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The Monitor.

A restless fellow was little Phil,
Whose hardest trial was—keeping still;
And—not an unusual thing with boys—
He'd no idea when he made a noise.

'Twas time for study, the master said,
As toward one corner he shook his head.
Where slates and pencils and busy hum
Brought forth no answer to given sum.

"I must have order!" he said again,
But issued the stern command in vain;
So, calling him out to the front, "Now Phil,"
He said, "you must try to keep one boy still!"

Quite proud of his office Phil took his stand
Where every scholar he could command,
And a sudden hush passed over the school
As soon as Philip began to rule.

"Tom Jones is talking! and Bob Magie!—
Master, he made a face at me!—
And Harry Jarvis and Johnny Hall
Are a-throwing spit-balls upon the wall!"

The master smiled at the quick report
Of culprits unto his notice brought,
And said, with approving nod to Phil,
"Well, try your best to keep one boy still!"

Phil tried his best, by despotic rule,
To keep good order within the school,
But after the study hours were spent
I doubt if he knew which boy was meant.

Seeking a Teacher for Linda.

She was at one of the union school-houses half an hour before school opened. She had "Linda" with her. She was a tall woman, forty years old, with a jaw showing great determination, and "Linda" was sixteen and rather shy and pretty good-looking. The mother said she had'nt been in the city long, and that it was her duty to get Linda into school and see that she was properly educated. When the teacher came the mother boldly inquired:

"You know enough to teach do you?"

"I think I do," replied the teacher blushing deeply.

"And you feel competent to govern the scholars do you?"

"Yes'm."

"Do you pound 'em with a ferrule, or lick 'em with a whip?"

"We seldom resort to punishment here," replied the embarrassed teacher.

"That's better yet," continued the mother. "I know that if Linda should come home all pounded up I'd feel like killing some one. I suppose you are of a respectable character aint you?"

"Why-ahem-why—" stammered the teacher, growing white and then red.

"I expect you are," continued the woman. "It's well enough to know who our children are associating with. Now then, do you allow the boys and girls to sit together?"

"No ma'am."

"That's right. They never used to when I was young, and I don't think Linda is any better than I am. Another thing: Do you allow any winking?"

"Any what?" exclaimed the puzzled teacher.

"Do you allow a boy to wink at a girl?" asked the woman.

"Why no!"

"I was afraid you did. Linda is as shy as a bird, and if she should come home some night and tell me she had been winked at I don't know what I'd do. Now another thing: Do you have a beau?"

"Why—why—" was the stammered reply.

"I think you do!" resumed the woman severely. "I know just how it works. When you should be explaining what an archipelago is you are thinking of your Richard, and your mind is way off!"

"But, madam—"

"Never mind any explanation," interrupted the woman. "I want Linda brought up to know joggerfy, figgers, writing and spellography, and if you've got a beau and are spooking to the theatre one night, a candy-pull the next, a horse race the next, and so on, your mind can't be on education. Come Linda, we'll go to some other school-house."

Judging by Appearances.

In other years, when Maine was a district of Massachusetts, Ezekiel Whitman was among the chosen to represent the district in the Massachusetts Legislature. He was an eccentric man, and one of the best lawyers of his time. In those days Whitman owned a farm, and did much work upon his land; and it so happened that when the time came for him to set out for Boston his best suit of clothes was a suit of homespun. His wife objected to his going in that garb, but he did not care.

"I will get a nice fashionable suit made as soon as I reach Boston," he said.

Reaching his destination, Whitman found rest at Doolittle's City Tavern. Let it be understood that he was a graduate of Harvard, and at this tavern he was at home.

As he entered the parlor of the house he found that several ladies and gentlemen were there assembled, and he heard a remark from one of them, "Ah, here comes a countryman of real home-spun genus. Here's fun." Whitman stared at the company, and then sat down.

"Say, my friend, you are from the country," remarked one of the gentlemen.

"Ya-as", answered Ezekiel, with a ludicrous twist of the face.

The ladies tittered.

"And what do you think of our city?"

"It's a pooty thick-settled place, anyhow. It's got a sweepin' sight of houses in it."

"And a good many people, too."

"Ya-as, I should reckon so."

"Many people where you come from?"

"Wal, some."

"Plenty of ladies, I suppose?"

"Ya-as, a fair sprinklin'."

"And I don't doubt yon are quite a beau among them."

"Ya-as, I beau 'em home—tew meetin' and singin' schewl."

"Perhaps the gentleman from the country will take a glass of wine?"

"Thank-ee. Don't keer if I do."

The wine was brought.

"You must drink a toast."

"Oh, git eout! I eats toasts—never heard o' sich a thing as drinkin' it. But I kin give ye a sentiment."

The ladies clapped their hands; but what was their surprise when the stranger, rising, spoke calmly and clearly, in tones ornate and dignified, as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen: Permit me to wish you health and happiness, with every blessing that earth can afford; and may you grow wiser and better with advancing years, bearing in mind that outward appearances are often deceitful. You mistook me from my dress for a country booby, while I, from the same superficial cause, thought you were ladies and gentlemen. The mistake has been mutual."

He had just spoken, when Caleb Strong, the Governor of the State, entered and inquired for Mr. Whitman.

"Ah—here I am, Governor. Glad to see you." Then, turning to the dumb-founded company: "I wish you a very good evening."

And he left them feeling about as small and cheap as it is possible for full-grown people to feel.