

like that above all things. Suppose I begin something now. What shall it be?"

"If you really would rather play," said Kittie, "you shall—and please let it be a value."

Constance seated herself quietly at the piano, and began playing the "Blue Danube."

"Now," Miss Leslie, said Mrs. Hartley, presently, coming up to the piano, "you have played quite long enough, and I intend playing." "Yes, you must let me," she added, as the young girl hesitated. "Mr. Vane is very anxious to be introduced to you. Stay here, and I will tell him I have obtained permission."

"But you haven't" opposed Constance, looking up archly into Mrs. Hartley's face.

"Silence gives consent," returned Mrs. Hartley, as she hurried away. She soon returned with Fred Vane.

"Would you believe it?" she said, after going through the necessary introduction. "Miss Leslie has been trying to persuade me that she would rather play for you all than dance."

"Be that as it may," observed Fred, laughing, and looking down with admiring eyes at the fair young face, "I have come to claim Miss Leslie's hand for the next dance, and hope she will not disappoint me. Are you really so fond of playing?" added Fred, a thrill of happiness passing through him as the little gloved hand rested on his arm.

"Yes," replied Constance; "I am passionately fond of music and flowers—they are my two weaknesses. How happy and bright they all look!" she continued, as they entered the hall.

"And don't you feel happy too?" inquired Fred.

"Oh, yes," replied Constance, blushing as she encountered his earnest gaze, and the violet eyes drooping shyly; "only my life is so different from theirs."

At this moment Kittie came up and asked them how they could have the heart to stand still when that "glorious 'Il Bacio'" was being played.

"It is bad taste, I own," said Fred, laughing. "Come, Miss Leslie, after that severe rebuke we are bound to join the dancers."

Lady Olivia sat with an angry look on her cold haughty face as she watched the young couple, which even the flowery speeches of Captain Foster could not banish. She had taken a dislike to the young governess from the very first, and thought it beneath her dignity to notice her.

Meanwhile Harry Cleve had been whispering sweet nothings to fair Marion Eri, who looked bright and happy.

The evening passed pleasantly to Constance, and, when she sat in her own room before retiring to rest, she wondered what made her feel so strangely happy. A pair of kindly brown eyes haunted her dreams, and she awoke next morning with a new sense of satisfaction.

"Well, Fred," said Harry, as the two friends met for a quiet smoke before going to their rooms, "how have you enjoyed your first evening? And what do you think of her?"

"First rate, old fellow," as for her, I think she's perfectly bewitching—so free from affectation and nonsense. If the ice bears to-morrow, I am going to teach her the art of skating."

("The deuce you are!" thought Harry.) "Fancy her being a governess—but it is all the better chance for me," he muttered.

"She isn't one. What on earth do you mean?" interrupted Harry hastily, and growing very red.

"Mean? She told me so herself," replied Fred, stopping to stir the smouldering fire. "Constance—a pretty name," he added, half to himself.

Harry's look of amazement changed to a hearty laugh.

"We are both on a wrong tack, old fellow—I was thinking of Marion Eri, you had Miss Leslie in your mind. Well, I'll own they are rival beauties. But, if we want to be good for anything to-morrow, let's off to bed; this has been a long day. Good night."

"Good night, old fellow," responded Fred, "and pleasant dreams."

(To be Continued.)

Uncle Tom's Department.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES.—This is February, the second month in the year; at least, so the almanacs have it, though I have heard that some ancient Roman king or other once actually made it come at the very end of the year. Well, the almanacs, or the Roman kings, or whoever arranges the months, may put February wherever they have a mind to, as long as they let alone the season and the weather, so that my boys and girls may have plenty of snow and ice for skating and snow-ball battles. We have received a large number of illustrated rebuses, charades, and all kinds of puzzles. The limited space afforded by the columns specially belonging to the boys and girls will forbid the early appearance of some that may be accepted. I was not at all satisfied with the samples of illustrated rebuses sent in, but will give the prize of 50c. for January to Calvin W. Finch, of Caledonia, Ont. If you cannot make better ones, I shall discontinue the prize. I hope, though, you will all work for some of the other prizes. I shall keep a strict account of those who send the best original puzzles and the most answers.

UNCLE TOM.

PUZZLES.

No. 1.—ANAGRAM.

Sit utsy sa uert tiale kalbe si hetiw
Ro liatt a oodr si a teag
Sa sit htat a nam nac rafur raghit
Owh oesd out erad hte voeteada.

LIEZIE McLAUGHLIN.

No. 2.—ENIGMA.

My first is in hail but not in snow.
My second is in spade but not in hoe.
My third is in bawl but not in cry.
My fourth is in stiff but not in spry.
My fifth is in leaf but not in pod.
My sixth is in grass but not in sod.
My seventh is in axis but not in arbor.
My whole is a city on a harbor.

HERBERT W. MCKENZIE.

No. 3.—ENIGMA.

My first is in Belgium but not in Spain.
My second is in Edinburgh but not in Maine.
My third is in Italy but not in Greece.
My fourth is in Athens but not in Nice.
My fifth is in Leeds but not in York.
My sixth is in Ayr but not in Cork.
My seventh is a letter in Turkestan.
My whole is the name of a very bad man.

H. W. MCK.

No. 4.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(1.) The name of a political party. (2.) The ancient name of a country. (3.) A town of England. (4.) A weaver's machine. (5.) A State of America. (6.) A peninsula of Asia. (7.) A county of Quebec. My initials and finals read downwards will name a sovereign and his kingdom.

No. 5.—HIDDEN GIRLS' NAMES.

Will you give me a day's work? I am young yet. Well, enjoy yourself if you can. The actions of the me. who own the cargoes tell a struggle is about to take place. Ned, I then will find it for you.

No. 6.—HIDDEN RIVERS.

He gave Judith a mess of greens.
Take the staff, or the cane, and go.
Let Pat rent the farm if he chooses.
He threw Ned on the floor.
My grandmother broke her arm.
First John came and then Annie.
Cats pur usually at night.
The channel so narrow we passed at last.
That weed should be uprooted immediately.

Answers to January Puzzles.

1—Burlington. Gentian.

2—Fox-hound.

3—A M E N D
M A N O R
E N S U E
N O U N S
D R E S S

4—Peach, reach, each, a.

5—Grant, rant, ant, a.

6—Hearts resolved and hands prepared, the blessings we enjoy to guard.

Names of Those who have Sent Correct Answers to Jan. Puzzles.

Hattie Willer, Chas. S. Stevens, Robt. W. W. Purdy, Herbert W. Mackenzie, Charles French, J. A. Ayerst, Louie Meston, Charlie S. Husband, Sarah J. Fenwell, A. Phillips, E. A. Boyd, Willie Herbert Bateman, Charlotte Blair, Calvin W. Finch, Esther Louise Ryan, C. G. Keyes, Nellie McQueen, P. Boulton, Jessie Morris, Fred. K. Cousins, A. L. McCormick, John J. McLennan, Tom Sowden, G. F. Finch, Allan Smith, Isabel I. Parfitt, Kate Garcher.

Minnie May's Department.

MY DEAR NIECES.—Setting the table is what I am going to talk upon this month. "Susy, run and get the salt-cellar," said mother, as the family began their morning meal, "and bring me another cup and two saucers." "I hav'n't any fork," said Tom. "Guess I'll eat with my fingers." "No, indeed," said mother, "go right away and get yourself a fork." "I do wish we could always have a pitcher of cool water on the table," said father, "whatever else we don't have." "Kate, get some water for your father, and do try to always remember that; I am sure I have told you often enough." The three children were at last in their places again, and something like quiet was restored. "I do hope we can get on now without having any one get up again until the meal is over," said father, "it makes so much confusion

and discomfort. Whose business is it to set the table?" "Kate's," said little Susy. "Well, Kate, if you will set it for a week without having one thing missing when we set down, I will get you a new dress." Kate was pleased with the proposal, and determined to exert herself to the utmost. She made the simple matter of setting the table a study, and the increased order and comfort of the family meals would have been a good reward, without the new dress, which she at last succeeded in earning. There is a science about setting the table, which is too often neglected in country houses. The first point is a clean, decent tablecloth. Better to wash three times in the week, than to call your family to set down around a coffee-stained, crumpled tablecloth. Then let the plates and cups be shining and evenly set, the knives bright, the salt-dish and sugar-bowl (which are so often neglected) spotless, and let every spoon be in its place. A little care and forethought can prevent the disorder which so often spoils half the meal in country houses, as one after another is sent for missing articles. A good dinner can be half spoiled by being carelessly put on the table, and every one knows how the best of materials can be spoiled in cooking. Some housewives seem to have a wonderful skill in both of these departments; good flour is converted into a sour, indigestible mass, and fresh vegetables by being all cooked together, lose all their own peculiar excellencies, and seem only to imitate the bad traits of their neighbors. The whole meal, when the family are called to partake of it, has much the appearance of being thrown on the table. How seldom we see a plant or a glass of flowers on the table! Yet what a charm they throw over the plainest meal! How refining their influence on the hearts of the children—how cheering and delightful to all flower-lovers. Nothing that makes home pleasant and bright is too trifling to receive our earnest study and attention.

MINNIE MAY.

Answer to Inquirers.

C. Hallenbeck.—Chamois or buckskin underwear is washed in warm, not hot suds, rinsed in warm, not hot water, and dried by continued shaking, rubbing, and clapping between the palms of the hands. The manipulation must be gentle, but continuous, until the garment is dry or nearly dry. Then fold and place between large sheets of soft paper, white or brown, but not printed upon, or between soft linen or cotton towels. Air well in sunshine or before a fire before putting on.

Twenty-One.—In reply to my question as to the propriety of kissing one's lady-love at the depot, you in-quire that it is not nice, and give as a ludicrous illustration a case that came under your own observation. Now, Mr. Editor, I have heard depot loungers make similar remarks respecting husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, therefore I maintain that remarks from such ill-bred loungers are no proof that such kissing is not proper. I am engaged and when I visit my lady-love she meets me at the train, but I merely shake hands, raising my hat at the same time. Does that mode of procedure meet your approval? Ans.—Good boy, good boy, and the kisses come in the sweet bye-and-bye, don't they? You must remember that a wife or sister would not be likely to feel so abashed by such remarks, while an engaged young lady usually does not care to make a public display of her affection. So you are engaged—eh? Happy man! How we envy you!

NIX.—Is reading novels injurious to the mind? 2nd. How late in the evening is it proper for a gentleman to remain when calling? Ans.—Good novels are a great improvement to the mind. The works of Miss Mullock, George Eliot, Dickens, George MacDonald and many others, are refining and elevating as well as instructive and Christianizing in their influence.

H. M. B.—It is very vulgar, indeed, to clean the nails in a room where others are present; it seems impossible that any one could be capable of doing so in a drawing-room. 2nd. To pick the teeth at table is not only vulgar, but disgusting.