

PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND POLITICIANS.

At an examination of a public school on Staten Island, the teacher justly proud of his scholars, addressing the audience, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, to prove that the boys are not crammed for the occasion, I will direct one of them to open the arithmetic at random, and read out the first problem. Then I shall invite a gentleman of the audience to work out the sum on the board, and commit intentional errors, which, you will observe, the boys will instantly detect. John Smith, open the book and read the first question!"

The scholar obeyed and read out - "Add fifteen-sixteenths and nine-elevenths."

The teacher turned to the audience and said: "Now, Supervisor, will you step to the black-board and work it out!"

The supervisor hesitated, then said, "Certainly," and advanced a step, but paused and asked the teacher, "Is it fair to put to the children so difficult a problem?" "Oh never fear," replied the teacher,

"they will be equal to it." "Very well," said the supervisor, "go on."

The boy began the question: "Add fifteen-sixteenths—"

"No, no!" said the supervisor, "I will not be a party to over-taxing children's brains! I have conscientious scruples against it! This forcing system is ruining the rising generation!" and he gave back the chalk and left the room.

"Well, Judge Castleton, will you favour us?" asked the teacher, tendering the chalk. "I would do so with pleasure," replied the judge, "but I have a case coming on in my court room in a minute or two," and he left.

"Assessor Middletown, we must fall back on you," said the teacher, smiling. "Oh," said the assessor, "I pass I mean, I decline in favor of Collector X." "Well that will do," replied the teacher, "Mr. Collector, will you favor us?"

"I would certainly—that is—of course," replied the collector; "but—ahem!—I think it should be referred to a committee—Why, bless me! is that the four o'clock boat? I'll never catch it! Good-bye. Some other time!" and he left.

"I know Justice Southfield will not refuse!" said the teacher, and the Justice stepped promptly up to the black-board amidst a round of applause from the audience. The scholar again began to read the sum. "Add fifteen-sixteenths and—"

A dozen hands went up as the judge made the first figures.

"Well, what is it?" asked the teacher. "He's got the denominator on top of the line!" cried the boys in chorus.

"Very good, boys, very good; I see you are attentive!" said the judge as he rubbed out the figures, turned red, and began again, but was interrupted by the class calling out:

"Now he's got the numerator and denominator both under the line!" "Aha! you young rogues! You're sharp, I see!" said the judge jocosely, and again commenced.

"That aint a fraction at all!" It's one thousand five hundred and sixteen!" was the cry that hailed the judge's new combination of figures.

"Really, Mr. Teacher," ejaculated the judge, "I must compliment you on the wonderful proficiency of your scholars in algebra! I won't tire their patience any more!"

"Oh go on, go on!" said the teacher, and again the judge wrote some figures in an off-hand manner.

"That aint a fraction! It's six thousand one hundred and fifty-one!" yelled the boys!

"Mr. Teacher," said the judge, "it would be ungenerous on my part, and imply an unworthy suspicion as to your efficiency, to put these extraordinarily bright children to additional tests; I would not—I could not—Oh! excuse me! There's Brown! I have important business with him. Sheriff! I want to see you!" and he left.

Some days afterward a boy was brought before Justice Southfield for throwing stones in the street. "John," said the judge sternly, "were you the boy that laughed in school on Monday while I was working that problem?" "Yes, sir!" was the reply. John got thirty days.—*Richmond Co. Gazette.*

LITTLE BROOK.

"O stay, little brook! Why hasten away? The banks here are green, The blossoms are gay. How are you to know What dangers await The path you would go? Take heed ere too late." "I fear nothing, child, When duty is clear; God's hand shapes my course: Good-bye to you, dear." J.F.S.

TIME.

Sixty seconds make a minute; Use them well, you will win it. Sixty minutes make an hour; Use them well while in your power.

Chick-a-dee.

JAMES RICHARDSON. THEODORE E. PARKINS, by per

1. Twen-ty lit-tle chick-a-dees, Sit-ting in a row. Twen-ty pairs of
 2. Sor-ry lit-tle chick-a-dees! Don't you know the way? Can't you find the
 3. Hun-gry lit-tle chick-a-dees! Would you like some bread? I will give you
 4. Jol-ly lit-tle chick-a-dees! Have you had e-nough? Don't for-get to

nak-ed feet, Bur-ied in the snow! I should think you'd fly a-way
 road to go Where it's al-ways May? Rob-ins all have found it out,
 all you want, Or some seeds in-stead; A-ny-thing you like to eat,
 come a-gain While the weather's rough: Bye-bye, hap-py lit-tle birds!

Where the weather's warm; Then you would not have to be Out there in the storm.
 Wrens and blue-birds too. Don't you wish you'd thought to ask, Ere a-way they flew?
 You shall have it free, Ev-ery morn-ing, ev-ery night, If you'll come to me.
 Off the wee things swarm, Dancing through the driving snow, Singing in the storm.

Chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee, Pret-ty chick-a-dee,

Don't you want some crumbs to eat, Pret-ty chick-a-dee?