

"Double-headers," as strikes following; strikes are called, form the only means of making really big scores, although two hundred can be scored by alternate strikes and spares, without any "double-headers." One hundred and ninety is the possible of ten spares without any strikes at all, and this, score is considered very good, even in match bowling. The average scores in the big matches are from about 190 down to 160. Most of the matches, however, are played by teams of either five or ten men, and in these cases the total scores are used. For five men, 800 is a good score, although 900 is often seen in the biggest tournaments, and 1,000 a few times each season, but it is very difficult to get five men to roll an average of 200 each at the same time. On ten-men teams, 1,700 is a good score, while 1,800 or over is exceptional.

There are many varieties of alley-bowling, all of which have their devotees, although the German nine-pin game and the American "cocked-hat" are the best known and most practiced. In the former, the pins are set in a square, each side of which has three pins, and the corner is turned toward the bowler. In the "cocked-hat" only three pins are used, and they are set up on the regular triangle, the head-pin and the two corner-pins being used. For this game only the smaller balls are fit, as the large ones will not carrom across from the head-pin to either corner. There are dozens of other variations of alley-bowling, made by using different combinations of the pins and different conditions of leaving certain ones standing and knocking down others, but the standard American game is that played with ten pins.

ON MEMORY'S RIVER.



HE lay at ease along the rug
With open book before him,
And shining eyes Axed on the blaze
That danced and twinkled o'er him;
The printed page a picture showed,
A silvery giant leaping,
Far on the foaming Nepigon,
By lonely headlands sweeping.

Some stirring thought had seized the
lad—

I saw the brown eyes glowing,
The color deepening in his check,
His breathing quicker growing.
So eager was his look that I,
To share his fancies wishing,
The silence broke: "What is it, Hugh?"
Quick came the answer, "Fishing."

The moonless night was wan with snows,
And wintry winds were sighing,
But at the word my thoughts took flight,
Like wild-fowl, northward flying;
Again, methought, we whipped the pool
(That day much grief had brought him),
And "Lose that fish again?" I asked,
"No, *sir!* To-night I caught him."

He came and stood beside my chair—
"Come, father, aren't you ready?
It's sun-up now, and time to start!"
(I laughed; but clear and steady
His words ran.) "Now we're on the trail,
How the mists roll and quiver!
They're breaking fast, and soon will lift—
Ah! Don't you smell the river?"

I did. Like feathers deftly cast,
The laddie's painted fiction
On Memory's haunted waters played,
Took me with strange conviction.
The river murmured in his voice,
I saw the far pools glisten
In his clear eyes, that wintry night,
And could not choose but listen.

The pen hung idle in my hands;
Forgot my shoulder's twinges,
Forgot November's winds outside
Fretting the creaking hinges;
Away, away, toward vanished joys
And sunny, summer weather,
Lured by that laughing voice, we sped,
Two happy lads together.

Again the startled duck took wing
As round the point we glided,
Or swimming otter's whiskered nose
His V-shaped path divided;
Again we twitched the slender tip
And sent the line out swishing,
As there beside the study fire
That night we went a-fishing.

Some sing Canadian streams, and some
Wisconsin's lakelet reaches,
While others love the lipping waves
That lap on Tampa's beaches,
But best of all I like, by night,
When bleak winds howl and shiver,
To sit here—with this other boy—
And fish in Memory's river.

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