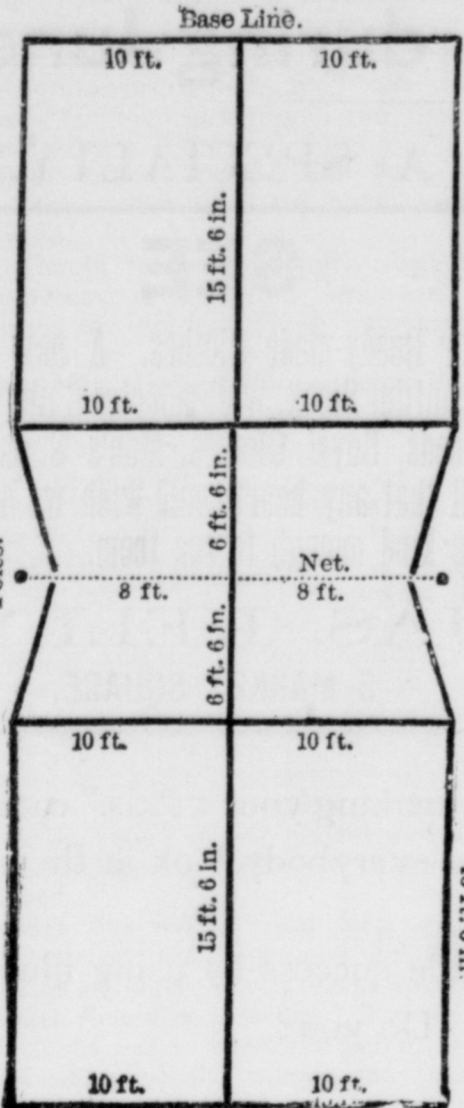


THE RIVAL OF TENNIS.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE GAME OF BADMINTON.

Why Tennis is So Popular—A Comparison Between Male and Female Players—Badminton as an Indoor Game—The Rules for Playing It.

Undoubtedly the success of tennis is largely due to the fact that men and women can play it together. For flirtation purposes it may not quite equal the sedate and sluggish game of croquet, but for a judicious combination of sport and opportunities for tete-a-tetes its equal has never been invented.



PLAN OF A BADMINTON COURT.

as well as men, if it were not for the perpetual handicap of skirts. As it is, an active woman is about a match for a stout and middle-aged man, with equal practice, and some of the best women players can hold their own with any but the very best men.

Since Sears, of Boston, who was an extraordinary tennis player, met with a disabling accident, the honors of the game have rested with the Brooklyn players, Henry W. Slocum, jr., son of Gen. H. W. Slocum, the champion of 1889, and Oliver S. or "Ollie" Campbell, the present holder of the championship, both having played at Prospect park in past years, though Mr. Slocum is now a member of St. George's club, of New York.



A GAME OF BADMINTON.

Badminton came to the front last winter as an indoors game, for which it was well adapted by the smallness of the court required. A tennis court is 78 feet by 27—wider than an ordinary city lot and nearly as deep. The badminton court is only 44 feet by 20, and can be recommended for a home game where space is very limited.

The rules of badminton are so simple that they can be summarized in a paragraph. The sides toss for choice of ends or service before the first game of a match, and change to the other side of the net after each game. The single-handed and double-

handed games consists of 15 aces. At "13 all," the side which first reaches 13 has the option of "setting" five; at "14 all," of "setting" three. In three-handed or four-handed games the game consists of 21 aces. First set is at 19 all; second at 20 all. A fault made by a player whose side is in puts a hand out; it made by a player whose side is out it counts an ace to the side. It is a fault if the service is "overhand;" if the first part of the path of the shuttlecock is inclined downward; if the service falls into



OLLIE CAMPBELL.

the wrong court; if the service falls short of the service line or outside the bounding line; unless both the server's feet are in his own court; if the shuttlecock falls outside the bounds of the court; if the shuttlecock does not pass between the posts, or if it pass under or through the net or touch anything except the bat of the striker, or the top of the net; if the shuttlecock be hit twice intentionally by the same player; if the shuttlecock be struck before it crosses the striker's side of the net; if the striker touch the net or its supports with his racket or otherwise.

The player in the right hand court commences the game by serving to the player in the adverse right hand court; if that player return the shuttlecock, it must be hit back by the inside and then returned by the outside till a fault is made by one side or the other. The game is continued in this manner, count being changed after each ace is made. The service lines are disregarded after the serve is returned. The innings always begin with the player in the right hand corner, and serves are made alternately from each court into the one diagonally opposite. In two, three and four handed games, the side beginning a game has only one hand in its first innings if there are two a side, and only two hands if there are three a side. In a two handed game only the person served to may take a serve; not so in a three or



HENRY W. SLOCUM, JR.

four handed game. The service must not begin till the opponent is ready, but any attempt to return is taken to indicate readiness. Any unforeseen or accidental hindrance may be given by a "let" by the umpire on appeal from either side before the next service commences or before the players have changed sides at the end of a game. A "let" cannot be claimed if an attempt has been made to strike the shuttlecock. DAVID WEICHSER.

How the Sparrows Breakfast.

The lazy little English sparrows have discovered a new method of obtaining food without hustling for it, and every morning they noisily put the idea into execution, being observed by many persons. When the electric lights are turned off at daybreak the sparrows chatter around the globes until they are cooled. Then the bothersome scavengers slide down into the globes by way of the carbons and eat the unfortunate insects attracted by the bright glare during the night. Usually the sparrows get a good breakfast of fat flies and bugs, and often as many as a half-dozen birds clamber into one globe. —Pittsburg Times.

Long Ago.

I once knew all the birds that came And nested in our orchard trees, For every flower I had a name— My friends were woodchucks, toads, and bees; I knew where thrived in yonder den What plants would soothe a stone-bruised toe— Oh, I was very learned then, But that was very long ago. I knew the spot upon the hill Where checkerberries could be found, I knew the rushes near the mill Where pickered lay that weighed a pound! I knew the wood—the very tree Where lived the poaching, saucy crow, And all the woods and crows knew me— But that was very long ago. And pining for the joys of youth, I read the old familiar spot Only to learn this solemn truth; I have forgotten, am forgot. Yet here's this youngster at my knee Knows all the things I used to know; To think I once was wise as he— But that was very long ago. I know it's folly to complain Of whatso'er the fates decree, Yet, were not wishes all in vain, I tell you what my wish should be: I'd wish to be a boy again, Back with the friends I used to know, For I was, oh, so happy then, But that was very long ago! —Eugene Field.

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AN OLD HISTORIC TOWN.

A ST. JOHN MAN'S HOLIDAY IN THE SUNNY SOUTH.

Charleston, South Carolina, Its Points of Interest, Many of Which Recalled Incidents of the Civil War—An Unprosperous City.

CHARLESTON, S. C., June 10, 1891.—I will begin my letter by telling how I spent the 24th, for, although in this glorious "land of the free," I resolved to celebrate it nevertheless, and having no other way, devoted it to sight-seeing.

I first visited St. Michael's church and ascended the tower to obtain a view of the city and surrounding country. Although the ascent was difficult on account of the stairs being steep and narrow, and accompanied by the darkness of a dungeon for the greater part of the way, I was rewarded for my trouble by the view which was spread before my gaze when I reached the top. The city lay stretched below like a beautiful garden with its splendid trees and lovely flowers; and the blue waters of the bay danced and sparkled in the sun light, while to the south flowed the Ashley, its low green banks lined on either side by gigantic live oaks festooned with moss. Directly opposite the city, over which it keeps watch and guard, lay historic Fort Sumter with Morris Island on the south and Sullivan's Island on the north. About mid-way between it and the city rose Castle Pinckney with James Island to the south of it, across the Ashley. From Morris Island, on which is situated the quarantine station, loomed the tall, majestic light house, one of the best on the Atlantic coast.

After feasting my eyes for some time I went inside, added my name to the large number already carved there and then descended to the body of the church. Here the sexton (which office he has filled for over fifty years) very kindly showed me all the interesting places and told me much of its history, as he had seen it pass through its greatest trials. He showed me where one of Gen. Gilmore's shells came through a window and tore up some of the pews. The earthquake of 1886 however did more damage in a few seconds than the federal guns did in the whole three years they were directed against St. Michael's. In repairing it the original style of the pulpit, which is a high Dutch one, was retained, as also were the high backed pews with the seats arranged so that one can sit with his face or back to the preacher as he pleases.

After leaving the church I walked to White Point Garden, the most attractive pleasure resort in the immediate vicinity of Charleston. It is a park of seven acres, consisting of grassy lawns well shaded with live oaks, and occupies the extreme southern point of the city on the bank of the Ashley river. Adjoining it is the "battery," a fine promenade extending for 1500 feet along the eastern sea front, and commanding a good view of the harbor. In the garden there is a fine monument to the memory of Sergeant Jasper, who rescued the flag at Fort Moultrie in 1776; and near it on a pedestal of granite is a bronze bust of the poet, William Gilmore Simms.

In the vicinity of the "Battery" are the homes of Charleston's millionaires and wealthy men. They are perfect gems of beauty which it would require the pen of an artist to portray, as they now appear with their beautiful gardens richly attired in Nature's most lavish manner. Shaded by magnolias and situated so that they catch the breezes from the broad Atlantic, they still have not sufficient charms to induce their owners to summer in them; and they are being rapidly closed or given to the care of servants for the hot months which their owners spend at the northern summer resorts.

At the end of the sea-walk I boarded a car and rode to the end of the city, where I took another car and after a ride into the country past several large truck-farms, arrived at Magnolia cemetery, one of the finest in the United States. It is situated on the bank of the Cooper river, and is the resting place of many of Charleston's most distinguished sons. Its most striking feature is the monument to the memory of the Confederate dead, which is the bronze figure of a soldier in the Confederate uniform upon a pedestal of granite 20 feet high. Around it are 800 marble slabs, marking the resting-places of soldiers who died in the defence of Charleston, and of a number whose remains were brought from the field of Gettysburg through the efforts of a lady of the city. The decorations, although somewhat withered, were still where they had been placed by loving hands on memorial day, two weeks before.

On my return to the city, I boarded the steamer Sappho, and was soon steaming across the bay. We passed the revenue cutter Lot M. Morrill, whose recent inland trip from Savannah to Charleston caused such a flutter in naval circles, and soon after the boat came to anchor at Mount Pleasant, a small town built on a mound of yellow sand. After leaving a few passengers and some freight we started again and after passing Fort Sumter near Morris island (not on it as I stated in my last letter), landed at Moultrieville on Sullivan's island. Horse-cars were waiting to convey passengers to the front beach and they were soon filled. I, with a number of others, got off at Fort Moultrie, and as soon as we were off the key, began our inspection of it. We first viewed the guns which are still standing in the position they were left after the war; and we poked our heads into the mouth of the cannon from which issued the first shots which began the "War of Secession," as the Carolinians term it. We went through a number of dungeons and passages where articles that were used during the war were piled in confusion, ending with the grave of Osceola, the Seminole chief in the rear of the fort. It is enclosed by an iron paling and marked by a marble slab, bearing the following inscription:

OSCEOLA, Patriot and Warrior, Died at Fort Moultrie, January 30th, 1838.

After leaving the fort I took a stroll through the town. The only draw-back to its beauty is the sand which on the front streets is piled so high as to force fences, and in some places the horse-car tracks, so that the driver has to stop to shovel it

off before he can proceed on his way. Before the war Moultrieville was very famous as a summer resort, and was visited by the West India planters and people from all parts of the south. It has a fine hotel called the "Moultrie house" on the front beach, and a large number of comfortable residences, but at the end of the war only three houses were left standing. It soon began to be built up, however, and it was not long before it presented almost as good an appearance as ever with its tall palmettes and gardens of oleanders. But of late years it has been neglected and is beginning to show signs of decay. The "New Brighton" is a fine hotel, but there is not sufficient enterprise to keep it running as it has been closed for two or three years. The beach extends over three miles and is 100 yards wide at low water, consisting of a sand of a snowy whiteness and forming a delightful drive or walk. The bathing is excellent, but I had not time to partake of it, as I met the last car to the beach on my way to the beach. The return was very pleasant, as a good breeze had sprung up, and when we arrived at the city its graceful spires were glistening with the last rays of the sun.

In conclusion, a few words about Charleston would perhaps be in order. This has been the most prosperous cotton year it has seen in some time, but still its efforts to overreach Savannah, its younger and more enterprising rival, have been unavailing, for that city has marketed over a million bales of the fleecy staple, while Charleston has only received half a million. One, familiar with both cities, cannot but wonder that Charleston with its superior location is so far behind her rival as a shipping port. But it is due, as also is the slowness of her growth, to the apathy of her wealthy men who invest their money to build up other states and cities, while their own is merely dragging through a hum drum existence. They have witnessed unmoved the exodus of the young men, and are making no efforts to bring them back. The young Charlestonian has become an element in Savannah where, it is estimated, there are at least 1,500 of them doing business successfully, besides a great number scattered elsewhere throughout the country. Charleston has not kept pace with the rapid growth of the "new South," and evidences of neglect are to be met with on every side. Buildings right in the heart of the city that were half ruined by the earthquake still remain in the condition it left them; others are propped in a leaning position and are a menace to the timid pedestrian. While I am referring to the earthquake, I might say that the general belief that no lives were lost, is a false one. No less than 37 people were instantly killed by the first shock, and more than twice as many more died from injuries and exposure to the weather. The "Battery" and "Citadel Green" were the principal camping places, and here, as I have been told, the scenes on that awful night beggared description. The people, at each successive shock, rushed from their dwellings into the streets and squares, and the negroes, who believed the end of the world had come, ran wildly to and fro crying: "De Judgment day done come, de tree nashun lie down togedder, de nigger, de white man and de dog." Like Boston the former aristocratic portions of the city have retrograded to the slums, and here are situated the lowest of negro dives. With no chain-gang to intimidate them, the crimes committed in them are many and frequent, and the gong of the "Black Maria" can be heard at all hours of the day or night. The hotel accommodations of Charleston are not very superior, the "Waverley house" and the old "Charleston hotel" being the best. Negotiations are on foot, however, to build a fine hotel for the accommodation of winter visitors, and if it should be accomplished, would be a great success, as the city with her mild winter climate and wealth of historic memories is interesting to both tourist and invalid. So to those contemplating coming South next winter I would say by all means to see Charleston. You will no doubt depreciate the southern way of "taking things easy," but you cannot but like the good nature of the people, and after a few years residence in a southern clime you will appreciate their easy-going manner as does a "TRAVELLER."

Five Arab Maxims.

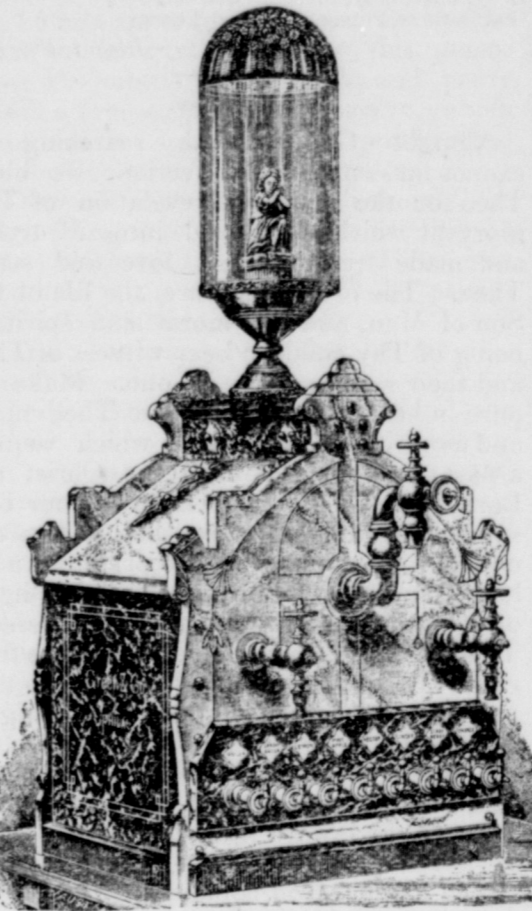
Never tell all you know, for he who tells everything he knows often tells more than he knows. Never attempt all you can do; for he who attempts everything he can do often attempts more than he can do. Never believe all you may hear; for he who believes all that he hears often believes more than he hears. Never lay out all you can afford; for he who lays out everything he can afford often lays out more than he can afford. Never decide upon all you may see; for he who decides upon all that he sees often decides on more than he sees.

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