

## Serge or Summer Clothes

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**THE FRANK T. CARROLL CO.,**  
Coal Exchange Building, WYOMING AVENUE.

### EASTERN LEAGUE BASE BALL GAMES

Rochester Again Takes Possession of Second Place.

SCRANTON LOST TO WILKES-BARRE

Conkey and Lovett Had a Pitchers' Battle—Springfield Won Two Games from Providence—Delaware Knocked Out of the Box.

Yesterday's Results.

Wilkes-Barre	at	Scranton	3
Rochester	at	Buffalo	1
Buffalo	at	13 Syracuse	2
Springfield	at	7 Providence	6
Springfield	at	12 Providence	3

Percentage Record.

P.	W.	L.	P.C.
Providence	10	3	.769
Rochester	10	3	.769
Toronto	10	3	.769
Buffalo	10	3	.769
Springfield	10	3	.769
Syracuse	10	3	.769
Wilkes-Barre	10	3	.769
Scranton	10	3	.769

Today's Eastern League Games.

Scranton at Wilkes-Barre.

Providence at Springfield.

Toronto at Rochester.

Syracuse at Buffalo.

WILKES-BARRE WON.

More Hits Off Lovett Than Conkey.

but Griffin's Men Were in Hard Luck.

There was a school-house flag-raising, or dedication, or something of that sort going on down at Wilkes-Barre yesterday and so only a few of the natives went to the ball game. The attendance didn't miss much unless they had been to the game the day before, for the eighth inning when Scranton had a chance to win but didn't.

Conkey and Lovett had a pitchers' battle, but the fact that First Baseman Goeckel had hit nine out of ten times yesterday and the only out he made in the eighth, errors by Conkey and the failure of Hudson to catch men on base and Springfield's four more runs, Harley made phenomenal catches. The attendance was large. Score:

First game—

Springfield, Mass., Sept. 4.—With a crippled team the Ponies took two games from the Yankees today. The finish of the first game was most exciting, and at the end of the eighth inning the score was tied. The second game was easily won by the Yankees, who started out with heavy stick work. In the eighth, errors by Conkey and the failure of Hudson to catch men on base and Springfield's four more runs, Harley made phenomenal catches. The attendance was large. Score:

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Batteries—Harper and Grim; Wallace, Young and O'Connor. Umpire—Hurst. At Washington—First game—R.H.E. Washington.....0 0 1 0 3 0 4 5-12 3 Louisville.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2-5 1 Batteries—King and Farrell; Ennis and Miller. Umpire—Lynch. Second game—R.H.E. Washington.....0 0 0 0 1 0 2 0-5 4 Louisville.....1 0 0 1 0 2 1 0-5 11 0 Batteries—McJannet and McGuire; Frazer and Dexter. Umpire—Lynch.

### MUSICAL NOTES.

The beginning of the musical season in New York will bring forth the usual number of great artists from the other side. There will be especially numerous this year, including Carreno, Carl Halls, the German violinist; Gregorio Witsch, the Russian violinist; David Blispham, Adele Aus der Ohe, Frankon-Davies, Selickson, and others of equal prominence, who are probably awaiting the result of the coming election before deciding. But the coming of the great pianist, Rosenthal, will, doubtless, prove the real sensation of the year and his advent is likely to overshadow even the artists mentioned above. Moritz Rosenthal is still a young man, having been born about thirty-five years ago at Lemberg in Germany.

His lips were instantly amalgamated. "My heart," he said, "is a big round hole in a rock, an' love for you is the spring water that fills it."

His answer was a long, long kiss. "I do love you, Miss you," he said. "Do you, sugar lassies?"

"Yep, yer breath allers smells so good—so like good old store tobacco."

LARGEST FAMILY ON RECORD

Scotchman and Wife Had Sixty-two Children.

In the Harleian manuscript, number seventy-eight and 880, in the library of the British Museum, mention is made of the most extraordinary family that has ever been known in the world's history. The parties were a Scotch weaver and his wife (not wives), who were the father and mother of sixty-two children.

The majority of the offspring of this prolific pair were boys, exactly how many of each sex is not known, for the record mentions the fact that forty-two of the male children lived to reach manhood's estate, and only four of the daughters lived to be grown-up women.

Thirty-nine of the sons are still living in the year 1820, the majority of them then residing in and about Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

It is recorded in one of the old histories of Newcastle that "a certain gentleman of large estates," rode "thirty-and-three miles" beyond the Tyne to prove this wonderful story. It is further related that Sir J. Hovers adopted ten of the sons, and three other "landed gentlemen" took three each. The remaining members of the extraordinary family were brought up by the parents.

"Landed gentlemen" are not now so fond of collecting boys; all their time is required for collecting rents.

THE GRANTS AT FISTICUFFS.

Fred Grant, Unlike Young Sewall, Supported His Father, and Both Could Fight Gamely.

The Grants, father and son, knew something about fistfights at the Point. A tradition that General Grant, an undersized cadet, being forced into a fight, was licked. He got in training and tried conclusions again with no better success. At a third time he failed to win, but at the fourth fight, several months after the first one, the young fellow who in later years was to conquer the confederacy by persistent punneling, knocked out his antagonist, says the New York Press.

When Fred Grant was at the Point, at the opening of the 70s, he had periodic punches with Quincy O'Malley. The red-haired son of General Grant, more of the engineer corps, Gillmore, is a captain in the Eighth cavalry now, and Grant is commissioner of police in New York city. The son of the great Grant was joshed somewhat by the cadets. On Grant's first General George Washington than there is between a plucked hen and the American eagle.

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THOSE CIGARS.

They Were Sure to Turn the Burglar Down When Lighted.

It was the dead of night. Darkness so thick that the street lamps made but a glimmer in it and enveloped all the city. Suddenly Mrs. Tomanjerry, the wife of the genial and widely-known South Side saloonkeeper, woke with a start from a sound sleep. She pushed the bedclothes away from her face and rose to a sitting posture. She listened intently. It was but too true, there was a burglar in the house. She could hear his footsteps as he stealthily crossed the red-sailed sea bed room below. She placed one hand over Mr. Tomanjerry's face so that he could not cry out and jabbed him in the ribs with her elbow. Mr. Tomanjerry awoke hurriedly.

"John," she said, softly, "there's a burglar in the place. He's in the room below."

"It's a pipe dream you're havin'."

"I heard him cross the floor."

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"Mr. Tomanjerry sat up and listened with her."

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"Yes."

"One of dose old de bar?"

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BASE BALL IN THE WEST.

The Illinois Editor Toys with a Graphic Description of the Game.

The glass-armored toy soldiers of this town were fed to the pigs yesterday by the cadaverous Indian graverobbers from Omaha. The flabby, one-lunged Reubens who represent the Gem City in the reckless dash for the base ball pennant had taken to the streets and the baselikey-eyed cattle-drivers from the West. They stood around with gaping eyeballs like a hen on a hot nail and suffered the grizzly yaps from Omaha to run the bases until their necks were leached from thirst. Hickey had more energy than Col. Finck's Financial School, and led the rheumatic procession to the Morgue. The Quincys were full of straw and scrap iron. They couldn't hit a brick wagon with a pickaxe, and ran bases like pall-bearers at a funeral. American base hitting was grooving on the back of every man's neck they couldn't reach 'em with a feather duster. It looked as if the Amalgamated Union of South American Hoodlums was in session for work in the thirty-third degree. The greens and blues were whistled for help, and were so weak they couldn't

shape of a long, black plug of sweet tobacco. "She said it was not the loss of the 'terbacker' (though that was bad enough 'when a person has allers bin used to it'), but it was the principle of the thing. His fortuitousness indicated that, being out of his mind, his mind was also far from his image. True love would not commit the crime of such neglect. She finally began to weep 'soft and low,' and to blow her nose on her tow linen apron."

He had to go independent to bring her around, and was buckling on his spurs and adjusting his pistol belt to leave, when she threw both arms about his neck like "grape-vine round the stump."

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Thirty-nine of the sons are still living in the year 1820, the majority of them then residing in and about Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

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