

## CASEY AT THE BAT.

BY ERNEST L. THAYER.

It looked extremely rocky for the Boston nine that day:  
The score stood two to four, with but an inning left to play.  
So, when Crony died at second, and Burrows did the same,  
A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest,  
With that hope which springs eternal within the human breast,  
For they thought: "If only Casey could get a whack at that,"  
They'd put up even money now, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise so did Blake,  
And the former was a pudd'n, and the latter was a fake.  
So on that stricken multitude a death-like silence sat,  
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's gettin' to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a "single," to the wonderment of all,  
And the much despised Blakey "tore the cover off the ball."  
And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had occurred,  
There was Blakey safe at second, and Flynn a-huggin' third.

Then, from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell,  
It rumbled in the mountain tops, it rattled in the dell;  
It struck upon the hillsides, and rebounded on the flat;  
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place,  
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face;  
And when responding to the cheers he lightly doffed his hat,  
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,  
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;  
Then when the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip  
Defiance glared in Casey's eyes, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,  
An Casey stood a-watchin' it in haughty grandeur there.  
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped:  
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,  
Like the beating of storm waves on the stern and distant shore;  
"Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted someone on the stand;  
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;  
He stilled the rising tumult, he made the game go on;  
He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew;  
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered  
"Fraud!"  
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed;  
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,  
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let the ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are clenched in hate,  
He pounds with cruel vengeance his bat upon the plate;  
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,  
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,  
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light;  
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout,  
But there is no joy in Boston; mighty Casey has struck out.

## THE SONGS MIRANDY SINGS.

ROY FARRELL GREENE.

Mirandy's voice is gettin' cracked, a little quaver floats  
From out her pretty mouth when she attempts the higher notes,  
An' all in all, though still I love her just as much, I know  
She cannot warble like she did some thirty years ago.  
But lots o' times, when I'm at work around the barn, I hear  
In some old song I'd half forgot, her voice a-ringing clear,  
A bonesuckle of a tune that round my ol' heart clings—  
An' fresh with youthful blossoms are the songs Mirandy sings.

It's "Hard Times Come Again No More," "John Anderson My Jo,"  
Or where that feller talks to Tom 'bout "Twenty Years Ago,"  
"Ben Bolt," "Lorena," "Home Sweet Home," 'er maybe that ol'  
tune

That makes you walk with Bobby Burnes the banks of "Bonnie  
Doon."  
I wouldn't trade a one o' them ol' melodies we knew  
For all these new ones writ about a Hannah girl er Lou,  
Since we had sweet ol' tunes them days an' not these rag-time  
things,

An', somehow, love jes gushes out the songs Mirandy sings.  
The one that of some Maggie tells: "When You and I Were  
Young,"

It 'pears t' me's the sweetest thing a mortal ever sung,  
An' better yet than that, a glimpse of Heaven I behold,  
When to my ears comes stealin' "Silver Threads Among the  
Gold."

'T'ough modern songs an' operays the younger folks may please  
I'd rather hear a cracked voice in the old-time melodies  
"Ann Patt's" throat or Melba's warble bifalutin' things—  
The songs of thirty years ago, the songs Mirandy sings.

Oliath was much surprised when David hit him with a stone. He said that such a thing had never entered his head before! So you may be surprised when we tell you that low-priced coffee isn't really low-priced. It wholly lacks flavor. And it takes a lot more of it to produce satisfactory strength. One cent a cup is all the cost of Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee by actual test. And this is the finest coffee grown! Did you ever try it?

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## GUITEAU'S SANITY.

How Dr. Buckley Satisfied Himself of Murderer's Responsibility.

Writing in the Century of "The Assassination of Kings and Presidents," Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley tells of an interview he had with Garfield's assassin after the commission of his crime.

I propounded to Guiteau a series of questions which, with few exceptions, were such as he had not answered before. They related to his mental and moral experiences while contemplating his objections to the course of Garfield toward himself, to the rise of the idea that he must "remove him," to his shrinking from it at first or otherwise, and to what would have been his opinion if President Garfield had recovered. Many of them involved sharp discriminations, and were such as would have puzzled a typical monomaniac or paranoiac. He answered the questions, made no reply that required explanation, used no superfluous words, did not ask for a repetition of any question, nor employ a word in an improper sense; but occasionally he contradicted the record of his own course and his own testimony. He gave no indication of being, or ever having been, irresponsibly insane. His conversation and bearing were unlike those of any irresponsible insane man with whom I have conversed. They resembled those of a man who had committed a crime, and after doing so had made himself believe that he could not help it. His motives were obvious. He desired office; disappointed in the quest, he felt revengeful and the idea occurred to him to kill the president and put the "stalwarts" in power. When it first rose it was like the idea of forgery, murder, or suicide. By turning away he could have cast it out and resisted its fascination, but as he voluntarily dwelt upon it, its proportions grew.

The thought that he had been subject to "a pressure of the Deity" came upon him in this way. Most criminals are fatalists. The chief difficulty is to convince them of guilt. Guiteau had all his life been familiar with theology; his mind was imbued with Biblical phrases. With an inactive conscience; vanity stimulated by the excitement which his deed caused, the peculiarities of treatment to which he was subjected, it was natural that he should pervert Biblical analogies and say that "God commanded it." This naturalized his act in his own view, and left him free from remorse. That he expressed it in theological language no more proves that he could not help it than if, like an ordinary criminal, he had said: "I could not help it; I had to do it."

The root questions in this case were: Did he know what he was doing? Did he know that it was a crime? Had he power to refrain from doing it? These, I believe, could be answered only in the affirmative by one unwedded to a theory.

Whether Guiteau had become irresponsibly insane at the time of his execution is another question.

## NOT EQUAL TO OCCASION.

Pitiful Admission Wrung from the Strongest Englishman.

"Excuse me, sir," said the thin railway passenger with the sandy side whiskers, "but I judge from your conversation that you are the strongest Englishman ever born. I saw your show in London."

"Yes, sir; that's who I am," said the strong man, proudly.

"You can lift ten tons in harness?"

"Yes, sir; that's my record."

"You can hold five hundredweight at arm's length?"

"Yes, sir."

"And put up 900 pounds with one arm?"

"Yes, sir."

"And 18 hundredweight with two?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, would you kindly raise this carriage window for me? It's stuck a little."

"You'll excuse me, sir," said the strong man, stiffly, "but my manager makes all arrangements for my tests of strength and endurance; and besides"—and it was noticed that the strongest Englishman was ill at ease—"I'm not in training."—London Tit-Bits.

## Mexican Drawnwork.

In Mexico there are many things which attract the attention of the average tourist. Of these one of the most distinctive is Mexican drawnwork. Some of this is very artistic, and the patience of Mexican women in the production of this beautiful article of Mexican commerce has kept for this modern active world of machinery and machine-made articles the only survival of the beautiful needle work of a century ago, for which the women of Europe had been noted for several centuries.

## ARE COLDS INFLECTIOUS?

Many Curious Little Problems Hinge on the Answer.

Many observations have been made and many experiments undertaken to satisfy the medical mind in regard to a thing that most people outside our profession have taken for granted—namely, that "colds" are "catching." That they are catching no one now doubts, says the Hospital. It is recognized by those who have the management of sanatoria for consumptives that one of the great disadvantages attending the visits of friends is that "colds" are introduced, much to the detriment of the patients. Of course, every woman knows that "sniffly" people are as well avoided when social functions are on hand, and now a serious question is being asked—namely, should a doctor visit his patients when suffering from "cold?" In the ordinary daily life of those who go out into the world and take their chances of all infections, who ride in trains and omnibuses and even go to church, the opportunities of infection are so many that it is probable that one more is of no moment. But to the chronic invalid, shut off rigorously from external influences, the visit of a catarrhal person may undoubtedly be productive of injurious results. If ever this view should be seriously taken by the public—and they are kittle cattle to shoe, that same public; no one knows what fancy they will take up next—the matter might become a very anxious one, not only for medical men, but for those sick insurance societies which profess to give so much a week to medical men while incapacitated by illness. What is meant by incapacity?

## DAYS A MONTH LONG.

What the Earth Is Coming To Some Ages Hence.

The earth revolves on its axis once in 24 hours. Millions of years ago the day was 22 hours; millions of years before that it was 21 hours. As we look back into time we find the earth revolving faster and faster. There was a time, ages ago, when the earth was rotating in a day of five or six hours in length. In the remotest past the earth revolved in a day of about five hours. It could revolve no faster than this and remain a single, unbroken mass.

When our day was about five hours long the moon was in contact with the earth's surface. It had just broken away from its parent mass. As our length of the terrestrial day increased, so did the distance of the moon. Whenever the rotation time of a planet is shorter than the period of revolution of its satellite, the effect of their mutual action is to accelerate the motion of the satellite and to force it to move in a larger orbit—to increase its distance, therefore.

The day of the earth is now shorter than the month—the period of revolution of the moon. The moon is, therefore, slowly receding from us, and it has been receding for thousands of centuries. But the day of the earth is, as we have seen, growing longer. The finger of the tides is always pressing upon the rim of our huge flywheel, and slowly but surely lessening the speed of its rotation. So long as the terrestrial day is shorter than the lunar month, the moon will continue to recede from us.—London Answers.

## THE GROWTH OF GOLF.

Over a Hundred Thousand Players in United States.

Golf has inspired the statistic fiend to produce some astonishing statements. If you have never played golf yourself and have grown into the habit of avoiding those who do, even regarding them as public nuisances, these roundly substantial figures may help you to calculate the extent of your affliction:

It may be some consolation to you, for instance, to know that one reason you have been suffering such unconscionable boredom during the past year or two is that there are 1,000 listed clubs in the United States.

The average membership of a club, surprising as it may seem, is 100. This makes a total listed membership of 100,000, each one of whom has no other interest, it may be assumed, or subject of conversation. Perhaps you feel as if you had personally met the 100,000. That is hardly likely; though, again, you may comfort yourself with the reflection that you could be no more bored if you had.—N. Y. World.

## The Fool Speculator.

The fool who had much wanted more—and lost all.—Chicago Daily News.

## A Wise Man.

Wise is the man who knows what not to say.—Chicago Daily News.

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If any one should offer me \$500 for good Syrup Pepsin I have done me, I would not think of taking it. No one can give your medicine without being convinced of its more than wonderful cures. I recommend it to all my friends as a safe and stomach remedy.

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Notice of Dissolution.

The firm of Colliard & Biedsohl is dissolved by mutual consent. D. E. Colliard will continue the business and assume all debts and obligations.

The business will be conducted hereafter by D. E. Colliard. We solicit the patronage of the public. Respectfully,  
D. E. COLLIARD  
Lexington, Mo., November 25, 1901

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This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it today. Try Jell-O, delicious desert. Prepared in two minutes. No baking! add hot water and set to cool. Flavors: Lemon, orange, raspberry and strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cents

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pleases all the family. Four flavors—orange, raspberry and strawberry. All Grocers. 10 cents. Try it today.

Guardian Sale of Real Estate.

In the matter of the estate of John A. Stout, Insane.  
By virtue of an order of sale duly made by the Probate Court of Lafayette County, Missouri, on the 29th day of November, 1901, of said order ordering and empowering me, the undersigned guardian of the estate of John A. Stout, Insane, for the purpose in said order of said court, provided and set forth, I, said guardian, hereby give notice that I will on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 19th, 1902, between the hours of nine o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon, at the court house door in the city of Lexington, Lafayette County, Missouri, sell at public vendue, at public vendue, the highest bidder, for cash in hand, the following described real estate, to-wit: A certain lot or parcel of land, situated in the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section (14) fourteen, and the northeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section (29) twenty-nine, all in township (40) forty, range (25) twenty-five, Lafayette County, Missouri.  
Given under my hand this 29th day of November, 1901. JAMES H. WHITE, Guardian of the Person and Estate of John A. Stout, Insane.

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