

‘CASEY AT THE BAT.’

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place. There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he raised his hands with dirt. Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt.

And when the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip. Defiance glared in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air. And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.

Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped— "That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar, like the beating of storm waves on the stern and distant shore.

"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted some one on the stand. And it's then they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone: He stilled the rising tumult, he made the game go on.

He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroidal flew. But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered "Fraud!" But a scornful look from Casey, and the audience was awed.

They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain. And they knew that Casey wouldn't let the ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are clenched in hate. He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate.

And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go. And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright; The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light;

And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout; But there is no joy in Boston—mighty Casey has struck out.

FOR A GIFT, A HUSBAND.

"Six years ago to-day! What a long time!" sighed Maud Merlin, sinking into the low seat by the window and pressing her sad white face against the glass.

Her dark eyes overflowed with tears and her memory went back to the scenes of her childhood, the great, rambling country house, with its spacious rooms and blazing fires and large-hearted hospitality.

She could see the old garden, with its winding borders and cool retreats, and catch the sweet odor of the pinks and the drowsy murmur of the bees, and there was the woodbine arbor beneath which she and Harry had sat so often together.

And this was the anniversary of her wedding day. Six years ago, and she was a happy bride. Five years she had been a heartbroken widow. Her boy slept in his little bed, and she sat there thinking, thinking, and gazing out at the low leaden sky and the wind-tossed trees.

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intelligence, but she felt sure that he would come. The evening was in spring, genial and balmy, their little home a wilderness of blossoms. She prepared his supper with her own hands, she adorned the rooms with the flowers he loved, and even laid out his gown and slippers and drew his arm-chair beneath the window.

"Oh, Maud, you are beautiful! All ways wear this dress, darling, when you wish to please me." The May sun wheeled lower and lower and at last went down, leaving the earth wrapped in the dusky mists of twilight.

"Mr. Rutherford, is it you? I am looking for my husband. What do you think can detain him?" The man stood still, his face full of silent, unspoken pity. Something in his expression caught her quick eyes, and she sprang forward and grasped his arm.

"Mr. Rutherford, you bring me tidings. Speak! Don't keep me in suspense!" Still the man was silent. "Oh, sir," she entreated, "don't trifle with my feelings. Do you know anything concerning my husband? If you do, for mercy sake speak out!"

"Madam, I have heard—that is, there is bad news," he began, his voice husky and broken. Her face grew as white as death, but her eyes were clear and calm and her hand strong as she grasped his arm.

"Well, madam, your husband and his party have been waylaid and murdered by the Indians." "All? Did none escape?" "Not one."

She turned sharply, leaving him without a word, and he saw her enter the house and close the door after her, and that was the end. He would never come back any more, no matter how patiently she might wait and watch.

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seemed too far back to the poor wanderer to be real. Was it all a dream? Was that the wife from whom he had been so long parted, whose face had been present with him through all his lonely hours of peril and imprisonment? Was she waiting and watching and keeping his home bright for his return?

He left the window, stole softly to the porch and approached the side door. He raised the latch. It opened and he stood upon the threshold. Intent upon her musings, her own sweet memories and sad reflections, Maud heard no sound. Her heart was far back with the husband she loved so well.

"Oh, Harry! Oh, my husband!" she murmured, "if you knew how I love you, how I mourn you miss, surely your soul might speak to mine and tell me you are near me." "Maud, my wife, my darling!"

She started to her feet with a wondering, startled face. There he stood, worn and weary, changed from the man he had been, but the wife recognized him in an instant. For a moment a solemn awe filled her eyes, and her love hesitated and trembled in the presence of a spirit from the other world, but the next instant she held him in her arms with a wild cry.

His passionate kisses on her face, his strong arms and throbbing heart answered her as no words could have done. He had come back to her from imprisonment amid the wild Western mountains, from perils and dangers, and death itself.

For while after she had heard his story, and fully assured herself that he was really flesh and blood, and not a spirit, as she had first believed him, she lay quietly weeping on his bosom. Then she arose, with a solemn tenderness in her eyes, and leading him to the little couch, drew aside the curtains, revealing the little face, flushed and dimpled in slumber, and the small, chubby fists clinched together.

Harry Merlin looked on with a word, then, bending down, he kissed the little sleeper with a joy and thankfulness in his soul too deep for utterance. And on this stormy night, after weary years of imprisonment amid barbarous hordes, after having endured trials and hardships almost death itself—this was how Harry came home.—Pittsburg Leader.

Mysterious Disappearances. It is a common thing to see announcements in the newspapers of the sudden and mysterious disappearance of persons. In most cases the lost persons reappear in a few days, having only gone on some errand of business or pleasure without notifying their families.

In many instances they are given up as dead by their friends and the public soon forget all about them. One of the most singular cases of this kind, and one which may furnish an explanation of others is that of J. M. Newcomb, a merchant of Petersburg, Va., and a member of the municipal council of that town.

Mr. Newcomb came to Baltimore last September to buy goods. He engaged passage on the Norfolk steamer to return home, but the boat left without him. He disappeared, and was, after a protracted search given up as dead, and his estate settled. Now he has reappeared at the home of a brother in Greensboro, N. C., a physical and mental wreck.

It would appear that the cause of his failure to return home was the sudden loss of his faculties and all knowledge of his locality. How he found his way home is a mystery. It is clear, for he does not recognize any of his friends or relatives. It is possible that his finding his way to Greensboro was accidental, or it may have been by some mysterious mental operation as takes place in sleep-walking.

No one can tell. An account of a case of disappearance due to sudden mental disturbance, similar to that of Mr. Newcomb, has been recently published in New York. A prominent man named Howe, who had been having some nervous trouble, slipped away from his wife on the street in January and has not been heard of since.

Two years ago a man in Philadelphia, in walking a short distance from his home, suddenly lost knowledge of his identity, wandered to Providence, R. I., and established himself in business, which he conducted for seven years. Then another failure of memory occurred, and he went to another place and built up another business under a new name.

A Russian professor, Logotzaps, has let in new light on our use of electricity. He applied the great waters of the Volga to turn dynamos and turbine wheels, and conducted the electrical force produced into the earth and the air. This increase of electricity attracted the sun's beams and developed greater warmth in the soil, more frequent storms in the region and an unprecedented fruitfulness in that entire locality.

Thus he became convinced that our excessive use of electricity deprives the earth of one of its conditions of productivity, and is the cause of the irregularity and fitfulness of the weather. The Russian Government has informed other Governments of the result of these experiments, and the professor is to repeat them in more extensive measure in the vicinity of Moscow this spring and summer.

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THE MARKETS.

BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

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