THE BASEBALL UMPIRE.

potly whizing

roted head.

senan's bat just gave it a spat,
the wall it sped

away the batsman scurried.
Life a race holse on the track, as as to few he wildly throw
in deadly willow back. nail" cried out the ampli is the striker started down; the fring stick arrived full quick and amote him on the crown.

na the ball men shouted,
ob how the people said.
we on the ground, with grief people form they spread. the people said.

ame his chest protector,
were his mask of wire;
made him light, so that he might
a casily expire.

e consorrate the case.

To irrestigate the case,

the came and gazed, in manner dazed,

the came unpire's face.

as this was the verdict, rendered is a fushed and solemn tone: the decased is deatt of a broken head, The result of a bat well thrown." _Chicago Times.

A Mental W reck. Girl-My father wants to marry Ildon't want him to.

little crazy at times, no doubt?"

wful now. This is very important.

when he loses his collar button." fraid that won't count. Perhaps he der his wealth unless put 'in a

ks about going into business,"

Amaly II IL PE STANCE IN FLE

MAN.

Louis." —Omaha World.

Cnanswerable Argument. City Child-You look 'disappointed. Child-Your mfa wrote that this It isn't It's only a town. t a town; it's a city. It's name's

are what its name is, it isn't a city. a city the streets would be all torn ou couldn't get around.—Omaha





as everything comes up standgedding booty gareless mit deir stown, ain'd id?—Life.

Taking a Rest. W Yorker-See that man with the lar and that tired feeling so elo-ferred to in the patent medicine

New Yorker—Oh, no; he is just from the country, where he has ling Sunday.—New York Tribune.

roleum—It does make me so mad. ur money we don't git no respect. -Eh! What's folk's been saying

ut the way we got our cash. think Miss Boston said when I pop's new portrait? She asked if ted in oil."—Omaka World.

to maid who has fust received a mice-I would rather not give you stall. But, if you insist upon it, shall tell the truth about you. and if you do, ma'am, I shall sutan action for defimation o' char-

One or the Other. inf" asked a visitor at an office at building of the office boy.

know where he is?" aunt's dead, an' I guess he's funeral or at the ball game."—

Size of a Small Boy. citizen gave his small son a \$5 that he could buy a hat and a mes, and spend the rest in fire-by got a 35 cent pair of shoes, at and had \$4.50 worth of fire-likely in the state of the sta alphia Call.

up to the Times. ns who went on the war path overtaken by four white men ared that our government est improved rifles.—Norristown ed the unfortunate Indians

Generous.

The people of Calais never saw a genuine, living and moving millionaire till Uncle Russell Sage went down there the other day to buy the Grand Southern railroad. With true down east hospitality a son of the hotel landlord hitched up a span of horses and gave Millionaire Sage a delightful ride about town. Uncle Russ was profuse in his expressions of pleasure, and after the drive was over put his hand right down in his pocket and gave the young man a nice, round, silver ten cent piece. The young man was much surprised. He did not expect anything. He has had a hole punched in that ten cent piece and will wear it on his watch chain.—Lewiston Journal.

An Eye for Busin



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

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 for the purpose of getting the coupons of his bonds cashed. One day he presented himself for that purpose, and the cashier refused to give him the money. The old man demanded to

'I don't know you," said the cashier. "But I have been here before, and was ever denied," the man answered.

The cushier looked at him a moment and then said: "Where is your black and white log that always comes with you, if you are the same man!"

The old man's eyes filled with tears as he

"Well," replied the cashier, "I am sorry to bear that, but you'll have to bring some body here to identify you now. I don't know you without the dog."—Chicago Mail.

Hon. Amos J. Cummings tells a funny tory about a printer named Austin. While Cummings was setting type in The New York Tribune office a good many years ago, Austin did "sub" work a spell. One day, Austin said to Cummings: "This office is more honest than The Times office."

"Why?"

"Because when I went out today I left an apple on my case, and when I came back, there it was, safe and sound; nobody had eaten it."

'Well!" "Now, just to show you how different The Pimes printers are, while I was working there last week, one of the boys went off, leaving an orange on his case. I took it and ite it."—Chicago News.

A Sure Eccipe.

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

American—Pil tell you what to do. Just convince the rabbits that they will have hylrophobia unless they can get to you for reatment and they will die fast enough.—Dmaha World.

The Very Horse He Wanted. Stranger—Are you the superintendent of the street car line!

"I would like to sell you a horse."

"Is it a good, lively one?"
"It was used for a hearse horse for a year." 'Send it up at once and state your price."

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

don't spend to exceed \$35 for a whole ne She—Yes, I know, John; but you're no horse.—Life.

A Lightsome Heart.

conidren, "said a New Jersey school teacher, "always be cheerful. Whatever falls to your lot to do, do it cheerfully."
"Yes, indeed, dear teacher," responded a bright little Rahway scholar, "even the ikeeters sing when they are at work."—New York Sun.

Not Built That Way.

An Oil 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 cut-ting wood, or doing some other useful work. As the old Greek philosopher says, "He isn't constructed on that model."—Exchange.

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.—Dansville

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

He never could keep still a bit; The lookers on thought ill of it; moed on his ear the kitchen brook And did some nice trapezing.
Which was wonderfully pleasin
On every peg in grandpa's harness roo

From absolute inanity The cat approached insani him stide the banister so ra But once on that mahogany, While trying to toboggan, he

And since that sad disaster
He has gone about in plaster,
aris, like a nice Italian toy,
-Rurtne kind the doctor uses,
When the bumps and cuts an

YOUNG FOLKS' CHATTER.

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

There is a 12-year-old.

There is a 12-year-old boy in Cambridge who is a great "society man," and who is referred to by his friends on all points of etiquette. He was overheard one day giving some "pointers" to a by about his age, but who had, apparently, none of his friend's aplomb. Boy No. 2, whom we will call Fred, was saying anxiously, "But I never know what to say to a girl at a party. What do you talk about, any way?"

"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."

"Yes!" interrogatively, from Fred.

"Well, then ask her if she's fond of waitzing; then—then—oh, say that the floor is very slippery."

"Well, what next!"

"Oh!"—evidently a little strained—"tell

"Oh!"-evidently a little strained-"tell her you like her step; then"—sudden inspira-tion—"ask her if she does, 't want a glass of water; be a long time getting it, and by the time you get back some other man 'll be with her."—Boston Gazette.

Tested Practically.

Johnny, who is four years old, was play-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 hennery, brought in. She said to the little boy: "Johnny, will you go to the hennery and see if there are any eggs thera! Don't bring in if there are any eggs there! Don't bring in the china ones, leave them there, but if there be any others bring them in."

Johnny started to do the bidding, and soon returned with two or three broken eggs, and his pinafore soiled. The lady, seeing him

coming, exclaimed:
"Johnny, how did you break the eggs!" Johnny looked at her in surprise and said:
"How should I tell whether they were china eggs or not if I didn't try them "—Boston

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 acquainfance and waited in the parlor while er card was sent up. A tiny specimen of a girl was present, who eyed the elegant visitor very closely and seemed much interested one her appearance. "Well, my dear," remarked place the visitor, with approval, as she smoothed out her silks and laces, "what do you think

"Oh," said the little girl, with the charm-ing candor of childhood, "I've seen flounces before!"—Detroit Free Press.

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 rightened, 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 win-er morning and observing her breathe, said: 'Mamma, does the cow smoke?'—Babyhood.

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 bour trying to fix on this necktie. These new fangled fixings are enough to drive at man's reason from its throne."

"Don't let that little thing worry you. A friend of mine had so much trouble with a necktie that he died."

"How was that?"
"The sheriff adjusted the tie."—Lincoln Journal.

Wasn't Growing Old Gracefully. He stuttered terribly, and one day he be-gan to tell a story, prefacing it by saying

that it was "im-m-mense." He kept at it a long while, but succeeded in getting only a little ways along in it, and at last a counsry cousin, from Wayback Center, rang the bell.

"W-w-what you r-r-r-ringing your d-d-darned old b-b-b-bell f-for! I t-t-tell you this s-s-st-story's a b-b-brand n-n-û-n-new one!"
"Perhaps it was—when you began it," replied his tormentor.—Time.

Gets Everything in the Lease. Magistrate (to prisoner arrested for as-sault)—You admit, then, that you pulled your landlord's nose!

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 nto 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 casheer'd had two hours the start o' me | Judge.

Paying Him Back.

"One good turh deserves another," said the sleeping car porter as be turned over the mattress of the passenger who had feed him him liberally.—Hotel Mail. "George," she said, at the races, "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.

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 (iod knows what calamity is just ahead. No daughter will ever regret trusting to her parents in all essential matters, and many daughters live remorsefully or are the tenants of early graves, because, in a moment of misguided passion, they followed the dead reckoning or the betraying beacon that always leads to wreck.—Baltimore American.

high but Not Dense Enough.

In Providence the other day they were setting some very tail poles for the telephone wires—seventy footers. A countryman came along and asked the foreman what his men were dofing. Now, the foreman of that particular gang is a mild mannered citizen and means to be patient and forbearing, but he is worried a good deal with questions and gets tirred of answering them. In this particular case he told the countryman that he was building a wire fence. "Is that sof said the farmer, looking aloft, and then added: "Well, I guess you've got it buil high, but I "Well, I guess you've got it bull high, but I don't believe you can make it pig tight." That foreman has been very shy of Rhode Island furners ever since.—Boston Heraid.



Young Tiffles (faint hearted)-Just think, angel mine, how poor I am. Why, what

She (bravely)—Well, you could make Mrs. Tiffles of me if you had any nerve.—Wash-ington Critic.

Did You Ever fie One?

The fellow had seen everything, 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. As the traveler came in one of them was saying: "Ah, that is the place where they made the welkin ring." "What place are you talking about?" asked the traveler. "We were talking of Bohemia." "Oh, yes; Bohemia. I know. I've been there. I've got one of them." "One of what?" "One of them welkin rings—an' it's a beauty."—San Francisco Chronicle.

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 be 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 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, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

The witness hesitated, and then said: "I've been selling goods for Blanks & Co. for five years—but I'il do my best."—Merchant Traveler.

Commercial Uses of Paper. Summer Boarder - What's that yellow stuff ou are feeding the chickens?

Farmer—That's corn, mister. "What is this in this binf"

"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 phi-losophy and that sort of thing. Rather steep for you, eh?"
"Oh, no, that's all right. We'll get along.
Pve got a lot of bully gags on Plate and
Aristotle and those old duffers."—Life.

Fresh Buttermilk. (Near the Ferry Dock.) - Dealer-Here's

arge 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.—Defroit, Free Press.

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.—Time.

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

Well Informed. "I know my defects," said B-jenkins pomp-

ously; and as the bystanders looked at him admiringly, one of them whispered to an-

"What an awful lot that man must know." Somerville Journal.

Practice Makes Perfect Miss Clara at the sea shore.—How grace-ally young Mr. De Lyle handles the ribfully young bons when driving, doesn't be!
Miss Jennie-He ought to, my dear; be 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 he concluded to cool his feverish palate with a glass of Gambrinns' own and a cheest andwich He repaired for this purpose to a place on Clark street and began quietly to partake of his refreshments Have you a napkinf be asked of a

"What!" shrieked the waiter.

"What!" shrieked the waiter.

"A napkin."

"You vipe yourself mit your haind. Ve don'd keep no napkins in here."

The Washington man proceeded with his lunch. A few minutes later there was a row in the front end of the house. Sixteen waiters not possible the part of these waiters had bottles and one of them had a cheese knife about as long as a man's arm. The chap who had waited on the Washington correspondent joined in the fracas, and taryfed in the fun so long that the Washington man could find no one to accept his quid proquo. He at last concluded to go out at a side door and thus avoid being summoned as a witness to a saloon row. He got out into the alley and was driven back by the crowd, but was still unable to engage the attention of the chap who had waited on him, and finally went out of the front door, leaving his bill unpaid. He vent to his room, where, during the remainder of the night, he saw nothing but the gleam of a cheese knife and an infurnated mob. On Monday he went back to the place and explained to the head man how ue had gone away the night before, leaving us bill unpaid. ne had gone away the night before, leaving his bill unpaid.

"I don't pelieye it," said the boss. "I nefer had a man do dot vay before. You vant to blay me a shoak. You gid rigtd avay owd so quick as dot, or I call me Shake and der sheseknife, und we haif some more fun. Gid

"Then I can't pay?" said the hones from Washington. "No, you can put it in der slot wid der scales un veigh yourself by seeing it go. But I don't taig nuddings from you. It would boodoo der pizness."—Chicago Mail.

We learn that an amusing incident occurred at the home of Mr. 8. M. Jones, near
Bethel; just 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. One morning Mrs. Jones wentout to attend the milking and upon looking
in the accustomed place for the rope failed to
find it. While the search for it was going on
the calf thought, perhaps, to get more than
his share of the milk, but something seemed
to interfere with the imbibing process, and A Calf That Reasoned to interfere with the imbibing process, and his peculiar actions attracted attention to him. Whereupon it was discovered that the calf had swallowed the rope, but failed to make a complete job of it, as the noose was tanging from one corner of his mouth.

access was laid hold of and a steady brought the rope to light. The calf is

ficently amused and doesn't swallow any more ropes to evade being tied.—Greenville (N. C.) Reflector.



"Birdie," whispered a happy young Chicago lover, "now that we are engaged you mustn't call me Mr. Porcine 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 am

teur 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 Trav-sige.

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 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 palpitant pauses
Of a rashly commensurate love,
Lies the heart of a woman distraugh
Like a wounded, bird shotly sick d With tresses white horsely brick dusted Streaming lax on-the frost laden wind. She slumps from the passion that wood Which still follows fastly behind.

For he stays not his osculant ardor, And she kisses him back with a swoop, While the stern, plant hands of the Past Love Strive to whisk the red wine from love's stou

Till at length she quite mittenly treats him, And he leaves, at the future appalled; But again to her presence somehowly He is soon if not soonerly called.

Then he thinks all the grewsomeness of All the sink hearted source of his pa 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 kneelingly or Ah, me! for the hot gusts of passion That overtake people in books!