THE RELIEF CASHIER.

HANSOM pulled up at the door of the Westminster branch of the London and Suburbs Banking Company. The fare was an elegantly dressed man of a little over 30, wearing his silk hat just a degree or two out of the perpendicular, and sniffing the carnation in the lapel of his frock coat.

He entered the bank, passed through the private door leading behind the counters and had taken off his hat and coat, while the manager of the branch glanced at the letter he had brought. It was an ordinary letter of introduction from the general manager of the company stating that the bearer was Arthur Gordon Durrant, whose signature would be found attached, and who had, in accordance with advices previously forwarded, been instructed to join the Westminster branch on temporary service as relief cashier.

The manager, having watched this new member of the staff sign the book, mechanically compared the autograph with the firm, bold "Arthur G. Durrant" at the foot of the letter of introduction, handed the newcomer his supply of cash and retired into his own sanctum.

Arthur Gordon Durrant, who had now been with the London and Suburbs Banking Company for some years, had long been eagerly anticipating the time when he showed become attached to one of the London branches, for it had been Durrant's fate to spend a month or two at most of those branches which were at the greatest distance from the metropolis.

The specific hardship of this destiny will not be apparent until it is mentioned that it was in Kensington that Miss Florence Kendal abode, and that, therefore, Kensington was the center of the universe, according to Durrant's geography.

And, to be perhaps unwarrantably frank about the heart affairs of a lady Miss Kendal had not heard the news of her admirer's transference to London without revealing a glow of pleasure.

He father had arranged to call for Arthur at the bank and bring him home to tea; and as the hour of their anticipated arrival approached, the sprightly Florence's trills became merrier, and more critical became her inspections of the pretty dimpled face, framed with clusters of loose and wayward brown curls, which smiled saucily at her whenever she passed a mirror.

But Mr. Kendal came home alone, and a little cloud rapidly traveled over her face and obscured the sunshine which had hitherto played there.

"Where's Arthur?" she demanded, coming frankly to the point with a directness which made her parent avoid her gaze.

"Well," he replied, with marked hesitation, "I don't exactly know. He wasn't at the bank when I called, and I didn't wait."

Perplexity took undisputed possession of Miss Kendal's face, causing her eyes to dilate, and her little mouth to open and expose the regular ivory teeth behind her coral lips.

"Why, father," she exclaimed," you are strange!"

"Can you stand a piece of most un-

BAGGED THEM EFFECTUALLY.

pleasant news, dear?" asked Mr. Kendal, very gravely.

"Tell me, father."

"When I called at the bank Mr. Scotland, the manager, informed me that Arthur Durrant had duly arrived at the bank in the morning, had gone out at lunch time and had not returned. His cash was then overhauled, and—shall I go on, Flo?"

The girl would not trust her voice. She nodded a pained assent.

"There was found to be missing close upon $5,000 in gold and a smaller amount in notes. Of course, there was only one inference to be drawn."

"Not that Arthur——" Poor Florence could not frame the sentence. Her father interrupted the attempt.

"Well, my child, there can be no other possible explanation. The young man is now being hunted for all over the country, and the manager told me he had wired to the head office for instructions about issuing a reward."

Had the door opened a second later Florence would have been in hysterics. But her father had involuntarily called "Come in!" in response to the knock, and the parlor maid tripped over to Mr. Kendal with a card upon the salver.

Had it been a message from a mahatma, precipitated through the substantial ceiling under which he sat, he could not have been more astounded. Suddenly he jumped up and, without a word, darted through the door.

There in the hall, looking pale and ill, but obviously in the highest spirits his feebleness permitted, stood Arthur Durrant.

It was with a mingling of blank astonishment and distant constraint that Mr. Kendal met the young man's cordial greeting.

But Florence, with a little scream, ran at him and was caught in an embrace which she returned with an interest which Arthur willingly set off against the father's chilliness.

"My word! It was an adventure, wasn't it?" said Arthur, reluctantly disengaging himself from the fetters around his neck.

Mr. Kendal preserved a noncommittal silence.

"Haven't you heard?" pursued Arthur, correctly divining the meaning of this strange reception. "They've got the couple, and, so far as is at present known, they've recovered every farthing of the money."

"Begin at the commencement, Arthur," said Mr. Kendal, as soon as the house had finished the spinning motion which the rapid succession of startling events had given to it in his disordered impressions.

"It has been done by people who have a good acquaintance with banking practices," he commenced, "as you will see as I proceed. It will turn out to be some former employe of one of our branches, I should think.

"Well, last night—today's Monday, isn't it? I'm not myself yet, by any means. Yes, last night, before I had been in my lodgings an hour—I had arrived at Euston at 7:35—I received a note brought by hand, stating that Cecil Horsham, whose name I knew as that of one of our directors, would like to see me immediately on urgent business admitting of no delay, if I would favor him by forgetting for the moment that it was Sunday evening.

"No, 18 Grantham square was the address at the head of the note, and I took a cab there immediately. Of course, being unaware of the exact nature of the business, I thought I would let Mr. Horsham see, at all events, that I was not without intelligence, and I therefore took my bank papers, not dreaming that it could be anything outside of bank affairs.

"You know what fine houses they are in Grantham square? Well, 18 was a handsome place, and I have rarely seen a grander room than that into which I was shown. The pictures were——"

"Yes; leave out the description for the present, Arthur, dear, and you can tell us that afterward."

"Well, it was a place which would have impressed anyone, and that's how it affected me. I had just had time to take in my surroundings when a lady, young-middle-aged, of very stately bearing richly dressed, came in. Her husband, Mr. Horsham, would not be long. He had taken a cab to the residence of one of the directors. There was something of vital importance pending, and she hoped I would be worthy of the trust Mr. Horsham had decided to place in me.

"In her grand and yet very pleasing manner she invited me to take a glass of wine while waiting for Mr. Horsham, and she so took it for granted that I would accept her hospitality I did not dream of declining. I drank a glass of claret.

"It was drugged. I must have been overcome by it in a few moments, for I recollect nothing more at this time."

"Oh, how terrible!" ejaculated Florence, in the deepest concern.

"Yes; it's getting quite melodramatic," was Mr. Kendal's comment.

"Don't mind father's interruptions, Arthur. Go on."

"My first sensation on coming round was a most awful racking pain in the head, a feeling such as that left by too much whisky over night—according to all the descriptions I have heard," added Arthur hastily.

"I involuntarily groaned and was about to turn over on my side, when either a sponge or a handkerchief, saturated, I presume, with chloroform, was clasped over my mouth and nose. I had neither the wit nor the energy to resist, and again I lost consciousness.

"The next time I came around there was, fortunately, nobody in the room, and I had time to regain my presence of mind partially before a man and a woman re-entered. I simply pretended to be still under the power of the soporific. The woman—I recognized the tones of the pseudo Mrs. Horsham—suggested that I ought to have a little more chloroform in case I awoke, but the man replied to her that they didn't want to corpse me, and that chloroform was too dangerous to use any more than necessary, as it was sometimes fatal even when administered by skilled doctors.

"However, he was kind enough to add that, when he was gone, the woman was to be sure and send me off again the moment I showed signs of wakefulness.

"Gradually their scraps of conversation revealed to me the nature of the plot, which, I suppose, has been pretty clear to you all along, with your brains free from narcotic control.

"It was about three hours after the man's departure, I should imagine, that the woman left, after bending over me and deceiving herself that I was still unconscious.

"Reflection showed me that, as ultimately proved to be the case, these two people had taken these grand apartments and paid a handsome sum in advance, merely with the object of obtaining a place to which to decoy me.

"I rang the bell, got the people of the house to wire to Scotland yard and, then, apparently, relapsed into stupidity, for I remember a doctor attending me before I could make myself intellible to the police inspector.

"I was able to tell him, thanks to the scraps of conversation I had overheard, that Newhaven, for Dieppe, was the destination of the thieves; and, sure enough, the local police, acting upon instructions, telegraphed to them, met the couple as they detrained and bagged them effectually."

Florence was still looking puzzled, and Arthur had to supply a few more details.

"Don't you see that while they had me there hors de combat in Grantham square the man, armed with my letter of introduction, marched down to the bank and calmly impersonated me? That he could easily do, because there isn't a soul there who has ever seen me. Of course they know the explanation of it all at the bank by now?"

"No," replied Mr. Kendal; "the local inspector who saw the manager doubtless did not know himself at that time, and Mr. Scotland is applying for authority to offer a reward for Arthur Gordon Durrant. But I see he is captured. Flo seems to have him pretty securely, and for a young man with a price upon his head he seems to be fairly happy."

Two men in Galesville, Wis., were arrested recently for selling salt to farmers for sugar.

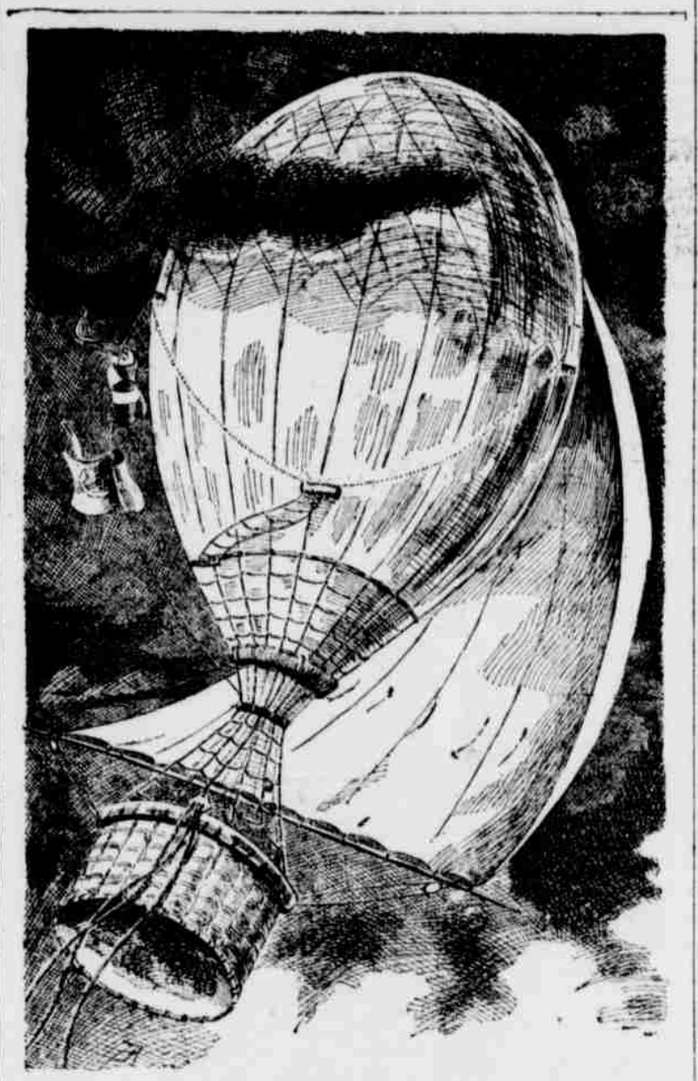
FRANCE AFTER GLORY

THE GREAT ANDREE BALLOON READY FOR BUSINESS.

Will Start For the North Pole This Summer — The Preparations Being Carefully Guarded from the Public—A Hazardous Undertaking.

PARIS letter to New York Journal: If any reader of the Journal should happen to find a strip of canvas bearing this stamp, it would be a public duty to let the world know. The stamp shown is an exact fac simile of that with which the pieces of the great Andree balloon, which it is hoped will journey to the North Pole, are marked.

It is a wonderful balloon, to which the daring aeronauts will trust their lives and great hopes. The most marvelous air ship ever built will not compare with it. For by means of this creation it is hoped to achieve the purpose which has urged countless undaunted men to death. It represents the only means of reaching the North Pole that has not proven an absolute failure. If the project succeeds, France will claim the glory for which English-speaking nations have striven for more than a century. If it fails, it will be one more to add to the wrecks that strew the path science has made toward what has proved the impassable barrier that bars us from no one knows what.



THE BALLOON THAT WILL TRY TO REACH THE NORTH POLE.

It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a journalist to get into the works in Paris where M. Lachambre manufactures this balloon, in which M. S. A. Andree and two companions, MM. Nils Ekholm and Stindberg, are to attempt the feat of reaching the North Pole.

I have, however, been able to penetrate into M. Lachambre's building. It is hidden away in a desolate quarter of Paris, close to the fortifications, in an almost inaccessible corner of Vaugirard.

M. Lachambre is a man of even more mysteries than his fellows, for the reason that he is deeply interested in military ballooning. Therefore, every stranger who passes within hail of his works is taken to be a German spy in disguise. It took a quarter of an hour to persuade the gatekeeper that my intentions were honest. At last he consented to inform Mme. Lachambre of my presence, her husband being absent.

I found the balloon in a spacious shed, where balloons have been evolved from babyhood to maturity. In appearance the car resembles one of those cooking pots in which French housewives make the national dish of soup and anarchists convert into bombs. Stoutly constructed of wicker and cane, it is covered with a waterproof material. It contains sufficient provisions for three men for 120 days, a supply of extra clothing, scientific instruments and three bags stuffed with wool, to serve as beds.

From the centre of the car there rises a sort of wooden axe, traversing the tightly fitting cover of wicker work, beneath which the voyagers expect to lie as snugly as in their beds at home. All the more important rope work is attached to the protruding portion of the wooden axe just mentioned. Above the car is arranged a platform, access to which is obtained by means of rope ladders. Other ladders lead up to the lower of the three valves of the balloon. This trio of valves is a special feature. The remaining two are fixed about half-way up the balloon, one on each side.

M. Lachambre laughs at the idea of his balloon bursting. Nothing would burst it he is certain, after the precautions he has taken. The material of which it is made is double everywhere and quadrupled where the pressure is greatest. The two layers of stuff are stuck together by a composition of M. Lachambre's finding, and in the adhesive qualities of which he has the greatest confidence. The whole is to be covered with a varnish, also of his discovery, and used in this balloon for the first time. Other special inventions are to be adapted to the balloon, and especially a system of sails, which the aeronauts declare will enable them to guide their vessel to a very considerable extent.

An all-important feature of the balloon is its guide ropes, three in number. The entire success of the expedition hinges on these guide ropes. It must not be supposed that the balloon is to go careering through space at an enormous altitude. If its owners can help it, it will never be more than two or three hundred meters above the earth. At this height the guide ropes will trail on the ground. According as more or less of the rope trails, the balloon will rise or fall, as the weight it has to carry will clearly increase or decrease in proportion to the length of rope dangling in mid-air. The guide ropes weigh about 1,000 kilogrammes. They have been carefully made of the best obtainable hemp and thoroughly impregnated with vaseline, so as to insure non-absorption of water. The fate of the travellers depends on these guide ropes, because they are so constructed as not to wear out. M. Lachambre does not think there is any danger of this contingency. He points out that the ice fields which surround the Pole are to all intents and purposes smooth, and, at any rate, present no obstacles in form of vegetation that are likely to damage the ropes. It was at one time proposed to have recourse to a single iron chain as a guide in place of rope, but it has finally been decided that hemp is the best material.

Another much discussed point was whether the balloon should carry a sleigh on which the travellers might effect their return were the balloon to come to grief. This precaution has been dispensed with as quite unnecessary. The extreme confidence in the expedition is shown by the fact that neither M. Lachambre nor the three passengers consider they have anything more than a pleasant aerial promenade before them, in the course of which they will imbibe plenty of fresh air, amuse themselves by making scientific observations, and bring back a collection of photographs which will probably be wanting in anything more animated than an occasional polar bear, but which will introduce to the world landscapes of untrodden spaces, if not of fresh fields and pastures new. M. Lachambre, although he is the father of a family, would have liked to have made the journey himself, but there was no room for him. He is ready to go ball, however, that his balloon will make the journey without let or hindrance, and will come back as right and tight as the day it left his works.

As he explains it, nothing is simpler that the whole affair. At the beginning of July, when the balloonists will start from Nors Koearna, a small island near Spitzbergen, balmy southerly winds blow round that quarter of the globe, as if in special provision of the needs of ballonists travelling to the North Pole. All the three voyagers will have to do is to float along, impelled by friendly air currents. As M. Lachambre insists, a baby could sail his balloon. Where the wind goes, there will go the balloon, and as no one has reason to suppose that the wind will avoid the North Pole, the balloon ought to reach there in due time. Better still, when once the regions aimed at are gained, the wind is scheduled to continue to behave itself with exemplary docility, and, as if it were conscious that it should blow, not where it listeth, but in the interests of scientific explorers.

What does it do? Having wafted the travelers to their destination, it sweeps round and carries them in a homeward direction, which it is thought will be by way of Siberia. M. Andree has no doubt whatever that by October, at the latest, he will be in Siberia. All these theories, in which those who have developed them devoutly believe, will soon be put to the proof. In a few days M. Vieillard will start from Chantilly, near Paris, with the material for building the specially designed shed to be erected at Nors Korena, in which the balloon is to be inflated. It will be a wooden edifice four stories high and forming a regular octagon of twenty metres in diameter. The roof of canvas is detachable, and will be drawn off when the balloon filled with its 4,500 cubic metres of hydrogen is ready to catch the first favoring breeze. M. Lachambre is going in person to superintend the mounting and inflating of his balloon and to start it on what he calls its "little excursion."

I should add that the system of three guide ropes, on the excellence of which the success of M. Andree's expedition hangs, has been carefully tested in the neighborhood of Paris recently by Commandant Renard, the head of the famous French military balloon establishment at Meudon, and by Gaston Tissandier, another of the most celebrated French aeronauts. M. Lachambre is enthusiastic at the results of these experiments, which he declares place the success of the expedition beyond a doubt. He knows what he is talking about, but to the stay-at-home folks who are not specialists, a journey to the North Pole will appear rather more dangerous in a balloon than in any other conveyance.

JULIAN RALPH.

DOCTOR SUPPLANTS MINISTER.

The Confidential Intimate and Adviser of Country People.

It is now the country doctor, not the country minister, who is the confidential intimate and adviser of the people, says the Boston Transcript. He alone it is who now knows the antecedents of men and women, the history of their families, their inherited qualities, their record of trials and temptations, the skeletons in their closets. The clergyman, however able, has usually been for a year or two only in his parish; he has not yet got really behind the scenes; he knows nothing of the hereditary traits, the traditional obstacles. He has not the key to men's struggles; with the utmost official deference he is left in a great degree outside of their lives. They do not turn to him, after all, as they do to the family physician who assisted some of them into the world, who tided the perplexed household through that long siege of fevers, who remembers grandfather in his prime and knew the long tragedy of Aunt Eunice's desolate life. Even the sympathetic stranger soon finds out to whom he must go to learn the social ties and traditions of the community; certainly not to the clergyman, who is apt to be but of yesterday. Fortunately this position of confidence into which the country physician is now lifted is in itself a liberal education; he learns to prescribe for the sick soul as for the invalid body. Perhaps he does it as well, on the whole, as his predecessor, the clergyman, did before him; but it is nevertheless an essential change of dynasty, and every added breaking up of a strong and prosperous clerical influence makes the transformation more noticeable. In place of the country solicitor, the Tulkinghorn of the English novels—the man who held in his strong box the mysteries of every family—we had for a long time in New England the semi-official class of country ministers. Now, with the multiplication of sects and the abbreviation of pastorates, the minister practically abdicates and the physician takes his place as the confidential adviser of the community at large.

Passing of the Carpet.

"When I came out of the sanitarium," said the woman who had been taking a rest cure, "my first act was to order all the carpets in my house taken up. After I had been a daily witness of the exquisite neatness of wooden floors, wiped up every twenty-four hours with a damp cloth, carpets seemed unspeakably dirty. And I believe my family has been the better for the change."

Carpets have long been the target of hygienists, both because of their dust and germ collecting facilities and their disease-dispensing ones when sweeping day arrives. The wise and progressive woman resolutely banishes from her floors woolen coverings too large to be shaken, aired and sunned at least once a week.—New York World.

Might Be Either.

"Doctor," said the anxious mother, "Willie can hardly speak above a whisper."

"Indeed? Has he taken cold or did he go to the ball game?"—Washington Star.

Will Challenge Him.

Brown—"I'm going to challenge that man who ran off with my wife." Jones—"Why, that was six months ago."—Brown—"I know it, but he has sent her back."—New York World.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

About 10,000 Americans visit England yearly.

Among the English nobility 19 per cent are childless.

Of the 9,533 sailors in the United States navy 4,400 are foreign born.

New buildings under way at Cripple Creek are estimated in value at $796,300.

Fashionable young ladies in Japan when they desire to look very attractive, gild their lips.

Sunflower cake has been found, especially in Russia, one of the best auxiliary cattle foods.

A meteorite which fell in Australia recently had a mass of pure copper imbedded in one side.

American ebony is one of the heaviest woods known, weighing 83.13 pounds to the cubic foot.

A French railway company has ordered clocks to be placed on the outside of every locomotive.

The highest inhabited building in Europe is the Alpine club house, on Mount Rosa, 12,000 feet above the sea level.

Slight repairs to the stone wall at the Bloody Angle, Gettysburg, made the other day, uncovered over 100 bullets, pieces of shell, parts of guns, etc.

African natives universally know how to prepare intoxicating liquors from such simple materials as the tops of broom corn, sugar cane juice and cocoanut milk.

BASE BALL GOSSIP.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE GREEN DIAMOND.

Walter Wilmot Sketched—Few Twelve-Inning Games Played Nowadays—The New Rules Give Batsmen Great Chance for Runs—Old Timers.

WALTER R. WILMOT, manager of the Minneapolis team, of the western league, was well known for several seasons as the clever left fielder of the Chicago club, of the national league and American association. He was born October 18, 1863, at Stevens Point, Wis., and learned to play ball while attending school. He did not begin his professional career, however, until 1886, when he accepted an engagement with the St. Paul team, of the northwestern league, taking part that year in seventy-one contests, and ranking sixth in the official batting averages. He remained with the St. Paul's until the close of the season of 1887. His excellent work with the St. Paul's led to his engagement with the Washington club, of the national league, for the season of 1888, taking part that year in one hundred and nineteen championship contests. He continued with the Washingtons throughout the season of 1889, participating in one hundred and seven championship games, and ranking nineteen as a batsman in a field of one hundred and twenty-one players, according to the official fielding averages of the national league. During the season of 1890, when most of the players of the Washington club seceded and joined the Buffalo team, of the players' league, Wilmot remained true to the national league, and was assigned to the Chicago club, of that organization, taking part that year in one hundred and thirty-nine championship games, and again ranking high as a batsman, and ninth as a fielder, in the official averages of the major league. He remained with the Chicagos until the close of the season of 1895. During the season of 1891 he took part in one hundred and twenty championship games, ranking twenty-fifth as a batsman in the official averages of the major league. In 1892 he took part in ninety-two championship contests. In 1893 he played in ninety-three championship games, and again ranked high as a batsman in the official averages of the National league and American association. In 1894 he took part in one hundred and thirty-five championship contests, and had a batting percentage of .331, according to the official averages of the major league. In 1895, his last season with the Chicagos, he played in one hundred and eight championship games. During the six years he was a member of the Chicago club he participated in six hundred and eighty-seven championship contests, besides many exhibition

W. R. WILMOT.

games. He is five feet nine inches in height and weighs 165 pounds.

Few Twelve-Inning Games.

I doubt very much if the ball-patronizing public of the present time will ever again be thrilled by another such extra-inning struggle as used to take place ever and anon during the olden days. The new rules are too kind to the batsmen and there will surely be a burst of hits before many innings over the regular nine are played. I believe fifteen innings were played by two teams last year, and that will probably be a record standing undisturbed for generations to come. These rules are death on extra innings. In the time when the pitcher could send strike after strike across too fast to be seen games of all the way from twelve to eighteen innings were very frequent and always highly exciting. I had the strange fortune to be present, in various years, at a lot of now famous extra-inning games of the past. One of the greatest ever played was the seventeen-inning, 0 to 0 game, between the Syracuse Stars and the Maple Leafs of Toronto, Canada. There was a game where the skill and strategy of the pitchers alternated with extraordinary fielding until the crowd—Syracuse was a great ball town years ago, and there was an immense mob at the game—was wild with excitement. When the umpire finally called the game it was so dark that the street lamps were lit and yet the clubs wanted to go on playing.

Again, I saw the great 1 to 0 game between Detroit and Providence. Here, with the score 0 to 0 after eighteen innings' desperate play, Radbourne came to bat and wafted the ball over the fence, winning the game and simply sending the crowd into hysterics. Years after, while traveling in the northwest, I saw the noted twenty-two inning game between Seattle and Tacoma—a game where first one club would get ahead, then the other would tie the score, and the fortunes of the day alternated until evening, when Tacoma finally won, 6 to 5, if I remember rightly. The Tacoma pitcher that day was Donahue, who is now twirling for the relics of the St. Louis Browns.

Where They Have Gone.

"Another of the remarkable games I saw was the twenty inning tie between Chicago and Cincinnati in 1892. Walter Wilmot saved that game for Chicago and enabled the Colts to escape with a draw. With the bases full in the fourteenth round, somebody Holliday, I think—made a terrific drive into deep left. Back Walter ran, nobody dreamed that he could get leather. Jumping high in the air, caught it, returned it to the infield the day was saved. That was the of the great extra inning games. oddest that I ever saw in the inning line was also between Chi and Cincinnati and was played at old west side park in 1890. The feature of the game was that Chi went ahead in every inning, and the Reds, who had last bat, tied seven times. Bug Holliday made home runs, in each case retying score, and the whole Cincinnati seemed to take a hand in the hitting that held the colts to a The excitement of those old-time games can never be equaled under present rules. Nowadays when a batter of any prominence comes up crowd simply sigh and remark: "over." Even the poorest of batters apt to jab the ball and it is a surprise if the pitcher gets away with the when there are men on bases and more than one out. In those

FRED DUNLAP.

there was the thrill of hope and expectancy as the great slugger walked the plate—the eager calculating of the fact that the odds were 3 to 1 against him, the strained palpitating wait and then, maybe a hit, maybe a strike-out or, most likely of all, a hard drive, brilliant catch, and another inning. Ah, me! We'll never see such things any more!"

Chicago-Cincinnati Game.

An old "Spalding Guide" of 1896 affords some interesting studies of the players of a few years ago and their fate. There were 117 players in the big league of 1889, and of that entire number just thirty-three are still holding the honors that they had then achieved. Twenty-nine are now in minor leagues. Mike Kelly, Jimmy Fogarty, Martin Sullivan, Elmer Sudcliffe, Owen Clarke, William O'Brien, Kid Madden and Silver Flint are dead. Charley Bennett is a cripple. The rest, excepting Arthur Irwin and Ned Hanlon, who are now league managers, have retired into private life, mostly full of years and honors, and are said to be nearly all prosperous. Jim O'Rourke, Dan and Hardie Richardson, John Ward, Jerry Denny, Sid Farrar, Fred Dunlap, Arthur Whitney, Ed Andrews, Jack Rowe, Deacon White, Will Sunday, John Clarkson, Ben Sanders, John Tener, Ed Buffington, Mickey Welch, Dell Darling, Jim Radbourne, John Morrill, Tim Keefe, Jimmy Gilvin, Ed. Morris and Charley Snyder are among those who have left the diamond since 1889, and all are supposed to be getting on well, excepting Keefe and Snyder, who persist in exposing their lives in the pursuit of umpiring.

In the American association that year there were 123 players. Of this number 128 are in the service of the big league at present and thirty-two are in minor leagues. Tip O'Neill, Darby O'Brien, Hub Collins, Ed Daily, Ed Duffee, Phil Tomney, John Ewing and Ed Bligh are dead. Among the retired ones best known in the past are Harry Stovey, Dave Orr (paralyzed for life), Blondie Purcel, Ralph Johnson, Long John Reilly, Pop Corkhill, Hick Carpenter, George Pinkney, Joe Hornung, Jim Keenan, Kid Baldwin, Paul Cook, Eleton Chamberlain, Sam Barkley, Ed Seward, Ed Bushong and Toad Ramsey.

T. E. SULLIVAN.

Philadelphia in Fine Style.

The team make-up and batting order of the Philadelphia club are now the best possible, and should be adhered to, unless some one player falls down badly or accident makes a change advisable. With Hulen at short and Hallman at second the best possible infield combination has been made, and the same may be said of the outfield—Delehanty, Sullivan and Thompson. This make-up gives the best possible combination of batting, fielding, and base-running. It is, of course, unfortunate that no room can be found for either Cross or Turner or both, but with such a wealth of good surplus material as the Phillies possess somebody had to go to the bench, there to rest until opportunity shall again make them available.

Diamond Dust.

Frank Shannon, of the Louisville, has been handicapped by malaria this season, but his work is showing marked improvement now.

Anson set a good example in hurrying the game along. He keeps his men moving from first to last, and is on the lines all the time.

John Handiboe, once a noted player, is pitching for the Gallipolis, O., team. He is looking for a trial in the Western league.

Connaughton appears to have recovered from the stage fright with which he was afflicted early in the season, and is putting up a fast game.

Short Stop "Shorty" Fuller has been released from New York, which club has a superfluity of short stops.

Manager Shannon, of Rochester, has released Pitcher Gillon. His staff of twirlers will now be McFarlan, Herman, Lovett and Weyhing.

During their stay at Washington Manager McGunnigle and his Colonels went to the White House and were received by President Cleveland.

Congressman Fitzgerald of Massachusetts, is the best posted base ball fan in the lower house, and an accurate scorer. He fans for the senators and Beaneaters.

Ft. Wayne has signed a new infielder. His name is King, and he has been playing third base for the Chicago Maroons.