

For the Little Folk.**Troubles of the Small Boy.**

Before they had arithmetic,
Or telescopes or chalk,
Or blackboards, maps and copy books—
When they could only talk;
Before Columbus came to show
The world geography,
What did they teach the little boys
Who went to school like me?

There wasn't any grammar then,
They couldn't read or spell,
For books were not invented yet—
I think 'twas just as well.
There were not any rows of dates,
Or laws or wars or kings,
Or generals or victories,
Or any of those things.

There couldn't be much to learn;
There wasn't much to know.
'Twas nice to be a boy
Ten thousand years ago.
For history had not begun,
And the world was very new,
And in the schools I don't see what
The children had to do.

Now always there is more to learn —
How history does grow!
And every day they find new things
They think we ought to know.
And if it must go on like this,
I'm glad I live today,
For boys ten thousand years from now
Will not have time to play!

Two ears and only one mouth have you:
The reason, I think, is clear:
It teaches, my child, that it will not do
To talk about all you hear.

Two eyes and only one mouth have you;
The reason of this must be,
That you should learn that it will not do
To talk about all you see.

Two hands and on'y one mouth have you;
And it is worth repeating,—
The two are for work that you will have to do,
The one is enough for eating.

—From the German.

Lots of men would leave their footprints
Time's eternal sands to grace,
Had they gotten mother's slipper
At the proper time and place.

Johanny And His Lessons.

Little Johnny What's his name
Was in the fifth A grade,
And 35's and 40's were
The highest marks he made,
Excepting in arithmetic
Where he'd made ninety-two,
Because he liked the subject well,
As 'most all Johnnies do.

He took his books home every day
As reg'lar as could be.
He played till dark, then went to bed,
"From every care set free."
He said he had "no lessons home,"
And thought the trick was new,
Until his father called at school
And got a point or two.
That night he studied spelling, history, geogra-
phy, language, physiology, arithmetic,
With wondrous vim and care,
And home folks say he begged to have
A pillow on his chair.

—Journal of Education.

A Riddle.

One little brother is short and slow,
The other is tall, and he can run,
For he takes twelve steps with his longer leg
While his brother is taking one.
One little brother a bell must ring
With every step that he slowly makes,
But the other runs gaily from morn till night,
Nor cares to notice the steps he takes.
He who loves riddles may guess this one,
Who are the brothers and where do they run?
Who can guess the last name of these little brothers?
(hand).
The tall brother has the long first name, and the little
brother the short first name. Who can tell these?
Where do they travel?
Who runs faster? Why?
How many steps does the Minute Hand take while the
Hour Hand takes one?
Which brother rings the bell? When?
Demonstrate with clock face.—Selected.

It is said of a noted Virginia judge that in a pinch he
always came out ahead. An incident of his boyhood might
go to prove this.

"Well, Benny," said his father when the lad had been
going to school about a month, "what did you learn to-day?"

"About the mouse, father."

"Spell mouse," said his father.

"Father, I didn't believe it was a mouse after all; it
was a rat."—Lippincott's Magazine.