

This and That

HOW MRS. TRUMBULL HELPED.

When Mr. Trumbull was a candidate for the office of mayor he had many strange experiences, not all of them pleasant. From his political opponents he naturally expected some hard knocks, but he was not prepared for the severe blow which his faithful and well-meaning wife dealt him.

"I'm getting used to unpleasant things," he said, one night at dinner, "but I must say I've had a blow to-day. I really flattered myself I was popular in this district, even with the rag-muffins over on Sea street."

"And so you are," interrupted Mrs. Trumbull.

"No," said her husband, "that bubble was pricked to-day. I find that the two posters on the old Higgins fence that announce me as a candidate have been almost torn off, evidently by sticks and knives, and the face on each poster has been almost obliterated. I felt quite depressed when I saw it on my way home."

"You needn't," said Mrs. Trumbull with rising color, "for I did all that work with my umbrella and a hat-pin."

"You!" exclaimed her husband.

"Yes, Henry Trumbull, I did it, and I should do the same thing again if I had the chance. There was nobody in sight as I came by there, and when I saw those dreadful pictures, not really like you at all, and with that hideous turn-down collar that you never ought to wear, it's so unbecoming, I just couldn't bear it!"

"I took and looked at them a minute, and then I went right to work. And the next time you run for any office, send the men that make the posters to me and I will let them have the negative of one of your good photographs with your glasses on so the little scowl between your eyes doesn't show, and a high collar. Then they'll be fit to put on Higgins' fence or anywhere else."—Ex.

AN INVISIBLE ACHE.

A Pittsburg teacher has a seven-year-old pupil whose mind is very fertile in invention. Seeing an expression of pain on his face as he raised his hand, she asked:

"What is it, Jamie?"

"I have such a bad headache I think I must go home," was the reply.

Putting her hand on his head and finding it quite cool, she said: "I think it can't ache much, Jamie. You would better not go now."

Jamie went back to his work, but soon his hand was raised again, and inquiry developed the fact that his tooth ached so severely

DOETH GOOD.

And Adeth no Sorrow.

"I am an old lady and had used coffee all my life until a year ago then I found a drink that doeth good and adeth no sorrow."

"For many years I had been troubled with constipation and stomach trouble, sleeplessness and various other ills and altho' I have been constantly treated I got almost no relief."

"I have always been a great worker with many cares and often in the morning I would feel unequal to my daily tasks. So I would drink a good stiff cup of coffee of which I was very fond and then for two or three hours afterwards I would feel so smart and buoyant and keyed up to such a note that I could undertake most anything. But along about 11 o'clock the reaction would begin and leave me stranded on a lounge until dinner time. Then I would get a cup of tea to tide me over the afternoon. So it went on for a number of years and the great wonder is that I did not collapse altogether. I must have had a good constitution. Every month I got a little worse."

"At last and with great reluctance I was forced to the conclusion that it was coffee that was the chief cause of my many troubles. So I looked the matter up carefully, quit the coffee and begun the use of delicious Postum. The wisdom of this change was soon shown in a material improvement in my health."

Since I have been using Postum I do not have that unnatural elation and consequent reaction and the craving for the stimulant has left me, I am now strong and steady all of the time. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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that he felt he could not remain a moment longer.

The teacher looked at his teeth, and, finding them in remarkably fine condition, once more assured him that the pain was only imaginary, and returned to her class.

She had just become absorbed in the lesson when a wail from Jamie's seat caused her to go to him again, and, with some impatience, she said: "Well, Jamie, what can it be this time?"

With tears in his eyes, and raining down his cheeks, Jamie answered: "It's stomach ache, and that's so far down you can't see it."—Ex.

COUNTERCHARGE.

A retaliatory thrust at mankind lies in the remark of a woman who is quoted by the New York Times. She was quoting the finishing touches to her toilet, and her husband was waiting with ostentatious patience. Having adjusted her hat, she took a hatpin from the cushion, and suddenly cried out:

"I think it's a shame!"

"Yes, my dear," nervously assented the waiting husband.

"I mean the way these writers say women sharpen lead pencils and open the cans with their husbands' razors."

"Yes, my dear."

"Yes. Now I never do such things with your razor, and I don't believe any woman does. I looked at your razor once, when I had a box of safety razors to open, but it was so sharp and so wobbly in the handle I was afraid to use it."

"Yes, my dear."

"If the writers want to put something true in the papers, why don't they talk about men who use their wives' hatpins for pipe-cleaners? Ugh!"

This time the husband forgot to say, "Yes, my dear."—Ex.

ME AND PAT M'BRIDE.

Stretching away on every hand,

A fair domain you see—

A part belongs to Pat McBride,

A part belongs to me.

I own the golden light of morn,

With all its tints that play

Upon the springing grass and corn—

Pat owns the corn and hay.

I own the cat-bird, thrush and jay,

The larks that sing and soar;

Pat owns the barnyard fowls that stay

About the stable door.

And when the shadows on yon stream

Are changing every hour,

I own the right to float and dream,

Pat owns the water power.

Mine is the murmur of this rill,

Whose sweet tones never cease,

But all the air with music fill—

Pat owns that flock of geese.

I own yon creamy summer cloud

That o'er the meadow floats

Like some pure angel in a shroud—

Pat owns the Berkshire shoats.

So Pat does me a world of good,

While I do Pat no harm—

And on these terms well understood,

We both enjoy the farm.—New York

Globe and Commercial Advertiser.

AN ENGLISH PARAPHRASE.

A big, good-natured farmer was awaiting the suburban train, accompanied by a handsome Gordon setter. Two sons of Britain stood near him. The dog strayed away from his owner, who was reading a newspaper.

"Hey!" called the farmer. "Come here, Locksmith!" and the dog immediately ran to his feet.

One of the Englishmen approached the farmer.

"May I ask," he said, "what you called that dog?"

"Locksmith," said the farmer.

"And why, pray?"

"Because every time I kick him, he makes a bolt for the door."

There was a general laugh, in which the Englishman joined.

When he returned to his companion he remarked:

"Most extraordinary name that man over there calls his dog."

"What?" asked his friend.

"Locksmith," replied the first Briton.

"And why such a name?"

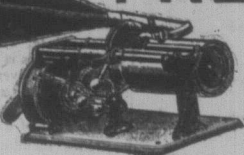
"Because, he says, every time he kicks 'im he runs out of the house!"—Ex.

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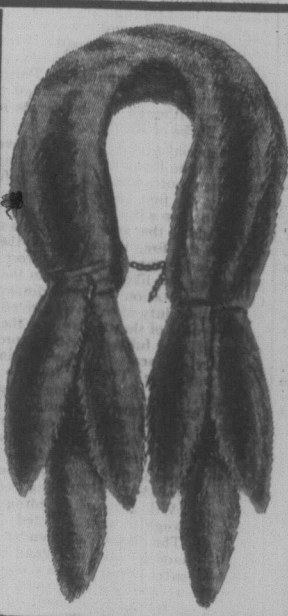
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