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THE LOCAL FIELD OF SPORT.

Organization of a Kennel Club and Bench Show.

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suspicious to Manager Chapman and a trap was laid for the guilty ones.

The next game was one with the Columbus Buckeyes, at Columbus, O., the next day, and here again were the big Falls City team done up, but so hard was it for them to lose the game, that Columbus only made one run and the Louisesville none. It was that telegrams to Craver and Devlin and Nichols were intercepted. They were from Pittsburgh gamblers, and gave the whole snap away, even to the fact that these three men received \$25 each for each game Louisville lost. Hall, it was pretty clearly established, was nothing more than a tool in Craver's and Nichols' hands, and when he was clobbered with the directors of the Louisville club, and charged with this dirty work, broke down and made a clean breast of the whole affair.

The directors met immediately and these four men were expelled forever. They were all great ball players, and great influence was brought to bear for years afterward to have them reinstated, but to no purpose, they were downed for all time to come. This fate killed poor Jim Devlin, there's no doubt about that, but the other three men are living to-day. Craver is a policeman in West Troy, N. Y., Hall is a commission merchant in Brookline and Nichols lives on a farm on Long Island Sound.

The fate of this quartette you think then, Dosh, has had a lasting beneficial effect upon the profession? "Yes, the prompt punishment purified the sport, and during the past twelve years I don't know of a single instance of a player's being tampered with by gamblers, or of a single break that savors of dishonesty."

Kennel Club and Bench Show.

Billy Meldrum, the well-known dog and kennel fancier, will make a strenuous effort this fall to organize a kennel club in Omaha, and in the interests of the canine family, it is to be hoped that he will meet with full and abundant success.

Omaha should have a kennel club by all means. There is a large number of men here interested in dogs, and anxious to do every and anything that is calculated to advance and ameliorate this branch of sport. There are many fine thoroughbred birds owned here, besides greyhounds, mastiffs, great Danes, fox terriers, fighting dogs, and other breeds, and a kennel club is all that is essential to foster and nourish the interests in these matters. Mr. Meldrum is a thorough and competent dog man; he has had a long and varied experience, and is well qualified to pass judgment on the shows given under the auspices of his favorite animal of man. He is also thoroughly versed in chicken lore, owns many fine birds, and is an ardent devotee of the excitement of the pit. Mr. Meldrum's annual bench show will be held in January as usual, and from the indications promises to be an unequalled success. It will be under kennel club rules, and a bench show in every legitimate sense of the word. Not a single collection of dogs, exhibited without any attention to the strict requirements of such a show, but a display and competition embracing all the interests in these matters. There will be the shows given under the auspices of old and recognized kennel clubs.

Irish Mike Gets In His Graft.

There are some people silly enough to charge that the two games here with St. Joe last Wednesday were sold by the latter club. To be sure there was a whole lot of listless, indifferent players, but that is all accounted for in another paragraph in these columns. To accuse a ball player of crooked work these days, without most ample evidence, is a flagrant outrage, and likely to rob a fellow-man of his one chance to make a living, not only for himself, but in many instances for a wife and family. It is an old and time-honored axiom of English law that every man stands innocent until proven guilty. The same liberal estimate of man's shortcomings and frailties should hold good in one walk of life as well as another. Often whispered insinuations and idle slanders lead to the most direful results.

But to cease moralizing, the record of the Joe games has developed a case that requires more than passing attention. Three of the best ball players of the St. Joe team have been charged with an offense, which if fastened upon them, would banish them from the field forever.

Simply because a shrewd, dead-all-round

skin sport and gambler turns a trick of \$1,500 on a ball game, is no evidence that there has been crooked work executed. Because Irish Mike accompanied the Omaha team to Lincoln last Tuesday, and the game out there waxed into a decayed farce, and the astute Hiocoran fakir got in his graft for a few hundreds, is no reason why the allegation should be made that St. Joe threw the game. The Lincoln populace, you see, out of pure jealousy and hatred, were dead stuck on seeing Omaha lose that ball game. They were not conversant enough with the game and the strength of the respective teams to place their money with any judgment, or insist on an even show for their "white alley," but pelted in a muddy, blindly and stupidly their shining simonions on a manager that hasn't a chance to beat the White Sox out of more than one game in six.

And it seems that this man, Irish Mike, a veritable shell-walker and short-card "gun," was shrewd enough to get among them in the grand stand during the other day and turned them over for something like \$1,500. Doctors, lawyers, sports, reporters, merchants and business men generally made up the heterogeneous aggregation of snobs that crowded into Mike's snare—the howl.

The sporting editor of *The Bee* is in receipt of a letter from a party in Lincoln alleging a downright bargain and sale on the part of three of the St. Joe players for the game. The letter, however, is full of falsehood upon its face, and the names of no players will be mentioned through these columns at any such insinuation.

The writer is fully prepared to discredit any story that tends to jeopardize the future of such fine players and well known honorables men as the squarer from Lincoln chooses to select for his villainous attack, and their names will never be divulged through any such treacherous means as this slanderer seeks. Horace, you will have to fight it out with Irish Mike.

The Schutzenverein.

The Omaha Schutzenverein will hold a grand three days' tournament on their range at Ruser's park on September 27, 28, and 29. There will be over \$2,000 hung up in handsome prizes. On Saturday the shooting will open at 8 a. m. and continue until 6 p. m., and on Sunday, the last day, it will begin at 8 and close at 12, when the averages will be computed and the prizes awarded. There will be a first-class orchestra in attendance on each day, and a series of delightful open air concerts given. The whole affair will be closed with a big summer night festival, Sunday night. The committee of arrangements consists of W. F. Stocker, W. Kopp, William Krug, Charles Storz, William Hahn, William Segelke and Fred Fuller.

Following is a list of the members of the club: Mr. F. Nagel, H. Swidler, Ed. H. Ruser, H. Stocker, W. Segelke, P. Goss, A. Snyder, A. Pakorny, C. Mathis, John Munne, H. Busch, C. Metz, G. Bemeske, F. Schlerp, F. Falter, W. Krug, F. Krug, F. Walper, F. Poppendick, A. Fall, F. Walker, F. Mittnacht, H. Fichson, F. W. Walthor, C. Thompson, G. Karl, Ed. Maurer, H. Voks, L. Heindorf, C. Storz, W. Stollenberg, E. Faltiss, W. Voks, W. Butt, W. Wagner, H. Stockman, F. Mengedot, H. Peterson, W. Rasmussen, J. Jung, C. Pahl, J. Guckl, Geo. Heimst, G. Reichert, J. Schlegel, H. Kraus, G. Josten, F. Kemper.

Committee on Arrangements—W. F. Stocker, W. Kopp, W. Segelke, F. Tullay, C. Storz, W. Butt, W. Stocker.

The Pugs Galore.

There will be quite a number of pugilistic luminaries at South Omaha Wednesday evening next, to witness the four-round glove contest between Jimmy Lindsay and Johnny Reagan, of New York. Among these there will be mentioned Al Powers, Jack Dempsey's old trainer; Bill Dacey and Sparrow Aldrich, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Tom Kelley, Tom Allen, Dan, and Charlie Daly, of Hallifax; and E. H. Smith, St. Louis; Billy Meyer, of Streator, Ill., and Alf Kennedy and Bill Bradburn, of Chicago.

Off For Manitoba.

Ramsay Crooks, a brother of Jack Crooks, the redoubtable second-baseman of the Omaha team, is organizing a party of deer hunters which will leave Omaha on the morning of September 16, for the immeasurable wilderness in far-off Manitoba. Ramsay will make a most competent pilot for the ex-

pedition, as he is a man of much experience in sports afield. Ramsay has shot his canvas-backs and red-head along the marshes of the Chesapeake; killed his moose in far-off Maine; his white tailed deer among the Adirondacks; his mallard on the coast of the Illinois and Kanikakee; been tamed by peccaries in old Mexico; lassoed his wild Mustangs on the limitless prairies of Texas; trapped bear in Arizona; speared his salmon in the wild Columbia, and shot seal and walrus, and polar bear on the frozen sea of Prince Rupert's land. What Ramsay don't know about hunting and fishing and wild adventure wouldn't make much of a volume, to say the least. And then Ramsay is not only a sportsman, but a sportsman as well. He has played ball professionally, had two or three ring fights, won several notable sprint races, and as a "crap shooter" stands head and shoulders above any man in the wild and woolly west. In Ramsay's Manitoba party will be several business and professional men, and the expedition will be absent until the first of November.

The Races This Week.

The races which began at the fair grounds course to-morrow afternoon, will be the most interesting meet that has ever been held here. All the crack horses of this part of the country will be here to face the starter. One of the best features will be the free-for-all trot, for which the following entries have been made:

Free for all trotting, best three in five—Perry Bros., Wayne, b. s., Frank P. Darwin, by Simms Morgan; G. B. Goodell, b. g., Sparrow, by Besiee Brown; Charles Burroughs, Dayton, O., b. g., Joe Davis, Dr. Hipp, by Mambrino Pilot, jr.

This race will take place Friday afternoon. Next in importance, of the events of the card, is the free-for-all pace. The entries for this event, which comes off Thursday, are as follows:

Pacing, free-for-all—John Riley, Omaha, b. g., Tommy Lynn; Stillwater colick farm, Port Caloun, b. k. m., Lorena, Colock West, owned by George Orms, b. s., Fred Ashton (not given), D. A. Hancock, Blackburn, Mo., b. g., Turk Franklin, Prospect (not given).

In addition to these two premier events, there will be a full racing card, running, trotting and pacing, for each afternoon, and the people will rest assured that so far as the attractions of the turf are concerned, there will be no possible grounds for complaint as to the management of the present fair.

On Her Last Legs.

The present trip of the St. Joe will, in all probability, result in the disbandment of the club. It is a well known fact that the team has been but ill supported at home, and that it has been on the verge of dissolution for a month or more. Mr. Truckenmiller, the sole owner of the club and franchise, is getting exceedingly tired of going down in his pocket to satisfy players' salaries and other expenditures, and he is ready to quit at any time. He has been holding out with the team who even pretended to be loyal upon. They are able to retrench himself by the sale of the club to some other city, but just now there is no one in the city who is able to do so.

The bad showing of the team recently, can only be explained in one way—internal dissensions. There is much individual talent in the team and would be well able to hold their own with any team in the Western association. The players, too, are invariably sore and fractious, and have exercised but little judgment in their management of the team, if by players' stories are to be relied upon. They are able to retrench himself by the sale of the club to some other city, but just now there is no one in the city who is able to do so.

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profession. When this smiling youth becomes a victim of the insidious charley-horse he will have something more than reminiscences of the days forever flown to retire upon. He hails from Kansas City, where he enjoys the reputation of an exemplary young man, and where a lovely fair-haired girl awaits the day that will crown her as Mrs. Kid Nichols. By the way, the Kid has a sweetheart here too, but as the Kansas City belle knows nothing about this, there is no fear of a sensation. Last night the Kid paid *The Bee* office a visit. He said: "We get paid off every month and just as regularly as pay day comes, I bundle up a couple of centurians and make for the bank, send this home to my banker, and he stores it away for me. I have a snug sum saved already, and its growing every month and every day." But, changing the subject, what do you think of the gal of Chippy McGarr?"

"What about Chippy?" "Why, he says that if the St. Joe team was in Omaha, and they received the treatment that we do, that they would have a cinch on the pennant, too; that is, of course, if the Omaha team was located in St. Joe. Why, I had to laugh in the gay little bird's face. I think Chippy must have been down on Tom's head when he said that. He is just a cheap ideer that with an aggregation like the St. Joe he would be lucky to hold fourth place. May be Jimmie got his head swelled by doing up Dave Kow for three straight, and just wanted to hear himself blarney. Still, he's stuck on Omaha and Omaha people, and I don't blame him. I think McGarr would like to be here to-day."

"But without any joking, Kid, what do you think of the St. Joe?" "Well they are just about the same kind of a team as the Sioux City. They are just about the same fielders and base runners, but the Corn Huskers are just a little stronger at the bat, while St. Joe has the best of it in the infield. However, I think the St. Joe are demoralized and ready to quit."

A Fall Pledged Success.

The Gate City Athletic club rooms are generously patronized these cool evenings, and there is much sport on the carpet. Everything has been done that is possible just now to bring the club up to the standard of the times, and there is no gainsaying but what it is a fall pledged success. It has been nicely furnished and will shortly be supplied with additional apparatus, shower baths, etc., that will make it complete as any athletic club rooms is a hard customer to please and no mistake. Manager Kilkenny is preparing for a series of interesting exhibitions for the winter, and asserts that by the holidays Omaha can boast of one of the most complete sporting clubs in the country.

The Apollo Wheelmen.

The weekly run of the Apollo Wheel club will be to Washington to-day, the start to be made at 9:30 from 25th Capitol avenue.

The last run to Florence lake was a delightful one and participated in by ten members. The distance is ten miles, the roads fair and the scenery beautiful.

The members are urgently requested to turn out to-day and make the run to Washington. They should not forget that this is the height of the watermelon and plum season.

Len Leeder is with friends in the northern part of the state.

Secretary Burnham has returned from Burlington.

Oscar Blendorf is one of the most promising young riders in the west, and with a few more years upon his shoulders he'll keep many of the champions guessing.

The Apollos, although much younger and less experienced than the members of the Omaha Wheel club, are thinking seriously of challenging the latter for a series of road races. There has not been a road race given by the wheel clubs of this city in the past two or three years, and the boys are all anxious to indulge in one.

A Battle For Blood.

The base ball teams of Blair and Herman will play a match game on the former's

grounds this afternoon for \$100 a side. The Herman beat the Blair on Sunday last by a score of 16 to 12.

Miscellaneous Sports.

Thomas Hynes, of 416 South Thirteenth street, would like to meet J. W. Raley, the English postman, with whom he desires to make a race.

Patsy Fallon and Dr. E. Weatherly have in contemplation a grand athletic tournament to be held at the fair ground or ball park early this fall.

The Hamm-Hosmer Lake Manawa regatta failed to materialize, and it might be added that boating interests in this vicinity are at a woefully low ebb.

Manager Jack Prince, who is a hustler from Hurlersville, as soon as the exposition is over, will turn his attention exclusively to the perfection of the polo organization.

Charles Catheart, superintendent of Adams express, this city, J. H. Koefe, claim agent of the E. E. & M. V. R. R. and Dell Ridd, are bass fishing up in Blue Earth county, Minn.

My V. Walton, of Greenwood, this state, challenges Leon Lozier to a run him from 50 to 300 yards for any part of \$50, stipulating, however, that the race must come off at Greenwood.

The chicken law is up on September 15, two weeks from to-day. The birds are reported plentiful in all parts of the state, and notwithstanding the work of conscientious pot hunters, there is a prospect yet for first-class sport.

Tom Eck is organizing another bicycle snap. This time he has the son of a Minneapolis banker as a partner and backer. Eck will make a play for the bank. Lillie Williams, of this city, has come to Minneapolis and will join the combination.

Axtell, the coming king of the trotting turf, will trot against time at Des Moines next Tuesday, on the third day of the state fair. Axtell is owned by C. W. Williams, at Independence, Ia., and made a record of 2:14 at Cleveland, O., this season.

The Omaha Wheel club seems to lack life, and are allowing the sport to lapse into innocuous desuetude. Des Moines is making them an example it might be well to emulate. Jack Crooks will probably play ball on the coast this winter. Dave Fouts wants him to play second for the snap he will take to California in November. One thing, too, is quite certain, and that is Crooks will never play another season with Omaha, or with a minor league team either, for that matter. It is pretty well established that Crooks goes to Columbus next season.

Leon Lozier, the Council Bluffs sprinter, was a starter in almost all of the big events at the Denver professional meet, recently, but he failed to get a piece of any of them. Although beaten, Lozier made a good showing, for it was only the crack sprinters of the country that could accomplish this feat, and his defeats were all by the smallest possible margin.

Jimmy Lindsay is in absolutely perfect shape as a pursing like a horse on fire. He gives his pupils at the Gate City Athletic club rooms exhibitions of his skill almost every evening. He is a well known and highly respected figure in the city. He is a well known and highly respected figure in the city. He is a well known and highly respected figure in the city.

there is no such feature in base ball. Players get up and hit at the ball. They have no idea where it is going—in fact, do not care, just so it falls safe. Driving the ball to any desired place in the field is out of the question. The same can be said of sacrifice hitting. No player ever went up to the bat deliberately and intentionally to make nothing but a sacrifice hit. They smash away at the ball and take their chances. If they are retarded and a base runner is advanced a bag on the hit, then they get the benefit of a sacrifice hit. When there are men on second and third, and the infielders are playing in close, is the only time in the game when a batter can count with some show of reason of making a sacrifice hit—a fungo over the infielders heads. The sacrifice hit is an idiotic measure, and in time will be eliminated as a factor in a player's average. And then in considering this feature, it should be borne in mind that a sacrifice can never be made until one man is out. Just as if the batter advancing a base runner, when there are no hands out on a long fly to an outfielder, is not as justly entitled to credit for his assistance as he is when there is one out. The silliness of this sacrifice hitting should be palpable to a blind man.

Questions and Answers.

For the past six weeks there has been quite a discrepancy in the standing of the Western Association clubs as published by the various city papers. Which is correct?—As a rule I bank on *The Bee* for reliability. —Subscriber, Omaha.

Ans.—The *Bee's* table is correct. It was just revised and corrected by Manager Seloe one week ago, and is absolutely correct to-day.

In a game of croquet, A and B are both runners. A hits, and the streak driving B against the stake. Does A get another strike by virtue of hitting B?—E. B., Springfield, Neb.

Ans.—Ho does.

When a ball is delivered to the batsman by the pitcher, and muffed by the catcher, then handled by an outsider, is it a blocked ball?—H. J., Omaha.

Ans.—Any ball handled by an outsider is a blocked ball; but it has no effect on the game, unless there are men on the bases.

Will you kindly inform me through the sporting columns of Sunday morning's *Bee*, what Tommy Brooks ever whipped? How many rounds did Brooks and Edwards fight, and where did they fight? What is Brooks' weight, and where is he at present?—Old Sport, Valley House, Salt Lake City.

Ans.—Tommy Brooks' first fight of any consequence was with Bolan, the Mouse, at Kansas City, and Brooks won. He met Bolan a second time and again beat him. He next fought Frank Allen, who he also defeated. His last battle was with Billy Edwards, who he knocked out in five rounds at the Gate City Athletic club rooms, this city. Brooks is now in jail at Council Bluffs charged with murder.

To decide a bet, will you state in Sunday's *Bee* where left-fielder Glenn, of Sioux City was born. Where he played last year and year before. Did he ever live in Spaulding, Iowa?—W. P. K., Albion, Neb.

Ans.—In Charleston, S. C. With Charleston and Boston. Don't know whether he ever resided in Spaulding or not. His name is Edward Glenn.

For the benefit of your uninitiated readers please publish in Sunday's *Bee* your abbreviations for scoring a game of ball, A, R., H, SH, SB, PO, A, E, and O. —A. H. Lampson, Hastings.

Ans.—Invest 10 cents in a Spaulding's base ball guide and you will get the whole thing in much more intelligible shape than it could be stated here.

In making up a player's batting average how much does a single, a double, a three bagger and a home run count respectively. Please answer in Sunday's *Bee*.—W. H. T., Kearney.

They all count the same in figuring out the batting average.

Will you please inform me in Sunday's *Bee* how many errorless games the Omahas have played this season?—C. F., 1117 South Sixth street, Omaha.

Ans.—Twenty. The last four games on the home grounds were errorless.