THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17. 1893-TWENTY PAGES.

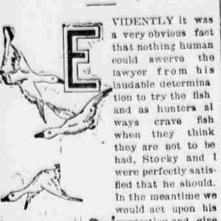


will permit, for the homogeneousness of any first class snipe ground is a never ceasing source of wonder and porplexity. Spot was now arringing quickly about among the conical tussocks. He made a cir-cle, then trotted up to us, but a wave of the hand hied him on. He advanced rapidly but gingerly through the brackish puddles, and as be searched grassy grout, and ready IN THE LUGENBEEL MARSHES

An Afternoon with the Grouse and the Incomparable Jack.

and as he searched grassy crypt and reedy cavern with outstretched nose he made a picture well calculated to set the blood to AN OLD GANDER MEETS AN IGNOBLE FATE by his actions that our game was close, but suddenly, before he had made any sign of coming to a stand, we were startled by a

Simeral Shows the World How to Land a Black Bass and Backs His Boast with a Supper Fit for the Gods-Luiled to Steep by the Coyote's Yelp.



the influence and give

"The ducks will 4y no more until evening, Knyway, Stocky," I remarked, "and 1 think we can make a nice bag of the longbills. There are the finest grounds in the world, all around the north and west sides of the lake."

"The sooner we are off then the better, for If there is anything I am stuck on next to duck shooting it is the jacks," replied Heth. "It are the jacks, you mean," broke in

Simeral, as he busied himself rigging his rod, "where'd you go to college, anyway?" "Council Bluffs," and Stocky emptied

another box of No. 9s in his outside hunting pocket. Everything was in readiness in a very

brief time. Blackstone, rod a-shoulder, had already started off through the golden grass to the south, and calling Spot, who was curled up in the hay in the shade of the tent, we started up the little arroyo to the north, intending to skirt that side of the bluffs in the hopes of knocking over a grouse or two before we reached the snipe grounds.

We were not disappointed, for we had hardly traversed a stone's throw from Camp Merganzer when Spot stuck out his nose and began to snuff delicately. That the autumn atmosphere was tainted by some lurking bird we both well knew, and we both got ready for a shot. Quickly the dog trotted on several yards, then slackened his pace to a slow walk, as if treading on thin ice, and finally stopped, and with eyes half closed and dripping crimson nostrils expanding and

contracting stood as rigid as if carved from Stocky and I had all too little time to enjoy the thrilling picturesqueness of the situa-tion, when an old hen grouse, with that angry cluck-cluck cluck of hers, arose from the grass and made a futile endeavor to clear the brow of the low sand hill.

Crack The hen struck the sand, with a thud and a flurry of flying particles, well up the hill, then rolled on down until she landed against one of those clumps of cactaceons plants so numerous in this region.

"Oh, no, I can't kill grouse, can I?" inter-

"Oh, no, I can't kill grouse, can't inter-rogatively exclaimed the waterworks man as he slipped in another shell. "Nobody said you couldn't," I rejoined. breaking my gun and loading the empty bar-rel, "but had 1 waited another second that bird would have cleared the hill." "Waited_wow_you

"Waited -you -you don't mean to say you killed that bird, do you?" and he gazed at me in biank astonishment. "Why, man, you didn't shoot! "Dian't I though? You saw me just put in

we could see where they had been boring for worms and larvæ, while the pencilings of "Dian't I though? You saw me just put in worms and larvae, while the pencilings of everything changed. The day's bouyapey of a shell, didn't you? Yes. And you say you their delicate feet, crossing and recrossing ! spirit returned, and each endeavored to

the grass and broke the second splice in his rod square off. He was mad, but strote valiantly back to camp, mended the stick, which took him quite a while, then returned and truly as he had declared, found the waters of Raccoon fairly teeming with finny

It was the most propitious hour-barring the early morning-just before sunset, for the angler, and Sim was making up for lost

"Look in that clump of grass there to your right, you fellows," called out Billy as we reached the shore, "if you want to see what I've been doing,' and there was no mistak-ing the exultant twang in his voice. We did so, and were not only astonished, but highly delighted, to find about as handsome a lot of fish as you ever saw. Pickerel gordon and small mouth black bass, not one or two, but a score or more-some of them reaching as high as four pounds in weight.

"What are you baited with Sim !" inquired Stocky, as we stepped down as close to the water's edge as was advisable. "Only the fly-the professor-but watch skill this fellow. Whew! I'll bet he's a mixe

He had a strike! Off went the stricken fish like a flash, but the lawyer holds him skillfully, with rod bending, but line taut. Deeper plunges Mr. Pickerel or Mr. Bass; then he changes his course and comes swiftly toward the keen angler, who reels in as swiftly as hand can act: now he lets out again, as the fish is off in another direction; now he goes round, cutting the water into froth as he skims just beneath the surface, then down into the cool depths once more. Billy plays him with enviable advoltness, switching him back from this barrier of mosa, working him away from the recas: giving him line and taking it away from him, but all this time approaching the bank backwards, gradually, but surely. He is now up in the shallow water and the fish is fatigued; there is one or two more feeble efforts, a flap of the tail on the surface, a general collapse, one more vigorous plunge, a skillful jerk, and the lawyer tosses out a

three-pound bass upon the sedgy bank. Stocky and I turn him over and over and admire the fading blazonry of his blackish green sides, and feel that the feat we just saw so expertly performed by our logal comrade fully equalled our own achievement with the big Canada, and we both mentally resolved that there should be but precious few more sunsets before we took a little of it in ours. We remained there and watched Sim until he got through, which was not until the tender tints began to tremble away into the soft pearl of the decoint twilight. The rushy islands and rice beds in the west threw masses of shade on the western rim of the lake; the sunset sky with its straggling nebula, was one glitter of light, and the water broke into a glory of color. Not a fragment of cloud, not a flying hue, but now found upon its delicate texture its exact initation. Tints indetect-able in the atmosphere kindled its rippling open stretches, changing its appearance almost momentarily. Now it smiled in tenderest azure, then a little breath of wind

lighted upon it and a gleam of silver cut athwart; next some impalpable shade turned it into purple. Finally it settled into softest quiet and divinist colors, then blackened and as the sun's light waned, apsed into the dull grey of night The gathering darkness around, the black wall of the hills, the murky prairie; the plaintive singing of the breeze, the hoot of the night owl and the distant moan of the covote-all made a scene of solitude you would have thought impossible an hour before. Man! how far off he appeared, and how near the Master. In the night tume, the prairie and the sand hills and the sleeping lake combines in one great tongue, speaking uncersingly to our hearts; inciting us to knowledge of ourselves and to love of the Supreme Father. Not in the solitude of the woods, the desert, nor on the objectless becom of the mighty ocean do we more deeply realize His presence than we do in such a lonely and seemingly barren waste as the Lugenbeel marshes. Here, with all outdoors for our worshipping temple, our hearts expanding and our thoughts welling up unhindered and unfettered, away from all the turmoils of city life, we seem to stand before Him, face to face!

As we trudged slowly through the grass to camp, each one silently surrendered him-self to the influences of the hour, and it was more like a funeral procession than the return of a successful and light hearted hunting party. Once within the canvas walls of Camp Merganzer, however, the fire roaring in the stove and the lamps lighted,

appe

WITH=THE BOXERS CHAT

TO TAXABLE CONTRACTOR OF TAXABLE CONTRACTOR

The Flower State Sports Making Big Preparations for Charlie and Jim.

WHISPERINGS OF THE WHIRLING WHEEL

Midwinter Bail Gossip-Clint Briggs Gets Two Great Race, Horses-The Pags Domain and the Usual Grist

of Local Sport.

New CRIBB ATHLETIC CLUB, BOSTON, MASS, Dec. 12.—Sandy Uriswold, Sporting Editor of The BEE: As you see above, I am in Bean-town-been here over two weeks—and things, I think, are coming my way. There are lots of boxers here, and any of them who can fight will be given a chance to get to the front. I an trying all I know how to get on a match with Dan Creedon, and as Dan Isn't stopping even in the same ward where the Vendome is located. I think, before forg we will be about matching we against Mick Paton and they can't do it too quick. He is in New York now but will probably be here to box me on the 21st. Well, Sandy, this is surely a great did place for sports—therage in the it. I saw the Dick O'Brien-Jack McGee fight a couple of weeks since. It was poor, McGee being out classed in every particular but if o'Rrien ever heat thick as well of him as your Friend handsome Dan Murphy does, and do not rate him with the wonders by any means. They this here now that the Corbett-Mitchell light a sure go, and while most of the men with the cont will want to put it on Jim, Mitchell has a lot of followers and will give them a run post, Mr. Benton is the sporting editor and sends regards. Says he will write you in a sends regards. Says he will write you in a sends regards. Says he will write you in a sends regards. Says he will write you in a sends regards. Says he will write you if a send looker, isn the? Will notify you it 1 get. DECK Monte.

That Dick has pulled away from the north west and landed in the Hub does not surprise me. He made a pot of money on his last three fights in St. Paul, and for a wonder has kept the most of it off the high card. He has been coming fast in the last year, and is now ranked by such excellent judges as Captain Cooke with the best of the middleweights. I cannot help but suspect, however, that Dick is aspiring a triffe high when he reaches for Dan Craedon. But he knows his business, judging from about twenty straight wins in the last sixteen months, and if they ever do meet I'll stake my reputation that he will make the Australian realize that there are a couple of 'em in the ring.

The elaborate proparations which are being made by the Jacksonville Athletic club should be a sufficient guaranty that at last no interference is apprahen led at the hand s of the law. While the big fight is not yet as sure as death or taxes, there is more than a tolerable good show for its taking place per the Florida schedule. The club has secured the big Plant pavilion on the fair grounds and a large force of workmen have been hammering and sawing away there for some-thing like a week. Extensive imthing like a week. provements are in provements are in when completed, it provements are in process and when completed, it is said, will constitute the most admirable structure for the purpose there is in the country. Corbett is already located at Mayport, his training quarters, and has even this early begun light work on the read and in the gymna-sium. The champion, while he professes every confidence in the snap before him is stop mercenary and top crafty to over look a bet. Mitchell has done no real train ing, so he says, but it is known that he is in an unusually fine condition for him, and that he indulges in more or less pedestrianism and boxes and wrestles regularly every day. This is certain to reawaken the keenest interest in the affair, for while it is and true out few men have taken anything but small stock in Charlie and Jim's ever meeting, it will be unquestionably the most im-portant battle since that in which John 1. lost his crown.

I must acknowledge it finally looks some what like a fight even to me, but yet I am exceedingly uncertain. The only question which now obtrudes itself is, will the men

when he did that he surrendered all claims on gentility, as that class goes. Let any man sit down and talk with Mitchell and he will sit down and talk with Mitchell and he the think vastly different of him than what he coast.

does by reading of his exploits in common life. Of course it is only his questionable doings that gets to the public. Anybody who has been close to Charlie cannot help but like him and any theatrical manager who has ever had him on his list will erably. of the numerous delicately superscribed and perfumed messages that he has returned un-opened. The domestic side of Mitchell's riders, has rinden twenty-eight centuries since June 18, 1893. This is record to date. opened. The domestic side of Mitchell's life is someting about which the American The gentleman used a twenty-six wheel and a set of light racing tires. public knows but little. He has a lovely wife in England and four lovely children a wheelman of fourteen years' constant rid and he thinks as much of them as any map on the face of the earth thinks of wife and kids. He also atways keeps her in mind and Denver cyclists affirm that, should the '94 national meet come to the Queen City, a

loves and respects her and her children just as much when the Atlantic separates them as he does when at home. He seldom speaks of his people or own home among his associ-ates of the town. And then, too, he is a polished, well read follow, and could hold his own in any circle of society. At the time he entered puglistics he was a promis-ing medical student. That is what kind of a man this illiterate and vicious tough is."

The little scrap George Middleton had with Scotty Gordon the other evening raised George immensely in the estimation of the red-hots. From his two long drawn out left Omaha behind him and has taken up his abode in Clarks, Neb., where he takes charge of the shoe department of a big de-partment store operated by the Moody Bros., both of whom are wheelmen and well known draws with Joe McEiroy the general opinion was that he only went into "understood" affairs and that he wasn't much good anyway. Those who know the little print, however, knew differently all along. He in local cycling circles. Henry's club mates wish him abundance of success in his new loves fighting for fighting's sake and has position and regret his departure from their ver been willing to meet any man, at any time or place, for mud, money or mush, no matter what their reputation, size or weight might be. If he could afford the style with the theater-goers in gay Paree, to judge from the following clipping : In the the Theater de la Gaite, Paris, a play called gang a little sport he was only too willing. When the match with Scotty was made, "The Cyclists" is having an immense ruu The hero is a champion, who, under certain about every ninety-nine out of 100 sports who knew the two men looked to see Scotty conditions, will be entitled to a great in heritance. In seven beautiful tableux it is weep him into oblivion in a round or two But he fooled 'em all, and Scotty was fortunate in not taking a nap himself. In the first round, in one of his devastating rushes. Scotty got such a stiff one in the and the hero receives the favorable news while coming home the winner of a great road race. The ballet is mounted on wheels, mouth that he was leary for the balance of the evening. And in the fifth, when the typo-operatic-pugilist put him on his beam's finish of a race and many other features of a cyclist's life. This play is something similar, no doubt, to the American farce-comedy "Cupid's Chariot" of last season. and with a solid crack in the jaw, he thought he was up against it and no thought he was up against it and no mistake. George has improved measurabiy, and, in an equal match, is capable of putting up quite a fight. afflicted with the "racing fever" - about one out of every 100 is the average rule, and about one out of every 100 of these succeed.

SANDY GRISWOLD. NEBRASKA IROUT.

now the Speckled Beauties Have Thrived In Cartain Streams.

NELIGE, Neb., Dec. 10 .- Sandy Griswold, Sporting Editor of The BEE: Outdoor sports are about over for a few months. Only a few more days with the quail, and then the gun must be laid away to keep company with red and line until winter releases his icy fetters from marsh and lake. A retrospect of the past season in this section and the indications for the future might not be uninteresting. Chicken shooting the past summer has been much above the average, and there are still fully as many, if not more, old birds left over than Qauil have been more plentiful than ever

-One-half mile, flying start, 50 3-5s., made October 3; one mile, flying start, 1m, 56 4-5s known, but strange to sny no excessively large bags have been reported. This is due to the fact that they are to be found in the three miles, flying start, 6m. 43s., made Oc-tober 17; all at Springfield. Harry C. Tyler --One-quarter of a mile, standing start, 29 very thick second growth timber along the river and cannot be induced to leave the heavy cover where the gunner can get an open show at them. They are plentiful enough, however, that a fair bag can be se--5s., made October 9; one mile, standing start, 20 start, 2m. 2-5s., made October 11; both at Springfield. E. A. McDuffle and J. Clark-One mile tandem, flying start, 2m. 1-5s., made at Springfield, October 5. John S. Sohnson-One hundred yards, stanting, 9 1-5s.: 100 yards, flying, 5 2-5s.; one-eighth of a mile, flying, 12 2-5s.; one eighth of a mile, standing, 17 1-5s.; one-quarter of a mile, fly-ng 21 2-5s.; one-quarter of a mile, flycured most any time. Duck shooting never amounts to much here

and it has been even poorer than common this fall, owing to the dry weather. When I last saw you we were talking of the experiments in stocking Nebraska streams with that gamest of all fish, the trout. I have investigated more fully the results of the work in that line in this section since returning, and give you the re sults. Some experiments in this section as well as many other parts of Nebraska. failed for the same reason. The parties who made the experiments were possessed with the idea that the only requisite was a clear stream of soft water, but in most cases they overlooked a very important factor, tem-perature. From my own observation and what I glean from others it appears reasonably certain that trout will not live in water above 60° . Very few Nebraska streams come up to this requirement, and none of

dress of some reliable dealer in Great Dan-dogs most convenient to Deadwood.-W. L Jones. a movement started in the eastern cities. and will doubtless extend from coast to One hundred and twenty-five dollars seems

C. M. Fairchild, one of Chicago's veteran

prise list that has never been duplicated

ters, and an ampitheater, with a capacity of 5,000, will be erected.

nce in the history of the league.

will be made up. A cinder and clay track will be built with commodious training quar-

divisions will all favor the Denver meet. The east has had the meet innumerable times and can surely afford to 'go west'

Hy E. Fredricksen, one of the staunch nembers of the Tourist Wheelmen and also one of the sturdiest of local road men, has

Bicycle plays have "caught on" in great

cycle track is shown; also the exciting

It is a mistaken idea that the average per-

on who rides a wheel is at some time

The great army of cyclists, which is now en-camped upon this little planet of ours num-

ber hundreds of thousands of persons of both sexes-representatives of every walk in life, as hardy, healthy, active and robust a

lot of people as one would wish to see. Statistics show that there are fewer, people

of weakly tendencies, physically and intel lectually, in the cyclists ranks than in any

other body of people who could be brought together. Why? Because the exercise an

swers every purpose to build up and make strong and bright. Records Accepted- The Racing board, at

Its recent meeting in Cleveland, accepted the following records: A. A. Zimmerman-One-quarter of a mile, flying start, 26s., and one-third of a mile, flying start, 15s.; made at Hartford, Oovember, 30. W. W. Windle

ing, 24 2-53.; one-quarter of a mile, standing

mile, standing, 59 2-5s.; one-half mile, flying, 55s.; two-thirds of a mile, standing, 1m. 21s.; two-thirds of a mile, flying, 1m. 16s. The

board threw out all records made with the

The Borses and Horsemen.

Billy Paxton reports that his stables are all wintering in splendid shape.

Fred K is undoubtedly one of the gamest

Already the plans are being formulated

for a big trotting and running meeting to be

race horses on the turf and is of the Shade

3-5s. ; one-half

28s.; one-third of a mile, flying, 34 3-5s.; or

third of a mile, standing. 39

aid of horses.

land Onward get.

Western

ng experience

nidst.

Ans.-No questions answered by mail, Write to W. Write to W. J. Estes, manager Palace stables, Omaha. to be the universal price for a high grade wheel in 1894. Many factories have an-nounced their determination of putting out their 1894 stock at this price. Some go oven further and come under this figure consid-

EITTERSTH STREET THEATER, OMANA, Dec. 15, -To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: State in unday's sporting columns the first time the Nagara was crossed on a rope and by whom.-Ans.-June 30, 1850; Blondin.

BANCHOFT, Neb., Dec. 13.-To the Sporting Editor of the BEE: Please give me address of the best shotgun loaded shell factory; also give me some information concerning the Lefever and L. C. Smith guas. Will look for information in Sunday's BEE.-T. H. W. Aus. The Determ Concerning the

Ans.—The Peters Cartridge company, Ans.—The Peters Cartridge company, Cincinnati, turns out the best and cheapest loaded shell in the market. You need go no further than the Lefever gun if you want one that is o. k. every way. The Lefever's exhibit at the World's fair attracted great literibut and they secured the blocest attention, and they secured the hignest medals and awards. Their ejector gun is a model, and was the only one in America that was on exhibition. The Lafever Arms company is building a higher grade of guns than

ever before, and their output is equal to all ther gun manufacturers in the country OMANA, Neb. Dec. 14.—To the Sporting Ed-thor of the BEE. Will you please state in your Sunday issue of the BEE if the Fourth of July is a "National" holday, to decide a wager?— Reader, Union Pacific Headquarters. Ans. -It is.

Ans.-It is PHELES CITY, Mo., Dec. 13. -To the Sporting Editor likes: A wishes to raffle a lady's and gent's watch by throwing high dice. High dice to take the gent's watch and low dice to take the hady's. B. C and D throw three throwseach and E throws one throw, getting three duces, and refuses to shake again; is he entitled to the lady's watch? There is a dis-pute on this matter and all parties have agreed to leave it to you. Please answer in next Sunday's like. Ans.-Ho is Ans. - He is.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 13.—To the Sporting Edi-tor of THE BEE: To decide a small wager but a big dispute please publish in Sunday's REE. If possible, the exact age of Joe Choynski, also as a matter of information give his record as a fighter.—Robert R. Johnston. shown how those conditions are fulfilled

Ans.-He was born November 8, 1868. He Ans.—He was born Automatication Fogarty, has defeated Frank Glover, Jim Fogarty, Miaka Daday, Billy Woods, Jack Fallon, C. Mickie Dooley, Billy Woods, Jack Fallon, C. Smith, Joe Butler, George Godfrey, Wa Wax beaten by Joe Goddard twice and Jun Cor bett once.

CLATONIA, Neb., Dec. 9.—To the Sporting Ed-itor of THE BEE: Plense say in next Sunday's BRE who in Omaha breeds Black Sumatra game fowls. I wish to purchase or trade for a good cockrel to breed from during 1894. I have two good cockrels to trade.—L: J. Foster. Ans .- There is no breeder of Black Sumaras in this city.

GRAND ISLAND, Neb., Dec. 10.—To the Sport-ing Editor of THE BEE: Please inform no in next Sunday's BRE the best paper for a farmer to take and the address, and oblige a reader of THE BEE.—A. B.C. AUS.—THE WEEKLY BEE, Omaha, Neb.

OMAILA, Dec. 12.-To the Sporting Editor of Ins Bas: To decide a wager will you please tute in Sunday's Bas: what month and days of the month was the republican national con-dention was held in Minneapolis, also on what day they nominated the candidate?—A Sub-scriber,

Ans.-June 7, 8 and 9. Nominated on the oth.



CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR-Please inform your read. ers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your

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SEARLES

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'rivate and

shot "I should smile."

"It's no wonder then she came nearly bor-ing a hole through the sandhill. She got a double dose. We shot together."

Chicken and quail shooters will doubtless all appreciate this occurrence. It will hap-pen, mayhap, a half dozen times a day here two men are shooting, without preconcerted understanding, over a single dog. It is almost miraculous, however, how you will both press the trigger at the same time, so close that the two reports blend into one. leaving each ignorant that the other had

We tramped on for a quarter of a mile further, meantime killing four more grouse, before we ascended the bluff that overlooked the snipe grounds, as well as the whole environing country.

We halted for a moment's rest and to get a view of the beautiful surroundings when we reached the brow of the hill. The legendary Raccoon never looked more entranc-ingly picturesque, with the playful summer preeze-for the weather could not have been more bland-darting over its gloss and the sunlight kissing it into riant smiles. As I gazed enrapt I thought what a spiendid wilderness of shining water, glittering sand, waving reed, rush and grass, the whole scope within our vision made; so lonely in its encompassing details, so imposing in its sweep of grandeur. Somewhat like Thor, it does not require a stupendous Niagara, with its reverberating thunders, a beetling crag. inaccessible peak or wild and majestic canon for me to discover the beautiful in. Far to south, through shimmering haze, loomed the Niobrara bluffs, while between stretched a very network of dew drops, fragments of sprawling lake, glittering within rice cane. To the east, through an emand cane. uchure of the sandhills, wound the lonely creek, dim artery to the core of the whole region's heart, its gloomy fastnesses and tenebrious shades, the diurnal home of the skunk and the coyote.

"Isn't this great. Stocky !" I remarked, still peering cagerly, as if I would penetrate to the greater mysteries beyond, upon the measureless stretch of pictures before me. "Great! I wish I owned the whole busi-ness, but the snipe, let's get after 'em. Look how Subt is her ing to washead "

ow Spot is begging to go ahead." A few moments later and we were in the

boggy mire that hemmed the lake in clear around to the tote road leading to new-berry's. The waters of the lake, under the increasing breeze, were now all a-chop with little white caps causing it to gleam and corruscate in the yellow sunshine like an expanse of shifting gems. The yellow legs, with a curlew here and there, and hordes of the ever restless and inceasantly piping lesser waders, still fed undisturbed in the shallows, because they were too far out to be retrieved without a boat, and we knew that to shoot them and leave them lay over night was only to make banquet for muserat and owl. So we tramp on, Spot working cautiously just in the van. A bunch of greenwings rise from a bed of smart weed just out of range in front, and go whizzing out into the lake; a brown heron spread his white sails from a little mucky islet, while the red-tail hawk, always visible here, two, three, four of them, circle and float and dart over the rice fields, blackbirds twitter and start up with a whir of wing from every clump of reeds, while off there, sweeping over

reeds, while on there, sweeping over the rolling back ground, is a large eagle, tho feathered emblem of Uncle Sam. Presently we reach a point where the grass, peeping froam out this brackish pool and that, looked as fresh and green as in the period of the story to be on the May, and I admouished Stocky to be on the qui vive. It was a sort of a wild meadow, spreading away clear to the foot of the northern sandhills, and was so softened and toned down with such a rural aspect that I almost caught myself looking for the farm

As I have frequently remarked before, I care nothing for a dog for snipe shooting, but it would have been an outrage to have chained old Spot in camp that bright afterour stomachs, we soon start for tending to swing round the lake to where noon, when he enjoys the sport so thoroughly, and we were all out for an outing together, and, of course. I knew he would not come we knew we would find the lawyer engaged in his ichthyological pursuits if he had found things like he swore he would find them. and, of course, I knew he would not could amiss in recovering the killed, for a dead snipe-as all experienced gunners will bear me out-is about as difficult a thing to find as that proverbial needle in the haystack. It was getting well along toward evening when we reached the point on the lake shore, out from which, with waders pulled shore, out from which, with waters pulled well upon his hips, we found the lawyer, in the water and whipping out the fish just about as rapidly as he could handle them. He hadn't been at it very long, for, as he ex-plained, he hardly reached the lake shore after leaving us at the camp, when he fell in ut the aid of a dog the most extreme punctiliousness must be exercised in marking them down the moment they dron, and then they should be retrieved as romptly as the nature of circumstances

network, showed that the spot was outdo the other in his recountal of the after favorite one for both feeding and play. noon's experience The lawyer, of course, was the most volu-

ingling in at least his owner's veins. If not

coming to a stand, we work status of very chorus of the gallinago's flushing cry. Skeap! skeap! skeap! and away here and there and there and there darted a little white and russet shape, some flying ap of over the cane and others low over the bog.

as if to disconcert us as much as possible. But the scheme was only partially successful. With our four barrels we got down

There must have been at least fifteen o

twenty birds flushed, but why Spot hadn't gotten onto them I cannot say. Probably the sudden change from Pediocates Phaseanclius to Scolopax was too much for him. Stocky and I at once realized that we

were in for a royal afternoon's sport, so we

went at it systematically and lessurely, de-

The sultry weather had rendered the birds lazy and sluggish, and these that rose high

in the air even did not go tar. They dropped scatteringly over about a half acre

of bog in our advance, among the low reeds and in the grassy sloughs. Spot still stood crouching, with his great eyes fastened

wistfully upon us, but at the command to "go fetch" he was quickly busy, and in the

shake of a lamb's tail we had our dead birds

Then we went at it, and as the assistance

of the belton's keen nose was now absolutely unnecessary, if not a downright hindrance,

He followed us meckly, as all well broke dogs should, but with an abused and entreat-

ng look in his human-like eyes. The change in the sport was delightfully

revivifying. Stocky took the north side of the mire and I the south, and we hadn't gone more than fifty yards until we jumped an-other flurry of birds, out of which we got two more. Then I made a clean miss at a

single-shot too quick at the zigzagging little rascal-neither barrel being sufficient to stop him. And to make this more tanta-

lizing, the next moment Stocky executed a superb double- to the right and left-the

latter falling not ten steps from where I stood. This one I retrieved myself and strode ahead, resolved to redeem myself or

jump in the lake. For the next ten minutes we were both exceedingly industrious, and the crack, crack of our Lefevers was some-

thing after the fashion of a skirmish line on a small scale. The birds were exceedingly

plentiful, and as fat and almost as big as woodcock. In fact I never saw the Wilsonii

English Lake days, where I used to think the jack got bigger and fatter than any place in the world. Youthful enthusiasm,

however, goes a long ways in enhancing the

Heth and I finally converged together at

the upper end of the patch of bog we had

been shooting in, at the mouth of a small slough, which twisted away half hidden be-

neath the sear and cracked leaves of the splatterdock and fallen swamp grass, un-doubtedly the lurking place in the summer

time of batracian, pinkeye and garter snake. We both felt confident of finding more birds

on such admirable grounds, and together we

started up the run. That our ideas were correct was shortly exemplified, for in less

than a quarter of an hour we were in the thick of another storm of birds. There

couldn't have been less than two dozen of

them. As in the first instance they all got up together-a rare thing with the jacks

save in the early soring time-and went whirling away in all directions, some drop-

ping down again like ghosts among the nig-ger neads, but the most of them rose right up into space as fast as they could climb,

many of these being probably the ones we had flushed first. Stocky and I watched the

birds in the air a moment to see what they

meant to do, and we were vexed to see them

still ascending until they were more specks

against the fleece-covered sky. Here they circled and fluttered and convoluted in the

lack's well known erratic way, until finally

they went off to the south and disappeared entirely. All about us, in the soft, rich soil

size and quality of game.

in such line feather, not even back in my ole

the waterworks man ordered him to

termined to make as big a kill as possible

We

in those of any true sportsman.

three.

pockoted.

"Down, Sandy !down !geese!" was Stocky's abrupt, mandatory warning, and as if by inabl of us all. The usufructuary jubilance of his fishing achievements was fairly consumstinct in a flash 1 was on all fours in the soft mud, trying to secret as much of my symmetrical form among the scanty cane ing him and the tales he told us-and he told talks as possible. The waterworks man was hide his face in shame, and an ordinary, everyflat upon his stomach, while Spot, who was half submerged in a convenient pool, refreshing himself, remained as imme he was a stationary adjunct to the wild I pecred eagerly through the cane without

supper he did get up. Baked pickerel gar-nished with wild cress, baked sweet polocating the birds, but honk' ahhenk! ahhonk! was the thrilling melody that filled my hearing. The next moment I see tatoes, shrimp salid, corn bread, tomatoes deficious coffee, and tea, too, and fluffy, corn bread, with a nip of Jack Wood's peerthem-a line of some ten or a dozen big Canadas with measured wing stroke was less McKibbon for a starter and an a tizer. After all the good things had advancing straight onto us from over the bluffs, not thirty yards high. With hearts pulsating savagely, though absolutely moveentomed and the good things said and we lay in a row, like the babes in the woods, on puisating savagely. though absolutely move-less, we keep our strained positions and wait. Neither dared speak to the other, nor move a muscle, and think of it, we were loaded with No. 9s. It was a trying situation, yet a rapturous one. On they came. It is a hard matter to curb one's self under such our couch of blankets and hay, we must have resembled, so corpulant had we become, a trio of Henry Vosses outstretched in a line To the mournful sussuration of the south circumstances, but my pard and I were equal to the task. On they came, swiftly now it seemed as they were getting close. The leader, a sturdy old veteran of many an Artic exploration, I'll bet, was a little in the ac vance of the main line, about the middle Regularly he sounded his resonant honk that all was well, little dreaming of the inveterate for crouching in the weeds and grass. They are now so close that we can see the whites of their eyes and are raising percetibly, as they invariably do on approaching open water Invariably do on approaching open water. There was no time for further loitering, and like electric machines Stocky and i were both upon our fect. The birds break for the upper regions squawk-ing, awestricken, bewildered! I gave the old pilot my first barrel plump in his gray belly, and as he drops his pinkish legs with a discordant honk and begins to climb I pour mather owned and the distribution the another ounce and a quarter of snipe shot into him. A half second after another report breaks sharply on the air; it is Stocky's second barrel, and the old gander gets it Still he does not let go, but badly hurt he turns and goes off slantingly toward the lake. It required double the time for Stocky and I to reload in our excitement that it would in ordinary times, but we finally get the shells in and both calling for Spot to go get hun, we start cell meil through mud an weed and water after the falling goose. reaches the lake and half tumbles, half reaches the lake and mail tumbles, mail plunges into its translucent depths. There is much confusion and flying spray and flap-ping of wings, but he rights himself finally and sinking the bulk of his layender body beneath the surface, starts of majestically for the nearest line of rushes, leaving splotches of froth and bubbles in his wake Subt springs out into the sline of the shal-lows and as speedily as he can force his way through the obstructing mud and reeds takes after him, while Stocky and I keep pumping away at him as fast as we can shoot and load. In a fortuitous moment Heth fishes up a shell of No. 1s from the depths of his hip pocket and with clumsy finzers gets

it into his gun. Then follows a deliberate aim, a report, a little louder than usual, and

the gander's neck comes down on the water

like a string, he flaps one wing victously, rolls over on his back dead, or the next thing

broad jaws close over him, and half carry

wind as it toyed with tent flap and grass, and the coyote concert on the distant bluff's side, we fell into the embrace of nature's sweet restorer-sleep. SANDT GRISWOLD. The Briggs and Pyle Division. In the division of their stables down at syracuse last week, Clinton Briggs got Alamito and Hurlyburly and Ed Pyle Robble P and Charles Caffrey, Alamite and

Hurlyburly are royally bred and a pair of splendid trotters, while Robbie P is an almost incomparable fellow. Mr. Briggs also got a big batch of finely bred fillies and will doubtless soon be in charge of one of the largest and best breeding farms in the west, for whose management he is admirably qualified and equipped. He will also have a big card in his trainer and driver, the veteran Dick Tilden, who is not only the most popular western remainen, but one with few equals as to ability. Mr. Briggs' stables will be wintered at Lincoln.

" What the Dickey Birds Say.

John Clarkson has been secured to coach Yale next spring. Buckenberger will again manage the Pittsburgs next season.

Watty has already booked exhibition games with St. Louis for April 14 and 15. Mitwaukee has snared Pitcher Jack Luby and Cushman says he's got a gem-a regular em-gem

Fred Roat will be found in the Crescent City next season, but "Kid" Baldwin is to be turned down. Amos Rusie has written to Captain Ward

asking that Big Jack Milligan be retained to handle his delivery. Captain Billy Clingman of the Milwaukees

desires to see Will Hart join the Brewers and cover first base. The Minneapolis people are after Infielder

Lemon of lust season's Johnstown club They only want to squeeze him. Phil Knell would make a good left hand pitcher for Boston. Just what they want to sandwich in between Nichols and Stivetts

-Boston Globe. George Rettger, who once pitched and won one game for Cincinnati and was then re-leased, has signed with Toledo. Lack of control was Rettger's fault.

to it. His legs are still beat-ing the air convulsively when Spot makes a couple of snatches at him, as if he intended to bite out a mouthful Both of the Camps, Winfield Scott and the "Kangaroo," are wintering in this city. Winfield goes to Baltimore next spring, while her printing to the Charge Courts. or two for his share of the work, then those ng, haif dragging, he brings him in. He was a grand bird and maybe Stocky and Lou returns to the Chicago Colts. Watkins of Sioux City has lined up George

weren't elated over this rare bit of fortung. Hogriever, the old "Hoggy" of St. Paul; "Lefty" Marr. the Cincinnati freight car, We then resumed our sport with the jacks, but as our pockets are already bulging with and "Bumpus" Jones, the mossback. game, our clothes soggy and steaming from our perspiratory exertions, our legs weak and unsteady, and a sort of a goneness in Manager Watkins of the Corn Huskers is talking about a series of games with the Cincinnatis at Jacksonville, Fig., about the time of the big fight. Maybe Watty hasn't got a head on him.

Count Campau is in New Orleans, where he is to act in an official capacity during the winter meeting of the New Orleans Jockey club. He denies that he will be one of Gus Schmelz's Senators next year, and says that

e expects to manage the Pelicans. The Young Men's Christian association base ball team has secured a good man in Frank Crawford, who caught and played secend base for the Michigan university team last season.

ne to time? That Corbett means busines beyond quibble or argument I do not pretend toward to doubt. He ought to be ready to fight any man living at the drop of the hat, providing there was enough in it. But the English there was enough in it. man, does ne want to fight? If so I cannot em well-would have made Munchausen see why. There is no particular call for him to take any such chances, only for the glory day sort of a sportsman go bury himself alive. He wasn't a bit tired, so he claimed, and as there is in it. He has plenty of mor much more than Corbett-and is making Stocky and I had had a pretty hard tramp of it all the afternoon, he insisted on getting supper all by himself. And what a more of it as fast as he can. He is eating pie three or four times a day and once of twice a night, has lots of clothes and is a handsome swell clothes and is a That comes pretty nearly being the proper thing, doesn't it? Now what in-ducement is there for him to take chances on losing a whole lot of stuff, getting mussed up and his good looks destroyed, for been tainly knows that this is at least highl probable if he ever does mix up with the American champion. Do not think that I want to disparage Mitchell's abilities to take care of himself in the least, for I d not. Lonly hope he will discern sufficient inducement to influence him in keeping his contract, and that in fulfilling it he will give Jimmy such a lambasting as will send hin back to the slope as second class matter.

Without qualification I can't see how Charlie can do this, though, and I am honest enough to acknowledge it. I think Corbett the wonder of the modern ring, to say noth ing of the big job it would be to find any-thing to compare with him in the past. But Mitcaell, too, is undeniably clever, quick and strong, and if he enters the ring will surely be in form to fight for his life, and must make a good showing.

The indications already point to the fac that Corbett will be an overwhelming fa vorite, simply for the reason that most sporting people of any considerable note be lieve as 1 do. In his meeting with Sullivan which from the standpoint of fight should not be taken as a criterion, he thorough! demonstrated, however, that he was the acme of science and agility, and a man of almost exhaustiess endurance. His manei vers in the ring that night were a revalatio to the oldest lovers of the art present. While the almost unanimous verdict was that he could not hit as hard as many other men in the same business, it was patent t all that he could hit often enough and har enough for all practical purposes, and at th same time keep from getting hit himself. Such qualities must triumph. Again, he has every natural advantage over the English man, youth height and reach and an irre-sistible incentive to do his best. He hates Mitchell cordially, and Mitchell reciprocates So there you are. Yet it will be the natural advantages Corbett possesses over the Briton that will cause the tors to play their coin on him. It may be all a mistake, and I hope it will, to make odds-on favorite of the Californian, but that is what he will be long before the day of the

ultivan-Corbett fight, when the press dow

there were blackguarding Mitchell because he had presumed to telegraph a challenge to Corbett just before the battle was on that memorable September night. It wasn't so much the challenge that made the Molasses

City people unhappy, as it was the fact that through the shortsightedness of Referee

Duffy or some of the other club officials, this

challenge was read in the ring. They were hot to think that the clover Britisher had

so beautifully before the biggest crowd

Auliffe, "makes me sick, "he has his faults

gregated together. "This talk about Mitchell," said

fight.

are fed by springs. Numerous small streams in this county were "planted" to trout, but in only one of

their source, where

them have the speckled beauties thrived The Verdegris, in the northwest part of the county, is an ideal trout stream for several miles from the head of the various branches down stream. The stream is clear as crys tal, running in shallows and deep pools, and being spring fed exclusively the temperature of the water varies but a few degree winter or summer. Here they have thrived and 1 am informed by various parties who live on the cast branch that in the early summer months they have all the trout they want. I regret to say, however, they are caught with the very unsportsmanlike bait of worms. It won't do you any good to have a fit when you read this statement, for when the average granger wants flesh, fowl or fish he is very apt to adopt the most convenient method of obtaining it re fish gardless of what sportsmon may think of it Besides, split bamboo rods and fly don't grow to any alarming extent on th colling prairies of Nebraska, I have never ished the stream myself, but my information is a reliable person who has lived in a country where trout abounds before con

here, and certainly knows a trout when he ees one Please call the sporting man of the Ch. cago Inter Occan down for me. In a late issue he records the catch of a seven-pound two and a half-sunce bass in a Wisconsin

iake and states it is the largest fish of th kind on record. It may be the largest caught in those particular waters, but fails short of being a record breaker by numerous pounds, in fact, in many of the waters it would not be considered a phenominally large fish. BUG EATER.

As Bug Eater truly says the Inter: Ocean's black bass fails far short of the record. have seen a black bass weighing ten and three-quarter pounds taken from the waters of Licking lake, in Ohio, and seven and eight-pounders were quite common. SPORTING EDITOR.

Whisperings of the Wheel

When all the trees are leafless and fields are brown and bare. And the rabbit haunts the woodlaud and

And the rabbit haunts the woodland and hounds go chassing hare; when the sky is duit and haden and the sir is crisp and sharp. And the wood blows through the treetops—a big Hollan harp. And the mountains all are snow capped and the broads are bound with ice; When the roads are broad with ice; When the roads are broad with ice; And your breath all freezes on your lip as 'long the road you go. Why, there's lots o' fun a ridin' When When Winds O' whater Blow.

It may be kinder coldish when you start out

It may be kinder coldish when you start fast or slow. But your face soon gets all reddish and your blood begins to glow. And your cars may thege for a while; a rut may throw you down— But the log fires in the tavern an' a dinner with good cheer: And a pipe 'at sorier soothes you—and all In referring a week or so ago to the al-leged estrangement between Mitchell and McAuliffe, in a discarded notebook i find the substance of a conversation I had with Jack in the St. Charles the morning after the

And a pipe 'at sorter southes you and troubles disappear. The comfort that steals o're you, only hardy cyclists know, For there's lots o' fun a ridin' When Winds O' winter Blow.

From The Wheel. The famous Irvington-Milburn course will oon be only a memory of the past. An elec tric railroad will be built over the course. There are 11,524 persons given employmen eded in getting in his advertising work in the English bicycle factories. The capital invested in the business will exceed American sporting representatives over con-

25,000,000. The following item will be of interest t the many readers of "Whisperings," as it is an authenticated list of the new short distance records to date.

like the rest of us, but at that they are not serious. There is one thing about him that cannot help but admire, anyway, and that Whist tournaments, football games, turkey I cannot help but admire, adyway, and that is that he is exactly what he pretends to be. He is no slob or par-venu, either, and yet you haven't heard of his prattling about being grabs, rafflies, social sessions, club smokers and annusl banquets are the features of the wheelman's club life now.

Bliss and Dirnberger, the "Rambler a bank cashler or a gentleman, have you. But if blood counts for anything he comes from far better stock than Corbett ever dreamed about. His father is what is known flyers, are clipping the short distance records in great shape with the aid of running horses down in the south.

in England as a 'gentleman,' sure enough. Charlie was estracised by certain cliques The retail cycle dealers are agitating a sort of protective union, after the manner of other trades associations. The agitation is because he took to fights and fighters, and

held here in June. which I have any knowledge do, excen readers who have consumption if they will J. W. Zibble, the well known trotting they orsoman of Tipton, Ia., has moved to Cedar send me their express and post office address. Rapids, in the same state. T. A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

Alix, the little racing queen, is being winared at Red Oak, 1a. She is by a horse and out of a mare unknown to record. Charlie Ashinger, the byker, beat Jack

Alexander on horses, in a twenty-five mile race at Madison Square Garden last week. The yearling record of Belle Acton, 2:20% and the 2-year-old record of Online, 2:11, still stand as the world's records. They are Ne braska horses, of course.

John Ellinger of Pickrell, Neb., has pur-chased Sharp, 2:4714, of Dick Tilden, while John Ellinger of the same place has bought l'yroon.

Senator Dorsey, Fred De La Matyr, N. I. Romin and Charley Winship of Fremout make a quartet of live and enterprising norsemen. They ought to give Fremont one of the best meetings in the west.

F. E. Baldwin of Ottumwa, Ia., has sold the weanling colt, Jolly Time, by Mark Time, 2:19, to George I. Towne, Metlette, S. D. 219, to George I. Towne, Meilette, S. D. Jolly Time has the successful McGregor-Romulus cross, and his present owner is toubtiess well pleased with him.

Gumbo, by Charles Caffrey, that dropped dead on the Syracuse track last summer, was probably the fastest of the get of his Consultation Free. We,ourse Catarrh, All Di cases of the Nose, Throat, Gaest Stomach, Liver, Blood, Skin and Kilney Diseaser, Fe-male Weaknesses, Lost Mathool Stricture, dydrocele, Verloosids, Lie Pinss, Fistura Avo RE mat. Uncens curof without pain or detention from business. Call on or address with stamp for elivations, fras book and proceeds, first stairway south of post-office room 7. sire. Mr. Briggs drove him some very fast fractions of miles and assoverates that he ould pace a mile in 2:10 or better. -- Western

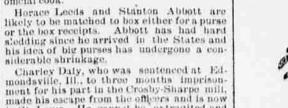
Resources. Clinton Briggs has secured the racing privileges of the Council Bluffs track, and Dr. Searles & Searles, 118 South 15th St. may hold a sensational meeting over that course next spring and if he could, as Editor Reed says, induce Monroe Salisbury to stop on his way east, and have some of the fast ones in the country cast of the Rockies meet

him, the natives of four states would turn out en masse. 'Twas but a couple of weeks ago that Nat Bruen, Burlington, Ia., visited Beatrice, and from the farm of James G. Ladd took Re-publican to his home, Mr. Ladd, no doubt, selling him to Mr. Bruen in such a manner

setting time to Air. Future in start a manner as to hquidate any and all indebtedness held against him by Mr. Bruen on the purchase of Lobasco, 2:10³/₂. There seems to be a fa-tality connected with deals between the two gentlemen; Lobasco died last spring and Republican lived but about a week after.

Biffs Will De mits.

Pompadour Jim Corbett has decided to train at Mayport, at the month of St. John's river. Mrs. Corbett will be installed as the official cook



in St. Louis. He cannot be extraulted and is safe as long as he stays out of Illinois. The headquarters of the Florida Athletic club will be at the store of George V. Bur-

care of.

down.

"Bantam," writing of the New Orleans doings, says: "The patrons of glove fight-ing are making a hard contest in a quiet way in the courts of this city. They want to be allowed to have their little amuse nent with the mittens, and in truth it must be said that they have scored the only opinion made in the contest of the State vs the Olympic club."

Questions and Answers.

OMAMA. Doc. 14.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Please give me in the Sunday BEE the address of the best nearest and cheapest bird dog trainer and oblige.—An Amateur. Ans.-H. P. Hubbard, Broken Bow, Neb. DEADWOOD, S. D., Dec. 10. -To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Please write me the ad-





General and Nervous Debility,



ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

BIRNEY'S All druggists ou coats

bidge in Jacksonville. Fla. Those wishing good scats for the Corbett-Mitchell fight would do well to write to Mr. Bubridge and he will see that they are well taken Charley Mitchell has nothing but money these days. He ought to drop in at Wash-ington and help out Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Wilson. At Philadelphia Mr. Mitchell wanted to bet \$5,000 that Corbett will do the first sprinting at Jacksonville, and another 5,000 that he would score the first kuock-

