



School Stories from Cousin Dorothy's Scrap-book.

The public schools of a certain New England city have recently taken to an exacting form of art. The pupils are placed before a model and told to sketch as they see.

One day a little girl was seated in a chair on the platform, and her classmates were given the usual order.

The results varied. Some of the drawings looked like a human being in the state of repose, others like wooden dolls. But one little girl had drawn the chair and a tiny figure standing in front of it.

"Mary," said the discouraged teacher, "didn't I say, 'Draw Amelia as you see her?'"

"Yes'm."

"Well, is she standing in front of the chair?"

"No'm. She's sitting in it."

"Then why didn't you draw her sitting?"

Tears came into the child's eyes. She was misunderstood.

"But I hadn't got to it," she said.

"I was just going to bend her down when you rang the bell."

"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called to us: 'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one that sees another idle I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.'"

"Ah," thought I to myself, 'there is Joe Simmons, that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book I'll tell.' It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book and immediately I informed the master.

"Indeed!" said he, "how did you know he was idle?"

"I saw him," said I.

"You did?" and were your eyes on your books when you saw him?"

"I was caught, and I never watched for idle boys again."

The following amusing story is told of Daniel Webster: When quite young, at school, Daniel was one day guilty of a violation of the rules. He was detected in the act, and called up by the teacher for punishment. This was to be the old-fashioned flogging of the hand. His hand happened to be very dirty. Knowing this, on his way to the teacher's desk he licked the palm of his right hand, wiping it off on the side of his pantaloons.

"Give me your hand, sir," said the teacher very sternly. Out went the right hand, partly cleaned. The teacher looked at it a moment, and said:

"Daniel, if you will find another hand in this schoolroom as filthy as that, I will let you off!"

Instantly from behind his back came the left hand.

"Here it is, sir," was the ready reply. "That will do this time," said the teacher; "you can take your seat."

I know a little maiden who is always in a hurry;

She races through her breakfast to be in time for school.

She scribbles at her desk in a hasty sort of flurry,

And comes home in a breathless whirl that fills the vestibule.

She hurries through her studying, she hurries through her sewing,

Like an engine at high pressure, as if leisure were a crime;

She's always in a scramble, no matter where she's going,

And yet—would you believe it?—she never is on time.

It seems a contradiction, until you know the reason.

But I'm sure you'll think it simple, as I do, when I state

That she never has been known to begin a thing in season,

And she's always in a hurry, because she starts too late.

Kalieda, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the "Farmer's Advocate" before. I live on the farm. Our nearest station is Darlingford. It is about seven miles from here. We have ten horses, nine cows, a cat, and two dogs. Their names are Rover and Collie.

I go to school every day, but we are having holidays now. We have these subjects in school: Reading, writing, geography, composition, spelling, arithmetic, and singing.

Wishing the editor every success.

Yours truly,

ETHEL MacLEAN (aged 8).

High Bluff, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have been going to write for a long time, but did not get time. My father has taken the "Farmer's Advocate" for quite awhile.

We moved a pigpen last Saturday, and got it moved safely. It had not been on a foundation, and we moved it onto one.

I go to school every day, and am getting on fine. I am in the third book. The school is a little over half a mile from us.

We have about one hundred and fifty chickens, and fourteen little ducks. We have sixteen head of horses, and about fifty head of cattle.

I have one little brother. He is five years old.

We have the telephone in. It was broken a great many times this year. We had quite a shower of rain to-night. We are three and one-half miles from High Bluff. Wishing the "Farmer's Advocate" every success.

I remain yours,

OPAL MUIR (aged 9 years).

Unconscious Humor.

Those who are on the lookout for them will find many amusing blunders in the daily papers and in periodicals of all kinds. It was a great metropolitan daily that one morning gave its readers the following information regarding the wrecking of a ship the night before: "The captain swam ashore and succeeded in saving the life of his wife. She was insured in the Northern Marine Insurance Company, and carried a cargo of cement." Equally amusing as an instance of unconscious humor was the statement made by another paper regarding the capsizing of a boat at sea. It said that "but one life was lost, and that was found afterward."

He must be sadly deficient in humor who does not find himself amused by a sign like the following, seen in the window of a shoemaker: "Any respectable man, woman or child can have a fit in this shop." It was an enterprising furrier who placed a card in his window, stating that for the benefit of the ladies he would make "muffs, boas, etc., out of their own skins."

A prolific source of amusement to manuscript readers is the surprising way in which aspirants for literary honor and glory often "put things." We find one young woman saying of her heroine: "The countess fell back in a deadly swoon. When she revived her spirit had fled."

Another young writer places her heroine in a very perilous position, and then says of her: "Her lips quivered, her cheeks grew pale, her breath came in short pants."

A charming bit of purely unconscious humor was that noticed by some visitors to a great English coal mine. At the mouth of the great central shaft, hundreds of feet deep, was a placard bearing these words: "Please do not tumble down the shaft."

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