

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

LITTLE FEET.

Patter, patter, little feet,
Making melody so sweet;
Made we love to hear,
Charming to the listening ear;
Never weary in the light,
Fretless in the eyes of night,
Headless little feet at play,
Patter, patter all the day.

Patter, patter, little feet,
Chattering like birds so neat,
For the fragrant lawns and law,
Busy as the tolling bell;
Dancing where the sunbeams fall,
Running where the breezes call;
Happy, sportive at your play,
Patter, patter all the day.

Patter, patter, little feet,
Along the roses blooming sweet,
Where the robins sing and leap,
And the precious children play;
Summer skies above the glow
Bright as baby's eyes below,
Winsome little feet that stray,
Patter, patter all the day.

Patter, patter, little feet,
Straying where the brooklets meet,
Flitting o'er the meadows fair,
Seeking pleasure everywhere;
Fondly answering love's sweet call,
Bringing bliss and life to all,
Precious little feet at play,
Patter, patter all the day.

—Frederic D. C. Miller in New York Weekly.

TWICE TEN YEARS.

I remember it as well as if it were yesterday. The carriage stood at the door that was to take me back to school for the spring term. My mother gave me innumerable instructions, smoothed my collar and adjusted my cap on my head properly; then gave me a kiss and stood looking wistfully at me as I went down the walk and got into the carriage.

A month or two later—it was in June, I think—after a hard struggle one afternoon with some figures, all about a ship and a cargo and the profits and all that, I went out to join the boys. When I reached the play ground they were gone, and there was nothing for me to do but amuse myself as best I could. I strolled around the house with my hands in my pockets (which my mother had told me distinctly I must not do), and suddenly remembering her instructions took them out again; then, for want of better amusement, I began to whistle.

Next to the school there was a pretty cottage separated from the school house by a board fence. The two houses were not 100 feet apart, and I could look right through under the trees, and there on the croquet ground stood a girl, a trifle younger than myself, looking straight at me.

Now, when a boy suddenly finds himself observed by a girl he feels very queer. I remember that very well. My hands went right into my pockets, but remembering that was not the correct thing to do in the presence of a girl I took them directly out again. Then I concluded that it would be a good way to show how little I was embarrassed by turning twice around on my heel, a movement on which I greatly prided myself. After that I don't remember how it was so long ago—what new capers I cut. But one thing is very certain. I was soon hunting for something I pretended to have lost in the grass beside the fence.

"If it's your knife you've lost," I heard a little voice say, "it isn't there. I picked up a knife there a week ago, but it was all rusty and no good."

"Oh, never mind," I said, looking up into two eyes away back in an ambonnet, "it wasn't much of a knife anyway, and I've got another."

"Are you one of the boys at the school?"

"Yes."

"What reader are you in?"

"The Fourth."

"Do you study geography?"

"Yes."

"What's the capital of the United States?"

I scratched my head.

"I don't remember that," I admitted reluctantly. "I'm first rate on capitals, but I can't recollect that one."

"Why didn't you go off with the boys?"

"I was behind with my sums. I expect they've gone to the river. I like the woods pretty well, they're full of squirrels."

"And snakes," she added.

"I'm not afraid of snakes."

"And lizards."

"Nor lizards. I suppose you're afraid to go there."

"No, I'm not."

"If you want to go there now, and are afraid, I don't mind going along, just to keep off snakes and things."

She looked wistfully out at the wood. I can see her now leaning on her mallet, deliberating—if such a process can be called deliberation—where the conclusion is predetermined—the straight, little figure poised between the mallet and one foot, one little leg crossed on the other—peering out at the forest. Suddenly, without any warning, she dropped the mallet and started for the wood.

We were not long in crossing the field and were walking in the dense shade when she stopped, and looking at me with her expressive eyes said:

"How still it is in the woods! It seems to me I can almost hear it be still."

"Yes, it is pretty solemn," I replied.

"Let's go on; the river winds around down there and we can see the water go over the dam."

I heard a distant voice calling "Julia." It was very faint; she did not hear it; I in a moment's hesitating.

"Come, let's go," I said, starting forward.

"Julia," I heard again, more faintly than before.

I hurried her on, fearing she would hear the voice and turn back.

Presently we emerged from the wood and, looking at the river, was familiar with the ground, and led my little friend directly to the dam.

"Most of the boys are afraid to walk out on that dam," I said.

"I'd be afraid."

"But you're only a girl; a boy oughtn't to be afraid." With that I started boldly out, occasionally standing on one foot and performing a sassy antics to show what a brave boy I was. Then I

came part way back and called to her to come.

"Oh, no," she said; "I'm afraid."

"Afraid! You little goose! with me to hold on to!"

Between her fear and a disposition pliable to a boy older and stronger than herself, it was not long before I was leading her out on the dam.

"Don't you see it's nothing?" I said.

She shrank back as I led her along. I determined that she should go to a point where the water poured over a portion of the dam lower than the rest. I turned my back to step up on the post. It was but a moment. I heard a cry, and saw Julia in the flood. The expression that was in her eyes is to this day stamped clearly on my memory—an expression of mingled reproach and forgiveness.

I could scarcely swim a dozen strokes, but not a second had elapsed before I was in the flood.

I swam and struggled and buffeted to reach her; all in vain. An eddy whirled me in a different direction. My strength was soon exhausted. I was borne down the river, sinking and rising, till I came to a place where I caught a glimpse as I came to the surface of a man punning along some plank extending into the river and raised above the water on posts. My feet became entangled in weeds. I sank. I heard a great roaring in my ears, then oblivion.

When I came to I was lying on my back. I remember the first thing I saw was a light cloud sailing over the clear blue. There was an air of quiet and peace in it that contrasted with my own sensations. Then I saw a man on his knees beside something he was rubbing. I turned my head aside and saw it was a little figure—a girl, Julia. She was cold and stark.

My agony was far greater than when I had plunged after her into the stream. Then I hoped and believed that if she were drowned I would be also. Now I saw her beside me lifeless, and I lived.

Then some men came, and the man who was rubbing Julia said to them, "Take care of the boy; the girl is too far gone." They took me up and carried me away and laid me for awhile on a bed in a strange house. Then I was driven to the school.

The next day my father came and took me home. I was ill after that, too ill to ask about Julia, but when I recovered what a load was taken from my mind to know that by dint of rubbing and rolling and a stimulant she had been brought to and had recovered. I also learned that the man who cared for her had seen Julia fall and had rescued her. When I saw him running along the planks it was to his boat chained to the shore.

That summer my father removed with his family to the Pacific coast. He was obliged to wait some time for my recovery, but at last I was able to travel, and left without again seeing the little girl whom I had led into danger. I only heard that I had been blamed by every one.

Ten years passed, during which I was constantly haunted by one idea; that was to go back to New England, find Julia and implore her forgiveness. The years that I must be a boy and dependent seemed interminable. At last I came of age and received a small fortune that had fallen to me, and as soon as the papers in the case were duly signed and sealed I started east.

It was just about the same time of the year and the same hour of the afternoon as when I first saw Julia that I walked into the old school grounds. I had fully intended to go in next door and call for her, but my courage failed me. I had heard nothing of her for years. Was she dead? Was she living? Was she in her old home, or far away? These thoughts chased each other through my mind and I dreaded to know.

I was standing at the school entrance with my hand on the bell when I heard a door in the next house open and then shut. From that moment I could feel that Julia was near me. She came out of the house a slender, graceful girl of nineteen, and picking up a croquet mallet commenced to knock the balls about. I wanted to make myself known, but dreaded the horror with which she would regard me when she should know who I was.

"I beg pardon," I said, raising my hat, "can you tell me if the school is still there?" pointing to the house.

"It was moved some years ago," she replied, regarding me with the old honest gaze.

"I was one of the scholars."

"Indeed!" She spoke without any further encouragement for me to go on.

"I see the wood has not been cut away," I added, glancing toward it.

"No, it does not seem to be."

"Where you ever there?"

"Oh, yes, often."

"As is that old dam still across the river?"

"I believe it is."

"Were you ever on the dam?"

She looked at me curiously. I went on without waiting for a reply:

"Would you mind showing me the way to it? It is a long while since I was there."

She drew herself up with a slight hauteur. Then thinking that perhaps I was unaccustomed to the conventional ways of civilized life, she said pleasantly:

"You have only to walk through the wood straight back of the house and you will come to it."

"Thank you," I replied, "but I hoped you would show me the way."

She looked puzzled.

"Miss Julia," I said, altering my tone, "I once met you when I was a boy here at school."

"I knew a number of the scholars," she said, more interested; "who may you be?"

I dreaded to tell her. "If you will permit me to the dam," I said, "I will inform you."

She thought a moment, then turned and looked out at the wood. With the quick motion with which she had made the same move as a child she started forward.

We walked side by side to the wood,

through it and out on the river bank. There was the water and the dam; everything as it had been.

"Did you ever try to walk out there?" I asked.

"Once when I was a child, I came here with a boy, and we walked to where the water pours over. I met with an accident. I fell in."

"The boy overpowered you, I suppose?"

"It was difficult for me to conceal a certain trepidation at the mention of my fault."

"No, I went of my own accord."

"He certainly must have been to blame. He was older and stronger than you."

"On the contrary," she said, with a slight rising irritation, "he jumped after me like the noble little fellow that he was."

I turned away on pretense of examining a boat down the river.

"At any rate he must have begged your forgiveness on his bended knees for permitting you to go into such a danger."

"I never saw him again. He went away."

I fancied—at least I hoped—I could detect a tinge of sadness in her voice.

"I have often wished," she went on, "that he would come back, as the other scholars sometimes do, as you are now, and let me tell him how much I thank him for his noble effort."

"Julia," I said, suddenly turning and facing her, "this is too much. I am that boy. I led you into the wood. I forced you to go out on the dam with me. I permitted you to fall in."

"And more than stoned for all by risking your life to save me!"

Ah, that look of surprised delight which accompanied her words! It was worth all my past years of suffering, of fancied blame; for in it I read how dearly she held the memory of the boy who had at least shared the danger for which he was responsible.

I do not remember if she grasped my hand or I grasped hers. At any rate we stood hand in hand looking into each other's faces.

I blessed the Providence that ended my punishment; I blessed the good fortune that had led me to a knowledge of the kindly heart beside me. Of all the moments of my life I still count it far the happiest.

Then we walked back through the woods, over the intervening field, and stood together leaning against the fence between the old school and her home.

We did not part after that for another ten years. Then she left me to go whence I can never recall her. Yet there is a trying place in the woods, through which we once passed as children, and often afterward as lovers. There I watch the flicked sunlight and the dark shadow, and it seems to me that I can "hear it be still." More than that, I know the pure soul looks at me through the honest eyes.—F. A. Mitchell.

CADDO MILLS, Texas, June 5, 1891.—From my own personal knowledge I can recommend Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for cramps in the stomach, diarrhoea and flux. It is the best medicine I have ever seen used and the best selling as it always gives satisfaction.—K. SHERILL, Twenty-five and 50 cent bottles for sale by T. GRAHAM.

His Rage Saved His Life.
A story is related of the celebrated grammarian, Urbain Domergue, who had an abscess on his throat, which broke in a fit of passion with which he fell on his physician for committing a solecism in grammar.—American Notes and Queries.

At the Cemetery.
She—Dear, what do you think of all the stuff that is carved on tombstones?
He—I think it is all epitaphy.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Mrs. Burton Harrison, author of The Angelomaniacs, has written for The Ladies' Home Journal two lengthy and what are said to be the most thorough articles on "Social Life in New York" ever written. Mrs. Harrison treats Gotham society and the people in it from every point of view. The first of the articles is to appear in the December Journal.

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Enterprising Advertising.
A firm on Fourth street, in the busiest shopping neighborhood, has introduced a novel advertisement. A painted theatrical ocean is constructed on the roof of one house, while the roof of the adjoining building, being a little higher, serves as the shore. On this shore a man attired as the lone fisherman sits and industriously goes through the pantomime of fishing. Now and then he works the lines of a miniature sailboat, causing the latter to skim the mimic sea. All of this attracts the attention of thousands of people on the opposite walk. For fear, however, that some might go by without seeing it, a hired confederate of the lone fisherman saunters along the walk and gasses upward. It is human nature to stop and look at anything anybody else is looking at. Result, crowds of curious gazers.—New York Herald.

A Complacencies Oysterman.
Tourist—I have always understood that oysters are not good in months without an r.
Oysterman—Well, most generally they ain't.
Tourist—When do you begin gathering them?
Oysterman—In Orgrust.—Good News.

Shocking.
A prominent New York theatrical man, who is quite homely but very conceited, went into a photograph gallery to get some photographs he had had taken. The photographer produced them, and the man declared them elegant. Said he: "It is an excellent picture. It is me all over. It is life itself."
"That is so," responded the candid artist, with a dismal expression of countenance, "they are so lifelike that I can't afford to put one of them in the show window, as I intended to. I can't afford to shock the public that way."—Texas Siftings.

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