

nziska would make a
od wife for any man.
uld intermeddle, and
ow can I do that? My
to make up matches;

te. "But you might
at this girl—I can see
have such a chance

w: the white palette
are in earnest? You

arley, boldly, "to let
a girl, if she is of the
out in three years.
e, intelligent face and
or ut her; and then I
intance with her."

Franziska is an ex-
ank, kind, well edu-
e fallen in love with

ng man.

iddled in the affair I
p the fancy in other
ook her to England,
e should know that

h in his face. "Do
er my friends knew
I should show them
n innkeeper's niece!
are like Franziska."

ny notion as to how
s mad proposal?"

I wanted you to try
me; and if, in time,
you might put in a
e her an idea, you
o mad, don't you

Tita, with a sudden
or you; for I know
od wife to the man

given by a lady who
seeks to make up
combinations when
Surrey, and who is
charge is preferred
Christmas morning,
that Charley might
Had she not, in her
assumption of au-
without which life
was the name of
she been reminded
schingen—than the
mes it has occurred
that this same Tita
into a dish of some
ices a mass of crys-
combinations, you
the shock to hasten
Now, in our social
ps of young people
e fashion—good for
d flirting, and care-
ropped Tita among
his jelly-fish sort of
ot broken up—and
marriage were pre-
ould she own it?
dearest friend to a
was a selfish fellow
s him soundly be-
more than three
ome of us get quite
territory.

sh lad, who is lying
you this, that Fran-

a great blush on his

good-natured. She
ne if that ring you

opped with a a tan-

s not," said he; and
ue had not Tita re-

ne than that if you
ther. If you were
tly refuse you, and
believe you were in
y something to her
s for you at all, be-
wish I was as sure

ne young man, with

at day. There was
r. I knew what it

considered the
no coupled the
he cow at the
on this ques-
e owner of the
breeder. The
and was only
ught by some
decision will be

Uncle Tom's Department.



A. D. 1876.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

The good old time of Xmas has just passed, and another year has been ushered in. I think of all my kind nieces and nephews, and hope they all spent a merry Xmas, trusting that old Santa Claus gave them valuable Xmas boxes. We wish them all a Happy New Year; also thank them for their numerous puzzles, etc., and hope they will continue their contributions.

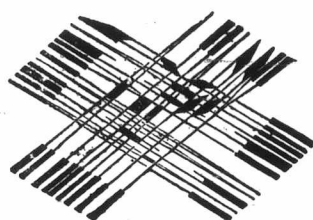
Puzzles.

1.—CHARADE.

My first is to cleanse as, no doubt, you'll see;
My second, transposed, a spirit will be;
My third is a weight, and a heavy one, too;
My whole was a general, well known to you.

2.—CHARADE.

My first in winter, but not in spring;
My second in warble, but not in sing;
My third in Leicester, but not in York;
My fourth in knife, but not in fork;
My fifth in mustard, but not in meat;
My sixth in table, but not in seat;
My seventh in coffee, but not in tea;
My last in pond, but not in sea;
My whole will name, as you will see,
A celebrated victory. A. ERNEST.



Read the above. We wish it to be read and known by every subscriber. If you cannot make it out, see answer in next month's number.

4.—HIDDEN RIVERS.

1. I am going to meet Isabel Bennett.
2. He is so fond of sugar, honey and other sweets.
3. Hush, Ann, only you need to go.
4. When I went to London, I led grandpa about.
5. He will soon be well, with exercise and amusement.
6. Where shall you go this summer? Seyton is going to Italy.
7. I want rent for six months now.
8. She is called Dirty Nellie.
9. Is it ham, especially cooked for me?
10. John Gray is in love with Elise Vernon.
11. It is mine; James Duval gave it to me.
12. It will enable mamma to go out to-day.

M. G.

5.—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



6.—SQUARE WORDS.

1. Fourpence; to wake up; a weight; a place where a celebrated race is run; bones in the jaw.
2. Happy; a sweetheart; to elude; a close chair; an English river.
3. To efface; to drive back; a mouth; to take by force; a female name.

C. W. NAMDAC.

7.—ANAGRAMS ON BRITISH POETS.

1. Some mats, John. 2. A., keep him as well, sir. 3. Fronts here boy. 4. O my, E., let us all go, carried. 5. Call me; both maps. 6. Torn, yes, Ann, fled.

ALICE B.

8.

- 1—Three fishers at a ferry met,
Each with his blooming bride;
And in a skiff that held but two,
Desired to cross the tide.
- 2—Each husband was a doating dear,
And jealous to extreme;
And hence the ticklish question rose,
How they should cross the stream.
- 3—The skiff might cross as off' as wished,
Each bride the boat could steer;
But might with no strange man be left,
Unless her own was near.
- 4—The night was dark, the ferry wide,
The wives a wanton three;
Then how did they the river cross,
And keep from scandal free?

Pilkington Consonby, Ont. CAROLINE HOWSE.

Answers to December Puzzles.

- 114.— o 117—E L B E
o o L O A D
o o B A L E
o o E D E N

113—Sir, between friends, I understand your overbearing disposition. A man even with the the world is above contempt, whilst the ambitious are beneath ridicule.

115—Something. 116—He, her, hero, heroine. 118—Paper. 119—Plough. 120—Cow-herd. 121—Fur below. 122—Sunday.



MERRY-MAKING.

The above engraving represents the outlines of the chromo we give this year to persons that will take the trouble to show this paper to their neighbors and send us one new subscriber. There is much more in the chromo than you see in this engraving. The subject is good. It is handsomely executed. It will make a handsome ornament, and will be pleasing to all. Send \$1 and the name of the subscriber, and secure the chromo.

A FORMALITY COMPLIED WITH.—In Augusta, Me., no provision had been made last winter for feeding and lodging tramps. A vagabond went into a police station and wanted to sleep there. "We only lodge prisoners," said the Sergeant behind the desk. "You only lodge prisoners," repeated the vagabond, meditatively. "That's all," was the reply; you've got to steal something, or assault somebody, or something of that kind.

"I've got to assault somebody, or something of that kind," again repeated the vagabond, thoughtfully. Then he reached across the desk with his long arm, and knocked the Sergeant off his stool, saying, as the officer got up, with his hand to his eye, "Give me as good a bed as you kin, Sergeant, cause I don't feel very well to-night."

HUMOROUS.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

The custom of naming villages after certain persons living in the neighborhood, has some disadvantages, as the following incident will show:—

A farmer in Western Pennsylvania had lived to a mature age and had never been on a journey by railroad. A new road having at last been made through part of his land, he was persuaded to pay a visit to Philadelphia, and, having been assured that he would not have to change, he placed himself comfortably in the corner of his seat and soon went to sleep.

After a long nap he was awoke by the train slackening speed, and presently the brakeman put his head into the car and cried out, in a commanding tone,

"Madison! Madison!"

The farmer started up and hurried out of the car as quick as possible.

In a moment the train proceeded on its way, and the man, looking around him, found that he was the only passenger that had alighted. He took a turn or two up and down the platform, and presently the ticket agent made his appearance. To him he said, "How far is it to Philadelphia, sir?"

"Well, that train that has just left will reach there in six hours. Did you want to go to Philadelphia?"

"Yes, to be sure. Here's my ticket. Don't it pass me to Philadelphia?"

"Yes, your ticket is all right; but why did you leave the train?"

"The man called out 'Madison' plainly enough; and that's my name, so I reckoned he meant me."

"O, Madison is the name of this station." The farmer reached Philadelphia in safety by the next train, and, on his return home, told his friends of his mishap. One of them, especially, was very much amused, and laughed heartily, to whom the farmer retorted:

"I guess if he'd called out 'Tom Johnson,' you'd have got out mighty quick, too."

The following anecdote is related of Mr. Sheaf, a grocer in Portsmouth, N. H.:

It appears that a man had purchased some wool of him, which had been weighed and paid for, and Mr. Sheaf had gone to the desk to get change for a note. Happening to turn his head while there, he saw in a glass which swung so as to reflect the shop, a stout arm reach up and take from the shelf a heavy white cak cheese. Instead of appearing suddenly and rebuking him for the theft, as another would, and thereby losing his custom for ever, the crafty old gentleman gave the thief his change as if nothing had happened, and then, under the pretence of lifting the bag to lay it on his horse for him, took hold of it and exclaimed:

"Why, bless me, I must have reckoned the weight wrong."

"Oh, no," said the other, "you may be sure you have not, for I counted with you."

"Well, well, we won't dispute about the matter, it is easily tried," said Mr. S., putting the bag into the scales again. "There," said he, "I told you so—I knew I was right—I made a mistake of nearly twenty pounds; however, if you don't want the whole you needn't have it—I'll take part of it out."

"No, no!" said the other, staying the hands of Mr. S. on their way to the strings of the bag, "I guess I'll take the whole;" and he did, paying for his honesty by receiving the skim-milk cheese at the rate of forty-four cents a pound, the price of the wool.

"Taffy pulls" are all the rage. This is the way they are said to be conducted: The ladies and gentlemen take their positions the same as in an opera reel; each couple then seize the taffy in their teeth, and whichever couple can stretch it the furthest without breaking will be the first to require the services of a minister. One young girl got hold of a piece of India rubber, and when she had got it to its utmost tention she slipped her grip. The young man was the first to require the services of an apothecary.

A man who had been arrested as a vagrant, protested he had a regular trade and calling, to wit: smoking glass for total eclipses of the sun; and, as these occur only a few times in a century, he was not to blame for being out of employment a good deal.