Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

"ONE, TWO, THREE!"

It was an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy that was half past three,
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't see running and jumping,
And the boy, he didn't stand he;
For he was a lame little fellow
With a thin, little, twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight
Out under the maple tree,
And the game that they played I'll tell you
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his free down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding
In guesses one, two, three!

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry and laugh with glee,
It wasn't the china closet,
But he still had two and three!

"You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said, "You are warm and warmer,
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the attic cupboard
Where mamma's things used to be,
So it must be the—the—let me think—
And he found her with his three!

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding
With a one and a two and a three!

And they laughed and clapped from their places
Right under the maple tree—
This old, old, old, old lady
And the boy with the manly knee—
This dear, dear old lady
And the boy whose hair was three.

—Hildegarde Hawthorne in Scribner's.

A Space Made for a Bird's Nest.

A considerable number of birds may be classed as "cave dwellers." They make their homes in clefts of the rocks, natural cavities, in trees, stumps and logs, and in fact wherever they can find an unoccupied hole, even if it be the abandoned home of a woodpecker.

The wood duck, the sparrow hawk, the owls, one notable species of fly catcher, the bluebird, the nuthatch and the chickadee are the best known examples of birds given to the habit of dwelling in caves. Our common house wren often chooses a crevice, sometimes a deep cavity, for its nesting place.

A workman splitting wood for me once laid open a small log and discovered a wren's home in the hollow of it. The bird had entered at a knot hole in a branch and had followed a small cavity leading into the log and had constructed its best some six feet down the hollow of the latter.—Maurice Thompson in Golden Rule.

She May Have Been Innocent.

A pretty girl named Fromm Colin was brought into special sessions on a charge of stealing a pair of shoes. She could not speak English and was friendless in court. Naturally she didn't know anything about the law machinery that infolded her like the embrace of an octopus. There was no evidence in her favor, and she was sentenced to ten days' imprisonment. She was led away wondering what it was all about until Justice Solon Smith said:

"Tell her what her sentence was."

The interpreter told her that she was sentenced to imprisonment. She looked at him in a dazed way, and then fell in a faint against the iron railing which shut her off from liberty. It may be that she was innocent.—New York Advertiser.

The Meaning of Philately.

The number of persons in this country who are interested in collecting postage stamps is estimated at 250,000. This may seem a great many, but there are many times this number who do not even know that there is such a pursuit. If you should mention the word "philately" in a mixed assembly of a thousand persons not fifty would know what you meant by it. The word "philately" is derived from two Greek words meaning a friend or lover of prepayment, as applied to stamped paper used for that purpose.—Ohio State Journal.

Keeping Poles.

The keeang poles of the Haida Indians of the Queen Charlotte islands, according to Mr. Alexander Mackenzie's account of them, were erected to commemorate the event of a chief taking position in the tribe by building a house and making a distribution of all his property. Each pole has also an individual distinguishing name.

It should be remembered that more blood, and hence more heat, goes to the head than to any other part of the body. Head heating pillows are against the wholesome maxim, "Keep the feet warm, but the head cool."

The ragman's prolonged and somewhat doleful cry, which used to be heard more frequently than at present in our streets, has its prototype in Genoa, from whence it came directly to this country.

HE WOULDN'T EAT BUTTER.

It Was the Landlord's Only Luxury, but the Drummer Refused It.

"Hider people pay?

"Well, yes, sorter. Heap er trouble thereto it though.

"Drummers perticklar?

"Yes, dem 'em, they do."

The landlord of the Southern hotel bit vicious into a twist of homespun tobacco.

"No, they don't kick 'bout the price, but ther always a wantin somethin extra though. Now, that chap et come in on the ten thirty last night kicked cos he couldn't get a room to hissell with a stove in it. Said the fire in the fireplace burned his shins while his back was freezin.

"Kicked cos the winder wouldn't shet tight, had ter have a clean towel and said he'd be durned if he was gwine to use soft soap. Then he raised Cain cos ther wuz split five clean piller slips and sheets on the bed.

"He kept me an Sam on the trot fer an hour an then couldn't satify him. He jest sat in a chair and cust like a pirat.

"This mornin he kim down to breakfast lookin like he'd suck a dozen of persimmons afore the frost recked 'em an suck his sent.

"The first thing he set for was a mapkin. I tole him we wuz jest out of mapkins, but jest unfold a leaf ter learn hid wipe his mouth on the tablecloth.

"He cussed him an called.

"Chargeable, please," says he, sotter-like.

"Fifteen," says he, sotter-like.

"Thirteen," says he, sotter-like.

"Dem pickles an fixin," says he, sotter-like.

"Ef dat good cheese, yes," says he, sotter-like.

"Thanks," says he, but he didn't tech 'em.

"Ther are have a rounder coffee an cup o tea," says he fer Sam.

"Sassafras tea or tea?" says Sam.

"Stop tea."

"Black or green?"

"Either will do," says he.

"Hain got every," says Sam.

"Gimme the other kind, then," says he.

"Hain't got every of that either, boss."

"Well, the rolls an a glass o water."

"There's biskit, sah, lectum rolls," says Sam.

"Well, the blasted fool groaned jest fer all the world like he was a-gettin religious.

"Then he set an biskit an gnawed ter the bitter end.

"Pass yo the butter, please."

"Sam hed ter explain ter him that dat was butter—fresh country butter. Dat he wouldn't touch.

"I was tickled that if it hadn't bin fer fear I'd hurt the reputation of the house I'd a tuck an frailed him right there.

"What I charge him?

"Dollarn quarter fer bed an breakfast." And with a sigh for man's inhumanity to man the landlord arose from his split bottomed chair and sauntered to the depot to meet the noon train.—New York Herald.

Lige Jackson's Wife.

One day in my missionary work in the Cumberland mountains I rode up to a much better looking house and hillside farm than was customary in that section.

"Good morning," I said to a tall, thin man working in a patch between the house and the road.

"How d'y?" he responded.

"Very nice place you have here," I remarked.

"Right peart," he returned.

"Can I see the man of the house?" I inquired.

"Thar ain't none."

"No? Does a widow own the place?"

"No. A married woman."

"Who is she?"

"Lige Jackson's wife."

"And there is no man of the house?"

"That's what I said."

"Well, can I see Mrs. Jackson, then?"

"No. She's gone down to the store to sell some truck."

"When will she be back?"

"Ah'n no tellin. She does purty much ez she pleases round here."

"Mr. Jackson doesn't cut much of a figure, does he?" I laughed.

"Not much."

"Are you working for him?"

"Course not; fer her."

"Who are you?" I ventured, for I was bound to see somebody who could give me the information I sought.

The man smiled a little.

"Oh," he said, "I ain't nobody much. I'm only Lige Jackson's wife's husband."—Detroit Free Press.

A Case Calling for Sympathy.

The court had sentenced him to six years in the penitentiary at hard labor for the crime of having three more wives than the law allows.

"Think of the sorrow, judge," exclaimed the prisoner, deeply moved, "that this will bring to four estimable families."—Chicago Tribune.

England has one horse for every twelve persons, and only an average of four hours of daily sunshine in which to ride or walk.

In China wealthy people buy their coffins long before they need them, and exhibit them as ornamental pieces of furniture.

CHANGES IN THE LANGUAGE.

The Words "Gentleman" and "Lady" Are Gradually Set in Polite Society.

At the present moment there are some changes in the language on foot the very mention of which would be regarded as a sacrilege to some of our good old ancestors. There are lots of everyday words in use which don't mean at all what they did 100 years ago. I think if Shakespeare should be lucky enough that he could stroll down Broadway tomorrow or drop in to some Fifth avenue parlor this evening, would he be able to readily follow the drift of the conversation, for lots of words he would be so quite familiar with in their connection with the people he knew would credit them with.

This was very forcibly brought to my attention at the reception of the Colonial club. I was standing on one of those upper floors, about the tenth, I think, where the girls huddled together and waited for their escorts to come for them. Occasionally a fellow had to do some waiting there, but it was usually the other way. Four or five of the prettiest human rosebuds you could pick alongside Riverside drive were waiting and chattering. I couldn't help but hear. At first they told each other how "perfectly lovely" the other girl's dress was, and how "poky" they felt in "this horrid old thing that they had 'way last spring, you know." Then one girl said:

"I came with a man, and I wish I hadn't; it's such a bore."

"Yes," replied one of two sisters in a rich cream satin, "so do we. I told mamma I didn't want to. I think it's ever so much more fun to go to a ball with the girls than with a man."

They all chirruped and giggled and said she was right and that men were nuisances. Each girl had something or other to say about "a man." The word "gentleman" was not used once. And then their respective "men" came up the stairs, and the girls were so glad to see them!

Since then I have learned that with the really nice and correct New York young lady the word "gentleman" has been laid aside. They admit that there are "gentlemanly" actors and "gentlemanly" gamblers, and that certain "gentlemen" on Broadway deal thriving business in the "bunko" line. A policeman is also a good deal of a gentleman as a rule, but the pure and high type of masculinity is simply "a man" to them.

All this is in close following with the abolishment of the Americanism of "lady" and the substitution of "woman" instead. There were "sales ladies," "chorus ladies" and "servant ladies" until the limit was reached and a revolution occurred. They came in the word "woman," and it's a fixture now.

I suppose the same process has occurred with "gentleman." Down in the Fourth ward Miss Kitty Toole refers to Teddy as "me gentleman friend." So simple "pap" is good enough for the girls of Fifth avenue and those who go the Colonial club receptions.—New York Herald.

An Humble Fellow.

One of Tennyson's old friends has described the odd fate of a manuscript of "The Princess." He was staying with the poet while the poem was going through the press, and while alone in the study one night and seeking a light for his pipe found some paper sticking out of his coal scuttle. From it he supplied his need, and on looking more closely at the bundle found it to consist of "The Princess" manuscript, the last proofs of which had just been returned to the printer. Looking it over he abstracted a few sheets which specially took his fancy, notably that containing "Tears, idle tears," and which now hangs framed in an honored place. But such is the native obtuseness of man in unfamiliar circumstances that when the poet came in and told his guest to put the whole in his pocket if he coveted the rubbish, the two made spills of a portion and returned the remainder to the scuttle.—Boston Journal.

A Quaint Species of Crow.

In his subsection on "modifications" of types of birds and animals Sir John Lubbock cites what is newest and most marvelous. He tells us of a particular crow in New Zealand where the male and female differ widely as to the structure of their bills. The male bird has a bill, stout and strong, adapted to cutting and digging into the tree, but he is deficient in that horny pointed tongue which would permit him to pierce the grub and draw it out. The hen bird has, however, an elongated and straight bill, "and when the cock has dug down to the burrow the hen inserts her long bill and draws out the grub, which they divide between them—a very pretty illustration of the wife as a helpmate to the husband."—Buffalo Commercial.

Paternal Advice.

Medical Student—I think, father, when I have graduated I will become a specialist.

Father—What sort of specialist?

"I think I will make a specialty of ear diseases."

"I think you had better become a tooth specialist. Man has only two ears, but he has thirty-two teeth that are always more or less out of order."—London Tit-Bits.

The Founder of a University.

For many years "Johns Hopkins" has been a familiar name in England, yet comparatively few people know anything of the man whose name adorns the hospital and university his legacies to Baltimore. He was born on a farm in Anne Arundel county, Md., in 1795, of Quaker parentage. When quite a young man he came to Baltimore and was soon established in business. He was a bold but judicious operator. In those days coffee and sugar were usually sold at auction; they were bought in lots, and if the buyer saw fit, he would use the privilege of taking the whole as his success in bid. This Mr. Hopkins often did, thus monopolizing the market.

He encouraged young men starting in business, and would indorse their paper for a commission which they cheerfully paid; and having, as he had, remarkably keen judgment, he seldom lost, or rather his gains far exceeded his losses. He made a great deal of money in Baltimore and Ohio stock, in which he had great confidence, buying it at low prices and holding it until his prophecies were fulfilled.

When he was young he was in love with a first cousin, but owing to family opposition he never married her. Johns Hopkins lived plainly and simply, dressed in the Quaker style, was rather blunt in manner, but at the same time his uprightness and rare business talents won the respect of the community. He died in December, 1873, in his house in town. Besides the millions that he left for the hospital and university, his several nieces and nephews received legacies, and he provided liberally for his sister, who survived him.—Kate Field's Washington.

Perseverance in a Bachelor Rewarded.

The old fellow hustled up to the desk of the marriage license clerk and without any formality or preliminaries he began, "Give me a marriage license," he said, "and give it to me quick." "Who for?" asked the imaginamatical clerk. "For my self of course." The clerk gave a long whistle of surprise. "How old are you?" he inquired, opening up his book. "Seventy five." "Ever been married before?" "No; this is my first offense." "What the mischief does a man at your age want to marry for?" "Because he can." "It isn't such a difficult thing to marry, is it?" "May not be for some folks," said the aged applicant hurriedly, "but it seems so for me. I made my first attempt when I was twenty, and for fifty-five years I've kept steady at it, but I never could get a woman to say 'yes' until last night, and I'll be swizzled if I know how this one happened to, and I don't care. It's enough if she did, and she did, and now I want to get that license and have her clinched before she kicks out. I've got her outside in my wagon, with a policeman watching her, and I want you to hustle with the license. The preacher's waiting, and if there's no preventing Providence you bet I'll not fill a bachelor's grave. Here's your money. Goodby," and the happy man grabbed his license and ran for the wagon.—Detroit Free Press.

Unfathomed Caverns.

The mystery of the underworld appeals with irresistible force to the imagination. Tales of the wonders concealed in caverns and hidden under the ground have always interested the inhabitants of every country. And the strange and splendid scenes frequently discovered in such places as the Mammoth cave, the Luray caverns, the sea caves of Bermuda and the Blue grotto of Capri have lent wings to the fancy which pictures still more marvelous spectacles "underneath the ground."

As a matter of fact it is probable that we are as yet acquainted with but comparatively few of the spacious caverns that exist at no great depth beneath the earth, and which, filled with air, are capable of being explored by men. The explorations of Mr. E. A. Martel in France have added very largely to our knowledge of what has been called the "subterranean geography" of that country. Similar work in other countries would undoubtedly produce many surprising revelations of what the earth contains.—Youth's Companion.

Has Popular Education Failed?

It cannot be denied that there is serious and general disappointment at the results of popular education up to this date. In spite of all efforts to make education universal, all classes complain more than ever before of the general conditions of society. Yet after two whole generations it seems as if some increase of genuine reasonableness of thought and action in all classes of the population ought to be discernible. Many persons, however, fail to see in the actual conduct of the various classes of society the evidence of increasing rationality.—President Eliot in Forum.

Qualified.

"For this place," said the man at the desk, "we need a man of great self control."

"That catches me," replied the applicant eagerly. "I can go by a 'Fresh Paint' sign without putting my hands on the paint to see if it is fresh."

He was hired forthwith.—Buffalo Express.

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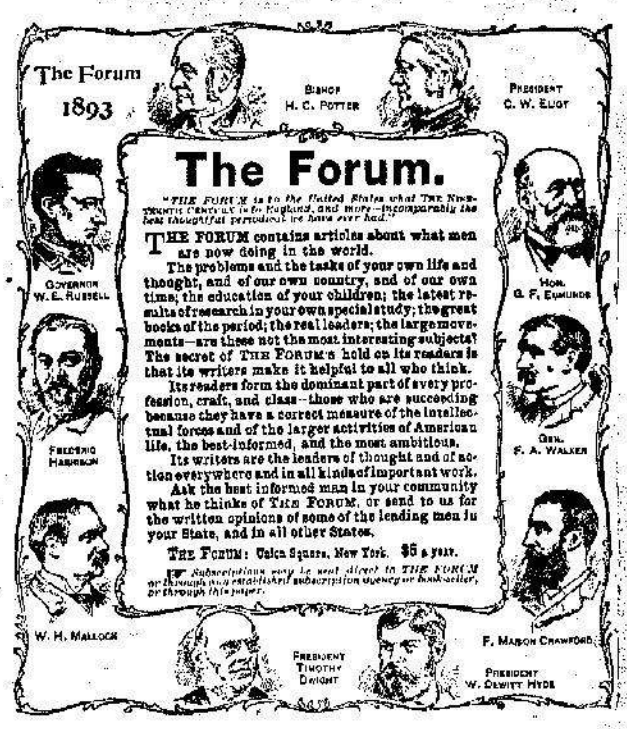

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