

SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN.

Four-year-old Robbie ran breathlessly into the house, just as the sound of bagpipes was heard coming up the street. "Oh, Mamma!" he said, "there's a man out here with a dead pig that sings; come quick?"

Anxious mother—Well, Bobby, and how did you behave at the party? Bobby—Oh, Mummy, I didn't behave at all. I was quite good!

Charlie—Papa, isn't monarchy the best form of government? Papa—No; a republic is. Charlie—Then why do they say "the Kingdom of Heaven?"

Margery—Does your papa read fairy tales to you, like my papa? Jennie—Yes. He read a fairy tale from a *Jungle Book*. Margery—That's not a fairy tale! That's about animals. Its an animal's tale.

A school teacher lately put the question, "What is the highest form of animal life?" "The giraffe," responded a bright member of the class.

"Popper," said little Willie, "did you tell a story at the story-tellers' night at the club, Tuesday night." "Yes, my boy, I did. Why?" "Did they spank you for it, as you do me when I tell a story?" asked Willie.

"Do you think your mamma loves you, Polly?" asked Polly's mother, hugging the little girl up tight. "Yeth I do," said Polly. "I knows it." "I am so glad. And how do you know it, Polly?" "'Cause I'm your doll," said Polly.

Mother—How is it that you get so many bad marks at school? Little Johnnie—Well, the teacher has got to mark somebody, or else folks will think she's not attending to her business.

A little Boston girl, who had been attending one of the public kindergartens, fell from a ladder. Her mother caught her up from the ground in terror, exclaiming, "Oh, darling, how did you fall?" "Vertically," replied the child, "without a second's hesitation."

"My paw's going into the chicken-raising business," said Freddy. "He's goin' down town to-morrow to buy an incubus or an indicator, I forget which you call it."

Teacher—Now what do you call the scientist who spends all his time collecting eggs? Tommy Traddles (promptly)—An egotist.

Fond Mother—My dear, are you feeling any better? Dolly—I don't know, mamma. Is the jelly all gone? Fond Mother—Yes, dear. Dolly—Well, I think I am well enough to get up now.

A little girl in a Pennsylvania town, in saying her prayers the other night, was told to pray for her father and mother who were both very ill, and for one of the servants who had lost her husband. She faithfully did as she was told, and then, impressed with the dreary condition of things, added on her own account: "And now, oh, God, take good care of Yourself, for if anything should happen to You, we should all go to pieces. Amen."

Amasic (who sees the twins in a perambulator for the first time)—Jimini! A baby with a head at both ends!

"I wonder why they call policemen peelers," said Tommie. "Oh, I guess it's because they eat so many bananas," said Willie, who lives near a fruit stand.

"Are you married?" asked an inquisitive five-year-old of a visitor. "Yes," was the reply. "Are you?" "No, but I've been vaccinated."

It was noticed at one of the boys' clubs on the N. Y. East Side, that a little negro who attended regularly always sought a certain book each evening, and laughed uproariously apparently at the same picture. One of the supervisors approached and saw that the picture represented a bull chasing a small colored boy across a field. He asked the little fellow what amused him so. "Gosh!" answered the boy, "he 'ain't kotched him yet!"

A Scotch mother was assisting her little boy with his geography, when they came to the word "desert," which he could not understand. She explained that it was a barren place—a place where nothing would grow. The boy's face brightened up at her words, and feeling sure that he had solved the difficulty, she asked him to explain the meaning, and the prompt answer came: "Ma feyther's bald heid."

The master was asking questions—masters are apt to ask questions, and they sometimes receive curious answers. The question was as follows: "Now, boys how many months have twenty-eight days?" "All of them, sir," replied a boy in the front.

Curate's Little Girl—My hen has laid an egg. Vicar's Little Girl—My hen has laid two. Bishop's Little Girl—That's nothing; my father has laid a foundation stone.