

OLD TIME BASEBALL.

IT WAS NOT SCIENTIFIC AND FEW RULES WERE OBSERVED.

The Batter Was Known as the Paddlemaster, and the Pitcher's Object Was to Throw a Ball That Could Be Hit—Being in the Side.

Time will not turn back in its flight, but the mind can travel back to the days before baseball was so well known and before it had become so scientific. There were ball games in those days in town and country, and the country ball game was an event.

The ball was not what would be called a "National League ball" nowadays, but it served every purpose. It was usually made on the spot by some boy offering up his woolen socks as an oblation, and these were raveled and wound round a bullet, a handful of strips cut from a rubber overshoe, a piece of cork or almost anything or nothing, when anything was not available.

The winding of this ball was an art, and whoever could excel in this art was looked upon as a superior being. The ball must be a perfect sphere and the threads as regularly laid as the wire on the helix of a magnetic armature. When the winding was complete the surface of the ball was thoroughly sewed with a large needle and thread to prevent it from unwinding when a thread was cut. The diamond was not arbitrarily marked off as now. Sometimes there were four bases and sometimes six or seven. They were not equidistant, but were marked by any fortuitous rock or shrub or depression in the ground where the steers were wont to bellow and paw up the earth.

One day, riding along the road, General Gordon came upon a regimental prayer meeting, which was very impressive. The men were kneeling or standing with bowed heads about the chaplain, who was praying in a voice of wonderful compass.

The general checked his horse and removed his hat and waited for the end of the prayer. The chaplain asked the Lord to give the men of Lee's army supreme courage to meet the great crisis that had come upon them, fortitude to bear new privations and troubles, strength to fight against the pursuing enemy.

Many east London barbers, who have been journeymen in many west end establishments, declare that young costermongers and barmen, with the peculiar rolling curl that protrudes from under the cap or bowler, are far more particular about their hair than the sons of the aristocracy in general.

Lady "stalkers" are numerous in Scotland, and three or four peeresses have placed quite a large number of splendid "heads" to their credit. The woman who can shoot well and understands the rules regulating sport is always welcome among the members of a shooting party in the covert, and at a moderate range befitting her twenty bore she can be relied upon to bring down the birds as neatly and dexterously as her male neighbors.—Scottish Field.

Professor Huxley once wrote to Mrs. W. K. Clifford about men: "They are very queer animals—a mixture of horse nervousness, ass stubbornness and camel malice, with an angel bobbing about unexpectedly like the apple in the posset, and when they can do exactly as they please they are very hard to drive."

A London cabman was recently having his firstborn baby christened. Clergyman—What name shall I give this child? Cabby (through sheer force of habit)—Oh, I'll leave that to you, sir.—London Tit-Bits.

What do I think of the ocean? said Bridget as she was asked that question by her friends. "I think it's the most peculiar thing I ever came across."—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

The Lightning Changes We Make.

Great is the human makeup, and great are its chameleonlike qualities in the way of expressing feeling. Writers from time immemorial have taught us what to expect from the different colors that fit across our countenances, and, of course, writers are never wrong.

A man turns green with envy, yellow with hatred, purple with rage, scarlet with anger, white from fear, pink from excitement, saffron from sickness, black from torture, red from heat and blue from cold.

Sometimes, too, he is "cold as steel," "hot as blazes," "cool as a cucumber," "a warm proposition," "hard as brass," "soft as mush," "smooth as a board," "a rough customer" and "a slick article." Then again he is "good as wheat," "sound as a rock," "strong as an ox," "weak as a cat," "slippery as an eel," "sly as a fox," "mean as a snake," "poor as a mouse," "hungry as a wolf," and "dry as a fish."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

It is a mistake to think that excessive physical exercise is beneficial. The opposite is the fact. As some one has said, "Man is not constructed to be a running and leaping animal, like a deer or cat." To emphasize bodily development above the mental development is a step toward restitution of the life of the savage and lower animals. Physical culture is a desirable thing; but, as in everything else, the extremes are to be avoided. A person may have too little bodily exercise and may also have far too much or violent exercise.

One who is walking a considerable part of the day would need but little else as exercise except, perhaps, calisthenics for the arms, back and chest and on retiring or rising. And the same advice is applicable to a woman who does her own housework. But one confined over a desk or typewriter should make a conscientious habit of walking, bicycling and calisthenics every day for an hour or thereabouts.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Old Hindoo Principle the Basis of All Modern Bridges. Although the building of great arches of masonry dates beyond the ancient Roman civilization, the principle that gives strength to the massive stone bridges of today is the same that built the bridges of the Roman empire.

The history of bridge building is, to a large degree, the history of the arch, whose efficiency lies in the truth of the old Hindoo saying that "the arch never sleeps" because each separate section of which it consists, beginning at the keystone, or central section, is constantly pushing against its immediate neighbors until the pressure finally reaches the firm foundation upon which the structure is erected.

To secure a perfectly trustworthy foundation, therefore, the bridge builder has often to penetrate far below the surface of the earth, and not infrequently the part of his structure thus covered up and concealed is greater than that visible above ground.

It was their inability to solve the problem of a trustworthy foundation that led the ancient Hindoos to distrust the arch, arguing that the sleepless activity that held it together was equally active in tearing it to pieces.

Not only is the modern bridge builder skilled in setting his structure on a firm base, but thoroughly acquainted with the time honored materials for his work, to say nothing of new materials, and an important part of his student training in such modern schools as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is devoted to methods of testing materials during construction that would have surprised and delighted even the most accomplished of the ancient Roman engineers.

Hurrying Up the Baby. A correspondent sends us an extract from a poem which recently appeared in a South African paper, thinking we shall approve of its sentiments. We do, we do. The inspired verse is entitled "Making a Man" and begins:

Hurry the baby as fast as you can, Hurry him, worry him, make him a man; Off with his baby clothes, get him in pants, Feed him on brain foods and make him advance; Hurtle him, soon as he's able to walk, Into a grammar school, cram him with talk; Fill his poor head full of figures and facts, Keep on a-jamming them in till it cracks. —London Review.

A Bargain Hunter. It was a pleasant looking Irishwoman, says the Philadelphia Ledger, who walked into a store and asked the price of the collars she had seen displayed in the window.

"Two for a quarter," said the clerk. "How much would that be for one?" "Thirteen cents." She pondered; then, with her forefinger, she seemed to be making invisible calculations on the sleeve of her coat.

"That," she said, "would make the other collar twelve cents, wouldn't it? Just give me that wan."

Her Wedding. "Was it an elaborate wedding?" "Elaborate!" exclaimed the fair divorcee. "I should think it was. Why, it was so elaborate that you'd think she never expected to have another."—Chicago Post.

Her Construction of It. Teacher of Class in Grammar—Construct the sentence, "The study of mankind is man." One of the Big Girls—I don't believe it's true. It was a man that wrote that.—Chicago Tribune.

HEROIC REMEDIES.

Whipping Was Prescribed at One Time For Insanity and Fits. If health is a bad thing at any time, but 150 years ago it was made more terrible by the remedies in use. Blood-letting, of course, was a simple affair. A writer in Macmillan's Magazine says that everybody was bled twice a year—in the spring and autumn. The barbers were the surgeons and, like wise men, adapted their prices to their patients.

A gentleman who so indulged himself as to go to bed to be bled was charged half a crown and his fine lady half a sovereign. Certain days were unlucky for bloodletting, and nothing would induce the barbers to operate on these occasions. Serious diseases seem to have been beyond the medical skill of the day. Villages and towns simply drove out the infected from their midst.

Among remedies herbs of course played a great part. "For salve," runs an old notebook which had a great vogue, "the country parson's wife seeks not the city and prefers her garden and fields before all outlandish gums." Sage was held a very great medicine. It was even asked in Latin, "Why should any one die who has sage in his garden?" If any one had a disease of the mouth, the Eighth Psalm should be read for three days, seven times on each day. As a remedy it was "sovereign."

For insanity or fits whipping was prescribed. Little wonder that mortality was great. In old days in Wexsex, England, persons with infectious diseases were confined in the lockup, and whipping was deemed too good for them. Should the sick be loud in lament, the watchman kept them quiet by this popular discipline, and one town has upon its records, "Paid T. Hawkins for whipping two people that had the smallpox eightpence."

Fortunately the spirit of this age is different from that. "THE SLEEPLESS ARCH." Old Hindoo Principle the Basis of All Modern Bridges. Although the building of great arches of masonry dates beyond the ancient Roman civilization, the principle that gives strength to the massive stone bridges of today is the same that built the bridges of the Roman empire.

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A Stickler. "Boy, pa." "Well, what?" "What is the difference between seeing your own finish and drawing your own conclusions?"

Peppis, Peppis or What?

A correspondent (an American, we presume) writes to ask how he shall pronounce the name of the excellent diarist we occasionally quote. "Do you," he asks, "call Pepps 'Peppi' or 'Peppis' or 'Chumley' or what?" Even among contemporary London talkers there is disagreement, but the question should be settled by one Mr. James Carcases, whom Pepps kindly took in his boat to view the great fire and who returned the compliment by a somewhat virulent set of verses in his volume "Lucida Intervalla."

Get thee behind me, then, dumb devil, begone. The Lord hath Ephthatha said to my tongue. Him I must praise who open'd hath my lips. Sent me from navy to the ark by Pepps.

The rhythm is dreadful, but the rhyme is conclusive, and the man who roved in the same boat with the diarist called him "Pippis."—London Chronicle.

They Hunger For Praise. "Praise is sweet," remarked a certain teller, "yet it seems to be against the rule of many business houses. Perhaps they fear you'll demand a raise if they compliment your work. Why, even a man friend of mine, who is engaged in window decoration, says he wants to be told if his work is satisfactory. He dreams of it all night when it doesn't give him a nightmare, and he works at it all day. He longs to be told when it is effective, but he has to be content with the fact that, as he puts it, he'd be fired if it were not satisfactory. As for me, I design those doll dresses and other dainty things and also arrange them for display. I long for praise when I feel that my labors have been crowned with success. But, alas, my firm also pursues the clam policy—perhaps it is the best policy—in spite of the fact that I'd work the skin off my fingers to try to exceed my best work if only that were praised."—Philadelphia Record.

Sensitive Horses. The horse does not like a nervous, fidgety, fussy or irritable man. He is too nervous and irritable himself. "Why is it," one teamster was heard to ask another, "that Phin's horses are always gaunt? Phin feeds them well." "Yes," was the reply, "but he's like a wasp around a horse." A well known owner of race horses, not at all a sentimental person, recently made an order forbidding his employees to talk in loud tones or to swear in the stable. "I have never yet seen a good mannered horse," he says, "that was being sworn at all the time. It hurts the feelings of a sensitive horse, and I'll keep my word good to discharge any man in my employ if I catch him swearing within the hearing of any horse in this stable."—Country Life in America.

Wedded in a Branch. According to an old Breton custom, all the marriages of the year take place on one day. After the legal wedding has been performed the couples take their stand in a row behind the high altar of the church, and behind them sit their fathers and mothers, and so do their cousins and their uncles and their aunts, all arrayed in their brightest colored raiment and the whitest and stiffest of collars. The scene in the church is picturesque beyond description. They go through the ceremony in unison. The moral support it must give to the timid bridegroom!

Three in Chinese. Religious superstition asserts itself in Chinese architecture, and the universal sacredness of the numerals three and nine is shown in the arrangement of temple doors. There is a triple gateway to each of the halls of the Imperial palace, and the same order prevails at the Ming tombs. The Temple of Heaven has a triple roof, a triple marble staircase, and all its mystic symbolism points either to three or its multiples.

Disappointment. "I hope," said the ducal bridegroom anxiously, as he boarded the Cunard with his American bride, "that your diamonds are safe in your bag." "My dear," replied she, "I am not the first of our family to marry into the British nobility. My aunt married a duke. My diamonds are safe at home in papa's vault."—Town Topics.

The Danger in It. "See here!" cried the victim, after the accident. "I thought you said it was perfectly safe to go up in that old elevator?" "So it was safe to go up," replied the elevator man. "The dangerous part of it was the coming down."—Philadelphia Press.

In Training. Mr. Newly Riche—We must learn how to behave, Maria, if we are going to enter society. Mrs. Newly Riche—We will, my dear. The new set of servants I have engaged have been in the best families.—Detroit Free Press.

Be Pleasant. Let us take time to be pleasant. The small courtesies, which we often omit because they are small, will some day look larger to us than the wealth which we have coveted or the fame for which we have struggled.

Reternal History. Eva—Mother says I'm descended from Mary, queen of Scots. Tom (her brother)—So am I then. Eva—Don't be silly, Tom. You can't be—you're a boy!—Punch.

The world is satisfied with words. Few appreciate the things beneath.—Pascal.

STAGE LIGHTS.

Their Various Uses and the Names by Which They Are Known. Lights play an important part on the stage of the modern theater, and they have many uses. The spot light, for instance, is employed to cast a circle of light upon the stage where a single person is to be brought into especial prominence. It consists of an arc electric light enclosed in a cylindrical hood about the diameter of a stove-pipe and provided at the open end with a condenser lens for the purpose of concentrating the rays upon a small area.

A flood light is an arc in a rectangular box painted white upon the inside to serve as a reflector. It is supposed to flood the stage with light; hence its name. Bunch lights are clusters of gas or incandescent lights either arranged within a reflector or exposed naked. They are used back of a scene behind doorways, where light is needed off the stage to represent the illumination of that part of a dwelling not shown. For the same purpose "strip" lights are used—rows of incandescent lights fastened to a strip of wood provided with a hook, by which it may be hung to the back of a scene when required.

"Side" lights are incandescent lights arranged on either side of the proscenium arch. Sometimes they are built within the arch or they are arranged to be swung outward when the curtain is raised. The footlights are familiar to all, and the "border" lights are those hung over the stage directly above the scenery, shutting off the top of the stage. These are arranged in a trough like an inverted "U" to cast their light down upon the stage. These are practically all of the lights used upon the stage of a house, though magic lanterns are employed at times for the simulation of water effects, moonlight ripples and lightning. The old fashioned calcium, using the oxy-hydrogen gas, is so seldom employed in the modern theater as to call for no comment.

CALIFORNIA'S GREATNESS. California has the largest seed farms in the world. California leads all the states in the production of barley. The Golden Gate is the western portal for America's great future commerce. California is the only state in the Union in which bituminous rock is found. California has a larger per capita wealth than any other state in the Union. California produces more oranges and lemons than any other state in the Union. The United States mint at San Francisco is the largest institution of the kind in the world. For many years past San Francisco has been and still is the leading whaling port of the world. The glory of California's flowers is practical. The state produces more honey than any other. California produces more English walnuts than all the other states, and they are of better quality.—Exchange.

A Home Thrust. There is a good story told about the late Henry Bergh. While walking about the streets of New York city one morning he saw a teamster whipping a bulky horse.

"Stop that, you brute," he exclaimed, "or I'll have you locked up inside of five minutes! Why don't you try kindness on the animal? Don't you suppose a horse can be reached by a kind word the same as a human being?"

"I b'lieve ye're right, sor," replied the teamster, a quick witted Irishman, who, with all his faults of temper, was not a bad man at heart, "an' if a horse has feelin's, sor, don't ye s'pose his driver has too? Try a kind word on the driver, if ye p'ase."

The stern face of Mr. Bergh relaxed into a smile, and in the better understanding that followed the horse forgot that it was balking and started off in a trot.

A Scathing Retort. An English lawyer who had been cross examining a witness for some time and who had sorely taxed the patience of the judge, jury and every one in the court was finally asked by the court to conclude his cross examination. Before telling the witness to stand down he accosted him with this parting sarcasm:

"Ah, you're a clever fellow—a very clever fellow. We can all see that." The witness leaned over from the box and quietly retorted: "I would return the compliment if I were not on oath."—"Personal."

Vulgar Admiration. Mr. Muchash—What are you doing out there in the night air? Come into the house. Gladys—I was just admiring the moon, papa. Mr. Muchash—What business have you admiring the moon when there are so many things in the house that I have bought expressly for you to admire? Anybody can admire the moon.

His Luck. Lowcads (despondently)—I might just as well be dead. What good am I, anyway? Why, I believe that I've been refused by every girl in town! Henpecke (excitedly)—Touch wood! Touch wood, quick, or your luck will change!—Smart Set.

Men and Dogs. "When I hears a man sayin' dat he likes dogs better den he does human folks," said Uncle Eben. "I can't help suspectin' dat mebbe he's picked out de kin' o' friends dat's as good as he deserves."—Washington Star.

COMMISSIONERS' STATEMENT OF THE FINANCES OF JEFFERSON COUNTY FOR THE YEAR 1903

Amount Outstanding for 1903. Table with columns: Districts, Collector, County, Bond, State, Dog, Poor. Lists various districts and their respective financial amounts.

Amount Outstanding for 1897, 1901 and 1902. Table with columns: Districts, Collector, County, Bond, State, Dog, Poor. Lists districts and their financial amounts for three different years.

Receipts and Expenditures for 1903. RECEIPTS. Amount in Treasury at last settlement, \$18,589.69. Includes various tax records and receipts.

EXPENDITURES. Assessor's bills, Auditor's bills, Auditor's Probate's account, etc. Total amount: \$34,000.00.

General Statement. Assets: Poor tax outstanding for 1902 and previous years, \$221.70. Total assets: \$100,000.00.

LIABILITIES. Poor bonds issued 1903, \$75,000.00. Total liabilities: \$100,000.00.

Inventory of Produce and Stock Raised on Farm. Lists various agricultural products and their quantities.

ASSETS. County tax outstanding, 1902 and previous years, \$651.40. Total assets: \$100,000.00.

LIABILITIES. County bonds, series 1894, \$5,000.00. Total liabilities: \$100,000.00.

NEWTON WEBSTER, (SEAL) CLERK. Attest: H. D. HAUGH, (SEAL) COMMISSIONER.

The Star's Want Column never fails to bring results.