THE LOCAL SPORTING WORLD

A Proposed Benefit for Frank Selee, Omaha's Baseball Manager.

AMATEUR WHEELMEN'S ACTIVITY

A Catch-as-Catch-Can Wrestling Match—After the Middle-Weight Champion—The Baseball Review—Miscellaneous.

A Benefit for Selee.

A movement is on foot to give Frank Selee, the clever and efficient manager of the Omaha base ball team, a grand benefit at the local park Thursday, August 15. That the gentleman is deserving of this extra recognition at the hands of Omaha's base ball patrons no one will doubt. He has worked faithfully and industriously from the opening of the season to bring the team up to a standard of play that would permit of no kicking even from the most exacting crank, and well has he succeeded. He has the pennant winners, it now seems a foregone conclusion, yet in this there may yet be disappointment. But irrespective of this desirable end, the Omahas are playing the best ball to-day of any minor association team in the country—are batting harder, fielding cleaner, running bases better and winning more games. The credit for all this must be awarded Manager Selee. He is careful and painstaking with his men, yet rigidly severe when it comes to discipline, and they owe their splendid condition and fine work to his unremitting watchfulness more than anything else. The main attraction at the proposed benefit is to be an exhibition game of ball between the home team and the Minneapolis aggregation, and a spirited battle will be the result. Manager Selee will occupy the box for the locals for the first five innings, and Manager Morton officiate similarly for his team. In addition to this there will be long distance throwing contests, match base running, several sprint races, a wrestling bout, high jumping, etc., making up a most interesting and varied programme.

APOLLOS ON THE ROAD.

The Run to Irvington at 3:30.

The run to Bellevue brought out thirteen of the boys, and they all had a dandy time. Time down, one hour and forty-five minutes; back, one hour and twenty minutes.

Beindorf was the only man to climb every hill, and the only one who didn't take at least one header.

The sight of Bob Calkins on the last run was good for sore eyes—so the boys all said.

But three of the thirteen came back per the steam cars. The sultry sun was too much for "Short-Crank" Fred, and he was compelled to drop out at South Omaha.

There is an anxiety to see the president turn out on some of the runs.

An unusual number of road hogs were encountered on route to Bellevue.

For the run to-day, meet at 2540 Capitol avenue.

Among the Wheelmen.

Joseph Josephi started on his tour Thursday morning, leaving Des Moines, to which point he took the train from here.

Watermelon and "puree" is not exactly the proper combination to eat, but it has been eaten, and can be done again.

Francisco's hand is just about getting well. He already hints about taking a ride. Who says he had enough riding?

When is the Coombe-Florence medal to be run for? It has been nicely engraved, setting forth the date and the name of the giver.

There will be a run to Irvington at 8:30 a. m. to-day and Bellevue at 8:30 p. m. The club mileage is away behind this month because of the rainy weather.

At Missouri Valley they had fully prepared for the boys, to all appearances, an extra calf having been put on the rack, which was easily disposed of, although some the boys, it is thought, would have eaten anything, from nails upward, upon their arrival.

J. H. Lothrop has resigned his office of first lieutenant. This will be read with regret by a great many of the riders of the club, for all had a great feeling for "Lothy." But then, lawn tennis takes his attention now. He has even sold his machine, so as to be able to devote all his time to this pretty sport. It's dollars to doughnuts, though, that he kicks pedals again next season.

The run to Missouri Valley last week was attended by eight members who ran through, two only, going as far as Crescent. The roads beyond Crescent were only in fair condition. One new rider attending, this ride exhibited great nerve in sticking to his machine as he did. After having his hand blistered so badly that he could ha dly hold the handle, he continued on his way, though he could have caught a train which would have brought him through. This was the first long ride on a safety out of Omaha, one being ridden just as an experiment, and he thinks it is the road machine of the future. Riding it back with greater ease than going, the return trip being watched by most of the boys, thinking the captain would surely give up. The captain's ordinary is now for sale.

Miscellaneous Sports.

Harry McCormick is pulling out the cripples by the cord at Spirit Lake.

The Sports Afield, published at Denver, is one of the neatest, newsiest and best edited sporting sheets in the country.

Frank Parmelee, of this city, and Charlie Budd, of Des Moines, go to Leadville next week to participate in a big trap shoot to be given there.

The finest broken Gordon setter in the city of Omaha is the property of Jack Pennington. Billy Townsend's Irish bitch, Zoe, is another magnificent dog.

Dr. H. A. Worley, with a coterie of congenial spirits, will spend several weeks next month elk and deer hunting in the famous valley of the Sweetwater.

Elmer Frank, clerk of the United States court, and a party, will leave about the 15th of August for their annual deer and bear hunt off among the Colorado mountains.

W. C. Dohm's half-mile in 1m. 55¼s, has been duly verified by the proper officials and will become the best American amateur record, supplanting L. E. Myers' 1m. 55 2-5s.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Jimmy F. Lindsay to Miss Mary F. Lynch, one of Omaha's fair-daughters, at the home of the bride, Seventeenth and Manderson streets, on the evening of July 31.

Cable advices are that Jem Smith, the English pugilist, is willing to take $1,000 expenses and fight John L. Sullivan in this country for the championship of the world, if Sullivan is not willing to go abroad.

Dowe Bennett and Ed Kendall are doing the Iowa and Illinois towns on a professional sprinting tour. They beat the local crack at Davenport last Thursday, and are said to have got away with nearly a thousand dollars of prohibition suckeretta.

At Chicago, Thursday night, Frank Ives made a total of 315, while Jacob Schaefer scored 225, in a game of balk line billiards. Ives' average was 18 6-33 and Schaefer 18 31-33. This is the first time that Schaefer was ever beaten in a game as long as 300 points by any man save George Slosson and Maurice Vignaux—that is in fourteen inch balk line. Ives did the remarkable performance of 298 in nine innings.

Evan Lewis, the strangler, and McMillen, the strong man, are matched for a mixed style wrestling contest to take place at the Coliseum, August 7. The contest will be for a purse of $300 offered by the management, and will, in all likelihood, be a struggle well worth witnessing. Lewis has the reputation of being one of the best catch-as-catch-can wrestlers in the world, and in fact for several years held the championship, but he is way up in all styles, and fully able to hold his own with the best of them. McMillen, the strong man, while not so well known as the strangler, is also a good man at this style of wrestling and fully expects to down the Wisconsin terror.

A fight, or more properly speaking, a glove contest, is being arranged for between Jimmy Lindsay, the middle-weight champion of Nebraska, and Dan Daly, of St. Louis, to come off within the next fortnight within one hundred miles of this city. Lindsay's record is too well known for rehearsal here, but in Daly, who is comparatively a novice, he will find a warrior worthy all his muscle, nerve and science. He has made but one fight of any note—a draw with no less a personage, that Billy Meyer, the Streator lad, who fought a draw with Jack McAuliffe last winter. Daly and Lindsay will fight for a purse of $500 given by a number of sporting men of this city, Council Bluffs and St. Louis. The time and place has not as yet been decided upon.

The following is a list of the entries for the great professional championship meeting, to be held at Denver August 18 to 25: Dave Bennett and Ed Kendall, of this city; J. P. Haughn, Casey, Ill.; W. Samuels, Botany, N. S. U.; Jesse Cross (colored), Cairo, Ill.; H. M. Johnson, St. Louis; Sid Peet, Buffalo, N. Y.; James Quirk, Brantford, Ont.; James Collins, Milwaukee, Wis.; E. S. Skinner, Denver; C. F. Gibson, Kansas City; O. D. Clack, Kansas City; C. C. Lee, Fort Scott, Kan.; W. H. Hough, Girard, Kan.; W. Mills, Watertown, Mass.; Fred Roger, Trenton, N. J.; Dave Shepard, Pittsburg, Pa.; E. U. Mathias, New Philadelphia, O.; Frank Only, Dodge City, Neb.; T. W. Dobbins, St. Paul, Minn.; O. D. Start, Iowa; F. W. Stone, New York; Frank Lewis, Oakland, Cal.; M. J. Slattery, Boston; "Tuckie" Murphy, Providence, R. I.; W. Brown (colored), Natick, Mass.; Thomas Fitzgerald, Toronto, Ont.; Jimmy Ryan, Los Angeles, Cal.; W. Donovan, Lynn, Mass.; J. W. Flynn, Lynn, Mass.; W. C. Bryan, Hutchinson, Kan. The entry list up to date comprises thirty names, among them being the most prominent runners in the country.

Exterminating the Birds.

The secretary of the Omaha gun club is in receipt of the following letters, which speak for themselves:

LINSCOTT, Neb., July 25.—Dear Sir: If you have any men out looking up violators of the game laws, send one to this place. They are slaughtering young chickens and grouse in this vicinity by thousands and shipping them to the eastern markets.

ANSELMO, Neb., July 23.—Dear Sir: I write you in the interests of the game law, and with the hope of stopping the killing of young prairie chickens before the law is up. If your club desires to prosecute offenders, I advise you to send an officer or officers up into Custer county. The birds are being killed off by the wholesale there. Dunning is the station the birds are being largely shipped from. Plenty of evidence is obtainable that will convict several of the conscienceless scamps.

BANCROFT, Neb., July 19.—Dear Sir: There are one or two regularly organized parties in this vicinity who do nothing but shoot prairie chickens for the eastern market, and they are at it now. Up on the Omaha reservation, the birds are being literally exterminated before they are half grown. Cannot your society take some steps which will put a stop to this unlawful practice. If you want any shooting this fall, you will surely have to do something to protect the young birds.

NORTH PLATTE, Neb., July 18.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: If any move is made by the Omaha gun clubs to put a quietus to the wanton violation of the prairie chicken law, I have from $50 to $100 to contribute to help the cause along. It is an outrage to have chickens and quails, not yet half grown, destroyed in the way that market hunters are now destroying them.

Flashes From the Diamond.

The season is more than half over.

Brooklyn is still after Tom Nagle.

Emmerke is with the Milwaukees.

Shock leads in batting for Milwaukee.

Des Moines is in a bad way for pitchers.

Jevne is putting up a good game for Sioux City.

Minneapolis is yet a factor in the pennant chase.

Cincinnati would give a big round sum for Nichols.

Alvord is putting up a good game for the Cowboys.

Tuckerman is doing the best pitching for the Apostles.

Burns, the Poet, of Kansas City, has made 100 base hits.

Milwaukee has got a got a good man in Pitcher Davies.

Joe Quinn, Boston's short-stop, is off with malarial fever.

Elmer Foster is the champion sprinter of the western association.

Minneapolis has a strong pitching trio in Duke, Devlin and Mitchell.

Sioux City has patched up her difficulties and will play the season out.

St. Paul has released Wagenhurst, who has signed with the Cape May team.

Canavan is, without a doubt, the best outfielder in the Western association.

It is hinted that Kansas City parties control the bulk of St. Joe's base ball stock.

Willie Mains, St. Paul's long drawn-out twirler, is getting it in the neck hard and often.

W. L. Van Horn, one of the Denver directors, was in the city a couple of days this week.

Crooks is the only player in the country who has made four home runs in one game this year.

Captain Shoch is getting much better work out of the Milwaukees than Uncle Ezra did.

What's the matter with Omaha's securing Krock and Somers, the battery recently released by Chicago?

Burks, Sioux City's short stop, went back on Denver and signed with St. Joe. Rowe says he'll have the young man black listed.

Jack Messitt has been loaned to Denver and is playing third. The Omaha management can recall him whenever they feel so disposed.

"Peek-a-boo" Veach, of the Sacramentos, has been laid off for boozing. He is an irredeemable lusher and should be "fired" incontinently.

Nagle has caught four-fifths of all Omaha's games this season, and has yet his first poor game to catch. Tommy is worth his weight in scrap iron.

Milwaukee has no cause for regret in losing Pitcher McNabb. Omaha found him a regular pud. He claims to have been sick while here, however.

Crooks has made 10 home runs, Cleveland 9, Andrews 8, Strauss and Canavan 7 each, Messitt 5, Walsh, Nagle and Cooney 4 each, Clarke 2 and Nichols 1.

Dalrymple and McClellan are the ball players of the Denver team. Grandpapa Dolan, however, continues to hold up his end, both at and behind the bat.

The St. Joe papers claim that Omaha has a wholesale dread as well as disgust for Chippey McGarr. But that is untrue. The gay little bird has always been a favorite here.

Kid Nichols is one of the coming pitchers, that is, if he hasn't already arrived. He is certainly one of the most effective men in the box to-day, and the National league and the American association are both clamoring for him.

Remember there is a game at the ball park to-morrow, as well as Tuesday and Wednesday, too. These games were transferred from Des Moines here by mutual consent, and will be the last played here until August 8.

The battling averages of the Omaha team up to and including the game yesterday, are as follows: Crooks, .355; Cleveland, .335; Canavan, .326; Nagle, .321; Cooney, .305; Walsh, .305; Willis, .300; Strauss, .265; Andrews, .260; Messitt, .255; Clarke, .220; Nichols, .200.

Under the new rules of four balls, three strikes, the improvements in batting is scarcely noticeable. Taking the official averages of last year in comparison with those of to date, we find that the batting is increased about 10 per cent. On this basis the leading batsmen this year would not have more than .377 to his credit. In fact, it will be surprising if these figures are reached.

The Spirit of the South says Tim Hurst, the new Western association umpire, the following compliment: "The late Southern league season is notable in one respect, it introduced to the base ball world down in this direction the best umpire we have ever seen, in Tim Hurst. He is intelligent, honest, firm, quick and correct in his decisions, and has the respect of all players."

In a game in New York last week Patsy Oliver Tebeau, Omaha's old third baseman, drove the ball over the fence and won $100 for so doing. The New York Sun spoke as follows of the hit: "In this game Tebeau was the hero of the day, and when he left the field he was $100 richer than when the game began. When Connor made his hit over the fence a few days ago, James J. Coogan made an offer of $100 to the next player who would put the ball over the fence, and Mickey Welch made a bet of $10 that the ball would not go over again. Mickey is out his $10, for in the fourth inning, when Welch gave Tebeau a cooxer, the batter did not seem to hit the ball hard, but it went up in the air with a graceful curve and disappeared over the fence. As it curved through the air a white strip of paper seemed to trail out behind it, upon which was stamped, "Pay the bearer $100." It did not take Mr. Coogan long to bring the check to the players' bench, and notwithstanding that Captain Ewing objected on the ground that the reward was for the New York players alone, the money went to the batter, and Mr. Coogan renewed the offer to the New York player who should duplicate the hit. Tebeau's hit was not so long a one as Connor's, for it went over the fence as near center field as possible."

Questions and Answers.

Beatrice sport.—A wins.

Will you please inform me in Sunday's issue where William Hickok, (Wild Bill,) was killed and who killed him and where he was buried?—An Old Subscriber, Eleventh and Pierce streets.

Ans.—At Deadwood, by Jack McCall in '79. He was buried there. McCall was hung at Yankton, Dak.

Please answer the following questions in Sunday's sporting columns. Did Drury Vanderwood, of Kansas City, breake the record at the spring shooting in that city, and what is his record? Where does J. R. Stice, the noted live-bird shot reside, and has he any occupation. What is Budd's best record on 100 live birds, and has he ever been beaten?—L. McK. Omaha.

Ans.—Know nothing of Vanderwood or his record. Stice resides in this city and is connected with the Collin's Gun company. Budd's record is ninety-nine birds. He has been beaten repeatedly.

When and where did Sullivan and Kilrain first meet, and how often did they meet?—C. H. Mayberry, Stanton, Neb.

Ans.—In Boston, in January, 1883. Three times.

Can you please inform me whether Jacob Schaefer, the champion billiard player, was born in Chicago or St. Louis?—T. H. E. Cue, Omaha.

Ans.—He was born in Milwaukee.

T. R. Black, City—All the questions you ask have been answered several times in these columns before, and THE BEE has not the space to reprint them. It is expected that those interested will regularly read this column and keep posted; for that reason the queries are published in full. No attention is paid to communications asking to what religious denomination or what political party this or that ball player belongs.

To decide a bet will you please state the size of the ring in which Sullivan and Mitchell fought in France?—C. O. Dunham, Fremont.

Ans.—The regulation, twenty-four feet square.

In a game of pinocle A and B both have 990. The dealer turns up the seven spot (dees), can this be counted? In melting, when one has melted 150 (jack, queen, king, ten and ace) can he, by placing an extra king or queen, count forty additional?—Charles N. W., Kansas City.

Ans.—Unless you had an understanding before the game begun, it counted. Yes, to your second question.

A Man's Mistake.

M. N. B. in Boston Globe.

A brace of beauties—one a blonde
And t'other a brunette is;
The dark-eyed houri's Hildegonde,
The golden locks are Letty's.

A horse between two bales of hay
Might fancy what I suffer;
To miss a heaven whichever way
I turn, oh, what is tougher!

Either I'd woo as I've wooed none
Had I ne'er met the other;
But when I think of life with one
It makes me long for t'other.

When Letty lifts those violet eyes
To mine I love her madly;
But Hildegonde's angelic guise
Affects me quite as badly.

Their rival charms distract me so
I wish I'd never seen 'em;
For, soon or late, full well I know,
I've got to choose between 'em.

Besides, to break a woman's heart
Should horrify a heathen;
Yet if I choose that is the part
That fate assigns to me then.

O Letty! O gay Hildegonde!
Be sure that I shall pity
Whichever's left! Yet why despond?
There still is Salt Lake City!

And where I fancy either face—
Now all aglow with beauty—
In tears for me, it seems a case
Where bigamy's a duty!

* * * * * * *

P. S.—Kind friends, the die is cast,
Oh, take me out and bake me!
I've popped to both the girls at last
And neither one would take me!

PEPPERMINT DROPS.

The road to ruin leads through the wicket gate.

The language of a deaf-mute is a thing that goes without saying.

Has the horse who wins by a bare neck any advantage over a pretty girl at a ball.

The trouble with a tip on a horse race is that it is so seldom tip-top.

None of Jack the Ripper's victims is so thoroughly dead as the London police.

What are the wild waves saying? They are probably lying about their circulation.

What's the difference between being in the soup and getting in a stew?

The fly-wheel is the anarchist of mechanics. It is always engaged in revolutions.

Marriage is not a failure. It is simply Cupid's assignment for the benefit of his creditors.

The people who get the greatest pleasure out of the traveling season are the servants who stay at home.

The sublime porte has been asked to join the triple alliance. The alliance wants to be able to talk Turkey to Servia.

Alas! no British syndicate of capitalists has yet proposed to buy the state capitol at Albany.

A very sensitive horse is better than any other for hunting because he is quicker to take a fence.

The man who is late for the train is like a contractor when he is seen "tearing" up the street.

Actors may have no end of animosities in private life, but they always make up before they appear on the stage.

From Newport comes the cry that men are wanted. The heavy swells of the surf are not sufficient to satisfy the feminine heart.

In the meteorological eccentricities of the present season nature seems to be indulging in "cruel and unusual" modes of annoying mankind.

The majesty of the law had to take a back seat at the prize fight, but it saw the fight, and can now get up and be the majesty of the law again.

"Yes," said the literary man, with a sigh; "style is a fine thing for a writer to have, but when his wife's got it, too, it takes all the profit away."

An English viscount, aged twenty years, has married a concert hall singer. He will probably have a divorce in time to make a suitable marriage at the age of discretion.

The time has come again when a fine string of fish in the hand is worth two dollars out of pocket to the man who didn't catch the fish.

"But, Max, don't you think it extravagant to give $300 for a diamond to wear on my hand?" "Not at all, my dear; you don't consider how much I shall save on your gloves."

"Forty Thieves" was recently billed for a Montreal theater, but it was a failure. The insignificant number of thieves was only jeered at by the American colony of defaulters and cashiers.

Stage realism is taking another and more life like form. In a play soon to be produced in New York there will be no tank filled with real water, or a brace of bona fide buglars but a rooster that knows when to crow. A competent company has been engaged to support the bird.

An Absolute Cure.

The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINTMENT is only put up in large two-ounce tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for old sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands, and all skin eruptions. Will positively cure all kinds of piles. Ask for the ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINTMENT. Sold by Goodman Drug company at 25 cents per box—by mail 30 cents.

Jewelry being again in high vogue, all sorts of new designs and devices are being brought out.

STRUGGLE FOR A FORTUNE.

Florence Blythe's Case as it Appears in Court.

HER MOTHER TELLS THE STORY.

Electricity Ends the Highbinders Business in Chinatown—An Unromantic Mongolian Courtship—Curse of Land Monopoly.

A Breeze From the Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 25.—(Special to THE BEE.)—The story of the struggle for the millions left by the late Thomas H. Blythe has attracted attention throughout this country, England and Australia, and the court room in this city, where the fight is now at its most interesting period, is thronged daily. The principal character just at present is Mrs. Ashcroft, mother of Florence Blythe, the latest claimant for the millionaire's money. Although suffering from sickness, Mrs. Ashcroft was on the stand for several days last week and repeated the story of her life—her meeting in London with Thomas Blythe, his promises of marriage and final desertion, followed by the birth of Florence, and the subsequent marriage to Joe Ashcroft. The story of Mrs. Ashcroft loses none of its interest in the details. Grief was her portion, and seldom was it dispelled by joy. Her season of happiness was short with Thomas H. Blythe; the shame that came of it was so great that her father was not told of it. Then her marriage with Ashcroft—barren of everything but tears and bitterness and remorse. She concealed from her husband the address of Blythe, fearing Ashcroft would attempt to blackmail the man who had caused her so much sorrow. The father of Florence seemed to have forgotten his little girl and her mother, and for two years nothing was heard of him. At the end of that time the witness was ordered to write him by her husband, and complied only when "Joe" Ashcroft stood over her with a bludgeon and dictated the words that she should set down. The cross-examination shows that the defense is not satisfied with Mr. Blythe as a father for Florence.

A large crowd listened to her story, more could not get into the court room. The pioneers have prominent places in the room, and many ladies listen with eagerness to every detail of the case. The hearing of this case is notable for many things; one matter in particular strikes the observer. The usual court room frequenters have been replaced by a better element, and interest more than curiosity draws the audience.

There are, however, a number of tough characters seen in the court room daily, and the impression has gone abroad that an attempt is to be made to abduct the girl plaintiff, and thus end the proceedings. To prevent anything of the kind detectives have been engaged to watch Florence and accompany her wherever she goes, night and day. A will is said to be in existence giving all the property to Florence, but so far the much sought after document has not been found, although it is believed to be in possession of attorneys at Los Angeles.

LIGHT IN CHINATOWN.

The frame of mind in which the Amalgamated Association of Highbinders finds itself in Chinatown over the erection of the electric-light masts and the lighting of the powerful arc light is illustrative of the class described in the Bible, of which it is said, "they love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." It must be a severe blow to the industrious Mongolian assassin to find his favorite corner in an alley or court lighted up by the electric light and as brilliant as day, where heretofore it had been shrouded in utter darkness, and where he could use his hatchet or iron bar entirely unobserved. He must think that the police authorities have interfered with his vested rights, and that this is becoming a hard country for a poor man.

There is no such detective as light. Crime flees before it and hides itself and vice of all kinds avoids it as though it were fatal to it, as, indeed, it is. The portion of the city called Chinatown has been a perfect Aisatia, chiefly because it was so dark, and because a deed of violence might be done and the criminal escape under cover of the shadows which fell across the narrow alleys and streets; but now the searching rays of the electric light penetrate to the farthest recesses of the holes in the wall in which cluster scores of these aliens, and the highbinder's occupation is gone.

A MONGOLIAN COURTSHIP.

Lan Ah Fook works in a tailor shop and has just been married, his bride being Miss Ah Oil, lately a resident of the Presbyterian mission home, The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. W. Loomis at the mission. Fook wore his Sunday suit and a doubtful smile, while Miss Oil was decked in a new navy blue blouse and bright green trousers. The other Chinese girls of the mission gathered around the prospective bride and jabbered over the affair, casting occasional envious glances at Fook. He stood the trying ordeal in the most stoic manner until he was requested to take Miss Oil's hand. He then hesitated, blushed and finally a look of disgust settled upon his countenance, evidently bored at the little mark of affection which he was compelled to publicly exhibit.

They both repeated the marriage services and made their responses in good English. When Fook was asked if he "would take this woman to be his lawful wedded wife?" he hesitated, eyed her askance for a moment, and then responded doubtfully, "Y-e-e-p."

THE BRIDE'S STORY.

After the ceremony had been performed and congratulations over with, Mrs. Fook told a reporter in the best of English the history of her life in the mission and how Mr. Fook had wooed and won her.

"I was brought to this country as a slave about five years ago, but was rescued by the Chinese consul and placed in the mission home, where I have lived ever since. I go to church every Sunday, and there I first saw my husband. He is not a merchant, and could not go to China for a wife, so he told Dr. Loomis that he wanted one from the mission. He expressed a preference for me, so the minister asked me if I would marry him. I was glad to get the chance, and I accepted it immediately. You know, we are not considered respectable by our people unless we are married. Then he came here to see me, and I told him that I wanted to be married by a minister to make it binding, though I am not a Christian. He consented, and that was all there was to it. He wanted a wife, and I wanted a husband. He suited me and I was acceptable to him. There, now," and she tossed her head in contempt of the poetic features of an ideal courtship. The honeymoon will be spent in the tailor shop.

A BOMB-THROWER ATTEMPTS SUICIDE.

"Dr." James A. Hodges, who gained so much notoriety in February, 1887, by his attempt to throw a bomb at Adelina Patti during a performance at the Grand opera house, attempted to end his life by cutting his throat in this city recently. Fortunately, he did not cut quite deep enough, and with the aid of a few stitches and a good constitution the old doctor will be spared to add a few more years to the three score and ten which have already passed over him. The act which made Hodges notorious is one which will not be forgotten in a hurry by any one who attended the last performance given by Adelina Patti in the Grand opera house in February, 1887, and saw the bomb thrown by Hodges come flaming through the air in the direction of the stage. The excitement raised by the action was something intense, and the only thing that prevented a panic was the coolness of the famous songbird. Hodges was taken, burned and bleeding from the theater, and after a trial, was sent to prison for two years. He was released last December, and came back to San Francisco to find that his wife of forty years had died the month before, and that his daughter had followed her soon after. When he heard of this the old man, who had always acted queerly, seemed to lose his senses entirely, and he accused every one of conspiring to do him an injury. By his wife's will everything she had was left to her son-in-law, Albert T. Warren. Hodges contested the will, but, after a long and acrimonious contest, it was sustained. Since then Hodges made several visits to Warren's residence, 26 Derby place, and made demands upon him. When refused he would organize a street meeting and denounce his son-in-law as a murderer. After his attempt at suicide Hodges said he wanted to die, and objected to having the wound sewed up. He must have spent considerable time preparing for his death, for he had several letters, written in a rambling way, in his vest pocket.

LAND MONOPOLY'S CURSE.

The curse of land monopoly has ever been one of the most gigantic evils of the century and of the country. It is making giant strides here in California. It is opposing itself as a barrier to progress. It is a stumbling block placed on the road to improvement, for the purpose of wrecking the trains of enterprise. Its vicious work is to be seen on every hand. The Norris grant in Sacramento county is one of the most glaring examples of the baneful results of land monopoly. It seems as though here hundreds of homes might be dotting the landscape; a thousand children basking in the sunshine; the music of the church bell and the voices of happy scholars making melody where now the rolling plain echoes only to the low of the cow, the bleat of the sheep, and the neigh of the horse; orchard, and vineyard, and farm standing as silent witnesses to the growth and prosperity of the county. Yet no such picture presents itself. But a few houses can be seen and dozens of herds and flocks. All this fair land is the property of one man. Not content with hoarding to himself these vast acres, the owner thereof has barb-wired them all in, until only the county road is left. For over thirty years this vast area has been the rendezvous of pleasure parties. It was one of the few places in the county where a pleasant Sunday could be spent. Now it is locked up, and its boundless acres, untilled, have naught but cattle, sheep and horses for the background to the landscape, while ever and anon.

The merry brown hares come leaping
Over the crest of the hill.

And as they leap the Duke of Sacramento and the love of the Rancho del Paso glances hoardingly over the union, "millions of hands want acres; millions of acres want hands."

THE CITY LICENSE REVENUE.

The annual report of the city license inspector shows the total collections for the past year to have been $510,577.40, as against $480,128.35, last year, an increase of $21,459.35. The classification of the revenues is as follows: Merchandise, $94,192; bankers, $22,150; liquor dealers, $235,300; municipal license, insurance, laundries, solicitors, $52,713; dog tags, $7,257, stock certificate tax, $7,719, of which $6,849 was paid to the state treasurer; one-half proceeds from permits for the sale of fire-crackers, $705, the other half having been paid into the fire relief fund; vehicle licenses, including street cars, $22,929; pawn brokers, $6,660; theatres, $7,108; Chinese and other basket peddlers, $11,610. The expenses of the license office for the year are about $28,500.

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

The organization of the Union League club in this city has been a matter of great surprise to the politicians of both parties, most especially that class which depends largely upon the general apathy of the better class of citizens for success. The club is thoroughly republican, and will advance that cause at all times. The idea developed during the last campaign in the organization of the conference convention of republican clubs was that of concerted and continuous action. The practical illustration of that principle was the bringing of the young men prominently to the front and they assisted materially by united action in making a brilliant victory. The present organization will not be restricted to age and will be thoroughly independent in its movements. The formation of the league is largely due to Colonel William H. Chamberlain, the active president of the Dirigo club.

Redpath and Jeff Davis.

The acquaintances of Mr. James Redpath who knew that he was one of John Brown's men in Kansas are surprised at the fact that for a week past he has been a guest of Jefferson Davis at his home in Mississippi, says the New York Sun. In truth, Redpath has been on intimate terms with Davis for a number of years, and it was he who procured for Davis the opportunity of becoming a contributor to the South American Review. The ex-president of the southern confederacy has a better opinion of John Brown now than he had thirty years ago.

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