

This and That

OLD-FASHIONED HONESTY NEEDED.

What this country needs is not only a revival of old-fashioned honesty in Wall St., but also a revival of old-fashioned independence on the part of the voter—an independence that will make him scrutinize candidates on both sides and lead him to a fixed determination to vote against every grafter and for every honest man on any ticket. I started out to say that the Milwaukee banker who faces prison for taking other people's money is no worse than the Wall St. gang who, during the past few months, by outrageous misrepresentation, had put up the value of their favorite stocks and sold them at fancy prices to an "investing public." It is no worse to rob a bank than it is to rob the public by issuing misleading statements of the earnings and condition of a railroad or of an industrial enterprise. Jasper, in Leslie's Weekly.

SIMPLICITY OR VERBOSITY.

"If I were to give you an orange," said a prominent judge, "I would simply say, 'I give you the orange.' But should the transfer be entrusted to a lawyer to put in writing, he would adopt this form:—

"I hereby give, grant and convey to you all my interest, right, title, and advantage of and said orange, together with its rind, skin, juice, and pits, and all rights and advantages therein, with full power to bite, suck, or otherwise eat the same or give away with or without rind, skin, juice, pulp, or pits, anything herein before or in any other deed or deeds, instruments of any kind or nature whatsoever to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding."

A MATHEMATICIAN BY MISTAKE.

Professor Phelps used to tell with glee of the way he achieved a reputation for knowing a thing he hated, says the Christian Register. He took a walk with Professor Newton, who lived in the world of mathematics, and started off at once to discuss an abstruse problem. Mr. Phelps' mind could not follow, and wandered to other things. At last he was called

back, when the professor wound up with, "Which you see gives us X." "Does it?" asked Mr. Phelps, politely. "Why, doesn't it?" exclaimed the professor, excitedly, alarmed at the possibility of a flaw in his calculations. Quickly his mind ran back and detected a mistake. "You are right, Mr. Phelps. You are right!" shouted the professor. "It doesn't give us X; it gives us Y." And from that time Professor Phelps was looked upon as a mathematical prodigy, the first man who ever tripped the professor.

A NOVEL TIMEPIECE.

The latest novelty in watches has just been completed by a watchmaker in Paris, one who has made a set of three gold shirt studs, in one of which is a watch that keeps excellent time, the dial being about three-eighths of an inch in diameter. The studs are connected by a strip of silver inside the shirt. The watch contained in the middle one is wound by the turning of the stud above, and the hands are set by turning the stud below. The most striking thing about the minute machine is that it works with a pendulum like a clock, and the pendulum will act with ease and accuracy in whatever position the timepiece is placed, even if it be upside down.

There is a bookseller in Yorkshire who never tires of telling how once he "got even" with Alfred Austin, the poet laureate. This vendor of literary wares is a tall, thin man, with sharp features and a distinctly intellectual head, and Mr. Austin seems to have taken an interest in him from the first. Often and often he visited the shop, never to buy, but always to ask innumerable questions.

"How many books do you sell daily?" "Do they read me about here?" "What is the profit in book-selling?" These were samples of the poet's queries.

Then came the day when he took up a copy of Omar Klayyam and asked, "Is this good?"

"I have never read it," replied the shopman.

"What! You don't read the books you sell?" came the astonished question.

"Certainly not," was the concluding phrase of the conversation. "If you were a druggist would that lead you to eat any the more opium?"—New York Times.

Mrs. J. — was very nervous and a light sleeper. One night she thought she detected the odor of gas. For once in her life she acted bravely. She got up and went downstairs, without awakening her husband. Finding the odor of gas stronger in the lower floors she ran back to her bedroom. She shook her dozing spouse two or three times very roughly, crying at the same time:

"John! John! Get up! The gas is leaking and we will be smothered to death."

"Is it leaking very much?" sleepily asked John.

"No; not so much."

"Then put a bucket under it and come to bed."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Caller: Is your mother in, Ethel?
Ethel: No, ma'am; she's downtown.
Caller: Shopping?
Ethel: Oh, no; I don't think she had time for that. She just said he was going to get some things she needed.—Philadelphia Press.

One of John Sharp Williams' recent stories tells of an old darky who applied to a former employer for a recommendation. The old colored man had been faithful and his record was clean, so the employer wrote a recommendation lauding him to the skies.

The old darky read it twice, and then ran his fingers through his wool. "U-m-m," he muttered. "Boss, dat's a good recommendation. Don' yo' reckon yo' could gib me a job yo' self if it's good as all dis says?"—New York Times.

IN COLONEL'S TOWN.

Things Happen.

From the home of the famous "Keyhole Keseyartah of Cartersville," away down South, comes an enthusiastic letter about Postum.

"I was in very delicate health, suffering from indigestion and a nervous trouble so severe that I could hardly sleep. The doctor order me to discontinue the use of the old kind of coffee, which was like poison to me, producing such extreme disturbance that I could not control myself. But such was my love for it that I could not get my own consent to give it up for some time, and continued to suffer, till my father one day brought home a package of Postum Food Coffee.

"I had the new food drink carefully prepared according to directions, and gave it a fair trial. It proved to have a rich flavor and made a healthy, wholesome and delightful drink. To my taste the addition of cream greatly improves it."

"My health began to improve as soon as the drug effect of the old coffee was removed and the Postum Coffee had time to make its influence felt. My nervous troubles were speedily relieved and the sleep which the old coffee drove from my pillow always came to soothe and strengthen me after I had drunk Postum—in a very short time I began to sleep better than I had for years before. I have now used Postum Coffee for several years and like it better and find it more beneficial than when I first began. It is an unspeakable joy to be relieved of the old distress and sickness." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

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