

Uncle Tom's Department.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,—Vacation is over and school has begun after a long spell of jolly fun! I know, my dears, you have had a splendid holiday from the pleasant tone of the many letters I receive from you. No doubt you feel thoroughly invigorated and will be able to begin work with earnest, good-will. But do not over-evert yourselves at first. It is better to start easily and keep up the pace than make rapid progress for a while and then falter and grow weary before half-way. Now, a few words to those who would like to become our nephews and nieces. We invariably receive letters from little boys and girls who seem to wonder if they would be admitted as a niece or nephews without paying anything. We invite and receive all most cordially, (gratis of course.) You know the old saying is, "the more the merrier"—likewise with your uncle. As an honor, we publish the name of the one who answers the greatest number of puzzles correctly each month.

UNCLE TOM.

PUZZLES.

76.—A A A A A H H H N N P P E T Z.

No name of nation or of place
I by these letters mean;
But if you do them rightly trace
And put each letter in its place,
A word may then be seen.
To show you where these letters dwell,
Read your Bible, for it will tell,
And when you've searched the Scriptures
round
It only once can then be found.

MAGGIE BLAIR.

77.—I am composed of 11 letters, viz., 4 S's, 2 T's, 1 H, 1 E, 1 N, 1 A and 1 I. My whole means dullness.

FELIX GABOURIE.

78.—DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In shelf, but not in seat,
In food, but not in meat;
In slow, but not in fast;
In model, but not in cast;
In hovel, but not in hut,
In almonds, but not in nut.
Read this aright and you will find
Two poets will come to mind.

A NEPHEW.

79.—METAGRAM.

I am a word with meanings many,
To plunge, is just as good as any;
With new head, I'm a piece of money,
With other head, I'm "sweet as honey."
Another still, I'm a projection,
One more, I sever all connection;
Another change, I'm the teeth to stick in,
Another still, I plague your chicken;
One more new head, and I'm to taste,
One more, and I discharge with haste.

L. W. H.

80.—VERY EASY HIDDEN FURNITURE.

1. May got a tablet for her Christmas. 2. My father walks so fast! 3. Such air as we breathe in our school-room is hurtful. 4. My brother's tools are always out of place. 5. What! not going to the party to-night? 6. Vic! Ribbons are out of place on school-girls. 7. What spool-cotton is the best to use? 8. Boys, stop that racket! 9. Lily made skips going along to school every day.

C. L. J.

81.—CONTRACTIONS.

1. Curtail a color, and leave the forehead. 2. Curtail a joiner's tool, and leave a plot or draught. 3. Curtail a machine tool, and leave an article used in house-building. 4. Curtail a shrub, and leave warmth. 5. Curtail another shrub, and leave fog. 6. Curtail an ornament, and leave a fruit. 7. Curtail a badge of dignity or power, and leave a bird. 8. Curtail a thrust, and leave an organ of the human body. 9. Curtail a number, and leave a building for defense.

I. A.

82.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

M-k-h-y-h-l-t-e-u-s-i-e.

Every other letter is omitted; the answer is a well known proverb.

J. M. & F. M.

83.—EASY BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead an indication of sleepiness, and leave an artificial shade. 2. Behead another indication of sleepiness, and leave an animal. 3. Behead need, and leave an insect. 4. Behead an article used in packing crockery, and leave a reckoning. 5. Behead an awkward bow, and leave a kind of cloth. 6. Behead a locality, and leave net-work. 7. Behead to loiter, and leave a dolt. 8. Behead sudden blows, and leave parts of a horse. 9. Behead to turn, and leave a peg. 10. Behead a stain, and leave a piece of land. 11. Behead a bough, and leave a farm in California. 12. Behead loose, and leave want.

M. G. A.

84.—GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials name a large country of Asia, and the finals a country of Europe renowned for its climate. 1. A country of South America. 2. An ancient name for a narrow strait in south-eastern Europe. 3. A British possession in Asia. 4. A kingdom of northern Hindostan. 5. A North American mountain system.

J. E. C.

85.—GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.



Answers to August Puzzles.

No. 66.—Seen in the midnight cloud
67.—Growing older. 68.—Spring. 69.—Firefly.
70.—1. Finger, fringe, ring, gin, in. 2. Wasp, paws, asp, was.
71.—Cleopatra. 72.—Merchant of Venice.
73.—Columbus. 74.—Clam. 75.—1. Rain, bow. 2. Bees wax.

ANSWERS TO PRIZE PUZZLES.

PECULIAR PUZZLE.

M
E
M
IMMENSE
N
T
O

"STEM" is the word forming part of a flower.

PECULIAR DIAMOND.

S
SHE
SPENT
SHEATH
ENTRE
THE
E

A VERY LITTLE STORY IN A PUZZLE.

R
E
S
ASSISTS
S
T
S

Names of Those Who Sent Correct Answers to August Puzzles.

Lillian Stewart, Gertie Heck, Felix Gabourie, Maggie Blair, Mary Bailey, John Scott, Amelia Chambers, E. Stephens, R. Wilde, Nora Thompson, Mabel Eastman, Jas. Eryne, Emma V. Colson, Jennie Hamilton, Carrie A. Tupper, Katie Pratt, Mary E. Warren, Jas. V. Pierson, Fannie Grier, L. S. Brown, Anna E. Mathewson, Grace Raymond, Charlie Brooks, Maggie Gemmill, John Sharpe, Joseph Smith, Fred. Clark, C. B. Carr, Nannie Cameron, Eliza Cook, Willie Sheffield, John D. Hill, Alice Dunn, Matthew Doyle, Victor M. Sanburn, Maxwell Turner, Mary F. Johnson, Wm. J. Cooper, Sarah Duffield.

We are happy to congratulate George Mitchell upon his success in answering the greatest number of puzzles.

He that loves a rosy cheek
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes deth seek
Fuel to maintain its fires;
As old Time make these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires;
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

Tim's Kit.

It surprised the shiners and newsboys around the postoffice the other day so see "Limpy Tim" come among them in a quiet way, and to hear him say:—

"Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a hull box of blacking, a good stout box, and the outfit goes for two shillin's!"

"Goin' away, Tim?" queried one.

"Not 'zactly, boys, but I want a quarter the awfulest kind just now."

"Goin' on a 'scursion?" asked another.

"Not to-day, but I must have a quarter," he answered.

One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit, and Tim walked straight to the counting-room of a daily paper, put down his money, and said:—

"I guess I kin write it if you'll give me a pencil."

With slow moving fingers he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, but you might not have seen it. He wrote:—

"Died—Litul Ted—of scarlet fever; aiged three yeres. Funeral to-morrer, gon up to Hevin; left won bruther."

"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier.

Tim tried to brace up, but he couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered, and he pointed to the notice on the counter and gasped:—

"I—I had to sell my kit to do it, b—but he had his arm aroun' my neck when he d—died!"

He hurried away home, but the news went to the boys, and they gathered in a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a bare-footed boy left the kit on the doorstep, and in the box was a bouquet of flowers, which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged but big-hearted urchins. Did God ever make a heart which would not respond if the right chord was touched?—*Detroit Free Press.*

HUMOROUS.

OBLIGING.—Mistress: "Mary, has that parcel of stationery arrived yet from the store?" Parlor-maid: "No, ma'am; but I can lend you a few sheets of my own note paper, if you don't mind using my monygram!"

An old bachelor said he once fell in love with a young lady, but abandoned all idea of marrying her when he found that she and all her family were opposed to it.

An old darkey was endeavoring to explain his unfortunate condition. "You see," remarked Sambo, "it was in this way as far as I can remember: First my fadder died, den my mudder married agin; and den my mudder died, and den my fadder married agin; and somehow I doesn't seem to have no parents at all, nor no home, no nuffin."

At a funeral in Ireland the clergyman had not been informed of the sex of the deceased. He accordingly leaned over to the sexton, and said: "Shall I say 'brother' or 'sister' here departed?" "It's neither, sir," whispered the man; "shure it was only an acquaintance!"

The clergy of Rochester are trying to bring about a reform in the matter of extravagance at funerals, but they will not succeed. People who haven't a pound of flour left in the house must have twenty-four hacks at a funeral to hide their poverty.

Fashionable Mother: "Maria, I'm almost discouraged; how many times have I told you not to say tater, but pertater?"

An excited politician to his opponent: "Did you call me a fool?" "No, sir; I never twit on facts."

Domestic Darwinism.—Natural Selection: marrying for love. Struggle for existence: marrying without money.

Yung man, don't be afrade to blow your own horn, but don't do it in front of the proceeshun; go behind and do it.

PAUCA VERBA.—Robinson (after a long whist-bout at the club): "It's awfully late, Brown. What will you say to your wife?" Brown (in a whisper): "Oh, I shan't say much, you know—'Good morning, dear,' or something o' that sort. She'll say the rest!"