

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE HERMIT THRUSH.

Over the tops of the trees
And over the shallow stream
The shepherd of sunset trees
The amber phantoms of dream.
The time is the time of vision;
The hour is the hour of calm.
Mark! On the stillness Elysian
Breaks how divine a psalm!
Oh, clear in the sphere of the air.
Clear, clear, tender and far.
Our aspiration of prayer
Unto eve's clear star!

O singer serene, secure,
From thy throat of silver and dew
What transport loquely and pure,
Unchanging, endlessly new—
An unremembrance of mirth
And a contemplation of tears,
As if the musing of earth
Communed with the dreams of the years.
Oh, clear in the sphere of the air.
Clear, clear, tender and far.
Our aspiration of prayer
Unto eve's clear star!

O cloistral estate, thy call
In the cool, green aisles of the leaves
Is the shrine of a power by whose spell
Whoso hears a psalm and believed
O hermit of evening, thine hour
Is the sacrament of desire,
When love bath a heavenly flower
And passion a better fire!
Oh, clear in the sphere of the air.
Clear, clear, tender and far.
Our aspiration of prayer
Unto eve's clear star!

—C. G. D. Roberts in Youth's Companion.

Not Confined to One City.

I am something of a kicker myself, but I take off my hat to the nervous individual who halted me on the street yesterday with:

"Say! Louisville is a healthy, handsome city of beautiful homes, lovely women, brave men, fine horses and good whisky, but in no other city half or one-fourth its size in the universe are so many nuisances permitted as in this one. Just think that the citizens are aroused from their beds in the early hours of the morning when sleep is sweetest, victims of sickness and disease are disturbed at most in the very arms of death, and all day long people in the streets are in danger feeling the drums of their ears burst and not an effort made to put a stop to the pandemonium of unearthly noise in our streets. The charcoal man's Comanche yells, the stale vegetable, fever producing peddler's howls, the parrot tongued peddler of no-account bananas, the er-rags of 'em collector, secondhand fruit distributors, big bells in advertising wagons, milk bells, scissors grinders, bells—all adding to one common bedlam of unending noises upon our principal business and residence streets. The sick are disturbed, the healthy annoyed, and yet day after day we never make an attempt to protect our right to live in peace."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Woman and the Rose.

A traveler stopped at a little cabin in the Georgia woods. He wore a white rose on his coat—one that a little girl had plucked and pinned there as he was leaving home.

A woman entered the cabin. She stood and gazed at the rose a moment. Then, darting forward, she tore it from the stranger's coat and stamped it on the rude floor.

"Why did you do that?" asked the stranger leaping to his feet.

"Hush!" said a man who was sitting near. "That's my wife, an—ah—she ain't right here"—tapping his forehead.

"We had a little girl once, with blue eyes an hair like a sunset. She wandered off among the roses one day—lost, lost!—an when we found her she was where the roses grow, an they was creepin' over her. An the wife there went mad, an now she says the roses stole the child an hid her away from us forever, an she goes about an tramples them—just like she did the rose there on the floor!"—New York Recorder.

TURF TOPICS.

Nellie Aldine, 22½, has been retired to the stud.

John A. Goldsmith won \$7,500 at the recent Detroit meeting.

The average attendance during the recent Washington park meeting was nearly 13,000.

A mule 20 hands high and weighing 1,800 pounds was exhibited at Cedar Vale, Kan., recently.

The stallion king Stamboul is coming at such a rate that he is liable to spoil his record considerably.

Ormonde, the \$150,000 stallion, will be stable at Elizabeth, N. J., for several weeks and then taken to California.

erie county, N. Y., has furnished more new members of the 2-30 list this year than any other county in the Union.

C. E. Nelson has a chip on his shoulder. He will trot Nelson against Martha Wilkes, Ryland T. Arion or Kremlin.

William Freer, who purchased the Knapsted farm at Kingston, N. Y., will begin the construction of a half mile track.

This may be a circus story, but it is said that the 480 horses and 10 elephants of the Forepaugh circus consume five tons of hay and straw and 150 bushels of oats daily.

Matrimonial Items.

Wife (a widow newly married)—Do you speak German?
Husband—Oh, yes.
"Well, occasionally address me in that language."
"Why?"
"It will remind me of my first dear husband."—Texas Sitings.

Mr. Labouchere's Fish Story.

If Mr. Henry Labouchere has a habit of getting into trouble, he has also a happy knack of getting out of it. For instance, the other day, after he had printed an important piece of news about the proper way to cook crawfish and a humane reader of Truth expostulated with him about his advice to the cook to cut the live fish in halves, he retorted merrily by expressing the opinion that it is ridiculous sentiment to treat creatures of low or rudimentary organizations as if they had the same susceptibility to pain as a human being, and settled the question finally by telling an anecdote about an angling friend of his who once "caught a perch foul."

The book pierced the fish's eye. My friend felt that he had not caught the perch according to the rules of the game, so, to compensate him for losing his eye, he put him back into the water. He then baited his hook with the eye and went to work again. Within three minutes he caught that same perch again with his own eye.

This is a capital fish story. We have not heard a better tale in a long while. It is a lie of course, but all fish stories are, and it has the merits of originality and humor. We like Mr. Labouchere the better for such harmless fibs.—New York Times.

Like the Belt of the Summer Girl.

The ancient girdle was used for other material or actual purposes besides that of a receptacle for money. At it were hung the thousand and one odds and ends needed and utilized in every day affairs. The scrivener had his inkhorn and pen attached to it, the scholar his book or books, the monk his crucifix and rosary, the innkeeper his tallies, and everybody his knife. So many and so various were the articles attached to it that the flippant began to poke fun. In an old play there is mention of a merchant who had hanging at his girdle a pouch, a spectacle case, a "punnard," a pen and inkhorn and "a handkercher, with many other trinkets besides, which a merry companion seeing said it was like a haberdasher's shop of small wares." In another early play a lady says to her maid: "Give me my girdle and see that all the furniture be at it. Look that cizars, pincers, the penknife, the knife to close letters with, the bodkin, the ear-pick and the scale be in the case."—Chambers' Journal.

A Handle to His Name.

"I understand," said a pompous employer to one of his clerks, "that you are in the habit of speaking of me by my Christian name?"

"It is possible that I have done so, sir," answered the clerk humbly.

"In future you will use the prefix 'Mr.' when alluding to me. I am 'George' only to my friends. Do not forget hereafter that I have a handle to my name."

"I will try to remember," said the clerk. "I know we always say George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Tom Palmer, but these are distinguished men, not everyday people, George—excuse me—Mr. Smythe," and the clerk retired to write out his resignation.—Detroit Free Press.

Pigeons Do Not Fly by Sight.

The numerous experiments made by balloonists have proved that pigeons are incapable of flying at any great height. Birds thrown out at 6,000 meters fell like dead, and even at the moderate height of 300 meters pigeons liberated by the balloonist Gaston Tissandier approached the earth in a spiral course. It is evident, hence, that they are not guided wholly by sight. To bring a point 300 miles distant within the range of vision it would be necessary to ascend nearly 20,000 meters. The carrier pigeon, starting on such a journey, must consequently start with faith in the unseen.—Philadelphia Press.

TONGUE TWISTERS.

Six thick thistle sticks.
Flesh of freshly fried flying fish.
A growing gleam glowing green.
The sea ceaseth, and it sufficeth us
High roller, low roller, lower roller.
A box of mixed biscuits, a mixed biscuit box.
The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms.
Strict strong Stephen Stringer snared sickly six sickly silky snakes.
Swan swam over the sea; swim, swan, swim; swan swam back again, well swim swan.
It is a shame, Sam; these are the same, Sam. 'Tis all a sham, Sam, and a shame it is to sham so, Sam.
Susan shineth shoes and socks. Socks and shoes shine Susan. She ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shock Susan.
Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round, a round roll Robert Rowley rolled round. Where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round?
Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and oyster. Did Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and oyster? If Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and oyster, where are the owl and oyster Oliver Oglethorp ogled?
Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs. Hobbs nobbs to Snobbs and Nobbs. Hobbs nobbs with Snobbs and nobbs Nobbs' fob. "That is," says Nobbs, "the worse for Hobbs' jobs," and Snobbs sobbs.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Mother—How did you get into the boys' Lancers society?
Small Son—Toshin.
"And you said you spent the time reading about the nations."
"Toshin."
"Huh! I have been informed it is simply a club, and the only reason you have are dime novels."
"Yes, ma'am, they is all about Indians not has never been converted."—Good News.

Just the Other Way.

There was a fight between two Irish men in Washington a week or two ago, and The Post reports a conversation overheard not long afterward:

"You had a fight with Murphy, I hear, Dan."
"I had that."
"And he gave you a black eye."
"That's a lie. The black eye was on the other foot."—Washington Post.

Fan All Spelled.

Little Dick—Did you have a good time in the country?
Little Johnny—No; moe' died. We boarded at a farmhouse.
"Wasn't it nice?"
"Yes, nice 'nough; but on the train a ole lady gave me a cent, an when we got to the farm I found out that there wasn't a store within 20 miles."—Good News.

Not All Dead Yet.

Mr. Stuffy—Good afternoon. Is this hot enough for you?
Mr. Puffy—Oh, yes; it's just 95.
Mr. Stuffy—What! Has the mercury gone up to 95?
Mr. Puffy—Not exactly, but you are the ninety-fifth fool who has asked me that same question today.—Boston Courier.

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