

cleanliness thereof; then two children, a boy and a girl, wearing an air of grave responsibility, travel around the room, placing the crayons and erasers squarely, and at equal distances on the ledge at the bottom of the boards; two other little ones hurry off to a closet, from which they bring waste-baskets, and begin to perambulate up and down the aisles with them.

In the meantime all the other children are either busily clearing out their desks, or stooping down gathering from the floor every scrap of paper or bit of *débris* to be found, which they throw into the baskets as they are carried past.

At the end of this performance—which lasts hardly more than two minutes—there is not a speck of dirt larger than dust, visible anywhere, and all the small housekeepers are sitting erect and alert, with eyes fixed upon the teacher, waiting for her to begin, which she does in this way:

"Down here" (on the lower part of the board) "there was a—" she writes; and the children say "Pond;" then she draws a curving line to represent its shape.

"Now this fox," resumes the teacher, "wanted to get some of the farmer's poultry to eat. What is poultry, Larry?"

"Hens, and chickens, and geese."

"Yes; but he couldn't, because—" drawing the animal rapidly—"the farmer had a great big—" writes; "Dog," affirm the class. Then sketching a man: "There was something else the fox was afraid of, and that was the farmer's—" writes; "Son!" chorus the children; "who had a very large—" writing; "Gun to shoot!" call out the class, "him with," quietly adds the narrator.

"Then the old farmer himself had a—" writes; "Trap" pronounce the children; "and the fox was afraid of that too. Well, for a long time the fox had nothing to eat and he was getting very—" she writes, and the children say "Hungry;" "and he lay in his—" writing; "Den of rocks," read the class.

"What is a den of rocks? Clarence."

"A hole all made of stones."

"Pretty good. This den was away up at the top of a high—" writes; "Hill!" is the responsive chorus; "here he was, thinking and planning how he could get some of the farmer's poultry. At last a bright thought struck him; he made up his mind to build a new house for himself, and he wasn't going to build it far off on the hill, but down here, close by the pond. "Now—" drawing quickly, "just here was a—" writes; "Tree!" declare the children; "yes, and under that tree he dug, and dug, a beautiful new—" writes; "hole!" exclaim the children.

"This hole, which was his house, you know, was divided into three—" writes; "Rooms!" call out the class. "The first room," continues the teacher, "just as you went in, was the company-room, and back of that was his—" writes; "Kitchen!" say the children; "and up over that," goes on the narrator, "he had a bedroom."

"There were two—" writes; "Doors!" declares the chorus; "a back door and a front door, so he could come in one way and go out the other. Well, when it was all done, he said to himself, 'Now I shall have all I want to eat;' and then he sat down to wait and listen. Pretty soon he heard the hens and chickens and ducks and turkeys and geese all cackling, for it was early in the—" writes; "Morning!" is the chorus.

"By and by the farmer got up and went down to the hen-house, and opened the door, and let them all out into the—" writes; "Yard!" pronounce the class. "Now the farmer had made a—" writes; "Walk," say the children; "which led from the yard down to the pond, and the ducks were in such a—" writes; "Hurry to swim," chorus the listeners; "in the pond," goes on the narrator, "that they started right off. There was the—" writing;

"Mamma-duck and the papa-duck," read the children; "and nine little ducks," adds the teacher.

"Well, the little—" writes; "Baby-ducks," say the class; "couldn't walk very well," continues the teacher, "and the mamma-duck was scolding them, and telling them not to step that way, but you know they couldn't help it, because their little—" writes; "Feet," call out the children; "were made like this"—drawing the great celerity the foot of a duck.

"What do we call it, children?"

"A web-foot."

"And what are the duck's feet made that way for?"

"To swim with," is the quick response.

"Yes, and that was the reason they couldn't walk on the ground any better. So they went along, the old mamma-duck saying quite crossly, 'Quack! quack! quack!'" (Giving these with shrill, harsh tones.) "And the baby-ducks, trying to tell her that they were doing the best they could, went, 'Quack! quack! quack!'" (With soft, coaxing intonations.) "And the papa-duck shouting out to them all the time that the water was very cold, and they mustn't go out very far, which sounded like, 'Quack! quack! quack!'" (In a loud, rasping voice.)

"The old fox in his new hole heard them, and laughed to himself. What do you suppose made him laugh, children?"

"'Cos he thought 'twas funny," is the instantaneous response of a thoughtless little youngster.

"Because he thought it was funny; don't forget the word next time," warns the teacher.

"Ho! I guess 'twas because he wanted to eat them," is the characteristic response of a small native of the soil.

"I guess he was thinking how he'd catch them pretty soon, and then they wouldn't say 'quack! quack! quack!'" is the deliberate answer of the "Solon" of the flock.

"I shouldn't wonder if that were right," assents the teacher. "Who can tell me now all about the fox and the farmer?" Every one seems to think he can.

"Very well, you may go home and think it over; perhaps you will dream about it to-night, and to-morrow I'll see how many can tell me everything I've told you. There's the bell for dismissal. Good-night;" and they pass out in the usual order.—*Quincy Methods.*

THE MISER'S FATE.

FOR FRIDAY AFTERNOON RECITATION.

So, so! all safe! Come forth my pretty sparklers,—
Come forth, and feast my eyes? Be not afraid!
No keen-eyed agent of the government
Can see you here. They wanted me, forsooth,—
To lend you, at the lawful rate of usance,
For the state's needs. Ha, ha! my shining pets,
My yellow darlings, my sweet golden circlets!
Too well I loved you to do that,—and so
I pleaded poverty, and none could prove
My story was not true.
Ha! could they see
These bags of ducats, and that precious pile
Of ingots, and those bars of solid gold,
Their eyes, methinks, would water. What a comfort
Is it to see my moneys in a heap
All safely lodged under my very roof!
Here's a fat bag—let me untie the mouth of it.
What eloquence! What beauty! What expression!
Could Cicero so plead? Could Helen look
One half so charming?
Ah! what sound was that?—
The trap-door fallen!—and the spring-lock caught!
Well, have I not the key?—Of course I have.
'Tis in this pocket,—No. In this?—No. Then
I left it at the bottom of the ladder.—

(The trap-door falls.)