

This and That

CHARACTER IN THE ROUGH.

A Yale professor who employed an Italian bootblack at the Union Station in Hartford noticed that while blacking the professor's shoes he was frequently glancing at a book he had been conning.

The professor noted his alertness and asked what book it was that proved so interesting, expecting to hear that it was a thrilling story of "Old Sleuth," or something of that sort. He was surprised when the shiner replied with unconcern that it was an algebra.

"So you're studying algebra, are you?" said the professor.

"Yes, sir, and I'm stuck. Do you know anything about algebra?" responded the youth, both sentences in the same breath.

Now this professor was one of the notable mathematicians of Yale, and it sounded queer in his ears to be asked if he knew anything about algebra.

"Well, I know a little about it. What's the matter? Perhaps I can help you." By this time the shoes were shined, and the boy placed his book in the hands of the man to whom intricate mathematical calculations were not difficult at all. It was but the work of a moment to clear the mind of the aspiring young calculator, and he fairly danced with delight.

"Why, I've been working at that for two days. I don't see how I could have been so stupid!" declared the now enlightened young man. "I thank you very much, sir."

"But this book grows more difficult as you proceed. What are you going to do when you get stuck again?" asked the friendly gentleman.

"I don't know. Only keep at it, I suppose."

"Now, I'll tell you what to do," said the gentleman, offering the boy his card. "When you get stuck again you write to that address, and I'll see that you get straightened out. Remember now." And the professor rushed to catch his train for the city of elms.

Not more than three days elapsed before the mail brought a letter stating that the bright-eyed bootblack had again "got stuck" with his mathematics. And the return mail brought the much needed help. A few more days and another application came for assistance, and again the wonderful knowledge came as quickly as before. This kept up for a time and then the professor began to advise the

MECHANIC AND COFFEE.

The old Coffee Troubles Left When He Quit.

"Since quitting coffee I am hearty and well at 63 and go to my work every day and feel stronger and better in every way than I used to when I was considerably younger.

"I am a mechanic and have been a great lover of coffee and used it all my life until a few months ago when I made up my mind that it was hurting me. I suffered from constipation, indigestion and kidney troubles and I used to bloat up and have pains in my back.

"Something had to be done and I quit coffee, the old kind, I mean, and began to use Postum Food Coffee. In a few weeks I was a well man again. My bowels became regular, my food digested comfortably, the bloating, and pains in my back no longer troubled me and my kidneys resumed healthy, normal action. That improved condition remains. I am sure I owe it to Postum Coffee, for I have used no medicines.

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young man how to improve his condition.

The outcome of the matter was that in a few years the bootblack was earning \$6,000 a year as a superintendent of an electric plant due to the fact that this professor had seen behind the bootblack the potentialities of the character values that no one else had discovered. Is it not the mission of the Christian teacher thus to discern and bring out the hidden values under the rough exterior and worldly life of men?

THE BEST COURT OF APPEAL.

No one could say a sharp or bitter thing with more absolute coolness than Lord Westbury, who was made Lord Chancellor of England, in 1861.

After retiring from the office of Lord Chancellor he took a very active part in the House of Lords, sitting as a Court of Appeal, where his colleagues were Lord Chelmsford and Lord Colonsay. Lord St. Leonards, who was senior to them all, never attended. One day Lord Westbury chanced to meet him, and said, "My dear St. Leonards, why don't you come and give us your valuable assistance in the House of Lords?"

"Ah," said Lord St. Leonards, "I should be of no use. I am old, and blind, and stupid."

"My dear lord," said Westbury, "that does not signify in the least, I am old, Chelmsford is blind, and Colonsay is stupid; yet we make the very best Court of Appeal which has ever sat in that assembly."

TURNED WITH THE BRIDGE.

"Officer which way shall I go to the Union Depot?"

"You go straight west on this street until you cross the bridge. The street on the other side of the river is Canal street. Turn to the left, walk a block and a half, and you will find the depot entrance."

"Thank you," and lugging a heavy suit case the man went his way. When he reached the river he heard the bell on the bridge ring. He stood on the bridge while it swung to let a steam barge go through the draw. When the bridge closed he picked up his suit case and started on again.

Ten minutes later he asked the same policeman at the same corner for directions to the depot. The policeman recognized him.

"I told you once how to get there," Then he repeated what he had said before. The man thought for a minute and then laughed.

"I guess that bridge must have turned and started me off the way I came," he said, as he started to retrace his steps.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A SNUB FOR THE ADVOCATE.

In former years the Edinburg Parliament House was regarded as the exclusive preserve of the Scottish aristocracy.

Shortly after Robert Forsyth was called to the Bar, says a biographer, a pretentious young advocate, who was acquainted with Forsyth's humble origin, had the audacity to say:

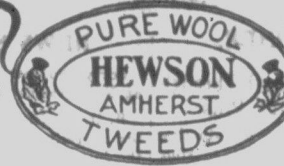
"Who are you that would venture to thrust yourself into the Faculty? Are you not the son of the beadle of Biggar?"

"I am, indeed," sarcastically replied Forsyth, "and I have a strong impression that if you had been the son of a beadle you would have been a beadle too."

"What are you studying now?" asked Mrs. Cumrox. "We have taken up the subject of molecules," answered her son. "I hope you will be very attentive and practice constantly. I tried to get your father to wear one, but he couldn't get it to stay on his eye."—Medical Standard.

The sympathetic neighbor, learning that the doctor was going to "diagnose" Mrs. Dolan's case, advised her not to risk it; to put on a mustard plaster and trust to luck.

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