A DOG DAYS DEPRESSION.

Much has been said since the League's second championship season opened about the renewed interest which was alleged to have sprung up and was keeping pace with the new season. It has taken no more than a month to prove that this so called revival was an illusion. In several eastern cities the attendance upon games during the latter half of July to the first week in August was notably improved, but before the teams started west the same old rut of passing indifference seemed to be struck. And nowhere is the west thus far has there been signs of a promising revival on the circuit. Indeed the condition of things in Cincinnati, the best paying city of the circuit during the first half of the year, has become financially alarming, while in every other city but one west of the Alleghanies the clubs are playing to a losing business. Cleveland alone draws fairly well because the town has been wearing the honors of League leader. Whether these favorable financial conditions can be maintained in that city if the club loses the lead is a question of considerable doubt.

In Chicago the baseball slump is what the crank would call disgusting. People of that progressive center have one for nothing but the best, and Uncle Anson this year has not succeeded in giving them such an article in baseball. The great general has done the best possible, handicapped as he was in the beginning of the season by a poor allotment of players from the Indianapolis consolidation pool. Comey, his shortstop, turned out a sudden complete failure, and he has never been able to successfully fill Pfeffer's vacant shoes on the nine. Any team which is weak at short field and second base is bound to be weak all over, and that is the condition of the Chicagos.

"The old man" has been experimenting on new material with more or less success, and less success than more. But by the time he gets his men into what he is pleased to consider championship form the season will be so far spent that he will have no chance to arouse the chilled pride of the army of Chicago baseball "rooters." But that little discouragement does not discourage Anson. His eyes are fixed upon the sweet by and by. There will be a "next season," and it has been his custom for years to begin to talk about "next season" before the dog days arrive. It begins to look at present as if there might be balm in Gilead for Anson, if we speak of the season of 1893 as Gilead.

Maybe the Chicago club can well afford to waste this year whipping together a winning team for 1893. For next year the World's fair should bring a small fortune to the treasury of the Chicago club if they can get a winning team together by that time. Yet there are those who will argue that the World's fair is bound to be a financial injury rather than a benefit to the Chicago club under any circumstance, and the argument is based upon baseball experience in Philadelphia during the year of the Centennial. I am not inclined to believe that the Chicago club will receive no benefit from the World's fair, but I am aware that ex-President Spalding believes the fair will be a financial burden on his club hard to bear. He argues that for every visiting stranger who will be attracted to the ball grounds three resident patrons will be kept away by the unusual demand upon their time by excessive business.

The sorry slump in baseball interest at Cincinnati is another exemplification of that old moral taught by the fable of the "Hen Which Laid the Golden Egg." I know it is modern usage to speak of the golden egg producer as a goose, but my Latin book called it a hen. As applied to the Cincinnati case it makes little difference whether we call it a hen or a goose, save that in the latter case the egg might be considered a little larger and, being of gold, more valuable. The Cincinnati club's hen was laying golden eggs regularly through the first season. The newspapers put the club down a sure winner financially. Then came the greed mentioned in the fable. The officials thought they saw a way to squeeze the old hen into more active and valuable work, and in the squeezing they killed her.

Cincinnati patrons became disgusted. For the sake of saving a few thousand dollars in salaries while working at a profit this club had thrown away its chances to win the second championship. Nobody who understands human nature need wonder at the result.

President Young, of the League, has had much trouble with his staff of umpires. Only a few of the old reliables have escaped protest from one or more of the clubs, and even a man like Lynch or Gaffney has not been free from local condemnation. The tendency to find fault with even the best of umpiring is growing more dangerous year by year. The players are taking more and more advantage of umpires' leniency, and by unjust and constant "kicking" manage to work up spectators to the verge of riot in many instances.

The fault is largely the umpire's. The magnates have given him constitutional power to protect himself, but he is either afraid to use it or does not realize what a power of protection it is. Under the rules there are heavy penalties for any player, except the two captains, who shall by act or word question a decision of the umpire. Yet in every game there is scarcely a player on either nine who does not openly insult and defy the umpire.

Lynch, Gaffney and McQuaid are three tried officials who have umpired continuously for nearly half a score of years. In that time the major association has tried and dismissed more than twoscore and ten others who applied for appointments and entered upon their duties fully believing they would be able to "get away with the job dead easy." None of them lasted more than one season and some of them were wrecked before they got their bicycles into running order.

One peculiarity of the problem is that few old players ever make successful umpires. If Snyder lasts, and his chances are good, he will be the first broken down player of celebrity to find a new field in umpiring. O. P. CAYLOR.

A MEDICINE MAN.

Mixing the Potions That Produced Sleep with the One for an Appetite.

Although in perfect health, James Mund, of eastern New York, is always taking medicine. The 10th of last month he brought home two small bottles. "What ails you now?" laughed his wife, who had for years told him he needed no medicine, the physician agreeing with her. "That," he said, pointing to one bottle, "is appetite medicine." And she knew he ate more than any other man in the neighborhood. "That," he said, pointing to the other bottle, "is sleep medicine." And she knew he slept soundly from bedtime until she awoke him in the morning. "I hope you may soon recover," she said.

At night, having taken his medicine, he went early to bed. "Now for a good sleep," said he.

About midnight he called to his wife, who was fast asleep.

"Mary! Oh, Mary!"

"W-what is it, dear?" said she.

"I've made a mistake," he moaned, "the greatest mistake of my life. Instead of the sleep medicine I took the appetite medicine, and I just can't stand it; I'm hungry as a bear."

She did not scold as she prepared beefsteak and coffee.

In the morning, after taking his medicine, he sat down at the table to await breakfast. "I'll eat you out of house and home now, Mary," said he.

When breakfast was ready she asked, "Tea or coffee, James?"

But he did not answer. He did not look up. He was sound asleep. She did not awaken him, perceiving that this time he had taken the sleep medicine for the appetite medicine.

With staring eyes he sprang from the chair about noon, and laughing when he saw his wife smiling, he threw both bottles as far as he could into a five acre field of clover.—Youth's Companion.

A STAR FETE.

A Unique Entertainment on the "Five Point" Plan.

It was certainly a brilliant affair, got up by some society for the purpose of raising money, and it was so successful that others would do well to copy some or all of its bright features. The entertainment was held in a large hall, to which admission was had by the presentation of five pointed tickets.

The hall was decorated with bunting, stars and flowers, everything conforming to the name of the fete. There were evergreen stars on the walls, alternating with tricolored ones. From the chandeliers hung clusters of stars made by covering pasteboard forms with gilt paper. They shone as they moved slightly in the warm air of the place. In one prominent place was a star made by bending a gaspipe into that shape and connecting it properly. When lighted it made a bright and suitable addition to the other jets and the piano lamps that were used for illumination.

The booths were all five pointed and trimmed with silver or gilt stars against draperies of dark blue, which covered the wood. The articles for sale were classified, and similar articles were grouped together on one point. The booths had their advantages—they afforded places for five people to stand while selling goods, neither one interfering with the other and all having access to the money, which was kept on tables in the center; also they gave more space for purchasers than a round or square booth covering the same space would have done. Of course much of the fancy work conformed to the prevailing pattern.

The booths for flowers had star shaped floral decorations against an evergreen background. One was devoted to the sale of potted plants and over it were inscribed Longfellow's words about flowers, "Stars that in earth's firmament do shine." Over the one where cut flowers were sold was the line, "There is a lesson in each flower." Little girls who carried about crush baskets with bouquets to sell were dressed in yellow, with spangles, and crowns of stars on their heads, belts of stars and a five pointed bit of gilt paper on each slipper.

One part of the hall was partitioned off for fortune telling. The entrance was draped with star trimmed curtains of dark blue, and over the mysterious entrance was written "Star-tling Disclosures," atrocious as a witticism, but so striking at the fete that it attracted many curious patrons. The fortunes were told by astrology or what was supposed to be that time honored science, as well as by palmistry. A gentlemen in a dark blue gown bordered with stars told fortunes from the hand; a lady in dull yellow, with fillet girdle, bracelets and necklace of gilt stars, presided over the astrological department. The place was lighted by yellow shaded candles, and the sides were draped with dark blue, caught up with stars.

Another feature of the evening which might or might not be successfully copied was "The Pleiades," seven bright ladies in navy blue, each wearing a cluster of seven shining stars on her left shoulder, whose duty it was to see that the guests had a good time and were being entertained.

There was some exquisite singing of songs about night or stars, including "Stars of the Summer Night" and the reading of that beautiful old favorite, "A Child's Dream of a Star." Refreshments, including ice cream and ices frozen in star shaped molds, pointed cakes and confectionery, sherbets and coffee, were served on small tables, each lighted by a centerpiece of candles placed in the prevailing five pointed pattern. ANNIE ISABEL WILLIS.

The Game in Boston.

Little Beacon Hill (during a lull in the game)—It is pleasing to contemplate, Waldo, when one has "sevened," to use the vernacular, that games of chance by means of the die, similar to those we now employ, were one of the most popular pastimes of the ancient Egyptians, dating from the time of Amenophis III, B. C. 1445. So make your cast. I have you "fated," to relapse into vulgarism once more.—Truth.

Misers with Good Mottoes.

Occasionally men have become miserly from good motives, as did an Italian physician, who denied himself the common necessaries of life, and when he died was mourned by none until his will was read, when it was found that he had left his entire fortune to be expended in bringing water from the mountains to his native village. So also when Bethlehem hospital was built an east end miser gave a donation of £100. When a collector called for the amount he was found scolding a servant for throwing away a match which had not been burned at both ends.—Cassell's Journal.

Bicyclist Grant Bell.

A young California wheelman who has attracted much attention of late is Grant Bell. He is a swift and hardy rider and has few equals in the Golden State.

GRANT BELL.

Not long ago Bell became ambitious to become five mile champion of California. He made a successful attempt on the new Alameda bicycle track and covered the distance in 14m. 18 4-5s. Bell is a member of the Acme club, of Oakland. He has great endurance, is constantly improving and better riding is expected of him in the near future.

An Oversight.

"Maudie," he faltered after he had made his trembling confession and the dear girl had said yes, "shall—shall—are you going to—to tell anybody about it?"

"How can I keep from telling it, Harold?" said the maiden, with downcast eyes. "My lips are not sealed."

And Harold attended to the sealing at once.—Chicago Tribune.

A Fair Distribution.

"That hired man of yours is a hard worker. Here it is his lunch hour and he is still mowing the lawn," said Browne, who was visiting Bronson the other day.

"Yes; John usually mows the lawn during lunch hour, and lunches the rest of the time."—Harper's Bazar.

Defenseless Man.

The man's wife was a terror from Terror Incognita and everybody knew it. One day a friend was talking.

"How in thunder," he said, "did you ever happen to marry such a woman?"

The man looked about cautiously. "I didn't," he whispered; "she done it herself."—Detroit Free Press.

No Danger Then.

Dashaway—Mr. Cleverton said that when you were out with him last night the clumsy waiter spilled ice cream all over your gown.

Miss Summit—Yes, he did. It made me wish I had gone out with you.—Truth.

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Doctor Uses Cuticura

We have opened a drug store at this place and are having a splendid sale on CUTICURA REMEDIES, which we keep a full stock of. I would not be without your CUTICURA RESOLVENT, CUTICURA, and CUTICURA SOAP for $500, just for the benefit it did my little boy. When he was six months old, his face was covered with eczema, and CUTICURA REMEDIES cured it. He is now three years old. We still use the CUTICURA SOAP, and wash him occasionally with it, to prevent his skin from getting rough. We have handled your medicines for five years, and never heard a complaint against them, but abundant praise. We sent our drug store in Kansas, and will continue to the drug business here. C. TESSAR, M. D., Butler City, Stockonist Co., Washington.

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