

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1886

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Thought They Had Found a Gold Mine.

Professor McAllister, the prestidigitator and ventriloquist, happened to be traveling across lower Idaho some years ago, on his way from one town to another, says the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. It was in the days of early stage-coaching, before railroads were quite so plentiful as at the present time. The professor, one afternoon before the show commenced, in wandering about the streets of a town, was met by a small band of Indians. Two or three companions were with him. While chatting together, looking about, and observing things generally, McAllister became quite familiar with a mongrel dog owned by the redskins, whom he proceeded to pet nonchalantly.

"Fine dog," said the professor. "Ugh!" grunted the buck. "How much you sell him for?" asked the magician. "Ugh!" replied the buck, holding up a pair of dirty fingers to indicate the amount.

"Him very fine dog," said the professor, stroking the cur's back and taking a gold-piece from his nose.

"Hi, hi!" exclaimed the redskin, looking on in astonishment, his eyes ready to start from his head in excitement.

"Him very fine dog, indeed," quietly continued the professor, this time taking a whole handful of coin from the dog's nose, and putting it in his pocket, which he transferred to his pockets. Strange noises were heard proceeding from the interior of the brute. He groaned and laughed and howled and barked, at all of which the poor deluded redskins stood in the utmost awe and astonishment, and could not for the life of the sun and moon had come over the scene. The professor was surprised, the redskins were surprised, the dog was surprised, and the professor was surprised. The professor was surprised, the redskins were surprised, the dog was surprised, and the professor was surprised.

Cows in Finland.

To anyone who could be satisfied with an unvarying diet of fish and black bread, accompanied by a few cream and butter that can be found anywhere, it would be easy to satisfy his wants in any part of the country. How the cream and butter come to be so good is a mystery to me, for assuredly the Finnish cows are the worst and most scantily fed of their kind. What cow that respected herself would be satisfied with hay soup in which the water formed so unfair a proportion to the hay? The most meager-looking hay, mixed with the dry branches of alder, simmers in a huge iron pot, and one sees the poor beasts dipping their noses into the unsavory broth and fishing out its sordid contents with the evident relish of hunger. It was complained to me by a resident in the country that cows could not be induced to look upon sawdust as the staple of their food. How far he had seriously made the trial I do not know, but should he ever succeed, there will be a rich prospect for Finland in dairy farming.—*Murray's Magazine*.

A Gallant Pickpocket.

A New York Fifth avenue belle went to the theatre, says *Texas Siftings*. On returning home after the performance she discovered that her breastpin, which was quite valuable, had been stolen. She was very sorry for the breastpin was a present. A few days after the young lady received the following letter:

The writer of these lines has the honor to inform you that he knows where your breastpin is, and will return it cheerfully under certain conditions. I do not expect to receive a reward in money, since I regard it as exceedingly vulgar to receive money from a lady whom I idolize as much as I do you. On the other hand, it would be very stupid in me to return you your breastpin without getting some equivalent. Taking into consideration my consuming love for you, I'll return the ornament for a single kiss from your rosy lips.

Tomorrow morning I will be at the corner of Madison avenue and Fifty-sixth street with the missing jewelry. If you are willing to pay me my price I will, after pressing a kiss on the forehead, press the breastpin in your hands. No questions asked. (Signed) A LADY OF LONDON.

The young lady did not know what to do. She wanted to get her breastpin back, but she did not care to pay the price. She hit upon the idea of sending her servant girl in her place. The servant girl put in an appearance at the appointed hour and place. She was heavily veiled. A well-dressed gentleman approached and asked:

"Do you accept the terms?" "I do." The stranger familiarly embraced her on the European plan, and simultaneously imprinted a large three-lip-seven kiss on her mouth, that caused a policeman on the next corner to start. He thought it was a pistol shot.

"Here is what I promised," he remarked, after the formality had been complied with, "but," he added, "you will find it like the kiss, not quite what it was represented to be, as you are only the servant and not the mistress," handing her something wrapped in paper.

After he had retired, which he did immediately, the servant examined the paper and found that it only contained a small piece of wood.

The Captain's Revenge.

The history of California and the West in the days of the gold fever of '49 can never be seriously portrayed, as an element of humor, more or less grim, entered into the plans and operations of the pioneers. The situations at times were such that although undertaken in all good faith and sober earnestness, the outcome was so ridiculous that a plain historical statement of the facts in the case would fall flat. The pioneers of those days afford a delightful contrast to the lugubrious "funny man" of to-day, who is proverbially of sad and solemn aspect, whereas the frontiersmen would joke in the very face of death. The following story, which is vouched for as being true, illustrates the politics of those days very well.

When Portland, Oregon, boasted of only a single main street, the little stores were built with great glass show-windows, which extended from the top of the one-story building to the bottom, so that all that was going on inside could be clearly seen from the street. It happened that on a certain day an election was held in the town. A sea-captain whose vessel had just come up from San Francisco stepped into one of the polling places, and with true American independence declared that he would vote. His Whig principles, however, were not in favor with the Democrats, who held the fort, and the result was that objections were raised to his asserting his right to vote, and the captain was finally conveyed to the door, very much against his will. The hardy sailor, a tall, well-built man, considered the advisability of "clearing the place out," but the counsels of a friend prevailed, and the captain walked back to his vessel, where, after sundry potions he fell asleep. Early in the evening he awoke, and announced that he was going up into the town again. His faithful friend accompanied him to restrain any undue exhibition of animal spirits which might be the result of excessive use of another kind of spirits, and together they walked up the street. As they proceeded on their way the pair came upon a store where, within at a long table, sat the victors in the recent contest, feasting. The captain watched them for a minute, and as he gazed his teeth began to rub together—a sure sign that his anger was rising. A small pig sauntered leisurely down the street, picking up a precarious living from the gutter, and passed the captain. Suddenly the sailor stooped, and before his swiftness could utter a squeal, a great heavy fist closed over his snout, and another hand was under his haunches. One-two—three! (the porker, weighing fully ninety or a hundred pounds, swung to and fro like a pendulum)—four—crash! and the pig, uttering the most frightful noises, broke through the glass, landed in the center of the table, and cavorted down the board, sweeping the dishes before him like a whirlwind. "There!" exclaimed the captain in a relieved voice—"there, you're the kind of company you ought to keep!"—*Harper's Magazine*.

Curiosities of New York Life.

Here are some of the curiosities of life in New York: When a safe is being hoisted in Broadway the sidewalk is always littered with blocks, beams, and ropes, and a singularly ingenious trip-up is made by patting a dangerous sign, with long flat legs and a hinged sign-board, down on the flagging. Everybody, almost without exception, looks up at the safe dangling overhead, so as to be ready for a flying leap when it breaks its rope. In consequence all fall over the things under foot.

It is a rule with the new race of Italian boot-blacks to wet their thumbs and rub the waste blacking off the kid uppers of a gentleman's shoes, and then to roll down the customer's trouser legs with the fresh blacking still on the bootblack's fingers. No bootblack ever yet rolled the bottoms of a man's trousers down first, and rubbed the blacking off afterward.

A fire in New York is always twenty blocks further away than it appears to be, and no one has yet acknowledged being near a fire when it broke out. There are more men peddling shoe strings on the busy streets than the number who peddle other wares all put together, yet it appears that the person does not live who ever bought shoe strings of these peddlers or who ever saw a peddler sell a pair.

A Chinese "She."

From an advertisement in the North China Herald, describing how the receipt for the "Fairy Life Pills" was obtained, it would appear that Rider Haggard's "She" once lived in China. "Ch'e-ta-jen was journeying on the Ching-ch'eng highway when he saw a woman passing southward over the mountain-tops and through flying. Her age was about 30, and in her hand was a stick, and she pursuing an old fellow of a hundred years. 'Ch'ta-jen asked the woman, 'Why do you beat that old man?' She answered, 'He is my grandson, for I am 500 years old, and he 111. He will not purify himself or take his medicine, so I am beating him. The traveler alighted from his horse, knelt down and did obeisance to her, saying, 'Give me, I pray, this drug that I may hand it down to posterity for the salvation of mankind.' Hence its name. It will cure all affections of the seven emotions, constitutional debility, feebleness in moving about, dimness of vision, rheumatic pains in the loins and knees, and cramp in the feet."

The pride of Kingman County, Kansas, is a bull that weighs 4,250 pounds.

THE MYSTERIOUS PICKET.

He Counted Nine, Was One Short, But Filled Up With a Dagger.

As the sun went down and darkness began to creep over the face of the earth, the angry artillery died away and the crackle of musketry was less plentiful. For a while the fighting on the extreme right hung on to settle the question of who should occupy the old earth-works, but at length dead silence fell upon the whole field.

Silence? No! It was silence compared to the awful roar of the sub-machine gun, but it was silence broken by the screams and groans and prayers of wounded men—by the movements of wagons and artillery—by the subdued voices of 75,000 men as they camped for the night without fire and anxiously debated the chances for the morrow.

The sergeant marches off to the left at the head of half a dozen men. He drops a man at "Post No. 1" and gives him whispered instruction. It is the same at posts 2, 3, 4, etc., until the last man has been stationed.

There must be vigilant, wakeful men between friends and foe while the long night wears away. "Post No. 6" is under a great beech tree. Shit and shell have scarred and riven its trunk, and shot and shell have scattered and riven its thick limbs. A quarter of a century hence this tree will bear witness to the terrible struggle of today.

"From this tree to the edge of that thicket, and the countersign is 'Justice,'" whispered the sergeant, and as he passes on the picket takes up his beat. He counts as he passes them by, "one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine! Corpses? They are lying on the grass so near the path he travels that he can touch any of them with his foot. There are others to the right and left, further away. It was here that the enemy charged a battery—here our forces rallied to preserve it. Grape-shot and canister, bullet and bayonet, found victims here. Some lay as if asleep, worn out with the tremendous conflict—others mangled and mangled and mangled before death released them from their sufferings.

The picket counts them as he walks, and a sigh escapes his lips. Tomorrow night some sentinel may number his mutilated corpse with others on the same meadow. Tomorrow night the autumn winds may vainly seek to rouse him from his death.

From tree to thicket and turn. From thicket and turn. He counts as he walks, and a sigh escapes his lips. Tomorrow night some sentinel may number his mutilated corpse with others on the same meadow. Tomorrow night the autumn winds may vainly seek to rouse him from his death. The picket counts them as he walks, and a sigh escapes his lips. Tomorrow night some sentinel may number his mutilated corpse with others on the same meadow. Tomorrow night the autumn winds may vainly seek to rouse him from his death.

Through the gaps the spies will pour in and skulk about the camp; a regiment will be silently advanced to the key position; the ghoul will scold and creep up to rob the dead. The picket had counted: "Seven—eight—nine!"

There is no missing corpse. The number has been made good!—*Detroit Free Press*.

Some Famous Trees.

Sometrees that are connected with important historical events in American history, but are not as well known as the Boston and Cambridge elms, the famous Appomattox apple tree, etc. The oak tree of Fishing Long Island, under which George Fox preached.

The lofty cypress tree in the Dismal Swamp, under which Washington rested one night in his young manhood.

The huge French apple tree near Fort Wayne, Ind., where Little Turtle, the great Miami chief, gathered his warriors.

The pine tree at Fort Edward, N. Y., under which Jane McCrea was slain. The black walnut tree near Haverstraw on the Hudson, at which General Wayne mustered his forces at midnight, preparatory to his successful attack on Stony Point.

The magnolia tree near Charleston, S. C., under which General Lincoln held a council of war previous to surrendering the city.

The pear trees planted, respectively, by Governor Endicott of Massachusetts and Governor Stuyvesant of New York, more than two hundred years ago.

The Cary tree, a large and beautiful sycamore, planted in 1832 on the homestead of the Cary sisters.

Paying for the Colt.

About seventeen years ago a farmer named Gleason, living northeast of Independence, one morning found one of his colts dead, and there was certain evidence that it had been killed by some one. The young man supposed to have killed the colt left the country about that time, and very little was heard from him until last fall, when it was learned that he had been converted and had joined the church. A short time ago the young man returned to Buchanan county for a visit. While there he went to Mr. Gleason's farm, and meeting that person, said:

"I believe you lost a colt several years ago." "I did," was the reply. "How much was it worth?" "Will this pay for it?" "About \$80." "Will this pay for it?" "Yes," said Mr. Gleason, handing back \$20. The other person took the \$20 and departed, starting for Nebraska that day. This is the kind of religion that is needed.—*Independence (Iowa) Journal*.

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