

Uncle Walt

The Umpire

WHEN the home team loses a well fought game, it causes a lot of woe, but nothing is ever gained, my friends, by laying the umpire low; far better to let him fade away, and die of his soul's remorse, than to muss the diamond with his remains, or sit on his pulseless corpse. When I was younger I always slew the umpire whose work was bum, and now when I go to my downy couch, the ghosts of the umpires come, and moan and gibber around my bed and rattle their fleshless bones, and call me names of the rankest kind, in their deep, sepulchral tones. I always found, when an umpire died, and rode in the village hearse, that the fellow who came to take his place was sure to be ten times worse.