with mouth and eyes distended, as the men silently carried coffin after coffin into the church. At last he turned around to his half and gasped: "Sary, by golly, its the cholera; let's git!" and they got.

"TO MEMORY DEAR."—Enthusiastic Cricketer—"Ah, last season was a good one! I'd both eyes blacked in one match, and two fingers smashed in the return match the same week! But give me 1871 over again. I got the ball on my forehead at 'short leg,' and was senseless for three-quarters of an hour!—[? And ever since.]

A man who fell into a vat of boiling lard and was taken out alive, says that it was not an unpleasant sensation after the first moment, but he thought what a mighty queer shaped dough-nut he would make.

CANADIAN CIFF.

A man in stopping his paper wrote:—"I think folks doant ort to spend there munny on papers. My father never did, an evry boddy sed he was the smartest man in the kountree, and has got the intellygentist family of boys that ever dugg taters."

"I say, Mr. Johnson, did you hear 'bout de catalespy dat befel Phillips?" "Of course I didn't; what was it?" "You see, the doctor ordered a blister on her chist; well as she hadn't got no chest no how, she put it on de bandbox, and it has drawed her new pink bonnet out ob shape, and spile um entirely."

"Remember who you are talking to, sir," said an indignant parent to his fractious son; "I am your father, sir." "Well, whose to blame for that?" said young impertinence. "Tain't me."

JACOB M. SHERK.