

## THE NATIONAL GAME

Clem Kimerer rode a bicycle to Tecumseh last Sunday.

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What if Taylor should conclude to play ball in Oil City?

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Omaha will get Darby and Hulin like Lincoln got Jakey Strauss—"Nit!"

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Jacksonville has new grounds which they say are the finest in the association.

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Rockford has a very good man in Ed Pabst who will play first base for them.

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Rockford promises to make it warm for Kreig if he does not report in that city.

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Letcher, "the sand crane" who was with Jacksonville last season, will play in Des Moines this year.

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One week from today there will be an exhibition game between the Lincoln and the Clarkson Laundry clubs.

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Work on the grounds has been commenced and they are being put into first-class condition for the opening games.

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Nothing more is heard of the deal between McCarthy and Nicol. It is hoped that Mac will not allow five dollars per month to stand between him and an engagement.

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One morning last week Kid Speer was taking a run out near the state prison and as he passed a farmer in a wagon the farmer invited him to jump in and ride and he could not understand why a person should run along the road when a ride was offered him.

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The Clarkson Laundry will have an amateur team in the city league; uniforms have been ordered and will be ready for the opening game with the professionals. Herpolsheimer's will also have a team in the field; the players who compose it are practically the South Lincoln Champions. The Kimball hotel team will be composed almost entirely of young men who board at the hotel.

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Tuesday evening about twenty-five of the most promising amateurs in Lincoln assembled at the Kimball hotel and formed a city league, five clubs were represented, namely: Herpolsheimers, Clarksons, Y. M. C. A., The Kimballs and the East Lincoln club. W. W. Turner was elected president and Frank DuTeil secretary and treasurer. A committee was appointed to arrange a schedule and will report at the next meeting which will be held at the same place next Monday evening at 7:30. Every amateur ball player whether a member of any team or not is earnestly requested to be present.

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Base ball will soon have complete possession of the mind of all lovers of that honest, fascinating game. The championship season opens the second day of May; the exhibition games commence the sixth day of April with the Clarksons. From the second day of May until nearly the first of October the eight cities in the circuit will be favored with a series of games which will carry joy or sorrow to the hearts of the "rooting" spectators as the contest turns to victory or defeat, and in either case excitement will rule the hour. Last season was a very brilliant one for the Western association, considering it was the first year, and the attendance promises to be at least twenty-five per cent better this year. Lincoln's team of players are all in different parts of the United States but another week will see most of them here. It is a difficult matter at present to say which team is the strongest as so many new players are on the teams—though the Lincoln team looks as though it would be able to hold its own.

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A good story is told on Jesse Burkett who is playing left field for

the Cleveland National league team this year but who in '91 played in Lincoln. During his Lincoln engagement when the first pay day came around Burkett with the rest of the players received his check which he took to the First National bank and said to the cashier, "Say, where's de bloke w'at takes the coin?" On being shown the receiving teller he addressed him in the following language, "Say, boss, take dis here long green an' give me one of dose dere books." Each month Burkett saved a little money and the first time he wanted to draw he called one of the bookkeepers outside of the rail with, "Say, Rube, how do I get me money?" The bookkeeper took his check book, filled out a check and Burkett signed his name. After that it was easy for him and he filled them out himself. After a time his account was overdrawn for a small amount and he received a notice from the bank to call and fix matters. He came and after being told that his account was overdrawn he surprised the bank officials by saying, "Dat's all right; I'll give youse anoder check for de overdraft." When told that he had no money there he could not understand how that was as he had more than half his checks left.

## MUSI-KALE.

Eyetalyun opry's mighty fine,  
But, lacking dimes to spare,  
Come less us hear God's musikale  
Out in the open air.

The brook, the bob-o-link, the thrush  
Will take the upper notes,  
While Signor Bull Frog's family  
Ker-chunko with sub-base throats.

An' now Mons. Thunder overhead  
Puts in his rollin' roar,  
While grim old ocean swashes waves  
Onto the rock-bound shore.

The zeffers singin' 'mong the pines  
The patt'rin' of the rain,  
The whip-o-will with far-off chant  
All swell the sweet refrain.

But listen to wha' Hu'dy says:  
"You goon, you don't suppose  
Folks go to opry jest for sing?  
'T is fashion an' good clo'es."

## DOMESTIC ECONOMY IN THE ORIENT.

"Sirrah," remarked the Sultan, "my first wife and I are one."  
The court mathematician bowed low in affirmation.  
"Well," proceeded his Majesty, "how about me and my second wife?"

"You are another," promptly rejoined the man of science.

Whereat divers high functionaries made shift to leave the apartment, not deeming it good politics to give their puissant sovereign the ha ha to his face.

## HIS WISH GRANTED.

A young Irishman in want of a 5-pound note wrote to his uncle as follows:

"Dear Uncle: If you could see how I blush for shame while I am writing, you would pity me. Do you know why? Because I have to ask you for a few pounds and do not know how to express myself. It is impossible for me to tell you. I prefer to die.

"I send you this by messenger, who will wait for an answer. Believe me, my dearest uncle, your most obedient and affectionate nephew,

"P. S.—Overcome with shame for what I have written. I have been running after the messenger in order to take the letter from him, but I cannot catch him up. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him, or that my letter may get lost!"

The uncle was naturally touched, but was equal to the emergency. He replied as follows:

"My Dear Jack: "Console yourself and blush no longer. Providence has heard your prayers. The messenger lost your letter. Your affectionate uncle, \_\_\_\_\_"