

There is a petal little king
In every household ring—
A helpless, dimpled darling thing
Who, ho, ho, ever drooping,
Dispenses clamor far and wide,
Except when he is sleeping—
And then his mother's at his side,
Her jealous watch a-keeping,
If you should chance to come that way
By any awkward blunder,
What would that frowning mother say
To silence you, I wonder?
She'd view you with an a-tact chill—
She'd wave you back-w-r-l, maybe,
And she would whisper: "Do to still,
Or else you'll wake the baby!"

And if a widow have a king
Within a hammock lying,
And wooer came that way to bring
His suit of amorous sighing,
Do you suppose that words could woo
Her heart from him who's sleeping—
That any wooing could undo
The vigil she is keeping?
If you were such a foolish wight,
And came to her a-sighing,
What, think you, oh, ingenious knight,
Would be her prompt replying?
If you, oh, widow lady, were she,
You'd bearken to him, maybe,
Or would you answer: "Let me be—
Or else you'll wake the baby!"
—Eugene Field.

DICK ARMSTRONG'S SACRIFICE.

"Muriel, I want you to be my wife. I love you, dearest, and have always loved you. Say that you will make me the happiest man in the world."

Muriel Carslake's radiant eyes lit up with sudden enthusiasm.

"Yes, Dick, I will."
"My own darling girl!" he cried. It seems so strange, dear, that a saint like you should care for a stupid, humdrum fellow like me."

Muriel, who was by no means callous at heart, began to feel various qualms of remorse. It was very wrong to deceive poor Dick, she reflected, and to allow him to fancy that she loved him, when all the affection of her heart and soul had long since been given to his friend, Jack Castleton, but, after all, what could she do? Jack was simply a bundle clerk, earning a clerk's wage, whereas Dick Armstrong's income run into five figures yearly, and every one of those figures meant much to Muriel Carslake. An orphan, brought up in the home of a relative, where poverty reigned supreme, she had come to loathe the mere thought of straitened means with deadly aversion.

She tripped home and told her aunt of the episode, and received that lady's congratulations with much composure. "You are a dear, sensible girl, Muriel," remarked Mrs. Vinnicombe, kissing her niece warmly, "and you deserve to be happy. I am glad you have put all that nonsense about young Castleton out of your head."

Then Muriel went slowly to her room and wrote the following letter:

My Poor Dear Jack—I have some news for you, which I hope you want to hear more than you can help. This afternoon my friend Mr. Armstrong asked me to be his wife, and, like the wicked, mercenary girl that I am, I said "yes" to him. You see, Jack, he is very rich, and the mere thought of a life of poverty is so horrid to me that I think it better to marry without love than without money. I know it is very hard on you, dear, but you must try and forgive me, and forget me as soon as you can. You and I have had some sweet times together, but, of course, we must put all those memories out of our heads now and bid out the golden hours for ever and ever. It is hard, I know, but life is always hard, especially when love comes into it. Ah, why didn't your uncle buy you that partnership in the bank which we used to fancy he would do? If he had done that, how different everything would have been! Then you and I could have married months ago, and this sort of business would never have entered into my head. If only you knew how I hate myself for what I have done and for the way in which I have deceived poor Dick, you would, I think, pity me with all your heart. As it is, I cannot ask for your pity, but only for your forgiveness. Good-by and God bless you. Your faithless but still loving MURIEL.

And when the letter had been placed in its envelope, stamped and dispatched, the writer of it flung herself upon her couch and sobbed her very soul from her eyes.

"Great Scott, Armstrong, you're wet through. There, sit down by the fire, man, and take off your coat. You shall have one of mine to wear for the time being."

"Thanks, Castleton, you're awfully good. I meant to drive over to your lodgings, but couldn't find a conveyance and so I walked. Do you know, I hardly felt the rain at all, for I was burning to tell you some wonderful news."

"Well, slip on this jacket and make yourself comfortable, first of all."

Dick Armstrong obeyed good humoredly, and assumed the lounge coat which his chum extended to him. Then, seating himself by the fire, he stretched his legs toward the blaze and said, slowly:

"Old chap, I am engaged to be married."

Jack Castleton winced as the words fell upon his ears. The news of the engagement had already been conveyed to him by Muriel's letter, but naturally he gave no sign of knowledge, but merely bowed his head and said:

"Indeed, you have my congratulations."

"Thank you very much, old chap. The lady who is to be my wife is some one whom I think you know—Miss Carslake."

"Yes, I know her very well, indeed."

"Then you know the sweetest and best woman on earth. I don't deserve her, Jack, I don't indeed. Such a girl as Muriel might marry an earl, a duke, a prince, and yet confer distinction rather than receive it."

"When we are married, Jack, you must come and see us very often. You'll come, won't you, old chap?"

"I—I—yes, that is, of course I'll come."

His lips quivered as he spoke, and, to tell the truth, Jack Castleton was undergoing an agonizing ordeal. His

nature was honest itself, and it agitated him beyond measure to be compelled to play a part and to allow his best friend to go in ignorance of the genuine condition of affairs.

Dick continued to talk in happy tones, speaking with all the joyousness of a lover regarding the woman he loved. When at length the clock pointed to six he rose to take his leave.

"Good-by, old chap," he said heartily. "I suppose my wearing this jacket of yours won't inconvenience you?"

"Not at all. It's simply an old lounge coat that I ought to have thrown away long ago."

The young men parted at the door of Castleton's lodgings, and Dick slowly tramped away in the direction of the comfortable apartments which he occupied at the "Red Lion." Arrived at the inn, he went straight to his room and, sitting down in a deep chair, put his hand to his pocket mechanically in order to extract his cigar case. In the excitement of his present mood he had completely forgotten that he was wearing another man's coat, and lo! instead of the cigar case his fingers closed upon a letter. He drew it forth, and before he could realize that the communication was not one of his own his amazed eyes had fallen upon a handwriting which he knew and loved—the handwriting of Muriel Carslake. Merciful heavens! It began with the words: "My poor, dear Jack."

Dick Armstrong was an honorable man, but for the life of him he could not refrain from reading every word which the letter, found by accident in his friend's coat, contained. When he had finished the perusal he read it again, and then again, the truth slowly sinking into his agonized heart as the words penetrated his brain. Presently heroic and paced the room trying to think out the situation. So Muriel did not care for him after all; her heart belonged to another, and she had promised to marry him merely because she dreaded a life of poverty. Her love was centered on his banking account—not on himself. It was a bitter awakening indeed, and he groaned in the tortures of the terrible disillusionment.

He felt no resentment—no shadow of resentment—against the girl. After all she had never sought him out; she had accepted his addresses with respect rather than with passionate ardor, and she had on no single occasion made protestations of anything more than gentle affection. He read Muriel's letter once again, and this time his eyes lighted on the paragraph that ran thus: "Ah, why didn't your uncle buy you that partnership in the bank which we used to fancy he would do? If he had done that, how different everything would have been!"

Dick knew quite well to what partnership the girl thus referred. For a long time Mr. Felix Densmore, the presiding director of the local bank, had been anxious to secure a young and energetic partner who would bring into the business a capital of \$25,000, but, so far, no candidate had offered himself for the enviable position.

"I'll do it," he murmured; "I'll do it; yes, I'll do it."
On the following morning Dick Armstrong went to London and drove to the office of his solicitor in Clifford's Place. After a short delay he was ushered into Mr. Jennifer's office, the latter rising to greet him as he entered.

"I am leaving England almost directly," said Dick, quietly; "and before I go I want you to effect a certain undertaking for me. I want you to negotiate the purchase of the junior partnership in Densmore's Bank at Bayfield, and to confer it upon a friend of mine. But understand this, He is not to know that—that—"

"That you are his benefactor, eh?" interposed the lawyer, with a sagacious smile.

"Put it that way if you will."

"I understand perfectly. Now be good enough to give me full details regarding this transaction, and it shall be carried out forthwith."

Dick obeyed, and half an hour later the affair had been settled.

Two nights later Muriel Carslake received a letter in Dick's handwriting that ran thus:

My Own Dear Sweet-Heart—I am quitting England for a long time, and I do not know when I shall return. I have learned your secret, and know that your heart belongs to another. I therefore give you back your freedom, and hope that you may be very happy with him you love. Do not think that I blame you for one instant. I love you too much to feel any bitterness against you, and although at first the blow was a heavy one, I hope that time may do much to soften my pain and bring forgetfulness. There are better things in this world, Muriel, than getting one's own way, and if I have learned nothing else in my journey through life, I have learned that God

knows best. He decides all things for good. Think of me sometimes when I am far away. Think of me as one who, had he been privileged to become your husband, would have devoted his existence to making you happy, but who, as it is, can only remain your sincere and devoted friend,
DICK ARMSTRONG.

P. S.—I have kept the lock of hair you gave me. Do you mind?

That was all. The letter was short, simple, and concise; but in the writing of it a human heart had touched breaking point, and tears had watered every halting line.

Three months have sped into the past since Muriel read Dick Armstrong's farewell letter. In a certain room in an hotel in Melbourne a man sits with a home newspaper before him, glancing listlessly at its columns. Suddenly an exclamation escapes his lips, and he reads these words:

CASTLETON—CARSLAKE—On the 27th ult., at St. John's, Bayfield Lines, John Castleton, junior partner in Messrs. Densmore & Co.'s bank, to Muriel, only daughter of the late Francis Carslake, Esq., of that town.

He read the announcement again and again, till the words seemed to float before his eyes. All has happened as he hoped it would happen. Jack has secured the partnership and Muriel has secured her love. All is well—except—except what?

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Cycloones are rare in Germany, but a few weeks ago there was one in Southwestern Hanover which uprooted trees and played various "American" pranks. Several villages in its path had narrow escapes.

It has long been known that paper was first made in China, and was introduced in Europe (Germany in 1190, Sweden in 1484, on his last Asiatic trip, discovered fragments of Chinese paper that were 1650 years old. Himly of Wiesbaden, the expert in old Chinese, is engaged in deciphering the writing on this paper.

The superstitious collier is often laughed to scorn, but a miner in North Wales is just now thanking his lucky stars that he believes in omens. He was boring under some coal, and was startled by seeing a rat scuttling away. He walked away from the spot, and directly afterward a large fall of coal occurred just over the place where the man had been working.

The oldest newspaper in the world is the official Chinese Kip-Pan, which was founded about 1100 years ago. Up to the year 1301 it appeared once a month and the reading matter related chiefly to court life. Since 1839 up to 1876 it was a daily. It now appears three times a day; the morning edition is printed on yellow paper, the afternoon edition on white and the evening edition on gray paper.

A peculiar accident to a bird is related by a hunter from the west. One day he was startled by hearing a noise in a swamp surrounded by reeds. Approaching cautiously he found a kingfisher apparently caught in some sort of trap. The upper mandible of the kingfisher had been splintered or cracked in some way years before, for the wound was healed up and several of the fine thread-like fibres of the reed had caught in this crack so that the bird could not escape. The hunter released the bird and set it at liberty.

"A strange way of testing the innocence of an accused person is employed in India," said a traveler who lately returned from Madras. "They haul the man up and give him a mouthful of dry rice to chew. Dry rice takes a deal of chewing to get it masticated into a glutinous mass, like gum, and that is the condition that the accused is required to get it into within ten minutes. If you are calm and not afraid, you succeed, but if you are nervous and scared you fail. For it seems that fear has a strong effect upon the salivary glands. It prevents them from secreting saliva. The mouth of a badly frightened person is always dry as a bone. It requires a tremendous flow of saliva to chew dry rice, and therefore the scared prisoner inevitably fails in this test."

A Narrow Escape.

The Washington young man of whom this store is told has a best girl. His best girl has a friend, a sweet young girl from Philadelphia, who makes her an occasional visit. She came over this week.

"Wouldn't it be just lovely to give Edythe an automobile ride?" said the best girl to the young man.

"Excellent idea," came the ready reply, the young man inwardly considering the probable cost.

That evening the trio was speeding along the Conduit road, bound for Cabin John's. The wheels of the automobile were buzzing.

All at once there was a sound of cracking iron, and the machine came to a sudden stop, the force of which threw the young folk into a bunch.

"Oh, how jolly," exclaimed the Philadelphia girl. "It certainly wouldn't have been a success without a breakdown."

"I didn't give my real thoughts at the time," said the young man, relating the story to a friend the next day. "You may bet I was happy, nevertheless. Lucky? Well, I should say. There I was paying \$3 an hour for the automobile and a dinner for three looting up in the distance. Providential, almost, wasn't it?"

And the young man chuckled at the thought of what he had escaped.—Washington Star.



A Strange Cat Tale.

An Angora cat sat quietly in his home, combing his long hair with a cat-comb. Then, lost he should suffer from dizziness or fog, he threw on his fire another catalog.

Next he took a catnap from his paw-ladle. Then shook up his caterpillar in his cat-crandle. He tied 'neath his chin his ruffled nightcap, and curled himself up for a happy cat-nap.

A Word to Boys.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a clubfoot, don't let him know you ever saw it.

If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing.

If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that doesn't require running.

If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner.

If there is a dull one, help him learn his lesson.

If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs and no more talent than before.

If a larger or stronger boy has injured you and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fuss.—Horace Mann.

Couundrums.

What made the quail quail? For fear the woodpecker would peck her.

What made the tart tart? Because she didn't want to let the baker bake her.

Feet they have but they walk not? Stoves.

Eyes they have, but they see not? Potatoes.

Teeth they have, but they chew not? Rivers.

Noses they have, but they smell not? Teapots.

Mouths they have, but they taste not? Rivers.

Hands have they, but they handle not? Clocks.

Ears have they, but they hear not? Cornstalks.

Tongues have they, but they talk not? Wagons.

Why is a solar eclipse like a mother whipping her son? It is a hiding of the sun.

Why is Canada like courtship? Because it borders on the United States.

Why is a dirty boy like fannel? Because he shrinks from washing.

Why is "I" the luckiest of all vowels? Because it is in the centre of bliss.

A Dog's Strange Charges.

A citizen of South McAlester, I. T., is the owner of a remarkably smart dog called Sunbeam. Sunbeam is a water spaniel about two years old, and has always been a great pet in the household. About six weeks ago a brood of chickens were hatched, their mother dying soon after. Sunbeam at once began to manifest great interest in the little orphans and took them in charge. At first its owner was afraid he would injure them, but he would bark and carry on so that he was at last given the whole charge of them and his joy knew no bounds. No stranger dares to touch his newly adopted children and all day he follows them from place to place all over the yard. If one of them happens to wander off a short distance from the rest he is uneasy until it is back again. At night the little chicks find a roosting place in Sunbeam's shaggy coat, and if they are not all to bed by a certain time Sunbeam goes after the tardy ones. The tiny chicks seem to realize that Sunbeam is their protector, and will peep long and loud if they lose sight of him. They are thriving under Sunbeam's care just as well as if their mother were alive.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

An Awkward Laddie.

Nearly a hundred years ago, a stout, freckle-faced, awkward boy of eighteen years, dressed in a ragged waistcoat and short breeches, without stockings or shoes, rapped one evening at the door of a humble cottage in Northern England, and asked to see the village schoolmaster. When that person appeared, the boy said very modestly, "I would like to attend your evening school, sir."

"And what do you wish to study?" asked the teacher, roughly.

"I want to learn to read and write, sir," answered the lad.

The schoolmaster glanced at the boy's homely face and rough clothes scornfully, and said, "Very well, you may attend; but an awkward, bare-legged laddie like you would better be doing something else than learning his letters." Then he closed the door in the lad's face.

This boy was the son of the fireman of a pumping engine in a Northumberland colliery. His birthplace was a hovel with a clay floor, mud walls, and bare rafters. When he was five years old, he began to work for his living by herding cows in the daytime and barring up the gates at night. As he grew older, he was set to picking stones from the coal, and after that to driving a horse which drew coal from the pit. He went half-fed and half-clothed.

When he called at the school-house, he was playman of a pumping engine, and though he knew nothing of read-

ing or writing, he had studied the engine until he had a complete knowledge of the machine. He was able to take it apart, and make any ordinary repairs.

Not discouraged by the advice given him by the schoolmaster, he made application and attended the evening school. At the end of about two years he had learned all this school could teach him. He conceived the plan of constructing a steam engine. It took him a long time, but at the age of forty he had constructed several engines, and was known as a successful and energetic engineer, and was called upon to build long and difficult lines of railroad.

But his locomotives were too slow; he wanted them to run faster. He proposed to build one that would run at the rate of 12 miles an hour. Every-body laughed at him. Some thought he was crazy. One gentleman, who considered himself very wise, said to him: "Suppose you invent an engine capable of running nine of ten miles an hour, and suppose, while it is running, a cow should stray upon the track. Will not that be a very awkward circumstance?"

"I should think it might be very awkward—for the cow," he answered. Well, he succeeded in making his locomotive, and at a trial which took place near Liverpool it attained to the unprecedented speed of fourteen miles an hour. By making certain improvements, this same engine, the Rocket, was made to attain the speed of thirty miles an hour. People laughed no longer, but admired.

He was invited as a consulting engineer to foreign countries, and wealth flowed upon him. Philosophers sought his friendship. His king offered him knighthood, but he preferred to remain plain George Stephenson.—Youth's Companion.

Uncle Sam's Beacon Lights.

Every night Uncle Sam lights his fires in 1205 lighthouses, beacons and buoys. Over his dark oceans they shine to welcome and guide the ships of all the world. They stand in inland states on every river where vessels float. They beckon the thundering steamboats of the mighty Mississippi.

They are sacred fires indeed. Whoever might meddle with a United States light, or set up a false light, would be liable to imprisonment for ten years.

Uncle Sam's lights are divided into four great classes. Leading them all are the primary seacoast lights, that send out immense beams, many of which can be seen sixteen miles at sea.

In the second class are the secondary seacoast lights and lake coast lights. Though they are called "second class" to distinguish them from the first class monster lights, they are the finest lights in the world, equalled only by a few famous lights on the British and French coasts.

The third class is made up of light vessels, the strangely shaped, sturdy ships with basket-work like flat metal disks on the tops of their stumpy masts. These disks are the day signals and the big lights, mostly electric, are hauled up the masts by wire cables at night.

In the fourth class of lights, Uncle Sam has grouped his sound, bay, river and harbor lights. They are of all kinds. Some of them are big light-houses. Others are lanterns fed with oil and suspended from mere poles set on banks or in shallow waters.

The most interesting and impressive of these lights are the huge floating metal buoys that are filled with oil or gas enough to keep the light burning for two months without needing attention.

The lights on these buoys are never extinguished. They burn day and night. It is cheaper and better to let them burn constantly after the buoy has been filled, than it would be to go out each morning and extinguish the light and each night to re-ignite it, for some of them lie far away from shore and most of them lie in dangerous places.

Among the finest of the American lights are the two that burn 128 feet above the sea in two great towers on Cape Elizabeth, at Casco Bay in Maine. One of these is a steady white beam. The other shows a steady beam varied by a white flash that appears once every minute. The two lights can be seen 17 1/4 miles out at sea.

Cape Ann has two lights that are set so high above the ocean that they can be seen even farther away, ships having sighted the pure white rays 19 miles at sea.

The Cape Cod light which flashes out a dazzling beam every five seconds has been seen 20 miles at sea in clear weather.

A beautiful light is the one at Gay Head on the Massachusetts coast. It is visible 19 miles away and it sends out a great flash every ten seconds. Three times it flashes white. Then a deep, fiery red flash shoots over the water. Then come three white flashes again and so on, as regular as the finest clock.

But the mightiest of them all is the great Navesink light that towers from the high land at the entrance to New York harbor. It stands 246 feet above sea level, and every five seconds flashes a white electric beam more powerful than most searchlights. Fifteen miles away, its glare blinds the beholder. In ordinary weather it is visible 22 1/4 miles at sea and the sailors have reported that they saw the flash on the sky 35 miles and even 50 miles away from land.—New York Press.

Sallie and Willie.

"Well groomed men do not always possess horse sense, Willie."

"That's just as true, Sallie, as the fact that a woman thinks she has the best of the argument if she can only get in the last word."—Roller Monthly.

LOVE'S FETTER.

"Let's kiss and part," he said. "Ah, Fate was wrong, to make us meet!
A brighter lot, a dearer mate,
May it be yours to greet—
Though both our hearts must feel the smart,
'Tis for the best! Let's kiss, and part."

"Yes—yes, let's part," she said. "This is my firm decision, too.
Let's part—'tis best! But—don't let's kiss—
No—that would never do!
For surely you must know, sweetheart,
That, if we kiss, we will not part!"
—Madeline Bridges.

HUMOROUS.

Wigwag—Your wife is a thing of beauty, old man. Henpeckky—Yes, a thing of beauty and a jaw forever.

Wigwag—Not all the bric-a-brac is what it is cracked up to be. Wagwag—No; sometimes there are some pretty bad breaks.

Miss Yellowleaf—I don't believe you have the nerve to propose. What are you afraid of? Oldbach—You might say yes.

Sillicus—When, in your judgment, is a man old enough to marry? Cynicus—Not until he is old enough to have better sense.

Neil—Was the bride self-possessed? Belle—Of course not. How can a bride be self-possessed when she is being given away?

Tommy—Pop, what is an antithesis? Tommy's Pop—An antithesis, my son, is an er—um—well, your mother is an antithesis.

Sharpe—Yes, Parker invented the safest airship ever heard of. Wheelton—But it refused to fly. You couldn't go up on it. Sharpe—That's why I say it was the safest.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, can you tell me what causes darkness? Johnny—The gas companies. Teacher—Why do you think they cause it? Johnny—Cause they need the money.

"Mandy, I'm glad to see that your new hat hasn't any stuffed songbirds on it." "Of course it hasn't, auntie. The dear, sweet little things are getting to be dreadfully out of style now."

"So you have decided to get another physician." "I have," answered Mrs. Cumrox. "The idea of his prescribing flaxseed tea and mustard plasters for people as rich as we are!"

Sharpe—Say, old man, lend me your automobile goggles. I want to protect my eyes from the dust. Wheelton—But you have no automobile. Sharpe—No; I am going to beat my carpets.

"I should like to speak to you," said the egotistical young man, "about the subject that is nearest my heart." "Go ahead," replied the flippant girl. "I rather like to hear you talk about yourself."

—Photographer—Beg pardon, sir, but can't you look a little less stern and severe? Sitter—Never mind how stern I look. This photograph is for campaign use. I am a candidate for Judge. Go ahead.

Muggins—My wife is a great sticker for the harmony of colors. Bugbins—Is that so. Muggins—Why, I can't buy a new necktie that she doesn't want a new carpet, or wallpaper, or rug to match it.

"Say, paw," queried Tommy Toddlies, "is a ring around the moon a sign of rain? That's what," replied the old man, with a sigh long drawn out. "And a ring around a woman's third finger is a sign of more reign."

Bulder—Yes, sir, this house has just been finished, and is for rent at a very reasonable figure. Homeseeker—Will you give me a lease for five years? Bulder—Five years? You must be daft. In half that time it will be dry enough for me to live in myself.

Little Dot—Mamma, I don't think Uncle George is half as smart as he tries to make people believe he is. Mamma—Why do you think that, dear? Little Dot—Because he claims to understand five or six different languages and yesterday I had to tell him what the baby was saying.

"If I'm not home promptly for dinner, my dear," said McDangle, you mustn't forget that our Board of Directors has decided to hold afternoon sessions until further notice." And the wise woman smiled softly and pictured the Board of Directors up in the grand stand vigorously deriding the umpire.

The Color of the Rose.
More than with any other flower does the color of the rose have special significance. Red is love, white is silence, yellow speaks jealousy. One of the legends connected with the rose tells that it became white through being bathed with the tears of mourners who sought the sweetest flower to lay in the hands of their dead. A prettier conceit declares that all roses were white until one day young Cupid, dancing among them, upset in his merry sport a glass of wine, which dyed the roses upon which it fell, red, its own color. Another legend tells the story of a holy little maid of Bethlehem who was doomed to death when her stakes were heaped around her the fire would not burn, but the brands which had been flaming turned to red roses, and those which had not caught, to white. From this time forth roses, red and white, were martyrs' flowers. The Turks say that red roses sprang from the blood of Mohammed.—The Delineator.

Secure.

"Have you ever done anything that will cause you to be remembered by the next generation?"

"Certainly," answered the unambitious man. "I have piled up enough debts to keep my name before a number of people for an indefinite period of time."—Washington Star.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

Doyle has been doing good all-around work.

Tenney is the only .300 hitter of the Boston Nationals.

The Brooklyn Club has recalled Pitcher Vickers from Holyoke.

Patsy Donovan has tried twenty-five players up to date with St. Louis.

Parent still leads the heavy hitters of the American League with .361.

The Buffalo Club has purchased Outfielder Jack Shearon from Rochester.

Catcher Douglas is to be transferred from the Phillies to the Pittsburg Club.

Tom Daly and Harry Dolan have added wonderful strength to the Cincinnati team.

Malarkey seems to be standing down in Boston. Last year he was fearfully wild.</