

## CHOICE MISCELLANY.

SEEKING A TEACHER FOR LINDA.—She was at one of the union school-houses half an hour before school opened. She had "Linda" with her. She was a tall woman, forty years old, with a jaw showing great determination, and "Linda" was sixteen and rather shy and pretty good-looking. The mother said she hadn't been in the city long, and that it was her duty to get Linda into school and see that she was properly educated. When the teacher came, the mother boldly inquired :

"You know enough to teach do you?"

"I think I do," replied the teacher blushing deeply.

"And you feel competent to govern the scholars do you?"

"Yes'em."

"Do you pound 'em with a ferrule, or lick 'em with a whip?"

"We seldom resort to punishment here," replied the embarrassed teacher.

"That's better yet," continued the mother, "I know that if Linda should come home all pounded up I'd feel like killing some one. I suppose you are of a respectable character, ain't you?"

"Why—ahem—why—" stammered the teacher, growing white and then red.

"I expect you are," continued the woman. "It's well enough to know who our children are associating with. Now then, do you allow the boys and girls to sit together?"

"No ma'am."

"That's right. They never used to when I was young, and I don't think Linda is any better than I am. Another thing: do you allow any winking?"

"Any what?" exclaimed the puzzled teacher.

"Do you allow a boy to wink at a girl?" asked the woman.

"Why no!"

"I was afraid you did. Linda is as shy as a bird, and if she should come home some night and tell me that she had been winked at I don't know what I'd do. Now, another thing: Do you have a beau?"

"Why—why—" was the stammered reply.

"I think you do!" resumed the woman severely. "I know how it works. When

you should be explaining what an archipelago is, you are thinking of your Richard, and your mind is way, way off!"

"But, madam—"

"Never mind any explanations," interrupted the woman. "I want Linda brought up to know joggerfy, figgers, writing and spell ography, and if you've got a beau and are spooking to the theatre one night, a candy-pull the next, a horse race the next, and so on, your mind can't be on education. Come Linda, we'll go to some other school-house."—*Detroit Free Press.*

## THE SCHOOLMASTER TO HIS SCHOLARS.

My child and scholar, take good heed

Unto the words that here are set,  
And see thou do accordingly

Or else be sure thou shalt be beat.

First, I command thee God to serve,

Then, to thy parents, duty yield;

Unto all men be courteous,

And mannerly, in town or field.

Your clothes unbuttoned do not use,

Let not your hose ungartered be;

Have hankerchief in readiness,

Wash hands and face, or see not me.

Lose not your books, ink-horns or pens,

Nor girdle, garters, hat or band,

Let shoes be tied, pin shirt-band close,

Keep well your hands at any hand.

If that thou cry, or talk aloud,

Or books do rend, or strike with knife,

Or laugh or play unlawfully,

Then you and I must be at strife.

If that you curse, miscall, or swear,

If that you pick, filch, steal or lie,

If you forget a scholar's part,

Then must you sure your points untie.

If that to school you do not go,

When time doth call you to the same;

Or, if you loiter in the streets,

When we do meet, then look for blame.

Wherefore, my child, behave thyself,

So decently, in all assays,

That thou may'st purchase parent's love,

And eke obtain thy master's praise.

—*Coot's English School Master, 40th Edition, 1680.*