

LAWN-TENNIS.

THE SERENE SUCCESSOR OF CRIMINAL CROQUET.

Croquet has lost its popularity, and it is only in remote Western towns that one can still hear the click of the mallet as it strikes some bald but youthful head, or the wail of the too eager girl who has mashed her own foot. Elsewhere croquet has not been played for nearly two years. The croquet mallet has been turned into a bean-pole, and the balls have been thrown at vagrant dogs, so that, of the eleven million croquet sets formerly in the possession of private citizens of the United States, there are now not more than sixty-three sets which are complete and fit for use.

The disappearance of this pestilent game is a great gain for the cause of morality and public order. Next to horse-dealing, which, according to the Westminster Catechism, "worketh the corruption of the whole nature" of him who sells horses, croquet has a more withering and blasting effect upon whatever is good in human nature than has any other agency. It leads to lying as certainly as does trout-fishing. Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his tables of social statistics, asserts that 82 per cent of all ladies who play croquet will systematically claim to have passed hoops that they have not passed, and 90 per cent will insist that they never stirred the ball which received the stroke of the mallet in that peculiar feat called "croqueting." Of course, those who habitually indulge in flights of the imagination—to put it mildly—such as these must inevitably lose all respect for the truth. They who cheat their lovers at croquet will find it easy to deceive their husbands in the game of married life. From cheating to quarrelling is a step which in croquet is short and inevitable. In nine games out of every ten, the recording angel is compelled to take notice that Miss Smith has audibly mentioned that "it is perfectly sickening to see how that Brown girl cheats," and that Miss Brown has openly called Miss Robinson a "mean, hateful thing."

In its latter days, croquet was characterized not merely by cheating and bad language, but by assassination. It was so easy for a quick-tempered and indignant girl to hit her partner over the shins as a rebuke for his bad play, or to strike a faithless lover over the head who had formed a partnership with a hated rival, and perhaps defended her from the accusation of cheating, that mallet-outrages became frightfully prevalent. In England alone, in the year 1878, seven curates had their skulls fractured, one hundred and ninety-four were seriously bruised either on one or both shins, and six hundred and five young ladies were hit in the region of the shoes by mallets thrown by other young ladies. A like state of things existed about the same time in this country, but in the absence of trustworthy statistics it can only be said that in all probability the proportion of mallet outrages was as great here as in England. It was this terrible feature of the game which caused a general uprising of all good citizens against it, and led to the substitution of lawn-tennis in its place.

The peculiar feature of lawn-tennis is the net which is stretched between the players, with the view of preventing adversaries from assaulting one another. The players use a light ball, with which it is impossible to inflict any serious injury, and instead of clubs they play with instruments somewhat resembling the battledore of the last generation, and unfit for offensive purposes, except, perhaps, in connection with very young children. The game has commended itself to parents and peaceable people by its apparent safety, and so far it has certainly been unstained by any murderous affrays. Still, it must be evident to every one that the net commonly used is far too frail. It could be broken down by the rush of an infuriated and heavy girl, and it would be easy for an agile girl to climb over it. If lawn-tennis is to maintain its reputation as a safe and peaceable game, the net should be made of wire instead of twine; it should be at least a foot higher, and the upper edge of it should be strewn with broken glass set in cement, or furnished with sharp iron spikes. Sooner or later some mild but imbecile player will madden his adversary to such an extent that nothing but personal violence will be any comfort to her, and she will get over or through the frail twine net with a suddenness that will dazzle the unhappy victim.

Accidents on lawn-tennis grounds have occurred, though not during the progress of the game. In places where the net is left in position over night, it sometimes catches the heedless or intoxicated wayfarer, man, and on the grounds of one of the Moosehead Lake hotels the early riser can often find a local statesman caught by the ears in the lawn-tennis net and utterly unable to extricate himself. The catch of small boys and colored servants at the Lake George hotels is also very large, but has never attracted the attention which the painful fate of a leading citizen of Greenfield, Conn., secured last July. The citizen in question had a marriageable daughter who was fond of lawn-tennis, and who was serenaded one evening by a young druggist with an accordion. While the serenader was under her window, and in the act of singing "Baby Mine" and accompanying himself on the accordion, the leading citizen, with the best intention, issued from the house with a club and let loose both the dogs. The druggist, with great presence of mind, ran round the house and entered the front door, while the angry father rushed wildly across the lawn in search of him, and came in violent collision with the lawn-tennis net. He carried it completely away, and in falling to the ground entangled himself hopelessly in its meshes. In these circumstances he was set upon by the well meaning but too impulsive dogs, and it was not until he had been severely gnawed and denuded of most of his garments that he could convince them that their zeal was not according to knowledge.

Still, in spite of the incidental troubles to which the lawn-tennis net may give rise, the game is certainly a vast improvement upon croquet, and its general adoption instead of the former perilous game will doubtless arrest the flood of immorality and crime which found its origin in croquet.—N. Y. Times.

A society is now being formed in England to introduce the "participation" system of manufacturing, in which a share of the net profits of an undertaking is allotted to the workmen in addition to their wages paid at the full market rate. No less than one hundred firms in continental Europe are now worked on this plan with universally good results.

SELECTED VERSE.

NO KISS.

"Kiss me, Will," sang Marguerite, To a pretty little tune, Holding up her dainty mouth, Sweet as roses born in June. Will was ten years old that day, And he pulled her golden curls Teasingly, and answer made— "I'm too old—I don't kiss girls." Ten years pass, and Marguerite Smiles as Will kneels at her feet, Gazing fondly in her eyes, Praying, "Won't you kiss me, sweet?" "Rite is seventeen to-day: With the birthday ring she toys For a moment, then replies— "I'm too old—I don't kiss boys."

SUMMER GONE.

The milkweed bursts its silken pod, The ripe and downy grasses nod; The golden rod is blossoming, And plaintively the crickets sing: For, underneath the fading grass, Alas, alas! The Summer lies.

The winds are sighing o'er the sea, And woods catch up the threnody; The homesick robin sings no more, And swallows fly to fairer shore, Piping, as to the South they pass, Alas, alas! The Summer dies.

Ah, something from my life hath flown Than Summer, sweeter, dearer grown; Though sleeping, only sleeping they, My heart cries out impatiently, That underneath the fading grass, Alas, alas! My darling lies!

Doth sleeping Summer ever dream Of bare brown woods and fettered stream? What joy to waken from repose And on her bosom find a rose! But we behold the fading grass, And cry, alas! That Summer dies!

—Boston Journal.

A LOVE SONG.

His love hath filled my life's fair cup Full to its crystal brim; The dancing bubbles crowding up Are dreams of him.

I work, and every thread I draw Sets in a thought— The letter of love's tender law— In patience wrought.

I serve his meals—the fruit and bread Are sound and sweet; But that invisible feast I spread For gods were meet!

I pray for him. All else I do Fades far away Before the thrill that smites me through The while I pray:

Ah, God, be good to him, my own, Who, on my breast, Sleeps, with soft dimpled hands outthrown, A child at rest.

—Mary Anne De Vece, in Lippincott's.

CONJUNCTIONS.

I am a happy woman. Yes, The measure of my happiness Fate's bounty can no higher fill. I largely happy am! Yet still—

My brown hair has no silver thread, My fresh cheek shows its white and red, As fairest in the eyes of men My love hath chosen me. But then—

Health, wealth, are mine. Great meed of praise Makes bright the sunshine of my days. In pleasant paths my feet are set; Friends guard me tenderly. And yet—

The robin flutters to the hedge; The sparrow seeks the window ledge; The eagle rests upon the cliff; My place is here. But if—but if—

I watch the village lovers pass With loitering footsteps on the grass, And mind me once—ah, yes! I know The sweetest dream must fade, and so—

—Scribner.

THE WILLOW—AN EASTERN LEGEND.

Lofty and tall, unbending and upright, Beside a spring there stood a willow tree, Its young leaves rippling like the verdant sea Before the breeze and in the morning light. The rabble ran toward Golgotha's height; And walking in the midst of them were three, And two were thieves, and one was He Who was to die for them in all men's sight. A soldier broke a willow branch to urge Them on, and smote Him with a willow thong, As up the hill the slow procession crept. Then, when it saw its branches used to scourge The Man who bore His cross amid the throng, The guilty willow bowed its head and wept. —Anon.

THE HELIOTROPE.

Somewhere 'tis told that in an Eastern land, Clasped in the dull palm of a mummy's hand, A few light seeds were found; with wondering eyes And words of awe, was lifted up the prize.

And much they marveled what could be so dear Of herb or flower as to be treasured here; What sacred vow had made the dying keep So close this token for his last, long sleep.

None ever knew, but in the fresh, warm earth The cherished seeds sprang to a second birth; And eloquent once more with love and hope Burst into bloom the purple heliotrope.

Embalmed perhaps with sorrow's fiery tears, Out of the silence of a thousand years It answered back the passion of the past With the pure breath of perfect peace at last.

O pulseless heart! as ages pass, sleep well! The purple flower thy secret will not tell, But only to our eager quest reply— "Love, memory, hope, like me can never die!" —Frances L. Mace, in Portland Transcript.

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SUMMONS.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, for the County of Multnomah, ss.—Loretta Jane Suettery, Plaintiff, vs. John Patrick Suettery, Defendant.—To John Patrick Suettery, Defendant: In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above-entitled action within ten days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, if served within this County, or if served in any other County of this State, then within twenty days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, or if served by publication, then you are notified and requested to appear and answer said complaint on or before the third Monday in January, A. D. 1882, that being the first day of the next term of said Circuit Court; and if you fail so to answer, for want thereof, the Plaintiff will take judgment against you for a decree dissolving the marriage bonds now existing between you and the Plaintiff, and the Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in her complaint. And you are further notified that on the 19th day of September, A. D. 1881, an order was made by the Hon. Raleigh Stott, Judge of said Court, directing publication of said summons for six consecutive weeks.

E. CLARKO, Attorney for Plaintiff. 11-11

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