

**This and That**

**THE ELEVATOR BOY.**

There was a lean freckle-faced boy who a year or two ago ran an elevator up and down in an old shabby office building in Philadelphia. I often went up in it, but certainly I never suspected "Billy," of any noble quality which raised him above other boys, high as was Saul among his brethren.

But one day the old house began to shudder and groan to its foundations, and then one outer wall after another fell amid shouts of dismay from the crowds in the streets. And Billy, as these walls came crashing down, ran his old fist up to the topmost story and back again, crowded with terrified men and women. He did this nine times. Only one side of the building was now standing. The shaft of the elevator was left bare, and swayed to and fro. The police tried to drag the boy out of it, and the mass of spectators yelled with horror as he pulled the chain and began to rise again above their heads.

"There's two women up there yet," said Billy stolidly, and he went on up to the top, facing a horrible death each minute, and knowing that he faced it. Presently through the cloud of dust the lift was seen coming jerkily down with the three figures on it. As it touched the ground the whole building fell with a crash. The women and the boy came out on the street unharmed and a roar of triumph rose from the mob. Scores had been

**"WHAT A CRIME."**  
To Talk Against Coffee.

To an ambitious student an ailment that interferes with school and study is very hard to bear.

A bright young girl in Detroit who had been pursued by coffee, is now pursuing her studies in perfect health. Probably the coffee champions feel she should have continued to suffer and kept on with the coffee, but now and then there are self-willed creatures who insist on getting well by leaving off coffee, deserting the "topers ranks" and joining the Postum army.

"From early childhood till a year ago I was in the habit of drinking three or four cups of coffee every day. As I grew older, the bad effects began to show themselves, although I had no idea that it was coffee that was doing the mischief. I became very nervous, and suffered so much from severe headaches that I lost much valuable time from my school and studies. The doctor could give me no relief—he probably did not suspect the coffee any more than I did.

One day I went to visit a friend, and the coffee they had on their table, tasted so good that I asked what kind it was, and they told me it was Postum Food Coffee. My friend said that her mother had been a nervous wreck from drinking the old kind of coffee, but had been restored to health by quitting it and drinking Postum. The whole family were enthusiastic about Postum and advised me to try it.

"I am glad they did; for it has given me back my health. At first we did not boil it enough and did not like it, but we soon learned how to make it, and now we all prefer it to the old kind. I have discovered that to stir a beaten egg in the warm milk we use instead of cream gives a most delicious flavor to Postum Food Coffee.

"From the first day I began to use Postum Coffee (I quit the old kind altogether) my health began to improve. My headaches ceased on the third day and have never returned, my nervousness has completely disappeared, my brain seems invigorated and strengthened, and I am now able to study from 4 to 5 hours daily, outside of school, and feel no bad effects from it.

"My aunt was sick for five years from coffee poisoning. It was hard work to get her to give up the beverage, but when she did and began to use Postum Food Coffee, she got well almost at once, and is now enjoying fine health." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.  
Ten days' trial proves "There's a reason."

saved by the fidelity of the heroic elevator boy.

But it was six o'clock, and Billy slipped away quietly in the dusk and went home to his supper. For your real hero does not dare to remain for the shouts and clapping of hands.—Rebecca Harding Davis, in Interior.

A beginner in newspaper work in a Southern town, who occasionally sent "stuff" to one of the New York dailies, says the Ladies Home Journal, picked up last summer what seemed to him a "big story." Hurrying to the telegraph editor: "Column story on so and so. Shall I send it?"

The reply was brief and prompt, but to the enthusiast, unsatisfactory. "Send six hundred words," was all it said.

"Can't be told in less than twelve hundred. Tremendous story," he wired back.

Back the reply came: "Story of creation of the world told in six hundred. Try your story same length."

Gentlemen of the old time who in boyhood knew the pleasure of having the welts raised by Doctor Birch in the schoolroom supplemented by a dozen laid on by the parental arm in the woodshed may be qualified to point out the superiority of the present solemn system of correction, as Motherhood outlines it.

"Bless me!" said Tommy's great-uncle. "Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?"

"Never," replied Tommy. "We have moral suasion in our school."

"What's that?"

"Oh, we get kep' in, and stood up in corners, and locked out and locked in and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at and jawed at; and that's all."

Great Blunder.—"How did you know I was here?" asked the pretty girl.

"I heard you singing" replied the gallant young man.

"Heard me singing?"

"Yes, and I didn't think I ever heard such a beautiful voice."

"Gracious!"

"The song was so sweet and sentimental."

"But that was not a song."

"Not a song?"

"No, it was our college yell."—Chicago News.

Dean Hole always declined, "on Christian principles," to preside over meetings at which total abstinence was advocated. Hence, on some great occasion, the Rochester totalitarians were relying on the late Dean Farrar from Canterbury. On the railway journey Dean Farrar became absorbed in some literary work, and was carried past his destination. When the catastrophe was reported to Dean Hole, he grimly moralized: "That is just what I should have expected. These 'temperance' people never know when to stop."—Christian Life.

A certain widow who lives in New York State is very desirous of having her Congressman use his influence in securing a pension for her.

The member received a letter from this constituent several days ago again calling attention to the fact that she wants recognition. At the end of the letter there was this indignant paragraph: "I want you to know that my husband died of regular, old-fashioned consumption, contracted in the service. There is somebody writing to the Pension Office trying to keep me from getting the pension, who says John died of tuberculosis."—Washington Star.

In the edge of a small river in the County of Caven, in Ireland, there is—or used to be—a stone with the following inscription cut upon it, no doubt intended for the information of strangers: "N. B.—When this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river."—Exchange.

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