

**This and That**

**HOW GRACIE OBEYED.**

It was a clear, bright day, and Gracie took her hoop and started out to have a nice run in the sunshine. She had only gone a little way when she heard her mother calling, "Gracie! Gracie!"

"Oh dear! mamma wants me for something," she said to herself with a frown on her face. "I will make believe I don't hear her, and then perhaps she won't call me again."

"Gracie! Gracie!" called mamma; and Gracie turned back very slowly.

"What is it, mamma?" she asked.

"I want you to rock baby's cradle a little while, dear," answered mamma. "My head aches so badly that I want to try and get a little nap."

"I never can play when I want to," grumbled Gracie. "I think it's too bad to make me rock the cradle so!" and she threw down her hoop so noisily that baby began to cry. Instead of singing to him and trying to quiet him, she jerked the cradle backward and forward with a cross "Keep quiet, won't you?" At last, poor mamma, with her aching head, had to take him up in her arms.

Now, does any little boy or girl think that was the way to obey? No, I am sure you do not; and I hope that when you are told to do anything you mind at once, and mind cheerfully.—Sunbeam.

**THE KITTEN AND THE BABY.**

Did you ever have a kitten and a baby at your house at the same time? Perhaps you have them now. If you have, did you ever notice how much faster the kitten seems to learn than the baby? It can walk, or at least it can crawl, before its eyes are fairly open. In a few weeks it can run and jump. A little longer, and it knows almost as much as it will ever know in all its life, and by the time it is a full-grown cat. But how is it with the baby? For a long, long time he is perfectly helpless. He can do nothing for himself, and everything must be done for him. It is two or three months before he even knows his mother, and at the end of a year he is just beginning to walk and talk. Do you ever get impatient and wish that he would

**A FIGHT ON**

**When You Tell People to Quit Coffee.**

"At least 75 people among my acquaintances have been helped or cured by leaving off coffee and using Postum-Food Coffee in its place," writes a little woman from Independence, Ia. "I will mention one case, Miss Cora—. I learned she was suffering from nervousness and constipation and went to call on her. Found her in bed, and she looked like a living skeleton, so wild and haggard that I feared for her reason.

I asked Cora if she was improving any. She said not but was gradually growing worse. The doctor was coming twice a day and giving her a powerful nerve. She said, 'I am so miserable that I tell you privately if I don't get better soon I will end it all myself some day.' I told her not to talk that way for I believed it was something she ate or drank that caused the trouble and she might get well by making a change in her diet. I told her my own experience in leaving off coffee when I was in almost as bad a shape as she, but as soon as I mentioned coffee I had a fight on my hands, for she insisted that coffee helped her and her mother backed her in it saying that it was "the only thing she did enjoy" and she did not believe coffee hurt anyone."

I talked with them a long time and finally got Cora to agree to let me make a cup of Postum Food Coffee for her supper. She was surprised that it was so good. Said she 'had heard it was terrible wishy-washy stuff.' I told her it was because they did not follow directions in boiling it enough. She promised to use it faithfully for two or three weeks and if she was not better I would admit that I was wrong.

I went to see her again in about ten days and Cora met me at the door with a smile and said "Ada, your doctor Postum is the best doctor of them all. I can sleep all night, can eat heartily, and am growing stronger every day. Ma and all the rest of us use Postum now in place of coffee."

The facts are the girl was being actually poisoned to death by coffee. Cora has since married and has a happy home and you may depend upon it no coffee is allowed to enter there. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

grow and learn faster. Don't worry. The kitten learns a little, learns it quickly, and then stops. The boy learns slowly at first; but he will keep on long after the kitten had died of old age. The mind of a man is larger and nobler than the mind of a cat, and it takes longer to build it up and set it going.

Have you ever tried to build up a character, and been discouraged because you seemed to make so little progress. Don't worry; that is, not if you are really trying. Sooner or later your work will tell, and the victory will be all the better, and you will be all the stronger, because the fight has been long and hard.—St. Louis Advocate.

**THE BIGNESS OF PHILLIPS BROOKS.**

At the height of the busy holiday season, only a few days before Christmas some years ago, a large man stopped at a counter in one of the big stores in Boston to make a purchase. As he stood waiting for his parcel in the bustling, hurrying crowd, above which he towered head and shoulders, a poorly dressed little girl came wandering by, crying bitterly. Turning quickly, the tall man stooped down and asked her what the trouble was.

"I've lost my mamma, and I can't find her," she sobbed out.

Without a moment's hesitation he gently picked her up, and raising her carefully to his shoulder said: "Now, I am a very big man. You sit on my shoulder and you can see everybody in the room. In a few minutes you will either see your mamma, or she will see you."

Sure enough, in a short time the little one joyfully called out, "There's my mamma!" and at the same time a small, shabby woman came hurriedly pushing through the crowd toward them.

"Oh, I thought I'd lost her," she said as she came up. "I've hunted everywhere and couldn't find her."

She reached up her arms and took the child, and with a kindly smile Phillips Brooks picked up his parcel and walked away.—Ladies' Home Journal.

**HOW THE EYE SEES IN READING.**

By close study of familiar things, surprising facts about them often come to light. Professor Dodge, of the Wesleyan University, by a number of careful experiments, has made a strange discovery. He declares that to see, the eye must be motionless. Now that he has told us, it is easy to understand that this must be true. You cannot take pictures with a moving camera, and the eye is only a perpetual camera with self-renewing plates. The eye must stop motion while it takes a picture.

In reading, therefore, the eye does not move along the lines regularly. It takes an impression, moves to another new position, takes another still view, then moves again. Thus the words are taken by groups. Perhaps, following Professor Dodge's lead, some other clever experimenter will now tell us just how wide the lines of print should be for the easiest reading. Everyone knows that very long or very short lines are tiring, so there must be a right length. When the proper medium is found, the chances are that we shall learn that the "old masters" of the printing art had chosen the best width for their pages.

One writer has argued that since we see words and letters in whole groups, the new method of teaching spelling—by entire words at a time—is the natural method. But this does not seem to follow, since there are other questions to be considered in deciding which is the best method for teaching children to spell. The old "spelling match" at the end of school was not so bad a way!

**BUTTER BY THE YARD.**

In Cambridge, England, butter is sold by the yard. For generations it has been the practice of Cambridgeshire folk to roll their butter into lengths, each length measuring a yard and weighing a pound. Dearly wrapped in strips of clean white cloth, the cylindrical rolls are packed in long, narrow baskets made for the purpose, and thus conveyed to market.

The butter women who, in white linen aprons and sleeves, preside over the stalls in the market have no need of weights or

scales for dispensing their wares. Constant practice and experienced eye enable them with a stroke of the knife to divide a yard of butter into halves or quarters with almost mathematical exactness. The university people are the chief buyers of the curiously shaped article.

In addition to being famed for its purity and sweetness, Cambridge "yard butter" is eminently adapted for serving out to the university students in the daily commons. Cut in conveniently-sized pieces, and accompanied by a loaf of the best wheaten bread, a stated portion is sent around every morning to the rooms of the undergraduates for use at the daily breakfast and tea.—Child's Hour.

**WHERE EASTER LILIES COME FROM.**

Only those who have been fortunate enough to have visited Bermuda at the time when the vast field of lilies are in full bloom can realize the rare beauty and fragrance of these lovely flowers, for with acres upon acres of their snowy blossoms spreading away as far as the eye can reach, and the caressing tropic wind wafting the heavy fragrance across one's nostrils, the effect is almost intoxicating. It is a rare and wonderful sight, and one never to be forgotten, for nowhere is the lily so beautiful as in its native islands, under the bland and tender skies of the semi-tropics. The flowers are bigger, purer, sweeter, and the sunshine of the islands is so dazzlingly clear and white that it fairly glorifies the lilies bending on their graceful stems.

The lilies are shipped from Bermuda in three forms—the bulbs, the budded plants, and the cut flowers, this last named form having been employed only of recent years, the fast express service making it now possible. The lily plants are shipped in huge crates, and the florists pot them upon their arrival here, carefully "feeding" them for several weeks before putting them upon the market. The plants are received in various stages of growth, the last shipments before Easter being of plants in full bloom, ready for an immediate market.—Leslie's Weekly.

Thackeray, while in Charleston, S. C., was introduced to Mrs. C., one of the leaders of its society. In his pert way he said, "I am happy to meet you, madam; I have heard that you are a fast woman." "Oh, Mr. Thackeray," she replied with a fascinating smile, "we must not believe all we hear; I heard, sir, that you were a gentleman."

"We shall have to try again," said the photographer, inspecting the result of the first sitting: "You seem to have had one eye shut."

"You told me to wink naturally," said the sitter, "and that's what I was trying to do."—Chicago Tribune.

He (just introduced): "What a homely person that gentleman near the piano is, Mrs. Black."

She: "Isn't he? That is Mr. Black."

He: "How true it is, Mrs. Black, that the homely men always get the prettiest wives."—Tit Bits.

Mrs. Watson: "Every now and then, in reading the news of failures, I come across the phrase 'preferred creditors.' What are preferred creditors, anyway?" Mr. Watson: "Well, I myself prefer creditors who don't dan me."—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

D'Auber: "This is the landscape I wanted you to suggest a title for."

Critteek: "E'm! Rather impressionistic. Why not call it 'Home?'"

D'Auber: "Home? Why?"

Critteek: "Because there's no place like it."—Philadelphia Press.


"I found eighteen umbrellas in the church yesterday," said the sexton to the minister the day after a rainy Sunday.

"Oh, well," said the dominie, take them to my study; they are probably intended as contributions to the conscience fund."—Yonkers Statesman.

**A Specific for Throat Troubles.**—Brown's BRONCHIAL TROCHES have been long and favorably known as an admirable remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness and all Throat troubles.

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Middleton, N. S.

"Did you bring a handkerchief with you, Jolly?" asked the princess anxiously. "Of course not," he said, "I wasn't going to a party, was I?"—From Fairyland Stories.

Ernest was four years old when he saw his first monkey, which was on the street with a "hand-organ man." He rushed into the house, saying: "Muvver, muvver! Him looks like a man, but him a kiddy!"—Youth's Companion.

"Do you mean to say that Erastus Pinkley sells his vote?"

"No," answered Mr. Jim Colliflower, "I wouldn't say that 'Rastus sells his vote. But he's willing to hire it occasionally to select parties."—Washington Star.