

GENERAL SPORTING.

THE HORTON PRIZE-FIGHTING BILL IN NEW YORK.

It is Now Believed to Have Been Passed in the Interest of Knockout Mills at Incorporated Clubs - Notes and Comment.

PECULIAR state of affairs for the solons to settle rose last week in New York city. It seems that Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Corbett had been talking about having a prize fight, which, under the Horton law, is now accounted a criminal procedure such as to arouse the municipality. When it is stated that one of the officials tried to get evidence of such a state of affairs from the sporting editors, it may be guessed with what gravity the whole thing was considered. The principals were arrested. At the same time that this was going on Paddy Slavin was being pounded in the neck in the immediate neighborhood by the mauleys of Steve O'Donnell. But the latter were boxing under the protection of the Horton bill, while Fitz and Jim had probably contemplated going under Dan Stuart or some one else. The aforementioned solons studied the comparative merits of the case about twenty-four hours, when they concluded to run Fitz and his proposed opponent down, which seems to indicate that they have drawn a well-defined distinction. The kangaroo man claims he is not guilty, as he had not actually signed any contract; nevertheless, he challenged Corbett at a hotel the other day, showing plainly enough his intent. That far he is guilty. But the question probably is: Were he and Jim speaking of prize fighting or of boxing in some incorporated club? If the New York officials can prove that the men had contemplated fighting with five-ounce gloves some place outside the state instead of boxing with five-ounce gloves within some of the numerous clubs of the state it may go hard with them. Let them make an example of them, if they be found guilty.

White and Dixon. The draw Tommy White made with George Dixon of twenty rounds in New York, in which the westerner showed something better than even—that is, showed he should have won had it progressed to a finish—has set the Chicago boy's friends wild over him. If Tommy meets Dixon again, particularly if it be to a finish, there is a ton of money in Chicago to back his chances. At their meeting Friday night they were offering 2 to 1 on Dixon and prophetic scribes of the east sang doleful chimes for the westerner. Dixon's admirers will offer dissertations upon the subject of his going back, not considering, perhaps, how it was that the colored champion could stay at a rushing clip for the best part of an hour, a pace at which the Chicagoan met him half-way at all times. Possibly Dixon may not be quite as good as he has been, but there will be no use trying to make a mountain out of a molehill. He might have been a degree or so better on Friday night, and still not have had it in him to do anything with Tommy. It is very safe to say, all things considered, that Tommy White has been of late coming along much faster than the other has been taking an opposite course, and for some time out this way the Chicago representative has been recognized the best material in the boxing world to stack against the colored wonder. If Tommy retains as level a head as he has within the past year there is no reason why he should not be the next featherweight champion. The little Chicagoan's position toward the featherweight championship and some other aspirants for the title will be gone over in this column at another time.

Gaudaur's Welcome. J. G. Gaudaur of Orilla, the champion oarsman of the world, the vic-



JAKE GAUDAUR. for in England over Stanbury, of Australia, was enthusiastically received at Toronto, Ont., on the occasion of his arrival from Europe. The champion replied that he was indeed grateful if the success of his journey to England had brought out such kind feelings and good wishes. Proud as he was of his own efforts, he was prouder still that the champion of the world was again a Canadian. The Toronto wheelmen played no unimportant part in the demonstration. Every club took part in the parade, and in many respects it was the most imposing turnout of bicyclists ever witnessed in Toronto.

Corbett and Sharkey.

The articles of agreement signed last June by Jim Corbett and Tom Sharkey in San Francisco, in regard to their contemplated championship encounter, calls for a finish, but the recent fight talk coming from 'Frisco, I note, is considering a ten-round go between them "for the heavyweight championship." Up to this writing, however, Sharkey has not been heard from, and it is probable he will not agree to modify the original finish into such a small number of rounds. But could there be a bona-fide championship contest, limited by ten rounds? It would be quite a comedown, to say the least, and it would probably be relegated to a distinct class of its own, specified as a ten-round championship contest, the winner being dubbed the ten-round heavyweight champion. It may be considered if pugilism ever falls into this rut there will be limit-round championships, from one round up to a hundred or more, and herein there may be possibly a solution of a division of the spoils among the various heavies now claiming the title. Let each claim his special number of rounds, at which notch he feels he can lick anybody, and stay to it consistently in his newspaper talk.

Regarding Corbett and Sharkey, the supervisors of San Francisco have already granted the boxers a permit to meet for ten rounds there when they get ready. I advise the sports of that country to get two or three other ten-round permits, while they are at it, and sew them together for this special occasion. The nativity of so many golden sons of the arena should not be the first to want to knock finish institutions down to ten rounds.

The Chess Trophy.



Above is a picture of the Chess Trophy recently won by England, Ireland and Scotland in the chess games against the world. It has just been completed, and is on exhibition in Dublin. The cup was donated by George Newness, of Ireland.

Billy Madden Not a Jonah.

One of the most remarkable happenings for some time is the fact that Billy Madden—who doesn't remember Billy from the Mitchell-Sullivan days and several things in between—was absolutely in, Steve O'Donnell's corner when he whipped Paddy Slavin. Now since the halcyon days referred to above—the days of Sullivan and Mitchell—Madden has not till this instance, so far as any records show, been in a winning corner. His was a most persistent case of hoodoo. He ran Peter Maher against Bob Fitzsimmons at New Orleans; Joe Goddard against Denver Smith at New Orleans; Joe McAuliffe against Paddy Slavin in England, and did plenty more as bad. Mixing it with a Jonah has been very properly accounted the most direful thing in the lexicon of the gentleman of sport, and many in Mr. Madden's predicament had quit years ago. But Mr. Madden never did; he never even wavered, and now he is before us bright and cheery as in the days gone by. In some future time, when Billy may have a monument erected to his memory, I suggest the simple lines: "After ten years he trun down a hoodoo."

A Scribe's Trouble.

W. C. Kelly, the sporting editor of the Cleveland "World," has the sympathy of the newspaper fraternity in his troubles, and it is to be hoped that his plea of self-defense will be established in the courts. During an altercation with one Dave Nechnutny and his brother, the former was knocked down by Kelly and stunned. Nechnutny was able to go home, where he died in a few hours. Kelly was arrested on a charge of manslaughter, but was released on giving bail in the sum of \$5,000. It is charged that he used a "billy" on the deceased, but he denies it, and the medical evidence at the inquest was that Nechnutny's death was due to a fracture of the skull caused by falling on the pavement. The attending physician testifies that the injury could not have been inflicted by a "billy," as there was no mark on the skull. Mr. Kelly is popular in all circles, and his exoneration from the charge will be hailed with satisfaction wherever he is known.

Hanon's Suggestion.

The suggestion offered by Ned Hanlon, manager of the Baltimores, to protect the umpires next season is a good one. Hanlon, at the League meeting, which is to be held in Chicago this fall, will offer an amendment to the rules governing the fining of players by umpires. The present rules give the umpire full authority to fine a player for unnecessary kicking, and then if the offense is repeated to remove him from the game. Hanlon's suggestion is to give the umpire full authority to remove any unruly player from the field for the first offense unless the umpire has misinterpreted one of the rules and the player wishes to call his attention to the error.

One of the incidents of the coming opera season will be the revival by Mme. Melba of Rossini's "Il Barbiere."

Brave Stephen.

Warren Gladden was a settler on Pine Creek at the time of the disastrous forest fires in Saultine and Huron counties, Mich., some years since. His family consisted of himself, his wife and baby girl.

A boy of fourteen made his home with the Gladdens, worked for his board and attended school.

Stephen Boyd was an orphan. Neighbors shook their heads when they learned that the Boyd boy had been taken in by the Gladdens, and prophesied all sorts of trouble. The Boyds had not been regarded with favor, having had a reputation for shiftlessness, and how could his son be any better?

They changed their minds, though, after the fire. And it happened in this way. School adjourned prematurely one afternoon. The teacher had received news that the woods were on fire, and that the fire was coming their way. As Warren Gladden's house was the nearest, Stephen was allowed to go home first. The other children were soon after him, the teacher bringing up the rear.

Stephen found Mrs. Gladden greatly alarmed, and advocated starting for Siltford, but ere that could be reached there were woods and the fire seemed to be spreading around in that direction. Mrs. Gladden was sure they would be cut off. Then Stephen proposed fighting fire with fire and burning the brush heaps around the house.

"And thus hasten the destruction of the property?" exclaimed Mrs. Gladden.

"Well, I don't know," replied the boy, a thoughtful look filling his eyes. "I remember once, when I was real small, seeing men where my father worked save a mill from burning by building back-fires, and I think, if we could burn up all the loose stuff about here, before the big fire comes along, we would be safe."

"You are only a boy, Stephen."

"I know," with a downcast look. Then the boy walked away. When a short distance from the house he



Saved.

paused and looked in the direction of the fire. He saw that it was fast circling about the little clearing, and that they would soon be hemmed in.

All at once, Stephen thought of the pond. It was a mile off, and to reach it they must go diagonally across the country and part way through the woods; but, once there, they would be safe.

"It is doubtful," said he, "whether, if we burned all the brush in the clearing, we could save the house. Let us make for the pond. I know where Indian Tom leaves his canoe. Come."

Mrs. Gladden hastily made preparations for flight. Gathering a few necessary articles in a satchel, she placed this in the hands of Stephen; then snatched up her babe and followed the boy across the clearing to the road leading to the lake.

Down the forest road boy and woman ran, actuated by the impulse of self-preservation.

A sudden outcry from Mrs. Gladden brought Stephen Boyd to a halt. Almost in their pathway leaped a red glow.

Stephen turned quickly. He saw that the excitement and exertion were telling upon his benefactress. Directly in their path had sprung up a fierce flame, having been started by a fire-brand blown from a pine knot by the rising gale.

Before them a fire was rapidly enlarging, fanned by the wind and fed by dry, decaying embers. Mrs. Gladden was pale and panting, utterly collapsed.

"Can't you go on?" he asked, bending over her, his own face white with terrible fear.

"Not another step!" she gasped. "Save my child, Stephen, and let me die here."

Flinging aside the satchel, he took the little girl from her mother's arms, and, speaking her name, asked her to clasp him about the neck and cling tightly. The child obeyed.

Stephen, now having his hands free, lifted Mrs. Gladden to her feet and spoke a word of encouragement in her ear. He then pushed forward, half-dragging, half-leading, the woman, down the road until, after an interval which seemed to him thrice its actual length, he cried:

"Thank God! there's the water!" Mrs. Gladden, stumbling onward with bowed head, raised her eyes for the first time since she had fallen. Sure enough! There was the gleam of water between the trees!

"Now for the canoe," cried Stephen. All through the long night the boy and woman and child remained on the

water in the open boat. Toward morning rain began to fall, and when the day dawned the fire had burned itself out so nearly that our friends found it safe for them to land.

Slowly Stephen and his charges made their way back to the clearing on the creek. Here, by the smoking ruins of the house, they found Warren Gladden and several neighbors gloomily surveying the ashes.

Warren Gladden, alarmed at the reports of the fire, which reached him in town, had hastened his return home. When he first entered the clearing he believed that his wife and baby were victims of the fire.

When Mrs. Gladden told the story of her escape, through the aid of Stephen Boyd, the boy was showered with praise until his cheeks tingled.—J. M. Merrill, in Philadelphia Inquirer.

Electro-Magnetic Sentinel.

Lieut. F. B. Badt has patented an electro-magnetic sentinel which is designed to give warning at a distant post of the approach of a hostile warship to a submarine mine, or to explode the mine itself automatically.

Such a device was badly needed. The usual method employed for coast protection by means of explosive mines has been to sink them in the waterway to be protected, ordinarily in a narrow channel, and from two observatories on shore, connected by telegraph and telephone, the officers on duty follow, by means of range-finders, the movements of any hostile vessel. When the instruments indicate that the vessel is directly over the hidden mine a switch is thrown which sets free an electric current which explodes the mine. This method is expensive, as it entails keeping up two observatories, two sets of instruments and two or more operators. Moreover, the apparatus cannot always be relied upon; it may get out of order just at the moment it is needed. It can follow the movements of only one vessel at a time, and at night, in fogs or storms, it is of little or no use.

Lieut. Badt's device is automatic in its action and gives warning by night as well as by day. It is simple and direct in its operation and requires but one observatory, one set of instruments and one attendant. When arrangements are made to ex-

plode the mine automatically the attendant can be dispensed with. An induction coil, suitably connected, is secured to the mine or torpedo, the fuse of which is fired by a powerful electric current, switched either automatically or at the observatory. When the modern war vessel, heavily protected by iron or steel armor, approaches the induction coil there will be a magnetic disturbance which is instantly indicated to the officer on duty at the observatory. He watches the vessel, and, at the proper moment, closes the fuse circuit and explodes the mine. In case an automatic device is employed, the arm of an indicator is deflected until contact is made, which causes the explosion.

Black Men in Persia.

Old inscriptions and carvings have shown that there existed in ancient Persia members of a race of black-skinned men, who possessed features resembling those of Africans. The origin of these people, as well as their apparent disappearance in modern times, have furnished puzzling questions for ethnologists. Some have supposed that in prehistoric times the greater part of Southern Asia was occupied by a primitive black race, of which only vestiges remained when the empires of Babylonia and Assyria arose. Lately descendants of the black men who figured in the early history of Persia are believed to have been found by the Russian explorer, Dr. Daniloff, dwelling among the mountains, near Shiraz, east of the Persian gulf. These people, although they still form an independent group, mingle with the surrounding population, as in ancient times, and find employment at long distances from their home. Some of them are to be seen in the city of Teheran.—Public Opinion.

He Sometimes Escapes.

Preacher—And do you always say your prayers at night?

Johnny—Not always. When pa don't come home to supper ma gets so excited and tears around so that she ferrets, and I sneak off to bed without sayin' 'em.—Cleveland Leader.

Got Square.

Returned Traveler—I have often thought of that young Mr. Tense, and how he used to torment Miss Auburn about her red hair. Did she ever get even with him?

Old Friend—Long ago. She married him.—New York Weekly.

POOR HOPKINS.

But His Dying Moments Were Soothed by a Kindly Nurse.

A Portland physician tells the following story, promising it with the remark that nurse in the London hospitals are rather apt to lay too much stress on the advantages received by the patients and to remind them of the duty of thankfulness. Sometimes the patients do not appreciate their good fortune. This scene from a London hospital related by the physician above indicated is a case in point:

Chaplain—So poor Hopkins is dead! I should have liked to speak to him once again and soothe his last moments. Why didn't you call me?

Hospital Orderly—I didn't think you ought to be disturbed for 'Opkins, sir, so I just soothed him as best I could myself.

Chaplain—Why, what did you say to him?

Orderly—"Opkins," says I, "you're mortal bad." "I am," sez'ee. "Opkins," sez I, "I don't think you'll get better." "No," sez'ee. "Opkins," sez I, "you're going fast." "Yes," sez'ee. "Opkins," sez I, "I don't think you can 'ope to go to 'eaven." "I don't think I can," sez'ee. "Well, then, 'Opkins," sez I, "you'll go to 'ell." "I suppose so," sez'ee. "Opkins," sez I, "you ought to be very grateful as there's a place provided for you, and that you've got somewhere to go." And I think 'ee heard me, sir, and then 'ee died.

A new scheme for forwarding letters from Cuba to this country has been devised by a New York postage stamp dealer. He has stamps sent him from Cuba and letters are concealed in the wrappings which protect the stamps. Several important letters have recently been received in New York by this means which otherwise would never have escaped the strict censorship regarding outgoing mails.

Emma Goldman is out with a petition signed by some Pennsylvania socialists and anarchists for the purpose of securing a pardon for Alexander Berkman, the young New York anarchist who tried to kill H. C. Frick some years ago. He was sentenced to state's prison for twenty-seven years. The press reports intimate that Mr. Frick himself will sign the petition. Can this be really true?

Beware of ginger cordial. An eminently respectable New York woman, 49 years old and mother of numerous grown-up children, was obliged to face a police justice the other day on a charge of intoxication, and investigation showed that a drink of ginger cordial taken at a druggist's for a passing indisposition was the cause of the whole trouble. Incidentally this story is recommended to married men who sometimes come home in a more or less shattered condition.

Ripans Tabules cure indigestion.

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