

AN EDUCATIONAL HINT.

THE *Educational Journal* in a recent issue has an article on "How to Vary Seat Work," in reference to diversifying the studies of the primary classes. It is noticeable for its omission of one of the favorite and time-honored methods of varying seat work, the mention of which will excite pleasing memories of childhood's happy days in the minds of many who were once boys and girls themselves. The process which is so simple that a child can easily master it, especially if the teacher is inclined to be cross is as follows: Take an ordinary pin, bend it at right angles in two places so that the point will project upwards. In the absence of the teacher or when his attention is engaged at the other end of the room, seize the opportunity and the pin, and place it—the pin, not the opportunity—upon the teacher's seat, assume an intensely studious demeanor and await further developments. The remarks and ejaculations which the teacher will make on resuming his seat for a brief period will introduce a pleasing element of variety into the ordinary seat work, and be calculated to profoundly impress the youthful mind.

In the case of shy and backward pupils who might be unable to overcome a feeling of nervousness in contemplating such familiarity with their elders, their ingenious study in seat work might be pursued on the seats of their fellow-pupils. It is the recollection of merry little incidents such as these which lend such a charm to the thought of childhood's vanished past.

TOO MUCH SO.

CONDUCTOR—"Why did the company fire Johnson, the signal man at the Junction? I thought he was unflagging in his attention to his duties."

ENGINEER—"Yes, that was just the trouble. He was too blamed unflagging sometimes."

AN ADVANTAGE CERTAINLY.

HIGGLEY—"Great snap, having stoves in the street cars."

PIGGLEY—"Snap nothin'. They ain't lighted."

HIGGLEY—"That's just it. A fellow can sit on them—and doesn't have to offer his seat to a lady."



MELON-CHOLY AIR.

"Tis the last rows of summer."



MATERNAL DUTIES.

ETHEL—"Ma, I want some water to christen my doll."

ETHEL'S MA—"No, dear; it is wrong, you know, to make sport of holy things."

ETHEL—"Well, then, I want some wax to waxinate her. She's old enough now to have *something* done to her!"

CHATTER.

SANSO—"Holding an umbrella is an art."

RODD—"Yes, they are mighty hard to hold onto when the weather is wet."

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HE—"Culture has to be inherited. It cannot be acquired."

SHE—"How sad for you."

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BINNICK—"This book of mine will furnish food for thought to the people."

CYNIC—"Wouldn't it be better to give them something that would furnish them with an appetite for thought?"

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MRS. SANSO (in the theatre)—"Dear me. I believe I smell burning feathers."

SANSO—"You probably do. The man behind you is swearing at your hat?"

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BLAR—"Those decorations are plaster imitations of marble, are they not?"

ARTUM—"No. They are composition imitations of plaster."

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MRS. CAUSTIQUE—"How's your husband?"

MRS. FROSTIQUE—"Well and happy."

MRS. CAUSTIQUE—"Dear me! When did he die?"

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AMBITIOUS YOUTH—"What is the secret of your success?"

MILLIONAIRE—"Work."

AMBITIOUS YOUTH—"Of course; but what I want to know is how you manage to work 'em."

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