Over

JIM AND THE TIGER OF THE WATERS

Opening of the Trotting Meet_The Pennant Chase... Chat with the Boxers and Shooting and Fishing.



meeting that opens up on the state fair grounds' matchless mile track next Tuesday will cap the cli-

max in the history of Omaha's turf. It will be a saturnalia of light harness racing, such as has seldom been enjoyed here. The stables are filled with noted animals and they have been put through a course of vigorous training for a-big bread-winning week. The grounds furnish a stirring scene. The big stables with the neighing and stamping inmates are the center of attraction, while everywhere tare to be seen the bike suikles, swashing buckets, bright blankets, bits of harness and occasionally an oid-time high wheeler looms up in bas relief, adding picturesquenes to the scene, and extending to the vicitor some idea of the hard work that is going on in preparation. There are swarms of callers daily and rail birds are as thick as mosquitoes in a Jersey swamp. They bask in the sun as if that were their only mission on earth. But it is not. They watch every horse that is speeded on the track. They note his condition—they are with the neighing and stamping inmates are the center of attraction, while everywhere are to be seen the bike suikles, swashing watch every horse that is speeded on the world has been of the garden track. They note his condition—they are Two years ago be was a float getting a line on the various comers for in the riff-raff of the game, but on the night future purpose. They will be able to tell of the Johnny Griffin-Solly Smith battle at you next Tuesday the capability of every Roby Tommy Ryan told me he was the best horse that comes to the post. The track is in the world. He was little more than a horse that comes to the post. The track is in the world. He was little more than a very fast and is being kept in perfect featherweight then, but Ryan said he was condition. The opening day should see a great crush on hand. It will be "Omaha day" and all the business houses will close during the afternoon. This should assure the meeting success alone, and probably

Well, Kid McCoy is not a champion yet by a long shot, is he? It will be interesting to hear from the fistle touts now, since handsome, clever, old Dick Moore all but put the Kid out last Saturday night. It happened in Brooklyn, and Dick gave the strutting Hoosier a most terrific beating. He landed time and again on his classic jaw just like eating abortberry straw cake, and in the early rounds had him bathed from head to foot in his own cochineal. But Dick isn't a Derby winner, only a trial hoss. He couldn't go the distance at the rollicking pace he cut out at first, and McCoy outpointed him in the latter rounds, and a prejudiced referee decided in his favor. Dick was right there at the end of the ten rounds, though, and wanted McCoy to make a finish of it. he declined. He said there wasn't anything in it. Others thought differently. They thought there was at least a licking in it for one or the other, and they didn't have their minds on good old Dick, eyther.

To say that McCoy's stock has gone down would be but mildly expressing it. He should now come off. His gasconade and bluster wen't go any longer, and his talk about Pitzsimmons is idiotic. Fitz would knock his head off the first dash out of the box. But, just for instance, what has McCoy done to make him a middleweight champion? I've got a record of every fight he has made, and he must show me. I can't find a man higher than a fifth-rater be has ever whipped, excepting Dick Moore, who is a short skate in first class company. whipped Tommy Ryan, to be sure, but he can't do it again. Knocking out welterweights, however, is no open sesame to the 158-pound championship. I have been con-servative on this fellow all along, and take a justifiable pride in my judgment.

It looks as if Iowa was bound to produce

the champion sprinter. For years the state has been a rendervous for professionals and at one time, several years ago, it contained no less an illustrious gang than Harry Bethune, H. M. Johnson, Fred Stone, Reddy Ross, Kittleman, the Houghs, Pulley, Copple and Flyn. They were collectively on the hunt for angel's and oscialiated between Dayenport, Des Moines and Council Bluffs for a whole season. But the day of the skin professional seems to have gone forever; they are unable to make any sort of a stir in the world, and the names of many of the old timers have become buried in oblivion. College athletes are the fad and for exploits of brawn and muscle, speed and endurance, the athletic curriculums of the big univer-sities must be turned to. Just now the Iowa college at Grinnell is renewing her claims on the coming champion of the cinder path. She was J. V. Crum's alma mater, but Crum's fall down on Manhattsin field lost ilm cast, and he seems to have abandoned he track. The present here of the college is W. A. Rush, and he comes from Waterloo, In. He is 21 years of age, stands five feet ten, and weighs 150 pounds. He has never been coached in running, but acquired all of his knowledge of the sport by watching of his knowledge of the sport by watching others. He has a clean, natural action of his own, and at the Marshalltown intercollegate games the other day, like Jack Spratt and his estimable better half, he shout swept the platter clean. He won the entire running card, at 50, 100, 120, 220, and 420 yards in 0:05 2-5; 10 seconds flat; 0:12 1-5; 0:22 2-5, and 0:50 flat. And the natural question arises. "How are you going to

The "Durby"-the blue ribbon event of the English turf, was run at Epsom Downs last Wednesday. The usual Derby throng assemb ed on the famous course and the sume old sights and scenes described annually took place. The prince of Walcs' colt Persimmon. was the first under the wire. half neck in the lead of St. Fruequin, the vorite. This is the first Derby since 1788 won by a prince of Wales, and the grand event was revally celebrated at Mariborough house that evening. The English Derby this year, had no especial interest for Americans, there being no American horses among the there being no American horses among the small field of starters. There was quite a coterie of distinguished Yankees on the ground, however, and they got much satisocton out of Helen Nicholl's win in the Espoin Town plate, in which the betting was 100 to 8 against her. Helen Nicholl belongs to Mr. Wishard's stable.

The beating sustained by Handspring at Morris park in the Belmont stakes last Tuesday kept him out of the handicap at Gravesend Thursday, and the fancy unloaded on Clifford as a lead pipe, although St. Maxim and Sir Walter had a good following. The race was a bruising one and Taral's masterly boreemanship was all that pre-vented the favorite from carrying off the princely swag. Sir Walter, the coast-bred with St. Maxim third.

the big briny enroute to England. The stag to the water; skiniming away like a classic regatta at Henley is but a little more fabelous waterfly, throwing a dark mantle than a fortnight away and the great event over the surface, then leaping into the alders is the one theme which college men have and pulsating again off through the dark-now time to talk upon. Yale's visit to me ening forest across the narrows. looks like a sort of a resentment of the man- No. Jim didn't see any of these things. now time to talk upon. Take a time to talk upon to take a time to talk upon to talk lads are crossing over with the grim de-termination of giving the Britons a good old termination of giving the Britons a good old look for the Milwakee with the big excur-Connecticut beating. And I think they will do it. Yale never had a more carefully pre-pared one was actually cleaning a centract pared crew, notwithstanding the ambiguous for steen cars with the Samosets and Jack flags it will only be because they went against the best gang of boys that ever pulled an our on the legendary Themes. It is to be backwards into Washington's pulled by the backwards by the backwards into Washington's pulled by the backwards by the backwards by the backwards by the ded that the race will be a sprint from the notwithstanding they maintained the tradi-tional Yale stroke in their last practice at New Haven. In any event all America is at their back and if they can only lose the Englishmen on their own waters they can have the keys to the United States mint when they get back.

As that, any ounder could leave with the velocity that Jim's catch left after that first tremes-dous admonstory tug.

"I've get 'im!" cried Jim, exultantly, as he braced himself and increased his grip on his bending rod.

SPORT FOR THE ROSY MONTH in all forms of aport. Cornell issued a healthful lesson over the drink last year, and Columbia's work has been of a nature calculated to enthuse, her followers. "Pennsy," too, is glib and chipper enough to satisfy her colorie, and altogether Harvard will not have the romp some of her arrogant adherents claims. With all of Harvard's aristomany, there is mose on her back a yard long and enough hayseed in her back a yard long and enough hayseed in her back a yard long and enough hayseed in on Harvard, but tips are deucedly uncertain her hair to sow a ten-sore field. It will be a hard chare down to the goal, and Columbia will either show the way or follow the leader. We do not have much boating out here on the prairie, but there are a number of us who have seen lots of it in the haloyou days of the past, and I don't know but what a "tout" at this end of the line is about as much to be depended on as one on the spot.

> With the match between Maher and Slavin off, the next best thing to that about in this line is the victory of George Lavigne over England's premier lightweight. Dick Burge. Unexpected so it was it was clean, thorough and effectual. The Johnsty Bull was only in it in name. The Saginaw youth went after him from the start, lambasted him furiously all the way, and was only spared the trouble of putting him to sleep by the humane intervention of a very discreet referee. The lumberman knocked him down in the seven-teenth round, and as he showed a decided fondness for a recumbent position, the referee gave the battle to Lavigne. This This unquestionably raises the Michigan fighter to the plunacie of pugilletic fame. Still, it does not decide the championship. McAu-liffe still clings to that honor with indiscreet the genuine sort. good enough for any of the lightweights. Shortly after that the Kid demonstrated his ability to turn down the phenomenal Griffo, then he easily defeated the Braintree boy and Andy Bowen in succession, and there were none who held him safe. But his remarkable victory over Wolcott, the Barbadoes ourang outang, was the event that seated him on the topmost rung, and now that he has added the English champion's close-cropped scalp to his collection of mementoes, there are none who dare defy him.

Halma, the great eon of Hanover, who months ago was thought to be a likely candidate for the Brooklyn Handicap and Suburban and who was thrown out of training some six weeks since by a slight straining of a tendon of one of his fore legs, is back on the track at Gravesend and will probably yet be seen in some of this season's eastern handicaps. The mighty colt has recovered from his trouble and is again being given a "prep" for some of the big racing events

Larned, America's lawn tennis chempionfor that is about his measure—is cutting a him over the gunwales, and the next instant pretty wide swath on the other side. He is big eight-pounder was slapping the bottom hasn't been on the loser's side yet, although his first foreign appearance was in the nature It is now generally expected that the young American will give a good account of himself in the English championship games, which begin at Wimbledon on July 13.

JIM AND HIS HIS PICKEREL. Another Week with the Votaries of

St. Paul, is an ardent lower of the rod and

out the season. He was there on Decoration day, with Hon. Billy Ginss, Charlie Carrier and other local experts with the rod. Of course, they stopped at Sheehan's. But the weather wasn't good, neither the fishing. A north wind, cool and fresh, blew per-sistently the live-long day. But Preston was as persistent as the Buresi god, and he kept his man Friday backing him up and down the beautiful billiony lake without rest of intermission. He hugged the selvedge of the reeds, trolling for bass, pickerel or mermaid, it mattered little which, although Salmeides Micropterus was preferred. got an occasional "strike," and, as a con sequence, landed an occasional fish, but nonof a sufficient magnitude to give cause for especial enthusiasm or jubilation.

The lovely May day was wearing away.

Jim's beart hung in his breast like a chunk of sewer pipe. But he would not surrender. On he went. The mellow light of the sun was slanting shafts of gold over the rim of the western woods. Jim's "clinker" was coasting larlly down the southern shore, now in the lights, now in the darks. It turns languidly into a little bay with a baldri of silver sand, and threads noise of silver sand, and threads noise-lessly along through the thin tulles which extended scatteringly out into the lake. Jim had forgotten about his line and was abstractedly sjudying the dark green pollsh of the water silveys and the growing shadows filled with sprinkled light. But on he trailed, like a mudturtle, 'round the graceful cure, but there was no strike. Back they numbed into the outlet, under Back they pushed into the outlet, under the frown of the beetling bluff. The water was deep and weedless, but littered with vagrant fragments of froth and foam. Jim glanced longingly toward the tavern on the rag. A kingfisher, perched on an old overhanging limb on the margin, gave a hoarse shout as if etruggling with congestion caught from the damps of his trade as he swooped lown over the water. A redheaded wood secker followed him with a taunting cackle, while bullfrogs began their evening serenade in the lily pads. Jim was sad, sore and dis-appointed, and he gazed listlessly about him as if he didn't care whether rehool kept any longer or not. The sky everhead was of that

tender, transparent agure through which one seems to penetrate into unbounded depths. and over it the summer evening breeze wreathed its graceful cloud paintings. Now a first of snowy-winged nondescript ships tors present and the birds were an named; now a pillard palace, and now a turrited castle. Then came a troop of wild horsoman, a cavalcade of camels with their Arab riders, Spanish muleteers, enormous gulls, gigantic rolls of cotton, and next a magnificent Himslayan peak would rear its superb head from out the ever-growing, changing mass. But Jim didn't see any of these beauties of nature, neither did he note the swaying branches of the big oaks, nor the blinking argus eyes of the white maple, nor the meadow-sweet kissing the wild rose recond placer," best him out by a head, which opened its pink beauty in every inleviable. Maxim third. of the waning breeze, which, after its run The Yale crew is at last on the bosom of through the woods, betock itself like The stag to the water; skimming away like a

him backwards into Washington's peliucid

It was a "strike," and with that wonderceded that the race will be a sprint from the lit was a "strike," and with that wonderstart, for the distance is only one mile and a half. Yale has been trained for this, and there will be a change in her tactics, and there will be a change in her tactics, small firy could give such a prodigious jerk notwithstanding they maintained the traditional Yale stroke in their last practice at four pounder could leave with the velocity. New Haven. In any event all America is that Jim's catch left after that first trementhat have been and if they can only be a constitute that first tremen-

Away went the stricken fish like a shot

now that it is all over, true to the tensis and where they soon learn to come for their of his craft, is prome to the hyperbolic.

For soventy yards the catch ran before Photographs taken at feeding time showed For soventy yards the catch ran before stopping, then there was a half and down the faxes eating from troughs and quarreling over choice more like dogs in a kennel lake. He suke there a moment, and Jim The food consists of cooked Indian meal and is unable to move him, but presently be starts again and Jim reels in as fast as and fat and produce a fur of the finest quality of the forward, ten feet at a stroke, then breaks and fat and produce a fur of the finest quality of the feet at a stroke, then breaks are done into the air, and Jim has worked for the bill with course and continued to the strong and continued to the strong and the forces of his fellow secators. the water and leaps into the air, and Jim

"A pickerel! And he's a whale!" With feroclous energy the bg spotted monater shakes himself. But it is no use, and down he goes again. How systematiically, how expertly and how nicely Jim plays him; now reeling him in a ways, now allowing him to click off a few yards at his own sweet will, but never allowing the twisted silk to slack or sag. Jim is too old a dog for that. Look at his face! It is set that beopeaks of his perfect reliance in his

In comes the big pickerel by degrees, now they filled their creeks.

In comes the big pickerel by degrees, now they filled their creeks.

ON THE BAL that, but always approaching. Within twenty feet of the motionless boat be reaches the surface, and, apparently half the ball to the best of the surface. drowned, is pulled along on his side in full view. What a magnificent fellow he is, and how his golden side and white belly salm-mer in the dring sun's rays.

Jim straightens himself for the grand

finale, and steers him in slongside the boat, where he gets a good look at his mammeth head, as the pusher makes ready the landing

"Look, Andy, look! He hasn't got a hook in him! Look! he's simply got the spoon in his mouth! It's no use; we can never land him. And, true as Jim said, the fish had simply

leader; there wasn't a hook embedded; all spiders are just as fast and just as strong three could be seen protruding from the side of his mouth, which was closed like a This they have proven by their easy victorvice, while his eyes were gleaming with a less over the Baltimores, and the fact that baleful, defiant light.

he lifted the net and bent over the gun-wales. That single motion was enough. Sure, two of these were ties, and they have enjoyed some rare luck, but rare luck is with a crack of his tail on the water's sur-synonymous with great playing. But as O. With a crack of his tail on the water's surface, which sounded like the report of a pixtol, the tiger of the waters whirled and went down and off like a streak of blue electricity. For a hundred yards or more he ran, then to the bottom again, for smother sulk. Jim, old fox, let him lay quietly for a while: then, ordering the boat moved cently round into the shallows, he essayed o move him. The first effort was futile, but the second started him, and to Jim's de-light, he made straight for the boat, so fast that Jim was hardly able to reel in the slacking line; but he did it, and had it all up by the time the pickerel was within reaching distance, Delicately Jim handled rod and reel, and almost imperceptibly worked him again alongside the boat. There were the hooks protruding from his ugly mouth, just the same, and the nasty look was still in his flery eye. But this time he calculated without his host. Already Andy had the net in the water, and cautiously worked it up under his peaked snoot. He was about to dip, when abruptly there was a great commotion and a great splanhing. and to show him how easy it was to baffle their best laid plans, Mr. Pickerel made a dive. But lackaday for him sud joy for lim, he dove straight into the net, and then Jim and Andy, heaving like giants, hoisted him over the gunwales, and the next instant of the boat viciously, but vainly, with his broad tail!

It was the catch of the season, and with chest shoved out until it looked like the bump on a dromedary's back Jim was rowed back home in the soft light of eventide.

As he and Andy skimmed along the strange bravura of a loon sounded across the water from the upper bay and a winnowing hawk gave her good night scream. Down Field and Secam.

The wild lake they merrily glided; past the bald oak, flowing with moss, like an old bearded prophet; past the lightning-riven Chicago, Milwaukee & elm, its top tilting to their ripple and rais-St. Paul, is an ardent ing dimples in the caiming waters; part the gray finger of the skeleton cedar; past lower of the rod and the water maples peristyle of pillars, up-bolding the blended dome; past the ledge ful one. Lake Washwith the traffing morning fington is his favorite polloned foliage, where the blue-wing teal out he makes monthly be makes monthly visits there through, live the trees of largest and largest he does not have the dog wood thickets, hardened into visits there through-iron like the trees of Jarnvid, and wreathed was there on Danzas into green softness by the grient trees. mosses; past decayed trunks, wrestling on the horder of many thickets of fexeye grapevines, a loacoon of the woods; past black sunken logs, where the ripples undulated; over the geaming pebbles of the shallows; past the rocky escarpment; past the craggy cliff; past all these wild and entrancing pictures they gayly glided along, until at last the boot's prow grated on the sainds at the foot of the slope leading to Pat's glorious hostelry, and the long day was with its crown, a great yellow pickerel-Esox reticulatus, the finny buc-

> At a joint meeting of the Crescent an nderson Gun clubs held at the office of J. A. Davies, 1514 Farnam, one evening last week a consolidation of the two teams was effected and the following officers elected for the current year: J. A. Davies, president M. C. Watts, vice president; E. A. lizer. secretary; Charles Curtis, treasurer, and Charles Long, assistant treasurer. The regular weekly shoots will be held temporarily or the club's present grounds in North Omahs, but a committee was appointed to select and secure new grounds. S. G. V. Griswold was nembership now foots up to something over a half hundred.

caneer of the American waters.

Sheriff Johany McDonald put in a couple of days during the past week on Long Pire creek trout fishing. The sheriff proved him-self no novice, for he brought back as nice a basket of rainbow trout as one could wish to see. Messrs. Scott and Cooley of the Northwestern were the sheriff's pariners, and they, too, made a good record.

Andy Hunt and Mrs. Hunt have returned rom a delightful few days' outing at Lake Washington. While the fishing was not be good as it might have been, they made a good catch, Mrs. Hunt carrying off the pale with a three pound pickerel.

 Gilbert, the trap-shooting champion, of Spirit Lake, on the Burnside grounds at Chicago last Tuesday in a 100-bird match for the Dupont trophy, representing the American championship, by a score of 84 to 83. There was a large crowd of spectalot, but the score little what would have been expected from second raters.

On March 18 Senator Wilson introduced in the senate a bill "to authorize the sec-retary of the treasury to issue leases of certain lands in Alaska for the breeding of foxes," and on the 27th the bill was favorably reported by the committee on public lands, with certain minor amendmeats. Although this bill has been the source of considerable amusement, the stalements made by the men interested in its passage were a revolution to the mem-bers of the committee on public lands, and decidedly interesting. It shows that, as far back as 1884, certain men, at that time resi-dents of Alaska, took up for serious con-sideration the problem of the future em-ployment and support of the natives of the Alaskan islands, when the fur seal, the siter and the walrus, should have become

The suggestion was made by Captain Morgan of Connecticut that the blue fax might be domesticated, and, under proper condi-tions, bred with profit, thus utilizing many

In the general interest ever the coming by a making Jim's reed click as it cution. These islands are mostly barren the original form a sun, making Jim's reed click as it cution. These islands are mostly barren the original form the saw the sparks fly as the silk, with the lightning's gleam, left the michael wind-less are allowed to ream at will over much like to bear what you that he had on hand only a very bashful

of course, was nervous, but exultant, and live, and where the foxes are fed regularly

thusinsm, for, as he says, it will not only be the means of saving from extinction a race of valuable fur-bearing animals, but will people the barren islands of the Alaskan chair and rescue from misery and starvation the natives who, now that the fur seal is becoming extinct, see starvation staring them in the

Judge Clinton Powell and John F. Dale have returned from a fishing trip to Lake Madison, Minnesota. Just what luck they had har not been reported but as both are old bands at the sport it is presumed that

ON THE BALL FIELD.



Line. HE only changes in the race for the pennant in the bim deagun during the past week was the passing of Baltimore by the Clevelands, who again topo the list and comfortable lead any team has assumed. Cleve-land is bertainly playing

championship ball, and

it is doubtful whether they are again ever headed. As Patsey Bolivar says, the baleful, defiant light.

But Andy meant to try, anyway, and nine since they struck the Orient. To be P. Caylor is wont to chirp, the season is young yet. Baitimore is stacking up the young yet. Baitimore is stacking up the real article, and Cincinnati is maintaining her encouraging gait fairly well. The Phil-lies have caught their second wind, Brooklyn is playing steadily, and Boston is doing well. The Bean Enters, however, are disap-pointing their home followers. They wer They were expected, after reaching the Hub, to sweep everything from the face of the earth that dared venture in their lot, but they have fafled sadly, and instead have hardly held Washington is playing doggedly and are not to be despised, even by the leaders, while the much betated New Yorks are steadily climbing. Pittsburg is playing the most luckless game of all: Chicago is wobbling, and St. Louis and Louisville don't

Freedman is credited with enying that he would not trade the New York team as at present constructed for the Cieveland team of \$50,000 for the Forest City organization.
No; Preedman wouldn't give confederate
money for the real coin of the realm. He
wouldn't swap his \$100 buggy horse for a half interest in Handspring. He wouldn trade his lease on the polo grounds for quit claim deed on the Waldorf. No, h wouldn't, just try him once.

Arlie Latham will not remain with Scran ton very long. The stage will know him from now on.—Cincinnati Enquirer. What's he going to do, drive it.

Will the Cincinnatis ever reach first place again? We doubt it.—New York Morning Advertiser. Well, you wouldn't if you knew how Tom Davis and Captain Goetz are pulling for them.

the Chesspeake, claims to have uncarthed another phenom pitcher. His name is Seeds and he'll be planted about the time he gets into one of the big leagues. Sam Crane calls Cunningham "a fresh

Billy Barnie the old-time hald earle of

young blood." What is the matter with Lew Dickerson, Dick Highen, Levi Myerle and Willie Bill Traffley? Coffiny was a vet out here in the Western-league eight years Speaking of Willie Bill Traffley reminds

ie that the senile pie eater has capped the record with his Des Moiries fram. Twenty four straight victories takes the baker; since the inauguration of professional leagues. About the whole caboodie of minor league

clubs have been importuning Washington to iet go of Jack Crooks, but they might as well desist, as Manager Schmelz says the combination couldn't raise enough money to buy him. After six long, weary, lagging years randpa Anson and Fritz Pfeffer have

fallen on each others necks and wept. The old second baseman is back with the Chicagos and playing very like Arlie Latham ball What Freddy wants to to is get a good shady job in a foundry an forget that he was once a ball player. It looks very much as if big Rusie had run

up against the same old stone wall that the insurrectionist, Mullane, and Tom Lovette once butted against. That he is in th wrong is evident from the fact that not a signal club owner in the league is with him in his trouble. Muliane, to be sure, is still playing ball, but he is out of the big league for good and Lovette is selling "booze" at

Ducky Holmes broke his collar bone early in the season and now he has jammed his wishbone back between his shoulder blades and will not be able to set Louisville on fire

Wonder what Mulford, Weldon, Zuber and the rest of the Cincinnati base ball ble-torians think of Hay, Miller and Burke hese days, and whether they are still pining for "Snapper" Kennedy. Every time I think of that "Snapper" deal I take on three or four pounds of fat just from laughling.

At the present writing that Robison-Brush Indianapolis-Cleveland-Western-League- Na tional-League deal is surrounded by all the mysterious attachments which bistory gives the assailant of the immortal Willian Patterson. Mr. Brush and Mr. Robison are now engaged from 8:20 a. m. to 6:25 p. m. on week days in denying everything, but have not yet caught up with the rumor output. So says Charlie Power. An indianapolis will get the Cleveland club next sesson and Omaha will get Indianapolis

CAN WE GET THEM? The Australian Cricketers for a

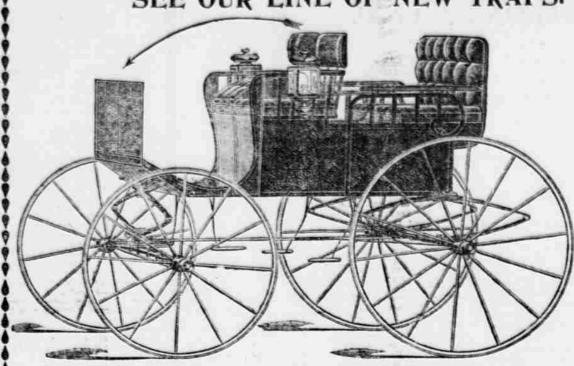
Game.

OMAHA, June 4.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: I notice that in your sporting goesip in last Sunday's Bee you suggest that the various cricket clubs of Omaha offer the Australians inducements to stop off here on their way to the coast next fall. I am be willing to juy admission to see such a team as that play a game. However, of course there are numerous obstacles to oversome before we can even ask them to come here. In the first place, there is no cricket ground in Omaha suitable, on which to play such a game as they would put up. The grounds of the Omaha Criffice club are the best of their kind in the dity, and are good be domesticated, and, under proper countiers, here with profit, thus utilizing many harren islands and furnishing employment to the suffering natives. Four men finally decided to subscribe \$1,000 each, to try the experiment. A small number of young foxes were bough; from the natives and taken to North Semidi island, about 225 miles southwest of Kodisk, and a small colory of antives, with a white keeper, were left with one year's supplies, to try the experiment.

After many ups and downs, and the experiment proved a success, and it was demonstrated that both the bins and silver few could be demesticated and bred. From this small beginning there are now so less than two could be demesticated and bred. From this mall beginning there are now so less than two colonies on as many islands devoted to this business, and more than 100 natives are producibly employed in its prosecute.

The dementicated that both the bins and silver few total to this business, and more than 100 natives are producibly employed in its prosecute. These islands are mostly barren he rocks, rising abruptly from the cocan, and the game for the game here. I leank that in some second rocks, rising abruptly from the cocan, and of course we could rely on taking in some second rely on the call the question that the call relative fewers of the game here. I leank that in all probability we should have the call the call the call that the call relative fewers at the call relative fewers at the course, and the call relative fe

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----team here, and I feel sure that if such a thing could be accomplished it would be a great aivertisement for the game in the west, and not only for the game, but for the city of Omaha. HARRY H. G. NEW, Secretary Omaha Cricket Club

Send for catalogue.

next Sunday's issue. The Australians are anxious to make a two days' halt midway between the oceans, and, this being the case. it seems as if Omaha ought to stand a better show than any other western city.—Sport Ed

Did you ever think now readily the blood is poisoned by constipation? Bad blood means bad health and premature old age. DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills, overcome obstinate constipation.

LITTLE ROMANCES.

Strange Meeting and Marriage of

Two Divorced People. A couple who gave their names as O. Sylvester Hughes and Huida Siankard procure a marriage license from Deputy Recorder Wetzel at Clayton yesterday and were married by Justice of the Peace William C. Wengler, says the St. Louis Republic. Hughes said he lived in Norris City, White

county. Illinois, and the bride said her home was in Grayville, in the same county. children they were neighbors and were pupils in the same sobool. As the lady described their relations, "they were friends, bound their relations, "they were friends, bound by a love which is only possessed by the young and innocent." When they left school they were separated and did not meet again until Friday. After their separation each married, but they were not happy, and after a time each separated from the partners and about fourteen years ago each was di-

Friday morning Mrs. Shakard came over from her home in Hilnois to St. Louis to view the ruin wrought by the tornado. Hughes, who is a cornleemaker, and who has been working in Kansas City, also came to view the ruins. While viewing the Coe-Manufacturing company's building at Eighteenth street and Chouteau avenue they

-spied each other. Memories of the past flitted through the aind of the woman and her heart swelled as er love for Hughes was revived. She sale she was the first to make a move after the recognition. She approached Mr. Hughes slowly and before either had spoken a word they clasped each other's hand and for sevenity. eral seconds stood in silence, looking into

ach other's eyes. They walked about over the debris on the streets and exchanged accounts of their lives since they separated. At a downtown cafe they resolved to never again part until separated by death, and they decided to be married. Yesterday morning they went to Clayton, procured a license and were married. Hr. Hughes said they expected to leave for Kansas City in the evening. He said they would remain in Kansas City until next fall, and then return to Norris City, Ill. where they will reside.

Reunited After Twenty-Five Years. About twenty-five years ago George James and Ezekiel Kerr emigrated to Chester, Ill., from a small town in Pennsylvania, and enin farming. Later they acquired easehold of 263 acres in the Kaskaskia ommons, the fines; farming land in the great American bottom, and are considered among the most substantial citizens of Randolph ounty. It was generally understood by the munity that the three brothers were ingle men, and they neither by word or act indicated anything to the contrary. cent events, however, have brought about a decided change of opinion. It now trans-plies that when George Kerr left Pennsylpares that when being being lett several wife, which he also left behind him a young wife, whom he could not induce to make the long journey westward, and she remained at home with her mother, intending to join her husband later. All the time a correspondence was continued between husband and wife, and several months ago Mr. Kerr, now grown rich in this world's goods, made a rip to his old Pennsylvania home to see is wife and persuade her to return with him o his western home, but he failed to fully accomplish his mission, only receiving her promise that she would come to him in the accomplish his mission, only receiving her premise that she would come to him in the mouth of May. Mr. Kerr returned to his home to await his wife's coming, and, true to her word, she arrived here a few days lowed them, and frightened them by their numbers are taken to his new residence in Kashaskis commons. They will calebrate their silver wedding after twenty-five years' separation, the strain of the court squad volunteered directions to the many churches in the annexed district. The couple selected one in Washington avenue. The crowd followed them, and frightened them by their numbers and all the court squad volunteered directions to the many churches in the annexed direc but always true to each other.

A Tuckshoe Bridal Party. Down from Tuckshoe came yesterday a mature but ardent couple bent on matrimony. relates the New York Sun. The bride-to-be is a farmer's daughter, the groom a planterer. His trade has left him poor, and he wore his working clothes. The bride had a bonnet with an extensive flower galden on sure that nothing would give the lovers of it. Her dress was short enough to display the game of cricket so much pleasure as to see such a first-class team as the Australians. She is the widow Elien Kenney, 40 years old. play in Omaha, and outside of that, I believe The happy plasterer is James Ryan, a good many people, who know nothing of the game, and who pretend to scorn it, would riage. He is not a hard-hearted youth, but thinks his father should have forgotten love's young dream in the sixty winters which he has weathered.

The couple are week in pures, though strong of purpose, and when they counted up car fare they found they had only enough to take them to Williamsbridge. "We'll walk," said the bride. "By gosh, we will; you're a bride after my own heart," said the groom with en-

thusiasm. They walked from Williamsbridge to Morrigania and drifted into the police court.
"Are you tired, dear?" Ryan inquired as he dropped into a seat with a sigh of satis-"Tired! What is a five-mile stroll on one's

wedding day? Just a pleasure trip, an' nothin' shorter," said the bride. This gave big Policeman Gohl a hint, and he hurried up to Clerk McCabe with the in-formation that a bridal party had arrived. The clerk took a look at the pair and carried the news to Magistrate Deul in the back room. The magistrate upset the plans of all Marry them? Not a bit of it," he said.

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magistrate, who did not dare face the bride so trying an ordeal. "My sakes! I don't see why he should

have any feeling about it. I wouldn't let him kiss me if he 'ried to," said the bride. "And I guess I wouldn't if you would; not much," said the groom.
Seventeen men and all the court squad It's pretty certain that they got married, be cause the last heard from the groom was: "Well, I don't care: we'll look up a minis ter, and' he'll have to wait for his pay 'till I get in a couple o' weeks work an' to rights."

Remarries His Former Bride. Joseph Stuits was released from the south-

ern Indiana prison the other day, after com-pleting a ten years' sentence. The story of his life and the circumstances connected with the crime which placed him behind prison bars is a strange one. Stultz was met upon his release by his former wife and har father, who spent a fortune in convicting him, and afterward had the marriage of Stults and his daughter annulled. Both now greefed him with open arms.

Nearly ten years ago Joe Sinitz was a leading member of Louisville society, and a member of the Louisville legion. He became acquainted with pretty Carrie Ashley, daughter of William Ashley, a member of a wealthy tailoring firm of Louisvelle, and the husband of a sister of Staltz. Through his relationship Stuitz had an excellent oppor-tunity for lovemaking, and he wooed and won Miss Ashley, and they wloped to New Al-beay and were married by Rev. Charles Hutchinson of the Third Presbyterian church.

Dock Hunt, a well known young man, made the affidavit as to Miga Ashley's age. As soon as the news reached Mr. Achley he went to New Albary and caused warrants to be issued for both hunt and Stultz, charging them with perfury and subornation of log them with perjury and subtriction of perjury, respectively, and so great was his anger that Mr. Ashley gave up his business and devoted himself to the punishment of the men who had taken his daughter away. Mrs. Stultz, noe Ashley, who had before seemingly been infatuated with her husband, also joined with her father in the prosporation. Before the trial Sinitz and Hunt attempted to ememor from init but were Hunt attempted to escape from jail, but were

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but Hunt was convicted and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment and Stutts to ten years. Soon after Mr. Ashley had the mar-riage of his daughter with Stutts annulled. As time passed Mr. Ashley lost his possessions and he became a comparatively poor man and the feelings which he and his daughter entertained for Stuliz became softered. Some time ago they began circulating petitions for Stults' pardon, Mr. Ashley making several unsuccessful trips to Indianapolis in his behalf. Stuitz proved to be an exemplary convict, and his good time shortmediately following his release Mr. Stuits and his former wife were reunited in marriage, Dr. Hutchinson again officiating. ered his term almost two years.

Before leaving home on your summer va-cation procure a hottle of Chamberlain's Colle, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed and may save you the necessity of returning home before the end of your vacation. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by druggists.

As English advertisement reads: "Mr. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that be The trial was long and hitterly contested, but of their own skins."