

School Humor.

An Easy Plan.

A young man once wrote to Beecher saying "I am an honest young man and I would like an easy place. "Beecher replied, "Don't be an editor, don't be a minister, don't be a lawyer, a mechanic or a civil engineer, don't be a teacher, in fact don't be anything, for the only easy place is in Greenwood Cemetery."

The Reason Why.

Mrs. Wackum.—How did that naughty boy of yours hurt himself?

Mrs. Snapper.—That good little boy o yours hit him on the head with a brick.

Well Answered.

Teacher.—"What's the meaning of 'elo-cution?'"

Harold.—"It's the way people are put to death in some states.

His Grace.

A school teacher spelled out the word 'g r a c e' and asked a scholar to pronounce it. He gave it up, when the teacher, to refresh his memory, asked him: "What did your father say this morning before eating his breakfast?" The boy thought a minute, and then cried: "Pa said, 'Hang those eggs, they're all bad!'"

Essay on Man.

The following is an extract from a real composition written by a small schoolboy in New Jersey. The subject given by the teacher was the extensive one of "Man." Here's what the small boy wrote: "Man is a wonderful animal. He has eyes, ears, mouth. His ears are mostly for catching cold in and having the earache. The nose is to get snuffles with. A man's body is spllt

half way up and he walks on the split ends."

Sixty Percent Discount.

Willie and Johnny set up a lemonade stand the other day and a gentleman was their patron. Willie's sign read, "Five cents a glass," Johnny's modest announcement was "Two cents a glass." The patron remembering that a penny saved is a penny earned bought a glass of Johnnie's lemonade paid two cents for it and casually inquired: "Why is your lemonade cheaper than your brother's?"

"Cos mine is the lemonade the puppy fell into," replied Johnny.

In Full Dress.

Little Alice, three years old, was dressed by her Auntie, in low neck and short sleeves. She stood for a moment looking at her bare arms, then she exclaimed, "Auntie, my mamma don't love my arms to go barefooted.

Geographical Bacteriology.

'Pat, kin you tell me about the little animals that get into our bodies and give us disease?"

"Sure, Mike, its meself that kin tell you about em,"

"What ye call em depends on where ye git em. If yes git em in France they are Panscts; if yes git em in Germany, they are germs, and if yes git em in ould Ireland, they are called Mickerobes.

Tommy's Worry.

Four year-old Tommy had listened with great attention to his monther's story of how Eve had been created from one of Adam's ribs. "And didn't it hurt, mamma;" asked Tommy, with a grave far-away look.

"Well, it may have hurt, some; was