PIPPINS TAKE CLEVER GAME

POPE HITS MAN WHEN BASES ARE FULL.

Timely Hitting n Ninth Sends Pippins Up From Behind.

Struggling in an uphill fight, Pugsley and his backers Saturday grabbed a rattling good game from Boise, which had the big Oakland slabster, Pope, working on the mound. While it is very probable that the Pippins would have batted in the run needed to win, Pope hurried it along in the ninth inning by hitting Ford when the bases were full, scoring the deciding run. The little youngster from Vale, Pugsley, got off good and was touched but occasionally unto the last of the first three hits Boise got, two were three baggers. The Irrigators scored their third run in the fourth inning on a double steal propositon after two walks, a sacrifice and a single, Pope held the Pippins scoreless until the seventh, and Fitchner started the rough house with a single and then West got a terrific clout in the knee that fractured the bone and sent him to the hospital. Naughton hit and Pugsley's fielder's choice advanced the runners. Harmon running for West was scored on Luttrell's muchly-needed single. Ford's triple in the eighth followed by Harmon's drive tied the score, and Boise was easily non-plussed in the first of the ninth, making it necessary for La Grande to win by scoring. McBride led off with a single. Pugsley hit helping therapy to win his own game, Luttrell got on with a hit fielded elsewhere without effect, Kinzer hit and then Ford was hit by a pitched ball and it was all over. The game was a feature from start to finish and the ninth inning victory made it all the more so. The Pippins performed admirably and deserved to win.

The score:

BOISE.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Reams, ss	4	0	0	0	3	0
Clark, 1b	3	0	1	11	1	0
Altermatt, 3b	3	1	0	3	1	0
Scott, rf	4	1	1	2	0	0
Taylor, c	3	0	0	3	2	0
Carrigan, lf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Friene, cf	3	0	0	2	0	0
Kelchner, 2b	3	1	2	3	5	1
Pope, p	4	0	1	0	3	0
	30	3	5*25	15	1	

LA GRANDE.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Luttrell, rf	5	0	1	2	0	0
King, 1b	4	0	1	10	1	0
Ford, 2b	3	1	3	3	5	0
Lomond, 3b	4	0	0	2	2	0
Fitchner, cf	3	1	1	2	1	0
West, lf	2	1	0	1	0	0
Naughton, ss	4	0	1	3	2	0
McBride, c	4	0	2	4	1	1
Pugsley, p	4	1	1	0	1	0
Harmon, lf	1	0	1	0	0	0
	34	4	11	27	13	1

*One out when winning run was scored.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Boise	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	—3
La Grande	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	1	—4

SUMMARY.

Sacrifice hits, Tasler, Carrigan, Ford Fitchner, stolen bases, Friene, Fitchner, McBride; two base hits, Pope; three base hits, Clark, Ford; left on base, Boise 6, La Grande 10; passed ball, Taylor; struck out, by Pope 3; by Pugsley 4; bases on balls off Pope 1, off Pugsley 4; hit by pitcher, West and Ford by Pope. Time of game, 1:45. Umpire, Golden. Scorer, S. Van Buren.

Notes of the Game.

Ford hit two angles and a three bagger out of three trips to the bat. A sacrifice and tiking the winning bean must also be added to the career that day.

✣ ✣ ✣

Pugsley had plenty of juice, used a good head, and had fairly good control. The support behind is not to be sneezed at, however.

✣ ✣ ✣

Whenever anybody is needed to do anything extra, it is Harmon that is called upon. He has done everything but catch now and wants to do that in pinches. As a utility man there is nothing better in the country.

✣ ✣ ✣

King, Naughton and Pugsley hit just when it was needed the most Saturday. Thanks, gentlemen, we did surely need those bingles.

An Uncanny Old Mansion.

The old manor house of Fritwell, near Banbury, has been the scene of several tragedies, and the local legend is that it is haunted by the ghosts of two of the victims. In a duel there a Mr. Jackson was killed about the year 1712, when the place was let to a family named Longueville. There were two brothers, both of whom were in love with the same woman. The younger imprisoned the other in a human dog kennel in an attic, so the story runs, and kept him there for fourteen years until he died of starvation. A few years later Sir Baldwin Wake bought the estate. Sir Baldwin and his two sons were playing cards very late one night when a quarrel arose. The tradition is that the father struck his eldest son so heavy a blow that he died immediately. The father and the youngest son concealed the body in the kennel which had seen the death of Longueville. Twelve years afterward Sir Baldwin is said to have confessed on his deathbed that he had caused the death of his son. The human dog kennel, to which access was gained through the sliding back of a cupboard, remained until ten years ago, when the house was renovated.—Dundee Advertiser.

The World's Population.

The total population of the world is now estimated at 1,700,000,000. This is based upon the most recent censuses, which all civilized countries now take, with a careful estimate of the number of inhabitants of uncivilized lands. The proportion of the sexes is known for 1,038,000,000 of these, the ratio being 1,000 males to 990 females. The ratio varies considerably in different places. In Europe there are 1,000 men to 1,027 women; in Africa, 1,000 men to 1,045 women; in America, 1,000 men to 964 women; in Asia, 1,000 men to 961 women; in Australia, 1,000 men to 937 women. The highest proportion of women is found in Uganda, where there are 1,467 to every 1,000 men. The lowest proportion is in Alaska and the Malay states, where there are, in the former, 391, and in the latter 389 women to every 1,000 men. — New York World.

Pickled Peppers.

"Now, dearie," said the nurse, "I want you to learn this nice little poem about 'Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.'"

"Shan't!" answered the Boston child, much in the manner of other children.

"Oh, naughty, naughty! Why, Waldo, why won't you learn this pretty poem?"

"For two reasons," answered Waldo. "In the first place, the alliteration of the line you quote is so excessive as to destroy any literary finish that such adventitious aids to metric composition might lend if used more sparingly. And, in the second place, consider the impossibility of picking peppers which have already been pickled. The whole thing is beneath the attention of any intelligent person."—Boston Traveler.

The Word "Score."

"Score" for twenty came into the language nearly at the same time, but was not exclusively French. It comes from the Anglo-Saxon scor, the root of shear, shire, scar, and means to cut. Our ancestors, to avoid the difficulty of large numbers, used to keep accounts by cutting notches in a stick called a tally, and after twenty such notches they cut off the tally, which thus became a "score." These were used in England for keeping the exchequer accounts even to the beginning of the nineteenth century. A cricket score was once shown of its so many notches, and the rind of pork is scored. The word is first used in a poem called "The Bestiary" and in "Cursor Mundi."—London Answers.

Animal Criminals.

As a species of hardened criminals among placid herbivorous animals cows is worse than the bison of American buffalo. Toward man and beast and even among themselves these vicious, vindictive and agile brutes, whose hairy brothers on the other continents do not fear even the terrible onslaughts of lions and tigers, are in a state of almost continual warfare. They are among the wickedest rogues ever seen in a zoo.

In Serious Trouble.

"She's in a frightful dilemma."

"How so?"

"Why, Jack proposed to her last night and insists upon having an answer before she will have time to learn whether Tom intends to propose."—Chicago Post.

A Dead Give Away.

Wife—What would you do, George, if you were left a widow? Hub—Oh, I suppose the same as you would if you were left a widow. Wife—You horrid wretch! And you told me you could never care for anybody else.—Boston Transcript.

Looking Forward.

"I didn't know your husband had been so ill."

"For two weeks he was so bad that I began to think of remarrying."—Journal Amusant.

Every typhoid germ there may be in a glass of drinking water can be killed with a few drops of lemon juice.

CLEVER GAME GOES TO BOISE

CLOUTING RALLY FOLLOWING A HOMER CHEERS

Final Clout Needed to Win Not Forthcoming Because of Carrigan.

Tempestuous as was his baseball voyage, and tossed and buffeted about as was his craft behind him, "Ole" Mays got away with a thriller game yesterday closing the series with Boise taking four out of six. A ninth inning rally came, near pushing La Grande up from behind as the day before but Carrigan ended the suspense by taking Mensor's two base drive into his pocket. Scoring twice in the third and then going to the eighth when Mays was wobbly as they make him, La Grande was on the defense all the while for Boise scored in the first following Reams' three bagger, again in the second without a hit, when Naughton mussed up two in a row and Ford kicked one. Clark started a swat fest off Harstead who blossomed out in a Pippin unifloirm after wearing a Chehalis garb and went good until his arm weakened in the sixth and before he could be derricked the real damage had been done. In that inning, two singles, a base on balls, Naughton's error and a fielder's choice scored the three runs. Mountain took the helm and stered the craft into port without a score and La Grande commenced plugging along harder. Ford hit in the eighth, Lomond followed suit, Mensor hit, Harmon walked and Naguhton's hit was played elsewhere with the result that when Mensor teased Clark and Kelchner between first and second on a finally successful return, Lomond stole home.

McBride Ninth Inning Hero.

"Whity" McBride slammed the first offering in the ninth to the race track, plenty good for a trip around the circuit. By that time La Grande needed two more to win and Mountain walked in good condition to get one of them. Luttrel hit out but in trying to pull off a daring steal to third got caught. King laced out his second hit, Ford singled, and Lomond got his second single filling the bases. Jimmie Mensor had it put up to him and with the 150 or so out to the benefit game pulling hard for him he drove one to Carrigan who pulled it down and the spurt was nipped in the bud. Mays played fortunate indeed in getting away with the game and can thank Carrigan for it as the big prospective Chicago American grabbed hit after hit that would have meant runs.

The score:

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Reams, ss	4	1	2	3	5	0
Clark, 1b	3	1	1	4	1	2
Altermatt, 2b	2	0	0	1	0	0
Scott, rf	3	0	1	0	0	0
Taylor, c	4	0	1	9	0	0
Carrigan, lf	5	0	1	4	0	0
Friene, cf	3	1	0	1	0	0
Kelchner, 2b	3	2	0	5	4	1
Mays, p	3	1	1	0	1	0
	32	6	7	27	11	3

LA GRANDE.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Luttrell, rf	5	0	1	2	0	0
King, 1b	4	0	2	10	1	0
Ford, 2b	4	1	2	2	2	1
Lomond, 3b	5	0	1	4	2	0
Mensor, cf	5	0	1	4	0	0
Harmon, lf	3	0	0	4	0	0
Naughton, ss	4	0	0	1	4	3
McBride, c	4	2	1	2	1	0
Harstead, p	0	1	0	0	4	0
Mountain, p	1	0	0	0	0	0
	35	4	8*26	14	4	

*Scott out leaving lane.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Boise	1	1	0	0	1	3	0	0	0	—6
La Grande	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	1	1	—4

SUMMARY.

Sacrifice hits, Altermatt (3), Taylor, Mays; Stolen bases, Altermatt, Friene, Kelchner; two base hit, Reads; three base hits, Reams, Clark, Carrigan; home run, McBride; double play, Clark to Kelchner; struck out, Harstead 1, Mays 8; bases on balls, May 2, Harstead 3; Mountain 1; hit by pitcher, Harstead (2), Ford; time of game 1:41. Umpire, Golden. Scorer, S. Van Buren.

Notes of the Game.

Since Luttrell has gone to right field he has enacted some brilliant catches and those he don't get he resolves with diligence. He has been hitting in the pinches, too.

Speaking of pinch hitting, that is what King is doing lately. It had previously been his history that when hits were needed the most Carl didn't connect but he has broken that spell.

✣ ✣ ✣

Pope roasted Harstead pretty strong and his umps tied a can to Pope. The big fellow refused to go and his highness called for an officer but none was presnt. Then Gindlin was appealed to to put the order into execution and Pope beat it after a second fine of $5.00 had been plastered on him.

✣ ✣ ✣

That leads us up to the remark that Golden has given more satisfaction with his umpiring since the days of Longanecker. He erred on both sides, but came as near giving La Grande a square deal as anybody ever has and for that may stand a chance of being canned himself for President. Sweet likes to have his umps remember the Irrigators kindly.

✣ ✣ ✣

Harstead was hit by Mays and came home when Ford got hit with the bases full in the second.

✣ ✣ ✣

The benefit game attendance got its money's worth. Win or lose, a game like that is worth seeing if it did cost a dollar a throw.

A Mountain Elopement

By HELEN HARWOOD

There are no mountains in the world about which there is so much in song and story as the Alps. Doubtless the reason for this is that they lie in the center of Europe and no one can go from France or Germany down into Italy or farther eastward to Austria without passing over them.

Years ago, before the Alps had come to contain fashionable resorts, there lived at Como, on their southern slope, a gentleman who, having made a fortune in Milan, retired to spend his days in peace on the beautiful Lake Como. He was a widower with one daughter, a charming girl, upon whom he doted. Italians have always arranged the marriages for their sons and daughters, and Signor Attanasio betrothed his daughter, Theresa, to a man more than double her age. Knowing that at his death she would need a protector and considering Signor Rizzuto a man of business who would take care of her property for her, he considered that he had done a very good thing for his child.

But, unfortunately for his plan, he died before the marriage could be brought about. After the funeral Rizzuto claimed his bride, who was also his ward, but found, to his disappointment, that she had a lover in the person of Giovanni Fabroni. Rizzuto was not minded to give her up to his young rival and so informed her. Having certain powers over her as her guardian, Theresa and her lover saw that if she refused to marry the man to whom her father had given her he might put her in confinement and persecute her till she consented to be his wife.

The lovers therefore decided to go away together. Southward, eastward and westward lay Italian territory in which the guardian could invoke the law. Northward was Switzerland, in which he would have no claim upon her. But to go northward meant to cross the Alps, and that at that time was a difficult and dangerous feat to accomplish. Nevertheless, taking the horses and carriage that had belonged to Signor Attanasio, Giuseppi, the coachman, and Elena, the heiress' maid, both of whom would give their lives for their mistress, they started to go as far as wheels would take them and then endeavor, if they could not find sledges, to pursue their journey on foot.

They set out after they were supposed to be in bed, and Rizzuto did not learn of their departure till morning. Being a very energetic man and spurred to the probable loss of his ward's fortune, he started in pursuit, having learned the direction the fugitives had taken. It was in the latter part of May, and he knew that this being the season of melting snow, was the most dangerous period in the Alps. Moreover, he did not believe that the lovers could go very far in a carriage or that they could secure any further conveyances. Besides, it would be an easy matter to track them by the marks they would leave in the snow.

The lovers reached Locarno, a village on Lake Maggiori, then drove over a gently rising road to the foot of the St. Gothard pass. On this road they traveled all day and in the evening left it for concealment in a Swiss cabin. Early in the morning they started to go over the pass, leaving the carriage, but taking the horses, on one of which Theresa rode, while the maid rode the other, the men walking. After making a part of the ascent they saw the guardian's carriage coming rapidly up the valley through which they had passed.

They toiled on as rapidly as possible till they came to a point where they were screened from below and where there was a pocket in the mountains. The wind had driven the snow from here, enabling Giovanni to practice a stratagem. He sent the coachman and the maid with the horses on through the pass, while he and Theresa turned into the pocket, which led into the pass again farther on. Rizzuto, reaching this diverging point, hesitated, then went on through the pass, taking up the tracks left by the coachman and the maid.

It was several hours after this that Giovanni and Theresa reached an eminence where they could look over a narrow gorge upon the road on the other side. On this road they saw Rizzuto's carriage. He saw them and called on his driver to stop and, getting out of the carriage, called over to the fugitives to give themselves up since they could not escape him.

He was on a road that had been cut through the side of a mountain, which extended above him thousands of feet. It was one of those balmy days in spring when the air is laden with moisture, though the sun shines bright and warm—just such a day as Alpine dwellers fear the avalanche. Though Rizzuto was half a mile distant from the fugitives, his voice sounded as if he were close to them. Just as he pronounced the words "can't escape me" Giovanni and Theresa saw the whole side of the mountain opposite seem to slide slowly downward. It gathered rapidity as it sank, and in a few moments they saw it pass over Rizzuto and his party, burying them a hundred feet deep. The snow had been so evenly balanced that it required only the sound of a voice to vibrate the air sufficiently to bring it down.

The lovers retraced their steps and were married at the bride's home.

Presence of Mind.

She—What do you mean by saying that Elsa is "more or less pretty?" He—Well, she's more pretty than most girls and less pretty than you!—Simplicissimus.

One Way.

Madge—Did you tell her she was older than you? Marjorie—Oh, no; that wouldn't be polite. But whenever we meet in a car I offer her my seat.

Conceit may puff up a man, but can never prop him up.—Ruskin.

THEY HAD TO KILL GAME.

So They Couldn't Waste Powder on a Man-Eating Crocodile.

In "Animal Life in Africa" is the following curious narrative, which shows the indifference of the natives of East Africa to the sacrifice of human life:

One morning I was standing on the banks of the Lujenda river, in Portuguese East Africa, watching, with my friend Mr. Maugham, our stores crossing. We had just come to the conclusion that what we had fancied was the protruding nose of a crocodile was, in fact, only a piece of rock when a local native, who was standing near, said, "If you will come with me to the village I can show you a big crocodile." Mr. Maugham electing to stay and superintend the porters across the river, I went along with the "boy."

The village in question lay but some 300 yards distant and proved to be of considerable size and full of people, who at the moment were in a state of pleasurable and noisy excitement over the arrival of our large caravan. "But surely there can be no crocodile here with all this noise going on?" I remarked. "Oh, yes," nonchalantly replied the guide. "He lives here and does not mind the people."

Sure enough, on reaching the bank the first thing I saw was a huge crocodile basking at full length and with his mouth wide open on a rock not more than twenty yards away. He was not in the least disturbed by the chattering of the women and children, and there was no question of stalking him. It was only necessary to sit leisurely down on the bank and put a bullet through his shoulder, when, after shuttling and opening his mouth a few times, he fell off the rock and sank like a stone.

The headman was quite pleased, saying that the animal took some one, usually a woman or child, at least once a month. "Why, then," I said in astonishment, having noticed that about every second man seemed to be provided with a firearm of some sort, "did you not shoot it?" "Ah, well, we have very little powder and it is very expensive, and we are poor and require all we have to kill game," was the surprising though characteristic answer.

A Good Tonic.

Have you noticed what a tonic a good laugh is? The next time you are angry instead of frowning make yourself smile, then laugh. You'll feel better.

On the Street.

Mrs. Spruce—That man you just nodded to looks familiar. Do you see him often? Mrs. Walnut—Not very; he's my husband.—Philadelphia Record.

A TRICKY TONGUE.

It Won Dean Spooner a Reputation For Unconscious Humor.

QUEER BLUNDERS OF SPEECH

Some of the Gems Attributed to the Old Dean's Habit of Interchanging the First Letters or Syllables of Words—American "Spoonerisms."

"Spoonerisms" is a recognized and accepted word used in the best circles of English society, even though it has not yet found its way into the dictionaries. Derived from the last name of the Rev. William A. Spooner, warden of New college, Oxford, it characterizes a curious sort of blunder that is habitual with that man—the unconscious interchanging of the first letters or syllables of words with what are often directly humorous results.

The most famous of all the stories about him tells how he once thundered out from the pulpit, "Jehovah was not on the side of the kinkering congs," meaning, of course, "conquering kings."

At another time he convulsed his audience by boldly stating that he held concealed a half wormed fish (half formed wish) in his bosom.

At a university dinner given at the time of Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee he proposed, "Three cheers for the queer old dean," and they were given with a will, in honor not only of the dear old queen whom he had wished to remember, but of the queer old dean who had forgotten himself.

Exasperated by a would be humorist among his pupils, he informed him that he had a "weeble fit," not meaning any new disease, but the old, old complaint of a feeble wit.

To another who had been mainly occupied in wasting two terms at college he complained, "You have been incorrigibly lazy and, to top it all, you have tasted two worms."

In quoting the familiar text, "Bow not thy knee to an idol," he made it, "Bow not thine eye to a needle."

One day he discovered a stranger sitting in his family pew. "Madam," whispered he, "do you intend to occupew this pie?"

Also he could blunder as blithesomely in action as in speech. One windy day, as he was walking down High street in Oxford, his hat blew off. He stooped to pick it up, but at that very moment a hen hurried by. He set off in full pursuit and never stopped until he had caught hold of the luckless hen on Magdalen bridge. Then and there he solemnly tried to put the bird on his head.

Such are a few of the blunders in word and deed that have been attributed to the "dear old dean." Must we accept them all as genuine? Not if we are to believe a contributor to M. A. P., who informed that paper that at a church congress a well known delegate said to him:

"Have you ever noticed how spoonerisms have died out since Canon Liddon is no more? I will tell you how it is. Liddon and I used to make them up. One of our best, which is always attributed to Spooner, is 'From Iceland's Greasy Mountains.'"

Spoonerisms at all events existed before Spooner himself was born. Some meritorious ones may be found in Moore's Diary. There is the story, for example, of an old actor named Parker, who used always to say the "poisoned pup" instead of the "poisoned cup." One night when he spoke it right the audience said "No, no!" and called for the other reading. Another actor mentioned in Moore made a great hit with the misquotation

How sharper than a serpent's thanks it is
To have a toothless child.

John Kemble was one night performing a favorite part in a country theater when he was interrupted from time to time by the squalling of a child in the gallery. At length, angered by this rival performance, Kemble walked with solemn step to the front of the stage and, addressing the audience in his most tragic tones, said, "Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped the child cannot possibly go on."

America itself is not without its Spooners and its consequent spoonerisms. There must have been at least three Spooners in the western court where the following scene is said to have taken place:

"How far is it between these two towns?" asked the lawyer.

"About four miles as the flow cries," replied the witness.

"You mean as the cry flows."

"No," put in the judge; "he means as the fly crows."

And then they all looked at one another, feeling that something was wrong.

A sort of conscious spoonerism was that brilliant jest credited to Dean Briggs of Harvard. During the year when the slogan "To hell with Yale" first became popular among Cambridge undergraduates the dean, in company with Dr. Edward Everett Hale, was hurrying on his way to a great football game between Yale and Harvard.

"Where are you going?" asked another member of the faculty.

"To yell with Hale," answered Dr. Briggs.—Boston Post.