

laughter from the larger ones, two of whom were threatened with application of the hazel switches.

There was no further cause for laughter until, when the class in primary geography was reciting, I called for volunteers to the question, "What are the four seasons of the year?" One little boy almost fell off his seat in excitement to answer, "spring, summer, hop-pickin' and winter!" The laughter which greeted this, was hushed by the hurried entrance of a woman in a sun-bonnet, who exclaimed:

"Hannah! Benjamin! git yer things on quick and come right home with me. The Beavert family has took down with the small-pox and it's mighty contagious and catchin'!" At this announcement, the excitement in the school-room was so great as to cause a stampede. Without waiting for dismissal, the children rushed for their hats and dinner-pails, all trying to avoid proximity with two children who huddled together in a corner of the room—John and Frances Beavert:

The directors also started unceremoniously for the door, the chairman only apologizing for their hurried departure by saying: "Beg pardon, Miss, but we'll see you again sometime tomorrow at your boardin' place."

Thus, in less than two minutes, I sat alone, with just the empty desks before me and no sound to break the strange stillness save the tick of the old clock and the fast vanishing murmur of my first school-children.

—F. M. B.



A Conundrum

A craft with lines as clean and sharp
As any string of lyre or harp,
Propelled by blades of straightest grain
Yet rarely wet by dew or rain.
Much sought in spring by day or night,
In summer only at twilight.
With all these facts to make a clue
Can you not guess? 'Tis a canoe.