IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BASEBALL AS PLAYED IN EARLY DAYS.

How It Developed from "Rounders," "Old Cat" and "Town Ball"—The Gallant Pioneers of 1776—Humor of Plugging the Runners.

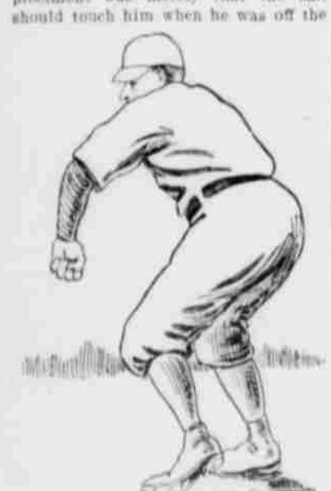
THE story of baseball goes back beyond the revolution to the times of the good Queen Anne, to the merrie England that Elizabeth made and then down through all the dead ages to a year and a country unknown. They did not call the genesis of our great sport "baseball," nor did it much resemble our play of to-day; yet it held the vital spark of the game that has won America's heart. Not much is known of the earlier games except that they existed. It is only of the immediate ancestors of baseball, "rounders" and "town ball," that definite history exists. Even where and how they split from the ancestral game and their cousins, cricket and football, is not known. For the past century or more, however, the present game of baseball has held strong resemblance to its form of to-day.

It was queer baseball that our knickerbockered great-grandfathers played in the old colonial days. They would sport in the meadows beside the towns, playing with unhandy balls of yarn that some good wife had stitched over with cloth. The surroundings were queerer; if they lived in the western reserve of Ohio, or in the Lake Champlain country they might keep their matchlocks piled in a corner of the fence, ready for an instant change from gayety to deadly fight against murderous redskins. But all the men of 1750 and 1760 took their pleasure with gay hearts and free minds, glad to relax from the steady drudgery of farming.

Later, when the youth and flower of the land lived upon the commons and the muskets were piled in the little town halls of rough brick, the men of '76 still sought diversion from the anxiety of a threatening situation in the old game of "rounders." They played it as English children, and even English princes of Wales played it on the commons. Most often in the orderly New England villages of that day the market-place and forum filled the gap between the spick and span white meeting-house, with its invariable high green blinds and sharp-spiked steeple of slate, and the town hall. In the straggling farmer villages of New York and Pennsylvania the mild shorthorn cattle, with great flinging of heels, fled from their grazing at the invasion of the players of "rounders." Forther to the south, where the life was more of the plantation and less of the town, the games of the period did not obtain much of a hold.

It was in New England and the middle colonies that "rounders" was in greatest favor. There was little exactitude about the game. A tree or big stone served as a base; there might be five, there might be six of them. A pitcher stood out in the field and tossed balls toward the batsmen, who wielded bits of scantling, broomsticks or what not. Out beyond the bases, playing fancy free, were three or four fielders, who did what they could to get hands on the balls as the sticks whacked them, slewing them out there in odd curves. Altogether it was such an irregular game as one may see the six-year-olds play in the alley 'round the corner any day.

The ball was a hank of yarn, and even the smith's apprentices, with their pre-eminent biceps, could not swipe the mushy spheroid more than a few dozen paces. Catchers there were none, and so it was with basemen. The whole gathered crowd took turns at clubbing, and by rotation the men out on the green got chances to dodge from tree to big stone and from big stone to house corner in the round of the bases. That was all there was of fun or excitement in "rounders"—the base running. Once a man was on the base the whole crowd, fielders, pitcher and onlookers combined to put him out. What was necessary to this accomplishment was merely that the ball should touch him when he was off the



ONE OVER THE PLATE.

base. It might be thrown from a distance, although this, with the changeable handfuls then used as balls, was a matter of high speculation. The man might be touched in a scrimmage to which half the field would be a party, and he might, if the various elements against him were sufficiently uncohesive, scoot around the gauntlet of the bases to the home. After this brief period of excitement the life of a player in "rounders" was one of gentleness and peace. He might toss for a while in the progressive promotion of the game, and he might chase through the field, starring daisies after the rolling ball. The spectacular fly catch was not known, because the fly itself could not be flown; the home run had not been heard of, since there were no fences that the melons they miscalled balls could climb. Even the pleasure of breaking the windows of a mean man's house and then scooting for safety was denied the youth who played "rounders."

As the revolution wore on and the whole vigor of the land was put into it the games and sports of the green slowly died away, and even in the fighting ranks none had time or thought for much of play. So it was that when the redcoats had left New York, much cheered by the overjoyed populace as they marched from their barracks on William and Ann streets down Broadway and across the bowling green—the resort of the first New Yorkers for their great game of tenpins—the old game of "rounders" was revived in somewhat new guise.

"Town ball" they dubbed it then, and for fifty or sixty years thereafter New York was its center. Through the wars of '12 and '46 and the panics of '18 and '26, and the gold excitement of '48 New York held fast and true to town ball. Its boys played the game on the meadows above town, as they gradually slid farther and farther north, from Houston street to Harlem, and through all the periods when other sections of the country let sport go the New York youths retained their enthusiasm and devotion to "town ball." It is likely that the new rules that came after the revolution and which gave the game a new interest helped materially to keep it alive for us. A French schoolboys' game called "tcheque," which means something like our "out," had been introduced in New York by Huguenot refugees of a century before, and it had an important effect in recasting the rules of the game.

It was now played with sides, and a heavy ball of rubber took the place of the yarn lump. A catcher was added to the team, and the diamond was evolved as a base diagram. This brought, too, the abandonment of the old house corners and trees as bases, and the exclusive use of stones or boards. The national game of to-day was in its chrysalis form. Some years had passed before these changes were fully ac-

AT THE BAT.

cepted throughout the country, and by that time interest in the game had visibly quickened. The retiring of a side by putting all of its members out brought the field teams in to bat at more or less regular intervals, and neighborhoods began to form teams to play Sunday afternoons for the enjoyment of their members and the honor of their districts. In New York, Bowery boys were accustomed at times to go to the city limits at times to fight the Maiden Lane boys, and after a time the wards of the cities had teams that ran on year after year. Expert knowledge grew and improvements were slowly grafted on the simple game. The principle of a fair hit was the first important innovation. When adopted it made any ball that flew from the bat outside the lines to the first and third bases noncounting. When this was well established changes began to follow swiftly. Men were put on the bases to capture and to put out the runners. Base running became vastly more exciting than before, especially in view of the fact that "plugging" was the favorite method of putting out runners.

"Plugging," which is now unknown to baseball fans, consisted in standing at a more or less remote distance from the runner and throwing the ball, full force, at him. This was to put him out. The rubber might strike him on the ear and nip off a little skin; it might catch his bicep muscle and paralyze it; it might hit his wind and send him doubled up in agony to the ground—it might do injury to the man in half a dozen ways. Men were known to lose eyes through it, to suffer long spells of unconsciousness, and two or three cases of cancer developed from it.

The practice was a survival of the old yarn-ball days, when a man might throw the ball at another from a distance of but five paces and do no harm. But the yarn wad had passed from the scene, and in its place was a hard rubber ball, or one made of leather or rubber, after the general fashion of to-day. "Plugging," full of possibilities of harm and accident under the old team arrangements, became more dangerous when the basemen were introduced to the game. They were nearer to the runners and their throws were more accurate, and their missiles struck with greater force. Gradually, spreading by leaps and limps, alternately from New York as a center, a rule prohibiting "plugging" was adopted over the country.

It was in the free and easy days of the '20s and '40s that the clubs playing town ball began to acquire more than local reputations. The fame of one organization or another would spread to the next county, and soon nothing would do but the two teams should play for intercounty honors. Usually the games were the novelty of the undeveloped county fairs of the times. It soon became necessary that rules established throughout the country be adopted, and so a certain code was slowly adopted throughout the states and baseball became a name. It had broken out from its cocoon.

His Ignorance.

Young Mother—"He is somewhat cross today. He is teething." Old Bachelor (in great awe of the mite of humanity)—"And when do you expect him to commence—er—commence—hairing?"—Tit-Bits.

The Most Protestant Country.

Sweden is the most Protestant country in the world. Of the population of 6,000,000, there are only 2,000 or 3,000 Roman Catholics—the remainder of the people belonging almost entirely to the Lutheran church.

THEATRICAL TOPICS.

SOME SAYINGS AND DOINGS IN STAGELAND.

The Babyhood of Viola Fortescue—May Robson and How She Holds the Mirror Up to Nature in the Conquerors—Stage Whispers.

AMY LESLIE tells us about Viola Fortescue, who used to be the most wonderful child of the stage atmosphere. She was always with her father and mother, who belonged to "Rice's Surprise Party," and the baby lived at the theater a great deal. The baby has since grown to be a beautiful girl who plays ingenue roles most charmingly. She is pretty as a peach, but in the early days she was called everything from "Blossom Canary Bird" to "Angel," and was a bundle of the most incalculable mischief. Rice put on "Pinafore" with Lizzie Webster as Ralph Rackstraw, Venie Clancy as Josephine, Harry Hunter as Dick Deadeye, George Fortescue as Little Buttercup and Dick Golden as the boatswain. It was a rollicking venture, followed by tremendous success. Little baby Fortescue come to all the rehearsals and knew every note of the music and would sing it with the most frantic gestures and her own picturesque libretto. Particularly did she like the delicious aria in which Josephine invokes alternate advice in "Oh, god of love and god of reason, say!" to decide upon her two chances to wed in a hurry. The baby used to perch up on a table and clasp her little flower hands over her belt and sing: "Oh, got a love, got a freesin', say!"

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Sardou has been complaining to friends that in late years his proverbial luck in producing new plays when the attention of the public was not engrossed in other more vital and important questions had deserted him. The production of "Sans Gene" had to be postponed on account of the Russian officers' visit to Paris, during which the Parisians absolutely refused to go to places of amusement, the streets affording all the diversion they needed. "Pamela" was given while the Zola trial was in progress, and, of course, the newspapers did not devote to this important dramatic event the space they would have devoted to it had not the French novelist claimed all the attention of the Parisian press.

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"I object," says May Robson, "to being criticised because when I appear as La Poulette, the antiquated dancing girl in 'The Conquerors,' I make up my face perfectly white. The writers that have attacked me on this score have never visited, as I have, the Latin quarter of Paris, where women similar to La Poulette frequent the cafes. I was in Europe last summer, and visited out-of-the-way places with the avowed purpose of studying character. In the Latin quarter it was no strange sight to see the Bohemian girls crunch a rag into a box of white chalk and then rub the rag all over their faces. That may not strike you or me as producing a beautiful effect, but it is the fad in that eccentric neighborhood, and when I appear as La Poulette looking like a sheet fresh from the laundry I am merely holding the mirror up to nature."

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Mr. Alan Dale, says the Criterion, has discovered that Fifth avenue is preferable to Broadway as a promenade for actors of distinction; and also that Mr. John Drew affects the first-named thoroughfare. There is nothing new in the announcement that Broadway is passe as a promenade; for nearly three years only soubrettes and hair-cutters have paraded regularly thereon. But it has never been supposed by those who knew him best that Mr. Drew ever walked in Fifth avenue or anywhere else. Heretofore, when his system has craved the boon of physical exertion he has walked

VIOLA FORTESCUE.

down the steps of the Players' club and back again or taken a ride around Gramercy park in one of the electric carriages.

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"I believe that the stage," said Mme. Modjeska, recently, in discussing the treatment of morals on the stage, "in order to be a factor in civilization and in modern life cannot be treated on the plane of a kindergarten, but must touch all the vital interests of life. It cannot keep even entirely aloof from the delicate subjects, which, though not pleasant to talk over in polite society, have a great social bearing. But there is a measure for everything. All depends on the treatment, and there is a higher instinct of good taste and a nobler ideal that ought to be decisive in this regard."

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Of Edward S. Willard, who is ill in Chicago, the Inter Ocean speaks as follows: "Mr. Willard has been sick for some time, the cumulative effect of a hard season on the road and a touch of malaria that he had in the south. A man of iron will and tremendous nervous energy, he has bravely persisted in carrying out his engagements as originally arranged. He has always been a particularly active man, and looks after a great amount of detail outside of stage work, as he personally directs his business affairs, and the effect of overwork has told upon his naturally rugged constitution."

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John Doel, England's oldest living actor, has just celebrated another birthday, his 94th. He played Launcelot Gobbo to the Shylock of Edmund Kean and saw the first Napoleon while he was prisoner on board the British man-of-war Bellerophon. For many years he managed a theater, which perished long ago, at Devonport, and he had some famous names on his pay-roll, among them those of the Kembles, Liston, G. V. Brooks and the elder and younger Mathews.

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A retort courteous with a pretty piece of wit is said to have passed during a recent call of Richard Mansfield upon the wife of a cabinet officer in Washington. He seated himself in a great leather easy chair. As he sank into it, he remarked: "Inflated, isn't it? Puffed up. It is quite naturally flattered to have a place in your home." "On the contrary, my dear Mr. Mansfield," replied the complimented hostess, "any chair is puffed up with the honor of having you sit in it."

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Annie Irish will not be the leading woman of William H. Crane's company next season. Miss Irish has made an extremely strong impression in the role of the French widow in Mr. Crane's production of "A Virginia Courtship," and Joseph Brooks, his manager, has made enticing offers for her to continue with them next year. She intends taking engagements that will not compel her to leave New York.

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Kate Terry has returned to the stage in London, in "The Master," When

KATE TERRY.

she was first seen as Arthur in Kean's performance of King John, Macaulay, who saw the representation of the play before the queen at Windsor, wrote to her: "The little girl who acted Arthur did wonders. It is almost worth while to be past middle life to see Miss Kate Terry play this."

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The reputation of M. Rostand has lately suffered in Paris from the changes that his successful "Cyrano de Bergerac" is a bold plagiarism from an old French play written many years ago. This discovery is said to have been made by the purchasers of the English rights, who found that a version of the old play has recently been prepared for use in London. M. Rostand has not yet answered the charge.

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Franklin Moore has finished a play based on the life of Nell Gwynne, taken from a novel called "The Impudent Comedian," which he wrote some time ago. The actress is shown first as an orange seller in the pits of theaters and her career is traced to the time in which she became a court favorite. The character is said to be highly sympathetic.

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Adelina Patti, Clara Butt, Edward Lloyd and Charles Santley will sing with a festival chorus of some 3,000 and an orchestra of 500, led by August Manns, at a concert in the Crystal palace, June 25. Patti has not sung in the Crystal palace since the Handel festival of 1889.

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I. Zangwell may write a play for Richard Mansfield. "He has been at me for years," says Zangwell. "He wants to play 'The King of the Schnorrers,' and once offered me a carte blanche commission to write no less than four plays for him."

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Eleanora Duse has achieved a great success in Florence in an Italian version of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Critics who have seen both say that she did not look the part of Paula so well as Mrs. Patrick Campbell, but surpassed her in force of acting.

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J. H. Stoddart expects to retire from the stage after he has played in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" for a season or two. He says: "A son and a daughter are ready to make my life's evening easy, and I shall enjoy a rest."

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John R. Rogers has a new star and seems to be doing well with her in the British provinces. Her name is Julie Ring and she is playing the part formerly portrayed by Minnie Palmer in "My Brother's Sister."

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It is said that Mrs. Mansfield's—Beatrice Cameron's—retirement from the stage is temporary, and that as soon as an expected happy event has taken place she will rejoin her husband.

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Charles H. Hoyt's new farce, "A Day and a Night," will be shown first April 18 at New Haven, Conn., with Otis Harlan, William Devere, Lew Bloom, W. H. Cuggie, Georgia Caine and Villa Knox in the cast.

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Mrs. Fiske has engaged Verner Clarges, Lotta Linthicum and Alberta Gallatin for the new play by Marguerite Merington, to be produced at the Fifth Avenue theater, New York, during her present engagement.

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"The church and the stage," says the Lanniganville Sage, "are getting together without knowing it. In these days the actor does the preaching and the preacher the acting."

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Next season Viola Allen will star in "Romeo and Juliet" and "Twelfth Night." Her father, C. Leslie Allen, now with Henry Miller, will be a member of her company.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

A New Flying Dutchman Built of Mist and Gauze—A Peculiar Fish—The Drinking Habits of Animals—Smart Sayings of Juveniles.

The Mercury's Plaint.

I don't know why I'm slandered so,
If I go high—if I go low,
There's always some one who will say,
"Just see that mercury to-day!"
And whether toward the top I crawl
Or down toward zero I may fall,
They always fret, and say that I
Am far too low, or far too high.
And though I try with all my might
I never seem to strike it right.
Now I admit it seems to me
They show great inconsistency,
But they imply I am to blame,
Of course that makes my anger flame,
And in a fiery fit of pique
I stay at ninety for a week,
Or sometimes, in a dull despair,
I give them just a frigid stare;
And as upon their taunts I think
My spirits down to zero sink,
Mine is indeed a hopeless case—
To strive to please the human race!
—Carolyn Wells, in Youth's Companion.

A Peculiar Fish.

Lying limp and dry on a fishmonger's slab, the turbot is perhaps the least interesting of fish. When swimming in an artificial sea, or lying on the sandy bottom, it is the most attractive of all the denizens of this mock ocean, and, whether at rest or in motion, has an air of vigilance, vivacity and intelligence greater than that of any normally shaped fish. This is in part due to his habits, and in part to the expression of the flat fish's eye. This, which is sunk and invisible in the dead fish, is raised on a kind of turret in the living turbot, or sole, and set there in a half revolving apparatus, working almost as independently as the "ball and socket" eyes of the chameleon. There is this difference, however, in the eye of the lizard and of the fish—the iris of the chameleon is a mere pinhole at the top of the eyeball, which is thus absolutely without expression. The turbot's eyes are black and gold, and intensely bright, with none of the fixed, staring, stupid appearances of ordinary fishes' eyes. It lies upon the sand and jerks its eyes independently into position to survey any part of the ground surface and the water above or that on any side at any angle. If it had light rays to project from its eyes instead of to receive, the effect would be precisely that made by the sudden shifting of the jointed apparatus which casts the electric light from a warship at any angle on the sea, sky or horizon.

The turbots, though ready, graceful swimmers, moving in wavelike undulations across the water, or dashing off like a flash when so disposed, usually lie perfectly still upon the bottom. They do not, like the flounders, cover themselves with sand, for they mimic the color of the ground with such absolute fidelity that, except for the shining eye, it is almost impossible to distinguish them. It would appear that volition plays some part in this subtle conformity to environment, for one turbot, which is blind, has changed a tint too light, and not at all in harmony with that of the sand.

The Drinking Habits of Animals.

Tame rabbits are commonly kept without water; but they may be seen licking the bars of their hutch after a shower and drink eagerly when they have the chance. Most other rodents, including rats, are thirsty creatures. The only animals living in very dry places which seem able to do entirely without drink are snakes and reptiles. In the cold desert of shifting sand in Kashgar there were no reptiles, and not even a fly. But the Afghan boundary commission found swarms of lizards and a new and venomous species of adder in astonishing numbers in the awful desert of hot shifting sand at the corner where Persia, Beluchistan and Afghanistan meet.

We must note one exception, the giraffe, which Mr. Bryden believes exists for three-quarters of the year in North Kalanari without water. But this cannot be proved until the desert has been explored and the total absence of water confirmed. There is known to be water beneath the surface, and if the giraffe does live waterless, he must imbibe his liquid nutriment at second hand in the juices of the leaves of the trees which have their roots in the moisture. Seals do not apparently drink, neither do cormorants and penguins; but there can be little more evaporation from their bodies than from those of fish, and their food is wet and moist. A more difficult question is that of the water supply of arctic animals in winter; possibly they eat snow.

Baptized the St. Bernard.

Bobbie is 5 years old and the son of a prominent Twin Cities clergyman now resident in Chicago, who is noted for his eloquence and the impressive manner of his baptisms. Being an exponent of the Baptist faith the baptisms were, of course, by immersion. The church was an especially popular one and the ceremony was a frequent event. It always excited the child's interest to a lively degree.

Bobbie was an exceptionally precocious youngster and was nothing if not original. He would watch his father immerse the candidates and would listen attentively to the words, "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost" which the pastor employed. This formula bothered Bobbie. He asked many questions upon the subject, but never seemed to find the explanation that satisfied him. One of Bobbie's prime favorites and his constant playfellow was a huge St. Bernard noted for his beauty and intelligence. Early one morning Bobbie and the dog were observed in the garden, the boy busily engaged in digging a hole with the fire shovel he had surreptitiously abstracted from the cook's quarters. His air was very mysterious and the dog seemed to assume extra vigilance as he oversaw the operations. For a long time the child dug away at the soft sod. Finally he seemed to be satisfied with the dimensions, and together he and the dog hurried to the pump in the rear yard. In a short time they had the hole full of water. Then Bobbie, taking the obedient old dog by the collar, led him sedately to the hole, and, seizing his head and shoulders as he had seen his father do with the candidates at baptism, he soused the animal's head into the pit. As it came up dripping Bobbie ejaculated with evident triumph: "In the name of the Father and of the Son and—in the hole you go!"

Precocious Ellen West.

Little Ellen West, aged 8 years and a resident of Hyde Park, is inclined to be philosophical. She is a constant attendant at church, and very frequently accompanies her parents to lectures at the university. Not long ago she began to study into the natures of some of her small playmates. Certain actions of one of her friends puzzled her greatly, and she finally astonished her mother by the following observation:

"Mamma, I believe that Marion is very fickle. When I have candy or am riding my bicycle she pretends to think a great deal of me, but at other times she won't hardly look at me. Isn't that what Professor —— meant the other day when he said: 'Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone?'"

Mrs. West assured Ellen that she had seized upon a great truth.

The same Ellen attends the Ray school on Fifty-seventh street. One month her standing was very low, and her father remonstrated with her. She was duly impressed by the force of his remarks, and the next month brought home a better report. Her father was pleased, but not wanting Ellen to cease her industrious efforts he was rather scant in his praise. This tried the little girl sorely, and, turning from him, with tears in her eyes, she said: "Papa, you forget that heaven is not reached at a single bound."

Little Tinkletop Is Smart.

"Tinkletop," as they called her, was just learning to spell words of more than one syllable and was exceedingly proud of the fact. It afforded her also a keen satisfaction to know that her elders could no longer banish her from their confabs by spelling words it was desired she should not understand.

After insisting on several occasions that she was not "a little pitcher" and that her ears were no longer than other people's she caught up her uncle right smartly one night as he was exploiting a choice narrative in "hog Latin" dialect.

"Now I know what you said," and she told the story in almost as good "Latin" as the original.

"Who told you all that?" asked her uncle.

"Humph," she said in fine disgust, "can't I learn 'hog Latin' if I try, uncle?"

"Well, we will find a way to cheat your little ears yet."

Tinkletop thought hard, but said nothing, and she watched her uncle like the proverbial cat.

One day he came home with a new story on an eccentric neighbor. Two little ears were perked ready for the tale.

"S-p-e-l-l i-t," cautiously suggested the mother.

But a determined little voice was lifted from a primer in the other end of the room, and it cried:

"No, you mustn't spell it, either."

And he didn't.

Built of Mist and Gauze.

The flying Dutchman has been driven from the waters by a more up-to-date spectral vessel.

Down among the Caribbean islands

some natives first saw the new ghost ship. It was in broad daylight. The air was so clear that the feathers in a far-off bird's wing were distinct.

Suddenly bearing down upon their rough boat a great steamer came. Smoke rolled from her funnels. The natives put their little ship about to escape from the track of the oncoming vessel and they saw that it was a gray thing, with masts of gossamer and funnels of gauze. In the bright sunlight it was a great, massive ship, carved perfectly from a mountain of mist. There was no throb of engines, no sound of waters cut, although the foam played around the prow.

Since then the phantom steamer has been often sighted—at twilight, at noon, on stormy days and clear ones.

Men and Horses Killed in Battle.

In regular battles the proportion of loss among men and horses is quite close, and in hand to hand combats of cavalry, as well as in sharp artillery engagements, for every man killed or wounded there is also a dumb warrior entitled to a place beside him on the roll of honor. The Light Brigade at Balaklava rode in 660 (not 600) strong, and lost 288 men, but of the 660 horses, 360 were shot down by the Russian guns. In the fierce charges of the German Uhlans and Cuirassieds at Vionville, Mars-la-Tour, in 1870, 1,400 men and 1,600 horses were killed and wounded. In the artillery contest on the same field, 730 men and 1,000 horses fell around the guns. At Gravelotte, soon after Mars-la-Tour, the artillery fighting was also terrible, and 1,300 horses were shot down around the batteries, although the loss of the artilleries was less than 1,000.

The Morals of Ants.

Sir John Lubbock has gone to the ant again, and if he keeps up his visits and others imitate him, that interesting insect will become useless for Sunday school purposes. Sir John succeeded in getting his ants helplessly drunk, and then placed them outside an ant hill. The sober ants came out, picked up their friends and put them to bed to sleep off the effects of Sir John's liquor; the strangers, however, they sternly rolled over into the ditch.

GENEALOGICAL TRAGEDY.

Book Was Found After the Estate Had Been Lost.

It was one of those big English estates which was to make a great many people rich if all the links in the long chain of ancestry could be found, says the New York Times. The legatees in this country had twenty-one years in which to prove their claim before the property would revert to the crown. Everything possible had been done and one link was still missing. This was an old family Bible containing certain necessary records. It was supposed to have been burned at the time of the Deerfield massacre, but notwithstanding, every effort had been made to find it if by any possibility it was in existence, but without success, and the time expired. Two years later, one of the legatees, a New York woman, chanced to see in a paper the advertisement of a woman who wanted work. The advertiser had signed her name, and it was a family name of the woman who was one of the claimants for the English estate. It was perhaps the persistent fascination which the earnest searcher into genealogical records never loses, and the force of habit formed in many years' search for previous documents which interested her at once. She answered the advertisement in person, found that the woman had been the wife of a member of her family, who had died, leaving her in financial straits, which had forced her to advertise for something to do to support herself. But the strange and romantic part of the story was that among old books and papers which had been cherished as having belonged to her husband the woman had the old Bible, with its register of births and deaths, and the only link that had been needed to obtain the large estate, and now that it was too late it was found where it had been treasured simply as a souvenir.

A CONNOISSEUR.

Couldn't Fool Him on the Price of a Picture.

A man who wore a silk hat, chin whiskers and the other things needed in a cold climate sauntered into Natt's picture gallery yesterday afternoon, accompanied by a lady, who was evidently his wife, says the Cleveland Leader. "I heard you had some paintings on exhibition here," the man said. "Yes," Mr. Natt replied; "they are in the back room. Mr. Evans, the artist, will be glad to show them to you." They walked back and sat down, while the artist talked to a lady who thought of buying a picture that she had under critical examination. After considerable dickering, she decided to close the bargain and the man with the silk hat happened to overhear her mention the price that she was about to pay. After the departure of the lady who had made the purchase, the other two callers were favored with a view of the pictures and finally the man saw one that he thought he might like. "How much is the price of that?" he asked. "Mr. Evans named his figure, whereupon the other got up, said to his wife: "Come on Delia," and started to leave. As they were passing through the front room Mr. Natt overheard her ask: "What are you in such a hurry for, David?" "That fellow's a cheat," was the reply. "He asked me $50 more for the picture I asked him the price of than he charged for the one he sold a little bit ago, and this has only one person painted in it, while the one the woman bought has two."

IT PAYS.

But It Is the Country Landlord Who Is Paid.

When you have been working all winter long in the muddy, slushy city, day after day, with almost no change and you have undergone all the cares and worries that are attendant on life during the busy season of the year; when your step is not as light and firm as it was last autumn before you began and your gait is more mincing and your brow more furrowed, it pays to go to some quiet hotel in the country for about a month, says the New York Herald. Yes, when your eye is duller than its wont and your shoulders lower in their stoop and your system's undermined and your temper quite uneven, and your mental power befogged it pays to go to some nice quiet country hotel; it pays.

Oh, yes; when your tasks all weigh upon you and the days seem never ending and the nights all seem oppressive, and your health is going under and the dear wife grows impatient, and the children's faces longer and your own home not so cheery, it pays to take them with you to some nice and quiet country hotel to spend a month. It pays—oh, yes, it pays. You bet your life it pays. It pays the landlord!

Change of Temperature.

Scientists and all observing persons are interested in the statement that the climate of France is quite rapidly growing colder. For some time this was disputed, but a careful examination of the condition of vegetation appears to confirm the idea beyond the shadow of a doubt. Certain trees and shrubs that a few years ago flourished luxuriantly are gradually dying out, and in some localities have disappeared altogether. Lemons formerly flourished in Languedoc and oranges in Roussillou, but these have altogether disappeared, as have many indigenous plants that at one time grew in the more northerly districts.

A Unique Curiosity.

Jay Green (in dime museum)—"Say, mister! What is there curious about that feller on the platform over there? He looks just like any other Irishman, so far as I can see." Lecturer—"That Hibernian, my friend, is one of the most remarkable freaks of nature ever placed on exhibition. He is the only Irishman who ever said 'Be jabers!'"—Puck.

The Cheerful Idiot.

"I observe in the public prints," said the scientific boarder, "that a whale's tongue sometimes yields a ton of oil." "If the whale is as oily-tongued as that," said the Cheerful Idiot, "no wonder Jonah was taken in."—Indianapolis Journal.

A covetous heart is like Pharaoh's lean kine, it devours all.