IN THE FIELD OF SPORT.

A Few Plain Facts Upon the Base Ball Situation.

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.

The Biggest Shoot of the Age—Sullivan and Knifton—John L.'s Record—Miscellaneous Local Sporting News.

The Base Ball Situation.

There is no longer any doubt but that the American Association intends to make a strenuous effort to oust Menges and the Western Association club at Kansas City. They fully intend to bring the matter before the arbitration committee at its next meeting, basing their claims on the ground that Menges' club is in direct violation of the National agreement. This, they say, will justify the arbitration committee in enjoining the western club from playing there, but it doesn't seem probable, so outrageously unjust is this whole proceeding against Mr. Menges and his laudable enterprise, that they will be successful.

Whitfield, the prime mover in all this devliment, and the president of the Association club down there, says:

"We fully intend to lay the matter before the arbitration committee at its meeting next month. Mr. J. J. Heim, and our attorney and myself will attend the meeting. We will go with our guns loaded and expect to meet with success. Of course you know our object at the meeting, which is nothing more or less than to prevent Menges and his team from playing here. The national agreement has been violated, and I feel confident our claim will be confirmed. It has come to be a matter of business, and we intend to transact our affairs under business principles and adhere strictly to them at all times. It is dollars and cents in our pockets to oust Menges. The opportunity presents itself and we are going to grasp it. We would be chumps—excuse the expression—should we not make an effort to clear the field, and every sensible man will endorse our sentiments. Now, remember, I don't say we will be victorous, but we are going to make a supreme endeavor to have everything our own way in Kansas City this season. What, compromise with Menges? Well, not if we know ourselves. We will not entertain a proposition for a moment. We have nothing to lose, as Menges could not possibly have us shut out, and if the worst comes to worst we must only consent to the western association club playing here. That, though, is possible yet hardly probable."

The above should be all-sufficient to convince the Western association that sooner or later, and the sooner the better, all the minor associations, out of self-respect and self-preservation, must withdraw from the great national disagreement and combine and consolidate in their own interests. This levying of a $2.50 tax on the minor association clubs by the older, for protection from their piracies, is simply a species of blackmail. A burglar might as well demand a certain sum from a merchant to insure him against an attack from the jimmy and the skeleton key.

The minor associations can make themselves as powerful within their own provinces as the National league and American association are within theirs. Let them combine, it is repeated, in self-defense, and assume a defiant attitude toward the arrogant and selfish older bodies, who seem to imagine that they have been delegated by a supreme power to run base ball and everything and everybody that pertains thereto, the country over—a sort of a Standard Oil syndicate, whose policy is to control or kill. If the minor associations resolved to blacklist forever every player who plays them false in the matter of ignoring or jumping contracts, its effect would be most salutary and instantaneously felt througout the base ball circles of the country; let them refuse to exchange practice or exhibition games with either of the older associations, and ignore all their rules and regulations in the same measure that they, the older associations, abuse and mistreat those of the younger, and the great potentates of the base ball world will take a very perceptible tumble. Young players, being brought out and developed in the minor associations would reflect long and seriously, with perpetual debarrment starring them in the face, before they would take what in nine cases out of ten to a young player means, the fatal leap. The time has come, the BEE reiterates, for the introduction of an innovation in base ball government, and that, too, by the Western association and its confreres of similar organizations. If Menges isn't awarded the fullest protection by the arbitration committee, not another day should be lost, for it only means continued high-handed maltreatment. Let the minor associations, in such an event, withdraw from the quasi-protection of the older associations, sue for the tax that has been wrongfully levied upon them, and go it on their own hook, independent and alone. The move has long been contemplated by a number of wise old heads, but as yet they have failed to summon up the necessary courage to take the step. "Live and let live" should be the motto of the new formation, and an "eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" their war cry.

Four Strikes in Demand.

There is a strong movement among the Western association clubs in favor of a return to the four strikes rule of last season. It certainly tended to enhance the interest in the game—was conclusive of lively batting and base-running, the very cream of all contests. Many patrons of the game have been interviewed by the BEE'S base ball representative, and the sentiment in favor of the extra strike is astonishingly unanimous. It is the public, who foots all the base ball bills, who especially wants the four strikes and the attending base-running. The people care nothing for the base-hit-on-balls or any nominal, technical points, but they do want batting and base-running, and it is very probable at the spring meetings a successful effort in favor of four strikes will be made. At any event, the change is bound to come sooner or later.

Western Association Umpires.

That the Western association hasn't followed in the wake of the older associations is shown by their judgment in selecting their staff of umpires—Hogan, Brennan, Powers and Fessenden—who are all rated by the best of authorities as first class men. They are well known, honorable business men, whose reputations are at stake in the matter of deciding the Western association games this season, and the public are assured of a perfectly fair and impartial performance of this delicate duty.

Flashes From the Diamond.

The Milwaukees new grounds will cost $18,000.

Dick Dwyer says he has abandoned professional ball for good.

J. Q. O. Stinick is the singular name of the last player signed by Milwaukee.

The Kansas City western club has two great pitchers in Swartzel and Conway.

The City League business committee holds a meeting at Penrose & Hardin's this afternoon.

Council Bluffs is organizing a strong amateur team for a place in the Omaha City league.

Umpire Brennan says the new rules make easier work for umpires but less sport for spectators.

The Western association will hold its schedule meeting in Chicago, Saturday, March 10th.

The City League championship season will open Sunday, April 15, and close Sunday, September 16.

The longest jump to be made by a base ball club this summer will be that of the Brooklyns to Kansas City.

Minneapolis has signed two more men—Myer Robinson and J. Sterling—two promising young Detroiters.

All the clubs of the Western association have at last signed their full compliment of players and are ready for the campaign.

Tub Welch is weilding a sledge in a blacksmith shop in St. Louis. His example should be imitated by many another alleged ball tosser.

The Omaha public may prepare itself for the announcement of the engagement of another celebrated player within the next ten days.

Milwaukee's new grand stand is to be built like an amphitheatre and will be surmounted by a tower. The grounds, complete, will cost something like $20,000.

"Herman Bader, of last season's Omahas," says the St. Louis Sporting News, "is one of the finest out-fielders, fleetest base-runners and heaviest-hitters who ever played in the west."

Ed Silch says he feels confident that the Brooklyns will win the American association pennant, but Ed's confidential feelings don't amount to much when it comes to deciding a case like this. He plays in Brooklyn this year, it will be remembered.

A Kansas City paper states that the American association club in that city will endeavor to oust Menges and his Western association club. Menges is entitled to full protection, however, under the national agreement and cannot be legally disturbed.

Messrs. Penrose & Hardin have been authorized by the board of directors to correspond with Manager Selee in regard to the players uniforms for the present season. As nearly as can be ascertained, these uniforms will be of white cloth, with padded pants and quilted waists, red or maroon stockings, varigated caps and fair leather belts. The word "Omaha" will adorn the breast of the shirts. The uniforms are to be purchased of Wright & Ditson, Boston.

Manager Gooding, of the Minneapolis club, has figured out the Western association's railroad expense for next season, as follows: Each club travels 5,100 miles during the season. At an average of 3c per mile, this is $171 per man. The teams will carry about 14 men each. This will make each club's expenses about $2,400, or a total for the whole association of $19,200. There will be enough additional in the way of extra trips for postponed games, the umpires' expenses, managers salaries, etc., to swell this total to $25,000.

The Bykers at Philadelphia.

The following famous 'cyclists will start in the great six-day's race, beginning in Philadelphia February 20: Charlie Ashinger, Omaha, Neb.; Frank E. Gingley, Minneapolis, Minn.; S. G. Whittaker, Chicago, Ill.; W. F. Knapp, Denver, Colo.; T. M. Hardwick, Galena, Kan.; Samuel P. Hollingsworth, Russiaville, Ind.; Horace Crocker, Newton, Mass.; Eddie McDowell, Philadelphia; Louise Armaindo, Montreal, Canada.

John L.'s Record.

John L. Sullivan is said to have had 729 meetings during his career as a fighter and has been victorious in all except two. One was when he fought with Patsy Cardiff and broke his arm in the second round, and the other was when he met Tug Wilson, and in that encounter he was never struck a blow. Tug stayed the number of rounds stipulated in the contract, but it was done by continually going down. In one round he went down thirty-one times. Of the other 728 of Sullivan's set-tos 327 were knock-outs. The rest were bested. Over one hundred times the police interfered. John L. never received a scratch in all his bouts, and never trained but once, and that was when he whipped Paddy Ryan.

The Biggest Shoot of the Age.

The coming shoot at Long Branch promises to be the grandest event of the kind ever held in the United States. The prizes are $1,000, $300 and $200. The shoot is at fifty birds each, Hurlingham rules. After a long session the handicappers announce the following handicaps: George Cubberly, 27 yards; Annie Oakley, 25; William Lever, 28; W. D. Campbell, 27; E. D. Miller, 28; Joseph Thompson, 28; William C. Price, 26; H. C. White, 28; Captain Jones, 28; Frank Class, 28; C. S. Wertsner, 28; Frank Kleintz, 29; L. S. Campbell, 28; J. R. Malone, 28; Fred Erb, jr., 31; H. Blazer, 28; William Graham, 31; J. Van Dyke, 25; Henry S. Ergler, 28; J. R. Stice, 31; J. A. Williar, 28; Phil Daly, jr., 25; C. W. Budd, 51. The shoot will possess a novelty in the appearance of Miss Annie Oakley, late of the Buffalo Bill combination. Budd, Erb and Stice, the crack western shots, well known in Omaha, are placed on scratch, being rated above the crack shots of the east.

Sullivan and Knifton.

Here is what "Macon" thinks of Knifton's chances for winning £300 of Sullivan's wealth, and what Macon thinks of such matters is mighty apt to be right:

As to the big milkman's chances with Sullivan, I must say that I think very little of them. Knifton is a very big, soft fellow, with plenty of strength, but only a moderate share of science, and, if report is true, he is quite slow—in fact, he is just the kind of an opponent, that Sullivan would select if he had his pick among a thousand. In my mind's eye I can, I imagine, see the result of such a contest. One round, with Sully feeling his man just to get his gauge and learn just what he amounts to; then a quick feint with the left, and, as the milkman breaks guard, a smash on the jaw from Sullivan's terrible right, and the big Englishman either reeling as groggy as a sailor three sheets in the wind or lying a limp heap of humanity on the ground, unable to respond to the call of time. I don't think the affair would go beyond two rounds.

Miscellaneous Local Sporting News.

The recent warm spell has started the geese north.

Jack King, the heavyweight pugilist, announces that he will either locate in Omaha or St. Louis.

John J. Hardin and George W. Ketchum are in Wichita, where they shoot in a tournament this week.

The Omaha Amateur Athletic club gives a grand fancy dress ball at Masonic hall on the evening of March 1.

John S. Prince puts in two hours a day on his wheel out on Sherman avenue. He is getting very hard, and declare he can't be beaten in the great race with McCurdy.

Kendall, Weineke and Kirby, of the Omaha Amateur Athletic club will attend the spring meetings of Athletes in Chicago and St. Louis, and take part in the different trials of skill.

An Elephant Subjugated By Love.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 19.—[Special Telegram to the BEE.]—This evening the keepers of the menagerie, which has winter quarters far out on the west side, took a troup of elephants out for a walk. When they returned to the barn Chief, who has an ugly temper, refused to enter. An effort was made to force the issue, when he turned, and with a sweep of his trunk cleared the way to liberty. With his head elevated and trumpeting defiance, he made his way down Poplar street, causing pedestrians to seek hiding places without ceremony. The keepers made an effort to corrall the beast. That failing, they thought of Mary, the female elephant who keeps him in subjection when in quarters. She was led down to the scene of action, a square and a half below on Poplar street. She looked on her recreant liege an instant, and then, advancing as he turned, met him half way. They embraced in cumbersome fashion. Subsequent coaxing and driving sufficed to secure his return, but not until he had demolished a show wagon, caused not a few runaways and frightened Poplar streeters out of their wits.

Personal Paragraphs.

J. T. Baker, of St. Joseph, Mo., is at the Millard.

J. Brett, of North Platte, Neb., is at the Millard.

O. R. Morris, of Des Moines, Ia., is at the Millard.

A. M. Merrill, of Hastings, Neb., is at the Paxton.

E. G. Wetzel, of Lincoln, Neb., is at the Paxton.

F. H. Gilcrest, of Kearney, Neb., is at the Paxton.

B. C. Jones, of Beatrice, Neb., is at the Windsor.

Fred G. Waite, of Broken Bow, Neb., is at the Paxton.

J. D. McDonald, of Fremont, Neb., is at the Paxton.

W. H. Briggs, of Des Moines, Ia., is at the Millard.

J. H. Ryder and wife, of Chicago, are at the Millard.

E. F. Warren, of Nebraska City, Neb., is at the Paxton.

George R. Sherwood, of Kearney, Neb., is at the Paxton.

R. E. Rundlatt, of Grand Island, Neb., is at the Windsor.

S. J. Allen and wife, of Lincoln, Neb., are at the Windsor.

R. E. Gray and wife, of Garden City, Kas., are at the Windsor.

K. C. Morehouse and Henry Cassidy, of Missouri Valley, Ia., are at the Millard.

Messrs. Nick Tager and P. A. Brownscombe, of Red Oak, Ia., are at the Windsor.

A Hitchcock (Neb.) farmer has a horned colt. Thus far he has kept it outside of a dime museum.

TH STRENGTH OF MR. CHILDS.

Things Which Make For Him as a Presidential Candidate.

IDOLIZED BY THE WORKINGMEN.

Circumstances Going to Show That the Plumed Knight Was Sincere in Withdrawing His Name From the Canvass.

What Blaine's Friends Say.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—The political sensation of the day is Mr. Blaine's letter withdrawing from the presidential race. Mr. Blaine is a man of so much individuality that he never addresses the public without securing the widest attention to what he says. His letter came like a clap of thunder from a cleaf sky, as far as the general public was concerned, but there were a favored few who had been anticipating it for at least three months past. When the national convention met in Washington in December I was confidentially informed by one of Mr. Blaine's most trusted lieutenants that the antagonism which the Plumed Knight's opponents were seeking to arouse as a bar to his candidacy was entirely unnecessary.

"Mr. Blaine will not be a candidate," said my informant, "and the public will be apprisedof this fact long before the nati onal convention meets in June. His wife is bitterly opposed to another canvass of dirt and slime in which she no less than her husband was dragged through the mire of partisan politics, and it has been largely on his account that she was so urgent that Mr. Blaine should leave the country and spend the time prior to the nominating convention in a trip of recreation abroad.

"As a matter of fact," said this gentleman, "I and a number of my friends know what strong inducements have been brought to bear upon Mr. Blaine to prevent him from flatly declining to lead the republican hosts in another canvass. He has not hesitated time and again to protest in the strongest terms to his most intimate admirers that his ambition as a candidate had been thoroughly satisfied, and that he had absolutely no desire either to force his nomination upon the party or to accept a nomination from their hands."

Whitelaw Reid, of the New York Tribune, a few days prior to this conversation, said substantially the same thing to me in his editorial sanctum. He intimated that it was extremely doubtful whether Mr. Blaine could be prevailed upon to accept a nomination if tendered him, and said that his friends were very apprehensive that, as the time for the national convention approached, he might refuse the canvass.

Mr. William Walter Phelps, the admitted lieutenant of Mr. Blaine in Washington, has maintained a close silence ever since the letter appeared and has steadily declined to be interviewed by any of the reporters. It has been a question with many whether Mr. Phelps believed that Mr. Blaine had really withdrawn from the race, and suggestions have already appeared in print that his refusal to make any comment upon the Blaine letter was due to a knowledge of ulterior motives on the part of the Maine statesman. I am in a position to know to the contrary. Mr. Phelps is extremely dispirited and disheartened at the publication of Mr. Blaine's letter. He believes it to be conclusive and final and that no tender of the nomination would induce Mr. Blaine to change his mind. In conversation on the subject yesterday he said that he felt at sea and was at a loss to know what candidate could secure the Blaine following.

"There are a number of candidates," said Mr. Phelps, "who can poll the full party strength, but our adherence to Mr. Blaine's cause was due to our knowledge that he could poll much more than the vote of his party and on this account was, in our opinion, by far the strongest candidate the republicans could nominate. Now that he is out of the way, it remains to be seen who can most closely approximate to his strength. The problem is largely one of carrying New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana, and the candidate who can bring to the polls on election day the largest number of voters for the republican nominee in those states is the man that Mr. Blaine's friends desire to see chosen by the convention."

There is a strong undercurrent of sentiment in favor of the nomination of George W. Childs, of Philadelphia. Notwithstanding the many protests of Mr. Childs that he would not accept such a nomination if it were tendered him, there has sprung up within the last week a feeling that the proper presentation of Mr. Child's name to the Chicago convention would address itself to the intelligence of the party, and that with him as a candidate before the convention other conflicting interests could rapidly be concentrated to secure his nomination. Mr. Childs is the idol of Philadelphia and of eastern workingmen generally. His philanthropy is as broad as two continents. Every employe in his great newspaper establishment would die in his defense. The letter carriers of Philadelphia and the street car drivers, who, every Christmas, receive a warm overcoat with the compliments of the genial owner of the Ledger, would organize themselves into missionary clubs to advance his cause in every city in the country where they have fellow workingmen. The printers of the United States, who look up to Mr. Childs as the head of the typographical profession and the benefactor of the Typographical union, would take their coats off in every country town to work for their patron. Labor generally throughout the country, it is believed, would swing vigorously into line for a man who has often been suggested as the arbitrator for labor disputes and who has only been refused by employing capital on the ground that he was certain to yield every time to the demands of the working people. Added to this comes the argument that Mr. Childs is a man of large means, could carry New Jersey on the tariff issue and, as a conservative, high-minded and honored citizen of the republic, would come as close to carrying New York as any other candidate who could be named.

It would not be surprising if the Childs boom, which has already been started by a vigorous editorial of Aleck McClure in the Philadelphia Times, should spread itself extensively over the east within the next ninety days. Of course Mr. Childs will continue to protest that his ambition lies in another direction, and there is no doubt that he is quite sincere in his declination, but it is noted that, while the editorial columns of the Ledger decline to consider such a possibility as Mr. Childs, nomination, the news columns contain very frequent references from outside sources to Mr. Childs as a presidential possibility. More than this, every writer who suggests the Chicago convention in connection with Mr. Childs' name and sends a marked copy to the editor of the Ledger is sure within a few days to receive a courteous note thanking him for his friendly notice which, while its suggestion can never be carried out, is appreciated as an evidence of the friendly feeling which is felt towards the editor of the Ledger.

This Week of Congress.

WASHINGTON., Feb. 19.—The senate will probably devote Monday and Tuesday of the coming week to the consideration of the mis cellaneous matters on its calendar, and on Wednesday it will take up the undervaluation bill. The executive calendars contain little to occupy the time of the senate but the fisheries treaty, which is expected to-morrow, and will perhaps give rise to some discussion during the week. It is the intention of several senators to ask that the treaty be made public at once, and the majority is doubtless in favor of such a course; but as the "precedents and traditions" of the senate are against it the result is doubtful.

Unless the report of the secretary of war upon the Boutelle battleflag resolution should be transmitted to the house to-morrow and the day consumed in political discussion, the speaker, after the introduction of the bills for reference, will call the committees for a motion to suspend the rules. None of the committees have, as yet, decided what measures they will submit for action under this call, but many of them will hold sessions to-morrow morning for that purpose.

It is probable the ways and means committee will endeavor to obtain the passage by the house of the Mills joint resolution providing for the investment of the surplus in the treasury and that the judiciary committee will request action upon the Hoar resolution proposing a constitutional amendment to change the date of inauguration day.

If the postoffice committee is reached it will present a resolution fixing the date for further consideration of the Pacific railroad telegraph bill, which in the regular order of business would not probably be reached on the calendar during the present month. In the committee on territories the most important measure which is on the calendar is that providing for the organization of the territory of Oklahama.

The sessions of Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday have been assigned for public building bills, and friends of this class of legislation are numerous enough to prevent any other business displacing them, although an adjournment over Washington's birthday is spoken of.

Friday will be devoted to private bills, interrupted only by the report of the committee on manufactures, upon the resolution directing the secretary of the treasury to institute an inquiry into the New York sugar trust which may give rise to a brief debate.

MURDERED HIS RIVAL.

A Jealous Lover Kills His Cousin While Visiting His Sweetheart.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Feb. 19.—[Special Telegram to the BEE.]—Henry Grote, jr., and Fred Behring are cousins and belong to one of the oldest families in the city. Grote has an interest in the Haskell Engraving company, and Behring conducts a manufacturing business. Both men have been paying attention to Bertha Simons, a handsome young belle who lives at No. 1218 Montgomery street. They frequently called together at the house, and it was supposed they were the best of friends. Recently a coolness has sprung up between them and it is said Grote ordered his cousin to stop calling on Miss Simons or there would be trouble. Behring only laughed and continued his visits, which appear to have been in accordance with the wishes of the young woman. At 9 o'clock last evening both met in the parlor of the house. Miss Simons was present, and before she could realize what was taking place Grote pulled out a revolver and, thrusting it against Behring's head, fired. The unfortunate lover fell dead on the floor. The girl ran screaming out of the room. Grote calmly put away his pistol and gave himself up to police.

Ineffectual Kickers.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Feb. 19.—The substance of to-day's manifestations throughout the coal regions goes to indicate that the efforts of the disaffected railroad strike leaders to neutralize the Corbin-Lewis agreement and the consequent resumption order are destined to failure.

A Newspaper Thief Caught.

The arrest of William Wallace, a newsboy, yesterday morning, will explain to a great many people why they sometimes do not get their morning papers. Wallace was discovered following the carriers and stealing the newspapers from the places where they were deposited. At the time of his arrest he had secured quite a bundle of papers, which he intended to hawk upon the streets.

Brevities.

Dr. L. A. Merriam lectured to the students of the Omaha commercial college Friday night. The doctor took for his subject, "Evolution, or the New Thought of the Nineteenth Century." The lecture was very interesting and fully appreciated by all present.

A most enjoyable evening was spent by the Knights of Pythagovas Lodge No. 59 at their rooms on South Thirteenth street, on the 14th inst., the occasion being the marriage of the M. of F. of said lodge, J. B. Conte. The festivities passed off in the most enjoyable manner and to the thorough satisfaction of over one hundred couples who were present. The presents to the newly married were numerous and appropriate to such an occasion. Mr. Conte's efforts on the occasion were untiring for the comfort of his guests.

Fast in an Organ Pipe.

New York Press: A good story was told at the recent dinner of the Stylus club about the narrow escape from death a well known member of the New York press in St. Andrew's church, this city. The gentleman in question, who, by the way, is quite a celebrated organist himself (pipe organ, not hand organ), was wandering through the organ loft of St. Andrew's church, when he slipped and fell into the diapason pipe of the huge instrument. He went down feet foremost into the cone of the pipe, until he was firmly wedged.

The more he struggled the tigher he wedged himself, and being about tweve feet from the top of the pipe, the air soon began to give out, and he became frightened at the idea of dying in the prison where accident had lodged him. His frantic shouts for help did no good.

After spending a night in this dangerous and dismal hole, and having in his struggles stripped off his coat, he wound it abaut his waist, so that no air could escape from below. Soon he heard the sonorous tones of the organ, and to the welcome and inspiring strains of

Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fear,

he ascended the pipe until he could reach the top with his hands. Then he knew that air had been pumped in below him, and that by gradual compression of the air he had been forced up as through a pneumatic tube. As he drew himself out of the pipe he gave one hearty and fervent shout of "Saved!" which rang above the tones of the organ and nearly frightened the organist to death.

As none of the gentlemen who heard the recital of this sublime narrative can attest upon their oath that it is a prevarication they are obliged to let it go down to posterity as a true story.

Attempt to Bunco Andrew Carnegie.

St. Louis Globe Democrat: An attempt to bunco Andrew Carnegie in New York recently was related to-day by Detective Share. A few days after the great Murdock $10,000 swindle here, as Mr. Andrew Carnegie was walking dowu Broadway, New York, he was overtaken by a handsomely dressed man of about forty, who had a foreign air and accent. The stranger addressed Mr. Carnegie, and said he supposed he had forgotten him. He said his name was so and so, and asserted that he had been a telegraph operator in the old Thire street office in Pittsburg, when it was under the care of John P. Glass, and David Courtenay, that he, as Mr. Carnegie doubtless remembered, had a great talent for drawing, and that his uncle had sent him to Italy to study. He had been abroad and achieved considerable success, and upon his return had stored some of his paintings in the Western Union building on Broadway. He also said there were one or two small paintings, scenes on the line of the Pennsylnia road, at the pack saddle near Blairville, near where Mr. Carnegie once did good service for the road in cleaning up a freight wreck. Incidents of Mr. Scott and Carnegie at work cleaning up the wreck recalled and remembered by Mr. Carnegie. The picture was his if he would deign to accept it.

Mr. Carnegie was pressed for time, but he consented to look at the picture, and was chatting with the stranger, when one of Inspector Bryne's Broadway detectives quietly stopped them.

"Mr. Carnegie," said the detective as he stood squarely in front of the two, "do you know with whom you are walking? This is one of the most expert confidence men in the city of New York."

The stranger vanished and Mr. Carnegie looked after him. The detective also vanished leaving the man who had gone around the world alone in his astonishment.

PACKING HOUSES PROMISED.

Swift and Armour Pay a Visit to Nebraska City.

LOOKING OVER THE GROUND.

A Good Prospect That They Will Locate There—Complaining of the Elkhorn—The Pioneer of Spring Ranche.

Swift and Armour Investigating.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., Feb. 19.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—Mr. Swift, of Swift's packing house, South Omaha, was in the city several days ago looking over the ground, it is said, with a view of building another packing house here. It is understood that he has been offered some good inducements which are now under consideration. Mr. A. B. Bell, of Chicago, representing Armour's packing interests, was also in the city several days ago investigating the chances and inducements offered for building a new house by Mr. Armour. The people of Nebraska City have renewed faith in the prediction of Mr. S. H. H. Clark that Nebraska City would in the near future be the leading city in the west in the packing interests.

Items From Stockham.

STOCKHAM, Feb. 18.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—The recent cut made by the Burlington on rates to Chicago is having a disastrous effect on the towns and people along the line of the Elkhorn route. The reduction amounts to about 4 cents a bushel, and as the Elkhorn has so far failed to meet the reduction it is losing a large amount of business, which is going to its rivals. It also results in loss to the shippers on this line, as they can get nothing to market in competition with their competitors on the other lines, and farmers are obliged to abandon their natural markets and haul long distances, which deprives them, in a large measure, of the benefits they would receive had the Northwestern met the cut. It is to be hoped that self interest will compel it to do it at once.

Stockham's spring boom is sprouting in healthy fashion. Mr. Carricker is erecting a fine business building, 22x60, two stories. Walter Scott, of Scott & Woods, lumbermen, is erecting a large and handsome cottage. The German Reformed church have begun on their church building which they will push to completion at an early day. Messrs. Downer & Corrick and McGovern & Kirk have just finished an office building. Mr. Tatroe's new residence is one of the handsomest in town. Mr. Louis Sauer has begun business in his store on upper Main street. Mr. Frank Walzer is just finishing a good business building, corner of Main and Second streets. J. D. Evans, town site man, reports an increased demand for his favorite commodity.

Nebraska City's Enterprise.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., Feb. 19.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—The people of Nebraska City have become very enthusiastic over schemes for advertising the superior advantages of the city in the east. The board of trade has taken hold of the matter in earnest, and some good results may be expected. Many citizens have volunteered subscriptions towards a fund of $10,000 for advertising purposes, and it is proposed to send a man out on the road to "talk Nebraska City" and induce immigration, and manufacturers to locate here, to which end liberal financial encouragement will be offered to responsible parties. To the board of trade principally belongs the credit of Nebraska City's continued prosperity, and the board prospers with the city, it having increased its membership during the past month from thirty to seventy-five, including many business men of standing in the city.

An interesting fact relating to the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy bridge now being built across the river here has just been brought to the notice of Nebraska City people. While the bridge spans the river connecting Nebraska and Iowa, the structure is, or will be, entirely in the former state, consequently the taxes derived therefrom, which will amount to something like $15,000 per year, will benefit Nebraska City exclusively. This is the only bridge on the river which is entirely in one state. The repeated changes of the river channel have finally brought the stream to its present bed, a half mile or more on the Nebraska side of the dividing line between the states. Work on the bridge is progressing rapidly, all the caissons being finished and the first span of the bridge completed yesterday. It is the intention of the company to have the bridge completed by June or July if possible, and every endeavor will be made to accomplish it.

History of Spring Ranche.

SPRING RANCHE, Neb., Feb. 17.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—This is by no means a new point but for many years has been laying dormant. But now by the building of the Kansos City & Omaha railroad new life is being infused into it. Spring Ranche is situated in the southwest corner of Clay county, on the Little Blue valley, sixteen miles southeast of Hastings. The Kansas City & Omaha railroad, which extends from Omaha to Fairfield and from Fairfield to Alma caused to be platted and laid out 130 acres into town lots, which is on the old government trail from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Kearney, and thence united with the Platte valley trail that led to the mountains and California.

Away back in the 50's, when the rush to the gold fields and stage routes were established and later the pony express became necessary, what were called "ranches" were located at intervals along the valley, at convenient places for water and making hay. Stables and corrals were built and generally a store was to be found where the emigrant could buy provisions for his journey to the land of gold. Spring Ranche was the last ranche on the Blue at that point where they left the valley and struck across the divide for Fort Kearney, a distance of fifty miles, and that the most dangerous section of any on the route. The grand old hero and pioneer who for so many years defended his ranche and protected the emigrant from the ever dreaded Sioux Indian is still here, honored and respected by every one who knows him. His name is James Bainter. Three times he was burnt out and driven away by the Indians, but on their last raid, in 1867, when every ranche from Kearney to the mouth of the Big Sandy was burned and the people all along the line were massacred, Mr. Bainter, son and wife and nine stage boys bravely fought two or three hundred Sioux Indians under the lead of White Antelope for two days and nights and then, by killing the chief, came off victorious. They were found at that time by the troops who were hastening down the line from Kearney.

To return to the place, Spring Ranche contains at present two stores, one blacksmith shop, one boarding house, several dwelling houses, two churches, one school house, depot of the Kansas City & Omaha railroad and the Spring Ranche double roller mills which are running night and day to fill orders. A few are making preparations for building in the early spring. This place will likely take quite a boom, as the Kansas City, Lawrence & Northwestern survey crosses here on its line to Hastings, but it comes up the Blue from Hebron, and the Rock Island will also cross here from Nelson to Hastings. The Missouri Pacific from Superior to Hastings comes close to us on the west, of which the tracklayers have reached the Blue. There is a good opening for all kinds of business here. The country is well settled and the valley full of stock. The greatest need is a good doctor and drug store. Both would be heartily welcomed.

The Perkins County Election.

GRANT, Neb., Feb. 19.—[Special Telegram to the BEE.]—A petition was issued and served on Election Judge B. S. Wise of this place, Saturday evening, requiring him to appear at the district court Tuesday at Loup City and show cause why a writ of mandamus shall not be issued compelling him to show up the poll books for the November and January elections. John McKinzie, of Madrid, was specially deputized to serve the notice, which had its birth in Madrid precinct. The readers of the BEE will recollect that the books were stolen something over a week ago, suspicion resting on certain individuals residing in and working for Madrid precinct. Grant has employed the ablest legal talent in the state to defend Wise.

Burglary at Falls City.

FALLS CITY, Neb., Feb. 19.—[Special Telegram to the BEE.]—Last night the drug store of Dr. D. M. King was broken into and robbed of jewelry and other articles to the amount of about $100. There is no clue to the guilty party, and it is probable that it will never be known who did the act. The town at present is overrun with tramps and thieves, and the merchants are taking extra steps to protect themselves.

Rain Storm and Flood.

FALLS CITY, Neb., Feb. 19.—[Special Telegram to the BEE.]—Last night this section of the country was visited by a terrible rain storm. The Nemaha is overflowing its banks and it looks as if the high water mark will be reached in a short time.

HOW HEARST WAS SKINNED.

The Fortunes That Were Lost and Won in the Morning Star Mine.

New York Graphic: Two of the tables in the cafe of the St. James hotel were drawn up together last night, and there was a nice, jolly company seated around them. Senator Tom Bowen, of Colorado, was there, and so was Senator Hearst, of California. Besides the two statesmen there were Tom Kelly, of Arizona, who is a colonel when at home; Judge A. C. Monson, of San Francisco, who knows as much about horses as any other man on the coast; Aleck Morrison, who is the champion orator of the Sierras; J. C. Stubbs, the general traffic manager of the Union Pacific, who pulls the wool over the eyes of eastern railroad magnates with a gentle truthfulness that cannot be excelled; Mart Flavin, who went out sleigh riding a few nights ago and asserts that he dropped the tip of his frost-bitten ear in the sleigh, and half a dozen other good story-tellers known to fame on the Pacific coast.

Tom Bowen had told several of his well worn tales, the end of which always was whispered in a half mysterious way, and the judge for the hundredth time had related the particulrs of his trip to Europe. Fom Kelly had not said a word.

"Tom, old boy," said the long-bearded senator from California, "do you remember the deal you gave us on that mine near Tombstone, back in 1880? I really never knew the true history of that scalping business, but it is all over now, and you ought to tell us how you played it on us. You know you cleaned me out of a cool $100,000."

"George," answered the colonel, and he looked very solemn and truthful like, "I think I did best you on that bargain and, by the glaciers of the Rockies, I think I am the one man on the coast who ever downed the senator in a mining deal. But I did—and this is the story."

"Tombstone, Ariz., was a very bad town half a dozen years ago, and it is not much of a paradise on earth just yet, though they have hanged and shot a couple of hundred of the worst rustlers within the last year or two. I was around there prospecting in the neighborhood early in 1880, and to confess the truth I was hard up. I was literally walking on my shoe strings. I could not find anything around that country worth getting George Hearst and my other capitalistic friends to spend money upon, and I was about pulling up my stakes when I ran across an old mine, called the Morning Star, about two miles from Tombstone, which was owned by some of the toughest citizens in that town. It looked promising and I wrote to Hearst about it. He came on and looked at the hole, nosed around for a cyuple of days, and then said he would not give $1 an acre for it. Twenty-four hours before he had made that statement to me he and several of his friends had formed a little syndicate and had purchased that very mine for $25,000. I was left out. I was mad, but not half so mad as I was a couple of weeks later, when I found that the new owners had stocked the mine for $1,000,000—1,000,000 shares at $1 each—and were selling the shares pretty rapidly on the San Francisco market at about 50 cents apiece. It was enough to make any man enraged.

"George eired old Piggy McLaughlin, one of the best miners on the coast, to clear away the debris around the place and dig down to pay dirt. He had a force of about twenty men with him. I though I saw my way clear, when Mac came long, for I had often grub-staked him in the old days, as he had me also. So we put our heads together.

"The Morning Star boom went right along for a little while, and I believe George and his friends got rid of about 500,000 shares and cashed into their coffers nearly $300,000 on their outlay of $25,000. But eight months after the shares were first put upon the market, a committee came along from the shareholders and found that there was not a pound of paying ore on the dump.

"Three days after they returned to San Francisco and had got rid of their own stock at a profit the shares fell to ten cents.

"The next day McLaughlin received a dispatch from Hearst telling him to stop work and discharge the men at the end of the week. It was Friday when the telegram reached Mac, and he and I were condoling with each other over the failure we had met with, for really not an indication of pay dirt had yet been reached. It looked blue for both of us as we walked over to where the men were preparing for their last blast. It was an old hole drilled by the former owners and had been left untouched. Our fellows said they would take no chances, but would use George Hearst's powder sticks to blast everything within reach, for they, too, were mad and ugly.

"When Mac and I looked carelessly into that long hole after the smoke had cleared away you could have knocked either of us over with a featoer. The fortune we had longed for lay at our feet. The last blast had disclosed one of the finest bodies of ore we had ever seen.

"We made no outcry, and the miners paying no attention to the hole we covered it up and went back to camp. That night we let three of the most reckless devils in the outfit into the secret, and the next morning I started for Srn Francisco, No man was to leave the camp until I returned. McLaughlin and the other three fellows were to hold them there by sweet words if possible, by shotguns if necessary.

"I raised a few hundred dollars in 'Frisco, played half of it in Gourley's bank ond stepped out of there with more than $1,200. The shares of the Morning Star mine were worth nothing, and I had no trouble in gathering them in. But I went along quietly and at last I called upon George Hearst. I knew he had about 200,000 of them.

"I told the old boy I thought I saw a way of making a couple of hundred dollars out of the shares by selling them to eastern capitalists, and as they were worth nothing to him I offered him a $100 note for all he had. He jumped at the offer, and I walked out of his office with nearly 300,000 shares.

"The next morning the Chronicle had a half-column story of the great discovery at the Morning Star mine, and I was on my way back to Tombstone. Two days after I got there George Hearst walked down into the drift, looked at the vein of ore, eyed me all over and said:

"'Tom, you are a ——skin.' And then he went away.

"I sold the mine in six weeks, and my share was just a plump million of dollars. No! I am done with mining now. New York, London and Paris are good enough for me."

"I think it is my turn to treat," said the big California senator.

And Tom Kelly took wine.

His Ingenuity Miscarried.

Boston Times: The following story is quietly going the rounds of select Back Bay circles: A young man living on Beacon street desired to send a present last Christmas to a young lady living on Marlborough street. Mr. Y.'s pocket-book would not stand a very heavy demand, however. While going the rounds in search of an appropriate gift he happened to be in one of the leading jewelry and bric-a-brac stores on Washington street when a valuable vase was accidentally broken. "How much was that vase worth?" he asked. "Before it was broken the price was $200," was the reply. "What is it worth now?" "Why, not much of anything; it cannot be mended." "