

He Saw It.
From Harper's Weekly.
An American touring in the country with an English friend stopped to point out to him a sign post on which some wag had printed this sign:
"This way to Squedunk. Those who cannot read apply at the blacksmith's opposite."
The American roared with laughter, but the Englishman looked puzzled. After he had returned home that night the Englishman came into his host's room roaring with laughter.
"Ah," he said, "I see the joke now—suppose the blacksmith were out?"

Apes as Cashiers!
From the Lahore Tribune.
In Siam apes are now employed as cashiers. A year or two ago much base coin was circulated by a clique of coiners, and the tradesmen found that it was a very difficult matter to discriminate between good and bad money.
One large store kept a pet monkey, and one morning he was seen to take a coin from the cashier's desk and put it between his teeth. After biting it for some moments he threw it on the floor with a solemn grimace of dissatisfaction.

The proprietor of the store then handed the monkey another coin, and after testing it with great deliberation he laid it on the cashier's desk.
Apparently the creature could tell a counterfeit coin from a good one, and in order to ascertain whether other monkeys had the same extraordinary gift a couple of apes belonging to a zoo were given the test, with satisfactory results. From that day the majority of the business houses in Siam have kept monkeys as cashiers, and the gifted creatures have developed the faculty of discrimination between good and bad coin to such perfection that no human being can compete with them.
A little while ago a monkey employed by a firm of clothiers died, and his coffin, which was of polished oak, was conveyed to the cemetery in an open hearse, was followed by all the cashier monkeys in Siam.

Cure to Stay Cured.
Wapello, Iowa, Sept. 11.—(Special.)—One of the most remarkable cures ever recorded in Louisa county is that of Mrs. Minnie Hart of this place. Mrs. Hart was in bed for eight months and when she was able to sit up she was all drawn up on one side and could not walk across the room. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her. Speaking of her cure, Mrs. Hart says:

"Yes, Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me after I was in bed for eight months, and I know the cure was complete for that was three years ago, and I have not been down since. In four weeks from the time I started taking them I was able to make my garden. Nobody can know how thankful I am to be cured or how much I feel I owe to Dodd's Kidney Pills."
This case again points out how much the general health depends on the kidneys. Cure the kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills and nine-tenths of the suffering the human family is heir to will disappear.

Winter Quarters in the Antarctic.
In Harper's for September, Dr. Charcot, chief of the French South Polar expedition, tells interestingly of how he prepared to meet the winter at Wandel Island.

"The work of installing ourselves in winter quarters began at once. The boat was docked along a rocky cliff covered with ice, in a little harbor which looked as if it were cut to order. Hawes and chains were attached to blocks of granite from the ship's prow and stern. The prow was aground, and the tail of the stern was protected by a girde of cables. The port, which opens toward the northeast, is exposed to the heavy winds of this region, which bring in the storms and great quantities of ice from the open sea. We also built a dam across the harbor by means of a raft and anchor-chain, which held up about a metre from the surface, was subjected from time to time to considerable pressure. This dam had the double advantage of offering resistance to the big blocks of ice coming from the sea and of keeping in the harbor smaller fragments of ice, which then served as a kind of buffer. But even so, we had to endure at times shocks from blocks of ice weighing several tons, which as they were brought in by the storms, struck out ship like battering-rams.
"After reconnoitering the country the station was quickly completed. It was necessary to take advantage of the sunlight, for inclement days were numerous. As early as the 14th of March lamps had to be lit at 7 o'clock. We built a road with hard blocks of snow to make our access to land more easy. The portable house was put up in the valley, against the hill. At one side a shed was built; then a large ditch dug in the ice and covered with canvas served as our food-dock. The provisions were stored there in snow houses, for the ship was liable at any time to be crushed by the ice. On this account it was prudent to make as many of the provisions as possible. Two snow houses, built after the Eskimo fashion served as slaughter houses. Here seals, penguins and cormorants were prepared. The choice bits of meat went to the storehouse."
STRONGER THAN MEAT.

A Judge's Opinion of Grape-Nuts.
A gentleman who has acquired a judicial turn of mind from experience on the bench out in the Sunflower State writes a carefully considered opinion as to the value of Grape-Nuts as food. He says:
"For the past five years Grape-Nuts has been a prominent feature in our bill of fare.
"The crisp food with the delicious, nutty flavor has become an indispensable necessity in my family's everyday life.
"It has proved to be most healthful and beneficial, and has enabled us to practically abolish pastry and pies from our table, for the children prefer Grape-Nuts and do not crave rich and unwholesome food.
"Grape-Nuts keeps us all in perfect physical condition—as a preventive of disease it is beyond value. I have been particularly impressed by the beneficial effects of Grape-Nuts when used by ladies who are troubled with face blemishes, skin eruptions, etc. It clears up the complexion wonderfully.
"As to its nutritive qualities, my experience is that one small dish of Grape-Nuts is superior to a pound of meat for breakfast, which is an important consideration for anyone. It satisfies the appetite and strengthens the power of resisting fatigue, while its use involves none of the disagreeable consequences that sometimes follow a meat breakfast." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
There's a reason.

THE MASTER OF APPELEBY

By Francis Lynde.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.
Dick had more of the nippings than I, and though he kept up a running fire of taunts and gibing flings at the marksmen, I could hear the gritting oaths aside when they poked him.
Notwithstanding, the worst of these misadventures fell to my lot. A hatchet, missed by the clumsiest hand of all, missed its curving, turned, and the heave of it struck me fair in the stomach. Not all the parting pang of death, as I fondly believe, will lay a heavier toll on fortune than did this grating-stroke which I must endure standing erect. 'Tis no figure of speech to say that I would have given the reversion of a kingdom, and a crown to boot, for leave to double over and groan out the agony of it.

Happily for us, there were no women with the band, so we were spared the cruel refinements of these ante-burning torments; the flaying alive by inch-bits, and the sticking of blazing splinters of pitch-wood in the flesh to make death a thing to be prayed for. There was naught of this, and tiring of the marksmen play, the Indians made ready to burn us. Some ran to recover the spent weapons; others made haste to heap the wood in a broad circle about our trees; and the chief, with three or four to help, renewed the deertothing lashings.
I was in the rebinding that this headman, a right kindly looking savage as these barbarians go, thrust a bit of paper into my hand and gave me time to glance its message out by the light of the fire. 'Twas a line from Margery, and this is what she said:
"Dear Dick, you must needs believe my love is pledged to your good friend and mine, 'tis yours, and yours alone, my lion-hearted one. I am praying the good God to give you dying grace, and me the courage to follow you quickly."
This by the hand of Tallachamny.

For one brief instant a wave of joy caught and flung me upon its highest crest, and all these savage tormentors could do to me became as naught. Then the true meaning of this, her brave Ave at once came to me like a space-fung meteor, and the joy-wave became an ocean of despair to engulf me in its blackest depths. The letter was never meant for me; 'twas for Richard Jennifer, who, as she would think, must know the story of her marriage to his friend and must believe her love went with the giving of her hand. And she named him Lion-Heart because he was brave, and true, and strong, like that first English Richard of the kingly line.
I thrust the message back upon the bearer of it, begging him in dumb show to give it quickly to my companion. I knew not at the time if he did it, being so crushed and blinded by this fresh misery. But when the Indians drew off to ring us in a chanting circle for the final act, I would not let the lad see my face for fear he might fathom the heart-break in me and know the cause of it.
'Twas at this crisis, when all was ready and one had run to fetch the fire, that I heard a smothered oath from Dick and saw the Indian who was coming to ring us in, drop his bow and brand and tread upon it.
"Ecod!" said a voice, courtier-like and smoothly modulated. "'Tis most devilish lucky that I came, Captain Ireton. Another moment and they would have granked you in the king's uniform a rank pension, to say naught of poor Jack Warden left without a clout to cover him."
It needed not the glance aside to name mine enemy. But I would not pleasure him with an answer. Neither would Richard Jennifer. He stood silent for a little space, smiling and nursing his chin in one hand, his habit was. Then he spoke again.
"I came to bid you God-speed, gentlemen. You tumbled bravely into my little trap. I made no doubt you'd follow where the lady led, and so you did. But you'll turn back from this, I do assure you, if there be any virtue in an Indian barbecue."
At this Richard could hold in no longer.
"Curse you!" he gritted. "Do you mean that you kidnapped Mistress Stair to draw us out of hiding?"
"Truly," said this arch-fiend, smiling again. "Most unluckily for you, you both stood in my way—you see, I am speaking of it now as a thing past—and I chanced upon this thought of killing two birds with the one stone; may, three, I should say, if you count the lady in."
"Have done!" choked Richard, in a voice thick with impotent rage. "Give place, you hound, and let your savages to their work!"
At your pleasure, Mr. Jennifer. I have no fond for funeral baked meats, hot or cold, though they be made, as now, to furnish forth a marriage supper. I bid you good night, gentlemen. I'll go and make that call upon the lady which you were so rude as to interrupt a little while ago." And with that he turned his back upon us and strode away, forgetting to tell his redskinned myrmidons to strip me of that king's uniform he was so loath to have me burned in.

The Cherokees waited till the master executioner was out of sight among the trees. Then they set up their infernal howling again, and the fire-lighter ran to fetch a fresh brand.
"Courage, lad! 'twill soon be over now," said I, hearing a groan from my poor Dick.
His reply was a chattering curse, not upon Falconnet or the Indians, but upon his malady, the tertian fever.
"Now, by all the fiends! I'm chilling again, Jack!" he gasped. "If these cursed wood-voles mark it, they'll set it down to woman cowardice and that will break my heart."
Again I bade him be of good courage, assuring him, not derisively, as it looks when 'tis written out, that the fire would presently medicine the chilling. In the middle of the saying the lighted brand was fetched and thrust into my ragdones, and the upward curling smoke wreaths made me gasp and strangle at the finish.
For a little time after the sucking in of that first smoke-breath—nature's antidote for any of her poor creatures doomed to die by fire—I saw and heard less clearly and suffered only by anticipation. But to this day the smell of burning pine wood is like a sleeping potion to me, and the sleep it brings is full of dreams vaguely troubled.

So, while the Indians danced and leaped about us, brandishing their weapons and chanting the captives' death song, and while the blue and yellow tongues of flame mounted from twig to twig, climbing stealthily to flick at us like little vanishing demons, I saw and heard and felt as one remote from all the torture turmoil of the moment. Through the dimming haze of sleeping sensibility the dancing savages became as marionettes in some cunning puppet show; and the blood-

stained figures stiffening against their log took shapes less horrifying.
'Twas Dick's voice, coming, as it seemed, from a mighty distance, that broke the spell and brought me back to quickened agonies. He spoke in panting gasps, as the smoke would let him.
"One word, Jack, before we go—go to our own place. He said—he said she would be free to—marry him. Tell me . . . O, God in Heaven! Tell me . . . O, God in Heaven! Cut me deeper than any flicking demon whip of flame, yet I must needs add to it.
"Aye, Richard, I have wronged you, wronged you desperately; can you hear me yet? I say I have wronged you, and I shall die the easier if you will forgive me."
Once more the smoke, rising again in denser clouds, cut me off, and through the blinding haze of it I saw the Indians running up with green branches to beat it down lest it should spoil their sport, oversoon by smothering us out of hand.
With the chance to gasp and breathe again, I would have confessed in full to Richard Jennifer and had him strike me if he would. But when I called, he did not answer. His head was rolling from side to side, and his handsome young face was all drawn and distorted as in the awful grimaces of the death throes.
You will not wonder that I could not look at him; that I looked away for very pity's sake, praying that I might quickly breathe the flames, as I made my way out of the dark. The sooner past the anguish crisis.

There was good hope that the prayer would have a speedy answer. The fyers were burning clearer now, leaping up in broad dragon's tongues of flame from the outer edges of the ragdones to certain off that lay beyond. Through the luminous flame veil the capering savages took on shapes the most weird and grotesque; and when I had a glimpse of the dead men's row, each hideous face in it seemed to wear a grin of leering triumph.
Thus far there had been never a puff of wind, and the air was still. But now above the shrilling of the Indian chant and the crackling of the flames a low growl of thunder trembled in the upper air, and a gentle breeze swept through the tree tops.
So now I would commend my soul to God, making sure that the angels of Heaven would carry the wings of the first gust that should come to drive the fiery yell inward. But when the gust came it was from behind; a sweeping bosom to beat down the leaping dragons' tongues; a pouring flood of blessed coolness to turn the scorching heat into a soft, soothed sense once more keenly alert.
With the wind came the rain, a passing summer night's shower of great drops splattering on the leaves above and dripping thence to fall hissing in the fires. Then the thunder growled again; and at the sound of the falling rain the Indian chant, or rather rising sharp and clear above it, came a sudden rattling fire of musketry from the camp in the savanna—this, and the sharp skirling of the troop captain's whistle shrilling the Indians.
While yet the flames of Heaven flared in the air, the Indians wheeled and bound away to the rescue of their camp like a pack of hounds in full cry. In a trice they were wallowing through the stream at the foot of the powder boulder; and then, as the flames leaped up again, a dark form burst through the fiery wall, and the Indians wheeling and bounding away to the rescue of their camp like a pack of hounds in full cry. In a trice they were wallowing through the stream at the foot of the powder boulder; and then, as the flames leaped up again, a dark form burst through the fiery wall, and the Indians wheeling and bounding away to the rescue of their camp like a pack of hounds in full cry. In a trice they were wallowing through the stream at the foot of the powder boulder; and then, as the flames leaped up again, a dark form burst through the fiery wall, and the Indians wheeling and bounding away to the rescue of their camp like a pack of hounds in full cry.

CHAPTER XXX.
HOW EPHRAIM YEATES PRAYED FOR HIS ENEMIES.
However much or little the Catawba understood of Richard Jennifer's grief or its cause, the faithful Indian had a thing to do, and he did it, loosing his grasp of me to turn and fall upon Dick with pullings and haulings and buffetings, fit to bring a man alive out of a very stiffening rigor of despair.
So, in a hand-space he had him up, and we were pressing on again, in midnight darkness once we had passed beyond the light of our grilling fires. No word was spoken; under the impatient urging of the Indian there was little breath to spare for speech. But when Richard's afterthought had set its fangs in him, he called a halt and would not be led.
Go on, you two, if you are set upon it," he said. "I must go back. Be thankful you, Jack; what if she be only maimed and not killed outright. 'Tis too horrible! I'm going back, I say."
The Catawba granted his disgust.
"Captain Jennifer talk fast, no run fast." What think? White squaw yonder—no yonder," pointing first forward and back in the direction of the stricken camp.
Richard spun around and gripped the Indian by the shoulders. "Then she is alive and safe!" he burst out. "Speak, friend, whilst I leave the breath in you to do it!"
"Ugh!" said the chief, in nowise moved either by Jennifer's vehemence or by the dog-like shake. "What for Captain Jennif think papoose thinks

'bout the Gray Wolf and poor Injunt? Catch um white squaw firs; then blow um up Chelakee camp and catch um Captain Jennif and Captain Long-knife if can. Heap do firs' thing firs, and 'las' las' 'Wah!'
It was the longest speech this devoted ally of ours ever known to make; and having made it he went dumb again save for his urgings of us forward. But present both he and I had our hands full with the poor lad, the swift transition from despair to joy proved too much for Dick; and, besides, the fever was in his blood and he was grievously burned.
So we went stumbling on through the cloud-darkened wood, locked arm in arm like three drunken men, tripping over root snares and bramble nets spread for our feet, and getting well sprinkled by the dripping foliage. And at the last, when we reached the ravine at the valley's head, Dick was muttering in the fever delirium and we were all might carrying him a dead weight between us.

'Twas a most heart-breaking business, getting the poor lad up that rock-ladder of escape in the darkness; for though I had come out of the fire with fewer burns than the roasting of me warranted, the battle preceding it had opened the old sword wound in my shoulder. So, taking it all in all, I was but a short-breathed second to the faithful Catawba.
None the less, we tugged it through after some laborious fashion, and were glad enough when the steep ascent gave room to level going, and we could sniff the fragrance of the plateau pines and feel their wire-like needles under foot.
By this the shower cloud had passed and the stars were coming out, but it was still pitch black under the pines; so dark that I started like a nervous woman and went near to panic when a horse snorted at my very ear, and a voice, bodiless, as it seemed, said: "Well, now, the Lord be praised! if here ain't the whole enduring!"
"Yes, Ephraim," Yeates would have said, or did say, was lost upon me. For now my poor Dick's strength was quite spent, and when the chief and I were easing him to lie full length upon the ground, there was a quick little cry out of the darkness, a swish of the luminous light, and the stars fell upon Richard in a very transport of pity.
"Oh, my poor Dick! what have killed you!" she sobbed; "oh, cruel, cruel!" Then she lashed out at us. "Why don't you strike a light? How can I find and dress in the dark?"
"Your pardon, Mistress Margery," I said; "'tis only that the fever has overcome him. He has no sore hurts, as I believe, save the fire-scorching."
"A light!" she commanded; "I must have a light and so, for myself, I will give you a light." She gave it to the Catawba to hold; and while she was cooling over her patient and binding up his burns in some simples gathered near at hand by the Indian, I had the story of the double rescue from the old hunter.
Set forth in brief, that which had come as a miracle to Dick and me figured as a daring bit of strategy made possible by the emptying of the Indian camp at our torture spectacle.
Yeates and the Catawba, following out the plan agreed upon, had come within spying distance, while yet we were in the midst of that hopeless back-to-back battle, and had most wisely held aloof. But later, when every Indian of the Cherokee band was busy at our torture trees, they set to work.
With no watch to give the alarm, 'twas easy to rifle the Indian wigwams of the frearms and ammunition. The latter they threw into the stream; the muskets they loaded and trained over a fallen tree at the northern edge of the savanna, bringing them to bear on the Catawba, the light-horse guard gathered again around the great fire.
The next step was the cutting out of the women; this was effected whilst the bargonet-captain was paying his courtesy call on us. Like the looting of a camp, this was a quickly planned and daringly done; it asked but the quieting of the two trooper guards on the forest side of the tepee-ledge, a warning word to Margery and her woman, and a shadow-like fitting with them over the dead bodies of the once jailers to the shelter of the wood.
Once free of the camp, Yeates had hurried his charges to a place of temporary safety farther up the valley, leaving the Catawba to cross the stream by a trail of darkness, and the powder to the makeshift magazine. When he had led the women to a place of safety, the old man left them and ran back to his masked battery of loaded muskets. Here, at an owl-cry signal from Ucanoola, he opened fire upon the Catawba.
The outworking of the coup de main was a triumph for the old borderer's shrewd generalship. At the death-dealing volley the Englishmen were thrown into confusion; whilst the Indians, summoned by the firing and the shrilling of the captain's whistle, dashed blindly into the trap. At the right moment Ucanoola touched off his powder train and cut in with a clear field for his rescue of Dick and me. (Continued Next Week.)

Cherry Growing.
Iowa is making steady progress as a fruit growing state. The census of 1890 reported 3,149,588 apple trees growing within her borders. In 1900 the number had reached 6,889,588.
In 1895 there were 707,506 plum trees in the state; in 1900, 1,202,217. In cherry trees the increase is even more striking, there being 200,000 trees in 1890, against 800,000 in 1900.
While the climate of the northern part of the state is no doubt too severe for successful cherry growing with any except the hardest varieties, this delicious fruit can easily be grown in the central and southern parts. The tree is handsome and ornamental and is appropriate for lawn and garden recently done by Professors Price and Little at the experiment station at Ames furnishes valuable information upon cherry culture. This material is being given to the public as bulletin 73 of the station.
A brief historical note on the cherry is given, followed by a discussion of the following phases of the subject: Propagation, native stocks, top grafting, site, soil, planting, cultivation, cover crops, pruning, insect and fungus enemies, protection from birds, etc. Considerable space is devoted to a list of varieties with notes upon their characteristics, behavior in various sections, etc. Blossoming periods of the leading varieties are graphically shown by means of charts.
The bulletin is a valuable handbook for the orchardist, nurseryman, grower and farmer. Write C. F. Curtis, director of experiment station, Ames, Ia., for a copy if you are interested.

Brought Trouble on Himself.
Butte, Mont.—(Continued.) What is the matter with Plunger's head? Green—Yesterday was his wooden wedding and he gave his wife a rolling pin for a present and when he returned from celebrating the event she returned the present with a speech suitable to the occasion.
The umpires and the ball players get along much better than is generally supposed. While on the field there is frequently an exchange of words that causes the fans to think that nothing but good will ever wipe out the stain. As a matter of fact the men understand each other pretty well and realize that in the heat of the contest many bitter things are likely to be said, which are forgotten the moment the contest is finished. Yet there are players who mean and ugly at all times. These furnish the umpires with the most trouble. Occasionally a manager breaks into the game and makes trouble, but the unsportsmanlike individuals are few and far between, it is believed.
One of the most interesting discussions regarding the game from the umpire's statements is told by a sporting writer in a Chicago newspaper. Silk O'Loughlin, who is attached to the American league staff of umpires, is one of the best known and most popular arbiters in the business. And he is a student of human nature as the following interview with him shows:
"If umpires were to take to heart all of the cracks the players make at them during a season they'd all be drawing green tickets for the booby hatch and making a bughouse of themselves," said O'Loughlin in this week.
"Some ball players can no more help giving slack to an umpire than they can help their hair growing. They were born aggressive, and they've been pugacious from the cradle."
"These natural born kickers have got different kinds of bugs. Some of them will carry their bats to the bench without a word when the umpire announces that they've been whiffed out, but they'll put up a bewow that can be heard a mile when they've been nabbed by a cable's length in trying to pilfer a base.
"These are the ones who have got it into their conks that they are unbeatable base runners, and no matter how obvious it may be to all hands that they have been beat to it by the ball, they'll emit the bull roar every time the umpire announces that they've failed to nab a sack.
"Others of the born buckers will wheel upon an umpire and growl at him out of the corner of their mouths every time they're called out on strikes, while they never exclude a beat over the closest kind of base decisions in which they figure. They are all players who have been in the game for nearly two decades, and still regard it as a personal reflection upon them and an acute humiliation when they're called out on strikes, no matter how well it may be known to all the fans in the country that they're sagging in their hitting."
Fired the Sneering Player.
"It's the cool, sneering fellows who let out their cracks at the umpire, without ever being in the least hot up over decisions, who get on the nerves of an arbitrator of the ball field. They're the chaps who like to take up subscriptions to buy an umpire a silver loving knife, so to speak.
"I once put a team captain out of the game and off the lot altogether for a peculiarly vicious and offensive remark that he made to me—not over decision that had been rendered, but just as we was passing out to the lot when his side went out. He just sidled alongside of me and let out the dirty stab in a low tone of voice, so that nobody else, not even any of the players, heard him.
"He was off the grounds inside of three minutes, and I got the roasting of my life from the crowd. They didn't know what had happened, for the captain of the team hadn't even looked in my direction when he addressed the offensive remark to me.
"The catcher of that captain's team had been bawling around like a bull of Bashan over my decisions on strikes and balls all the afternoon, and when, after putting the captain out for his nasty uppercut, I failed to maverick the catcher, too, who kept right on bawling, he and his gods just got up on their hind legs and let me have it from soup to nuts. They didn't know the answer, which was simply that the catcher, while kicking—he was one of the natural born buckers—hadn't done or said anything wrong, and he never was chased, while the captain had more than merited being escorted to the gate.
"The crowds that set up a roasting of the umpire can't see or hear everything that comes off on a ball lot. If they could they'd be a whole lot less prone to kick me and unjust attacks upon the arbitrator.
"I never put a player out of a game when he acts suspiciously, as if he is trying to get put out. That would make it too soft entirely for such a player.
"I ran into one of them in one of the western cities not long ago. He's a catcher, and a swell one at that.
"I noticed when he began the game that he was perspiring in a way that looked abnormal for a man who generally keeps himself in such fine condition, and I had it correctly figured out that he'd had a bit of a quiet whiz with the bunch the night before. He was doing his work all right, but it was hard work for him, as I could easily see.
"Well, along toward the middle of the game I was compelled to maverick one of the players for offensive and persistent bucking, and then the catcher turned upon me and began to emit a bunch of grunts at me. He never was a kicker, and he surprised me.
"That'll be about all from you, pal," I said to him—he's a man I've been on terms with for a good many years.
"You watch out or out you'll go, too."
"But me out?" he grunted at me, moving his perspiring face with the sleeve of his jacket. "I dare you to put me out! I want to be put out!"
"And that's the answer, old man—I know you do, I said to him. I can't help these hard nights of yours. You go to work and sweat it out, that's all. Be a man!"
"He turned a sheepish grin upon me through his mask, muttered something about tow-headed, crafty fellows, and got down to business for the remainder of the afternoon."

TROUBLES OF THE POOR UMPIRE

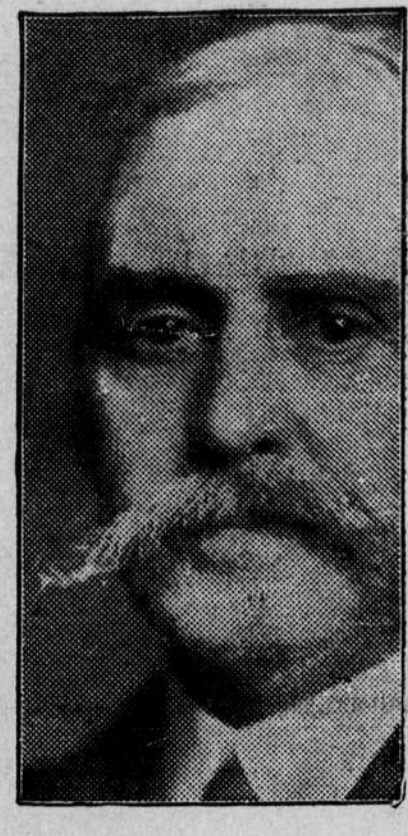
"Silk" O'Loughlin, an American League Arbitrator, Tells Some Interesting Stories.

ALL KINDS OF PLAYERS

Some of Them Kick Because They Can't Help It, While Others Are Malicious—Some Amusing Stories.

The umpires and the ball players get along much better than is generally supposed. While on the field there is frequently an exchange of words that causes the fans to think that nothing but good will ever wipe out the stain. As a matter of fact the men understand each other pretty well and realize that in the heat of the contest many bitter things are likely to be said, which are forgotten the moment the contest is finished. Yet there are players who mean and ugly at all times. These furnish the umpires with the most trouble. Occasionally a manager breaks into the game and makes trouble, but the unsportsmanlike individuals are few and far between, it is believed.
One of the most interesting discussions regarding the game from the umpire's statements is told by a sporting writer in a Chicago newspaper. Silk O'Loughlin, who is attached to the American league staff of umpires, is one of the best known and most popular arbiters in the business. And he is a student of human nature as the following interview with him shows:
"If umpires were to take to heart all of the cracks the players make at them during a season they'd all be drawing green tickets for the booby hatch and making a bughouse of themselves," said O'Loughlin in this week.
"Some ball players can no more help giving slack to an umpire than they can help their hair growing. They were born aggressive, and they've been pugacious from the cradle."
"These natural born kickers have got different kinds of bugs. Some of them will carry their bats to the bench without a word when the umpire announces that they've been whiffed out, but they'll put up a bewow that can be heard a mile when they've been nabbed by a cable's length in trying to pilfer a base.
"These are the ones who have got it into their conks that they are unbeatable base runners, and no matter how obvious it may be to all hands that they have been beat to it by the ball, they'll emit the bull roar every time the umpire announces that they've failed to nab a sack.
"Others of the born buckers will wheel upon an umpire and growl at him out of the corner of their mouths every time they're called out on strikes, while they never exclude a beat over the closest kind of base decisions in which they figure. They are all players who have been in the game for nearly two decades, and still regard it as a personal reflection upon them and an acute humiliation when they're called out on strikes, no matter how well it may be known to all the fans in the country that they're sagging in their hitting."
Fired the Sneering Player.
"It's the cool, sneering fellows who let out their cracks at the umpire, without ever being in the least hot up over decisions, who get on the nerves of an arbitrator of the ball field. They're the chaps who like to take up subscriptions to buy an umpire a silver loving knife, so to speak.
"I once put a team captain out of the game and off the lot altogether for a peculiarly vicious and offensive remark that he made to me—not over decision that had been rendered, but just as we was passing out to the lot when his side went out. He just sidled alongside of me and let out the dirty stab in a low tone of voice, so that nobody else, not even any of the players, heard him.
"He was off the grounds inside of three minutes, and I got the roasting of my life from the crowd. They didn't know what had happened, for the captain of the team hadn't even looked in my direction when he addressed the offensive remark to me.
"The catcher of that captain's team had been bawling around like a bull of Bashan over my decisions on strikes and balls all the afternoon, and when, after putting the captain out for his nasty uppercut, I failed to maverick the catcher, too, who kept right on bawling, he and his gods just got up on their hind legs and let me have it from soup to nuts. They didn't know the answer, which was simply that the catcher, while kicking—he was one of the natural born buckers—hadn't done or said anything wrong, and he never was chased, while the captain had more than merited being escorted to the gate.
"The crowds that set up a roasting of the umpire can't see or hear everything that comes off on a ball lot. If they could they'd be a whole lot less prone to kick me and unjust attacks upon the arbitrator.
"I never put a player out of a game when he acts suspiciously, as if he is trying to get put out. That would make it too soft entirely for such a player.
"I ran into one of them in one of the western cities not long ago. He's a catcher, and a swell one at that.
"I noticed when he began the game that he was perspiring in a way that looked abnormal for a man who generally keeps himself in such fine condition, and I had it correctly figured out that he'd had a bit of a quiet whiz with the bunch the night before. He was doing his work all right, but it was hard work for him, as I could easily see.
"Well, along toward the middle of the game I was compelled to maverick one of the players for offensive and persistent bucking, and then the catcher turned upon me and began to emit a bunch of grunts at me. He never was a kicker, and he surprised me.
"That'll be about all from you, pal," I said to him—he's a man I've been on terms with for a good many years.
"You watch out or out you'll go, too."
"But me out?" he grunted at me, moving his perspiring face with the sleeve of his jacket. "I dare you to put me out! I want to be put out!"
"And that's the answer, old man—I know you do, I said to him. I can't help these hard nights of yours. You go to work and sweat it out, that's all. Be a man!"
"He turned a sheepish grin upon me through his mask, muttered something about tow-headed, crafty fellows, and got down to business for the remainder of the afternoon."

LIEUT. F. S. DAVIDSON



PER-UNA STRENGTHENS THE ENTIRE SYSTEM.

F. S. Davidson, Ex-Lieut. U. S. Army, Washington, D. C., care U. S. Pension Office, writes:

"To my mind there is no remedy for catarrh comparable to Peruna. It not only strikes at the root of the malady, but it tones and strengthens the system in a truly wonderful way. That has been its history in my case. I cheerfully and unhesitatingly recommend it to those afflicted as I have been."—F. S. Davidson.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.
Address Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.



AT BED TIME I TAKE A PLEASANT HERR DRINK
THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.
My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is pleasant and refreshing. It is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called "Lane's Tea" or "Lane's Family Medicine."
All druggists or by mail 25 cts. and 50 cts. Buy it by day. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. It is a safe and reliable remedy. Address, O. F. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y.

No Way of Knowing.
From the Kansas City Times.
"Johnny, do you know the difference between hard and soft maple?"
"Now, my mother don't lick me wid switches. She uses her slipper."

DISFIGURING HUMOR.
BRUSHED SCALES FROM FACE LIKE POWDER.
Doctor Said Lady Would Be Disfigured for Life—Cuticura Works Wonders.

"I suffered with eczema all over my body. My face was covered; my eyebrows came out. I had tried three doctors, but did not get any better. I then went to another doctor. He thought my face would be marked for life, but my brother-in-law told me to get Cuticura. I washed with Cuticura Soap, applied Cuticura Ointment, and took Cuticura Resolvent as directed. I could brush the scales off my face like powder. Now my face is just as clean as it ever was.—Mrs. Emma White, 641 Cherrier Place, Camden, N. J., April 25, '05."

On the Sea.
From Life.
The Wife—Shall I have dinner brought to the room, dear?
Huband (feebly)—No. Just order it thrown overboard.

WET WEATHER COMFORT
"I have used your FISH BRAND Slicker for five years and can truthfully say that I never had any finding give me so much comfort and satisfaction. Enclosed find my order for another one."
(NAME AND ADDRESS ON APPLICATION)
You can defy the hardest storm with Tower's Waterproof Oiled Clothing and Hats
OUR GUARANTEE IS BACK OF THIS SIGN OF THE FISH
A. J. TOWER CO., Boston, U. S. A.
TOWER CANADIAN CO., Limited TORONTO, CANADA

Wanted—I will buy cheap lands, defective titles and old defaulted mortgages anywhere. Correspondence solicited. Wm. Isenhardt, Redfield, S. D.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.