THIS PART CONTAINS
Pages 9 to 12.

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE.

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THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

Sarge Plunkett in the Atlanta Constitution.

These men are entitled to glory—
A glory more precious than gold—
To the victors belong the laurels,
But the story has never been told;
For as fire sweeps over the prairie,
From which all living things would flee,
Seemed to the Southron this army
That Sherman marched to the sea.

The artist who pictures a battle,
Is partial to the strong and bold.
He's blind to the helpless and homeless
And their story has never been told;
He's blind to mothers with children—
Or maidens—though fair as could be,
Who fled from their homes in horror
As Sherman marched to the sea.

The seekers for truth, for history,
Will wild scenes of daring unfold,
But the pitiful scenes by the roadside
Will never by them be told:
The sorrowful groans of the homeless,
And the penniless refugee,
Will never be put in connection,
With the grand march down to the sea.

But there comes not a word complaining
From along where the red hills roll,
Life blooms once again in the valleys,
But the story has never been told,
We sigh when we see the reminders
Of this grand march down to the sea.
But glory to God in the highest,
We are still in a land that is free."

JIM.

New York Ledger: Jim came out of jail utterly reckless, with a wild hatred of everybody and everything. He thought no more of getting work, but let himself drift resolutely to the bad. He soon got into vicious company, and, before many weeks were over was again in the clutches of the law. The downhill road is an easy one and the pace is always rapid, and so at thirty years of age he was pretty well known to the authorities as a confirmed rogue and thief who would not stick at trifles when once he was roused.

Yes, there was no doubting it, he was an out-and-out bad lot! He looked it, too, as he slouched along the country lane, with hands deep in his pockets and his head bent to meet the rain which the November wind drove in his face. But he was too much used to discomfort to heed the weather and plodded sullenly on through the puddles in the deepening gloom, half asleep, and so utterly careless of everything around that he never heard the beat of hoofs until Hugh Boynton's heery voice cried:

"Now, my good fellow, if you do not want the whole road to yourself, perhaps you will let me pass?"

Jim never looked round but slunk closer to the dripping hedgerow, expecting the horseman to ride on without another word; but something quite unexpected happened for the cheery voice said:

"Thanks!"

It was a long time since any one had thanked the good-for-nothing, and he started up in blank amazement, and saw a man about his own age, in a red coat and top-boots plentifully bespattered with mud, looking down at him from the back of a weight-carrying hunter, without the least gleam of aversion or suspicion on his pleasant, fresh-colored face.

"You look rather done up. Been long on the road?"

"A week an' more." The reply was surly enough; not that Jim resented the question, but simply because he was so used to insults and rough speaking that the idea of a "blooming swell" speaking civilly to such as he took him utterly by surprise.

"Going home?"

Jim gave a contemptuous grunt. "Never had any, guv'nor."

"Poor chap! But you live somewhere, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes"—with a grim chuckle—"I live somewhere—anywheres. I'm not like some folks, must have everything tip-top. No; that's not my style. Ye've a big house, of course, and lots of slaves to wait on ye. I live just where I can, and have to find for myself, and don't often get my meals reg'lar."

"Can't you get into regular work and leave this tramp business?"

"No; there's none'll have the likes of me. I don't look respectable enough."

"Nonsense, man. Don't get down on your luck, but pick yourself up. Now, look here; I will give you a chance myself, if you will take it."

Jim could not believe his ears. Some one actually talking to him as if he was an honest man, and not some sort of vermin or venomous beast. A real "tip-top gentleman," too. He must be muddled. But the brown eyes were looking coolly enough at him, and their owner was saying:

"Well, what do you say?"

"Yer don't know what I be; I'm a bad lot! I've been in quod often enough," blurted out Jim, feeling somehow he could not take his new-found patron in.

"I dare say you have, and deserved it, too. But I believe you can pull round yet, if you like; and, as I said, I will give you the chance of regular work and pay. Will you take it?"

In the depth of Jim's warped nature there glimmered something like a spark of gratitude and a dim longing after a new life, for a moment; but old habits were too strong for him, and the clouds closed darker again as he shook his head and said, in tones which tried to be civil:

"No, guv'nor; yer mean well; but it's no go now. I'm no good for anything but tramping, an' I don't want to work for any master—an' won't neither."

He expected an angry lecture and round abuse for refusing; but the other said, quietly, stroking his boot with the handle of his hunting-crop.

"That is a dangerous way of thinking, my friend, and will get you into trouble again. You are foolish not to try and pull up a bit; but you know your own affairs best. Well, here is a supper and a bed for you, anyway. Look out." He tossed a silver coin to Jim with careless, easy good nature, and shaking up his horse, trotted off with a nod and "Good luck."

* * * * * * *

Five dreary years passed over Jim's luckless head, their monotony broken by police court, prison cell and vagrant ward experiences. He had wandered up and down some dozen counties, and seen the inside of most of their jails. He had scarcely tasted food for a week, and almost forgotten the feeling of a coin.

The afternoon was closing as he found himself in the long straggling village of Marston, footsore and done up. The light at the grocer's shop threw a broad band of brightness across the road, and Jim could see a man in white apron busily piling up a pyramid of loaves which a boy had just brought in crisp and hot from the bake house. The sight was too much for the famished fellow, and he pushed his way into the shop.

"Now, then, what is it?" cried the shopman sharply, as he scanned Jim's tattered appearance.

"Will yer give me one o' them little uns, guv'nor? I'm nigh starved;" and he nodded toward the bread-pile.

"No, certainly not; I never give to beggars or tramps."

"I've not tasted a bite nor sup this blessed day, God knows."

"Can't help that! Come, get out of the shop—do you hear?—or I'll set the constable on to you. The likes of you ought not to be allowed to go about the country. Come, off with you!"

Seeing that this method of obtaining an honest bite was a failure, Jim naturally turned to another—one which he had successfully carried out before. Seizing an inviting loaf of bread, he dashed through the door and did not stop to look behind him until he found himself on the outskirts of the village. A short distance from the roadside stood a deserted barn. Hither Jim made his way and was soon replenishing the inner man. In a few minutes his alert ear caught the sound of approaching steps and muffled voices. Three rough looking men now entered the building, and from their conversation Jim soon learned that they were planning no good for any one.

"Here he comes; don't you hear him? Did you tie the rope tight?"

"Yes; that's all right. We'd better get out where he'll fall."

The three men now crawled on their hands and knees to the roadside, and the distinct sound of a horse's hoofs told of the approach of their victim. A solitary horseman was wending his way homeward. Suddenly the horse stumbled, fell to his knees, and his rider was thrown violently over his head. The rider gained his feet in an instant, and, with true horsemanship, was about to rush to his horse's head, when he was attacked by three men. With a quick and powerful blow he sent one of them to the ground, but the other two closed upon him.

Jim looked on with languid interest. Evidently it was some magistrate waylaid by three men who had a score to settle against him. It was no business of his, anyway, and though three to one was hardly fair, he was not going to interfere. The gentleman fought well, whoever he was, and again sent an assailant backward with a well-got-in blow. But the odds were too heavy and the cudgels told. He began to stagger and give ground, and a blow on the head beat him down. "Give it to him, lads, if we swing for't!" cried the tallest of the three villains, jumping upon him, mad and blind with rage.

A ray of moonlight fell upon the upturned face of the fallen man. It was that of the gentleman who, five years ago, had talked with Jim in the lane. In an instant he was over the gate and at the men like a tiger cat; and so sudden was his onset that they gave ground; then, seeing he was alone, they rushed at him with oaths and threats. Weak from want of food and half dead with cold, poor Jim had never a chance. For a few seconds he held up doggedly against the shower of blows, then, feeling he was done for, stooped suddenly, flung his arms around the senseless squire, and with one last effort managed to roll into the deep ditch, keeping himself uppermost. The brutes jumped down and strove to make him loose his hold of their victim; but, stunned and blinded with blood, he clung fiercely to Hugh Boynton, sheltering his body with his own.

The world began to spin round; another and another heavy blow; a chiming of far-off bells; a hollow buzzing, and then—black night forever!

* * * * * *

Next morning they were found together in the trampled, blood-smeared ditch—one living, the other dead.

Hugh Boynton often wonders, as he looks at the white cross which he put over a nameless grave, who his preserver was. But the recording angel will one day tell how Jim the tramp, the "out-and-out bad lot," gave his life for the man who once spoke kindly to him.

Before the Baby Came.

Century.

There was a time when my discourse
Was wrenched not out of joint;
I did not shout till I was hoarse,
And point out every point;
Nor thrice the same joke try to tell,
And mangle it and maim—
My wife had time to listen well
Before the baby came.

There was a time when here and there
I flitted like a bird;
My wife went with me everywhere
Just when I said the word,
We saw the boat race and the play,
We watched the baseball game—
We had a free foot as they say,
Before the baby came,

There was a time when I alone
Was by my wife adored;
I sat on the domestic throne,
The sole and sovereign lord,
My crown is gone. Without a thank,
He takes my very name—
I've not a vestige of my rank
Before the baby came.

Wanted a Baby Bad.

Henry Huber of Brooklyn, a cabinet maker, professes to have discovered that his wife had palmed another woman's infant off on him as her own. The real mother demanded its return, and while a second baby was being substituted for the one first adopted, he arrived at his home and demanded an explanation. His workshop is opposite his home, and from it he can see much that is going on there. Early one afternoon last week he saw a well-dressed young woman carry a bundle inside. A forboding of ill took possession of him, and he crossed the road to see if all was well with his wife. He had been led to believe that she was very ill, and that a chubby baby boy had come to call him father. The couple have been married seven years. The union hasn't been blessed with children. Both have grown-up children by former marriages. When Mr. Huber entered his house he found his wife, whom he had thought too ill to leave her bed, fondling a strange baby, while the one he had believed to be his was being prepared for removal. His entering sent his wife into a fainting fit, and caused the young woman to snatch up the baby and run out to the street.

Mr. Huber followed, and at his request an officer arrested the woman and took her to the police station. There she described herself as Miss Annie Koehler the daughter of a midwife residing in New York. She said that Mrs. Huber had written to her mother asking for a new-born baby for adoption. The baby was delivered to Mrs. Huber, and Mr. Huber, on his return from work, was informed that his wife had become a mother during his absence. He chided her for concealing her condition, but accepted the situation gracefully. That was on Wednesday. The real mother of the child repented of having parted with it, and insisted on its return. Mrs. Huber was notified, and informed that Mrs. Koehler could provide another baby for her in its place if she would give up the one she had. Mrs. Huber was willing, and the exchange was about to be consummated when Mr. Huber made his appearance.

Miss Koehler was detained while the precinct detectives went to New York to investigate her story. They found it true in every detail and she was released. Mr. Huber compelled his wife to send back the second baby. Neither he nor his wife has any explanation to make to the public.

THE WORLD OF AMUSEMENTS.

William Gillette's Dry Way of Saying Funny Things.

DOINGS OF WELL KNOWN STAGE PEOPLE.

Agnes Booth Schoeffel Praises Bernhardt—The Good that Whiskers Do—What the Profession Finds to Talk About.

William Gillette, has a quaint, dry way of saying funny things, says the New York World. He has also a keen memory, as the following little anecdote will show. Charles Froham recently paid Mr. Gillette a visit in Florida to secure the postponement of "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," so that "Men and Women" might continue its prosperous run at the Twenty-third street theater. When "Men and Women" was produced Gillette's comedy, "All the Comforts of Home," was the rage. Gillette wanted it kept on and Froham was anxious to produce "Men and Women."

"The piece is too great a success to take it off," urged Gillette.

"Its because its such a success that I want it off," urged the Napoleonic-looking Frohman.

"How is that?" inquired the dramatist.

"Take it off while it is booming and that will whet the public appetite for it, and when it goes on again it will run like a limited train on a straight track making up time," replied the manager with a fine flow of eloquence.

Gillette yielded. "All the Comforts of Home" gave way at Proctor's and the comedy went on the road. When Mr. Frohman asked Mr. Gillette to postpone the date of "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" the dramatist quietly inquired:

"Why postpone it?"

"Because," replied the manager, "'Men and Women' is booming, and it would be folly to close the run of the piece."

"I don't think so," replied Gillette, "the more boomful it is booming the more reason why you should take it off. Don't you remember we took off 'All the Comforts of Home' simply because it was booming so boomfully?"

The Napoleonic Charles' bright eyes twinkled for a moment; he was beaten by his own argument. Gillette sailed one of his longitudinal smiles. It was then that Frohman rose to the occasion; he pointed out that "All the Comforts of Home" would be running at Hermann's theater and it would not be wise to have a second Gillette comedy running at the same time in this city. Out of courtesy to the foreign dramatists and playwrights they ought to have some show. New York is an English city, and it would not do for the American playwright to crowd the foreigner too much. This style of Frohmantic argument caught Gillette. He yielded, but Mr. Frohman will not soon forget Gillette's "booming" smile.

The Good that Whiskers Do.

S. F. Levy, the theatrical ticket agent, can tell enough about Jonahs to fill a dictionary, says the San Francisco Examiner, and is one of the standard sources of information on the subject. He says that the thirteenth day of any month is a bad one for any thespian to commence an engagement or sign one on. He also supports the widely-established tradition that opening an umbrella in a theater is like opening the doors of all the Jonahs in creation. Furthermore, he knows it for a fact that no decent variety theater can expect to obtain first class artists if it allows the "Hostlanger March" or "The House That Was Haunted" to be played on the premises, and he is dead sure that if a star pets her shoes on the bed or retires without removing them bad luck is bound to follow the company. His own particular Jonah, however, is a woman; a cowley woman at that, tall and stately and pleasant to gaze upon. Under other circumstances Levy might worship her, but whenever he meets her on Market street or elsewhere on a Monday, that week is sure to pan out badly. That is the reason why some people think that Levy's taste is unreliable or that he is a confirmed misogynist. One of them is walking with him when he meets this lady and she smiles at him, as usual.

"Pretty girl, that," suggested the comrade. "You seem to have made a mash there." Then Levy scowls and says:

"——! * * * ——!!——!——!!" And the other fellow marvels greatly.

Harry Mann of the California simply scouts the idea of any Jonahs ever interfering with him, though there was a time he was pretty well scared about them.

"They can't touch me now, though," said he, with one of those lovely silk hat smiles of his.

"How's that?" one ventured. "What antidote, what bulwark have you found to protect you from them?"

"Whiskers," responded Mr. Mann, gravely, and as he spoke one could hear the breezes soughing—soughing through the tickets in the box office and melting away among the corridors of the California hotel.

Agnes Booth Schoeffel on Bernhardt.

New York Herald.

I have been asked to give in a few words an idea of the effect Sarah Bernhardt's acting has on me.

I have in the past avoided attempting anything of this kind. But I find myself encouraged by a pleasant smile and a few words from a kindly voice to make the attempt.

How does Sarah Bernhardt's acting affect me?

Watching her performances of "La Tosca" a week ago I had a feeling of awe. I found myself smiling with her, weeping with her, suffering with her, and when the curtain fell I sat beneath her wondrous spell.

Some one remarked that the waits between the acts were too long. I did not think of them. I was still with La Tosca. Her agonized features were before me. Her voice was still ringing in my ears. Her voice—now sweet and purring, now tearing my very heart strings by its pathos and intensity, and then again sweeping me along in a storm of passion—at all times so grand and musical.

Who can recall the scene with Scarpia, when the torture is applied to Mario—when, with parched and aching throat, Floria falls on the table, exclaiming, "Je ne puis pas, je ne puis pas!" and when, with a loving voice, she calls on Mario to speak to her—and yet deny to Sarah Bernhardt the great and glorious heritage of genius? * * *

I admire Sarah Bernhardt's devotion. * * * I bow before her as an artist. And I whership her genius.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Mrs. Langtry is playing Lady Barter in London.

Boyd's new theater will open Monday evening, August 31.

"A Texas Steer" will be the Christmas attraction at Boyd's theater.

It is said that Sheridan wrote "The School for Scandal" in a single night.

"A Texas Steer" was a failure five or six years ago under the title of "A Case of Wine."

Xaver Scharwenka, the famous European pianist, is coming west and may possibly be heard in Omaha.

The Apollo club are busy getting ready for their next concert, at which time Gade's "Crusaders" will be done.

Edwin Booth will play an engagement of twenty weeks next season under the management of Lawrence Barrett.

Mr. Hoyt is having new scenery painted for "A Midnight Bell" which will cost in the neighborhood of $1,500.

Wilhelmina, daughter of Alice Dunning Lingard and niece of Mrs. Davison Dalziel, recently made her debut in London.

Messrs. Hoyt & Thomas are to have a new theater in New York next season. They will probably put on "A Trip to Chinatown" for a run.

Edith Murilla is crowding Marie Jansen for first place as a singing soubrette, and her good work in "Ship Ahoy" is heartily commended.

The revival of "The School for Scandal" at Daly's is one of the most prosperous, as it is one of the best, that has been in this city for many years.

William H. Sherwood, the well known pianist will give a recital at the Lininger gallery, March 11, under the auspices of the Ladies' Musical society.

Campanini and Clemintine De Vere are members of St. George's New York choir, and wear surplices every Sunday. What do you think of that for a dust

The English papers state that Mary Anderson-Navarro is a model housewife, and that she can make bread to perfection. This must be a new "roll" for Mary.

Miss Neally Stevens will now take a rest after her successful tour of the west and south. Next month she will fill several important engagements in the east.

They were two real bad young men, and had gone out to get a clove between the second and third acts of "Mr. Potter of Texas."

"Say," remarked the first bad young man to his companion, "his Potters is a loolee, ain't he?"

"Outersite," replied the second bad young man, "but yortersee his wife. She played in 'Anthony and Cleopatra' once up to Palmer's, and she wasn't in it!" And of such are the glories of histrionic fame.

McVicker's Chicago theater, will for the third time rise from its ashes and be reopened next month with Joseph Jefferson. "Blue Jeans" will be given a run during the summer months.

"L'Enfant Prodigue" will be revised by Mrs. Lyman Richardson when it is produced in Omaha for the benefit of some worthy charity. Mrs. Richardson thinks it too risque in its original state.

Sol Smith Russell has a new play on a historical subject, in which he takes the part of a celebrated American character. It is to be from Mark Twain's book, "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court."

Philip Garnier, the former leading man of Sarah Bernhardt, has sailed for this country. He will most probably join her company, and before she returns New York next October she will undoubtedly be Mme. Garnier.

Mme. Muentefering was compelled to remain in the house all of last week on account of a severe sprain she received while going to her classes at the Sacred Heart convent. She is much better, however, and has resumed teaching.

The next English leading actor to visit America will be Leonard Boyne, whose services have been secured to sustain his original character of Harry O'Malley in "The English Rose." Negotiations are also pending for other members of the present London cast.

A curtain raiser by Jerome K. Jerome, called "Barbara" will be played before "The Nominee" at the Bijou next week. It is described as a little comedy of errors, following the separation of a brother and sister after shipwreck, and ending with two marriages.

Bill Nye is writing a comedy in collaboration with Stuart Robson, which the latter will put on the stage. "It will be an oddity in some ways," said the humorist, "and will get a good hearing anyway—if not successful, therefore, it will be the fault of, —— Robson?"

The vaunted glories of a star's position in a theatrical company received a rude shock in New York last week. After seven performance the subordinates of the company were happy in the possession of their full salaries, while the boss twinkler drew from the box office as his share of the week's profits just $3.25.

The scheme of a free theater for London, after the fashion of the Theater Libre in Paris, has been revived by Justin H. McCarthy and some of his literary associates. The plans, however, are not yet in any definite shape. The worst feature of an institution of this kind is its tendency towards what is morbid and indecent.

The Ibsen war continues to rage in London, though on this side it seems to be dormant. An odd and very notable feature in the matter is that the Ibsen admirers in London are actors. William Archer, the well known critic, is one of his most ardent supporters, and Sims, the author of many melodramas, is as strongly opposed to him. Ibsen is a long while getting a fair stage trial here, but it will come.

Robert Hilliard, actor—Well made clothes are of importance to juvenile men. The men of fashion about town criticise the fit of an actor's trousers and coats. I never wear a pair of trousers longer than a month on the stage. Always lay your trousers flat before retiring. Coats can be cut to hide adiposity. I hear Theodore Thomas always wears a Prince Albert of a certain cut to hide his paunch. An actor on the stage ought never to raise his coat tails when he seats himself during a scene. You know the story told of Lester Wallack and Osmond Tearle during a rehearsal. Tearle during a love scene raised his coat tail prior to sitting down on the sofa next to his lady love. "That won't do, Mr. Tearle," exclaimed Wallack from an orchestra chair where he was rehearsing the play, "that won't do at all. Don't be afraid to sit on your coat tails. Don't be afraid of the coat. A gentleman should have a dozen coats in his wardrobe."

The Paris correspondent of the London World was less pleased than some other critics by "Thermidor." He writes: "Comme c'est vivant! How living it is!" exclaimed a Philistine neighbor of mine last night, when the stage was invaded by a howling crowd of actors and figurants dressed in brand-new costumes of an exactitude, of course, beyond question, but of a brilliant and worn-for-the-first-time aspect that once suggested the nonreality of comic opera. My impression was precisely the contrary. How unreal. How conventional. Comme c'est vivant! No, no! Life is precisely the quality that I find wanting in 'Thermidor.' The piece is not the rank rubbish of 'Cleopatre' or 'La Tosca;' but it is constructed on the same general plan of one predominent role, in which the various phases of the leading actor's talents can be displayed. It is a piece written for Coquelin and adapted for use by traveling companies. It is not a work of art. It is an ingenious diorama, in which a very small drama is presented under a very pompous title."

Ben Teal, expert stage manager and playwright—I see that Henry Guy Carleton, in a recent issue of a dramatic paper, goes out of his way to throw a slur on stage managers. The fact remains that the success of a modern play depends largely upon the stage manager. Consider for a moment his duties. The stage manager goes over the author's manuscript and gets a general idea of the whole play. Next, the stage manager suggests to the management and author "cuts" or alterations in the text, which, in his practical opinion, are conducive to the success of the piece. When the play is rehearsed the stage manager is, of course, on the spot and maintains general discipline among the players, indicating to them their relative positions on the stage, their movements, their intonations, their gestures, their exits and entrances. The stage manager superintendents the play in detail and as a whole. I have seen Dion Boucicault rehearse an actor for fifteen minutes showing him how to pass gracefully around a table. McKee Rankin showed Bob Hilliard no less than six times how to carelessly, absent mindedly pick up a match as he walked out of the room. So, in spite of Mr. Carleton, stage managers have their uses.

A Primer Quiz.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

I fear, dear wife, we're quite remiss
In Johnnie's education;
He knows a deal of that and this
About our glorious nation,
And o'er Jupiter and Dis
The brotherly relation;
But of the bible I'm afraid
He knows but precious little—
Of Naaman and the Syrian maid—
Well, not one jot or tittle.
"The sea and all that in them is"—
"The coat of many colors"—
Let's try him with a primer quiz
When he's devoured those fruillers.
* * * * * *
The first man, Johnnie, who was he?
"Why, papa, he was Adam."
And the first woman, who was she!
Quoth Johnny, "She was madam."

SATURDAY'S SPORTING SPICE.

Sauce for the Goose and Mud for the Gander.

ROBERT BONNER TELLS A STORY.

In the Field and at the Trap—The Merry Wheelmen—Knights of the Ring, and Breezy Miscellany.

Robert Bonner has just written the story of his life as the lover of horses, and says: "I began the acquisition of fine horses on account of ill health in 1856, thirty-four years ago, and have continued to pursue it from my love of the horse. Besides such record breakers as Dexter, 2:14¼; Rarus, 2:13¼; Maud S, 2:08¾, and Sunol, 2:10¾, I own or have owned Alfred S, record 2:06¼; Edwin Forrest, record 2:18, trial, 2:11¾; Pickard, record 2:18¼; Ansel, record 2:20; Music, record 2:20¾; Molsey, record 2:21¾; Joe Elliott, the first horse to trot a public trial in 2:15¼; May Bird, record 2:21; Peerless, trial, 2:22¼ to a wagon—driven by Hiram Woodruff—the fastest mile the great driver ever drove any horse; Grafton, record 2:22¼; Pocahontas, record 2:26¾, trial 2:17¾; Startle, the first eastern bred three year old to get a record of 2:30 and the first horse to trot a public trial on Fleetwood in 2:19. To this list I could add Maud Macey, Lady Stout and several others with records better than 2:30, to say nothing of Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid, the first team to trot a public trial in 2:30, over twenty-eight years ago. Among the brood mares will be found Russella, own sister to Maud S; Jessie Kirk, dam of Majolica, 2:15, and Miss Majolica, 2:24¼; Daybreak, by Harold (sire of Maud S) dam Midnight (the dam of Jay-Eye-See); Lady Stout, the first trotter to beat 2:30 as a three year old; Lady Winfield, sister to Sheridan, record 2:20¼; Lady Cuyler, trial to skeleton wagon, 2:15¼, and a half mile to top wagon at Fleetwood at 1:05; Manetta, trial 2:16¼; Maud Macey, record of 2:07¾, trial 2:16¼, and many others.

"During the year 1890 there were added to the 2:30 list nearly a thousand horses. To show the wonderful progress that has been made in developing speed, it is only necessary to state that when I began driving trotting horses in 1856 there were not twenty horses in the whole country eligible to the 2:30 list, and there was not one even in the 2:20 list or anywhere near it. Had I not made it a rule of my life not to trot a horse for money, there are a number of animals on my farm, in addition to those whose records I have given, that could have been added to both of these lists."

Since his defeat of Jack Dempsey, Robert Fitzsimmons has been talked about more than any other pugilist in the country. At first everybody spoke highly of his ability as a boxer, and all were anxious for a glimpse at the man who whipped America's champion with the greatest conceivable ease. Sentiment has changed since the Australian made the statement that he sold a fight to Hall some time ago. Fitzsimmons' stock is on the decline. He now stands before the public a self-acknowledged "faker," and it is quite possible that he and Hall will try the same game again if some athletic club will give enough money for the biggest "fake" on record. Any who do much betting either way will put the label of fool on themselves, for the great Robert must now be placed in the same class as the professional sprint runner.

There remains no doubt but what the La Blanche-Mitchell fight at Friso a week ago was a fake so far as the Marine was concerned, any way. It was originally a fake, and Omaha sports were onto the fact eight or ten months ago when the men were to have fought.

Joe McAuliffe has issued a challenge to fight Billy Woods of Denver for a stake or a purse. The Audubon club is going to match Woods against Ed. Smith.

In answer to the question wired from New York to John L. Sullivan, Thursday, asking him if he would meet Slavin in a twelve-round glove fight before the Ormonde club of London for a purse of $10,000, Sullivan replied: "No! Slavin and that mob want a little notoriety. They know that I have a two years' contract with Mr. Harrison. I shall never fight another battle with bare fists. I have quit that business forever."

In the Field and at the Trap.

The second contest, at fifty live pigeons, between J. A. R. Elliott, holder of the American Field champion wing-shot cup, and James Haggerty, the crack shot of St. Louis, took place last Tuesday at Elliott's park, Kansas City, and was won by the champion by the score of forty-eight to forty-five. Haggerty won the toss and led off, killing eight straight birds. His ninth, a left-quartering driver, he lost, and he came near losing his eleventh bird. Elliott lost his thirteenth bird, a right-quartering driver which turned quickly with the wind. This made the score a tie, but Haggerty fell back again on his next bird, an easy incomer, and lost his seventeenth, a fast right-quartering flier. Elliott missed his twenty-second, a swift-flying bird that was apparently anxious to get back to the pigeon house. This was Elliott's last miss, he grassing twenty-eight straight birds from that on to the finish. Haggerty missed his twenty-ninth a driver, and his forty-fourth, a left-quartering driver, fell dead out of bounds. His forty-ninth bird, a fast driver, barely fell inside the bounds. The score follows:

Elliott—.....22 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 0 1 2 2 2 1 2
2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2
2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2—48.

Haggerty—1 2 2 1 1 2 2 0 1 2 1 2 0 2 1 0 1 2 1
2 2 0 1 2 1 2 2 0 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2
1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1—45.

On the Ball Field

Pickett has signed with Kansas City.

Won't Minneapolis please move that fence?

Denver has the nucleus for a rattling ball team.

It takes "stuff" to get into the Western association.

Jimmy Curtis would like to know if Denver wants him.

Billy Earle says he has not signed with Sioux City.

Ball players like Wesley Hoover bring the game into disrepute and western clubs should look out for him.

Tebeau is getting together a very strong team for Denver.

White and Rowe are free to sign anywhere they are wanted.

McGarr would be a good man for the Western association.

McQuaid, released by Minneapolis, used to be quite a hitter.

Martin Duke is the dude among Western association pitchers.

Third basemen are scarce in the west. Everything else is plentiful.

Vickery and Shriver have both signed their Milwaukee contracts.

Jim Burns will probably be let out by Kansas City. So will Holland.

The Pittsburgs have sold to Milwaukee, for $400, the release of fielder Burke.

Dave Rowe will have to hump himself at Lincoln if he wants to join the procession.

Raymond of Louisville would be a good third baseman for some Western association club.

Omaha should loom up as a dark horse in the pennant race under Shannon's management.

The Western association agreed to a 30 per cent division of gate receipts for visiting clubs.

Now you can hear talk in the west about salaries that are coming down. They must come.

St. Paul seems to have signed more men than anybody else. Manager Watkins means business.

There will be many new faces in the Western association this season and a great many familiar ones.

There is now a rumor in Pittsburg to the effect that Jacko Fields will be traded for pitcher Clarke of the Western league.

Dave Rowe has got a good man in Truffley, if he is a little old. Another good man in the Lincoln team is Hart, the pitcher.

Arthur Irwin wanted Duke of Minneapolis. He offered a fat check for the desired release of the Flour City twirler, but Manager Barrington would not accept it. Cocoanuts!

Jantzen, released by Milwaukee, is sought by Sioux City. He is an excellent ball player, and his release by Manager Cushman caused much surprise. If signed by Sioux City Jantzen will play first base.

Manager Shannon of the Omahas will leave his Bridgeport, Conn., home for the Gate City, March 11. The baseball cranks out here will give him a royal welcome, as he was a great favorite here in 1888.

Bobby Black, who is keeping a sharp lookout over George Common's tiger, an over 900, Sioux City, flashed out in a new cheviot suit last Friday, which swallowed up his entire advance, so a friend writes us.

Barton, of last year's White Stocking team, was signed some weeks ago by Minneapolis. When offered the usual advance money he refused it and declared he wanted no cash until he had begun work. The case is so unique that it deserves to go on record.

Heard the other day that Ed Brandt of the Omaha club, was thinking seriously of trying Dad Clarke on third. If he does, he had better select an exhibition game.

Frank Leonard of Lynn, Mass., who managed the Omahas last season, is now figuring on directing the reins for Quincy. Jim Burns, the Highland, Bard, as he was dubbed in Omaha, if released by Kansas City would have been tendered this job, but the Cowboys have concluded to hold on to him.

Will Clingman, the Cincinnati youngster, has promised St. Paul to play there if the league does not want him, and now Chris von der Ahe is after him. "I'd rather play under Comiskey than any captain I know of," said Clingman. He doesn't believe the league will keep him for the fleds.

Jack Pickett will not be accorded an ovation in the Western association next season. The people out here in the wooly west, while under ordinary circumstances are the most generous and magnanimous in the world, hate disloyalty like the devil hates a Christian. They suspend a horsethief from the yard-arm of a telephone pole, and crooks of all species are summarily dealt with.

The St. Paul club, through its Pacific coast agent Waller Wallace, has signed W. B. Goodenough of Sacramento to play center field. Goodenough is of the stalwart brand, standing six feet eleven inches in his stockings; a man of marvelous activity, a strong, accurate thrower, sure catch, heavy with the stick, leads the California league in base stealing, and, in short, an intelligent, careful player. Our representative has sent his old friend Watkins a treasure.

The American association is on the warpath. With tomahawk in hand, bowie knives in its belt, and a Winchester slung over its shoulder it has bestrodden pony and cantered into the lists for a setto with the national agreement. The decisions in the cases of Bierbower, Stovey and Mack, white inconstantly right under all baseball law, have displeased the association, and like a stubborn, self-willed and obstinate colt, the organization has decided to bolt the national agreement and thereby commit suicide with neatness and dispatch at the earliest possible date. So note it be.

The Cleveland club has opened the fight on the American association, by signing the left-handed pitcher, Frank Knauss of the Columbus club, who lives there. Manager Leadley and Secretary Hawley said they acted on instructions from the national board and did not want to be left in the general scramble. Leadley's personal relations with Knauss cut a large figure, and he said that no increase over the Columbus salary of $2,500 was given. Action is taken under sections 2 and 7 of the American association contract, which binds the association to the national agreement. The association being no longer a party to the agreement, the national league declares that all its contracts with players are broken. The Cleveland league is also reaching for Griffin of Baltimore, King and Boyle of St. Louis, Stratton of Louisville, and Johnson and Doyle of Columbus.

Sporting Allspice.

The Omaha Kennel club will probably hold their initial bench show in June.

Chicago wheelmen have endorsed Detroit for the L. A. W. meet of 1891, and issued an invitation for that gathering in 1893.

There are reports of geese coming in from the Missouri and up the Platte almost daily, and the gunners can count on an early opening of the season this spring.

If A. A. Zimmerman and W. W. Taxis conclude to race together on a tandem we may expect to see all existing records left behind by them during the coming racing season.

Buffalo will have a two-days' bicycling and athletic meeting in June. One day will be entirely devoted to bicycling events and the other to athletic. The affair will be under the auspices of the City League of A. A. U. clubs. It is said that the prizes offered will aggregate $2,000.

Charles Rowell, the Englishman who won the first six days walking match at Madison garden, has issued a challenge to the world for a twenty-four hours' go-as-you-please match for $250. He prefers to walk against Albert or Littlewood and Dr. J. A. Dougherty of Philadelphia, has accepted the challenge in the name of the former.

A wrestling match for the championship of the world, best two out of three falls, took place in Glasgow, Scotland, February 16, between Antonio Pierre of Greece and Tom Cannon of America. The contest result in a victory for Pierre by two falls to one. Cannon made a protest against the decision, but it was not allowed by the judges.

Frank Parmelee, John Field and John Grim, have returned from their southern tri-pand report a colossal time. They say the southerners are a decade or two behind the northerners with the shotgun, but show signs of rapidly awakening to the science of times. Parmelee will get himself in the best of form this spring, and in early summer will doubtless take a whack at Elliott for the American field cup.

Richard K. Fox has received a telegram from W. G. George accepting the challenge of Harry Darrin, the English runner in New York city. There will be three races—half-mile, three-quarters of a mile and one mile—for $250 a side, sweepstakes, open to the world. The event will probably come off at Madison Square garden in about two months. George will pay his own expenses, though he wanted $50 at first.

The supreme court of Pennsylvania on Tuesday delivered a decision reversing the judgment of Judge Yerkes of Bucks county, and holding that the shooting of pigeons liberated from a trap, provided that it is done not wantonly and cruelly, but as a test in marksmanship, and with proper attention paid to the immediate killing of the wounded birds, is a justifiable sport and not cruelty to animals. This decision will have a decided effect on the legislature of several states which are contemplating the abolishment of live pigeon trap shooting.

The fifteenth annual New York bench show of the Westminster kennel club is in progress at Madison Square Garden, New York. There are 1,375 entries. Among the mastiffs on exhibition are Melrose, Prince and Beaufort, offered for sale at $1,000 each. Sir Bedivere heads the list of St. Bernards. After him comes Hesper, for sale at $15,000, Piniliamon, jr., for sale at $10,000; Lady Wellington, worth $3,000; Duke of Leeds, Don II., also worth $3,000 each; and Plevna, a six-year-old dog, held at the comfortable price of $40,000. There are 175 St. Bernards on exhibition.

A proof of the conduciveness of athletics to the high standing in scholarship is given in the record of athletes, who won honor in the junior appointments at Yale college in the last three years, the names of 64 per cent of the men on the various teams being found on the list. The list shows that in the classes of '90, '91 and '92, there have been sixty nine men actively engaged in athletics on the different university teams. Of these, one has received a philosophical oration, six have received orations, two have received dissertations, eight have received first disputes, nine have received first colloquies, twelve have received second colloquies, and twenty five failed of getting any appointments.

THE STATE'S SOCIAL SWIM.

The Bright Side of Life in Prosperous Country Towns.

IT IS THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

Important Social Events, Polite Personals, Movements of Prominent People and General Gossip of Interest.

A glimpse of the social life of the state is given in the following columns. Are you in it?

Lincoln.

B. B. Burr left Monday for Milwaukee, Wis.

Mr. George W. Wardman is in Helena, Mont.

Mr. W. A. Cockrell left Saturday for St. Louis.

Dr. Frank S. Billings has returned from Chicago.

A. C. Ziemer returned Monday from his eastern trip.

Rev. E. H. Chapin has been enjoying a visit in Kansas.

Miss Margaret Baird is visiting relatives in Des Moines.

Mr. Joseph Stanford left Saturday for Jacksonville, Ill.

Comedian J. B. Archibald is on a business trip to Chicago.

Miss Cora Grant took the train Monday for Guthrie, Oklahoma.

Hon. H. M. Rice returned a number of days ago from his eastern trip.

Mrs. G. H. Sprague has left for Spokane Falls to join her husband.

Mr. G. C. St. John has returned from an extended southern trip.

Mrs. McManus and Miss Ostrander left Saturday for Salt Lake City.

Mr. Joe Eaton is in the city visiting his uncles, Dr. Eaton and brother.

Dr. Benjamin F. Bailey has departed for a business trip in the Black Hills.

Miss Martha A. Jellison was a Missouri Pacific passenger Monday for Cincinnati.

Mrs. P. W. Copeland of the Tremont is entertaining Mrs. Joseph Ellis of Kans