

CAEY 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.

intelligence, but she felt sure that he would come. The evening was in spring, genial and balmy, their little home a wilderness of blossoms.

"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.

"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!"

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.

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.

She looked down at her sable garments with hot, blinding tears. Six years ago, and she was robed in gems and blossoms.

The fancy consoled her beyond expression. She glanced over at the sleeping boy with a dim hope that his father loved him and watched over him.

The anniversary night wore on, wild and dark with storm, and still the poor wife, half-dazed by her terrible sorrow, sat by her lonely hearthstone, robed in her festive garments.

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?

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.

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.

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.

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.

The exact number of telegrams received by Prince Bismarck from March 31 to April 3 is 18,390, containing 277,697 words. During the same space of time there were delivered at Friedrichsruhe more than 160,000 letters and between 110,000 and 120,000 postal cards.

The latest feat of the strong man of a vaudeville company in Vienna is the carrying around the stage of a platform upon which are a full-sized upright piano and a performer, playing upon the same, while the Samson raises his feet in exact time.

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THE MARKETS. BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Butter per lb., Eggs per dozen, Lard per lb., Ham per pound, Pork, whole, per pound, Beef, quarter, per pound, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes No. 6, delivered, 4 and 5, 6 at yard, 4 and 5 at yard.

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