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Here we are down on Cunningham St. Almost everybody knows where we are, but if you do not, please look at the above map. Walk dewn Cunningham St. on the right hand side till you come to 216 and you will find us. Here we have lots of room and pay no rent and more than doubled our sales last year and expect to increase them as much this year. All who came last year to see if we had as large a stock and sold as cheap as we advertised said we were too modest in our declarations and said they did not expect to find half as much, even after reading our advertisements. You know us now and of course will continue to deal here, but we must tell you we have twice as large a stoci: now as when you were here before and still cutting prices lower. To those who have never been here, we want you to come too. We don't advertise to blow. If you don't find more stock here at lower prices than you ever expected after reading our advertisement we will pay you for your time that it takes to walk down here from Main St.

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Looking out over the many homes of this country, we see thousands of women wearing away their lives in household drudgery that might be materially lessened by the use of a few cakes of SAPOLIO. If an hour is saved each time a cake is used, if one less wrinkle gathers upon the face because the toil is lightened, she must be a foolish woman who would hesitate to make the experiment, and he a churlish husband who

Edgar Fawcett's Eccentric Tale of

a New York Club Man. Hypnotism with a Very Satisfactory Termination.

"My family," John Dalrymple would say, "have the strange failing (that is, nearly all of them except myself, on the paternal side) of—"

paternal side) of—"

And then somebody would always try
to interrupt him. At the Gramercy,
that small but charming club, of which
he had been for years an honored member, they made a point of interrupting
him when he began on his family failing. Not a few of them held to the belief that it was a myth of Dalrymple's
imagination. Still, others argued, all
of the clan except John himself had
been a queer lot; there was no real
certainty that they had not done extraordinary acts. Meanwhile, apart from dinary acts. Meanwhile, apart from desire to delve among ancestral rds and repeat tales which had been told many times before, he was a genu-ine favorite with his friends. But that

They all pitied him when it became known that his engagement to the pretty winsome widow, Mrs. Carrington, was definitely broken. He was past forty, now, and had not been past forty, now, and had not been known to pay serious court to any woman before in at least ten years. Of course Mrs. Carrington was rich. But then her money could not have attract-ed Dalrymple, for he was rich himself, in spite of his plain way of living there in that small Twenty-second street

lured to her side the gentleman who had cut poor Dalrymple out. A number of years ago, when this little occurrence was not so easy as it is now to make vas not so easy as it is now to make uper of a foreigner's credentials and an eccedents. The Count de Pommereul, a eputed French nobleman of high position, had managed to get into the Granercy as a six months' member, and had managed, also, to cross the thresholds of numerous select New York drawing-rooms. At the very period of his introduction to Mrs. Carrington her engagement with Dalrymple had already become publicly annunged. Then, in a few weeks, society received a shock. Dalrymple was thrown over, and it ranspired that the brilliant young widow was betrothed to the count.

widow was betrothed to the count.

Dalrymple, calm and self-contained, had nothing to say on the subject of why he had received such shabby treatment, and nobody ventured to interrogate him. Some people believed in the count; others thought that there was a ring of falsity about him, for all his frame was so legantly slender and his frame was so elegantly slender and supple, for all his mustache was so sily dark and his eyes so richly rous. Dalrymple meanwhile hid the club, though no longer even ex



superb materials for that revenge.

They surprised even himself when a
few relations and friends in Paris mailed him appalling documentary evidence as to what sort of a character this count really was. There is no doubt that he now held in his hand a thunderbolt, and had only to hurl it when he pleased.

The description of the state of the sta

He did not tell a single soul what he had learned. The thought of just how he should act haunted him for several days. One evening he went home from the club a little earlier than usual, and the club a little earlier than usual, and the club all the club and the club all of yesterday with a drunken manner, reviling De point and the club all of yesterday with a drunken manner, reviling De point and the club all of yesterday with a drunken manner, reviling De point and the club all of yesterday with a drunken manner, reviling De point and the club all of yesterday with a drunken manner, reviling De point and the club all of yesterday with a drunken manner, reviling De point and the club all the carrier than usual, and the club all the club all the carrier than usual, and the club all the club all the club all the carrier than usual, and the club all the club all the carrier than usual, and the club all the carrier than usual, and the club all the club all the carrier than usual, and the club all the club tossed restlessly for a good while after going to bed. When sleep came it found him still irresolute as to what course he is to the sleep came it found him still irresolute as to what course he is to the sleep came it found to the sleep came it f

him still irresolute as to what course he should take.

It seemed to him that he had now a succession of dreams, but he could recall none of them on awaking. And he awoke in a peculiar way. There was yet no hint of dawn in the room, and only the light from his gas, turned down to a very dim star. He was sitting bolt upright in bed, and feverish, fatigued sensations oppressed him. "What have I been dreaming?" he asked himself again and again. But as only a confused jumble of memories answered him, he sank back upon the pillows, and was soon buried in slumber.

"But the sat quite still and thought. Then he summoned Ann, the elderly and very trustworthy Ann, who had been his dear mother's maid and was now his housekeeper. He questioned Ann, and after dismissing her he pondered her answers. Three times yesterday she had seen him, and regarding his appearance Ann had her distinct opinions.

Suddenly a light flashed upon Dalrymple while he sat alone and brooded. He sprang up, and a cry, half of awe, half of gladness, left his lips—The haffling problem had been solved!

It was past nine o'clock in the morning when he next awoke. He felt decidedly better; both the feverishness and the fatigue had left him. He went to the club and breakfasted there. It was almost empty of members, as small clubs are apt to be at that hour of the morning. But in the hall he met his old friend, Langworth, and bowed to him. Langworth, who was rather near-sighted, gave a sudden start and a stare. "How odd," thought Dalrymple, as he passed on into the reading-room; "I hope there's nothing unexpected about my personal appearance." Just at the doorway of the room he met another old friend, Summerson, a man extremely strict about all matters of propriety. Summerson saw him and then plainly made believe that he had not seen. As they woved by one another Delways let

they moved by one another Dalrymple said lightly: "Good morning, old chap. How's your gout?" Summerson, who was very tall and sxcessively dignified, gave a comic squirm. Then his eyelids fluttered, and with the tips of his lips he murmured

"Better," as he glided along.
"Pooh," said Dalrymple to himself;
"getting touchy, I suppose, in his old age. How longevity disagrees with some of us mortals."

He nearly always took a bottle of seltzer before breakfast, and this morning old Andrew (a servant who had been in the club many years) poured it in the club many years) poured it

"I hope you're all right again this mornin', sorr," said Andrew, with his Celtic accent and in an affable half whisper.
"All right, Andrew," was the reply.

"All right, Andrew," was the reply.
"Why, you must be thinking of some
one else. I haven't been ill. My health
has been excellent for a long time past."
"Yes, sorr," said Andrew, lowering
his eyes and respectfully retiring.
That last "yes, sorr," had a dubious
note about its delivery that almost,
made Dalrymple call the faithful old
fellow back and further question him.
"All right again?" as if ever he had "All right again?" as if ever he had been all wrong—oh, well, poor Andrew was aging; others had remarked that

fact months ago.

A different servant came to announce breakfast. There were only about five men in the dining-room as Dalrymple entered it. All of them gazed at him in

an unusual way, or had late events led him to think that they did so? At the table nearest him sat Everdell, one of whose face was nearly always wreathed

BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1891.

m smiles.
"Good morning," said Dalrymple, as he caught Everdell's eye.
"Good morning." The tones were replete with mild consternation, and the look that went with them was smileless to the degree of actual gloom. Then Everdell, who had just finished his breakfast, rose and drew near to Dal-

rymple.
"Pon my word," he said, "I'm de-

erdell, fumbling with his watch-chain "it was pretty bad, you know, yester hour or so in the afternoon. Perhaps would have noticed it if you

nadn't staid nere all day and poured those confidences into people's ears about De Pommereul. You didn't appear to have drank a drop in the club; there's the funny part of it. You went out several times, though, and came back again. All that you had to drink (excent some wine here at dinner, you mber.) you must have got outside. Pommereul came in. I'm glad I wasn't. You must have been dreadful. If Sumwhat would have happened. As it The plaintiff was honorably acquitted. As for De Pommereul, as every word that Dalrymple had said concerning his past life in France happened to be perfectly true, the count never reappeared at the Gramercy. His engagement with Mrs. Carrington was soon

old harshness: "Look here, Everdell, always disliked practical jokes, and you're given to them. You've never at-tempted to make me your butt before, nowever, and you'll have the kindness

Everdell drew back for a moment, frowned, shrugged his shoulders, and then muttering: "Oh, if you're going to put it that way!" strode quickly out of the dining-room.

reading-room. As he reentered it a waiter handed him several letters. One, which he opened first, was marked "immediate," and had been sent him had been for a long period in his employ. This letter made poor Dal-rymple's head swim as he read it. Written and signed by Mr. Summerson pear that same evening before a meet pear that same evening before a meeting of the governors and answer to a charge of disorderly conduct on the previous night. Then it went on to state that he (Dalrymple) had been seen throughout the previous day at the club in a state of evident intoxication, and had finally between the tion, and had finally, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock p. m., accosted and grossly insulted Count de Pommereul in the main drawing-

coom of the Gramerey.
"Disorderly conduct;" "evident in toxication" "grossly insulted Count de Pommereul." These words were trembling on Dalrymple's lips as he presently approached Summerson him-self, the very gentleman who had signed the letter, and who stood in the hall ar-

gasped Dalrymple. "I—I never was intoxicated in my life, Lawrence Sunmerson; you ought to know that! I played euchre, last night, up in the card-room, from nine o'clock to twelve with Ogden and Folsom and yourself. If there's any practical joke being got up against me, for God's sake—"

up against me, for God's sake—"
"Wait a minute, please," said Summerson. He went back into the coatroom, disarrayed himself of his street wraps, and finally joined Dalrymple. His first words, low and grave, ran thus: "Can it be possible you don't recollect that our game of euchre was played the night before last and not last night"—Then he went with Dalrymple into a corner of the reading-room, and they talked together for a good while. Dalrymple went back to his home, moved about the club all of yesterday

Suddenly a light flashed upon Dalrymple while he sat alone and brooded. He sprang up, and a cry, half of awe, half of gladness, left his lips—The baffling problem had been solved!

That evening he presented himself before the governing committee. All assembled were sorry for him. Of course punishment must be dealt, but for an old and popular member like Dalrymple it must not be expulsion. A Lie Out Somewhere.
First Little Bootblack—Please, sir,
gimme the job; I've got a little sick
brother who is a cripple and is blind.
Second Little Bootblack—Let me
shine 'em up. I'm that sick little
brother he is talking about, who is
blind. I don't want to be under no obligations to such a liar as he is, and I
can see better than he can, and he ain't
got no brother in the fust place.—Texas

Dalrymple it must not be expulsion.
The general feeling of the club had indeed already been guaged, and it was in favor of suspension for six months—or a year at the farthest.

Dalrymple beyover was determined. Dalrymple, however, was determined that he should be visited with no pun-ishment at all. And he meant to state

why.

His judges, as he faced them, all looked politely grim. The president, after a few suave preliminaries, asked Dalrymple if he had anything to say concerning the charges preferred against him. Dalrymple then proceeded to speak, with a clear voice and com-

posed demeanor.

His first sentences electrified his hearers. "I have no possible recollection of yesterday," he began, "and it is precisely as much of a lost day to me as though I had lain chloroformed for twenty-four hours. On Wednesday night I returned home from this club and went to got I have yearly wells with Friends. to rest. I never really woke until Fri-day, possibly a little while after mid-night, and then within my own bed. On Thursday morning I must have risen in a state of somnambulism, hypnotism, mental aberration, whatever you please and not come to myself until Thursday had passed and I had once more re-tired. Of what yesterday occurred I therefore claim to have been the irresponsible agent, and to have become so through no fault of my own. I am completely innocent of the misdemeanors

charged against me, and I now solemnly swear this, on my word of honor as a gentleman." gentleman."
Here Dalrymple paused. The members of the committee interchanged glances, amid profound silence. On some faces doubt could be read, but on

some faces doubt could be read, but on others its varied opposite. The intense stillness had become painful when Dalrymple spoke again:

"I had hoped that I should escape throughout my own lifetime all visitations of this distressing kind. My grandfather and two of my uncles not only walked in their sleep to an alarming degree but were each subject to strange conditions of mind in which

THE BASEBALL OUTLOOK.

The Authorities Say 1891 Will Be a Great Year.



BAD.

cept myself, on the paternal side) of— But he said no more. The tension was loosened, and a great roar of laugh

him about that marvelous budget of stories which he infallibly began one way and one way only! And when the familiar formula sounded forth it was all the funnier to those who heard it

afterward broken off by the lady her

self, and for a good while it was rumored that this lady had repentantly

made it optional with Dalrymple wheth er he should once more become her ac

cepted sweetheart.

But Dalrymple remained a bachelor
He is quite an old man now, yet he stil
may be found in the card-room of the

for it and not in any strain of fun-pok

New Girl-Yis, mum, foive leddies a

New Girl-Yis, mum. They called or

New Girl-Oi was at home

chafe or a navgu: divi

A Lie Out Somewhere

got no brother in the fust place.—Texas Siftings.

Instructress—Now, young ladies, sit like this. Relax all your muscles, but

keep your thoughts on yourself and en deavor to feel that you are breathing

"He insulted me wid a dime

A Woman of Busi

about that proposed visit? Wife—No, I telegraphed.

and-Did you write to your

"Telegraphed?"
"Yes, and I told the operators to be

sure and get it off this week because it

in' on.

often every man there had joked

more reflective tone:

ble. All the leading clubs are in the best possible condition and there will be fine playing at nearly every game. The exhibition games of April are rapidly getting the proposition are all playing the proposition are all playing the proposition are proposition.

Already, more than two weeks before the games are called, there is the keen-est public interest in the championship. Here is what some of the principal base-ball men in the league say about it and their own ambitions beginning at their own ambitions—beginning with John I. Rogers, treasurer of the Phila-delphia league club and member of the national board of professional baseball

We expect either to win the pennant or come very close to it, because we will continue the policy that has always characterized our club to get the best possible team work, as a whole, out of our men, rather than individual spurts

our men, rather than individual spurts of "star" playing.

Some years ago we followed the plan of engaging ten or twelve extra young players every spring, keeping them for one or two months of the season in the hope of getting one first-class player out of the experiments. It was by that method that we discovered men like the late Charles J. Ferguson, James G. Fogarty and others of equal or ap-Gramercy nearly every evening. He is very willing to tell you the story of his "lost day" if you ask him courteously G. Fogarty and others of equal or approximate excellence. Our team has, under the guidance of Mr. Wright, our manager, been a harmonious aggrega-taion, and with rare exceptions as gen-tlemanly a set of players as appears on the "diamond." In practice they are taught to study each other's manner-isms and peculiarities, and the proof of the value of such instruction was mani-

the value of such instruction was manifested last season when left without a manager by the great affliction that occurred to Mr. Wright in the month of May. They, under the direction of Mr. Allen, our shortstop, who became manager protem., behaved and conducted themselves, both as players and gentlemen, as well as if under the personal direction of Manager Wright. Despite these drawbacks we certainly would have won the pennant, (the lead for which we held for four weeks in the month of June) if Mr. Myers, our second baseyune) if Mr. Myers, our second base-man, had not been stricken down with malarial fever for five weeks, and Mr. Clements, our great catcher and captain, had not been laid up for ten days with year gave as beautiful an exhibition of the game as any in the country and demonstrated that it possessed the best shortstop (Allen) and the best base runner (Hamilton) in the business. This year, in addition to these gentlemen, we have se-cured Mr. William Shindle as third

cured Mr. William Shindle as third baseman, as good as exists; he is also a fine batsman and base runner. Delehanty has come back to his old club and will appear on first base, adding greatly to the batting and base-running strength of the team. Mr. Myers will preserve the same stone wall at second as heretofore. Thompson and Hamilton will guard right and left fields, and Mayer, a natural born outfielder, who last year was obliged to play at third base and who did it well, will astonish our patrons by some excellent fielding and throwing. He is also a timely batter. Clements will do the most of the catching, assisted by young Gray who showed up so well last year as a substitute. We will very likely need another catcher in case of accident and have already our lines out to secure one. In the pitching department we think we are very strong. Gleason can hold his own anywhere and Thornton, (whom we secured from the Milwaukee club in exchange for Vickery and Schriver), is a pitcher whom we will be surprised to find lower than in the first set. Esper, left-handed twirler, bids fair to do his share, and young Schultz is as yet only an experiment, but a most promising one. With the Schultz is as yet only an experiment, but a most promising one. With the but a most promising one. With the addition of another battery we would feel very confident of winning the penant. As we are very likely to get them we put in our claims for that coveted symbol of victory. In batting and fielding we think we are very

and fielding we think we are very strong, our only doubt being in the pitcher's box, which doubt we think will be dissipated before the champion sea-son gets fairly inaugurated.

J. I. Rogers.

MR. SODEN DOESN'T SAY MUCH BUT H HAS A STRONG TEAM.

I have never stated either publicly o I have never stated either publicly or privately that I thought our team would win the championship, and consequently can give no reasons why they should. The league teams seem to be more evenly matched than usual, and the struggle for supremacy should be a very close one.

A. H. Soden.

WHAT MR. MUTRIE SAYS. I am asked why I think the New York baseball club will win the pennant of the National league again this year. I think we shall win, President Day thinks we shall win, and every man in

through every pore in you are breathing fust like a great big sponge gradually absorbing moisture.

Ethel (to friend)—Do you feel like "a great big sponge," Nellie? I'm sure you bught to, for you let me pay all the car fares this morning.—Munsey's Weekly. the club is certain of victory, because the New York club is the strongest in the land. It is stronger than it was last year. All the old giants are back with us, in splendid condition physically and fit to play ball with any men who ever trod the diamond. We have a stronger shortstop than last year. They think they have a better one over in Brooklyn, but I don't believe it. The best of good feeling prevails among the men and they are all going to work together for the success of the club. There isn't a man in the club who will not work for the championship, and let his individual First Waiter—Dar's some mighty mean folks in Boston. You noticed dat hatchet-faced man what I'se been waitond Waiter-What's de matter wid "What did yer do?"
"I accepted it wid indignashun."—
Texas Siftings. the championship, and let his individual record take care of itself. We are in

the game to win. the game to win.

Of course there are strong clubs in
the field against us. I wouldn't like to
say whether Brooklyn or Boston is the
stronger, but we are not afraid of either

of them.

There is going to be a great revival of interest in baseball this season. The old National league stands practically alone in the field and championship and the season were than the season where the season were than the season which is the se "You are very much run down," re-marked the foxhound to the anise-seed marked the foxhound to the anise-seed bag.

"I don't care a scent," was the flippant reply of the bag as the man who was dragging it yanked it over a stone wall.—Munsey's Weekly.

Tates of Two Cities.

Omaha Man (proudly)—Thousands of Nebraska cows have to be milked twice a day to supply Omaha alone.

Chicago Man (loftity)—Pooh! Thousands of Illinois cows have to be milked four times a day to supply Chicago.—N.

Weakly.

serve and reward the confidence of the public, and to justify the keenest interest. So far as the New Yorks are concerned, there will be few "off days," and every one who comes to the park will see a good, hotly fought game.

One thing which I would like to say is that the "stars" of the club, the very strongest men, must positively appear at every exhibition game that it plays. I am determined upon this not only to keep the men in practice, but to increase the popularity of basebail.

increase the popularity of baseball.
The season of 1891 is going to be a great one for the national game and for the New York club. James Mutrie.

CLEVELAND IN GOOD TRIM, TOO, SAYS SECRETARY HAWLEY. We think our club will stand well in de reputations in first-class

last year in very good shape, and we have good reason to believe the most of them will start in well this season. Every man on the team is strong and in good and it. in good condition. We firmly believe in Cleveland that this 1891 will be a

The Pittsburgh club, which broug up last season with a ridiculous reco of one hundred and thirteen games lo Hanlon says: "We are determined this year that, come what may we will no

again be found at the tail of the procession. The club is stronger in numbers than last year, the pitcher's box
will be much better fitted than then,
when Baker was so badly overworked,
and the whole club is going to play with
the one idea of landing as near the winning post as possible.

"Yes, it is going to be a great year
for baseball. The league clubs will
play a surprisingly strong game and
will have the field largely to themselves. Public interest will be keen,
and the new rule giving forty per cent,
of net receipts to the visiting club is a
good thing for the representatives of
the smaller league cities."

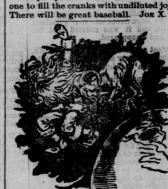
THE CHAMPIONS IN GREAT FORM.

In sharp contrast with the courtesy of other baseball magnates is the carelessness of President Byrne, of the Brooklyns, in neglecting to take any notice of two requests, each accompanied by a properly stamped and directed "return envelope," for either a letter or an interview regarding the condition of the Brooklyns.

ond case and John at, want is shortestop and captain, the team is undoubtedly stronger than ever. It has a magnificent group of pitchers, and eatchers enough to take care of them behind the bat and there is a fine confidence in the champions that will carry them well. Assuredly the Brooklyns are to be recknowld with

year, is out for a high place again Capt. Amon is one of the best basebal generals in the country and his club t keyed up to concert pitch for 1891. The Cincinnatis have been in such mixed up condition that it is pretty hay to say what sort of a front they will on

the credit of basebail everyt they will make a good showing. The prospect for 1891 is, on the one to fill the cranks with undilt







He—Here come the new countess and her husband. She bought him at the Wooley matrimonial bureau. She—Dear me! he's evidently a job lot.—Judge. Not a Heavyweight. Cholly—Awthur is badly hurt; do you know what accident befell him?

Bessie—The poor thing was blown up; he stepped on a parlor matchl—Munsey's Weekly.

And She Named the Day.

He (awkwardly)—Ah, Miss Mabel, I hope you understand my feelings!

She—I'm sure I'm quite in the dark!

He—Then (desperately) suppose we strike a match!—Life.

"Dairymen don't get much milk from their cows in the winter, do they?"
"No; they get most of it in the spring."—Jury.

No Harm Done. st-Waiter, your finger is in the

