

The Delights of Base Ball

The only son of a widowed mother in the vicinity of Douglas Park is a member of an amateur baseball club. On Saturday he had his hair cut and oiled, and accoutred himself for the fray, and his fond mother tied one of her best lace trimmed handkerchiefs round his throat, and put a clean handkerchief, with some cologne on it, in his belt, and kissed him, and he went. About a quarter past seven he returned—that is, the most of him—and the following conversation ensued:

"My son, where is the lace handkerchief you had round your neck?"

"Here, ma, tied round this finger. I picked up a daisy-cutter. I think the finger is only out of joint, not broken."

"My son, why do you not speak plainly? Surely, surely you have not been drinking?"

"No, ma; but in the latter half of the seventh inning our catcher's hands gave out, and I went behind, and I stopped a foul tip ball with my teeth, that's all."

"My son, your nice new uniform is all blooded in front. Whatever can you have been doing?"

"Nothing, ma; only I was trying to scoop in a high one at third, and he sun got in my eyes and I muffed it, and the ball came on my nose, but I put it over to first and put him out."

"My son, your white flannel pants are all green behind."

"That, ma, was in the third inning, when I tried to steal to second, and had to throw myself down and slide in. I got the base anyhow, and came in on a two-baser to left field."

"Alas! my son; I fear that you have had an unpleasant day. Let me send for a surgeon and a dentist, and get some arnica, ice-water, lint, raw beef steak, splints, sticking plaster, vinegar and brown paper, Radway's Ready Relief, Perry Davis' Painkiller, compresses, slings, leeches, clean clothes, op-edilloc, horse liniment, and in a few days you will not know yourself."

"Oh, ma, it was the bulkiest game I ever was in—ten innings, and the score seven to six. If I die, I give my bat to Billy Humphries, and my spiked shoes to Charley Gross." Exit, led out by his ma. Curtain falls.—Chicago Times.

He Didn't Stay.

Jones, a deacon of an up-country church, is a somnambulist, and his nightly wanderings have long been a source of constant worry to Mrs. Jones, who has tried her best to break him of the habit, but without success. Last week, however, she read in the paper that cold water suddenly dashed upon the sleep-walking individual was a remedy never known to fail, and, consequently, determined to test the truth of it. Accordingly, on Saturday afternoon she carried a small tub of water to the top of the stairs, just outside her bedroom door, in order to be in readiness for the night's campaign, and, to insure its good effect, put several large pieces of ice into the water just before retiring.

Now it happened that, on Saturday afternoon, the church of which Jones is deacon being destitute of a pastor, a candidate in the person of Rev. Timothy Tubbs, late from the Wabash region, walled in from the flesh, the world and the devil by a high linen collar, and shaking with ague, came to fill the pulpit on the following day, and as a matter of course became the guest of Deacon Jones. At a timely hour the deacon and his family retired, and it was about midnight when, fancying he heard robbers in the lower regions of the house, the deacon slipped quietly from his bed, and, without disturbing Mrs. Jones, went down stairs to reconnoiter. Shortly after, the Rev. Tubbs awoke with a chill, and getting out of his bed he, too, went down stairs to get a bottle of medicine he had left on the dining-room mantel, but in passing along the hall, he made a mistake and caused a racket, which awoke Mrs. Jones, who, finding her husband missing from her side, drew hasty conclusions, and springing to her feet, hastened out into the hall, and looked over the balustrade in time to see the white fluttering garment of the reverend man on his way down.

"That's him—here now!" she said, in a low voice, and at the same time lifting the tub to the top of the railing, and presipitating

the ice-cold water on the unfortunate man below, who, with an astonished cry, sprang down the steps into the open arms of Mr. Jones, on his way back to bed, and who, feeling confident of having caught the midnight invader of his household, proceeded to administer justice in a full measure, and accomplished the same by means of various strokes, knocks and kicks upon his squirming captive, and at length throwing him down, seated himself upon the prostrate body and waited for the light he called Mrs. Jones to bring. That good lady, trembling with fear, and thinking her husband was being murdered below, lighted a candle and started with full force down the stairs, but the water having made the stairs slippery, an incautious step threw her feet from under her and landed her, after a rapid transit downward, on the two men at the foot. The shock caused Mr. Jones to relinquish his seat upon the prisoner, who, seeing his advantage, sprang to his feet and rushed towards the street door, but by mistake plunged into the cellar-way, and a thud and a groan told he had found the bottom. Then Mr. and Mrs. Jones picked themselves up, and cautiously peered into the cellar for their burglar, and found, to their infinite horror and chagrin, their reverend guest upon the cellar-floor, quaking, and speechless with fear, and his foot firmly caught in a steel trap the deacon had set for rats.

Numerous explanations followed, and the bruised and frightened parson put to bed again. He did preach the next morning, however, and took as his text, "Give unto such as these a cup of cold water," etc.; and it was noticed Mr. and Mrs. Jones became very red and confused as he read it out. He did not accept the call, however, and Monday morning started back to the region where newspaper receipts for somnambulism are not followed, and where there are no burglars. PARK HURON.

—Cincinnati Times.

Did Not Want a Stepmother.

An Albany paper tells the following story apropos of stepmothers: "In a rural Vermont town there lives a clergyman who, although not wealthy in a worldly sense, rejoices in the possession of seven daughters. These girls are motherless and appear to entertain fears that their spouseless father may again assume the matrimonial relation. They have an unusual horror of a stepmother, and would prefer a perpetual hurricane or thunder storm rather than to submit to the sway of another woman. Indeed, they cannot imagine why their father should think of marriage when he has seven girls to take charge of the domestic duties which, in a minister's house, can be neither numerous nor arduous. The daughters are ever on the alert, and view with suspicion every eligible female member of the church who may wear a winning smile when in the presence of their pastor. The poor father is subjected to a cruel espionage, and is compelled to take one or more of his daughters with him wherever he goes. The persecuted man's only hope is to marry his daughters off as rapidly as possible, else his peace of mind will be broken and his flour barrel empty continually.

The other day, however, the clergyman succeeded in escaping to a neighboring town without the presence of a daughter or two. How he contrived and executed his flight is one of the greatest mysteries of the period. At any rate, he accomplished it, and after an absence of several days, a message came to the daughters that their father had married a widow with six sprightly children." Had a bomb-shell burst, greater consternation would not have been caused. The intelligence also was conveyed that the clergyman would return at a certain time. Those girls held a council at once, and it was unanimously agreed to give the widow with six sprightly children an exceedingly warm reception—so hot, indeed, that the house and village could not hold them.

The young ladies, described as of meek and amiable temperaments, were transformed into other beings, and the local chronicler declares that there was weeping and wailing and tearing of hair, together with remarks hardly consistent with the supposed character of ministers' daughters. The well-regulated house was turned topsy-turvy; there was neither sweeping nor

dusting; all the pretty and valuable things were placed in the rooms occupied by the girls, and the general apartments had the appearance of a San Francisco Chinese house after a visit of the hoodlums. The best preserves in the cellar were hid away, as were also the hickory-nuts and pop-corn. The bread, pies and cakes were eaten, and no new baking was done. Water was poured over the stove to give it a gray and rusty aspect, and the windows were spattered with dish-water.

After all this had been done, the girls put on their shabbiest clothes, and awaited the arrival of the seven unwelcome persons. Rev. Mr. finally came, but he was alone. He greeted his daughters as usual and as he viewed the neglected parlor there was a merry twinkle in his eye. The daughters were nervous and evidently anxious. At last the eldest mustered courage and asked: "Where is mother?" "In heaven," says the good man. "But where is the widow with six children whom you married?" Why, I married her to another man, my dears. The portraits of those girls at that moment would be worth a fortune to an artist. Surprise, chagrin, joy, and humiliation were depicted upon their countenances, which grew first red and then colorless, changing from the one to the other in quick succession. The daughters had urgent duties elsewhere, and the father was left in the room alone, until called to supper, the like of which he had not enjoyed for many a day. When he arose the next morning, the house had more than its wonted cheerfulness and order, while his daughters were all smiles in their neatest attire. Their fear of a stepmother has greatly decreased, while the father has much more freedom and is not constantly under surveillance."

A Wronged Man.

John Fitch Hastings, of Adams avenue had the toothache. An old snag in his jaw went on a strike, and the way it jumped and carried on

Made John Fitch Hastings raving mad, And the way he tore around Brought all the boys from blocks away To hear him swear and pound.

After a long night of suffering the man sat down on his back steps in the sun, his head bound up, a poultice on his cheek and the camphor bottle at his hand. The boys were in the alley waiting for him, and one of them called out:

"Ah! how glad we are to behold the beauties of the rising sun, but don't forget to touch your tongue to the camphor!"

A second boy raised his head above the fence, and said:

"The dew is on the grass, and all nature is fresh for another day's labor. How wonderful is nature, and why don't you fill that tooth with hot soap?"

Several other boys had remarks to make, and by and by the man with the toothache resolved to kill fourteen and wound seven or eight more. He was pursuing them through the streets when taken in charge, and his incarceration didn't help his toothache any. His honor took a long look at him and said:

"I've been there. If I ever murder anybody it will be while I'm suffering from toothache. Go home and be as patient as you can. Sit down in a cool corner and think of cracking walnuts in your teeth. Just imagine the dentist prying around the roots of that tooth with a bradawl. Reflect on how nice it will feel as he fastens to it and begins to jerk and pull. That is all—you may go."

HE GAVE IT UP.—One of the poets of the First Empire, Nepomucene Lemerrier, wrote a tragedy whose hero was Christopher Columbus. He had in it violated the unities, which Frenchmen for years considered an inviolable law of tragedy. When Lemerrier's piece was played the students hissed it with great vehemence. Napoleon admired Lemerrier, and when he heard the tragedy had been hissed, he ordered it to be played again. It was again hissed. He became furious. He ordered it played the third time, and went to the Theatre accompanied by a regiment of soldiers. The first and second acts were heard in silence. It was at the third act that the hisses were most vigorous. When the curtain rose on the third act, Napoleon leaned over his box and looked at the students, to see if they would

dare oppose his known will in his presence. What should he see but the whole audience, from the pit to the last tier, wearing nightcaps, and pretending to be fast asleep. The sight was so odd, Napoleon could not help laughing, and he gave up attempting to support the tragedy. —National Republican.

CALENDAR---1877.

AUGUST.

Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.
.....	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31
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