

upon it, which renders it almost invisible for a time."

"That's jist it," broke forth our young experimenter, opening his eyes now for the first time, "I've been eclipsing my eyes," he added, "and looking at Bill Nye, from the First Gravel; and sometimes I could only see his nose, and other times, he would disappear entirely—Oh, I understand it now!"

"Hush!" said the expounder of science, as the more facetious began to simper and titter in choruses.

"The word itself," she held out, not yet pleased with her elucidation of the subject, "is of Greek origin, from *ek* and *kleipō*, which means 'to leave,' that is——."

"You're jist right," interrupted a philosophical youth who browses around a Windsor livery stable. "To eclipse is exactly 'to leave.'" "Fred," he added, "you know that old white plug of a horse Joe Hunter got at an auction sale in Essex Centre; well, Joe says the old bay mare can eclipse him—leave him—get right away from him. And I'm sure of it, for he throws his legs out like a rail fence."

But the subject was finally too technical and comprehensive for our lady scientist, and with a suppressed laugh, she edged out, "That will do for geography—take your grammars."

This proved rather crisp for home illustrations, yet definitions sometimes serve their purposes. Each part of speech was wrestled with in turn, and the vowels and consonants sung out in unison, with "sometimes *w* and *y*" in italic measure. The interjection, however, was the cause of dejection to many. Each boy strained his mind's eye, and struggled to accumulate an answer.

"Harvey Gurnet," said the school marm, in a supplicating tone, which was indicative of a wounded intellect, "define clearly for those blockheads an interjection."

"An interjection," said Harry, moving doubtfully to his feet, and feeling the

contents of his vest pocket with his right hand. "Why, an interjection is a—Oh, an expression of dress," and he collapsed into his seat, as if he had inherited it from his ancestors, while the word "next," intoned out in an *f* sharp, fairly electrified Ben. Perkins, who shot to his feet.

"An interjection," said Ben, describing a parabola on the floor with a number eight boot, "is a——. Oh, I used to know that like nuthin'. An interjection is, a feelin' of dress," while his eyes lit up with a congratulatory pause.

"Next," continued the preceptress of orthography and etymology.

"Its an express mark."

"You, Joe McWilliams."

"Its a feeling address."

"Next!"

"An interjection? why its a mere express."

"You, Maria Perkins, I knew it would come to you," said the school marm, in an encouraging voice, as Maria cleaved the air like the amateur flight of a young pigeon.

"An interjection," said Maria, looking disdainfully, as it were where the other definitions emanated from. "Why, dear me! an interjection is a mere mark of a dress."

"Its the 'pull back,'" said a young urchin, from a hind seat, who was on the "committee of answering."

"In all my career of imparting the rudiments of grammar," said the school marm, "I have never found such a concentration of infatuated nonsense—why the word itself, the root, the stem, the ligament, imply that it must be something, that is, as it were, thrown—"

"Tom Watkins," she suddenly broke off, "what is the matter?"

"Please mom, Fred Nye is putting an interjection into me."

"What do you mean, Thomas," she resumed, as if doubting the signification of his complaint.