Sunriss and Sunset on the Lovely Waters of the Raccoon.

AN OCTOBER GOOSE AND DUCK SHOOT

Camped in a Pocket of the Hills-Our Blind in the Rushes-A Battle with the Birds-The Day's Work



N October morning in the Lugonbeel marshes.

The long line of serrated bluffs, in the increasing light. looked like some old rampart of the dark ares, frowning down upon the shadowy waters of Raccoon

It was our first morning out-Stocky Heth, Billy Simeral and myself-and the scene being one of exceptional beauty, especially in a duck hunter's eyes, we stood

awhile in rapt enchantment.

The mists lifted rapidly from the surface of the lake, and soon the sun came up over the rim of the eastern prairie, sprinkling willow, reed and rice as with golden rain, and setting the twittering blackbirds in delighted motion. The honk of the wild goose resounded from the distant marsh, then a cloud of birds arose and in a harrow-shaped flock went off over the hills to their feeding grounds to the south. The scene with each passing moment became more and more picturesque and we lingered and drunk it in with inexpressible rapture. On the far shore of the little inland sea there was a grand sweep of barren sandhills, now a laved in alternate lines of crimson and topaz, swelling from the very edge of the shimmering waters. Across the the heavens floated great masses of fleecy

vapor, flery-edged, dropping their lights and shades upon the bosom of the lake like the play of color on veivet. Now the rounded tops of the towering bluffs glowed as in the glare of a prairie conflagration, and then an immense shadow would arise from the waters, like the Afrite from his crystal vase, and clamber off over the walls of the hills, the startled sunshine shrinking before like a thing pursued. A playful breeze comes rustling through the tall, tawny grass from the south and, brushing by us, pounces upon the lake, streaking the surface into darkening ripples, fanning the reeds with its delicate wings and melting away in the bordering rice fields.

Such was the picture that greeted our vision on October 9 last. We were out for a ten days duck shoot and had just reached spot agreed upon for a camp ground. It was in a snug little pocket in the foothills, but a few steps from the terzy banks of Hay creek, which came winding down the valley like a huge serpent twisting its way through the yellowing herbage until it tum bled tumultuously into the lake.

Filled with the enthusiasm of our glorious surroundings we were soon dumping our camp luggage from Newberry's big wagon dried sward all about us. It was no child's play to get things in proper shap for such a prolonged stay, and work and tug and sweat and fume and swear as hard as we did, it was late in the afternoon before the tents were up, beds made, wood chopped and the spot began to assume the air of a hunter's home. We named it Camp Mer-

The big tent faced the south and with fiaps tied back displayed a pile of new-mown hay, with blankets of green and gray and scarlet striped drawn over it. On the rear tent-pole hung hunting coats and waders, gun cases and other paraphernalia, while in the corner leaning against a rudely improvised beach were our guns and fishing From the front pole, looped with piece of twine, was a brace of grouse, their motled hues warm in the sunglow, and which Simeral killed before it was hardly light enough to see on our way over from

"Old Spot," Stocky's blue belton setter and as true a friend as ever snuffed the scent of chicken or quail, noses about, occa-sionally bending on his haunches to take a dig at some peregrinating flea or lick hi paws, crouching to stare keen-eyed from be tween his paws at our every move, or curl-ing himself up for slumber, only to start up ost instantly to smell at our heels again we, and was taking every precaution to see that no one left the camp without him.

John had brought us a load of wood, an the rougher work about the place having been all duly attended to, a fire was quickly sputtering in the sheetiron stove and our first meal in process of preparation, which function unhappily had fallen to me. It requires lots of time to put up two

tents, chop wood enough to last a wee missaries, plates, pans, kettles, cups and saucers, knives and forks and a hundred and one other things, and it wasn't long ere was forced to call both Simeral and Heth to Stocky, with gray shirt rolled up to the

elbows and corduroys to the knees, in his stocking feet, peals the potatoes, while Billiam, in tan colored hunting wammus, dead grass breeches and rubber boots, strips the grouse, and I mix the corameal, slice the onions and make the coffee. In a twinkling the scene was alive with our culinary preparations, and the gridiron, sauce coffee pot made music that shamed

An hour later and the top of the mess chest steamed with our first dinner, and with appetites as big as McKinley's majority in io, we draw up our shell boxes for chairs

The whole outlook is soft and rich, as well as wild and rugged, steeped as it is in the mellow charm of the October sunset. The sun soon disappears, and in the transparency of the first twilight every object, from the straggy outline of the distant bluffs, way cross the marsh to the west, to the minut tracery of the water grasses in the limpid creek near by, were penciled as clear and sharp as at noontide. The white buffalo blossoms look like tiny lines of silver resting among their broad, heart-shaped leaves, while the clouds above burn in vivid hues, the prairie is golden brown, and Raccoon's waters like a mine of varied jewels in liquid

Wrapped in the marvelous beauty of such a scene, could sportsman ask for more? And talk about your banquets in palaces, what are they compared with a feast in a duck hunter's camp, with the peerless picture around and the radiant roof above? How the corn broad, toothsome grouss stew, potatoes, with cmons, fried to a turn, and Old Government Java did dis appear, and without meaning to tell tales out of school, I must say that Simeral's stomach on this occasion gave me a botter idea of the bottomless pit than anything yet, numan or divine, I have run across in my cravels. But then any one will tell you that a hungry duck hunter is the most voracious

thing extant.

After our meal the dishes were washed and refuse cleared away and we belook our-selves to cigars and comfort. Stocky lolled against the upright of the tent; the lawyer bespraddled himself across the mess chest, while I lay on the flat of my back on the bed,

while I isy on the flat of my back on the bed, with my little feet braced against a big box of Walsrodesshells.

Our conversation was light and flippant. The fading light of day lay soft and dreamy over the sear prairie and through the open tent we could see, stretching before us, the glittering crest of the silent lake.

"I believe I'll step out and see whether there are any birds flying," conserved the lawyer as he slid off the mess chest and strode out into the open air. The next instant we heard him calling: "Say, if you fellows want to see a sight good for sore eyes, come out here, the sky is full of birds."

We were with him in a jiffy and true

We were with him in a jiffy and true enough there was a big flight of birds. Flock after flock came in over the sandhills from off toward Reshaw's, and settled down here, there and everywhere, among the rice and in the open water, where fazzy seized them. There were many mallards

IN THE LUGENBEEL MARSHES | among the incoming birds, with a good many widgeon, redhead and canvasback, and fre-

quent wisps of teal.
"There is going to be elegant sport in the

"There is going to be elegant sport in the morning, boys," remarked Stocky, "and what we want to do is to decide en a plan yet this evening, then yet a good night's rest and be off by 5 in the morning."

To this Simeral and I gave ready assent, and as we stood and watched the clouds of water fowl, which seemed to increase rather than diminish with the deepening shades of evening, we agreed upon the morrow's program. It having been decided by lot that Simeral was to superintend the cooking the next day we concluded that it cooking the next day we concluded that it was best for Heth and I to take the boat in the morning, while the lawyer skirmished as best he could along the shore.

The gray twilight was now yielding to the darkness of night. The distant sandhills grew gloomy and mysterious, then disap-peared; the water blended with the shadows and myriads of stars came forth, We were quickly in bed. Nothing disturbed the quiet of the autumn night save an occasional moaning howl or snappish yelp from some skulking coyote, and we slept like tops.

Our Blind in the Rushes

The morning broke fresh and radiant from her dewy bath, and after a hurried break-fast of bacon, eggs, toast and coffee, we were off with the first gray of dawn, Sim, with Spot at his heels, started down the narrow cane-covered peninsula that poxed its tangly nose far out into the lake from the south, while Stocky and I hurried to the spot where our pine scow had been moored the day before. It was laborious work in leed, rowing and pushing even this light craft across the lake to a headland of reeds and rice we had selected for a blind from the shore. The water in the lake was very low, lower, in fact than it had been for years, and floating an inch below the surface was an almost impenetrable matting of aquatic moss. We reached the spot at last, iquatic moss. however, only to find still more and harder work awaiting us. There was scarcel enough water here to float a feather, bu There was scarcely the mud was knee deep, and we had to pull up our waders and get out into it before we could force the boat securely into the

By the time we got her well anchored, the decoys out and the tops of the rice bent over to facilitate shooting, the rose tints of dawn had faded, the distant hills had warmed into bronze and the reeds and rice into gold. The sun was fast kindling the thickest cane and willows into veltow life; here sprinkling the dark green moss with color, there striking a shimmering aisle out into the lake, until

at last all was one broad illumination.
"Bang! bang!" came the report of the
lawyer's Lelever, and as the thin smoke curled up from a likely spot in the cane well down the peninsula, we heard a mighty flapping and scurrying on the water, a wand of prestidigitateur the air was in-stantly filled with ducks. They arose in great black masses from a half hundred dif ferent points, sailing up into the air singly and in great flocks, then circling round and round as if endeavoring to locate the source of danger or taking their bearings for a de parture from the country.
"Mark! right in front!" excitedly whis-

pered Stocky as a bunch of mallards came cleaving the air straight for our blind from the south, "you take the right and I'll take

The next instant his gun cracked and a splendid big greenhead, in the full biazonry of his autumn plumage, let go and whirling in the air, tumbled dead amidst his wooder prototypes in the shallow waters before us. As the rest of the flock lifted themselves aloft and turned to leave they received a dual salute from me and Heth's remaining barrel. Three more birds fell, two as dead as the proverbial mackerel, but the third, an old hen, came down slantingly with but a broken wing. She squawked affrightly and began to dig out for the nearest point f reedy selvedge, almost burying erself in the water as she scurried along. It was but a second's work to slip in another shell and in another moment her ashen-belly was turned skyward and her orange legs were kicking spasmodically into empty

"Bully!" shouted the waterworks man "we've got four of 'em-four big fat mal

lads!"
"Mark!" my warning exclamation caused him to squat with such precipitation as to nearly turn him over the gunwales, and before he could recover himself and get into over the med over the decoys, fairly under his nose, so close were they to his end of the boat. We both pumped up hurriedly but the four loads we sent after them failed to stop a feather. The single moment lost sufficed to carry them out of harm's way.

"That wasn't quite so bully," I remarked with some acerbrity;" and if you want to kill ducks you will have to keep down Can't.

ducks you will have to keep down. Can't you see good enough without standing on the

"Put a cork in that mug of yours!" testily rejoined Stocky. "I think I know my busi-ness. Look out yourself! there comes a lot of birds now, right up the channel to your

Sure enough there they came, a small bunch of widgeon, with their black and grayish specked breasts glistening like silve sheens against the sun as they came swiftly on over the water from off somewhere in

their marshy feeding grounds.

Stocky and I were crouching low with our Lefevers protruding through the reeds, but not an elbow did we crook until the unwary birds had dropped their pale greenish legs and cupped their wings, when we let them

Like experienced duckers we had both se lected our bird, but, as bad luck would have it, and as is the case so often that it is incredible, we both selected the same bird. Our preces cracked like a single gun and the bigold cock, dove down into the mud and moss headforomost, heavier possibly by a couple of ounces from the quantity of lead we had put into him. With that marvelous speed for which a scared widgeon is justly noted the remaining birds wheeled as if upon so many pivots, but they were no quicker than our merciless selves, and in much less time than it takes to tell it, they got our other barrels. We both got bird, surprising as that was. Neither, i ever, was killed dead, and, realizing the ab breviated time it requires, a wounded duck to put himself beyond the reach of the most penetrating hammerless, we both hastily reloaded and began pounding away at them. One keeled over at the first shot, but notwithstanding we sent a half dozer charges after the second, which had fallen and fluttered a good way out, we were chagrined to see him clear the entangling mossy shallows, glide out into the open water and make off for the nearest line of

rushes ou the other shore.

"Well, let him go," philosophically quoth my companion, "he's old and tough, and we don't want him anyway—but great heavens look! loook! there comes a thousand of 'em!" The sight was really one well calculated to make a duck hunter's heart leap, and set his blood a-tingling, for if there was a sin-gle bird approaching, there were truly, as Stocky had ejaculated, a thousand of them! They were evidently coming from the lower lake, and within the feathery cloud were mailards, redhead, widgen, bluebil and teal, and from their course we knew they must pass directly over our blind.

Bang! bang! goes Simeral's gun as a couple of outlying stragglers cross the peninsula and although we caught a glimpse of a falling bird, we could not help but look upon his shot as a calamity. The mass of birds approaching at once began to rise and swerve off to the left and we felt that the auriferous opportunity had passed

But there was one hope left. Squawk! squawk! quack! quack-quack-quack! industriously I worked my caller in imitation of a solicitous hen, and what was our ineffable delight when the next instant the birds bent back over the body of the lake and again set their pinious on a downward course, making a straight dive for our decoys.

a straight dive for our decoys.

The advance guard was actually settling among the wooden dummies when we arose together and began a fusitade the like of which the most persistent ducker experiences but few times in his whole career.

A half dozen birds fell at the first volley, but so many more were there and so great was the momentum and ignorance of the swarm in the rear that they came on in confused and erratic flight, over and by and all around us. The very air seemed a mesh of frightened and squawking ducks, and as fast as we could load and shoot the intense ex-citement was maintained. Without exaggeration it must have been a full two minutes before the last distraight bird had regained
his course and cleared the dangerous crypt
in the perfidious rushes from which a storm
of smoke and shot and death had issued.
"By the gods, I thought they were going to
rout us. Sandy?" broke out Stockey, turning
his flushed and steaming face upon me, but
there was no time yet for congratulations.

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and healthful sport.

WITH THE BOXERS

and I simply replied "the crips," as I peked my gun out from among the reeds and banged away at a splendid big greenhead, who, despite his shattered wing, was fairly lifting himself through the scant water and fatal mosses. Heth was quickly to my aid, and, although there were no less than five wounded birds striving to escarse by divers routes, we turned over The Story That Was Heard Over Sundry Bottles of Red Top.

NO WESTERN LEAGUE BALL FOR OMAHA

escape by divers routes, we turned over every mother's son of them before the longed for haven of rice and rushes could be

These, with the seven we had ex-

tinguished outright, made a plump dozen we

had pulled out of the flurry-six mailards,

two redheads and four widgeon.

"You take him!" It was a single bird—a
heu mallard—and she had just rounded a
jutting point on Stocky's side, and, although
I could have killed her myself. I did not
like to shoot so close over his head. The
shot was an unexpected one and he was

placed at a disacvantage, as the bird was coming up from behind him. He turned quickly, however, and, despite the fact that

t was a spap chance, be made a dead center,

ttack to Camp in the Sonset.

We could now see great clouds of birds off in the distance, all of which seemed to be

leaving, but we didn't care much, as we had

just had such a royal time we were glad of a

through the blind with the whispered ad-monition that I'd pot 'em both at one fel

the water as if from a spring board and like a twin pair of bullets shot away toward the

away, continuing on across the lake, then out over the hay fields and the sand hills

until mere specks against the distant back-

And thus the sport continued, with inter

vals of rest, throughout the entire day. Of course there were many little exciting inci-

dents, such as a fine double by one or the

other, a ludicrous miss, and dozens of other happenings that always go to make up the

whole of such an unexampled day's shooting

but of these I can only speak in a general way, as the record of ten more days is to be

Not until the red sun was within an half

hour of the western bluffs, however, did we leave our reedy concealment and begin the

herculean task of retrieving our dead ducks

The last bird deposited in the boat, I gave a sigh of regret that the happy day was gone,

and with Stocky using the pole in the stern, I grasped the oars and pulled off for the

Tired and hungry as we were the trip back to camp was one that will remain ever

nemorable. In an entrancing sunset and

with a boat full of ducks how could it be otherwise! As we slowly proceeded through

the low water and clinging moss the sun dropped well behind the frowning hills and

et the lake was checked with masses of

light and shade, the chiro-oscuro of the Master hand. The weird bravura of the

loon or the wild scream of the fish hawk, in

perfect keeping with the wild region, greeted

us now and then. Across the darkening

lake we slowly crawled, exquisite twilight

pictures gleaming out as we passed. Here

a brown muskrat house, a colonnade of canes an arbor of matted rice, a sedgy hung pool

like a peeping eye, where the gamey bass loved to disport; a half-whelmed cotton wood, with the water still sparkling around;

an islet of water lilies, or a bit of bog where the cane stalks cut the breeze into plaintive

murmurs, and the splatter-dock curled its

spotted dishes among the rushes and fuzzy cat-onine-tails. Sometimes a playful wind

stooped to the surface, brushing it into

darksome ripples, then fanned our faces and

It was good and dark when we reached camp, but the lawyer was before us and he

not only had a glorious fire roaring away in the stove, but had the tent lighted up

our three lanterns and a supper ready that

would have tempted the gods, besides a bag of birds, including a big Canada goose, that

would have knocked any of your ordinary hunters into a fit. Of course he told us of

his adventures down the peninsula, and

while they were varied and interesting, will keep for another week. The day's work thad admirably prepared us

all for the enjoyment of a dreamless bed, and we were not slow in tumbling in and

were soon lulled to sleep to the plaint of the coyote, whispering winds and brawling

Nebraska's Football Team.

illustrates well the ups and downs of the

Heretofore Nebraska has never had a good

football team, but this year they made an

effort to keep up with the times, and secured

the services of an eastern trainer and

They thought themselves quite fortunate

in getting the services of Frank Crawford of

Michigan, who last year coached and de-

veloped so successfully the Baker University

Crawford found a dismal prospect indeed,

They were a sturdy crowd, improved rap.

dly, and very soon earned the general repu

tation of being the best team in the west the title to which they have since forfeited

by being defeated by Kansas and Missouri. But football like high five is largely a game of chance, and like that famous game

also, success depends upon who cheats most. Each individual contest is very largely de-

termined by that team which happens to be

Nebraska when she is in the pink of

condition has shown herself probably the best team in the west, but it is said that her

ubstitutes are very weak.

Nebraska started in with a game with

Donne's strong team, and surprised every-body by beating them 28 to 0, while Baker trying to outdo this score and show her su-

periority over Nebraska could only beat Doane 10 to 0.

Nebraska then played Baker a tie game

0 to 10, but everybody present knows that

vincible Denver Athletic club team, which had slaughtered Missouri, fowa and Kansas. This game also was a tie, 4 to 4, but the

fact is Denver would not allow hersolf to b beaten on her own grounds, and she resorted to all expedients, honorable and dishonora

work. Denver frankly acknowledged that she was the strongest team in the west

Nebraska's supporters were jubilant and looked upon the pennant as already won, but

Luck, fate, everything seemed to conspire against Nebraska, and she lost the next two cames with Missouri and Kansas.

The boys were up all night before the Mis-

souri game, on account of a wreck, and they

did not have the endurance for a game of football. In this game Owry and Flippin

and Whipple were hurt, and could not get into condition for the Kansas game, which took place last Saturday, and besides, that

harmony requisite to success was wanting in the team. Pace, thinking it beneath the

in the team. Pace, thinking it beneath the dignity of his royal self to piny upon the bench, when all his fellows wished it, and everybody knew it was for the best, suiked like a high school boy, resigned the captaincy and quit the team.

The Thanksgiving day's game will be a hot one, because if Nebraska wins she will be tied for second place. If fowa wins she may win the pennant yet, and it is the common verdict that her team is the strongest and most powerful of any in the league, and she will fight desperately to down her old

she will fight desperately to down her old

Fred Fuller, the well known rifle shot and

all-round thoroughbred sportsman, will conduct a big turkey shoot on the shooting grounds at the other end of the big bridge on Wednesday, November 29. All the shooters

are invited and can rest assured that Frederikus will furnish them plenty of interesting

This was the climax of Nebraska'

Nebraska's team was superior.

The third game was with the so-far

but by dint of hard work he scraped to-gether a crowd of greenhorns and set to work to teach them the game.

sporting fraternity.

in the best condition.

coach.

The history of the Nebraska football team

SANDY GRISWOLD.

anding across the lake.

nelted away.

spell for congratulatory conversation.

Well, sir, the first bird I-

dropping her just outside the decoys.

two redneads and four widgeon.

Among the Busy Sportsmen-Wheel Whisperings-The Mit and the Bat-Mexico's Last Hope andothe Usual Weekly Grist of Breezy Sports.

Billy Pinkerton was in the city several days last week keeping tab on a job lot of train rebbers and diamond thieves, and Thursday evening I ran into him and the two Jacks-Moynihan and Wood. They were breasting the mahogany down at the Dellone and discussing the merits of a bottle with an inflammatory top when I was invited up and another cut glass ordered, ditto another bottle.

The hand of Father Time lies lightly on the head of the great sleuth. His furtive The waterworks man's jubilant outburst was cut short by a swish and a splash. A eves are as keen and bright as ever, and his sable moustache even glossier than it was ten years ago. That Billy is a good looker brace of bluebills, like apparitions, had plumped themselves right down in the midwe all know, and erect as a Norway pine, in layender topcoat. With an anarchist's signal die of our decoys, coming whence neither of us had the slightest suspicion. Unsportsman-like I pushed my gun out coyly peeping from the breast pocket, jaunty Derby and proper stick, he looked more the swell than the nemesis of desperate crimswoop and banged away. Instead of gently reclining upon the water's surface, as I had implicitly anticipated, both birds lept from

The wine exhaustively analyzed Moyni-han abruptly switched the subject with the "Well, Billy, how shall I bet on the fight?"

"Fight-what light? The one that will never come off?" and the detective held up open lake. With an explanation belitting a sporting editor's ruby lips, I cut loose the second barrel, while Stocky gave them both his class and through its amber contents inof his, and although we saw that one of the birds was laggy and hard hit, they both got "You've called the turn," replied Jack, "the one that will never come off."

"Well, if you want to win—and judging from the antiquity of that tile of yours, I think you do—bet just that way—that it will never come off."

You think so!" "I do. It is a case of one is afraid and the other dassent.' Or, as the gentleman who refereed the Mace and Coburn fight down at New Orleans a few years ago put it, 'one is afraid and the other afraider,' eh?' interjected Jack Wood.

"That is the size of it," continued the debonnair Pinkerton. "But let me explain. A man, as you all know, can go on drinking whisky for ten years, and he may get full every day at that, can brace up any time, the stuff alone, and nurse himself back aimost as good as new. But there are ertain other debilitating and vitiating practices that you cannot indulge in for the thousandth part of that time and ever be the man again that you were when these vices were a stranger to you. You know Charlie Mitchell and you know Jim Corbett. Mitch ell is a wine drinker, and lives for a good time he is generous to prodigality and the best off-hand bar room talker on either side of the pond. Corbett doesn't drink wine-it costs money—but there are other and worse things that he is guilty of, and I don't think he is particular about meeting the Englishman. Mitchell is six or seven years Corbett's senior, yet despite his convivial penchant, looks as if he would be a pretty tough sort of a customer for any champion for a dozen years to come. do not know whether I am making myself very plain, but you can guess, can't you! But in all candor I do not believe either man cares much about fighting the other, for if they did they'd go and fight. The law simply shuts them out of the city limits, but there are plenty of fence corners out in the country almost anywhere, isn't there?'

"And the old fellow, Billy, what do you think of him?" queried Moynihan with that quizzical look of his. "The old fellow-who?"

"Why, the Big Feslow of course." "Oh, John L. Well, sir, honestly, properly groomed, I think he could lick either one of them yet today. That was no fight down at New Orleans. I think I could have punched Sully out myself on that occasion. But what a broth of a boy he was back in 82. Why, it only required him ten minutes to stop Paddy Ryan-"

"Yes." interrupted Moyninan, "and I know that every politician in Chicago went broke on it, too.

"Let me see," proceeded the detective,
"Ryan won the championship somewhere
down in Virginia by beating old man Goss, didn't he, and it took him something less than 100 rounds to do it at that. Notwith standing this fact, though, after that Paddy was the lion of the day and a good many misguided sports were willing to stake their lives that the man did not live who could whip him. About this time the Boston boy began to loom up. He had already thumped the conceit out of George Rooke, big Prof. Donaldson, Steve Taylor, John Flood and a siather of small fry, and was finally matched against Ryan for \$5,000 and the champion ship. I like to talk over those old days, and by the way, Jack," turning to Moynihan, "wasn't you with John L. after that—didu't you see him kill Paddy the second time out on the coast?

'Yes, I was the advance of the combination when Pat Sheedy had the Big Fellow, and I never enjoyed such another night as that when John retired the Trojan to private

That was in '83-" "That was in '83—"
"Eighty-six. Al Smith had Sullivan in '83. You recollect Paddy always blamed his downfall at Mississippi City on a defective truss and promised all his friends to lick the Big Fellow if he ever got another show. Well, he got one. It was at Madison Square garden, New York, just after the holidays in '85, but the police interfered in the first round. Paddy pulled a nice piece of money out of the gate and shortly thereafter migrated to Chicago. Our combination was rated to Chicago. Our combination was 'Frisco in November, '86, and John

L. and Ryan were again matched, this time for four rounds and 75 and 25 of the gate. The fight took place Saturday night. November 13, at the Mechanics Pavilion, on Market street, and a great night it was. You never saw such a jan The big building was crowded by half past in the afternoon, and this vast assemblage sat there, with more or less patience, but in perfect order, until nearly 11 that night. But I am getting ahead of my story—another But I am getting ahead of my story—another bottle, please; yes a big one—we had the toughest time getting the thing on. You see Davies was there at the time with Dempsey and Burke, and it was a race between Sheedy and the Parson who would get to show first. There were days of wire-pulling, and it was only through the friendship of Chris Buckley, the blind politician who was on the democratic throne out tician who was on the democratic throne out there then, Ed Buckiey, the actor, Prof. Harry Maynard, "Pap" Sullivan, the big whisky dealer, Ad Ryman and Billy Emerwhisky dealer, Ad Ryman and Billy Emerson, the minstrels, who had a great pull in 'Frisco in those days, and Rush, the hotel prince, that Sheedy beat the Parson out. So solid did Chris Buckley make us that Chief Crowley sent a nound 150 police to maintain order during the performance, which only goes to prove once more that God is good to the Irish. Of course, there were some preliminaries, La Bianche and other vegetables—but do you care to hear about the fight!" And, as Jack surned to us, he took a fight?" And, as Jack surned to us, he took a big gulp of wine, and it was only to do this that he stopped. "All right, then," he went on, "When the time came for the Big Fellow and Paddy to go on, no Sullivan was there. and the big house began to apprehend that he wasn't going to be. Where do you think he was down at the Grand Opera house me was down at the Grand Opera house with his wife, in a box, for which he paid a \$100 note, the enterialment, whatever it was, being for the earthquake sufferers at Charleston. I got into a barouche and had the Jehu gallop down to the Grand, and I got Sully out. He was in full dress, but climbed into the wagen, and we were driven rapidly back to the pavillen. The Bus Follow went straight into the green driven rapidly back to the pavinon. The Big Fellow went straight into the green room, laid aside his swell togs, and was in his tights before you could say seat. And mind you, he was hog fat, hadn't trained a lick for the match, while Ryan had been in careful preparation for over a month. What a yell went up when John L. swaggered out of the flies. I thought the roof would go up. Ryan quickly followed, and it being li o'clock, Hirafi Cooke, the referee, soon had the men facing each other.

"Sullivan had his well known guard up, ready for business, but Paddy was pale and slow and loth to begin. John suddenly dropped his hand to his sides, and in a voice loud enough for all of us in the press boxes to hear, said:

"Now go on, Paddy, smash me—make a showing for yourself!".

"Ryan didn't know what to make of this, The Big Fellow went straight into the greet

and was awful leary, but he finally feinted and as the Big Fellow never made a move to protect himself he prepared to swing on his

"Smash away," reassured John L., "you must make a showing for yourself?"
"Biff! Paddy landed a nice one alongside of Sully's jaw. It sounded lika smacking a fat hog with a clafboard. John simply tossed his head like a big bull, and again stuck out his mug for some more, and, encouraged by his first essay. Paddy hit him again. This time, however, before he could get away, John poked his left, pretty hard get away, John poked his left pretty hard into Ryan's mouth, and all he tried to do in the rest of the round was to spit out the

blood and seep away.
"The second was a repetition of the first, only Sully booked Paddy in the back of the neck toward the close and came within a short straight of ending the battle right there. John came out for the third—there, there, man, don't slop it over, fill Billy's glass—and there was gore in his eye, and Mr. Ryan instinctively felt that climaterical period had arrived. The Fellow started right out to get him and Paddy succeeded in eluding him for a moment, but was finally penned in his own corner. There was a couple of stiff jabs, then that right came round and across with a swish and the big Trojan went down on his bally—dead to the world. "Sullivan knelt down and assisted Сооке

in raising him to his feet, but he was limp as dish rag, and they sat him in his chair Sullivan exclaiming as he fanned him: "Give the big sucker plenty of time to come to, captain; he's more scart than hurt.

I only tapped him.'
"But Paddy refused to come 'round, and Cooke gave the fight to John Well, sir, Ryan got out of the affair just \$3,618 blunkers, more money than he had ever seen before. This included his per cent and ex-penses to and from Chicago, which the Big Fellow graciously allowed him. Through the advice of a lot of stiffs, Paddy out all his stuff into a saloon and went broke before the bluebirds began to bloom. Oh, yes, all of these wise guys may talk about Sullivan, but I would liked to have seen Corbett face

him that night seven years ago. He wouldn't be the champion today if he had." And the genial Jack heaved a weary sigh, drained his glass and shoved it across the bar for more.

In discussing the champions and ex-cham pions it might be added that Sullivan did not know when to retire. This may also be the case with Corbett, and I hope it may. When it does the halo of the prize fighter's greatness will be exchanged for a crown o nonentity. Sullivan refused to acknowledge any deterioration of his wonderful powers and the proud reputation that took him years to build up was destroyed in one brief hour. In any pursuit of life it is much easier to fall than to rise.

Tommy Ryan writes me from Bridgeport Conn. He has gone into the hotel business—doubled up with Merritt, the pedestrian with whom he has been hand and foot since his sojourn in the east. Tommy and Sam will make a strong pair of boulfaces, and woe betide the luckless individual who trys to jump his bill. It will require but a short time for Merritt to overtake him and Tommy less to extract satisfaction out of his hide A good name for the house, after the old inglish style, would be the Duke and the

One woe doth tread upon another's heel, so fast they follow. Hardly had the governor of Florida—and his name is Mitchell, too—put his moccasin down on the proposed big fight than the telegraph announces that Corbett and Mitchell have both taken the road with their respective theatrical snaps. They intend to imitate that great actor, offn L. Does it look like a fight?

What suckers they both are -Charlie and Jim. They could shake hands, give exhibi-Jim. They could SHARL tions and gut the country.
SANDY GRISWOLD.

A Lad's Challenge.

AINSWORTH, Neb., Nov. 23 .- To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: I hereby challenge any boy in the city of Omaha to wrestle me Graco-Roman style, Lancashire rules to govern, for from \$25 to \$50 a side. I am 16 years old and weigh 130 pounds, and will wrestle any boy of that age and pounds. Will be pleased to hear from any boy in the

city.

Out In the Cold.

At Indianapolis on Tuesday last the new Western league was completed, and Omaha was left out, notwithstanding that Dave Rowe and his musical jaw was on hand and did his utmost to stem the tide with the Gate City on his back. And so, for another year at least, it is semi-professional ball for Omaha.

The new body will start out with Indian apolis, Toledo, Grand Rapids, Detroit, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Kansas City and Sloux City as members. My old and esteemed friend, Ben Johnson of the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette, was elected president, sec retary and treasurer, and a better man

couldn't have been found throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The constitution is almost identical with that of the National league. One clause prohibits the sale of players to clubs outside the league during the playing season. Gate re-ceipts will be equally divided. Ten per cent will go to the sinking fund. Each club must eposit a forfeit of \$500 till the sinking fund reaches \$8,000, when the forfest money may be taken down. Sunday ball is to be per mitted. The salary limit will probably b fixed at \$1,500 or \$1,800 per month. That old Reliadelphia war horse, William Sharsig, will manage the Indianapolis club, but as yet Billy Pants Harrington hasn't caught on with Sloux City.

Mexico's Last and Only Hope.

Sr. Louis, Nov. 25 .- [Special Telegram to THE BEE.]-The City of Mexico may yet be chosen as the seat of war for the great international contest between Corbett and Mitchell. If the governor insists in his determination that the battle shall not take place at Jacksonville, Tom Kelly says a syndicate can be organized in St. Louis that will contribute a purse of \$20,000 or \$25,000 for a contest between Corbett and Mitchell to take place in the City of Mexico at the race track managed by Colonel Bob Pate of this city. Colonel Pate is willing to go in on this scheme directly he is informed officially that the Florida officials will forbid the fight. There are several prominent turfmen in town willing to contribute to-ward a purse for the international fistic contest in case they can make satisfactory rates with the railroads for round trip tickets to include admission to the Pate track, which would be the scene of the mill if it is to be brought off in the City of Mexico. As Colonel Pate can furnish track free of charge, the only outlay w be the purse and advertising expenses. On Pate's return from Mexico, which is shortly expected, steps will be taken at once to bring the matter to a head.

Among the Busy Sportsmen. Rob and John Patrick, with a couple of

friends, took a day off last week and bagged something like six dozen quall. Jack Morrison and "Chet" Hulett of the Merchants were Charlie Williams' quali shooting guests at Missouri Valley a couple of days last week. They bagged something like a barrel of birds. George Field, one of North Platte's genial sportsmen, is in the city. Says three of them left North Platte last Sunday after-noon and bagged sixty-three quail, and that any ordinary

any ordinary shot ought to get sixty or seventy in a day's shoot. in the departure of Billy Nason the Omaha Gun club has lost a good man. He did much to promote the shooting interests of Omaha, and will be missed at all future tourneys. The club should be careful in selecting his successor. Frank Carmichael would make a good man for the position.

Had a little outing—Morrison and I—with Newt Thornly—the best shot in western Nebraska—and Harry Abshire of Sutherland last week. Harry and Newt make a pair hard to beat when it comes for entertaining and taking care of a couple of pilgrims. Will surely see them again.

A. Hospe and Jacksnipe Knowles were after geese one day last week and, in fact, are still after them. They were down near Ashland and saw lots of birds, but the river was so choked with ice that they couldn't kill eighty or ninety, so they killed three-all big Canadas. They said that one of them weighed twenty-five pounds in his stocking feet.

John J. Hardin has at the taxidermist's shop of Brown & Scow one of the most magnificent specimens of the golden sagle ever

captured in this part of the country. It was a present from John D. Platt, who resides in the northwestern part of the state. The in the northwestern part of the state. The big bird was caught in a steel trap, and Mr. Platt says that it is the only bird that can stand with one foot on the peak of the Rockies and the other in the Alleghenies and dip his beak in the Mississippi. Ho further stated that the eagle had been around his ranch for years and had carried and the state of the his ranch for years and had carried off man, half grown lambs in its time.

Speaking about F. J. Lamb, the Iowa shot, the local gunners would like to know just who he is. Jack Knowles says he knows him and that he is a Swede, who a few years ago couldn't hit a barn if he fired off inside. He shoots a Zulu and couldn't kill forty ducks in forty years couldn't kill forty duess in forty years, Billy Hoagland says he is a Russian and couldn't hit a balloon with a baseball bat. Hardin says he is an Indian and wears feathers to church. "Spike" Kennedy says feathers to church, "Spike" Kennedy says he is a Dago and traps muskrats in the win ter and peddles bananas in the summer. I guess, Mr. Lamb, you will have to step up and let us see what you look like

guess, Mr. Lamo, you win have to step up and let us see what you look like.

OMAHA, Nov. 24.—Sandy Griswold, Sporting Editor of The Bre: I notice in The Bre of November 22 a communication from F. A. Dean of Duniap. Ia., ament a proposition I made to you some time ago to shoot those Duniap challengers individually. Of course I did not expect you to publish what I said, but as long as you saw proper to do so I will make my proposition good. I will shoot each of the four men named by Mr. Dean a match of fifty live birds for \$50 a side, and toss a penny for the choice of grounds—Omala or Dunian. I will go further. I will shoot these four men 100 live birds each for \$100, or any number or for any amount they may prefer. Mr. Dean says he doesn't care about this matter being paraded in the newspapers. Why not? When a man wants a shoot for that kind of money it is well enough to let the lovers of the trap know about it in order that they can see just where a fellow stands. I am not anxious to shoot any matches, but will not allow any of this kind to escape. Yours respectfully,

Anse Newberry, the sage of Cody and the

Anse Newberry, the sage of Cody and the best sandhill crane shot west of the Mississippi, has been in the city for several days,

Taps with the Pillows There is no law against prize fighting in

The Empire Athletic club of Philadelphia is a new one and wants George Dixon and Billy Plimmer for the opening card. "Sam" Merritt, the pedestrian, and "Tommy" Ryan, the pugilist, have gone into the hotel business at Bridgeport, Conn.

Jack McAuliffe says he has retired from the ring for good. He is enroute to 'Frisco where he goes on the block as a bookmaker The Duval Athletic club of Jacksor.ville proposes to give a fistic carnival in January In addition to the big international mill, Dan Creedon and Bob Fitzsimmons are expected to meet there.

The Roby Athletic club, it is alleged, will reopen a week from Monday night, when Dannie Needham and Jim Barron of Australia will meet for a ten-round argument, and Jimmy Barry and Johnny Conners will go on for twenty rounds.

Apropose of the comparative roughness or brutality in football and pugilism, the action of the recorder of Manchester, England, in a recent case may be of interest. Two pugi-lists who had been engaged in an unusually severe contest were up before the recorder and pleaded guilty. In interpreting the law the recorder went on to say that it was equally applicable to football. He pointed out that in view of the tendency toward violence on the football field where an attempt was made to counteract skill by brute force it becomes just as much a crimina offense as a bare knuckle fight.

Tit-Tattle of the Diamond. Dave Foutz will succeed Dan Brouthers at first base for Brooklyn. The schedule meeting of the league will be

held in New York February 26. "Dad" Clarke finally signed a New York contract at New York's own terms. New York has formally returned King Kel. to Boston. Kel. is going on the road with "O'Dowd's Neighbors."

Big Mike Sullivan has been transferred to Washington and "Dummy" Hoy will lead off at but for Cincionati next season. The league has sensibly rejected the double umpire idea. President Young was authorized to appoint a staff not to exceed seven in number. Emslie, Lynch and Mc

Quade are three likely to be called. Captain Ward has secured George Van Haltern from the Pittsburgs. The Dagos will likely play Jake Stenzel in the field in Van's place, while the latter will supplan either Burke or Tiernan in New York.

Secretary George Munson as the repre-sentative of Chris Von der Ahe speaks "by the card" when he talks about the bunt He declares: "I believe that the bunt ball will be penalized by calling it a strike every time it is batted into foul ground.", Whisperings of the Wacel.

H. C. Tagger, laterof the Ganymedes, but now a member of the Tourists, is a frequent visitor at the club house. Harry Hattenhauer of the Ganymedes o Council Bluffs, Austin Williams and H. C.

Bank were visitors at the club house tast H. E. Fredrickson still leads in the pro-gressive high-five tournament of the Tourists. He has also won two special prizes in the series.

Last Sunday was indeed an ideal day for

eyehng. The Tourists had a run seeduled for Plattsmouth. E. T. Yates and A. W. Melton rode to Logan, In., covering forty miles in three and one-half hours.

Manufacturers of bicycles are now vieing with each other in the perfection of their 1894 model. One of the first to arrive in Omaha is the "Halladay Temple Scorcher," weight twenty-nine and one-half pounds

now on exhibition at M. O. Daxon's. It is a beauty. Some vicious person slashed Secretary Yates' tires Thursday evening while his wheel was standing in the Seventeenth street entrance of the New York Life building. The matter has been given to a detective, who will ferret out the perpetrator

Questions and Answers. South Omana. Nov. 22.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Will you kindly state in your Sunday sporting column the exact difference between the Marquis of Queensberry and London Prize Ring rules and oblige.—A Number of Readers.

Ans.—Queensberry rules provide for a

twenty-four-foot ring, or as near that size as possible, a fair stand-up boxing match, no hugging or wrestling. Rounds three min-utes, one minute rest. London rules-ring must be on the turf, twenty-four-foot square; two judges and one referce. Each round terminates with a fall. Thirty seconds rest. Cannot fall without having received a blow, but can slip down in a clinch to avoid punishment, Wrestling allowed.

Laramie, Wyo., Nov. 21.—To the Sporting Editor of The Ber: Will you kindly decide in Sunday's Ber a question no doubt often asked but which I cannot now recall. In a game of high five the count is forty-nine on both sides, the bidder makes high, game, left five, the other low, Jack, right five. Which wins the game?—E. J. Boyd.

Ans.—Low, Jack and the right five, in a game of lifty-two points. game of fifty-two points.

game of fitty-two points.

CRESTON, Ia., Nov. 20.—To the Sporting Editor of The Beer: Please state in next Sanday's Bee if there is a premium on a \$10 green-back of series 18, No. 50,691, of March 10,1862, act of February 26, 1862. If you don't know, say where I can find out.—D. V. Fisher, Ans—Write to R. L. Allen, University building, New York.

David City, Neb., Nov. 20.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please state what disposition was made of the body of Booth, the slayer of President Lincoln, and oblige.—May Linden.

Aus.-It was buried, May.

Ans.—It was buried, May.

CARROLL, Ia., Nov. 21.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please give me an answer to the following question in The Bee as soon as you possibly can: What year and month was Charley Mitchell born? The man that is now matched to light Jim Corbett. By so doing you will greatly oblige—Charles Houge.

Ans.—October, 1861.

Ans.—October, 1861.

FORT MEADE, S. D., Nov. 20.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Will you, or can you, furnish me with the following information through the columns of THE BEE: Is Dick Eagan, the Montana kid, who is to have the fight with Tommy Ryan, the same "Kid" who traveled with Jack Lynch of Saginaw, Mich, through Montana in 1886, giving exhibitions? I understand he had a bout with a soldier from Fort Ellis, Mont., during that time, who made it very interesting for the "Kid," and as I am acquainted with Tommy Ryan I am confident that this "Kid", If it's the same man, will not "be in it." When was it he stood Jack Dempsey off, and where:—A Subscriber.

Ans.—It is the same man, In Portland.

Ans.-It is the same man. In Portland, ONAHA, Nov. 20.--To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Picase answer through the columns of your paper what day of the week the 17th of March fell upon in the years 1887, 1888 and 1889:--A Subscriber. two years ago.

Aus.-Thursday, 1887; Saturday, 1888; Sun-

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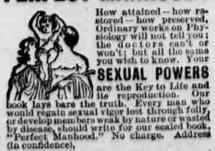
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