

OF THE BASEBALL UMPIRE.

The umpire took his station... the batter's base... the umpire's hat just gave it a spin...

Like a race horse on the track... the umpire's hat just gave it a spin... the umpire's hat just gave it a spin...

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Generous.

The people of Calais never saw a genuine, living and moving millionaire till Uncle Russell Sage went down there...

An Eye for Business.



American Tourist—Impressive! Ain't it, though? What do you s'pose I could hire the front and sides for to show our tonic—Life.

Business Sagacity in St. Louis.

An old and very wealthy man of St. Louis, whose constant companion was a white and black dog, had been in the habit of coming to the sub-treasury at certain periods...

A Personal Illustration.

Hon. Amos J. Cummings tells a funny story about a printer named Austin. While Cummings was setting type in The New York Tribune's office a good many years ago...

A Sure Ecce!pe.

Professor Pasteur—Oui, I must admit it. My plan for killing Australian rabbits by inoculating them with cholera of chicken has failed.

The Very Horse He Wanted.

Stranger—Are you the superintendent of the street car line? Yes, sir. I would like to sell you a horse.

He Was No Horse.

She—John, don't you think the horse needs a new harness? Smith has an elegant one for \$60.

A Lightsome Heart.

"Children," said a New Jersey school teacher, "always be cheerful. Whatever falls to your lot to do, do it cheerfully."

Not Built That Way.

An Old City boy of 12 gets up in his sleep and plays the piano. We never hear of a 12-year-old boy getting up in his sleep and cutting wood, or doing some other useful work.

Not for Musicians.

The law allowing three days' grace on a note does not apply to musicians; they must take up the notes at sight as they come due, or the whole will go protest.—Danville Breeze.

A Regular Boy.

He was not at all particular. To keep the perpendicular; While walking he either skipped or jumped; He stood upon his head awhile, And when he went to bed awhile, He dove among the pillows, which he thumped.

From absolute insanity.

The cat approached insanity To see him side the banister so rash; But once on that mahogany, While trying to toboggan, he Upeet his calculations with a crash.

And since that sad disaster.

He has gone about in piaster. Not Paris, like a nice Italian toy, —But the kind the doctor uses. When the bumps and cuts and bruises Overcome a little, regular, live boy. —Brooklyn Standard-Union.

YOUNG FOLKS' CHATTER.

A Few Points on Etiquette Given by a 13-Year-Old.

There is a 13-year-old boy in Cambridge who is a great "society man," and who is referred to by his friends on all points of etiquette.

"Oh, that's easy enough," replied the society man. "First you say that it's a lovely night for a party; then you ask her if she doesn't think the rooms are a little warm."

Tested Practically.

Johnny, who is four years old, was playing in the yard one day, and a lady who lives close by wished to have the eggs, if any were laid since her last visit to the henery.

An Exceedingly Expressive Answer. A lady who dressed elegantly and belongs to the high perch of social plumage made a formal call recently upon a lady of her acquaintance and waited in the parlor while her card was sent up.

Didn't Want It Without Rain. While the cannon was being fired last evening a little girl of 4 years, who had never heard a salute fired, became frightened, and said: "Mamma, I don't like to have them make that noise now; it is well enough when it rains."—Burlington Free Press.

Promptly Answered. "Flossie," said her mamma, "why do you keep up such a constant chatter, chatter, all the time?" "Tause I've got lots to say," explained Flossie.—Epoch.

A Warranted Suspicion. A little 3-year-old, noticing a cow one winter morning and observing her breathe, said: "Mamma, does the cow smoke?"—Babyhood.

Courage. Bennie was asked if he was afraid of the dark—"Oh, no," he said, "I go in great piles of dark!"—Children at Home.

Trouble with Neckwear. "Well, Bob, what do you look so mad about?" "Oh, I've been tussling away for half an hour trying to fix on this necktie. These new fangled fixings are enough to drive a man's reason from his throne."

Wasn't Growing Old Gracefully. He stuttered terribly, and one day he began to tell a story, prefacing it by saying that it was "im-m-mense."

Gets Everything in the Lease. Magistrate (to prisoner arrested for assault)—You admit, then, that you pulled your landlord's nose? Prisoner—Yes. Magistrate—Don't you know you had no right to do that? Prisoner—No, sir; if I had no right to pull his nose he would have had it down in the lease.—New York Sun.

The Cashier Got in Ahead. Missionary—Aren't you sorry you broke into the bank, my friend? Convict—Betcher your life I am. Yer don't s'pose I'd a done it, does yer, 'f I'd knowed de casher'd had two hours the start o' me!—Judge.

Paying Him Back. "One good turn deserves another," said the sleeping car porter as he turned over the mattress of the passenger who had fed him him liberally.—Hotel Mail.

Trusting to Parents. A girl is never so safe as when, with proper education of the affections, she has no secrets from her mother or father in matters that vitally concern her welfare. When she departs from that course and consigns her fate to others no more sensible than herself, and perhaps less scrupulous, the danger line has been passed, and God knows what calamity is just ahead.

High but Not Dense Enough.

In Providence the other day they were setting some very tall poles for the telephone wires—seventy footers. A countryman came along and asked the foreman what his men were doing.

A Question of Nerve.



Young Tiffles (faint hearted)—Just think, angel mine, how poor I am. Why, what could I make of you? She (bravely)—Well, you could make Mrs. Tiffles of me if you had any nerve.—Washington Critic.

Did You Ever See One?

The fellow had seen every thing, had got a chip off everything, and had some memento of everything. He dropped into a little knot of artists, who were discussing Bohemian life in many places.

A Precocious Fourth.

Fond Mamma showing the baby to visitor—Sh-h—be's asleep. The little darling! Isn't he the sweetest you ever saw? Visitor (in awe-struck whisper)—Decidedly. Can he talk? Fond Mamma—Talk? I should think he could talk! Why, he can say "goo" and "ga" and "yow." Picked them up himself, too. And Annette is teaching him to say "A-wow ee," and thinks he will have it perfectly in a few days.—Boston Beacon.

A Difficult Task.

A traveling man for a certain New York house was put on the witness stand in court. "Do you solemnly swear," said the clerk, "that the evidence you shall give in the case now on hearing shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

Commercial Uses of Paper.

Summer Boarder—What's that yellow stuff you are feeding the chickens? Farmer—That's corn, mister. "What is this in this bin?" "That's wheat." "Humph! What are these other things?" "Rye, oats, barley—say, mister, what's your business when at home in Chicago?" "I am a grain speculator."—Omaha World.

On the Beach.

"I say, Jack, old man," remarked the Yale sophomore, "deuced pretty girl, that one with you yesterday. Do me the honor!" "Why, of course. But see here, she's Miss Concord, of Boston—goes in heavy for philosophy and that sort of thing. Rather steep for you, eh?"

Fresh Butter-milk.

(Near the Ferry Dock.)—Dealer—Here's your nice, fresh butter-milk; a great, big, large glass only five cents. Customer—Is it really fresh? "Yes, mum, just milked two hours ago. Had to put ice in it, to cool it." Customer buys.—Detroit Free Press.

Two Good Things.

Proprietor—Have a good dinner, sir! Guest—Can't say I did; but you have two things on that bill as fine as anywhere in the United States. Proprietor (flattered)—Ah! and they are? Guest—The salt and the ice water.—Times.

Of Small Value.

Husband (contemplatively)—How true it is, my dear, that the good that men do is oft interred with their bones. Wife (not contemplatively)—Yes; I s'pose there's so little of it that it isn't considered worth saving.—New York Sun.

A Noble Sport.

"George," she said, at the race, "what is meant by a true lover of horse racing?" "A true lover of horse racing," explained George, "is the man who can catch a ten to one chance."—New York Sun.

Well Informed.

"I know my defects," said B-Jenkins pompously; and as the bystanders looked at him admiringly, one of them whispered to another softly: "What an awful lot that man must know."—Somerville Journal.

Practice Makes Perfect.

Miss Clara (at the sea shore)—How gracefully young Mr. De Lyle handles the ribbons when driving, doesn't he? Miss Jennie—He ought to, my dear; he has charge of that department at Silk & Satin's.

CHICAGO RESTAURANTS.

An Honest Man Who Wanted to Pay Out Couldn't.

One of the Washington writers who came on to do the convention had labored hard on Sunday and Sunday night. After his work was concluded to cool his feverish palate with a glass of Gambrinus' own and a cheese sandwich.

The Washington man proceeded with his lunch. A few minutes later there was a row in the front end of the house. Sixteen waiters nipped upon one man. Some of these waiters had bottles and one of them had a cheese knife about as long as a man's arm.

"I don't believe it," said the boss. "I never had a man do dot vay before. You want to play me a shok. You gid rigd avay owd so quick as dot, or I call me Shake and der sheekknife, and we half some more fun. Gid owd? You was a delegade, I pet you." "Then I can't pay!" said the honest man from Washington.

A Calf That Reasoned.

We learn that an amusing incident occurred at the home of Mr. S. M. Jones, near Bethel, last week. Among the cattle was a calf that seemed to possess a very great dislike to being roped at milking time and always made quite a to do when the rope was adjusted.

Love's Young Dream.



"Birdie," whispered a happy young Chicago lover, "now that we are engaged you mustn't call me Mr. Forcine any more." "Ah, no, darling," responded the girl, with a sigh and a sniggle, "you must always call me 'Birdie' and I will always call you 'Butch.'"—New York Sun.

Popular with Everybody.

"Mr. Scrapem," said the hostess to an amateur violinist at an evening gathering, "you play the violin, do you not?" "Yes—after a fashion, you know," was the modest reply. "How nice!" murmured half the company. "Did you bring your violin with you?" "No, I did not." "How nice!" murmured the half of the company in fervent unison.—Merchant Traveler.

He Wanted Peace.

Wife—Where have you been, George? Husband—I was over to Quimby's awhile. I tell you I never saw such a household. They quarrel like cats and dogs. I am too fond of peace to lead such a life. Is supper ready? "Not quite." "Then why in thunder isn't it! How long does it take you to stew up a little hash, any how? You're slower than a clock that won't run."—Lincoln Journal.

Why She Wouldn't Have Him.

Aglow in the painful pauses Of a rashly commensurate love, Lies the heart of a woman distraughtly, Like a wounded, bird shotly sick dove. With tresses white horsely brick dusted Streaming lax on the frost laden wind, She slumps from the passion that wooed her Which still follows fastly behind.

For he stays not his occultant ardor, And she kisses him back with a swoop, While the stern, plant hands of the Past Love Strive to whisk the rod wine from love's stoup. Till at length she quite mitterly treats him, And he leaves, at the future appalled; But again to her presence somehow He is soon if not sooner called. Then he thinks all the grewsomeness ended, For the sink hearted source of his pains; For, lo! she will join him in bondage Of auriferous, marital chains.

But again the Dead rises to haunt her, And in vain the quick kneeling crooks. Ah, me! for the hot gusts of passion That overtake people in books! —Washington Hatchet.