

THE NATIONAL GAME.

TOLD IN VERSE.

HOW NICE.

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;
The best of life is but intoxication.
—Peek-a-Boo Veach.

TO EBRIGHT.

O captain, my captain!
We see you hold your own.
Take heart of grace, you're in the race,
Your modest face is known.
Let Dugdale toast his merry crew,
Let Brackett brag what he will do;
What are these upstarts unto you
But pigmies puffed and blown?

INDIGESTION.

Old Morpheus played me a prank,
And he did it the other night;
I dreamed that I was a crank,
And was loaded with dynamite!

I thought the ball park was a bomb,
And that, as the umpire drew nigh,
I would ask him where he was from—
Then blow him straight up to the sky.

But old Morpheus played me a trick,
My load it was not dynamite;
I was simply inclined to be sick—
No, indeed, I hadn't been tight.
—Billie Barr.

LINCOLN ABROAD.

At Peoria—After leaving two scalps and a tie-game hanging on the fence at Rockford, the Bucks journeyed to Peoria where the leaders hang out—where Dugdale and his crowd are living on easy street, the pet and the pride of the boozy old town on the Illinois—and the next day along about supper time Pitcher Thomas met Pitcher Barnes and acknowledged that "there are others." However, this was unnecessary, as Freddy is just now very much "pros" (I don't know what that means but he is "pros" just the same) and can be relied upon to do the right thing from now on. Saturday Kim tried to make a monkey of Roach, but it didn't work. Seemed like some one had blundered, the combination must have got mixed, or else Dugdale kept Svengali on tap and worked him in along toward the back end of the game. At any rate the gang in front of Frank DuTeil's about supper time Saturday evening went home feeling that the Ebrights had been trifled with, betrayed as it were. Sunday was the same thing over again, only more so. Gragg, he of the popcorn appetite, was out for the flag, but he couldn't even bring off the hat. Probably Ernie hadn't been given enough exercise, very likely he wasn't in tune, for to win from those mugs down in Peoria the pitcher must be fit as a fiddle. Be that as it may, Ernie scored a decided failure, and another Lincoln scalp was dangling at Fatty Dugdale's belt.

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At Jacksonville—Buckero, whiskerless and rotund, Ebright, king of somewhere and monarch of all around, attended by his family of faithful feeders, were rudely stopped at Peoria in their mad chase for the pennant, and resenting the familiarity of Dugdale's dubs left in a huff and a varnished car for the capital of Morgan county in the sucker state. Bobby Carruthers, who used to spill his coffee in St. Louis a few years ago, was there to meet him, and very kindly consented to give Buck another boost towards first place. The first day the Jax were like a cup of cocoa, grateful, comforting, and the Bucks enjoyed a very pleasant siesta. Next day, however, Bobby repented of his generosity,

and determined to hang a Lincoln scalp in his igloo. Carefully unpacking his glassware he went into the box himself, and tried to show Buck how the trick was done in St. Louis in the long ago. Buck is courteous himself, a born gentleman, but his hired hands are inclined to be rude, and without considering Bobby's feelings, they jumped onto his delivery and soon had the Jax floor, ed in rare style. The result looked nice on Frank DuTeil's score board, but Jacksonville people had had enough of it, and they quit, Bobby and his birdlings being driven out of town to another snide village in Illinois, Bloomington, where the last game of the series was played. This was a repeater. A setting of beautiful white eggs was presented to the nestlings, and Buck assured Bobby that they would hatch him some experience, if nothing else. And this is how Buck killed the Jacks.

Count Campau is said to be the only dago in the biz.

Tom Burns has quit Brooklyn and signed with New York.

Des Moines has traded Ducky Holmes to Louisville for Preston.

Tom Ramsay has been appointed an umpire to succeed Burns.

Archie Cole has signed with Denver and is now with that team.

Armstrong will join the Quincy team here and will play in this series.

Billy Moran, with Omaha last season, has been farmed out to St. Paul.

Jack Menefee of Pittsburg has the reputation of being the best coacher in the National.

Big Joe Katz was released by Jax and immediately signed with St. Joe. He is quite a favorite here.

Up to August 3 Lincoln has made 270 errors to Peoria's 260. Hits for the same teams were 739 to 796, while Denver is credited with 890 hits and 313 errors.

The Herpolsheimer Reds and the Kearney team played an exciting 10 inning game at Kearney this week, which the Reds lost by a score of 7 to 6. Abbott and Sidles were in the points for the Reds and did some fine work.

Whether or not it is good policy to roast ball players seems to be a divided question in the newspapers of this league. Some of the papers get after their home team good and hard, especially after losing a game or two. Here in Lincoln the papers have been very lenient with the locals, and it seems to me that the boys appreciate it and try their best to play winning ball. Constant nagging at the men creates an ill feeling among them and is one of the causes of poor team work.

Last week Farrell was the short stop in the Quincy base ball club and a good player. This week he is blacklisted, a convicted tough, sentenced in the police court to a fine of \$100 or to serve six months in the house of correction. Not that this change has been brought about in a single week. Like too many of the ball players, Farrell is a lush and an all round hard citizen. But like too few of the ball players of his stripe he has got what he deserves.—Quincy Whig.

Burt Abbey has reported at Brooklyn for duty.

Rockford thinks Jack Dolan is fit for the National.

Lincoln has won seven out of eleven with Peoria.

Quincy has signed a new short stop, Biers of South Carolina.

The Quincys are accused of two much lushing and forbidden fruit.

A little over two-thirds of the scheduled games have been played.

Next week we get another chance at Peoria on the home grounds.

McDougal has gone back to St. Louis. He didn't amount to much at Quincy.

Zimmer of Cleveland at one time caught for the Metropolitans of Gotham.

The Lincoln's won twelve and lost eight in the last swing around the circuit.

The last series with Jax were all played in that town, none of the games being transferred to Bloomington.

Lou Johnson, St. Joe's star twirler last season, has been released by Philadelphia and signed by Alberts. He joined the Saints yesterday.

The man that said two out of three from Peoria was simply talking through his chapeaux. We can smother Denver and Jax from the first turn, but with Peoria we in luck to get the flag once.

Amateur teams throughout the state are playing good ball and drawing well. David City, Wahoo, Crete, Kearney, Hastings, Sterling, Tecumseh and other towns have excellent teams.

Hiram, clean shaven and petite, wearing a proud smile and a summer suit, and looking as chic as a burro, arrived home Thursday and is at present occupying the attention of some spoiled fruit from Quincy at the M street park.

Pittsburg has not been below third place this season. The Pirates are making a consistent fight for the pennant, and win or lose, they will have a whole lot to say as to which team does win the coveted emblem.

Well, well, what do you think of this? Down in Rockford, where Hughey Nicol is earning his wad of long green this summer, the ladies of that timely village are kicking because they don't have to pay on ladies day! Sounds a wee bit as though the ladies were talking through their bonnets, doesn't it?

The Peorias maintain their lead by excellent team work. There are at least three other teams that are fully as strong, if not stronger, than Dugdale's team, but none of them play the same consistent game that Peoria has been playing all summer. Quincy has been individually the strongest team in the association, and but for the lushing of some of the men, would be close around first place. Des Moines is erratic, but they certainly are playing fast ball at present. Rockford has strengthened materially and ought to become a more important factor in the race. Lincoln should be able to retain her present position, with a possible improvement, although the fans may look for a hot finish and some changes among the leaders.

It looks like Peoria.

Give the boys a big welcome. They deserve it.

Des Moines downed Kansas City in an exhibition game Thursday.

Cincinnati is hot stuff on the home grounds, but when they start on the circle the frost begins to fly.

Big Billy O'Brien was dropped at Jax and will very likely sign with that team. The Jax seem to be an asylum for the has-beens.

Baseball is looking up in England, and it is now proposed to take the national league champions over there next fall and show the British the real article. The Cornell crew in England and the international yacht races has caused considerable newspaper comment concerning American sports, and baseball benefitted by it.

The *Sporting News* every week roasts Von der Ahe to a richer, more pronounced chocolate shade than the color of his team's uniform. He is now dubbed Von der Ha! Ha! and the team is called the Done Browns. What a change. A few years ago Chris was "der boss president," and under Comiskey's management the Browns were invincible and the idol of St. Louis. Von der Ahe's base ball days seem to be drawing to a close—at least they're not drawing much money for him.

The Orioles feel quite confident of landing the pennant in the national league, and seem to think the Beaneaters are their most formidable rivals. Tebeau's Spiders have a well developed idea that they are right in line, while the Pirates think they have the whole push faded. The New Yorks, the erstwhile mighty giants, are not even considered a factor in the race. Louisville, Washington and St. Louis are the frosts, while the others are supposed to be in sight. But it is all guess work, and the close bunching of the teams is what has queered all the knowing ones. It is probably the tightest fit in the history of the league.

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