

sixty-two and a half. "So," said he, climbing over his spectacles and surveying me grimly, "ye think ye know more'n yer father, hey? Come here to me?" His invitation was too pressing to be declined, and for a few excruciating moments I reposed in bitter humiliation across his left knee with my neck in the embrace of his left arm.

I didn't see him demonstrate his mathematical accuracy with the palm of his right hand on the large patch of my trowsers, but I felt the old man was right; and when, after completely eradicating my faith in the multiplication table, he asked me how much five times twelve was, I insisted, with tears in my eyes, that it was sixty-two and a half. "That's right!" said he; "I'll learn ye to respect your father, if I have to thrash you twelve times a day. Now go'n water them horses, an' be lively, too!" The old gentleman didn't permit my respect for him to wane much until the inflammatory rheumatism disabled him, and even then he continued to inspire me with awe until I was thoroughly convinced that his disability was permanent.

Unquestioning obedience is the crowning grace of childhood. When you tell your child to do anything, and he stops to inquire why, it is advisable to kindly but firmly fetch him across the ear and inform him "That's why!" He will soon get in the way of starting, with alarming alacrity, at the word of command.

One of the most inveterate and annoying traits of children is inquisitiveness. If you are inconsiderate enough to attempt to gratify their omnivorous curiosity, you may as well prepare to abdicate, for you will be nonplussed by these questions a dozen times a day, and in a week your sagacity will be hopelessly compromised.

An average child is a magazine of unanswerable, disconcerting conundrums.

You can't expect children to have much reverence for a parent whose ignorance they can expose twice out of three times trying.

It is well enough to answer an easy question now and then, just to convince them you can when you choose; but when they come at you with a poser, tell them, "Oh, you never mind." or, "shut up!" and then they will grow up independent and self-reliant, and restrained, only by veneration, from splitting your head open—to find out how it holds so much information without letting some out.

It would be difficult, very difficult, to estimate the beneficial effects that would be entailed upon their children, if parents generally would adopt the method here vaguely indicated.

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"Did you ever go to a military ball?" asked a lisping maid of an old veteran. "No, my dear," growled the old soldier; in those days I once had a military ball come to me, and what do you think it did? It took my leg off.