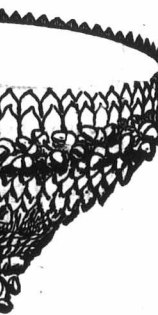


open crochet chain, make it in a diamond. Honey comb, widen the second, rows; then knit six rows; then point. The blocks, er size if desired, better larger, say ed blocks and six A white initial central block looks

up John K.'s let- to the Women's e deserves to be Obey the men, ours truly,
MARY P.



in last month for necessary to de- scribe bracket. The how to arrange a very neat or-

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l in your column you a couple of

RIBBON,

Take a little the wrong side,

ANDS.

me water; wash, some honey, then fire. One appli- e worst cases.— f honey. outors tell me a sores. BASKET.

d, three square are, and round rked them with in every other ds preferred— e color of your k, the other a te corners and then sew the way, fastening here they are on the bottom beads to hang with a bunch n the corner of

t well enough, y again. it in your last. e he is partly the right; of how her little done, so John s to interfere, she ought to hope he and oto's for Uncle see them. urs, &c., M. KNAPP.



UNCLE TOM'S COLUMN.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

The paper is printed so early in the month in order that you may get it before Christ- mas, that I cannot make any decision about prizes for for- My family picture will be photographed in a few days, so that those who have sent in their money may expect them shortly.

My old friend "Lallie" sends in a very nice letter, for which she will please accept thanks. My new niece Nina from away down East, the girl that took one of the prizes last month, is going to be a great acquisition to our family. I have already received two capital letters from her and expect many more. Her photograph is going to be in the big picture, and I feel proud of having it there. Emma A. Nel- son, another new niece, claims admittance into the family, and wishes her uncle and all the rest of the family "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year." Here is Emma Gill with answers, and Neil Gilmour, and Sophia Johnson, who is busy making Christmas presents, but none for Uncle Tom. Bella E. Hess says:

159.—Put down six strokes, / / / / /; add five strokes and make nine.

Maggie Headrick, of whose school examina- tion I hear splendid re- ports, says:

160.—I have a piece of land 20 feet square, and on it I have a house 20 feet one way and 20 feet another, and a garden 20 feet one way and 20 feet another. How can this be?

My smart boy, Willie A. Rutherford, sends some

HIDDEN CITIES.

161.—He provoked my laughter by a grotesque beck of his hand.

162.—It amused me to see the senator on top of the camel.

163.—The picture was a comical cut taken from an old painting.

164.—I saw little Sam- bo stoning a black cat.

165.—He lies in gap or edge of forest.

166.—The streets were very muddy, And I but made them worse; And the traveller didn't bless me, But uttered something terse.

Now just prefix a letter, And then you'll know for why; For when he tried to catch me I wouldn't wait, not I.

But with another letter Placed just before the last, I sadly hurt his ankle As my former self rushed past.

WILLIE A. RUTHERFORD.

167.—What is it we often see made, and never see after it is made?

AMELIA BOBIE.

LOUISA BOBIE.

Many thanks to Amelia and Louisa for their kind wishes. I hope Santa Claus will re- member both of them and all my o-her dear nieces and nephews. M. C. Durham sends picture of two nieces; which is which? Anson Adams sends some very good puzzles.

169.—What is neither fish, flesh, feather or bone, but yet has four fingers and one thumb?

MARIA CAMPBELL.

170.—What part of a ship is like a farmer?

MARTHA GILL.

171.—I'm black, I'm white, I'm blue, I'm gray.

I'm worn by ladies every day; I'm most important in the bride's at- tire.

For she my presence doth require. Transpose me and I then am shunned By you and every other one.

CECILIA GARNER.

Barbara Stratton sends a puzzle which may be I will give some other time.

19'.—GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

I was awakened early one morning by a (Chi- nese seaport) and as the air was (a country in South America) I wrapped myself in my cloak made of (part of the Chinese Empire), and lined with (a cape in the southern part of the United States). When I came down to break- fast, a lot of (Islands in the Gulf of Mexico), burned brightly on the hearth,—an (island lying east of Africa) greeted me with a cheer- ful song. Soon a (lake of North America) brought in the breakfast, which consisted of a (Asiatic country) and (a river of British North America) well seasoned with a lake in the western part of the United States). As I

173.—I am composed of 10 letters:

My 6, 10, 7 is a color, My 3, 5, 9 is the name of a sheep, My 1, 2, 6, 1 is a church in Scotland, My 4, 8, 7, 10, 6 is a liquor, My whole is the name of a township in Canada.

KIRK.

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER PUZZLES.

150.—The remainder is always the half of what you add. 151.—An egg. 152.—A news- paper. 153.—Wheat, heat, eat. 154.—New- foundland. 155.—Smoke. 156.—Seal-skin. 157.—Because it is likely to raise a corn. 158.—The lightning is the fastest, of course. Do you see it near the locomotive?

Uncle Tom's Scrap Book.

Will all my little friends help me with the Scrap Book. Send along the scraps.

A little niece of mine joyfully assured her mother the other day that she had found out where they made horses—"she had seen a man in a shop just finishing one of them, for he was nailing on his last foot."



THE FOX AND THE HARE.

The Fox and the Hare.

As Mr. Fox was stilly walking through the country one day he met Miss Hare, and asked her to join him in a dance on the green. Miss Hare had been warned by old grandmother Hare to beware of him and not to listen to his cunning speeches, but Mr. Fox persuaded the foolish young thing that grandmother was getting old and not over wise, so little Miss Hare consented. The jackdaw played them a tune to which they danced, but so soon as the dance was over it was time to sup, and Mr. Fox had a capital feast of young hare for his supper.

HAN'S BABY.

So help me gracious, efery day I laugh me vild to saw der vay My schmall young baby dries to play— Dot funny leetle baby.

When I look of dhem leetle toes, Und saw dot funny leetle nose, Und heard der vay dot rooster crows, I schmilke like I vas crazy.

Und when I heard the real nice vay Dhem beeples to my vrow dey say— "More like his fader efery day," I vas so proud like plazes.

Sometimes dere comes a leetle schquall, Dot's when der vindy vind will crawl, Righd in his leetle stichomack schmall, Dot's too bad for der baby.

Dot makes him sieg at night so schweet, Und gorrybarrick he must ead, Und I must chump sphy on my feet To help dot leetle baby.

He bulls my nose und kicks my hair, Und grawls me ofer eferywhere, Und shlobbers me—but vat I care? Dot vas my schmall young baby.

Around my head dot leetle arm Vas schquosin me so nice and warm— O! may dere nefer coom some harm To dot schmall leetle baby.

The artless generosity of youth is illustrated in an incident told of a little Albany boy, his face besmeared with molasses and his rage flut- tering in the breeze, running up from the river flourishing a dirty shingle, and screaming at the top of his voice to a comrade: "Oh, Bill! Bill! get as many boys and shingles as you can, for there's a big hogait of 'lasses busted on the pavement—busted all to smash!"

Here is an example for our boys:

A rival of a certain great lawyer sought to humiliate him publicly by saying:—"You blacked my father's boots once." "Yes," replied the lawyer, unabashed, "and I did it well."

A friend of ours took an eight-gallon keg to a shop to have it filled with liquor. The shop-keeper declared that he had put in ten gallons, and de- manded payme at accord- ingly. The countryman handed it over with the remark that he didn't mind the money so much as he did "the strain on the old keg."

An Irish domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master one morn- ing a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other. "How comes it, you rascal, that these boots are not the same length?" "I really don't know, sir; but what bothers me most is that the pair down stairs is in the same fix."

Crazy Craycroft caught a crate of crickled crabs; a crate of crickled crabs, crazy Craycroft caught. If crazy Craycroft caught a crate of crickled crabs, where is the crate of crickled crabs crazy Cray- croft caught.

Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round; a roll round Robert Row- ley rolled round. Where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round?

NEVER TOO LATE.

"Come, wife," said Will, "I pray you devote Just half a minute to mend this coat, Which a nail has chanced to rend."

"Tis ten o'clock," said the drowsy mate. "I know," said Will, "it is rather late, But it's never too late to mend."

Here is a scrap from old England:—

A fellow, anxious to see the queen, left his native village and went to London to gratify his curiosity. Upon his return, his wife asked him "What the queen was like?"—"Loike!" cried Hodge. "Why, I ne'er was so cheated in my loife. What don't think, Margaret? Her arms are loike thoine and moine: although I have heard excisemen say a score of times her arms were a lion and a unicorn."

Some of my nieces down in Tyreconnel have sent me a capital Christmas egg. It weighs 4½ ounces, and measures 7 inches around one way and 8½ inches the other way—and it is a hen's egg at that.