

NOT OUT.

And they hied them to the meadow,
 There the grass was smooth and rolled,
 There at measured distance pitching,
 Wickets on which placed the bails were.
 Johnny great and Langevin
 Were the first who took the willows.
 Vain the bowling of Mackenzie,
 Johnny drove the ball on all sides;
 Vain the fielding—vain all tactics.
 Then they gave the ball to Blakie,
 Blakie the long-winded bowler;
 Slow he was in all his motions,
 Slow and stiff in all his movements,
 But he never, never tired,
 Never tired; but other people
 Soon grew sleepy when they watched him.
 Long he bowled, but Johnny, skillful,
 Took his twisters, took his shooters,
 Did not matter if they broke in,
 Did not matter if they broke out,
 Drove for four, then for two out,
 Set on leg two lovely sixes,
 And the field grew very angry,
 Thus to see the balls go through them.
 Grimly did the Deacon mutter
 Curses—quite a leading column.
 Edgar's songs were quite subdued,
 Not partaking sound of triumph;
 Cook let slip chance in his fingers,
 Oh! the clumsy timber doodle;
 Cameron, with heat and venom,
 Shouted often "Leg before there?"
 Cartwright, in his calculating,
 Missed his distance and the leather.
 Then Blake whispered unto Cartwright—
 He who kept the adverse wicket,
 Caught the balls which Blake projected,
 And returned them to the bowler.
 Gloved his hands, and his legs padded,
 Gloved and padded very thickly,
 For Blake's balls were more than likely
 To hurt friends than adverse wicket—
 "Closely stand behind the wickets;
 Watch when Johnny leaves the crease,
 I will send a tempting lobbed one,
 Tempting lobbed one and a twister.
 Johnny outward runs to meet it,
 But the cunning skillful twister
 Rises over the bat's shoulder
 In your hands, and then you stump him."
 Blakie bowls a full pitched lobbed one,
 Johnny forward comes to take it,
 Take it ere the crease it reaches;
 But the cunning curious twister,
 Rises over his bat's shoulder,
 Flies towards the wicket keeper.
 Johnny sees his instant danger,
 Sees he can't regain his footing,
 But his bat upon the moment
 Slides within the magic measure,
 Just before the bails fly outward.
 Umpire to Blake's eager question,
 "How is that?" replied, "Why, not out!"

Long time after TIME the stumps drew.

ANOTHER OF CUPID'S FREAKS.

Young Lady (who has been protesting for some time that she never was kissed by any one): "I'd like to see any one kiss me. They'd never try it again."

Caustic Bachelor (who "thinks the lady doth protest too much," in a tone of innocent inquiry): "Why? is there anything wrong with your breath?"

It is said the two are now engaged.

BILL NYE AS A LECTURER.

A correspondent of the *Norristown Herald*, who lately heard Bill Nye lecture, writes: "Bill Nye is 'long, lank, and lean,' with a faint slope of the shoulders, and a queer walk, which he made the suggestion for a dissertation on 'cyclones,' in one of which he suffered an actual accident in the shape of a broken leg some time ago. Mr. Nye speaks with the Mark Twain drawl, which adds so much dry fun to humorous remarks. His head is as bald as a billiard ball, with a faint, close cut border, at the back, of hair so much the colour of his head as to be scarcely visible. The fact drew a thundering shout of laughter from the audience when he solemnly mentioned the failure of a man who 'grabbed for his hair.' His slow delivery of his words is more effective than the words themselves. His facial expression never changes.

"Mr. Nye has two gestures. If he has any more he does not use them. The first is with the extended tips of his thumbs and fingers touching, with his hands perpendicular to the vertical line of his vest buttons. The second is thus: Left hand behind him, right hand near vest pocket, right leg slightly advanced. When he left the stage he shot out of view like a rocket. He may have acquired this rapid locomotion from undue intimacy with cyclones. He dropped invariably two bows during his exit, bows thrown off sideways, as it were.

"On the occasion of an encore, he said, 'I hear there are—some Chicago journalists—here—concealed—in the audience. They have come down here—to suffer—with—you. I did not know—they were here. They disguised—themselves—by—paying their way in.'

"Discussing cyclones, he remarked that he had learned some very valuable rules from a Spanish gentleman from South Carolina concerning the action to be taken in the event of great hurricanes. The sum of these admirable advices for such emergencies was: 'First ascertain where the storm-centre is—ascertain *where* the storm-centre is—'long pause,'—and then—get away from it.'"

THE DEACON.

Who wears a long and pious face?
 Who's "unco guid," and filled with grace?
 Who's straitened with the straight lace?
 The Deacon.

Who, if his thoughts one could but probe,
 Thinks he should wear a shining robe,
 When he's done writing for the *Globe*?
 The Deacon.

Whose piety excepts some things—
 False witness and malicious flings—
 If using them some Tory stings?
 The Deacon.

Who thinks it is no harm to pray
 That soon the fiend may catch John A.
 And several others, every day?
 The Deacon.

Who's moral sense is blurred, forsooth,
 Forgetting all he learned in youth,
 Forgets the way to tell the truth?
 The Deacon.

Who stabs opponents in the dark,
 Like Death, who loves a shining mark?
 A hound, with scandal for his bark?
 The Deacon.

Like Sullivan, e'en worse he'll do,
 A coward act some day he'll rue;
 He'll even strike a woman too—

Brave Deacon!

J. A. F.