

This and That

INTRODUCING DR. STEEL.

At a town in Louisiana Dr. S. A. Steel was introduced by a young lawyer, who said in substance: "When Queen Elizabeth, walking through her gardens, came to a damp spot in the path, one of her courtiers threw his cloak in the way that her majesty might pass over. I am the cloak thrown before you that Dr. Steel may pass over to this audience."

It was in another Southern town that the chairman of the committee begged off from introducing Dr. Steel, saying that it was not necessary. Dr. Steel explained that it was a customary formality, that it made matters easier, and closed by saying, "You know a skillet is always better with a handle." The chairman took the cue, and after relating the conversation introduced the speaker, saying only: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am the handle; this is the skillet."

Relating this incident to the chairman of the committee in the next town, Dr. Steel was surprised in the evening to hear the chairman tell the story to the audience, and to have him close with these words: "It is a new handle, but it is the same old skillet." — Talent.

SOMEWHAT UNCERTAIN.

To speak with accuracy and clearness is a gift to be desired. Sometimes the want of it works for one's humiliation and for the merriment of one's hearers, as in this case related in the Congregationalist:

Eight Congregational pastors with their families are spending a few summer weeks in a certain sparsely populated seacoast town. The one little church is of another denomination, but they are faithful in their attendance therein.

The young minister being called

SIRE TO SON.

Boy Can Sometimes Learn From His Father.

When you catch them young enough you can usually make your sons profit by your own experience.

Afterwards, it's different. A lady tells how her son was made to profit by what his father had learned:

"My husband was always fond of coffee, and after his business took him frequently into a German community he drank it more, with the result that his kidneys became affected, and he suffered greatly with pains and despondency, till, as he says, 'coffee nearly killed me!' So he stopped using it, and began to drink Postum Coffee. It cured him; and in a very short time his kidneys resumed their normal functions, his pains were allayed, and the despondency which had nearly driven him crazy ceased to trouble him."

"My little boy, a year old, had suffered ever since he was weaned, from stomach and bowel troubles. He could not properly digest the milk he drank. It passed out of his bowels in hard lumps, sometimes large and again like small pellets, frequently producing diarrhoea, and then we would have to call in the doctor. But the trouble returned, again and again."

"We used to give him a taste of Postum Coffee occasionally, and as I saw that he relished it and realized how much good it had done his father, I began to put a little in his bottle of milk. The effect was so salutary that I gradually increased the quantity, till at last I used only enough milk to give it color. He thrived wonderfully on it. He is over two years old now, and his digestion is all right. Postum has made him uncommonly large and strong and healthy. I give him a bottle full four times a day." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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away by the critical illness of a relative, one of the above-mentioned pastors, a man doing effective work in one of the foremost churches in central Massachusetts, offered his services for the first Sunday of the young brother's absence.

Judge of the strain on the ministerial decorum of those eight persons as they sat in the congregation and heard the young minister make the following announcement:

"In my absence Rev. Dr. Blank will occupy this pulpit next Sunday. I cannot tell what the outcome will be. I hope to be here myself two weeks hence."

SOME TAME ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN.

A thick-fleeced lamb came trotting by. "Pray, whither now, my lamb?" quoth I.

"To have," said he, with ne'er a stop, "My wool clipped at the baa-baa shop."

I asked the dog: "Why all this din?" Said he: "I'm fashioned outside in, And all my days and nights I've tried My best to get the bark outside."

A hen was cackling loud and long, Said I to her: "How strange your song."

Said she: "'Tis scarce a song; in fact, It's just a lay, to be eggs act."

I asked the cat: "Pray tell me why You love to sing?" She blinked her eye.

"My purr-puss, sir, as you can see, Is to a-mews myself," said she.

A horse was being lashed one day, Said I: "Why don't you run away?" "Neigh, neigh! my stable mind," said he, Still keeps its equine-imity."

I asked the cow: "Why don't you kick The man who whips you with the stick?"

"Alas! I must be lashed," said she, "So I can give whipped cream, you see!"

Nixon Waterman.

THE MAN WHO NEEDS NO APOLOGY.

"Be men," said the doctor to his class of bright-eyed students, "strong, self-controlled, manly men. Build your character up to full measure; make it such that others can rely upon it and not be disappointed. Don't be apologetic for men, nor men that need apologizing for. Did you ever notice how many people there are for whom their friends are continually having to make excuses? 'That's his way; but he's good-hearted down under it all.' 'I charge you, boys, to be masters of your moods, your tempers and your ways. Never let them get so strong that they shall represent you in the world; that you shall be known by them rather than by anything else that may be in you. No one has a right to do business on the patience of his friends, or expect those about him to excuse the faults and weaknesses he can remedy. What the world wants is the man who has honestly made the best of himself and who needs no apology.'—Forward.

A Sunday school teacher asked her class if they knew where the Garden of Eden was. One little miss held up her hand, and said, "I know." "Well, where is it?" asked the teacher, "West of the land of Nod." "But," objected the teacher, "how do you prove that?" "Because the Bible says the land of Nod was east of Eden. Then, of course, Eden must be west of Nod." Could anything be made plainer than that?

"Being from the west, Mrs. Briese, you have never before heard the booming of the breakers, I suppose?" "No, but being from the west, I have heard the booming of the boomers—many a time and oft!"—Cleveland Leader.

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