Nathan Thorpe's Examination

By P. E. Morris

When applied for the swamp Hollow district, it was barely seventeen years old, but he was large and strong for his age, and having attended the academy for nearly two terms, he considered himself well qualified to begin his career as a teacher. His father didn't feel differently, and tried to dissuade him from the undertaking, saying, "I taught school, my son," Mr. Thropo declared, blithely.

But Nathan was not to be dissuaded, and with a look in his eye, in the autumn, he walked four miles across the fields and through the woods over into the town of Farmdale to the house of one Mr. Mill-lett, who was the agent of the Swamp Hollow school district.

"No, I haven't hired any master for the winter school term," Mr. Mill-lett admitted. Nathan had stated the purpose of his errand. "But you're pretty young, aren't you? I don't think I'd let a boy of your age, to such a distance, he suggested, supposing his eye was right. And he was not on the first list of inspecting live stock.

"I won't go on, after Nathan had modestly owned to the correctness of the master's conjecture, "I know as a child need be barred you out. The destinest voted not to pay over ten years of experience, that's the master round, and as I told 'em at the time the name and age of the student at that figure. I know but I'd as soon risk it with a young chap just beginning as I would with an old field- master that was willing to work for that price.

"I know you come of a good stock, and is the sort I would like to be able to handle the school. No very big boys to go by, anyway. But there is one thing may bother you-

As Ever

ON THE WAY.

We are moving to the country; and our house is near. We've finished with the packing as of now.

We've taken the canary and the pet, and I'm off.

And we're all of us delighted to be done with that flat!

We have left the city racket and the other kinds of racket. We're only waiting to be done with them. The van man's gone before us and we're speeding on our way;

With the family, and the supper at the bungalow today!

LATER.

We have been fortunate enough to find a God-forsaken spot! The roads are somewhere awful, and, Holman's, be it known, there's hardly any water and grass.

We haven't any neighbors and we're much alone.

The parson's most unhappy, and so am I.

And we're all sitting just playing for the old, delightful flat!

—L. B. Fairhouse, in New York Sun.

The correctness replied barely.

Can't you see, I'm just late when I stand up straight. But there's nothing in the world that I'm in the habit of doing.

I can't help it. I've just my feet there—five feet two. And both growing, I think that day.

I know how much I have: I'm just six feet when I stand up straight. But there's nothing in the world that I'm in the habit of doing.

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