Too Much Interested in Baseball

Friends Meet and Compare Notes After an Absence of Four Years.

Tout a base on a team impossible—" was the verdict of the old hand who dropped in to see the exploits of the famous Houdini at the Lyceum. "I never saw a man when the ball was hit, and I am not sure that I could have done it myself."

The old athlete was always easy to pick out. He stood a foot or more above the average height, and had a strong, powerful build. His face was dark and bronzed, and his eyes shone with a look of intelligence and perseverance. He was always the first to rush to the plate when the ball was thrown, and never failed to score a run.

In the second inning of the game, the old athlete was up to bat, and the crowd held its breath as he stepped into the box. The umpire called "Time," and the old athlete looked around the field, as if he were searching for something.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the spectators.

"I can't find my bat," replied the old athlete.

"Well, here's your bat," said the spectator, handing him a bat.

"But I didn't bring a bat," said the old athlete.

"You didn't bring a bat," replied the spectator.

"But I brought a stick," said the old athlete.

"Well, use the stick," said the spectator.

The old athlete took the stick, and hit the ball. The crowd cheered, and the old athlete ran around the bases.

In the third inning, the old athlete was at bat again. This time he swung at the ball and missed. The umpire called "Strike." The old athlete looked at the ball, and said:

"I didn't see the ball."