

### CASEY AT THE BAT.

Note: Many readers will be pleased to see "Casey at the Bat," even if it is an old acquaintance. It is one of the gems of our literature, sparkling with the spirit of "pieces to speak" in existence.—Editors.

It looked extremely rocky for the Mudville nine that day; The score stood four to six, with just an inning left to play; So when Cooney died at first, and Burrows did the same, A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest With that hope which springs eternal within the human breast; For they thought if only Casey could get one whack, at that They'd put up even money, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise so did Blake, And the former was a pudder, and the latter was a fake; So off that stricken multitude a deathlike silence sat, For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all, And the much-despised Blakey tore the cover off the ball; And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had occurred, There was Blakey safe on second, and Flynn a-hugging third!

Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell, It bounded from the mountain-top, and rattled in the dell, It struck upon the hillside, and rebounded on the flat, For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to 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; And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat, No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt, Five thousand tongues applauded him when he wiped them on his shirt; Then while the waiting pitcher ground the ball into his hip, Defiance glanced 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 the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore; "Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted some on the stand, And it's likely 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 multitude; he bade the game go on; He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew, But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered, "Fraud!" But one 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 lip, his teeth are clenched with hate; He pounds with cruel vengeance 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 Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

### THE LAWYER'S STORY.

A Speculation in Real Estate and What Came of It.

By CHARLES DONNET, ESQ., OF THE PHILADELPHIA BAR.

SOME years ago an old resident of Philadelphia died childless, leaving a small estate which he directed by his will to be equally divided between his widow and his only sister. The estate consisted of a substantial home in the city and an acre of ground in the country, besides some money in bank and a few well-invested securities. The sister resided in a distant State, and in order that her interests might be properly cared for, she engaged the services of an attorney at Philadelphia; the widow in like manner, being ignorant of such matters, employed me as counsel to see that she also was protected in her rights under her husband's will.

The personal estate of the testator was easily divided, but it became necessary to sell the real estate and divide the proceeds. For the home place we soon found a purchaser who paid for it in cash. The lot of ground in the country was not so easily disposed of. It was situated in a pleasant part of West Philadelphia, out on the Darby road, not far from the Schuylkill, and was at that time laid out on the city maps as a building site between two streets, but the streets were not much traveled and the country round about was thinly and poorly settled. Long after the money and stocks which the old gentleman left had been shared between his widow and sister, and long after his old home had been sold and the proceeds of its sale distributed as he directed, the country lot remained on our hands. The sister's attorney and myself advertised it in all the city papers, as "for sale, cheap, to close an estate," we mentioned it to real estate agents, who also advertised it as "a special bargain in suburban property," but all to no purpose; it would not sell.

For more than two years this little acre of land remained to perplex and prevent us from effecting a final settlement of the estate, when one day it occurred to me to buy the ground myself. I did not want it and had never seen it, but if I could purchase it at a price which all the parties interested might agree upon as fair, the estate could be settled, and some day the poor acre which had so long begged a purchaser might prove a bonanza to my children.

"Who knows?" said I. "Stranger things have happened and happen every day." I made the proposition of purchase first to the attorney of the sister, mentioning the amount, which I would pay and all the details of settlement. He wrote to his client, and in due season my offer was accepted by her. Then I made the same proposition to the widow, my own client, advising her before accepting to make thorough inquiry among her friends as to the propriety of so doing. It is a position of extreme delicacy when an agent or attorney undertakes to purchase for himself the property which he is employed to sell to others, and no one can safely occupy that position without inviting the fullest scrutiny and letting in the broadest daylight upon the whole transaction. She considered my proposition fully, consulted many persons acquainted with the value of country real estate (who afterward mentioned to me that they had been consulted), and finally accepted my offer. In the autumn of 188-

she and her sister-in-law executed to me a deed of the ground, the money was divided between them, and their testator's estate was thus entirely disposed of to the satisfaction of all concerned.

I did not undertake to inspect my newly acquired investment until the following spring, when one beautiful Sunday afternoon in early May, I started with my eldest son to see if I could find it. We rode together to the termination of the line of horse cars and then with rapid strides we paced the long street on which one end of my acre presented a frontage, according to the plat, of about one hundred and twenty feet. The "street" on which we walked was sufficiently discernible, and to the left of us, high up on a ridge, was the other "street" on which the other end of my acre presented a like frontage.

Landmarks there were none, and although we perceived signs of civilization and modest prosperity all about, here a house, yonder a country church, up on the ridge a cluster of cottages and over there a schoolhouse, I could not locate my own particular property anywhere. We returned home, and a few days afterward I wrote to a surveyor, giving him an exact description of the property and requesting him to survey it for me.

"Plant at each of its four corners," I wrote him, "a tall cedar post, so that when I go out there I can locate the lot and build a fence around it if I shall so desire." Within a week the surveyor called at my office to say that he had surveyed the ground according to instructions.

"And let me tell you that it is a fine lot, too; one of the best in all that region."

"Is it indeed! You surprise me. I had supposed it was an inferior property, and on a recent occasion I could not find it. Did you erect the posts as I requested? The mere survey is of no use to me unless you put something on the ground by which I can find its outlines."

"No, I had no occasion to do that."

"Why not?"

"For the simple reason that your lot already has a good fence around it, and a fine house within the fence, and a big barn, and a stable and cowshed, and—"

"What!" I exclaimed, interrupting him in amazement.

"Oh, yes; and there are people living in the house, and it is all brand new, and must have cost several thousands of dollars. You don't need to put up any posts."

This was startling information, indeed.

"Is your team at the door?"

"It is."

"Will you drive me out there at once?"

"I will."

During the long drive into the country with the surveyor it became apparent to me that somebody had either taken possession of my property with the deliberate intention to deprive me of it, or else had committed the egregious blunder of building on my lot by mistake for his own. The latter was more probable unless the surveyor himself was at fault.

had traveled on foot less than a fortnight before. Here was the church, yonder the schoolhouse, and up there on our left were the cottages on the ridge.

"There is your house," said the surveyor, pointing to the rear of the largest and finest of the cottages on this side of it. Your ground extends from one street to the other, and this street is the rear because the house fronts on the other, up on the ridge, which is higher and better ground."

Yes, it was perfectly plain. I had seen this identical place a short time before, but I had not recognized it as my own, because I did not then know that I was the owner of a new house with a tenant in it, and a barn, a stable and shed, on my despised country acre; and all these improvements, being permanent in their nature and affixed to my soil without my consent, were in law my property.

Arrived at the house, I observed a pretty front fence newly painted, and a well-laid brick pavement leading from the front gate to the front piazza; in the piazza were hung at intervals baskets of ferns and flowers, and on the lawn were numerous flower beds, in the arrangement of which my tenant had displayed much taste, and in the choice of flowers a nice discrimination. The house itself was a three-story structure, quite ornamental in style, and the whole premises were very new. In answer to the bell appeared a motherly lady who ushered us into the parlor, which was well, even luxuriously, furnished. A soft carpet covered the floor, handsome pictures adorned the walls, a piano occupied a chery corner, and everything in and about the place indicated that I had secured a tenant who would undoubtedly take good care of the premises and was abundantly able to pay the rent.

The conversation which ensued was positively painful. It appeared that the lady before us was a widow; that her husband had died in the previous summer, leaving her a few thousand dollars, which were all she had; that she desired to purchase a small place in the country where she might end her days, and she had been recommended to this neighborhood; that some friend had inquired about the price of the surrounding property, and at his suggestion, during the winter, she had invested a few hundreds of dollars in a lot on which, as she supposed, she had built all these improvements this spring; that at about the time of their completion she had learned in some way that she had built, not on the property which she had bought, but on the land adjoining; and that ever since the discovery of her mistake she had been in the greatest distress of mind imaginable, because she feared that the owner of the ground on which she had built would take measures to deprive her of the improvements she had made, and thus sweep away nearly all that she possessed in the world. She was not in the least surprised when I announced myself as the person she had so much dreaded to see.

"While the law would undoubtedly give me all the improvements which you have affixed to my soil without any consent on my part," I began, with considerable embarrassment, "you shall continue to own them. My dear madam, do not think that I would do you the wrong of appropriating them."

"Oh, it is terrible, sir," murmured the much agitated little widow, with an evident lump in her pretty throat. "You are very generous, sir—but oh, how will it all end? I can not let you do it. Either you must let me buy your ground or you must buy my house and improvements."

I hastened to assure her that I would do anything in reason.

As the improvements were of much more value than the ground, and as she had selected the place for a home while I had bought merely on speculation, I suggested that she should purchase the ground. During the course of the conversation she gradually lost all sense of uneasiness, as it became evident to her that I did not intend to take undue advantage of her error, and when I finally offered her the ground she put a purchase price upon it which I accepted at once. In less than a week she received a deed from me conveying the her the entire premises "with all the improvements thereon" (so ran the deed) in fee simple; I had in exchange more than double the amount of money which I had paid for the property less than six months before; the poor little acre which for more than two years I could not sell to anybody at any price suddenly found a most eager buyer, at a fancy price of her own naming; and I was put to the necessity of planting posts at the corners of some other real estate.

That is the story. It is true that no sooner had the conveyance been effected than I began to wish I had not done it; that the widow insisted on my staying to dinner; and that after dinner she drove me into town behind her spanking bays. But I can hardly suppose that you will be interested in these things.—The Pathfinder.

The Hatless Fashion an Old One. The fashion in London of going out bareheaded, which is becoming so common, is not a new one, but a return of a very old custom. Time was when only boys wore hats, other people being content with having hoods attached to their outer garments, which they wore or discarded at pleasure. Stow, the historian, mentions that no one wore anything except the Lord Mayor of London, who sometimes donned a hat on state occasions. In the reign of Henry VIII, he says: "The citizens began to wear flat caps of woolen yarn, so light that they were obliged to tie them under their chin, else the wind would be master over them."—London Tatler.

### With the Funny

#### Fellows



Just Shopping. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going a-shopping, sir," she said. "And what are you buying, my pretty maid?" "Nothing; I'm shopping—that's all," she said. —Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Her Specialty. Bleeker—"Our wife is something of a wit. She tried to make game of me at the reception last night." Meeker—"Huh! That's nothing. She often makes me quail."—Chicago News.

Uncertainty. "What time does this train arrive at Swamp Centre?" asked the traveling man. "My friend," was the answer, "I'm not a conductor. I'm not a fortune teller."—Washington Star.

By Contrast. Tom—"How do you feel when Miss Moneybags accepted you?" Dick—"Fine! You see, we were at the opera, and the girl in the next box was a beauty?"—Translated for Tales from Meggendorfer Blatter.

First Gun. Jack—"I am so glad we are engaged. You know it is love that makes the world go round." Helen—"Yes, but it is not love that makes a man go round at nights after he is married."—Chicago News.

In the Police Court. "What! You want the court to be lenient because you have been brought before it a dozen times?" "Yes, your honor. I expect to be treated like a regular customer."—Translated for Tales from Les Annales.

The Accident. Mrs. Hogan—"An' how did the baby git the fall?" Mrs. Grogan—"His father wor hould in' him in his arms while the whistle blew."—New York Evening Mail.

Necessary Modification. Knox—"Why don't you cut that out? Tone your talk down a bit." Kander—"Well, it's all right to call a spade a spade, isn't it?" Knox—"Instead of calling it you might whisper it occasionally."—Philadelphia Press.

His Specialty. "Gragley tells me he is doing wonderful work with his present employer. I didn't know he was particularly strong in business." "He isn't. He's merely particularly strong in talking about business."—Philadelphia Press.

A Knowing Waiter. The Waiter—"What's for you, sir?" The Professor (engrossed in a problem)—"In the correlation of forces it is a recognized property of atomic fragments, whatever their age, to join and—"

His New Vocation. "John's home from college." "Yes." "What's he goin' to do now?" "Well, 'twixt you an' me, I think he's jest about decided to loaf around, an' be one o' these here incomprehensible geniuses."—Atlanta Constitution.

His Mistake. Mr. Slimsky—"I don't believe the city water is safe. I notice it has a clouded appearance this morning and tastes sort of milky—and—"

The Sure Way. Hicks—"How did Tompkins make all his money, anyhow?" Wicks—"Out of ginseng." Hicks—"Raising it?" Wicks—"No; selling roots and seeds to people who believe that there is a royal road to fortune."—Somerville Journal.

Natural Inference. Mrs. Smith—"I called my husband back to kiss him good-bye this morning." Mrs. Jones—"And what did he say?" Mrs. Smith—"He said, 'What's to the matter, Cordelia? Did you forget to go through my pockets last night?'"—Chicago News.

Special Terms. "And have you any special terms for summer girls when they come in a party?" asked the pretty brunette in the mountain hotel. "Yes, indeed," replied the clerk, suavely. "And what are they?" "Peaches and 'dears.'"—Chicago News.

### LIBERIA'S RESOURCES.

Wealth of the African Republic of the Colored People.

Liberia is considering the expediency of a new foreign loan in order to make needed public improvements and to reorganize the public debt. It is now eighty-three years since the negro republic in Africa was founded by American philanthropists and more than half a century since it was recognized as an independent State.

Sir Harry Johnston, the African explorer, recently spoke very favorably of Liberia's natural resources. Its great wealth, he said, lies in its forests, which contain most of the West African timber trees. In India rubber producing trees, bushes and vines it is richer than any other part of Africa except one or two small areas of the Congo basin.

The interior of the country is inclined to be hilly, and from forty to 100 miles inland the ranges of hills reach altitudes which justify calling them mountains. The marshy character of the country, Sir Harry Johnston says, has been exaggerated. Beyond the forest region there is a park-like country. Elephants are abundant in all parts of Liberian territory. Through the forest many of the paths are little more than elephant tracks.

Very little is known about the mineral wealth of the country. Hematite iron appears to exist everywhere, and traces of gold are found in nearly all the rivers. In the Mandingo uplands beyond the forest region alluvial gold is said by the natives to exist over a considerable area. Lead and zinc have also been discovered in the eastern districts.

On the whole Liberia is said to be less unhealthful for white men than Sierra Leone, the Ivory Coast, the Gold Coast and Lagos. But the high plateau regions are naturally thought to be most free from fevers to which white men are especially subject.

### WORDS OF WISDOM.

A man of pleasure is a man of pains.

Like our shadows, our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.—Young

It can not be too often repeated that it is not helps, but obstacles, not facilities, but difficulties, that make men.—W. Matthews.

There is no life so humble that, if it be true and genuinely human and obedient to God, it may not hope to shed some of His light.

Happiness depends much less upon external things than upon the disposition of the mind and the affections of the heart.—Madame Roland.

Obedience, we may remember, is a part of religion, and therefore an element of peace; but love, which includes obedience, is the whole.—Elizabeth M. Sewell.

There is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup to take it in, while the other closes itself and the dew runs off. So God rains goodness and mercy as wide as the dew, and if we lack them, it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them.

### Child Rescues Baby Brother.

The eighteen-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Kysner, of Fall River township, while playing in the yard fell into the well which was twenty-two feet deep. His sister, eleven years of age, hearing his cries, ran to the well, and by clinging to the well rope, started to descend and rescue her brother.

The rope burned her hands and she realized that she must let loose. Throwing her body to the opposite side of the well, for she was right over the baby, she let go, and dropped safely to the bottom. The water was between two and three feet deep, and the infant was submerged and struggling feebly.

The little heroine grabbed up the drowning baby, and holding him in her arms above the surface of the water, called for help. The mother heard her cries and came to her assistance.—Kansas City Journal.

### A Meerschaum Mine.

"Meerschaum is mined like coal," said a pipe dealer. "It is a soft, soapstone, and in Asia Minor its mining is an important industry."

"The crude meerschaum is called hantash. It is yellowish white in color, and a red clay coat or skin envelops it. The blocks cost from \$25 to \$200 a carload. They are soft enough to cut with a knife."

"These blocks in summer are dried by exposure to the sun. In winter a heated room is necessary."

"Finally, the meerschaum blocks are sorted into twelve grades, wrapped in cotton, and packed in cases with the greatest care."

"The bulk of all this meerschaum goes to Vienna. There the best pipe makers in the world live."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### It Made a Difference.

A story is being told of a Sibley young lady who found a package of love letters that had been written to her mother by her father before they were married. The daughter saw that she could have a little sport and read one of them to her mother, substituting her own name for that of her mother and that of a six mile young man for that of her father. The mother seemed utterly disgusted and forbade her daughter to have anything to do with the young man who would write such nonsensical stuff to a girl. When the young lady handed the letter to her mother to read the house became so still that one could almost hear the grass growing in the yard.—Oak Grove (Me.) Banner.

### Where Hebrew is an Innovation.

Yiddish is an archaic and corrupt form of German extensively spoken by Jews in many countries besides Germany itself. A startling instance of its popularity is given by a writer in the "Jewish Chronicle." In Jerusalem he met "a worthy man who denounced me for being unable to converse with him in Yiddish. 'You are no Jew,' he protested, 'for you do not know the Jewish language.' I answered that Hebrew was the Jewish language and that I was quite willing to try to speak to him in it. His rejoinder was: 'I have no patience with this newfangled idea of speaking Hebrew in Jerusalem.'"—London Globe.

### Advancing the Farmers' Interests.

Traveling agents and salesmen are now sent from the home offices of the Chicago packers into all South American and Asiatic countries. They are going into every land, no matter what language may be spoken or what money be used. They will exchange their goods for cowries or elephant tusks—anything to sell the product and get something in return convertible into money. It may seem odd to some folks, but traveling men, carrying cases with samples of American meat products, can be seen in the desert of Sahara, the sands of Zanzibar or in Brazil, "where the nuts come from." Great is the enterprise of the Yankee merchant. The greater the market, the greater the price and stability of the price of the product and all that goes to make it in its various stages.

Claims the Championship. A. G. Sorge, living near Marshall, Okla., is claimed by his friends to have the longest beard in the world. He has Senator Peffer beaten from the start, and if there are other competitors, Oklahoma must be shown. Mr. Sorge is five feet 10 inches in height, and when his beard is combed out it drags on the floor fully four inches. Ordinarily he keeps it folded up and tucked away in his vest.—Kansas City Journal.

Old Coins Found. It is reported that the director of the French School at Athens has just discovered at Delos three large lead vases full of old coins. The largest contained more than 300 4-drachma pieces minted in Athens under the Archons. They are said to be in such perfect state that they would appear never to have been put in circulation.

BABY ONE SOLID SORE. Could Not Shut Her Eyes to Sleep—Fory Boils on Head—Spent \$100 on Doctors—Baby Grew Worse—Cured by Cuticura For \$5.

"A scab formed on my baby's face, spreading until it completely covered her from head to foot, followed by boils, having forty on her head at one time, and more on her body. Then her skin started to dry up and it became so bad she could not shut her eyes to sleep. One man's treatment with Cuticura Soap and Ointment made a complete cure. Doctors and medicines had cost over \$100, with baby growing worse. Then we spent less than \$5 for Cuticura and cured her. (Signed) Mrs. G. H. Lucker, J. J., 335 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis."

How a Wound Heals. If you have run a pin in your thumb or received a bayonet thrust at Port Arthur, precisely the same thing takes surrounding blood vessels and lymphatic glands at once come hurrying to the rescue. They begin to clean up whatever wreck there has been made in the skin and muscular tissue. They eagerly absorb them themselves or cluster oppositely about all foreign matter that has been introduced into the wound. They then proceed to pile themselves tier upon tier around it like so many little sandbags about a broken bastion. Later they gradually join together and solidify into the layer of new skin which appears beneath the slough-off scab. They are at once working and repairing material.—McClure's Magazine.

Picked as a Winner. There is a boy at the Weatherford (Okla.) normal school this year who has shown the qualifications that ought to bring him success in life. Joe Smith is his name and his home is in Dewey County. He didn't have any money, but he was determined to go to school. He, therefore, picked up what clothes he had and walked the 50 miles from his home to Weatherford. On his arrival he stated that he was willing to do anything he could get to pay for his room and board, and when his story was told he received plenty of chances to work his way through. He is only 14 years old, but was willing to tackle any sort of job that might be open.—Kansas City Journal.

"GOLD GOLD" "Good," He Says, "But Comfort Better." "Food that fits is better than a gold mine," says a grateful man.

"Before I commenced to use Grape-Nuts food no man on earth ever had a worse affliction from catarrh of the stomach than I had for years."

"I could eat nothing but the very lightest food and even that gave me great distress."

"I went through the catalogue of prepared foods but found them all (except Grape-Nuts) more or less indigestible, generating gas in the stomach (which in turn produced headache and various other pains and aches), and otherwise unavailable for my use."

"Grape-Nuts food I have found easily digested and assimilated, and it has renewed my health and vigor and made me a well man again. The catarrh of the stomach has disappeared entirely with all its attendant ills, thanks to Grape-Nuts, which now is my almost sole food. I want no other." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ten days' trial tells the story. There's a reason.