

BOB WHITE.

Old friend, I hear your whistle upon the zigzag rail; Your cheery voice of welcome rings on the autumn gale; When scarlet leaves and golds dance in the amber light, You tell me of your presence with a vim, Bob White!

BASEBALL ON THE LOTS.

BY SYDNEY LEID.

"Did we fellers beat de 'Cademy Kids playin' ball? Did we? Say—say! Lemme tell you. De 'Cademy Kids beat de Leocomotives an' de Bullheads, an' de Grass Eaters an' two schools, an' say! Dey fought dey was good enough for de league. So we sends dem a challenge, an' ses dey: 'We accept dat challenge. Come an' play on our grun'." So we goes an' plays on dere grun', an' whaddye tink? Dey has de pilce dere, an' de teachers an' der faders an' mudders.

"Could we play ball like dat? Nix, not on yer life. An' dey keeps de gang out 'cause dey ain't got de price. Charges 'em ten cents for admish, de munn to go to charity. Say, is dat de way we is used to playin' ball? De first man up to bat on our side makes a swipe at de umpire 'cause he calls a strike. What does dey do? Does dey come right out an' scarp? Naw! De umpire rules him out, dey orders him off de grun', an' when he won't go de policeman lifts him 'long by de ear. Is dat de way we play ball? Naw, nit, nix.

"Some de boys was fer sailin' right in den wid de bats an' swipen 'em all; but ses I: 'Naw! Don't do nothin' ther kind. De gang's all on de outside. We'd get pulled. Let's do what de Englishman did when he found his boat ain't no good. So says I to de cap de 'Cademy boys: 'You's was right fer to put dat feller out, but it's broke up de team. We ain't got no substitute. We gives you de game an' no hard feelin's, an' if you'll come down on de lots on Saturday next we'll play de return match.

"Well, de cap goes off wid de oders awhile an' den comes back an' ses, 'Mr. Flanagan, we accept. We'll be dere. De game to begin at t'ree o'clock."

"Dat's wot he ses, 'Mr. Flanagan! De kids kinder laughed, but ses I, 'dat's 'greenable.' Den we packs up our bats an' 'way we goes, 'dem a cheer, an' dey gives us out. When we gets out de grun' dere's all de gang wid der coach, so Casey an' Ball invites de English driver down an' when I seen 'em last dey was dancin' on him. Dey wouldn't see him sittin' dere lonely. Dat ain't dere style.

"So dat's de way we beats de 'Cademy Kids. Mebbe dey can play cricket, mebbe dey can play dat odder game wid de gross sticks an' de bat? Idunno! But dey can't play ball just a little bit. On der own grun's wid de teacher an' police—mebbe dey can play. But on der lots? Naw! Naw! De Bloody Hollers can beat 'em out sight.

minutes an' de 'Cademy gets black eyes, an' den whaddyer tink? Dat umpire calls me out on strikes. Ses I: 'Say, young feller! Did I hear dat right? Me out on strikes? 'Dat's right,' ses he. 'I hauls de bat 'long an' goes right up t'w're he were leanin' on his cane 'n' ses I: 'Dat mus' be mistake. De Bloody Hollers never strikes out on dere own grun'! Dere's umpires wot t'inks dey does, sometimes, but dey never does.' 'Yer out!' ses he; 'send up de nex' batter.' 'Yer here!' ses I, reachin' fer'm wid de bat. 'Say! De fust t'ing I knows some-tin' hits me on de couk. Den de cart' jumps an' swipes me. When I gets up aguin I gets anudder swipe. Dat was de dude umpire. Could he scarp? Well, say! I got de fourt' lick on de jaw, an' ses I: 'I'll sit right here, now, an' t'ink 'bout dis!' Ratsy Hannagan an' Puck Connolly come 'long an' swipes at de umpire an' he lays 'em out cold, den de mob gets him an' we don't see him no more.

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PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—George IV. was fond of perfumes, out did not care for the English manufacture. He had all his perfumes brought from Paris and a factory in south France was kept running full time during the season in making perfume for the king and royal family.

—Throughout his entire life Victor Hugo endeavored to have the name of his father, Gen. Hugo, who led a charge against the English at Waterloo and was never heard of afterwards, added to the list of Napoleonic heroes on the Arc de Triomphe. It has been placed there at last, and its addition to the list leaves room for only two more. It is probable that those who will never be added.

—Barney Barnato, the man most talked about in London today, is not yet forty years of age. He is said to have made from \$25,000,000 to \$100,000,000 in south Africa speculation. He has been a barber, a drummer, a broker's clerk and a messenger. As a plunger his success has been phenomenal. Just how he got started in south Africa is not known, but he made a big fortune there, and is now adding to it in London.

—Rev. Dr. S. D. McConnell, of Philadelphia, spent his vacation in Europe on a wheel, riding three thousand miles in England, France, Belgium and Germany. He gives this advice to those who may contemplate a similar tour: "You can see Europe very cheaply; but, remember, keep away from the big hotels and from places where the usual crowd of American travelers go. They skin Americans of every dollar they can possibly get."

—The most interesting schoolboy in San Francisco in all probability is the little grandson of the late King Greig of Fanning and Washington islands. King Greig was a merry monarch, though his subjects numbered hardly more than a hundred persons. He used to make frequent visits to San Francisco and Honolulu. But on his island home, which was his by right of discovery, he spent his life manufacturing copra. His son, George B. Greig, is the present ruler.

—Lord Charles Beresford, the hero of the Condor, is laid up with the gout, although he is still in the prime of life and fond of athletic sports. Writing the other day about his ailment, which some of the doctors thought was gout, and others rheumatism, he said: "The only consolation I have over the argument is, if it was the latter, it was probably due to want of precaution of my own, whereas if it was the former, it was certainly due to want of precaution of my jovial ancestors."

—Though the heir to vast wealth, the late Oliver Ames served an apprenticeship for four years in the shops of his father's shovel manufactory. From the age of sixteen to twenty he worked at a bench by the side of the mechanics, and after graduating at Brown university he "went on the road" to sell his father's goods to hardware stores throughout the land. It proved to be a good training, for when Oakes Ames died in 1873, leaving his estate apparently hopelessly involved, his son brought order out of chaos, and in his later years he was said, in addition to other great possessions, to have one million dollars in cash on hand.

HUMOROUS.

—"Thought you said your friends were a unit?" "I was right about it, too," answered the defeated one. "I got just one vote."—Indianapolis Journal.

—The Wider Way.—She—"Why don't you marry and make some woman happy?" He—"I thought it better to make them all happy."—Detroit Free Press.

—Fond Mother—"My darling, it is bedtime. All the little chickens have gone to bed." Little Philosopher—"Yes, mamma, and so has the old hen."—Philadelphia Call.

—Tommy—"Pa, why is it the good die young?" Mr. Figg—"They don't die young because they are good, but they stay good because they die young."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"What is the matter with that horse?" said the animal's owner at the race track. "He's fast asleep," replied the stable-boy. "Well, leave him that way. It's the only time he ever is fast."—Washington Star.

—A Good Excuse.—Mistress—"This passes all bounds, Anna. Last night you had three soldiers in the kitchen with you." Cook—"Yes, ma'am, but the hussar had had his supper before he came."—Soldatenfreund.

—In the Art Gallery.—Lad of Ten—"I say, pa, what is the meaning of those numbers at the bottom of every picture? Look at this one, Shakespeare, 153." Perplexed Father (who has never been in a gallery before)—"Oh! ah—I expect that is his telephone number."—Humoristisches Blattler.

—In reply to the cry for assistance, the professor said: "If I could help you, I couldn't help helping you. It is because I can not help you that I can not help refusing to help you." And the medicant darted around the corner, with terror in his eye and cries of "Help!" in his mouth.—Boston Transcript.

—Mr. Slavereif (to his wife)—"Clara, I wish you would tell Bridget not to cook the biscuit quite so brown in future." Mrs. Slavereif—"Why, John, what are you thinking of? Bridget and I haven't been on speaking terms since that morning I forgot myself and spoke hastily to her when she broke that old china saucer I had had so many years."—Boston Transcript.

—"Have you written any of your speeches yet?" asked the old member of congress of the new one. "Why no," was the reply, "I don't know yet what topic I may find it desirable to speak upon." "What topic? Why, my man, you don't need any topic. What you want to do is to have something ready to fling into the breach when your party calls on you in an emergency to come forward and kill time."—Washington Star.

SHE WASN'T GREEN.

A Coquettish Maiden From the Country Who Knew a Thing or Two. She was such a pretty girl. Sweet seventeen—just budding into fair womanhood. She had been reared among the blue grass hills of old Kentucky, and this was her first visit to the city. She was the guest of the mother of her intended husband.

Everything had been done to make her visit a very pleasant one, and a dear little thing had been moving in the perfect Elysium of bliss. Charley—dear Charley—had been her constant companion, and this, with the wonderful sights to be seen in greater Cincinnati, had caused the maiden's heart to overflow with joy. One night Charley suggested going to the Grand opera house. The simple village maiden had never been to the theater, but she had heard much of it and determined that she would be as biased as any of the audience.

They reached the theater early; very few had arrived. The lights were low. They sat and talked awhile. Oh, she was so happy. Just then the electric lights were turned on to their full power, and she naively remarked that "she had seen no one bring in more lights," but still she was so happy.

The play began. She sat entranced. To her, poor Rip was the dearest, sweetest, good-for-nothing old fellow in the world. When the curtain arose on the fourth act, and Mr. Jefferson is discovered as Old Rip after his sleep of twenty years, she turned to Charley and remarked: "Why, Charley, who is that old man? I haven't seen him before."

Charley replied: "Why that's Jefferson as Rip. He is supposed to have been sleeping for twenty years, and has grown very old."

The dear, sweet young thing cast a reproachful look out of her bewitching eyes upon her intended husband and said: "Oh, Charley, I know I am from the country. I know that I am what you city people call 'very green,' but, really, I am not that green, I have watched Mr. Jefferson carefully all the evening, and I know that old man there on the stage is not he. Oh, no, I'm not that green."

ICE HOUSE EGGS.

Servicable for Many Uses, But Not to Be Relied Upon.

From now until another spring fairly opens housekeepers and others who are obliged to have the connections which they prepare of unquestionable quality should guard against the possibility of ice house eggs being sold to them as fresh laid eggs. It is very difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish any difference in appearance of the one from the other, and therefore the purchaser should ascertain from the dealer which they are buying before taking the risk of spoiled preparations reaching their tables.

As the egg producing season wanes with the approach of cold weather and fresh laid eggs advance in price to upward of twenty cents per dozen, ice house eggs, which were stored away at summer rates of ten cents per dozen or thereabouts, can be brought out and profitably placed upon the market at sixteen cents. Though eggs which have been in cold storage are, when in good state of preservation, wholesome as food and susceptible of yielding satisfactory results in household consumption, they can not be depended upon as possessing all the requisites embraced in the recently-laid article, in boiling for the table, frying, making into omelets and other uses, ice-house eggs will, in nine cases out of ten, or perhaps in better proportions, not challenge detection; but in making ice cream and delicate or high-grade confections, none but eggs not more than two weeks laid will insure absolutely satisfactory results. No doubt the saving of four cents or more per dozen presents to many people the temptation to assume beforehand that the cheaper goods will answer all purposes; but the development of the fact, when too late for correction, that some chef d'oeuvre of a famous housekeeper has been ruined, will unpleasantly demonstrate to such an one the falseness of the economy and in the case of a confectioner, failure in a large batch of his preparations would certainly entail serious monetary loss and, perhaps, injury to his professional reputation.—Brooklyn Eagle.

HER AUGUSTUS.

He Was Wise and Headily Told Her Why the Leaves Fell.

They walked together under the stately maples—Virginia De Claire and Augustus Knickerbocker—and with every breath of wind the golden leaves of autumn fell at their feet.

"Augustus," she murmured, as she stooped to pick up a particularly bright leaf, "you know everything, don't you?"

"Yes, darling—everything worth knowing," he replied, as he gave her a tender look.

"Then you must know why the leaves fall in autumn time?"

"Of course." "I have been wondering why they didn't fall in the spring. Is there any particular reason why they shouldn't fall till the first breath of winter is felt in the chill winds which sway the branches and rob them of their foliage?"

"The best reason in the world, my pet."

"Oh! Augustus, you are so noble to find a reason. See how they shower down, like leaves of gold! Listen to the sobbing of the breeze, as if it grieved and wept at parting leaf from twig! In a few days more these trees will stand desolate and forlorn, and their wind-whipped branches will point to heaven as if appealing for mercy. Tell me, Augustus, if it is really and positively necessary for the leaves to fall at all, and if so why should they fall in the autumn time?"

"The leaves must fall once a year my treasure," he softly said, as he caressed the puffed sleeve of her jacket, "and being this is positively necessary, it was decided to have them fall at this particular season in order that the farmer might gather them—"

"Might gather them to decorate his walls and keep him in touch with the beautiful in nature during the frigidty of winter?"

"No, darling, that he might gather them to bed down his hogs and cover up the pile of pumpkins in the barnyard! That's all—look out for caterpillars as you go pawing around!"—Detroit Free Press.

—The year of the French revolutionary calendar began September 22, 1792. It has twelve months of thirty days each and five days at the end, called the "Sansculottides." The months were divided into three equal decades. There was a four-year period called a "Franciade," with a six days' feast at the end.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Mr. Mark Strass, a wealthy citizen of Elyria, O., has presented to Oberlin college an entire block valued at fifty thousand dollars.

—Rev. Dr. Samuel Shute, for thirty-six years professor of English literature at the Columbian university in Washington, has resigned. He desires to retire from active work.

—Prof. Howard B. Grose, registrar and assistant professor of history in the university extension department of Chicago university, has resigned his position to take up editorial work on a Boston paper.

—It is said that the only hymn ever written by an American Indian is that beginning "Awaked by Sina's Awful Sound." Its author was Samson Ocum, an Indian preacher of ability, who lived in the seventeenth century.

—Charles Robinson, who until last February was assistant editor of the North American Review, and who was mentioned as the possible successor of Josiah Quincy when the latter resigned as assistant secretary of state, has decided to enter a Franciscan monastery.

—During the middle ages the controversial spirit was so high among scholars that students under them carried arms and fought on meeting each other. This was customary at Oxford, and it is thought to be the origin of the still surviving cane rushes and other forms of mob and anarchical violence which characterize certain institutions of learning.

—The eighteenth anniversary of the establishment of the Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago, was celebrated recently. This is the mission established by Col. George R. Clark, who for fifteen years left his office every day at five o'clock, and from that hour until ten o'clock each night worked in the mission. Since his death in 1893 his wife and Mr. Harry Monroe have carried on the work.

—Vienna has elected an anti-Semitic municipal council by a large majority, on a programme including the separation of Jewish and Christian children in the public schools, the exclusion of Jews from office, the non-employment of Jewish contractors, and the cancellation of existing public contracts with them. The Jews form one-tenth of the population of Vienna and pay one-third of the taxes.

—At the recent session of the Southern California conference Rev. George W. White, presiding elder Los Angeles district, was appointed president of the University of Southern California, located at Los Angeles, by unanimous request of the board of directors and the conference. Mr. White is a graduate of Cornell college, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., class of '83; transferred from Upper Iowa conference to Southern California in 1884; has been three years presiding elder of Los Angeles district, and for six years a director in the institution of which he now becomes president.

—Presbyterian missions in Persia, including the eastern and western sections, report the following statistics for last year: Stations, 6; out-stations, 91; ordained missionaries, 16; medical missionaries, men, 5; women, 4; lay missionaries, 1; lady missionaries, including wives, 38; total, 63; ordained natives, 45; licentiates and teachers, 24; total of native laborers, 289; churches, 38; communicants, 2,835; added during the year, 173; students for the ministry, 11; total of pupils in all schools, 3,470; hospitals and dispensaries, 4; patients treated, 20,785 native contributions, \$23,500.

ICE HOUSE EGGS.

Servicable for Many Uses, But Not to Be Relied Upon.

From now until another spring fairly opens housekeepers and others who are obliged to have the connections which they prepare of unquestionable quality should guard against the possibility of ice house eggs being sold to them as fresh laid eggs. It is very difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish any difference in appearance of the one from the other, and therefore the purchaser should ascertain from the dealer which they are buying before taking the risk of spoiled preparations reaching their tables.

As the egg producing season wanes with the approach of cold weather and fresh laid eggs advance in price to upward of twenty cents per dozen, ice house eggs, which were stored away at summer rates of ten cents per dozen or thereabouts, can be brought out and profitably placed upon the market at sixteen cents. Though eggs which have been in cold storage are, when in good state of preservation, wholesome as food and susceptible of yielding satisfactory results in household consumption, they can not be depended upon as possessing all the requisites embraced in the recently-laid article, in boiling for the table, frying, making into omelets and other uses, ice-house eggs will, in nine cases out of ten, or perhaps in better proportions, not challenge detection; but in making ice cream and delicate or high-grade confections, none but eggs not more than two weeks laid will insure absolutely satisfactory results. No doubt the saving of four cents or more per dozen presents to many people the temptation to assume beforehand that the cheaper goods will answer all purposes; but the development of the fact, when too late for correction, that some chef d'oeuvre of a famous housekeeper has been ruined, will unpleasantly demonstrate to such an one the falseness of the economy and in the case of a confectioner, failure in a large batch of his preparations would certainly entail serious monetary loss and, perhaps, injury to his professional reputation.—Brooklyn Eagle.

HER AUGUSTUS.

He Was Wise and Headily Told Her Why the Leaves Fell.

They walked together under the stately maples—Virginia De Claire and Augustus Knickerbocker—and with every breath of wind the golden leaves of autumn fell at their feet.

"Augustus," she murmured, as she stooped to pick up a particularly bright leaf, "you know everything, don't you?"

"Yes, darling—everything worth knowing," he replied, as he gave her a tender look.

"Then you must know why the leaves fall in autumn time?"

"Of course." "I have been wondering why they didn't fall in the spring. Is there any particular reason why they shouldn't fall till the first breath of winter is felt in the chill winds which sway the branches and rob them of their foliage?"

"The best reason in the world, my pet."

"Oh! Augustus, you are so noble to find a reason. See how they shower down, like leaves of gold! Listen to the sobbing of the breeze, as if it grieved and wept at parting leaf from twig! In a few days more these trees will stand desolate and forlorn, and their wind-whipped branches will point to heaven as if appealing for mercy. Tell me, Augustus, if it is really and positively necessary for the leaves to fall at all, and if so why should they fall in the autumn time?"

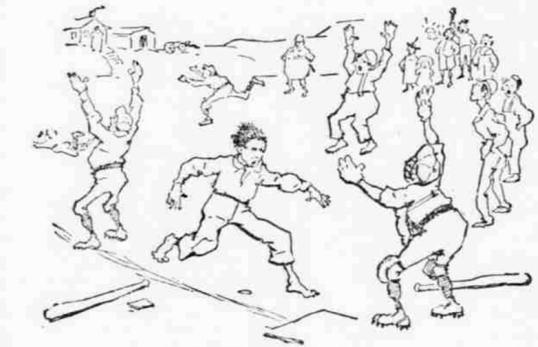
"The leaves must fall once a year my treasure," he softly said, as he caressed the puffed sleeve of her jacket, "and being this is positively necessary, it was decided to have them fall at this particular season in order that the farmer might gather them—"

"Might gather them to decorate his walls and keep him in touch with the beautiful in nature during the frigidty of winter?"

"No, darling, that he might gather them to bed down his hogs and cover up the pile of pumpkins in the barnyard! That's all—look out for caterpillars as you go pawing around!"—Detroit Free Press.



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