

This and That

LINES TO AN AUTOMOBILIST.

(With apologies to Alfred Tennyson.)

Break, break, break
Some other man's face with glee,
Or shatter his collarbone if you will,
But, pray, don't run over me!

O woe is the farmer's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play,
For the chauffeur darts from a cloud of dust
And carries a leg away.

O woe is the man who drives
Where the automobilist sweeps;
His horse but's into the wayside wall
And smashes the cart for keeps.

And the big machine goes on,
A-kitting over the hill,
But, oh, for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
Whate'er in your path you see,
But an arm and an ear and a horse that is dead
Will never come back to me.
—H. R. P., in Brooklyn Life.

TO MUCH FOR PA!

Wee Willie—"I say faither!"
Faither—"Noo, I suppose yer gaun ter ask anither redeckious question? I've telt ye already that I dinna ken whether a man who does guid is a good-doer or a do-gooder; or whether the seat o' war is what the stand-in' army sits doon on when it's tired, or when a man's fallin' in the comic pictures why his hat is aye up in the air, and sticks there, and never comes doon? If it's ane o' they, sully questions off ye go the bed, mind that."
Wee Willie—"But it's no sully this time, faither."
Faither—"Well what is't, then?"
Wee Willie—"What did the Dead Sea do?"
Faither—"Aff tae bed this meenit."

HYPERBOLE.

"The priest was here the day," said Mrs. Lannigan to her husband, as the two sat down to supper. "He said he was hoping you nor your brother Tim would go to hear that walking delegate that's making speeches all around the town."
"Sure and Oi'd no intensions to go," said Mr. Lannigan, his utterance clogged by a biscuit.
"He said," proceeded the wife impatiently, "that the man indoogled too much in hyperbole. What is that, Arthur?"
Mr. Lannigan looked at her reprovingly, and paused in the middle of another biscuit. "Oi'm a temperance man these eight years," he said, loftily, "and if you are wishful to know what anything of that kind is, Mary Ann, it's from some wane else besides me you'll have to get your information. Oi'm amazed at ye, woman!"—Youth's Companion.

Mr. Charington belonged to a great brewery firm. When he was a young man he was

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

Doctor Was Firm and Was Right.

Many doctors forbid their patients to drink coffee but the patients still drink it on the sly and thus spoil all the doctor's efforts and keep themselves sick. Sometimes the doctor makes sure that the patient is not drinking coffee and there was a case of that kind in St. Paul where a business man said:
"After a very severe illness last winter which almost caused my death the doctor said Postum Food Coffee was the only thing that I could drink and he just made me quit coffee and drink Postum. My illness was due by indigestion from the use of tea and coffee."
"The state of my stomach was so bad that it became terribly inflamed and finally resulted in a rupture. I had not drank Postum very long before my lost blood was restored and my stomach was well and strong and I have now been using Postum for almost a year. When I got up from bed after my illness I weighed 98 pounds and now my weight is 120."
"There is no doubt that Postum was the reason for this wonderful improvement and I shall never go back to tea or coffee but shall always stick to the food that brought me back to health and strength." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
Look in each package for a copy of that

walking along the streets of London, and one day he came to the door of the public house. Just as he got there, there was a poor woman gently opening the door, and trying to get her husband out. When they reached the doorstep the drunken ruffian raised his fist and knocked his wife senseless in the gutter. Mr. Charington saw it. He looked up at the sign. He saw there his own name, and there and then conviction came home to him. "The blow that knocked that woman down," said he, "knocked £20,000 a year off my income." He gave up the devilish and destructive trade, and spent the rest of his noble life in trying to benefit his fellowmen. He was a hero. There are few heroes now.

"Sir Archibald Orr-Ewing tells a diverting story of the building of Ballikinrain Castle, a fine place upon which his father lavished a fortune. When the castle was nearing completion the old baronet invited an elderly Scot, who had been in his service from his boyhood, to accompany him over the place. "My, but it's grey big!" said the old man. "Indeed, but it is big!" he kept repeating. "Big?" said the owner at last. "Big? Why do you know, Lady Orr-Ewing says it is not nearly big enough!" The old man looked at his master in speechless wrath for a moment; then his anger overcoming his habitual respect, "The hussy!" he roared, and without another word he stumped out of the castle and was gone.

At the great gathering which are so frequent just now there is always some unsympathetic person who has something silly or offensive with which to vex a speaker. The retort of Bishop Wilberforce when called upon to "speak up" is well known: "I am speaking up; I always speak up, and I refuse to speak down to the level of the ill-mannered person in the gallery." It needs ready wit and an equable temperament to deal with the heckler and the interrupter in that fashion. Lord Chancellor Westbury, with his acrid tongue and his imperturbable temperament, could do it. "Speak up!" cried a member of his club, with whose committee and members he was not on the best of terms at the moment that he was addressing them. "Speak up?" he queried. "I should have thought the ears of any one in this committee were long enough to have heard me."

HE KNEW THE POINTS.

"Do you know your duty?" was asked of a not over bright sentry.
"Yes, sir," was the reply.
"Do you know the points of the compass?"
"Yes, sir."
"When you face the rising sun, to the left of you is the north, and to the right of you is the south, and what would be behind you?"
"My knapsack, sir."

It was a lecture delivered by a learned purveyor of liver pills, and illustrated by diagrams of the frame of man. "That," he explained, pointing out a totally different spot, "is where a man's liver is." Excuse me," observed a man in spectacles, "but I am a surgeon, and that's not where the liver is." "Never you mind where the liver is," retorted the lecturer. If it was in his big toe or left ear my pills would reach it, and shake it for him."

Fan.—"Reggie has been engaged to any number of girls, but he always gets out of it!"
Flo.—"How?"
Fan.—"Oh, he merely goes and asks the father's consent, and that settles it."

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"ONE LONG PICNIC."

This was the expression used by an excursion party in describing their trip to the British West Indies on a P. & B. steamer last winter. They had 42 days of fine weather, 30 of which they were in tropical temperature. They had a smooth sea from Bermuda south, and they visited 13 different ports, where they saw many strange and interesting sights. The cost of the ticket, including berth and meals, was very little more than the expense of living at home, and they came back feeling satisfied that in no other way could they have so enjoyed themselves.

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