

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

Vol. 3. No. 30

Lincoln, Nebraska, Saturday, July 7, 1888

Price Five Cents

AN OBSERVERS THOUGHTS.

COMMENTS AND OPINIONS IN TYPE.

What He Sees, Hears, Thinks and Imagines.

"Do you know," said an old base ball crank to the Observer the other day, "that if the people of Lincoln had had gumption enough to keep last year's team in the field and joined the western association they would have the winning team? Now, I have seen all of the western teams play, and I know what I am talking about when I say that Rowe's team is superior to any of them. Why just look where its old men are this year. Tom Dolan and Joe Herr are with the St. Louis Browns, Jake Beckley with Pittsburg, Billy Hart with Buffalo, Swartzel with the Kansas City Blues, Shaffer with Des Moines, Dave Rowe with Kansas City Americans (until recently), Hoover and Lange with Chicago Maroons, while Eddie Tooley is the only one who has not distinguished himself this year. Let anyone read of what the boys are doing, and then say that Lincoln would not have captured the pennant."

"No, sir," said Walt Mason to a crowd of admiring friends Wednesday evening, "I have never pounded a striking machine to ascertain the weight of my stroke, I have never followed a brass band with a drum major attachment, I have never bet on base ball games, especially in Lincoln, I have never taken a drink of city water, I have never carried a Waterbury watch; in fact, although there are a great many people in this city, I do not believe you will find but a few like me."

I believe that the larger a city grows the less proportionate patriotism it shows. Take the Fourth of July, for instance, when patriotic feeling is supposed to run highest, how many large cities show that the day is the anniversary of our nation's independence? In striking contrast are the sights to be seen in our smaller towns, where everybody turns out, takes part in the parade, patiently listens to all the varied flights of oratory, and with noise and enthusiasm assist others to pass away the time most pleasantly. I rode in on the evening train from the east Wednesday, and it did me good to see the happy crowds at the various stations along the line, the white-robed village maidens with their attendant bashful swains (as a rule minus a coat) their gay laughter and ceaseless chatter, tokens of a light heart. The general feeling, I take it, was well expressed by a dumpy little greenwood dandy, who declared that she "had had such a good time that I don't know whether to go to bed or not." I verily believe that a girl of her stamp is the only person I know of who can truthfully say that she enjoys a picnic. Girls of her class can come home from a day's outing full of spirits and contagious merriment, while your average city maiden will be bored and cross after similar experience. One thing is certain, though, and that is, the Observer is going to hunt up a pretty country cousin next year, and when the Fourth comes round he is going to visit her and enjoy a day of Arcadian simplicity.

I notice that my old friend, George N. Sroat of Nebraska City, found a gold watch and chain on the Chautauqua grounds the other day, and, as the inspired reporter puts it, "with commendable honesty" hunted up the owner and returned it. George was formerly a newspaper man, and I am glad to know that the grocery business has not impaired his honest nature.

Death of Will Aitkin.
Mr. W. J. Aitkin breathed his last Thursday at his home in this city, surrounded by sorrowing relatives and friends. The young man was but twenty-five years of age, and had been a resident of Lincoln nearly ten years, being a member of the firm of Aitkin Bros., real estate and loan brokers. Of a genial, kindly nature and spotless reputation, he numbered his friends by the score, and was highly respected for his unblemished integrity. It is always sad to hear of the death of one whom we know and love, but more so when like Mr. Aitkin he is stricken while standing on life's threshold with all its fruits before him. His death was caused by heart disease, from which he had long been a sufferer. Some four years ago, while helping arrange the Nebraska exhibit at the New Orleans exposition, he fell and from the injuries sustained he never recovered. The funeral takes place this afternoon, from the family residence, 1617 F street, at 2:30 o'clock.

Concluded Not to Wait.
An obliging lady customer in a certain store in one of the two cities Friday insisted that she always traded with the proprietor and not with mere clerks. "But the proprietor is not in," said the clerks. "Oh, well," was the reply, "I'll sit right down and wait for him." She waited, and as the half hour sped she grew impatient. "When will he be back?" she said, loftily. "In about four weeks, madam," was the reply. "He is now on a business trip to Montana." She traded with the clerks.—Lewiston Journal.

New to Him.
Our New "Boy" (whose credentials are coming by mail)—Dey's a jonnlema down stairs, sah, what wan's ter see yer. Ourself—Did he send up a card? Our Boy—Nossir.

Ourself—What's that in your hand? Our Boy—Dey's a tyind ob eyard, sah, he me, but taint got no spots oter hit—only spellin'.—Tid Bits.

A Painful Spectacle.
A new item states that John Murray "while at work in a quarry, was blown to pieces by an explosion of dynamite and instantly killed." It may surprise some persons to know that the man was instantly killed. It is an intensely painful spectacle to see a man lingering several hours after he has been blown to pieces.—Norristown Herald.

Fourth of July Orators.
Lincoln orators were in great demand on the Fourth; among those whose names could be ascertained were the following who discoursed on the eagle's flight, etc., at the cities named: Rev. E. H. Chapin at Eagle; Rev. Creighton, Jamaica; Charles Magoon, Minden; Mayor Sawyer, Palmyra; W. J. Bryan, Elk Creek; J. B. Strode, Plattsmouth; P. F. Clark, Greeley Center; J. B. Archibald, Edgar; Albert Watkins, Valparaiso; I. W. Lansing, Hickman. All report having splendid times, but the majority speak in hoarse tones.

Dyspepsia
Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. We know of no remedy for dyspepsia more successful than Hood's Sarsaparilla. It acts gently, yet surely and efficiently, tones the stomach and other organs, removes the faint feeling, creates a good appetite, cures headache, and refreshes the burdened mind. Give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial. It will do you good.

Lincoln-Omaha.
A coach will here after be attached to B. & M. train No. 2 (the flyer) for the convenience of Lincoln-Omaha passengers. Local tickets will be accepted on this train. A. C. ZEMMER, City Passenger and Ticket Agent.

A PRETTY GAME.

The Plattsmouth and Lincoln Domestic Clubs Cross Bats.

Our champion amateur team, the Domestic, went down to Plattsmouth Wednesday, competing with the "cub" of that city for diamond honors. The Barner brothers formed the battery for Lincoln and the Plattsmouth boys won the game easily. "It was the most closely contested game from start to finish of any of the season. A notable point was the almost perfect field work of the visiting team, every one of whom seems equal to a professional in handling the ball, and besides this they never forgot to act the perfect gentleman. In fielding they were far superior to the home club, and their throwing to bases unsurpassed. The visitors early in the game won the good opinion of the audience by their genteel demeanor. The game was witnessed by a large crowd, who cheered his'y whenever either side made a good play."

The Lincoln boys speak in the highest terms of their treatment by the Plattsmouth people. The game was stubbornly contested throughout, and it was only by their strong battery work that the Plattsmouth boys won. The Domestic led up to the seventh inning, when by timely hitting Plattsmouth made two runs, taking the lead, which was quickly relinquished the following inning. Unfortunately errors by the second baseman in the last half of the ninth let in two runs for Plattsmouth, winning the game. Following is the score.

Lincoln	AB	R	H	Plattsmouth	AB	R	H
Chapman, Jr.	5	0	0	Patterson, Jr.	4	0	0
Chubb, Jr.	4	1	1	O'Rourke, Jr.	4	0	0
Colburn, Jr.	4	2	1	Patterson, Jr.	4	1	1
Burton, Jr.	4	0	0	Miller, Jr.	4	0	0
McAllister, Jr.	4	0	1	Jones, Jr.	4	0	0
Kimber, Jr.	4	0	0	Chapin, Jr.	4	2	1
Harnes, Jr.	4	0	0	Oliver, Jr.	4	0	0
Conroy, Jr.	4	0	0	Pollock, Jr.	4	0	0
Johnson, Jr.	4	0	0	Atese, Jr.	3	0	1
Total	37	4	4	Total	34	5	6

A Mistake.



Maude—What a distinguished looking old gentleman. He must be a poet. Blanche—Or an artist.



Distinguished Stranger—Will you try one of Hornblower's imperial cough drops. Cures coughs, colds, headache, neuralgia.—Life.

Concluded Not to Wait.
An obliging lady customer in a certain store in one of the two cities Friday insisted that she always traded with the proprietor and not with mere clerks. "But the proprietor is not in," said the clerks. "Oh, well," was the reply, "I'll sit right down and wait for him." She waited, and as the half hour sped she grew impatient. "When will he be back?" she said, loftily. "In about four weeks, madam," was the reply. "He is now on a business trip to Montana." She traded with the clerks.—Lewiston Journal.

New to Him.
Our New "Boy" (whose credentials are coming by mail)—Dey's a jonnlema down stairs, sah, what wan's ter see yer. Ourself—Did he send up a card? Our Boy—Nossir.

Ourself—What's that in your hand? Our Boy—Dey's a tyind ob eyard, sah, he me, but taint got no spots oter hit—only spellin'.—Tid Bits.

A Painful Spectacle.
A new item states that John Murray "while at work in a quarry, was blown to pieces by an explosion of dynamite and instantly killed." It may surprise some persons to know that the man was instantly killed. It is an intensely painful spectacle to see a man lingering several hours after he has been blown to pieces.—Norristown Herald.

Fourth of July Orators.
Lincoln orators were in great demand on the Fourth; among those whose names could be ascertained were the following who discoursed on the eagle's flight, etc., at the cities named: Rev. E. H. Chapin at Eagle; Rev. Creighton, Jamaica; Charles Magoon, Minden; Mayor Sawyer, Palmyra; W. J. Bryan, Elk Creek; J. B. Strode, Plattsmouth; P. F. Clark, Greeley Center; J. B. Archibald, Edgar; Albert Watkins, Valparaiso; I. W. Lansing, Hickman. All report having splendid times, but the majority speak in hoarse tones.

Dyspepsia
Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. We know of no remedy for dyspepsia more successful than Hood's Sarsaparilla. It acts gently, yet surely and efficiently, tones the stomach and other organs, removes the faint feeling, creates a good appetite, cures headache, and refreshes the burdened mind. Give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial. It will do you good.

Lincoln-Omaha.
A coach will here after be attached to B. & M. train No. 2 (the flyer) for the convenience of Lincoln-Omaha passengers. Local tickets will be accepted on this train. A. C. ZEMMER, City Passenger and Ticket Agent.

SPORTING NOTES.

Standing of Clubs in the League and Associations.

Following is the standing of clubs in the National League up to and including Thursday's games:

Club	Played	Won	Lost	Per Ct.
Chicago	56	38	18	.680
Detroit	56	36	20	.625
New York	57	31	26	.549
Boston	60	35	25	.583
Philadelphia	55	29	26	.527
Pittsburg	52	18	34	.345
Washington	55	18	37	.327
Indianapolis	55	18	37	.327

Following is the standing of clubs in the American association up to and including Thursday's games:

Club	Played	Won	Lost	Per Ct.
St. Louis	54	37	17	.685
Brooklyn	51	31	20	.607
Athletic	56	35	21	.625
Cincinnati	58	34	24	.586
Baltimore	57	29	28	.509
Cleveland	56	19	37	.339
Kansas City	54	16	38	.296
Louisville	58	18	40	.310

Following is the standing of clubs in the Western association up to and including Thursday's games:

Club	Played	Won	Lost	Per Ct.
St. Paul	45	30	15	.666
Des Moines	41	25	16	.610
Milwaukee	46	25	21	.543
Kansas City	43	22	21	.512
Omaha	39	20	19	.513
Chicago	44	22	22	.500
Minneapolis	44	16	28	.364
Sioux city	3	1	2	.333

Gorman is traveling in too fast company at Omaha.

Scheldknecht and Wells have been sold to Sioux City by Des Moines.

Crooks is the most valuable man on the Omaha team, and their \$500 was well laid out.

Krook appears to be the coming pitcher of the country. He throws a straight, speedy ball.

Johnson puts up a great game at third for the K.C.s. He makes some phenomenal stops.

Pittsburg will soon swear by Jake Beckley if he keeps on knocking out two and three-baggers.

Des Moines has secured their old pitcher, Hutchinson, and will go for the pennant in good style now.

The Nationals went down to York Wednesday, and were defeated by a score of 15 to 9. It took all the six-footers and 300-pounders in York to down the boys.

The club that wins the pennant in the National league has a hard struggle before it. Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, Boston, Pittsburg are putting up great games just now, the first named especially.

The plumpers of J. H. O'Neill's establishment went out to Cortland on the 4th, and gave the club of that ballwick pointers on how to play the national game. Score 34 to 3. Fifty dollars was taken by the boys as winners.

A number of Lincoln people witnessed the games between Kansas City and Omaha at the latter city on the Fourth. The morning game was well played, and Omaha won by but a scratch. Swartzel and Lovett were the opposing pitchers. Conway and Clarke did the twirling in the afternoon game, which was rather exciting but contained more errors than was absolutely necessary. Omaha does not put up the steady game Kansas City does.

Rather too Appropriate.
The congregation of Dr. Woodbury's church had a quiet laugh yesterday morning over a little accidental incident that came very near giving the pastor the reputation of a humorist. Subscriptions have lately been taken at the morning services for various purposes, and yesterday was no exception. After a few moments thus devoted to material interests, Dr. Woodbury called the deacons to bring their collections forward and all responded but one. Him Dr. Woodbury overlooked, and went on to open his Bible. Just as the late deacon slipped up to hand his collection to the pastor, the reverend gentleman announced his text, looking the deacon full in the face:

"What hast thou in thine hand?"

The audience caught on and laughed out loud.—Minneapolis Journal.

Undecided.
First Young Man—Made up your mind where you're going this summer, old boy? Hang me if I know just where to go. Newport's pass. Bar Harbor's the thing now. Still.

Second Young Man—Oh, Newport's rather jolly, after all. Lots of material interests, Dr. Woodbury called the deacons to bring their collections forward and all responded but one. Him Dr. Woodbury overlooked, and went on to open his Bible. Just as the late deacon slipped up to hand his collection to the pastor, the reverend gentleman announced his text, looking the deacon full in the face:

"What hast thou in thine hand?"

The audience caught on and laughed out loud.—Minneapolis Journal.

Undecided.
First Young Man—Made up your mind where you're going this summer, old boy? Hang me if I know just where to go. Newport's pass. Bar Harbor's the thing now. Still.

Second Young Man—Oh, Newport's rather jolly, after all. Lots of material interests, Dr. Woodbury called the deacons to bring their collections forward and all responded but one. Him Dr. Woodbury overlooked, and went on to open his Bible. Just as the late deacon slipped up to hand his collection to the pastor, the reverend gentleman announced his text, looking the deacon full in the face:

"What hast thou in thine hand?"

The audience caught on and laughed out loud.—Minneapolis Journal.

Undecided.
First Young Man—Made up your mind where you're going this summer, old boy? Hang me if I know just where to go. Newport's pass. Bar Harbor's the thing now. Still.

Second Young Man—Oh, Newport's rather jolly, after all. Lots of material interests, Dr. Woodbury called the deacons to bring their collections forward and all responded but one. Him Dr. Woodbury overlooked, and went on to open his Bible. Just as the late deacon slipped up to hand his collection to the pastor, the reverend gentleman announced his text, looking the deacon full in the face:

"What hast thou in thine hand?"

The audience caught on and laughed out loud.—Minneapolis Journal.

Undecided.
First Young Man—Made up your mind where you're going this summer, old boy? Hang me if I know just where to go. Newport's pass. Bar Harbor's the thing now. Still.

Second Young Man—Oh, Newport's rather jolly, after all. Lots of material interests, Dr. Woodbury called the deacons to bring their collections forward and all responded but one. Him Dr. Woodbury overlooked, and went on to open his Bible. Just as the late deacon slipped up to hand his collection to the pastor, the reverend gentleman announced his text, looking the deacon full in the face:

"What hast thou in thine hand?"

The audience caught on and laughed out loud.—Minneapolis Journal.

CHAUTAQUA ASSEMBLY.

A LETTER FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

Doings on the Banks of the Blue The Fourth at Crete.

July 3d was a great day at the city of tents and pavilions and most cottages by the banks of the Blue. Fortunately the day was not intensely warm as on the 4th. We had delightful sphyrs most of the time. Perhaps the latest paper read upon a subject intensely interesting to all Americans was that by the chairman of the interstate commerce commission, Judge Cooley. The judge made a clear, distinct enunciation and every sentence fell with its full weight upon a seemingly very attentive audience of over 3,000 people. The genius and spirit of the American constitution, as compared with all other attempts at government was splendidly contrasted and every American youth should read this address. The only regret expressed was that so few lawyers attended, there not being over two dozen members of that fraternity on the ground.

The "lawyers' headquarters," a rustic cottage with a large reception room on the first floor and wide veranda around the edifice. The genial and easy manner of the judge impressed all who were fortunate enough to make his personal acquaintance. He conversed easily upon general topics of American interest, and seemed delighted with the Chautauqua of the West, and the hospitable manner in which he had been entertained by his host, the Hon. Mr. Fos. We said Chautauqua was a city of tents. We might add that it is also in the cool evening a city of hammocks, and they are all used,—of course every laddie has a laddie,—and we noticed that the hammocks all were well filled in the evening. Walked down to the river bank and here was a scene of jollity as each boat revolved its freight of lawn and levity. Several scores of boats were launched upon the "dorp," with their precious freight and anxious mothers waited until very late hours for "Lulu's return."

Those who prefer the lecture at the chief pavilion were generally satisfied with the flow of eloquence from eminent readers of the subject of interesting history of "Alfred the Great." The "Wars of the Roses," "The Blood Queen Mary,"—or the grim career of John Knox the Scottish reformer, who was the iconoclast. But he stopped not at image breaking, but it was deemed vandalism to destroy so many grand ecclesiastical structures eloquent language of others or treatise on some ever since.

The lecture upon John Knox, by the orator of the day, was well conceived and grandly delivered and impressed all.

Well some may ask how they live at Chautauqua. The reporter was an invited guest under the tent of one of Lincoln's most hospitable men. There is no lack of the good things of this life. First came the ice man; second, the grocery boy; third, the milkman; fourth, the waterman; fifth, the gas man. We have all the fruits in their season, also ice cream and kumquats—of course this is a temperance town and we had a ladies' temperance reporters' list near us and we had to be unusually circumspect; any kind of a bottle—it might be a camphor bottle—was looked upon with suspicion.

Our neighbor enjoined absolute silence among the young ladies and their beaus after 10 p.m.; but the wilful girls only laughed at the suggestion and the hilarity was greater than ever.

The great day was the 4th, ushered in by the feeble artillery of man and closed with the more brilliant and stirring pyrotechnics of the skies.

At 2 p.m. Senator Manderson delivered his masterly summary of the century's progress of American civilization. Senator Manderson had undoubtedly taken great pains to prepare this address and we are much mistaken if it should not add greatly to his already growing reputation as a statesman and an orator.

Chautauqua is a place where all reformers may have a hearing and every phase of the woman's cause may be discussed, or cussed.

The G. A. R. have also a pavilion and the Fourth brought them and their families out in great numbers. The day was not so pleasant as the 3d and several persons from Lincoln were sufferers from too great exposure to the sun's rays. The day was spent only in listening to oratory or music and no one was disposed to much exertion. Even boating until late in the evening was abandoned and almost every one took to the tents, the grounds or to a hammock, and the young to "sweet talk meaning nothing."

Thursday was editors' day, and although the advertised orator, J. S. Clarkson of Des Moines, did not appear, the newspaper gang was given, among the participants being Mrs. Dorr and Miss Nellie Young of Lincoln. In the evening Dr. Duryea lectured on "The Instinct of Animals," the state press association met, discussed pertinent topics, and elected delegates and alternates to the meeting of the national association at San Antonio, Tex., next November.

The meeting has been most successful despite the intense heat which prevailed each day. In this connection, your reporter would like to suggest that if the association would change the date of its meeting, and hold it about a month earlier, it would be vastly more to their financial benefit. We have heard quite a number of tent-holders express the opinion that they will not return next year, and endure the intense heat they have been subjected to the past week.

Everybody was greatly disappointed that Dr. Talmage failed to put in an appearance, and some of the state papers even went to the expense of printing his sermon without ascertaining whether he was going to deliver it or not. So you see there is some consolation; we can read what he was going to say, even though we failed to witness the promised gymnastics.

Lincoln has been well represented here, and a list of the names of those present would quite fill your paper.

Remember,
If you want the best ice cream, made from the purest and most deliciously flavored cream, remember the best can be had at the "Candy Kitchen," 142 South Twelfth street.

L. A. GOWE.

At the Museum.
"Well, Bobbie, did you enjoy your visit to the museum?"
"Yes, mamma."
"Do you remember any of the nice things you saw?"
"Oh, yes, I remember lots of them."
"And can you tell me what they were called?"

At the Museum.
"Well, Bobbie, did you enjoy your visit to the museum?"
"Yes, mamma."
"Do you remember any of the nice things you saw?"
"Oh, yes, I remember lots of them."
"And can you tell me what they were called?"

At the Museum.
"Well, Bobbie, did you enjoy your visit to the museum?"
"Yes, mamma."
"Do you remember any of the nice things you saw?"
"Oh, yes, I remember lots of them."
"And can you tell me what they were called?"

At the Museum.
"Well, Bobbie, did you enjoy your visit to the museum?"
"Yes, mamma."
"Do you remember any of the nice things you saw?"
"Oh, yes, I remember lots of them."
"And can you tell me what they were called?"

At the Museum.
"Well, Bobbie, did you enjoy your visit to the museum?"
"Yes, mamma."
"Do you remember any of the nice things you saw?"
"Oh, yes, I remember lots of them."
"And can you tell me what they were called?"

At the Museum.
"Well, Bobbie, did you enjoy your visit to the museum?"
"Yes, mamma."
"Do you remember any of the nice things you saw?"
"Oh, yes, I remember lots of them."
"And can you tell me what they were called?"

At the Museum.
"Well, Bobbie, did you enjoy your visit to the museum?"
"Yes, mamma."
"Do you remember any of the nice things you saw?"
"Oh, yes, I remember lots of them."
"And can you tell me what they were called?"

At the Museum.
"Well, Bobbie, did you enjoy your visit to the museum?"
"Yes, mamma."
"Do you remember any of the nice things you saw?"
"Oh, yes, I remember lots of them."
"And can you tell me what they were called?"

A MIGHTY LIFE.

"And this is the end, Maud Petherbridge?"

The speaker was a young man of magnificent physical proportions. He stood erect before the fair haired girl and looked searchingly in her eyes. And as Maud Petherbridge met his gaze unflinchingly she felt in her inmost soul that she had never seen a finer specimen of athletic manhood than Alpheus Swackhammer.

"It is, Mr. Swackhammer," she replied, firmly, but with a tinge of sadness in her low, musical voice and her lively eyes luminous with a tender pity. "Deeply as it pains me to utter the words that sever the relations between us and dissipate the dream of happiness in which we have indulged, it must be done."

"Maud Petherbridge," exclaimed the young man, impulsively choking down the emotion that impeded his utterance, "it shall be as you wish. But before I close this chapter in the book of my life and go out into the cheerless, monotonous existence that will henceforth encompass me like a dreary and limitless desert, I surely have the right to ask you the reason why you have cast me forth from your heart. What is it that has come between us?"

"Do not ask me, Mr. Swackhammer," she said, in a voice of agonizing restraint. "I insist upon knowing!"

There was a deep and oppressive silence for some moments, during which the young lady struggled to gain her wretched self possession.

"Mr. Swackhammer," she said at length, in tones of solemn conviction that left no doubt of her sincerity, "I would spare you this if I could, but it is best, perhaps, that you should know. Why? Oh, why," she broke forth wildly, "did you have your hair clipped close to your head?"

"That all?" exclaimed the young man, impulsively, as he took a step nearer. "It will grow out again!"

"It is not that," she replied, as she motioned him back with an involuntary gesture and shook her head with a sigh of bitter despair. "I have never told you that I am a student of phrenology. Yet I am. I can read your head like an open book. Mr. Swackhammer, you have no spirituality, no sublimity, no continuity, no veneration. Your principal faculties are combativeness and your alimentiveness. We could never study Browning together. My dream is over."

The young man crushed his hat down on his cropped head, and a moment later the walls of the princely mansions on either side of Prairie avenue echoed with the sound of his heavy tread on the sidewalk as he strode away in the night air.—Chicago Tribune.

Coming In.



Telegraph Lineman—Hi there! What yer doin' up there?

Professor Zingalla—Don't get excited. I'm on my way home. Been walking slack wire in Rubbins' circus, an' got stranded in last town.—Judge.

Missing a Genuine Treat.
"We had an entertainment on our way last evening. It was pretty good, only there was a man who read a poem, and he read it so outrageously that nobody could understand what it was all about."
"Couldn't understand what it was all about? Why, that must have been Professor Della Harte, the distinguished elocutionist. How I should like to have been there!"—Boston Transcript.

It Was.
He asked for Congress water, and as the boy started to draw it he added:
"Is it fresh?"
"Certainly; we keep right up with the sessions of congress. Just came in from Washington last night."—Detroit Free Press.

A Polite Man.
The man who can retain his table manners at a railroad restaurant, with ten minutes for refreshments, would probably be polite enough to say to the sheriff tying the knot, "Pardon me for putting you to this trouble."—The Epoch.

"Get There Ell."
On the wagon sheet of a prairie schooner that passed through Orleans, Mo., from Kansas the other day, bound eastward, was the inscription: "Tryin' 2 git back 2 my wife's people. My name's Ell."
A Cordial Invitation.
"Says the weighing machine to the nickel: "While you're round this way drop in."—Exchange.

A Remedy for Safety.
A gun has been invented that will throw a ten pound ball eight miles. It is rumored that the baseball clubs are discussing the propriety of substituting these guns for pitchers. Something of the kind should be adopted, to make it less dangerous for the catcher.—Norristown Herald.

Would Improve with Time.
An agent for the sale of some household article attempted to mount the steps of a house recently, but a dog came around the corner and took half a yard