

## THE OLD-FASHIONED BALL CLUB.

THE base ball season's here agin. Ter me it's lots o' fun, ter see the players at the bat, an' watch 'em strike and run, an' slide an' yell an' all o' that, an' yet it seems ter me, the game ain't half so full o' life az what it uster be. I wish you could o' seen the club in which I uster play! O' course it wasn't like the teams you run across today; because—let's see—w'y that was nearly thirty years ago! an' base ball then wasn't nowhere like the base ball now you know. Our nine comprised the flower o' that little country town; we knocked out every club there was fer twenty miles aroun'; we had no fancy uniforms, but, mind you, we could play, an' make ten times as many runs as what they make today. Si Jones, the blacksmith, pitched for us, 'an in them days, you know, you had to please the batter, he could have it high er low; an' Deacon Perry uster catch, except camp-meetin's when, we played a 'sort o' "picked up" nine, an' used his big son Ben. Old 'Squire Smith played at first, an' when his glasses stayed in place, so he could see the ball he allers fortified that base; Judge Simpkins played at second, while I proudly guarded third, an' young Doc Squills was short stop, an' as lively as a bird. The right was held by Elder Tubbs, the left by Lawyer Green; Cap Siders, 'ith a wooden leg filled up the gap between, an' they were just the fellers calculated for the biz, unless 'twas Green who carried a crutch because o' rheumatiz. He was our safest player for he never tried to pounce upon a fly an' show hisself; he'd take it on the bounce, but when we got a new style ball he quit. "I jes' be darn," said he, "if I will catch a ball 'at ain't made out o' yarn." Them days at home, the umpire had to do the business square, er else we'd throw him out, an' git another then an' there; an' sometimes when the other side'd kick too awful loud, we'd sort o' compromise the thing an' leave it to the crowd. Our wives an' sweethearts uster come an' watch us play the game, an' though we'd lose er win the'd always cheer us jes' the same. 'Twould do my ole heart lots o' good ter be back there once more, an' play a game 'ith jes' the same ole club we had afore.

NIXON WATERMAN.

### A BYSTANDER'S NOTES.

"There's a child among ye takin' notes."

A few years ago no one thought of dancing in this town except the members of the Pleasant Hour club and the firemen. The rest of society played cards or went to the theater. The married people still play cards and go to the theater, but they also dance. It is five years since Prof. Mahler had a little dancing class of eight couples all more or less elderly people. When the professor returned to St. Louis his prudent pupils thought best to preserve their knowledge by using it—so they organized the "Patriarchs." It is really a beautiful sight to see patriarchs innocently jumping up and down. Their courtly and kindly manner make an evening with them something long to be remembered. They deservedly stand first among the social clubs of the city. Soon after, in emulation, the Empire

was organized, and it has been equally successful. There is a strong feeling of loyalty to their respective organizations among the members of these two clubs, and the members of each regard the other club and its doings with the greatest interest. This more or less cordial rivalry has done much to enhance the vitality of both clubs, and has brought them to the end of the season with just as much enthusiasm as was manifested at the commencement.

"June's," where the present chancellor buys his oysters, and where the first one lived, has become a theater for the discussion of all topics. Religious ones predominate. Catholic workingmen going out to labor on the bishop's new residence, Adventists waiting for the Union college car, teachers and pupils in the Normal school, all meet here and join in the debate that is nearly always going on. Meanwhile Mr. June attends to his customers.

O street, from Ninth to Fifteenth, is decorated on both sides with a black fringe of buggies and wagons. This is a custom which much smaller towns than Lincoln do not allow. The vehicles obstruct more business than they facilitate. Besides which there is always the impending danger of a runaway. How a horse once mixed up in this loose fringe would entangle it! How he would startle the other horses till they kicked themselves loose and started out in their turn to destroy and inspire the rest of the horses! The *Journal's* dramatic critic would describe such a scene the next morning as an equine cyclone.

W.

Oh tell us, thou bird of the snowy breast,  
Soaring to heaven through ether so blue,  
Have those loves of ours beyond the stars  
Forgotten, or still are they fond and true?  
Do the minor chords of life's sad refrain,  
Never echo there on the golden strand;  
Can you bring us a message, Oh! fair, white dove,  
Of rest, and peace, from the better land?  
Oh tell us, if all is so fair and bright,  
Their hearts have forgotten our darkened ways,  
Or if they watch o'er us by day, and by night,  
Longing to share our weary days,  
Come back, with thy snowy breast, Oh dove!  
To tell us they love us, that still they love.

AUGUSTA L. PACKARD.

It would be worth while for the ladies to bear in mind that if they take a gentle course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla in the spring, they will have no trouble with "prickly heat," "hives," "sties," "boils," or "black heads," when summer comes. Prevention is better than cure.

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