

This and That

ALL BUTTER, NO CAT.

Hugh S. Knox, son of the United States Attorney-General, who was arrested through an error recently in South Norwalk, Conn., and afterward discharged with a eulogy on his conduct, has for a friend a young Frenchman who is beginning to learn English. This youth wrote in English last month a little story about a cat, and so amusing was the language in which the tale was couched that Mr. Knox begged to make a copy of it. The copy reads as follows:

'A lady which was to dine said to her servant that she had not used butter enough. This girl, for to excuse himself, was bring a little cat on the hand, and told that she came to take him in the cream finishing to eat the two pounds from butter who remain. The lady took immediately the cat whom was put in the balances. It just weighed that two pound. 'This is all the very much well for the butter,' the lady then she said, 'but where is the cat?'—New York Tribune.

A STRANGE ACCIDENT.

One of the strangest accidents ever recorded occurred near Harrowsmith on Thursday afternoon about 4 o'clock. Edmund Pixley, residing about one mile east, started for the village with a load of hay. About half way there he met Arthur Ward going in the opposite direction. Before the two vehicles met Mr. Ward tried to draw Mr. Pixley's attention to the fact that his load of hay was afire. Before he succeeded the fire had run around the load, completely igniting it, and frightening the horses, which ran away, colliding with Mr. Ward's team. Mr. Pixley was forced to jump from the load in order to save his life. When the rigs came together the load or burning hay upset, scattering the burning hay over the vehicle and horses of Mr. Ward. At the same time the pole of the hay wagon broke liberating the horses, which made a dash for the village. It was found impossible to cut loose Mr. Ward's horses, which were severely burned. The hay and both rigs were destroyed. The fire originated from friction, one of the real wheels of the hay cart rubbing against the side of the rig, setting it afire.

RICH IN FRIENDS.

Bret Harte died at the age of sixty-two years, and left an estate valued at just eighteen hundred dollars. His rich social success somewhat offset this absurdly small remnant of the profits of authorship.

In his adopted home in England men of rank in letters were proud to know Mr. Harte, and, attracted by his personality no less than by his genius, rallied about him in a way which is well illustrated by a story which T. Edgar Pemberton has incorporated in his recent biography of Harte.

On one occasion the English actor, Toole, went to lunch with Bret Harte for the first time. After a greeting his host said:

'Let me introduce you to the Duke of St. Albans.'

'Oh, yes,' Toole said, with a smile, and

POWERFUL

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The sustaining power of Postum Coffee when properly cooked is greater than most people imagine and it is well illustrated in the story told by a young Texas woman who says: 'I almost lived on Postum Cereal Coffee for over a month and there was over a week I did not eat anything at all but just drank the food drink Postum and yet I grew stronger and gained weight.'

Our family physician examined Postum and decided to use it altogether in place of coffee. We all think it has no equal as a nourishment for the sick for beside being pleasant to the taste it is so strengthening. My father and mother have always been coffee drinkers and suffered all kinds of troubles from the coffee until about a year ago a neighbor was praising Postum and mother decided to try it.

'They improved at once and have drank Postum ever since and mother, who used to be bothered with nervousness and sleeplessness particularly, is in splendid health now.' She says the change came entirely from drinking Postum and leaving off coffee.

shook hands with the gentleman who was assuming the character, as he thought.

Presently the actor was introduced to Sir George Trevelyan, and had scarcely shaken hands with him when Harte said:

'I would like to introduce you to Count Bismarck.'

'Oh, yes,' said Toole again, turning to the newcomer. 'How many more of you are there? Where is Von Moltke, for instance?'

Bret Hart laughed; so did Trevelyan. A comedian is allowed certain privileges, and Toole's remark was considered as mere pleasantry.

'But,' said he, afterward, 'I had no idea what a fool I was making of myself.'

At table Mr. Toole said to the man who sat next him, 'Who is the gentleman Harte introduced to me as St. Albans?'

'The Duke of St. Albans,' was the reply.

'And the man opposite?'

'Herbert Bismarck, the prince's son.'

'No! Really?'

'Oh, yes.'

'And the man talking to him?'

'Sir George Trevelyan.'

'I was never more sold in my life! Toole confessed afterward, when telling the story.—Ex.

THE ASPHALT PAVE

They took a little gravel
And they took a little tar
With various ingredients
Imported from afar.
They hampered it and rolled it,
And when they went away
They said they had a pavement
That would last for many a day.

But they came with picks and smote it
To lay a water-main
And then they called the workmen
To put it back again.
To run a railway cable
They took it up some more;
And then they put it back again,
Just where it was before.

They took it up for conduits
To run the telephone;
And then they put it back again
As hard as any stone.
They took it up for wires
To feed the electric light.
And then they put it back again,
Which was no more than 'right.

O, the pavements full of furrows;
There are patches everywhere.
You'd like to ride upon it,
But it's seldom that you dare.
It's a very handsome pavement;
A credit to the town;
They're always diggin' of it up
Or puttin' of it down.

—Washington Star.

POOR HAROLD.

'I don't know what to say, Harold,' replied the lovely girl after a long pause. 'There are so many things to be considered. Did you ever care for anybody before you met me?'

'Never, Lucy!' fervently responded the young man. 'You are the first and only! Would you want me to go and live with your people?'

'No; we will have a little cottage of our own. You would be tired of me in less than a year.'

'I wouldn't tire of you in a thousand years! Would you be willing to spend your evenings at home?'

'Every one. Men are such tyrants—and I've always been used to having my own way. You shall have your own way still.'

'You will never tell me I must or mustn't do anything?'

'Never. Always let me do just as I please? Absolutely.'

'Then I shall have to say no, Harold,' the maiden said, tearfully. 'I never could trust myself with such a husband as that!'

—Chicago Tribune.

HAPPY RAIN.

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills;
The clouds of gray engulf the day,
And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.
It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where every buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room;
A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me,

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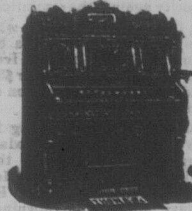
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