

I took the bat, all the fielders would hustle in toward the home base, and even those on the diamonds would move in, all forming a small circle. Nuf said! to expert players.

Mrs. Perrybingle, so Charles Dickens, that tattletale, informs us, was subject to losing her temper at times, or laying it down somewheres where it was hard to pick up again. Since I just incidentally recalled that information in this appropriate connection, I might say softly, on the side, strictly confidential to you remember, that regardless of the fact that Mary Ann Rush had a temper too, and at that one corresponding with the sharp flash in her piercing fiery eyes, there was something about Mary Ann that I always admired. Perhaps it was because she used to single me out upon every available opportunity from all the rest of that gang of boys, for a little confidential chat by the way. In time (if you want to know) her large irregular teeth, prominent cheek bones, and all her freckles, became real beauty spots to my conception of things. Those of course are matters of taste, personal likes and dislikes, though alas! liable to change to suit the whims of Cupid's bow, one's lucky star, or providential fate.

P.S. I came very near omitting entirely a matter of importance which I had intended to emphasize, namely, the fact that I often wished to secure a consensus of reliable public opinion as to why Mary Ann always conferred the honor upon me, in her pick from a shuffling crowd. Though not casting any reflections upon the other poor fellows, I can't help thinking that there was a special cause for such effects, since Mary Ann, like Levi, was always admired for her good judgment. Those were the happy days!