

CASEY AT THE BAT.

As Recited by De Wolf Hopper.

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 when he wiped them on his shirt; then while the writhing 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 thro' 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 storm waves on a stern and distant shore; "Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted some one 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 tumult, he made 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 the 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 that ball go by again. The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are clenched in hate. He pounds with cruel violence 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 Boston—mighty Casey has struck out.

THACKERAY AND DICKENS.

There is certainly a property in Thackeray that somehow flatters the reader into a belief that he is better than other people; and with a young man especially he is of an insidiously aristocratic effect, writes William Dean Howells in his literary autobiography. He makes you able to look down with lofty scorn even upon the great world which he opens to you, and this turns the brain. I do not mean to own that this was why I thought him a finer writer than Dickens, but I will own that it was probably one of the reasons why I liked him better; if I understood and appreciated him so fully as I felt that I did, I must be of a finer porcelain than the earthen pots which were not aware of any particular difference in the various liquors poured into them. In Dickens the virtue of his social defect is that he never appeals to the principle which sniffs, in his reader. The base of his work is the whole breadth and depth of humanity itself. It is helplessly elemental, but it is not the less grandly so, and if it deals with the simpler manifestations of character, charac-

ter affected by the interests and the passions rather than the tastes and preferences, it certainly deals with the larger moods through them. I do not know that in the whole range of his work he once suffers us to feel our superiority to a fellow-creature through any social accident, or except for some moral cause. This makes him very fit reading for a boy, and I should say that a boy could get only good from him. His view of the world and of society, though it was very little philosophized, was instinctively sane and reasonable, even when it was most impossible.

THE COXEY BRIGADE.

Their collars are not as stiff as starch—
Their shoes may need some blackin;
But Coxeys' army's on the march,
Whatever may be lacking.

And it's tramp! tramp! tramp!
O'er fields of grain and clover,
And the country will be happy
"When this cruel war is over!"

In Washington they'll wave their;
Their tents they will adjust there
They'll stamp their feet and shake their rags,
And wont they raise a dust there!

And it's tramp! tramp! tramp!
From the country up to Grover;
And the country will be happy
"When this cruel war is over!"

AN EMBER PICTURE.

Seated by the dying fire,
Her guitar upon her knee;
Softly strumming; softly humming
Wierdest elfin melody.
Playing to herself—or me?

Sweetest music, silence music broken,
By the low and tender strain;
Softly strumming; softly humming;
Fairer than the fair Elaine,
Ere love touched her brow with pain.

Thoughts are deepest when unspoken,
When hearts tremble to one key;
Softly strumming, softly humming,
Ah, how deep her thoughts must be.
Thinking of herself—or me?

—HARRY ROMAINE.

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