

*** This and That ***

SOMEBODY'S FATHER.

I think one of the saddest incidents of the war which I witnessed was after the battle of Gettysburg. Off on the outskirts, seated on the ground with his back to a tree, was a dead soldier. His eyes were riveted on some object held tightly in his hands. As we drew nearer we saw it was an amrotype of two small children. Though I was hardened through those long years to carnage and bloodshed, the sight of that man who died looking on his children for the last time in this world brought tears to my eyes which I could not restrain. There were six of us in the crowd, and we all found mists coming before our eyes which almost blinded us. I thought of the wife and baby I had left at home, and wondering how soon she would be left a widow and my baby boy fatherless. We looked at each other and instinctively understood one another's thoughts. Not a word was spoken; but we dug a grave and laid the poor fellow to rest with his children's picture clasped over his heart. Over his grave on the tree against which he was sitting, I cut the words "Somebody's father. July 3rd, 1863."—Ex.

I WOULD RATHER SING.

An eight year old child, with a cut in her arm, was brought to a physician. It was necessary to take a few stitches with a surgeon's needle. While the physician was making preparations, the little girl swung her foot nervously against the chair, and was gently admonished by her mother. "That will do no harm," said the doctor kindly, "as long as you hold your hand still," adding with a glance at the strained anxious face of the child, "you may cry as much as you like."

BOOK OF BOOKS.

Over 30,000,000 Published.

An Oakland lady who has a taste for good literature, tells what a happy time she had on "The Road to Wellville." She says:

"I drank coffee freely for eight years before I began to perceive any evil effects from it. Then I noticed that I was becoming very nervous, and that my stomach was gradually losing the power to properly assimilate my food. In time I got so weak that I dreaded to leave the house—for no reason whatever but because of the miserable condition of my nerves and stomach. I attributed the trouble to anything in the world but coffee, of course. I dosed myself with medicines, which in the end would leave me in a worse condition than at first. I was most wretched and discouraged—not 30 years old and feeling that life was a failure!

"I had given up all hope of ever enjoying myself like other people, till one day I read the little book "The Road to Wellville." It opened my eyes, and taught me a lesson I shall never forget and cannot value too highly. I immediately quit the use of the old kind of coffee and began to drink Postum Food Coffee. I noticed the beginning of an improvement in the whole tone of my system, after only two days' use of the new drink, and in a very short time realized that I could go about like other people without the least return of the nervous dread that formerly gave me so much trouble. In fact my nervousness disappeared entirely and has never returned, although it is now a year that I have been drinking Postum Food Coffee. And my stomach is now like iron—nothing can upset it!

"Last week, during the big Conclave in San Francisco, I was on the go day and night without the slightest fatigue; and as I stood in the immense crowd watching the great parade that lasted for hours, I thought to myself, 'This strength is what Postum Food Coffee has given me!' Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

The little book "The Road to Wellville" may be found in every pkg.

"I would rather sing" replied the child.

"All right that would be better. What can you sing?"

"I can sing, "Give, give, said the little stream. Do you know that?"

"I am not sure," responded the doctor, how does it begin?"

The little patient at once proceeded to illustrate.

That's beautiful," said the doctor, "I want to hear the whole of it."

All the while the skilled fingers were sewing up the wound, the sweet childish voice sounded bravely through the room, and the only tears shed on the occasion came from the eyes of her mother. It is I believe, a physiological fact that some expression of one's feelings tends to lessen the pain. Since weeping and groaning are distressing to one's friend's, how would it do for us all to try singing instead?

When old Mose applied for work he was given a job—hovelving sand at \$1 per day.

A few days later the foreman passed near the sandbank and, to his surprise, saw Mose comfortably seated on a pile of sand, directing the movements of another dusky laborer.

"Why, Mose!" he exclaimed; "I did not hire that man. What's he doing here?"

"I got him er-doing my wuk, sah," replied Mose.

"Who pays him?" was the question

"I does, sah; I pays him a dollah a day, sah," was the response.

"Why, that's all you receive, Mose. How do you profit by the transaction?" asked the amazed foreman.

"Well," replied Mose, scratching his woolly head, "I gets to boss de job, doan' I?" —Lippincott's Magazine.

HAD QUITE ENOUGH.

A very subdued looking boy of about 12 years of age, with a long scratch on his nose and an air of general dejection, went to the master of one of the Board schools and handed him a note from his mother before taking his seat and becoming deeply absorbed in a book:

The note read as follows:
"Mr. Brown—Please excuse James for not being present yesterday. He played trooant but you don't need to thrash him for it, as the boy he played trooant with an' him fell out, an' the boy fought him, an' a man they throo at caught him, an' the driver of a cart they hung on to thrashed him allso. Then h's father thrashed him, an' I had to give him another one for being impudent to me, so you need not thrash him until next time. He thinks he better keep in school in future."
—London Tit Bits.

ADVERBS AND ADJECTIVES.

Professor Greenwood recently visited the Attacks School and talked to the children on adverbs and adjectives.

"Does Professor Bowser use adverbs and adjectives?"

There was a silence. No one seemed to know. Finally a very black little fellow waved his hand.

"Well," said the professor, "what does she use?"

"She generally uses a ruler!"—Epworth Herald.

An illustrative answer was given by a student in the natural philosophy class at Edinburg University. Professor Fair had given as one of the questions in an examination paper "Define transparent, translucent and opaque," which was dealt with by the student thus: "I cannot precisely define these terms, but I can indicate their meaning in this way—the windows of this classroom were once transparent, they are now translucent, and if not cleaned very soon will be opaque." The answer gained full marks from the professor.

Thomas Mackie, ex-M. P., for North Renfrew, died suddenly Sunday after eating a hearty supper.

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