

## \* This and That \*

### A HEAVY HOLE.

It is no wonder that John D. Rockefeller's wealth is enormous when he is paid for a hole. This is the story of the occurrence:

"I happened on this hole in my younger days. I had ordered two castings, each thirty-six inches square and ten inches thick, the first casting to be solid and the second to have a perforation about twenty inches in diameter through the middle.

"Well, the foundry clerk, through some error, billed both castings to me as if they were solid, and, when I pointed out his mistake, sent me a credit slip. He had evidently, according to the slip, taken the dimensions of the hole of the second casting—ten inches by twenty inches—and calculated what the weight of the piece of iron of those dimensions would be. Then that weight, 432 pounds, he had put down as the weight of hole, and the credit slip he sent read: 'John D. Rockefeller, Cr. By 1 hole, weight 432 lbs., at 5c., \$13.50.' And that was the heaviest hole I have ever known."—Ex.

### THE AUTHOR'S CREDIT

An English novelist tells of a literary friend of his that went into the country to secure a house. The business went on smoothly on both sides.

Presently he asked, "Would you like some references?"

"No, no," said the farmer, genially. "You are a gentleman; I can see straightforwardness written across your face. Don't bother about the references. Expect you want to get back to your business in the city."

The friend mentioned that he had no business in the city.

"O, then," said the farmer, "I suppose you have business outside the city."

"No," he replied, "I am an author."

"What!" cried the farmer, "not an author that writes books?"

Yes, he admitted, that he had written books.

A look of doubt crept over the honest farmer's face. "Well, well," he said, "to turn back to the business we were talking about. I think, after all, mister, I'll have to trouble you for a couple of them references."—Ex.

### COFFEE SENT HER

#### Back to the Country.

A young woman of Bradford, Vt., made her way to a good position in a big Boston store and gave it up because of sickness at home, but it all came out right at last and she tells the story this way: "Two years ago I had to leave a position as bookkeeper in a Boston department store to go back home to take charge of the old place as mother's health seemed shattered, and what do you suppose proved to be the cause that forced me to return?"

"I found her very weak, unable to sit up all day and with a dizzy feeling if she tried to move about. She had been advised to stop coffee drinking but as she had used it from childhood it seemed as though nothing could take its place. I had settled down to stay at the farm when one day I got to thinking over the situation and concluded to try an experiment. I got a package of Postum Coffee. It was not cooked right the next morning and we were all disappointed. That was because we had tried to make it like coffee. Next morning I had Postum made according to directions and we were all delighted. In a few days you should have seen the change in Mother. Since that time we have never drank coffee and now we all drink Postum twice a day and sometimes three times and think it superior to coffee.

"The change in Mother's health since she quit coffee and took up Postum has been wonderful. She is once more able to take the work again, quite well in fact, with no more weakness and nervousness, no more sour stomach, no more trouble of any kind. To cut a long story short she is now entirely well and I am going back to Boston in a few weeks, thanks to Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ice cold Postum with a dash of lemon is a delightful "cooler" for warm days.

Send for particulars by mail of extension of time on the \$7,500.00 cooks contest for 735 money prizes.

### VETERAN.

Here is an echo of the war which has its humorous side. A little girl was explaining to her Sunday school teacher the other day that her father was only just back from South Africa.

"And was your father in any of the battles?" asked the teacher.

"Ow, yes, teacher," said the little maid, "he was at Grass pan an' Modder River and Pardy berg, father was."

"And was he wounded in any of them?" pursued the teacher.

"No, teacher," admitted the girl, reluctantly, "he wasn't wounded, but (brightening) he had an 'cadache.'—'Til Bits."

### PRAISE FOR THE ORGANIST.

At the first performance of a new church organ no one in the audience was better pleased than the maid employed in the organist's family.

"So you liked the music, did you, Mary?" said the organist the next morning, reports of her enthusiasm having reached his ears.

"O, it was just grand," replied Mary, "the grandest I ever heard!"

"What did you like best?" asked the organist, moved by the glowing eulogy.

"O, I don't know that," said Mary. "But there was one place where you came down with both hands and your feet at the same time; that was about the best. It sounded like the steam roller coming down the street!"—Ex.

### PERFECTLY CALM.

A certain self-satisfied, pompous man had always preached to his wife the advantage of being calm, self-possessed, and rational in time of panic or excitement.

One night a Florida hotel where they were caught fire, and the alarm was shouted through the halls. "Now," said Mr. Mann, "now is the time to put into practice what I have always taught. Dress quickly, as I will and then we will secure our valuables and flee."

In time they reached the lawn and watched the hotel burn. "Now," he said, turning to his wife, who was fully dressed and had her treasures in a sheet, "now you see the benefit of my advice; don't you?"

"O, yes," said she; "but why didn't you take time to put on your trousers?"

His costume was a frock coat and golf cap.—Ex.

### A FAIR TOSS.

When Senator Elkins was at school, a teacher one day met him with one of his mates going in the wrong direction at an hour when they should have been busy. He asked for an explanation.

"Young gentlemen, what does this mean? You should be at your lessons."

Elkins said, "Sir, we wanted to go to lessons and also to the races; so we tossed for it, and it came down for the races."

"Ah! Then you must have used a two-headed coin, or tried the gambler's plan of 'Heads I win, tails you lose.'"

"No, sir; it was a fair toss," said young Elkins.

"What did you throw up?"

"We threw a lump of coal up. If it stopped up, we went to school; if it came down, we went to the races; and here we are, sir."—Ex.

### TESTING HIS THEORY.

Once when Heinrich Heine, the German poet, was returning from the south of France, he was asked by an acquaintance to carry a gift to a friend of both, a homeopathic physician in Paris. The rather odd gift was a large Lyonnaise "salami" or sausage.

But the way was long, the post-chaise slow, and ennui and hunger the only traveling companions of Heine and his wife; and so it came to pass that they tasted of the sausage, which they liked so well that little was left of it when they reached Paris.

The remnant was too small to send as a present, and yet too large, perhaps, to part with without reluctance; so Heine shaved off a thin and small slice, like a section for the microscope, wrapping it carefully in vellum, and forwarded it to the physician with the following note:

"Dear Doctor: It appears from your scientific investigations that the millionth part of a grain of certain substances is capable of producing very great effects. I therefore beg you to accept the enclosed millionth part of a Lyons salami which—gave me for you. If there is truth in homeopathy, this fragment will do you as much good as the whole sausage."—Ex.

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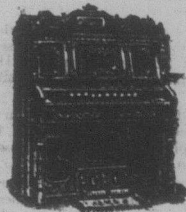
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### WHY HE LEFT!

"Why did you leave your last place?" said a country squire to an Irish applicant for the post of valet.

"Because the man av the house was no gentleman!" was the reply.

"What did he do?" said the squire.

"He locked me out av me room, an' trowed me clothes out av the windy, an' called in an officer, an' put me out of the house by main force, an', begorry, Oi left an' nivir went back!" replied the Irishman.—Ex.

Borem—"Your friend, Miss Homer, seems to have the proverb habit.

Miss Nextdoor—"Indeed! I'm sure I never noticed it."

Borem—"Well, she has, just the same. The other evening when I called on her I remarked about eleven p. m. that I must go, and what do you think she said?"

"Miss Nextdoor—"Really, I can't imagine. What did she say?"

Borem—"She glanced at the clock and said: 'Better late than never.'"—Ex.



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## Announcement!

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