

This and That

TAMMAS.

Scottish servants unlike the American variety, never change their place of servitude, and the office of butler, gardener, cook or maid is handed down in families from generation to generation. I recall quite well crusty old Tammas, who was a retainer for years in the family of the Kerrs of Keersnow. He was capable, honest and somewhat over-zealous in looking after the interests of the 'quird.' One evening, when the Kerrs were giving a dinner party, young Mrs. Kerr who was an English woman, called the attention of the old servant to the fact that Lady Scott who sat beside her, had no spoon. Tammas resented this public rebuke, and drawing himself up he replied with much dignity: 'The last time Lady Scott was here, mem, we missed a spune.'

Tammas's familiarity with the gentry he served near got him a dismissal—a most unusual indignity—on one occasion. The Kerrs had been giving a hunting party, and after the chase, the guests returned tired and hungry, and bothered old Tammas overmuch with their incessant demands for his help in serving the cold meats, game pies and ale from the sideboard.

Tammas harassed beyond endurance by their importunities, exclaimed: 'That's right. Speak a' tagither. That's the way tae git served.'

This outburst and some over-zealousness on the part of the old man sorely tried the irascible temper of the elder Kerr, who at last decided to dismiss Tammas. He approached the subject one day after this fashion: 'Tammas, said he, I'm afraid you and I will have to part.'

'Eh,' said the startled Tammas. And where dæ ye think o' going, Laird?—Elizabeth Burwell, in Leslie's Monthly.

PROMISE AND FULFILMENT.

The use of the word "obey" in the marriage service reminds a contributor to the New York Times of the following story of a couple who were married when quite young. The bride was over average height and rather stout; the groom was very slim and not up to the average height.

Ten years passed, and the couple got on comfortably. With the flight of time madam increased in bulk, while her theoretical lord and master added not an inch to his height nor an ounce to his weight. One day he

DIDN'T BELIEVE

That Coffee Was the Trouble.

Some people flounder around and take everything that's recommended to them but finally find out that coffee is the real cause of their troubles. An Oregon man says:

"For 25 years I was troubled with my stomach. I was a steady coffee drinker but didn't suspect that as the cause. I doctored with good doctors and got no help, then I took almost anything which someone else had been cured with but to no good. I was very bad last summer and could not work at times.

"On December 2, 1902, I was taken so bad the doctor said I could not live over twenty-four hours at the most and I made all preparations to die. I could hardly eat anything, everything distressed me and I was weak and sick all over. When in that condition coffee was abandoned and I was put on Postum, the change in my feelings came quickly after the drink that was poisoning me was removed.

"The pain and sickness fell away from me and I began to get well day by day so I stuck to it until now I am well and strong again, can eat heartily with no headache, heart trouble or the awful sickness of the old coffee days. I drink all I wish of Postum without any harm and enjoy it immensely.

"This seems like a wonderfully strong story but I would refer you to the First National Bank, The Trust Banking Co., or any merchant of Grants Pass, Ore., in a sworn statement of this if you wish. You can also use my name." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Still there are many who persistently fool themselves by saying "Coffee don't hurt me," a ten days trial of Postum in its place will tell the truth and many times save life.

"There's a reason."

Look for the little book "The Road to Wellville" in each pkg.

wanted her to do something and she refused at first quietly, then vehemently, and finally explosively.

"I'll not do it," she declared, "and I'd like to see you make me!"

"But, Maria," expostulated the husband, "when you married me, didn't you promise to obey me?"

"I did," she replied; then sizing up his diminutive proportions, she added, "but I expected you'd grow."

THE BISHOP'S EXPECTATION.

A clergyman who was the possessor of a cork foot—his own member having been amputated during childhood—was offered by private patronage a large and most important town parish in the diocese of a bishop who was far-famed for his wit.

Before licensing him the bishop sought an interview, and discovered the clergyman's defect, which rendered him totally unsuitable for the charge. Although very dignified and imposing, he was kind hearted, and told the clergyman very gently, that he could not license him to the parish, as the work would be quite beyond anyone who was lame.

Mr. Jones was very indignant, and withdrew with what he thought a parting shot. "I did not know before, my lord, that you expected a man's brains to be in his boots." "No," was the quiet answer, "I expect his feet to be there!"

A PRACTICAL FARMER.

Some years ago, before the bicycle was in such favor as it is now, a farmer went into an ironmonger's shop to buy a scythe. After serving him, the shopman asked him if he would buy a bicycle.

What might the price of them be? asked the customer.

"Fifteen pounds."

"I'd rather spend £15 on a cow."

"But what an idiot you would look riding about town on the back of a cow."

"Perhaps so," replied the farmer, "but not half such an idiot as I'd look trying to milk a bicycle."—London Times.

IN TIME OF TROUBLE.

"De people dat puts in de most time lookin' for trouble," said Uncle Eben, "is de very ones dat knows de least about what to do when dey finds it."—Washington Star.

THE COLLEGE BOY'S WORK

We came upon the college man in the green sweater.

"Studying much?" we asked.

"Studying?" he echoed his eyes dilating with astonishment. "Well, I guess not. I finished up football in the fall, now I'm playing hockey, soon it will be polo, then lacrosse, and later on baseball."

"When do you expect to open your books?"

"Well, during next vacation if I get a chance."—Chicago News.

THEORY VS. PRACTICE.

A fisherman invested in a tub so very old A single drop of water in its staves it would not hold.

Said he: 'Tis very plain to me a vessel of this kind

Would be the safest fishin'-smack a fisherman could find.

What matters if a barr'l of brine should o'er the gunwhale slop,

This ancient tub would keep afloat—it couldn't hold a drop.

Which is a bit of logic you'll admit is good and sound;

But when it came to practice—why, the fisherman was droned!

—Peter Newell, in Harper's Magazine.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, who is an admirer of girls, tells this story of a maiden named Dorothy, who always found some good excuse for having her own way. Dorothy's father came to her one evening and said:

"See here, Dorothy. I don't like young Freshman's coming here so much. Next time he makes you a visit just give him the cold shoulder."

"But, papa, he is a vegetarian, answered the unabashed Dorothy.

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JOSEPH A. SNOW

Norway, Me.

DISCOMFORT AFTER EATING

December 4, 1903.

People who suffer after eating, feeling oppressed with a sensation of stuffiness and heaviness, and who frequently find the food both to distend and painfully hang like a heavy weight at the pit of the stomach, or who have Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Headache, Disgust of Food, Gaseous Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering of the Heart, Choking or suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dizziness on rising suddenly, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs and Sudden Flashes of Heat, should use a few doses of

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