Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

So I Got to Thinkin' of Her.

I got to thinkin' of her—both her parents dead
and gone—
And all her sisters married off, and none but
her and John
A-livin' all alone there in that lonesome sort
o' way,
And him a blame old bachelor, confirmder
every day!
I'd known 'em all from children, and their
daddy from the time
He settled in the neighborhood, and hadn't
ary a dime
Er dollar, when he married, fer to start house-
keepin' on!—
So I got to thinkin' of her—both her parents
dead and gone.

I got to thinkin' of her, and a wondern what
she done
That all her sisters kep' a gittin' married, one
by one,
And her without no chances—and the best girl
of the pack—
An old maid, with her hands you might say,
tied behind her back!
And mother, too, afore she died, she ust to jes'
take on,
When none of 'em was left you know, but
Evaline and John
And jes' declare to goodness 'at the young men
must be blind
To see what a wife they'd git if they got Eva-
line!

I got to thinking of her; in my great affliction
she
Was sich a comfort to us, and so kind and
neighborly—
She'd come and leave her housework, fer to
he'p little Jane,
And talk of her mother, 'at she'd never see
again—
Mayby sometimes cry together—though, fer
the most part, she
Would have the child so reconciled and happy-
like 'at we
Felt lonesomer'n ever she' put her bonnet on
And say she'd rally haf to git a-gittin' back to
John!

I got to thinkin' of her, as I say—and more
and more
I'd think of her dependence, and the burdens
'at she bore—
Her parents both a-bein' dead, and all her sis-
ters gone
And married off, and her a-livin' there alone
with John—
You might say jes' a-toilin' and a-slavin' out
her life
For a man 'at hadn't pride enough to git his-
self a wife—
Less some one married Evaline, and packed
her off some day!—
So I got to thinkin' of her—and it happened
that way.

—James Whitcomb Riley in Pittsburg Bulletin.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

Farmer Blewitt was a little, dried-up irascible man, and he used to wear a red comforter around his neck and red flannel earlappers on his plug hat when he went to meeting in winter. He was always ready to argue that these modern times were awfully bad, and that the good old times of a hundred years ago were just right. He would decry invention and improvement and say that the world would be better without them. He took a newspaper on purpose to count the murders in it and tell how bad the world had grown. He would stand for hours on a corner in the village and retail his deductions on the present and his regrets for the past.

One day he had whipped the minister in argument, and as he had his dinner and the minister had gone away mad and the women were at work in the kitchen, he tipped back in his chair, drew a red silk handkerchief over his head to keep off the flies and went to sleep. He had not slept over five minutes before his son John came in and said:

"Come, father, we must get at that piece of wheat and cut it."

Blewitt got up and yawned and followed his son to the barnyard, where his two sons sat on a log filing a couple of sickles.

"What in the nation are you doing with those old sickles?" said Blewitt.

One of the boys looked astonished and said: "Doin'? Why, we are getting ready to cut the wheat."

Blewitt stared a moment and then said: "Why in thunder don't you hitch on to the reaper and stop foolin' with them sickles?"

The boys looked at each other in surprise, but said nothing. Blewitt ran to the shed, but there was no reaper there. He came back. The boys had got over the fence and were on their knees reaping the wheat and carrying it in gavels.

"Boys," said Blewitt, "what do you mean by this foolishness? Where is that reaper?"

Charley, the second boy, looked at his father pityingly and then tapped his forehead and looked over to John, who nodded and looked sad.

"Why, darn it," said Blewitt, "you can never run those bundles through a threshin' machine."

"Threshin' machine," said Charley; "why you know as well as I do that I will have to flail this wheat out morning and night while going to school this winter. What ails you, father?"

Blewitt, as we said, got mad easily, and now he just hopped up and down and said:

"Flail it out! It must be threshed ready to ship on the cars next month."

"Cars, cars," said John. "Don't know what ails you, father, or what you mean. I know I shall have to team this wheat down to Albany and sell it for what it will bring. Here you come out talkin' about reapers and cars and threshin' machines, and darned if I don't believe you are crazy, so now!"

Blewitt pinched himself to see if he was asleep, and strode angrily to the house. As he approached it he heard a roaring and rumbling like the wind, and he looked into the kitchen and there was his wife spinning. Who-o-o went the big wheel, and Blewitt sank into a chair and yelled:

"Now, Maria, what under the canopy are you doin'?"

"Doin'?" said his wife, "why, spinnin', of course. I must get out forty yards of full-cloth for you an' the boys and twenty yards of pressed flannel for me and the gals."

Blewitt looked down at his legs and saw them incased in full-cloth of coarse texture, and the seat of his trowsers he felt reached clear up to his shoulder-blades, and the legs were as wide as two-bushel sacks.

"Well, I'll be darned!" was all he said.

Dreamily he sauntered out again to the wheat-field, and John halted him.

"Father, if you ain't going to help cut the wheat suppose you yoke the oxen and go up to the woods and draw a draft or two of logs for wood!"

Blewitt was composed, but he said: "I had intended to burn coal in the sitting-room and parlor, and not cut much wood."

"Coal, coal!" said John, angrily; "now, see here, father, I don't want any more of this foolish talk. I am going to get a doctor."

Blewitt began to think he needed one himself. Here his boys had never heard of a reaper or a threshing machine or cars. He felt of his full-cloth pants and groaned. On the lounge at the house he laid himself down and tried to calmly think things over. When the doctor came he called for a pail and bared Blewitt's arm. He took out his lance, and then Blewitt groaned again.

"I must take a gallon of blood," said the doctor, "and then he will calm down and be all right."

"Don't you know bleedin' was played out fifty years ago?" said Blewitt.

"How he wanders," said the doctor, and plunged in his lance. Blewitt fainted. When he came to himself he heard one of the girls talking about an artist down in the village who took profile pictures with a spindle as natural as life.

"What do you want of such blamed pictures as that?" said Blewitt from the lounge. "Why don't you go down to Takem's at Albany and git photographs?"

"Photographs!" said the whole family. "What funny names he gets off in his crazy fancy."

Blewitt was too weak to argue, and he seemed to be somewhat out of sympathy or knowledge with all mankind, so he just lay still and watched the girls get supper. He noticed the fire-board was down and a fire was built in the fire-place. A kettle was on the hearth and was covered with live coals. Soon he saw the girls take out of the kettle some nice biscuits and he said weakly, "Why don't you use the cook-stove?"

"Poor pa," said Angelina, "how he wanders. Cook-stove! Wonder what he means?"

Blewitt closed his eyes and thought. Bayley, his new neighbor, was a man he could trust—that is, in anything but money matters. He knew Bayley was badly in debt, but he was a good fellow. He would send for him: so he called his wife and told her to send over for him.

"Why, you know," said Mrs. Blewitt, "Bayley has been in jail for debt for the last ten years."

"In—jail—for—debt," said Blewitt; "here we are again. I have been transplanted. I give up; but say, here is 2 cents. You send a letter down to brother John and he will be up here in a day or two."

"Why, husband, the mail only goes once a week, and then he will be three days coming up on the stage, and, furthermore, it will cost a shilling—12 cents—to send a letter to Albany."

"Say," said Blewitt, "just bury me, will you? I don't belong to this century. Stage coaches! Twelve cents postage! Telegraph him, then!"

"There goes another new word," said his wife in a solemn voice, and she wetted a cloth and laid it on his forehead, as she repeated to herself: "'Telegraph,' what a funny word!"

Blewitt was in despair. Could it be that all the common things of life were to him a dream? Had he ever ridden on the cars? Did he ever own a mowing machine? Was there ever a telegraph pole in front of his house? He turned his eye and looked out. He only saw the tall post and long pole of the well-sweep. Along the other side of the road ran a dense forest. He was willing to swear that he had once owned a nice meadow where that wood was. Backed up against the log fence was an ox-cart with a heap as large as a young liberty pole. Down cellar he could hear the banging of an old-fashioned churn. He looked up the road to the east and saw the road was full of great hemlock and pine stumps, and over it the doctor was coming on horseback, with saddle-bags before him.

Blewitt was a man of determination, and he arose from the lounge and went to the door to consult with his wife.

"Marie," said he, "there has been enough of this foolishness. You stare at everything I talk about, and I can't locate myself, or seem to fay in my surroundings. Now, will you just answer me one question?"

"Certainly I will if I understand it," said she.

"Well, then, who is president of these 'ere United States?"

"Why, John Adams, of course," she said.

Blewitt sank down and whispered: "Then you never heard of Cleveland swingin' round the circle?"

"No, never," she answered.

"Then, all right. Shoot me or put me in a bag and lay me away in the garret. I have got through," said Blewitt, and he went back to the lounge and fell asleep.

When he awoke it was Sunday morning, and the whole family were stirring around getting ready for meeting. His wife, of whom he was somewhat proud, had put on a dress with a waist about nine inches long and a skirt so tight she could hardly walk, and on her head such a bonnet! It made Blewitt hold his breath, but he had got through talking. The boys had on suits of full-cloth, and shirt-collars seven inches wide. Blewitt smiled but said nothing. At last Mrs. Blewitt came to him and asked him if he was going to church.

"Certainly, certainly," said he, "anything to accomodate. Tell one of the boys to hitch a horse on to the top carriage."

"Top carriage? There you go again."

"Well, then," roared Blewitt, "hitch on to the stone boat, hitch on to the ox-cart, hitch on to anything. Have it your own way."

"Why, we will go on horseback—you on the saddle, I on the pillion behind," said the wife.

"All right," said Blewitt, and away they went.

Blewitt made some adverse remarks about the singing in church, which was led by a deacon with a fiddle. The sermon was too long, too. It lasted two hours. On his way home from church his wife appeared to be in fear of something and urged him to hurry up. He asked her what ailed her, and she told him, in a trembling voice, that his queer talk had made the minister think him bewitched, and she feared he would be burned or drowned.

"What kind of a country is this, anyhow?" asked Blewitt.

Then Mrs. Blewitt reminded him that in New England several had thus died, and that everybody believed in it, and the church was death on witchcraft.

"Then I guess we better light out from here," said Blewitt, as he clapped spurs to his horse.

Away they went, rattle-te-bang, over stumps and logs and stones, and there was a rattle and roar behind, and he knew they were after him. They came to a log bridge over a brook, and they struck it so hard that down it went, Blewitt and horse and wife, and with a yell of despair he awoke—yes, awoke, for the chair had tipped too far back and he was in a heap on the floor, with his head in a pan of apples and his feet in Mrs. Blewitt's waste-basket. He heard the rattling yet, and he looked out of the window to discover its source, and saw that the boys had started the reaper in the field of wheat. One of the girls had just driven into the yard with the top carriage, and was just taking out his daily mail, and had offered him a telegraph dispatch about his hops. His wife was putting in a tenor to the racket with a sewing machine in the front room, and the hired girl was blackening the cooking range.

With a pleased smile Blewitt sauntered out to the wheat field, and as the reaper stopped, he said: "Darn the good old times! These 'ere times is good enough for me."

"What's that, father?" said John. "I thought you was in favor of the real, honest, reliable, good old-fashioned times of a hundred years ago?"

"Never you mind, John," said the smiling father. "You can go down buy that Thompson colt you've been wantin', and let Charley have your side bar buggy; and—say, if the wheat ain't takin' no hurt, you may go down to Barnum's circus to-morrow and cut the wheat next day."

He looked down at his diagonal pants and white Marseilles vest and muttered as he went to the house: "Darn the good old times! These 'ere times will dew fur me!"—*Prof. Gouge, in Albany Journal.*

Made Her Majesty Gasp.

Porter Rhodes, who discovered the biggest diamond ever found at the cape, believes quite as firmly in his jewel as the queen does in hers. It weighs 150 carats and is perfectly clear, having "lights like white satin through it." Out at the cape Mr. Rhodes placed it on exhibition and charged $5 admission fee, clearing a handsome sum for one of the hospitals. When he came home to England the other day the queen heard of him and expressed a desire to see his diamond. The professor, not being accustomed to the etiquette of the courts, he was carefully warned against contradicting her majesty, who is somewhat impatient of such things, and was bade to make no comparisons. He got on very well until the queen, having examined it with considerable interest, laid it down with the remark that it was handsome, but not so large as her Koh-i-noor.

"Koh-i-noor!" cried the indignant diamond digger contemptuously, wrought out of remembrance of warnings, "why, the old thing can't touch mine. It's a deal bigger than yours, and I wouldn't give this diamond for two of your Koh-i-noors." The queen fairly gasped with amazement at his audacity, and had him peremptorily bundled out with his impertinent jewel.—*New York World.*

Anecdote of Lafayette.

When Lafayette was last in this country, receiving ovations wherever he went, he was entertained nowhere with more ardent devotion than in New Orleans. He was formally received in the Old Spanish building situated on Place d'Armes (now Jackson Square), north of the cathedral. He was very affable, and particularly agreeable to young men. Illustrative of his happy faculty of making himself popular by being, in a social way, "all things to all men," the following may be pertinent: Two young creole gentlemen were successively introduced to him.

"Are you married?" asked the Marquis of the first.

"I am, General," was the reply.

"Happy man! happy man!" said Lafayette, warmly pressing the youthful Benedict's hand.

The second made negative answer to the same question.

"Lucky dog! lucky dog!" said Lafayette, patting the bachelor on the back.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Struck Out.

"Well, Mr. Billdraft," said the president of the bank to the cashier this morning, "I am sorry to say you haven't been attending to your duties for the past few weeks, and——"

"But I've only been off part of the afternoon on several occasions, sir," pleaded the cashier.

"Tush," said the president absent-mindedly, "who cares far hoodlum games? I think you're playing for your release, and you'll get it."

Chorus of Clerks—"Ho! ho! ho!"—*Indianapolis News.*

In the grand court of the Kemlin at Moscow, there is about to be erected a monument in memory of the late Czar which will cost $650,000.

The Roman Emperors at Capri.

Augustus Cæsar built a villa at Capri, to which he occasionally retired when weary of the cares of the empire. But the name of all others which is most intimately connected with Capri is that of the infamous Tiberius. So deep an impress has the tyrant left upon the island that after the lapse of eighteen centuries his name is still familiar to the inhabitants, who even call their children after him. The word, however, is usually corrupted into Timberio. Tiberius built twelve palaces on various parts of the island. These he named after the twelve particular divinities whose favor he most desired. Suetonius gives us a wonderful account of the splendors of these edifices, their marble walls and columns, and the feasts and orgies that they saw. Mangoni has given the larger part of a volume to the scenes enacted upon the island during the tyrant's long sojourn; but many of the chapters are filled with stories either too disgusting or too terrible to read.

After the death of Tiberius the Senate ordered his palaces to be destroyed, and this accounts for the ruined condition of edifices that might have excelled in stability and grandeur any of the ancient palaces which still stand upon the neighboring main-land. Of each of the villas, as they are called, traces still remain; but the ruins which are most worthy of a visit are those of the great Villa of Jove, located on the eastern extremity of the island, and on a height which commands a view of the main-land, of the island itself and of the beautiful bay for miles about. Of the extensive edifice wherein Tiberius held his famous orgies, and where he held the tribunals which nearly always ended in the condemnation of his victims, little remains now save a number of vaulted chambers, the use of which can only be guessed at. Some of them have been converted into cow stables, and patient kine find themselves sheltered in halls where an emperor once dwelt. On the highest point of the mountain is a little chapel called Santa Maria del Soccorso, and here an old hermit invites the visitor to inscribe his name upon the register, while a printed sign in French, English, and German requests him to leave a small sum for the benefit of this guardian of the height. From the chapel it is but a moment's walk to what is called the Salto of Tiberius. This is a point near an ancient beacon-light, where according to tradition, the tyrant had the victims who had been condemned to death thrown down upon the rocks below, whence their mangled bodies were dragged into the sea by soldiers armed with iron picks. It was this beacon-light that gave the augury of the death of Tiberius. During his illness a portion of the tower fell, and seers foretold the death of the Emperor of Rome.—*Mary E. Vandyne, in Harper's Magazine.*

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