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NEW. **A Lost Line.**
 "It may have been unprofes

conduct," said the civil engineer, I acted on the spur of the moment. I hardly think that there was any done. I was out in the country on an important piece of business as I was about to leave for the to catch a train for the city two farmers came to me with a line dispute that they wanted me to for them. I had barely time to my train, and I told them that I d care to bother with it. It was a matter of six inches or so that w dispute, and I advised them to s up between them. But they w

declared that if I didn't find the
for them he wouldn't let his son
me to the station as he had pro-
As I had no other way of reaching
depot I unpacked my instruments
a sigh and a mental resolve to en-
thing as soon as possible.

"Wul," drawled both of the old
as I took my eye away from the li-
ment, "what's the line?"

"Gone," said I solemnly.

"What?" they both shouted.

"You can see for yourselves, ge-
men," said I, making way for them.

"By gosh, I can't see it!" said de-

"I'll be darned if I kin either," the other one as he, too, squinted through the glass.

"It seems to have disappeared," tiemen," said I. "Such cases are extremely rare, but they are known to happen."

"When I left, they were each other of having stolen the ill," Detroit Free Press.

The Bontman's Turn.

A boatman in the north of England, having been engaged to row a revolutionist across a rough part of the

he was very much annoyed at the manner in which he was addressed by the clergy; and the conversation commencing thus—

Clergyman—My dear man, have you ever studied "geology?"

Boatman—No, sir: Aa bevn't.

Clergyman—Well, my friend, it is a part of a life lost, but you will probably know a little "theology?"

Boatman (turning quite irritated)—No; Aa knaw nowt about that either.

Clergyman—Well, that's another part of a life lost, my man.

Nothing more was said, as the boatman was turning very boisterous and

The boatman, being an expert swimmer, took the situation quite calmly while his companion, who knew nothing of the art of swimming, was galling for life. The boatman, who was making good progress toward the shore, accosted the clergyman with the following:

"Aa say, mister, do ye know 'twimology?"

"No, my aban; I don't."

"Wey, what a pity," said the man; "there's a whole life k..."

Mistaken For Shafts.
A story is told of a pair of feet must have been objects of great interest in their day.

One day a party of men, including Jackson, the man of big feet, were preparing to attend a political meeting. It was soon discovered that there was no way of conveying Jackson, who was lame, to the meeting, so the vehicles were full.

"Let me ride that horse over there," Jackson said.

"There isn't a man in the world who can ride that animal. He'll throw you."

"I'll try him, anyway." And the mined man instructed several men to catch and hold the horse.

The animal plunged and kicked, finally Jackson secured a seat in saddle.

Every one expected to see him led to the ground, but the horse leaped, saw the man's feet and went peacefully away. He thought but between a pair of shafts.—L. Standard.

His Birthday.

Although "unfavored" in the cross examination, on one occasion Lord Russell was distinctly beaten a witness.

"What is your age?" he asked.

"Is it my age you are asking?" replied the witness.

"Yes, sir. Now speak up and act."

"And be exact! Well, of all the things the court does not desire to hear any comments of yours. Tell the truth, your age."

"Well," said the man, "I celebrate my twelfth birthday last week."

"Don't twelfth with the court."

member you are on oath." "It's quite true. I was born on 29, in leap year, and my birthday comes once in four years."

Where the Danger Was.
A little beyond a certain Scotch luge the main road has a marked divelity, and this added to a sharp at the bottom decided the authorities erect a danger board. The job was trusted to an old worthy, who fixed up the warning at the foot of the hill.

"What's wrang with the bott"

claimed a village dignitary angrily. "Man, there's everything we came the curt reply. "Is it not where a' the accidents take place?"

Early Football Players. Football was for many years a national game of Florence. The game was from January to March, a ladies and gentlemen of Florence the populace as well were wont to assemble on the Piazza Santa G. witness the game, which was "Calcio," from the word meaning "kick." The last game was played

A Mean Stap.
"Very well," exclaimed Dr. after his quarrel with the under-
"I'll make you sorry for this!"
"What are you going to do,"
the undertaker—"retire from prac-
—Philadelphia Press.

crooks.

