

A NICE GAME.

An Editor Tells His Experience.

THE delightful and tender game of Base ball having broken out with fresh virulence this season, the following sketch is in order:

The doctor said we needed exercise.— Doctor knows. He told us to join a base ball; we joined. Bought a book of instructions, and for five days studied it wisely, if not too well. Then we bought a sugar-scoop hat, a red belt, a green shirt, yellow trousers, pumpkin colored shoes, a paper collar, and a purple necktie, and with a lot of other delegates, moved gently to the ground.

There were two nines. These two nines were antagonists. The ball is a pretty little drop of softness, size of a goose egg, and five degrees harder than a rock. The two nines play against each other. It is a quiet game, much like chess, only a little more *chase* than chess.

There was an umpire. His position was a hard one. He sits on a box, and yells "foul." His duty is severe.

I took the bat. It is a murderous plaything, descended from Pöcalontas to the head of John Smith. The man in front of me was a pitcher. He was a nice "pitcher" he sent the balls hot. The man behind me was a catcher. He caught it too!

Umpire said "play." It is the most radical play I know of, this base ball.—Sawing cord wood is moonlight rambles beside base ball. So the pitcher sent a ball towards me. It looked pretty coming, so I let it come. Then he sent another. I hit it with the club and love it gently upward. Then I started to walk to the first base. The ball hit the pitcher's hands, and somebody said he caught a fly. Alas! poor fly. I walked leisurely toward the base. Another man took the bat. I turned to see how he was making it, and a mule kicked me on the cheek. The man said it was the ball. It felt like a mule, and I reposed upon the grass. The ball went on!

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vented base ball. It's such fun. I've played five games, and this is the result: Twenty-seven dollars paid out for things.

One bunged eye—badly bunged.
One broken little finger.
One bump on the head.
Nineteen lame backs.
A sore jaw.
One thumb dislocated.
Three sprained ankles.
Five swelled legs.
One dislocated shoulder, from trying to stop hot balls.

A lump the size of a hornet's nest on left hip, well back.
A nose sweet jammed, and five uniforms spoiled from rolling in the dirt at the bases.

I have played two weeks, and don't think I like the game. I've looked over the scorer's book, and find that I've broken several bats, made one tally, broken one umpire's jaw, broken ten windows in adjoining houses, killed a baby, broke the leg of a dog, mortally injured the bread-baskets of a spectator, knocked five other players out of time by slinging my bat, and knocked the water-fall from a school marm, who was standing twenty rods from the field, a quiet looker-on.

I've used up fifteen bottles of arnica liniment, five bottles of lotions, half a raw beef, and am so full of pain, that it seems as if my limbs were but broken bats, and my legs the limbs of a dead horse che-tout.

Something About Wheels.

A RELIGIOUS journal relates the following incident about a sermon which might probably be repeated with profit:

"A brother in the ministry took occasion to preach on the passage in Luke 10—'He that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much.' The theme was, that men who take advantage of others in small things, have the very element of character to wrong the community and individuals in great things, where the prospect of escaping detection or censure is as little to be dreaded. The preacher exposed the various ways by which people wrong others; such as borrowing; by mistakes in making change; by errors in accounts; by escaping taxes and custom house duties; by managing to escape postage; by finding articles and never seeking owners; and by injuring articles borrowed, and never making the fact known to the owner when returned.

"One lady the next day met her pastor and said, 'I have been up to Mr. —'s, to rectify an error he made in giving me change a few weeks ago, for I felt bitterly your reproof of yesterday.' Another individual went to Boston to pay for an article not in her bill, which she noticed was not charged when she paid it.

"A man, going home from meeting said to his companion, 'I do not believe that there was a man in the meeting house to-day who did not feel condemned.' "After applying the sermon to a score or more of his acquaintances, he continued: 'Did not the pastor utter something about finding a pair of water wheels?'

"I believe not, neighbor A. He spoke of keeping little things that had been found."

"Well, I thought he said something about finding a pair of wheels, and I supposed he meant me. I found a pair down in my lot a while ago."

"Do you know," said his companion, "whom they belong to? Mr. B. lost them a short time ago." The owner was soon in possession of his wheels."

Patient Waiting.

At the—Hotel in Cairo, they are noted for despatch in filling orders for meals. If a warm dinner is ordered, some time is taken to cook it. Not long since I stopped there, and sat down at the table with an elderly gentleman, who ordered a squirrel. I waited some time for my dinner, but was almost through and the old gentleman was still waiting for his squirrel. But his patience was at last exhausted, and he beckoned the steward to him and said:

"Has the man got a good gun?"

"What man?" asked the steward.

"The man that's gone to shoot the squirrel I ordered," said the old gentleman with gravity.

Just then I choked, and did not hear steward's answer; but I saw him disappear and in a few seconds the old gentleman was devouring his squirrel with apparent relish.

Texas has \$500 miles of railroad and wishes more.

Romance of the Whisky Ring.

A RECENT letter from Cincinnati relates the following strange story: A day or two ago a despatch from this city announced with telegraphic brevity the arrest of three persons charged with whisky and revenue frauds extending over two years and aggregating \$3,000,00.

To New-Yorkers this despatch conveyed nothing of more than passing interest—but to the knowing few it was the sequel to the story of marvelous success and ingenious triumph. Of success having its rise in nothing, and of triumph over the most persistent efforts of revenue officials for the detection of fraud.—One of the persons named was Peter Schwab, a citizen of Hamilton, Butler county, a flourishing manufacturing city, 25 miles north of Cincinnati. Seven years ago Schwab was a poor and industrious mechanic, earning daily wages, with a growing family, and little prospect in life beyond hard work and the ordinary competence of an artisan. The county was, and still is, a Democratic stronghold, and Schwab one of the firmest adherents of untrifled faith. In 1863 he was rewarded for his party devotion by election to the office of constable, and the sun of his prosperity rose. He organized a Ring, and, by shrewd twisting of the law relative to Criminal Costs made his office pay him at the rate of \$15,000 a year, whereas it had scarcely been worth as many cents to his stupid predecessors, who had served warrants and chased horse thieves ever since the days of Symmes's purchase, in ignorance of the rich mine they were neglecting. In short Peter managed to save about \$10,000, and his success was only checked by passage of a law expressly framed by the Legislature at its next session to meet the propensities of like ingenious constables.

Schwab had by nature plenty of nerve, and having acquired by art \$10,000 capital, he determined to back his natural nerve with his artful capital. He put his money in his pocket, and went into Northern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.—In a short time he was back home, with no money, but the holder of 100,000 gallons of whisky, on which he paid 10 cts. a gallon margin with his \$20,000. Just in the nick of time for him, Congress clapped on the additional tax of \$2 per gallon, and Peter found himself the winner of a snug \$200,000 on the 100,000 gallons he held. Ambition grows by what it feeds on, and Schwab resolved to be the head of the greatest whisky ring in the country—in fact, to be a ring of himself and alone. The Great Miami valley in which he lives is famed as one of the fairest in the West, and the county of Butler stands in the census returns as among the richest rural counties in the Union. Through this valley and county runs the Miami Canal, connecting the lakes at Toledo with the Ohio at Cincinnati, and 202 miles in its entire length. Along this line are numerous distilleries. Schwab went to work quietly. He showed great discernment in the selection of his agents. His men never betrayed him, and he always stood by them in case they got into any snarl with the revenue officials. Indeed, it was for a time difficult to say whether he was not running the revenue department in that section himself. He also had the rare gift of talking a great deal, and talking very frankly, and yet not saying anything that any body could turn to his serious disadvantage. A detective swore in a trial before Judge Leavitt that Schwab once told him that if he wished to "he could sit on a pile of Five-Twenties and cut the coupons." That was all that the detective had to show for some weeks of hard trial to trap Peter, and he couldn't swear what that expression really meant. It was the nearest any body ever came to getting any criminal committal out of him.

But to return to the distilleries. One by one a controlling interest in those along the line of the canal was bought up, until this individual Ring conducted the operations of most of them between Troy and Cincinnati. One by one the old managers of those distilleries were won over, or removed or replaced by new men. The lock-tenders and other officials, whose duty it was to scrutinize the manifest of passing boats, were taken from their posts and others substituted, through some unseen and mysterious recommendation. The distillery watchmen and inspectors were either personal friends or men who could be trusted. In one instance the brother of a Collector of Revenue was appointed distillery watchman at \$5 a day. This brother was notoriously dissipated—had been for years—and at the same time of his ap-

pointment couldn't have bought a pilot house with steamboats at only a cent a dozen in the market. Yet he contrived in six months to save money enough out of \$5 a day to buy a snug property costing \$8,000—a pretty financial trick worth study.

During all this time of preparation our hero had few confidants. He worked alone—in the dark. It is doubtful if the very men he employed knew each other to be in his employ. There was no one to betray operations. When all was in readiness, the distillery fires blazed night and day. The distillery watchman of course saw nothing. They were for purposes of justice; and justice is blind—so how could they see. The inspectors branded the barrels in the night.—The boats made their trips at night. The lock-tenders and canal officials were all justice men, and of course as blind as owls in the day time. The whisky was run into Cincinnati at night and from the boats had quick transit to the spacious Vine street warehouse. In eight months his sales were \$1,750,000—the largest of any establishment in any line of business in the city. In two years from beginning operations he was worth at the lowest estimate \$1,000,000, and was known as the greatest whisky magnate in the West, while his influence in the politics of Southern Ohio is felt and recognized. His story is almost a romance of success.

In the choice of his agents, the secrecy of his operations, the depth of his plans, the magnitude of his schemes, the audacity and prudence demanded and displayed, there are qualities developed sometimes wanting in the Generals of armies. Of the many marvels of the Whisky Ring, his career has been the most marvelous. It will hardly be expected that the present investigation of his operations will amount to much.—Well paid agents are almost as poor as dead men at telling tales.

A Moral Well Pointed.

Sophonius, a wise teacher, would not suffer his grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. "Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother to visit the volatile Lucinda, "you must think us very childish if you imagine that we would be exposed to danger by it." The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child, take it." She did so, and behold, her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and her dress soiled too. "We cannot be too careful in handling coals; even if they do not burn, they blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious."

A boy on a farm near Norristown lay down in a field not long since, and went to sleep. When he awoke there was a certain numbness in his leg which surprised him somewhat. Upon casting his eye along the afflicted member he was surprised to observe that a gigantic blacksnake had succeeded in swallowing his big toe, and was preparing to dispose of the entire boy in the same manner.—Now, what we want to call the attention of the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals to, is this: Instead of lying still and encouraging the snake to satisfy its natural cravings, this depraved and degraded outcast of a boy jerked out his toe and climbed suddenly over the fence. The suffering reptile was left there, not only discouraged by the loss of its frugal meal, but sick at its stomach, and mortified at the boy's outrageous conduct.

Two men, one a philosopher, and the other a fool, were in the service of the same master, and both slept in the same bed; the philosopher lay on the outside. One morning, having overslept themselves the master coming with a whip, flogged the philosopher, who happened to be the nearest to his entrance into the room. "This I will avoid another time," said the philosopher to himself. On the next night, therefore he changed sides with the fool. In the morning they again transgressed and the master came to chastise them, but reflected that he had before whipped the man nearest, he thought it but just the other should feel his displeasure; he went to the other side of the bed and the other blows fell again upon the poor philosopher; thus confirming the general truth, "the wisest cannot avoid their fate."

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S. H. GALBRAITH,
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