

MAINS WAS BADLY MAILED.

The Tall Apostle Fares Little Better Than Mr. Tuckerman.

GOOD WORK WITH THE STICK.

Hard Hits and Plenty of Them. Backed By Brilliant Fielding. Again Upset the Visitors From the North.

Omaha 10, St. Paul 8.

One of the largest crowds that ever assembled at the ball park was there yesterday afternoon to see the Omahas and St. Pauls play the final game of their present series.

Over five thousand people were gathered within the spacious enclosure, packing the grand stand to suffocation, and crowding the bleaching boards to their fullest capacity.

Encircling the field, too, was a cordon of buggies and carriages filled with excited spectators, while the grass plots on each side of the diamond were dotted with the recumbent forms of men and boys.

Indeed, the crowd was a great one, and under the mellow sun shimmered forth a picturesque scene that was a sight within itself.

And of all the masses there, everyone, almost, save those who had come to see the cheer Omaha. And they did cheer Omaha—cheer her until some of them must have cried for her for once more the Willie Sox won the game.

Thus of the nine games the two teams have played so far this season, Omaha has won six, taking the lead, and St. Pauls is not doing pretty well with the leaders, and don't you think we have a chance yet for the flag?

But this is not the only thing that happened. Conroy, the first batter up, went back to the bench on a little one to Werick and Hawes. He was a little off, and on Strauss' intended to come for a base, and on Strauss' base on balls was forced to second.

The audience seemed to fly instinctively that something was about to happen, and when pretty little Johnny Crooks came to bat, there was a low, marginous sound in the grand stand like the mutterings of distant thunder.

"Put her anywhere near the plate, Willie," called Crooks to the telephone pole pitching for St. Paul, "and I'll kill it."

This made a hot, and bending his form forward until his nose nearly touched his knees, he suddenly straightened up, and with a bang, he struck Willie's bat.

It was a timely hit, and before Carroll could recover the sphere and get it back into the diamond, Cleveland and Strauss had crossed the rubber and were on their way.

The mutterings in the grand stand changed to a roar, and it was caught up by the bleachers, it being a grand old day, indeed.

And that wasn't all of it. Andrews came right along after this delightful smash, and before Willie Mains could realize how judicious enough he had over in Parmelee's yard, and arm in arm, Crooks and Willie waltzed home.

The great crowd fairly made earth and atmosphere vibrate with their cheering.

It is such a revivifying spectacle to see your side making runs, and your enemy's falling quickly back into the mire.

Waltz was hit in a low, but he retired on a grounder to Hawes, who then muffed Nagle's hit and gave Tommy his base.

A moment later he came home on Willie's fine drive, center, Nichols ended the innings from Werick to Hawes.

The Apostles could do nothing in their half. Nichols' hit was the only one that the salient cohort could do nothing with.

There were some close shaves, however, and it was only some marvelous pick-ups and lightning catches that saved the game.

And brilliant work of the whole team all around, that shut out runs on divers occasions. Crooks and Andrews, by a neat double play in the second, evidently saved a tally or two.

In the fourth Omaha made her sixth run. After the speedy retirement of Willis and Nichols, Conroy got in his work with a clever hit, and on Cleveland's second hit, ran clear round home.

Ever since the crowd again "acted up" just as Willie. Every body said that the game was clinched.

But, as has probably been remarked before, this season has been a bad one for Omaha, and the old adage that there is many a banana peel between the lip and the dipper is a good one to have in mind when talking in the grand stand.

St. Paul gathered herself together in the sixth and made three runs.

That wasn't quite so nice. Reilly went down in his work with an error by Walsh. Hawes struck out.

Then, as exasperating as it was, after blanking in the seventh, they came right back at us and scored.

The crowd couldn't believe it, and they looked dubiously at their score cards again and again.

And here's how they were made them: Murphy made a single, Carroll a three-bagger, Willis an error and Farmer a hit.

IOWA'S DAIRY INTERESTS.

She is Fast Becoming One of the Leaders in This Field.

WANT A FOOD COMMISSION.

The Farmers May Ask For Protection Against Bogus Groceries—A Union of Sheriffs and Marshals—Des Moines Notes.

Better Butter.

Des Moines, Ia., June 23.—[Special to The Bee.]—Few people, who have not observed closely, are aware how the dairy interests of Iowa have increased. It is fast becoming one of the leading states in this respect.

Dairy Commissioner Sherman, in a recent interview, gave some information about the progress that is being made in northwestern Iowa. He said that that section of the state is increasing its make of dairy butter from 20 to 25 per cent this year over last, and the increase, he thinks, is due to new creameries.

The method of securing the raw product, the creameries are largely changing from the gathered cream system to the full milk plan, and are using separators for this purpose.

Through the dairy laws, the long line of fire, it leaped from twig to twig, from leaf to leaf, and from corpse to corpse. Neither blue nor gray was spared by this barbarian spoiler.

It was a sad sight to see the dead and wounded lumbering through the woods. Through the dense forest, the long line of fire, it leaped from twig to twig, from leaf to leaf, and from corpse to corpse.

"I saw where dying men lay in the track of the fire," said a confederate soldier, "but I could do nothing. I was wedged in the line and on a wild rush I went straight forward, and on my way to go—straight ahead. When I came back the ground had been swept by the flames and the wounded had ceased their groaning."

"On Sunday morning," said the same soldier, "we were ordered to march forward in the woods which were crowded at least fifty, possibly one hundred, wounded men. No surgeon was with them. They had no water, no food, no one to offer consolation. They were left to die in the woods."

Late that evening I returned through that same wood. The flames swept away the hut. I know not how many had perished, but I could see charred flesh and bones in the ashes.

By the way, the fire, in Chatanooga, mortally wounded the general, and he died. He had friends and peace around him. "The path to Stygian horrors" was lighted for these wretches by the flames of their own funeral pyre.

COLLECTING DEBTS.

How Local Merchants Are to Protect Themselves.

Omaha merchants have organized a local branch of the Nebraska State Business Men's association. They claim that their plans are so arranged that, after due notice has been given a debtor, and settlement is not made, no circumstances will be merited, and he will be held liable for the amount.

The association, it is said, is extending over the state. Plattsmouth, Nebraska City, Blair, Grand Island, Hastings and Central City are among the cities which are to be supervised by the Commercial Directory company of this city, and the merchants, it is claimed, are adopting their reference to conform with this association.

The plan is to collect debts in a general way, and the merchants claim that the association is a new one under the same restrictions as that in the town he left. He also says that this plan does not differ from the general plan of the association.

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The regular monthly meeting of the Omaha merchants' association was held on Monday evening at the Y. M. C. A. hall. Tomorrow evening, therefore, the meeting will be held. The merchants desire every merchant to be present at the meeting.

To disinfect cellars, waste pipes, water closets, etc., always use Platt's chlorides.

A Midnight Blaze.

An alarm from box 25 about midnight called the fire department to the corner of Twentieth and Martha streets. The fire was found to be in the dry goods and general store owned by John F. Lisy.

The store was a one-story frame structure and was burned nearly to the ground when the department arrived. The building next to it, owned by the same party, was also damaged.

The loss was estimated at \$10,000. The stock was insured for \$700.

Des Moines News.

Des Moines, Ia., June 23.—[Special to The Bee.]—Rev. C. J. Keppert, pastor of the United Brethren church, of this city, has accepted an election to the presidency of Lebanon college, Pa.

The Holiness association, including members from all denominations, has been holding a camp-meeting in the outskirts of this city for the past week. The services will close to-morrow. They have attracted a number of visitors.

The Tippecanoe Veterans club still keeps up its organization in this city and holds regular meetings on Saturdays. It will hold an anniversary meeting, having been organized, at that time, just one year. It was one of the first Tippecanoe clubs organized during the campaign and during its brief existence it has done a large amount of campaign work, listened to innumerable songs and speeches, furnished a delegation of respectably dressed gentlemen to sit upon the stage at all public meetings, and expended \$1,000 for the good of its cause.

The Second Iowa cavalry is making arrangements for a tour of the country, and will start on Saturday, July 1. It will hold an anniversary meeting, having been organized, at that time, just one year. It was one of the first Tippecanoe clubs organized during the campaign and during its brief existence it has done a large amount of campaign work, listened to innumerable songs and speeches, furnished a delegation of respectably dressed gentlemen to sit upon the stage at all public meetings, and expended \$1,000 for the good of its cause.

Horrible Memories of the War.

Wounded Soldiers Said to Have Been Burned Alive at Chattanooga.

The battle of Chickamauga was altogether the most horrible tragedy in the most tragic strife of modern times, writes Stanhope Sams in the Atlanta Journal.

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WHERE COLUMBUS IS REVERED.

Beautiful Views From the Harbor of Barcelona—Picturesque Costumes of the Peasants—Delights for Antiquarian Students.

Relics of Roman Rule.

We entered Spain by the flowery road of Avignon and Nismes, says Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood, writing from Valencia to the New York World. Leaving Paris cold and dreary behind us, we found ourselves in the Land of Blossoms soon at Lyons. This long detour was necessary if we sought Cook's tickets, which, being a saving of 40 per cent, were well paid to do. Besides it is in this road, late spring by far the most agreeable way of entering Spain.

I remember long ago talking with the poet Bryant about Spain, which he often visited. "Avoid the seacoast and Madrid when it is cold; go to Barcelona, Tarragona and Valencia first," was his wise advice, and I am very glad to have followed it, for we found the country a rapture of blossoms. Avignon, as a stopping place, is something of a disappointment. The Roman remains, but for a sort of aroma of past and present, as if the ghosts of the old popes were blowing off their unused incense over the flower-laden fields. Petrarch and Laura still haunt these gardens.

But, last of the Roman remains, is still claimed by the leg in yonder monastery tower. Avignon is a haunted town, and has a neat and quaint hotel, like the Peacock at Matlock. We passed also a day at Nismes, very fine, then to Perpignan, and so on to Barcelona.

The blossoming trees covered with these old stone walls, and the peaches blushed against them, as the Iberian maids may have done when the dark-eyed conquerors made love to them with their black eyes. It was an exquisite sight. The wine is like sherry, and a blue flower, which shall remain anonymous because I do not know what it was. I only have the important information to give you that it was most beautiful, and as blue as heaven.

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