## MIDWINTER'S BREEZY SPORT

Among the Geese and Ducks on the Lugeubeel Marshes.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE SQUARED CIRCLE

Shooting Prospects-Billiard Tournament-The Kennel Club-Amateur Squibs-And an Entertaining Grist of Local Sporting Gossip,

Duck shooting on the Lugenbeel marshes I had a week of it this fall along with Jack Morrison and George Tzschuck of this city. and Colonel J. C. Hoffmayr of Council Bluffs. We left here on the morning of November 3, via the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley road, and after a pleasant journey of thirteen hours reached the little railroad station. whence we proceed by wagon to the aucking grounds, just six miles distant. This part of the trip was made after midnight, and notwithstanding it was over one of those execrable sandbill roads, it was not without its enjoyment. The night was warm and pleasant, the stars affording sufficient light to give us a vague idea of the topography of the country, interesting from its very barrenness. The gloomy sandhills stretched away for miles on our right, while in front of us and to the left was one broad expanse of sterile plain, relieved occasionally by scraggy mottes of timber, wild cherry, dwarf oak and sumuch.

Hans Newberry, our most and driver, is one of the oldest settlers of the region, and was, of course, possessed of an inexhaustible fund of information anent the interesting features of the country-its Indians, welves ducks, geese and chickens, and his conversation kept us in the liveliest condition of to the journey's end.

It was nearly 2 o'clock in the morning when we pulled up at Newberry's house, a rudely constructed, though comfortable, two roomed affair, the very ideal of a duck nunt-er's lodgings. A short distance from the house were a half dozen indian tepees, which we could discern looming up dimly against the background sky. They belonged to a party of linerant Stoux on their way from the agency to the station to trade, and had stopped over at Newberry's place for the night, as is their custom on all such excur-sions. As much as we would have liked our host did not think it advisato disturb them at that hour of night, so we deferred satisfying our curiosity until a more favorable oppotunity. We were quickly in the house and after having our beds assigned to us, we opened up our trunks, lay out our hunting apparel and accoutrements for an early

apparel and accourtements for an early start in the morning, and retired, to dream of quacking mallards and bonking geese.

We were up at an abnormal hour, and gulped down Mrs. Newberry's relistable breakfast long ere the sun had planted his golden sandals on the summit of the highest bluffs, that towered up misty and indistinct, to the north of the house.

Everything was soon in readiness, and it

Everything was soon in readiness, and it was decided that Morrison, myself and Newberry's son, a young man of twenty-two or three, should take one of the flat bottomed scows, and the Colonel and Tzschuck the other, hunt out our own stands, make our blinds and get to work, for aiready the whiz of wings cutting the air high above was heard. Fifteen nutes brisk walk and the Lugenbeel marsh or lake lay before us, stretching down toward the southwest, and reflecting upon its broad bosom the blue and white of the soft heavens. In front of us was a narrow chan ned cutting its tortuous way through the dark green reeds, until it led into the main lake itself, with its acres of cane and rice and swamp willow. The yellowish sandhills stood like a row of grim sentinels along the northern shores, while to the southwest an entrancing picture closed by an abrupt curve into the impenetrable reeds; yet, as we slowly paddled and pushed along on the qui vive for a suitable place for a blind, the imagination continued on, fancying a hundred fairy nooks and bayous, stately reaches and romantic shades. There was a cool gray light over the limpid waters, which lay like glass. The opposite uplands rose indistinctly, as if reared in the air, with dark pictures of floating fogs below them. The atmosphere was fresh, even to chilliness, out sweet with the fragrance of aquatic vegetation. A broad turning to the northeast looked dismal, but into it we turned. A loon, near a jutting point, was sending forth his weird cachenation, awakening a hundred quavering echoes. A fish hawk was sailing round and round above the water, while a drowsy twitter was beginning to creep .brough the marsh. largest stars were still shining, though dimly,

through the somber tints of the sky. Finally we selected a place for our first blind, a darksome cul-de-sac among the blind, a darksome cul-de-sac among the reeds, with open reaches of water before and upon both sides of us. The decoys were quickly out, and the cumbersome scow labor-lously worked back among the resistent reeds, and guns in hand we crouched low.im

patient for the first flight.

It seemed an age, but really we had but a brief time to wait before Young Newberry, with hand lifted admonishingly, uttered that electrifying monosyllable: "Mark!

And peering through the reeds Jack and I saw a big bunch of mallards bearing down from the north.

"Quack! quack-quack!" sounded the pusher's caller, and the birds began to decoy nicely, setting their wings and coming directly toward us. "Steady!" I whispered, as Jack made move for a better position, and the next in-stant they had dropped their red-orange logs

over the decoys, hovering in mid-ar as if suspicious of something wrong. Fatal hesitancy. "Crack! crack! crack! erack!" went our four parrels in really too rapid succession, but as we heard a number of spiashes in the

water, we were satisfied.
"You got three!" exclaimed Newberry, as he stepped from the seat from which he had been peering over the swaying reeds into the

open waters on our right, "but you oughter have hed a half dozen, and they ar" corking birds, too!"
"Mark!" It was a small flock of canvass backs and they came cutting through the brightening air like so many arrows from the

"Shoot on your own side, Jack," I continned as I poked my gun out through the rice to take the three on the left. We got a close shot with both harrels, but as in the first in-stance we knocked down but three.

"Canvas!" cried young Newberry, as the remnant of the flock dashed from sight over

the flaggy expanse. "Wnat's that boy!" eagerly inquired Jack, "canvasbacks did you say! I don't believe

The change from robins, flickers and meadow tarks to wild ducks, and canvasback at that, was a little too much for Morrison, and when assured again and again that that was what the last kills were, he would hear of no more shooting until the birds were retrieved.

The consequence was we had to push the

boat out from among the reeds and gather them. I kicked and so did the pusher, but it didn't go, and realizing that the speediest way to settle the matter was to recover the birds, we proceeded to do so as expeditiously as possible, as small flocks of ducks were now to be seen cleaving the air in almost

The lock that came over Morrison's face when young Newberry leaned over the low gunwales and grasping a big drake by the neek threw it, wet and dripping into his lap, was a study indeed. It was a magnificent specimen and as Jack stroked its cinnamon head, and turned it first on its ashen back, then on its white breast, admiring it with increases pleasure he heat represents.

tensest pleasure, he kept repeating: "Well, I'll declare, I'll declare!" All the ducks retrieved, and once more back in our reedy hide, we hadn't long to wait for a resumption of the excitement. A dozen green wings came whizzing over the rice and were past us before we were fairly ready, although Jack and I both cut loose. "Too far," laconteally observed the pusher, and as the flock never as much as dropped a feather, he was probably correct.

"Mark!" It was a pair of widgeon, and "Mark!" It was a pair of widgeon, and they were coming straight up the channel, their gray mottled breasts fairly brashing the rippling water. Jack took the one in the load, and I the other, and at the crack of our guns they both dropped. Mine, however, was only wing-tipped and required shooting over, only succumbing after four loads had been sent after him in his frantic efforts to gain the reeds. Then it was mallard, bluegain the reeds. Then it was maliard blue-bill, teal, redhead and wigeon, with an occa-sional canvas and merganzer, for two hours, is which exciting interval both Jack and I

emptied no less than a hundred shells each and possibly more, but only with indifferent and possibly more, but only with indifferent success, for we soon discovered that we were not loaded heavily enough. Two drachus and a half of American wood powder is not sufficient for the kind of shooting we were having. It is plenty powder for qual and suipe, but too light for geese or ducks.

Day was now breaking. The ash color of the east began to clear into semi-transperent than the first balls in the real value.

gray, then to kindle into pale yellow. The outlines of the lower bluffs began to creep out of the massed shadows, and a streak o distant mist to crawl along the iske. barren fields came out more boldly, and the honking of the geese starting for the corn fields could be heard; the waters showed diffusing, though still sover colors; here a space of marble gray, there a polished green. Now the edges of the drifting clouds at the zenith are blushing into rose; one long feathery mass in the east glows into ruby, beams into gold. Sunrise on the Lugenbeel marsh -a cene of wonderous, mystic beauty mmed hues, sapphire, emerald, amethyst glance upon the surface of the waters. Yellow lines run along the tops of the tallest bluffs. The east fairly gleams waters. Ye with royal crimsons and imperial purples, and at last through a vista of backgroun striking the breathing earth into gladdening light, pours the luster of the risen sun!

"Mark! geese! geese!" are the thrilling words that interrupts our trance, but peer as hard and engerly through the glistening reeds as we might nothing awards the vision. "Honk! might nothing awards the vision. "Honk! abhonk-ahonk, honk-honk-honk!" is the melody that strikes our strained hearing, and we feel that no mistake has been made The next moment we see them—a long cres-cent shape line, with measured wing flaps is in his purifistic career that there was some talk of matching him with Jem Ward, the advancing over the low rice. With beating hearts, though as still as images cut from Join L. in later times, he was matched with young Dutch Sam, the 147 pound champion. The conditions of the contest was that Ned, who was a 175-pound man when in condition, stone, we crouch and wait. On they come right at us. They would pass directly over the blind. What a picture of rapturous enchantment to a true sportsman! We could hardly curb our impatience, but the noble go's fighting weight), and Sam was to be catch weight, that is any weight he chose. birds were coming swiftly on, the sturd old leader, sounding regularly his resounding hone. Now they begin to rise percepti and was said to have been as fine a looking young fellow as ever stripped. It was a long bly to clear the open water in front of the blind. We are on our feet like a flash! I give the old gander acting as pilot, my west full in fight, but the matchiess quickness and sci cuce of Sam prevailed. Ned was much mor tifled at the unexpected result of his structhe side, but with a frightened an-houk he be gles, and attributed his defeat to his being gins to climb, then he gets my second barrel, when he lets go, and drops from admist his startled mates. A heavy splash on the water has already told me that Jack has killed his bird, and a second later mine too is floun-dering in the translucent waters. We are boisterously elated over this bit of luck, and apprehensive of losing our birds we hurriedly push out from the blind. We were not a moment too soon. The old mark and scale tipped at 174 pounds. Sam understood his tactics better the second than the first tattle. Neal was afterwards beaten by Tom Gaynor after a game battle. gander has righted himself, and with gray body half submerged is leaving a trail of and the latter was also vanquished by Sim Consumption took him at 35. If Sam had been twenty years later ne might have been white and frothy bubbles behind him, as ne strikes out for the rice.
"Bang! bang! bang!" and still be con bre would have stood much chance with Tom Spring or Jem Ward, the then champion. tinues on. He has reached the selvedge of yellow cane, another second and he will be

"Boom!" all four barrels speak in concert The old Canada, with a spasmodic squawa, rolls gracefully over on his back, with legs bloody wing vainly beating the crimsoned water.

It was a longer chase than we had thought but so long as we had got our birds we were more than satisfied.

It required fully an hour for us to get once

more nicely ensconced in our hide, and by that time the morning flight was about over. Still all through the day straggling birds af forded ample sport. During an unusually long quiet spell, Morrison and young New berry had quite an interesting talk. Jack wanted to know all about the country, and Newberry was equally as desirous of telling

"Kiyotes?" said he, in response to an inquiry; "yas, thar's plenty o' 'm, hereaways, and you couldn't make this trip in the even and you couldn't make this trip in the even-ing without seein' one or more of the onery pesks sneakin' long the hills yander. And thar's big welves, too, furder down long the Niobrara, whar they make the rancher's life a weary one. Thar's a sort of a big, whitish gray that's as ferocious as all outdoors, and he's death on horses!" ne's death on horses!" "You don't mean to say that they will kill

"You don't mean to say that they will kill a horse, do you, Newberry?" asked Morrison, with some increduity in his tones. "Jes 'zactly what I mean," continued the young man. "They'll git down on that belyoung man. "They'll git down on thar bel-lies and crawl onto a horse afore he thinks o' danger, and when clus enough they'll give a run an' a jump an' hamstring him so quick he won't know what's hurt 'm. The rest is easy work. He can't run and in a jiffy they pave him down an' then thar's a sorry mes-

They say that Dick Moore, the St. Paul welterweight, showed up in elegant fighting 'Did you ever kill one?' Jack persisted. ig for his go with Barney Taylor at South "Oh yes, an' the las' one not more'u a year ago. I was bayin' down on the 'Brara, and thinkin' as how I might fetch a goose hum. I took my Winchester 'long. Wal, to cut a long story short, 'long 'bout 4 o'clock I heerd Omaha Wednesday night. The plucky but scienceless packing house min was a mark. and was quickly thumped to sleen in the see ond round. After the fight, Moore issued a bold challenge to young Niland, who knocked ole Sibley's houn' mouthin' down on the him out a couple of months since, offering to brench, an' I grabbed my gun and run down that away. How ole Maje did yelp—see that mink thar; thar he goes lickety-split long that log: I'd a shot 'im if I'd had a gun, Mr. Morrison, no difference if he was in the stop him within ten rounds inside weeks for any reasonable sum. Moore has several friends here from Minneapolis are anxious to back him against Niland for from \$500 to \$1,000. Niland is still in Chicago, but has been advised of Moore's drawed up, fur I knowed sumpin' was comin', what should jump out o' the shumakes but an unmassyful big white wolf! I fired, but only wounded him, and he kem fur me—I say, Jack, I'd jes' as leaf wet my lips with that like year, but not work that the say of the should be say that the say of the say Jimmy Lindsay has gone to Denver to take a cleriship in Charlie Fanning's contractors foundry. Jimmy anneunced before his departure that he had washed his hands of the ring, and henceforth would confine his tal that licker gin's not—whew! that's stuff, as these sandhillers never dreemed of—and he kem on, openen' his green eyes as farse as a ents toward building up a colossal fortune for Colonel Fanning. It is dollars to dimes, milsy capin durin' the railroad riots—terribul times em war, Morrison—why I was at East owever, the wires will shortly be singing

Liberty when they stopped the express..."
"But the wolf, Newberry, the wolf!" impatiently interrupted Jack. "Wal, he kept a cumin' an' a cumin,' and war jes' about to jump, in fac' he did jump, and while he war in the ar' 1 fired nother ested in the sport. Now the bank clerks of Now York are to have a tournament, and the shell right into his eye, an' he tumbled as dead as—wal, I wont say bell, kase that'd be the trade. All this means training. The presidents of banks will be in favor of this swarin'-but as dead as-wai, l dunno-wa-a dead as the cevil, enny way. That was shoot-in', that was, and I kin show you jes' whar I stood when I dun it, to this day. Cracky, look at that feeshbawk! He jes' riz from that pint over thar. How clus he flies!"

And as Newberry spoke the bird flew by close we caught the flash of his wild eyeball. On he darted until he reached an old suraggy willow, on whose rotten limbs he throned himself, standing high and proud on

throned himself, standing fight and product on his yellow-pillared feet.

We continued our shoot until the sun was well over the meridian, when we pushed out of our reedy retreat and started up the channel for the house, where we found a sumptuous repast awaiting us. This over, we went out and mingled with the Indians, who yet out and mingled with the Indians, who yet loitered near, and with whom we spent a full hour, talking to old Picket Pin, ogling the pretty squaws and pappooses, examining the tepees, and otherwise interesting ourselves. About 4 o'clock found us in our blind again and the experience of the morning was gone through with again. In the dusk of evening

through with again. In the dusk of evening we again pulled for home. And what a joyous ride that was, drifting down the shadowy channel, with a boat fuil of ducks, in the lovely November eventide. On we glided, the measused exertions of the muscular pusher sending us through opening vistas, whose changing shores continually offered new scenes. Large masses of light and shade cast by the diskmasses of light and shade, cast by the dar ening bluffs in the soft light, lay along the water. Exquisite little master pieces gleamed out as we floated along, while the laugh of the loon and the hoot of the owl were sounds that belonged to the place and scene. Here a mossy muskrat castie; there a tiny, oozy dingle, a colonnade of caues; an arbor of mat-ted reeds; a bank hung pool, like a peeping eye, where the gamey pickerel loved to diseye, where the gamey pickerel loved to dis-port; a half-whelmed trunk, with water sparkling round; an islet of riff-raff, or stretch of marsh where the cane stalks cut the breezes into piaintive sounds, and where the splatterdock curled their spotted dishe ong the rushes and fuzzy cat-o'-nine-tails. Sometimes a playful breeze stooped to the surface, brushing it into darkening ripples, then fanned our brows with its delicate

wings and melted away.
Such was our pleasures, each day repeated, for a week, and there must be something wrong with the man, who could not, from their teachings, form newer and loftler ambitions out a more and some and some and some are also as the same and some are also as the same and some are also as the same are as the same are also as th ions and emerge a better and nobler Here the true sportsman, at least, could live; in this fresh, free wilderness, this tangled realm of content, where honor is not measured by success, where pretention does not trample on merit, where genius is not a jest, goodness not a seeming and devotion not a sham. Here where the light of day is un-darkened by wrong, where solitude is the parent of pure meditation and the solitude is eloquent of God. Here would I abide, listering to the marshe's calls to self-communing, and all those teachings that guide the insight, soften the heart and purify,

while they expand the soul.

The Occidental club, San Francisco, is The Occusental cuts, San Francisco, is talking of matching Patsey Cardiff, recently defeated by big Joe McAuliffe, against Jack Davis of this city for a \$2,500 purse. Despite Jack's two defeats in Frisco he has many SANDY GRISWOLD. friends and admirers out there yet and they seem more than willing to give him every Fistic Facts Concerning Old-Timers. NEW YORK, Jan. 12 .- To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: The voteran sport, Johnny

chance to redeem his fallen fortunes. The fistic reminiscences running in THE SUNDAY BEE over the sugnature of T. C. K. will be found of much more than ordinary Gideou, who saw Frank Slavin fight twice, remarked that he was a dangerous customer

for any man to tackle, but thought a clever interest. Our New York correspondent is an old English sporting man of the best repute, and he has an mexhaustible fund of interestleft-handed fighter might do him up. His pet, Tom Sayers, forte was with his left, but ing infermation about old time fights and he had a very dangerous hit with his right, fighters, and more than, all, knows how to dish it up paintably for his readers. which he kept in reserve, and when he had his man safe, after he had operated on him with his left-hangers "and his favorite

duke," the right, which he called "the auc-

Ned, although no taller or longer in the reach

than Sam, was much heavier and more mas-sively framed. Ned fought many game and strong fights with famous big men during

White Headed Bob, three times and Tom Cannon (the great gun of Windsor). Neal

was an frish cockney and was so successful

hen champion, but unjuckity for him as with

was to reduce himself to 164 pounds (Bandi-

On that occasion Sam weighed 156 pounds

overtrained. So his backers concluded to give him another trial and have no restric-

tions in regard to his weight. In the second

battle Neal was said to be bang up to the

ime and was again victorious, in less time

champion of England, but no man of his call

The public is getting tired of the vararies

and love tapping, spurring and theateleal gammon of James Pompador Corbett, Fran-

cus Patric Slavin, Charles Windmill Menal and John Lushington Sullivan. The theatri

cal sparring match that was most appreci-ated by the audience was the one at Liver-pool between Mitchell and Siavin, when both

men were "three sheets in the wind," and went at it savagely. Claret was spilled, and

the curtain wes dropped with the furious combatants pounding viciously, to the great delight of the kids. It was said that little Charlie had the best of it; probably big Frank was the grogiest. Black Peter seems to be the most modest and consider our of

o be the most modest and rensitive pug of he lot. He wanted to fight out his draw with

the lot. He wanted to fight out his draw with Corbett, and frankly admitted that he was fortunate in getting off with Goddard with

a draw on account of his want of condition.

Joe's backers asserted that he had the best

of it and would have won if the referee had

not stopped it.
The aged Tipton Slasher said he lost his

fight with Sayers through injuring his hig in a sudden twist trying to catch his nimble

Tipton until he began to blow of his steam. He afterwards admitted that he got a blow

on the back from Tipton's right when be was chasing him, that he felt for many a year. Old Tipton had been turning night

into day for years, and could have drank J. L. under the table. The editor of Bell said:

"Sayers, in his contest with burley Torn

Paddock, abstained from the barilquinado

and fought with his ponderous opponent wit steadiness and precision." T. C. K.

Tit-Tattle of the Ring.

the song of Lindsay's first knock out in the

sorts and conditions of men seem to be inter

boys will contest for the championship

scheme. It is much better for young men to train than to spend their time in saloons. It

mproves them mentally, merally and phys

Mitchell, champion blowkards of three con-tineuts, which was booked for last Friday

night, was cancelled owing to a theatrica

venture which the precious pair have gone

Sherroy, the local colored middleweight

who is to again try conclusions shortly with "Fighting" Dobbs of Colorado Springs, is

outting in some great licks running, jumping

skipping the rope and pummeling the ba

these days. He seems determined to reverse the result of his first collision with the foxy

and will assuredly give his burly antagonist

The Black Pearl, who suffered his first

real sound thrashing at the hands of Boston

Benney, a few months since, has another fight on his hands out in California. He meets

before the Occidental club one week from

Quite a big delegation of the fancy of this city will go up to Deadwood next month to see whether they can't get the job of taking care of a little of Alf Kennedy and Billy

Meyer's money. On the night of the 16th

Danny Daiv, Omaha's gentlemanly little featherweight, will measure strength with Eddie Meyer, Billy's younger brother, for a

M. J. O'Flanagan, the Irish bicycle cham-

pion, came over in the same steamer with

Tommy Callaghan, the feather weight. O'Flanaghan says he is a corker and that if he and Dixon are matched be will lay his

Australian Billy Murphy, who was in this city a year or so ago with Austin Gibbons, is expected at Frisco on the next Australian steamer. The clubs out there are all auxious to match him against Johnny Van Heest, the

St. Paul boy who conquered Danny Daly, but only after a most stubborn contest. If the pair are ever matched, Johany is booked

Reddy Gallagher writes a well known sporting man that Billy Woods has just slipped up on a match with a "mug" with whom he expected to make some money. Be-

fore the boxing match could come off the "hobo" skipped, and the Denver sports say if Woods wants any more matches there he

will have to give the public the worth of

Charley Turner, the Stockton colored

Robert. Dobbs is also training industrious!

another good run for his money.

next Tuesday night

noney on his countryman.

for a first class beating.

The Coliseum engagements of Slavin and

Boxing appears to be spreading.

Colorado metropolis.

Tom did not venture too near

antagonist.

mong them Phit Samson, Jem Burn,

tioneer," generally put his man to sleep.

Pat Allen, who was knocked out in three rounds at Germania ball. South Omaha, by Jack Davis, last spring, knocked out two light weights in the same ring last Monday night in Jose Delgoda's saloon, New Orieans, for a hundred dollar William. Pat agreed to fight both men at the same time, and did it, and won his money handwenely. Young Dutch Sam, who was born in 1805, and was middle-weight champion, was a man about Mace's size. He was a handsome, and won his money handsomely. black-eyed, fine built young fellow, with Fort Robinson, Neb., Jan. 12.—To the Sporting Editor of Tris Ber: Last night Danny Daley and a portion of his aggregation gave us a sparring exhibition in the Post hall. The show was not properly advertised and resulted in a loss to Mr. Daley, for which he has our sympathy. He deserves a great deal of credit for giving as good a show as he did, under the circumstances. His gentlemanly behavior gained him a lot of friends here, and we will all be pleased to active pins and long arms, and retired from the ring unconquered. He beat all the pest men of his weight, and also defeated several good big men. Sam had the supple strength of the tiger and was a good natural fighter. He was a first-class man at timing and meas uring his distance and often avoided danger ous blows bydexterously bobbing his beau to one side. The heavy-weights who succumbed to him all told the same story, which of friends here, and we will all be hear of his besting Mr. Myec. was that Sam's blows came too quick them. To appreciate Sam's milling tale properly one should read the life and battle of Ned Neal called "The Streatham Youth."

The cops got onto the proposed Gardner-Robinson mill out on the island Thursday right and entered an estopple.

Mr. Mundy on the Duck's Flight.

NEWARK, N. J., Jan. 12 .- To the Sport ing Editor of Tue Bee: I have just had the pleasure of reading a clipping from your paper written by Mr. John Petty in regard to the speed of wild ducks when flying. I have read the article with a good deal of in terest, but must differ from Mr. Petty in regard to the flight of some of the ducks mentioned. I am well aware of the speed of the canvas-back, redhead and others, as I have had quite a large experience in ganning for these ducks on the great celery bels in the head waters of the Unesapeake bay at the mouth of the Susquehanna river. The fastest duck that flies over those waters is a little coot with a broad bill, commonly called a "greaser." Without any exception he can lead the canvas-back fully a half-mile in two. I have had him fly over my head when lying in a sink box, and before I could raise up and place the gun to my shoulder, he would be out of gur shot. Mr. Petty, in speaking of shooting ahead

the birds during their flight, if he did no

hold eight feet ahead of a greaser going side ways by you at sixty yards, you would shoot behind him. One calm day in the spring of 1886 I tay in my boat, adjoining the ice hossock in the oay. Hearing the whistling of wings and looking up, I saw about fifty canvas-backs nearly over my head. Raising my eight-bore, which was loaded with eight drachms of the bast powder and one and three-eighths ounces of No. 2 chilled shot, I held fully twenty feet ahead of the leading bird, and knocked two out of the center of the flock, firing both barrels in succession very quick. These aucks were fully 330 feet high. The blackhead, I think, is fully as swift a bird on the wing as the canvas-back, as I have seen both of these ducks in flight flying to and from their feeding grounds high up in the air, when the black-head would leave the canyas back in the rear. I would like to meet my friend, Mr. Petty in a duck shoot, as he is said by you to be one of the best shots on wild fowl in the west. I think, unless he holds his gan in advance of that mentioned in his article, on the large plump birds that feed upon the wild celery in the healwaters of the Chesa peace day, becoming very strong and very swift in their flight, he would get left in bag-

ging very many of them.

A year ago last spring I sat in a blind anchore a short distance from the shore near the main land in the Spasutia narrows, and from 7.31 until 12 o'clock. I had lying on the bank behind me, jul dead ducks, all killed on the wing in darting over my decoys, from one gun. Last work a friend and me self killed in two days 18%. The majority of these birds were killed while darting at a speed equal to that of the canvas-back. They were all black-heads.

But for a switt bird on the wing, making

calculations on account of the flight of all others, and I have seen them all the "greaser" takes the cake. Your respectfully,

An Eistern Duck Shot. Mr. Mundy's favor is very interesting, but I must inform him that out here we have no "little coots with broad bills," unless he means the broad-bill or blue bill themselves do not and know what a "greaser" is outside of our Mexican friends. When Mr. Petty said you must hold at least eight feet in front of the leader of a flock of swiftly flying canvasback, ne did not mean eight feet literally, but simply mentioned that distance to give some sort of an idea of the bird's swiftness of wing. Again, if you held eight feet in front of the leader and killed the bird sixth or seventh in the rear, you would probably be holding fully twenty feet ahead of it. As Mr. Petty truthfully said, the canvasback, the merganzer, blue and green wing teal and blue-bill, are the fastest of the duck family that visit our

Happy Prospects for Gunners. Owing to the immense snowfall in the nountains and on the plains this winter the experienced sportsman is already predicting fine wild fowl shooting in the spring. It is a well established fact that the birds always stop over in this region during their vernal migration in greater numbers when the rivers and lakes are flush with water and the low lands inundated, and with plenty of snow in the winter season there is an abundance of water in the spring. For the past several seasons owing to a scarcity of water the birds have only come in here in straggling flocks, and always curtailed their sojourn to an extent that has been highly exasperat-ing to sportsmen. Under favorable condi-tions, however, there are no better ducking grounds in the world than right here in No braska and the adjoining states, and these conditions are just what the gunners have been waiting and longing for, for several suc-cessive years past. At last there are flue pros pacts for a realization of their fond hopes The tromendous crops of the past year and the exuberant growth of vegetation is certain to furnish an abundant supply of feed, and with plenty of water during February and March, wild fowl hunters will certainly have little ground for complaint during the approaching shooting season.

A Freak of the Wild Goose. As incredible as it may seem, a few wild reese were killed out on the Platte during the past week, and it is safe to say, despite the artic weather, that many more are still lingering along their favorite bars. Every winter, excepting in cases of extreme hard ones, these hardy birds remain here all through the inclement months, even up to the time when the balmy breath of spring loosens the icy fetters, which lock in close embrace river, stream and lake, before the nake up their minds to leave this apparently favored region. And then it is only to wing their way to the breeding grounds in the far north for the brief season of nidification, when they are back again. Why these mysterious birds should havn't the bleak shores of the frezen Platte through the severest months of the year which they might be months of the year, when they might be dis-porting in the tepid waters of the tropics and waxing fat in bounteous fields of growing grain, is a problem I shall refer to the fin-ished ornithologist and naturalist for solution. Here they must depend upon some se-cret spring for their wa er supply, and work ilke Trojans—If the expression is permissable—for a scanty meal in the barron and frozen cornfields, when as fiftimated before, they could just as well be reveling in plenty in sunnier and more comfortable climes.

Prospective Billiard Tournament. A billiard tournament, the fourteen-inch back line, for the championship of the state. under the auspices of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender company, will be held in this city in the near future, probably not later than the first week in February. There will be four prizes, the first a handsome gold mounted cue, emblematic of the champiouship, with a cash purse, and the second, third and fourth, cash purses. The idea is to get to-gether the best talent in the state, and getter the best talent in the state, and by a series of games, arouse the latent bilitard fires in this section of the country. Omaha will in all likelihood be represented by Lieutenant Arrowsmith, whom everybody is particularly anxious to see in a match game, Frank Keniston and Harry Symes, with probably one or two others. The first game will be played on the magnificent new 5x10 regulation Brunswick. nagnificent new 5x10 regulation Brunswick Balke table in Keniston's New York Life rooms, and then alternate with Foloy's, the Millard and Murray hotel rooms. Every effort will be made to make the affair a suc-cess, and billiard players throughout the

state are urged to interest themselves. Entries can be made to Interest themselves. Entries can be made to J. C. Sheiden, representing the Brunswick-Baike-Collender company, 407-409 South Tenth street. There will also be prizes for nighest run and best

average.

The Local Base Ball Situation. There is precious little in the way of news to be retailed this week from the base ball field. As yet no report has been received from the committee appointed at the late Chicago meeting to make a canvas of the various cities and decide upon the most practicable and desirable circuit. So far as Omaha is concerned, it is a well established fact, that she is deemed most important in the make-up of the new league, but just what Omaha intends to do herself in the matter is quite problematical. Just as soon, however, as definite plans are formulated by the chief spirits in the move, a meeting of the business men and lovers of the game will be called for the Millard hotel, and an effort made to ascertain the most feasible course of procedure. With the right kind of men in attendance at this meeting, there is no doubt but what Omaha will again have her professional ball club, but if every capable man who is interested in the matter sees proper to shoulder onto his neighbor all the preliminary labor, she will not. So much is a foregone conclusion. This meeting will, in all likelihood, be called within the next wo weeks, and it wouldn't be a pad idea for all those who desire to see the game restored here to do a little hustling on the quiet, if nothing more than an interchange of opinion on the situation and prospects. The condiions of the proposed new league couldn't be more favorable, for its basic principles are all of the most economic character, and once

The Omaha Kennel Club. There was a good attendance at the meetof the Omaha Kennel club last Tuesday evening. It was understood at first that the annual meeting for the election of officers was to have been held last Tuesday night, but on consulting the constitution of the clup it was discovered that on the first Tuesday in February that duty would devolve upon the members. A committee was appointed to revise the constitution if necessary and to report at the next meeting any suggestion that may occur to them. Another committee was appeinted to gather the proper data as to the best means of holding and con ducting a successful bench show, some thing this city has never had. True ther has been several irresponsible exhibi tions, which were advertised the misnomer, "beach show," a result was always dissatisfactory to exhib itors. A banch show properly conducted under the rules of the American Kennol club such as the Omaha club will put on, if it puts on any, would be a most attractive entertainment, and prove a big advertise ment to the city. This, nowever, can only be accomplished by the co-operation of the merchants and business men of the city, who so far have manifested but little interest in this most meritorious enterprise.

put into execution success is inevitable.

The Walkers, From Walkerville, Prof. Bill Clark of St. Louis, and who by the way was one of Hanley's seconds in his memorable fight with Fell, threatens to swoop dows on Omaha week after next with his pedestrian combination. The combination includes about all the celebrated walkers and runners in the country, as the following list, with records appended, goes to show: Dan Herty, 695 miles; Gus Guerrero, 589 miles; Peter Hegieman, 526 miles; H. O. Messier 526 miles; W. Nolan, 478 miles; Thomas Cox 473 miles; Orie Moore, 553 miles; W. A. Smith, 500 miles; D. R. Bennett, 548 miles; John Glick, 533 miles; John Hughes, 569 miles; George D. Noremao, 566 miles; Frank H. Hart, 565 miles; George Cartwright, 546 miles; George Cartwright, 540 miles; miles; Peter Golden, 538 miles; Thomas Howarth, 540 miles; George Connors, 536 miles; Martin Horan, 590 miles; Ed Howley, 490 miles: Old Sport Campana, aged 65 years 510 miles; Norman Taylor, aged 61 years, 410 miles; J. S. Harriman, 530 miles.

Whisperings of the Wheel, Cycling news is a scarce commodity this A tournament will be held at Springfield about the middle of September,

one has mentioned any preference for an A. H. Overman of the Overman Wheel company, drives about in a buggy filled with ball bearings and Victor cushion tires.

The annual election approaches, yet no

The annual road race of the 2:50 clu Chicago, which occurred New Years day over the Pullman course, was won by the old war horse, Van Sickten. His time was 1 hour and 37 minutes.

There are 29,000 cyclists in the United States who are members of the League of American Wheelmen. If each man would preach road improvement to the people in his vicinity what a beautiful system of roadways we seen should have.

Sioux City with her usual enterprise has Shoux City with ner usual enterprise as secured the lows meet for '92, which means a "big thing" for cyclists in lowa and Nebraska. The Sloux City Cycling club have the engineering of the meet and their efforts to entertain will be ably seconded by the business men of the city. Omsha will be represented by a large and enthusiastic party.

"Cyke" Lytle is preaching "cash prizes and anti-league" to the boys at the club house these long cold winter evenings. This is a mad way for a league member to talk, yet "there is method in his madness." 'Twould be a good thing for racing men in general if cash prizes were given and clas races run. Let the professional compete side by side with the amateur and a new state of affairs would be inaugurated. We would have races then which the most chroni-grumbier could find no fault with. The en tertainment committee will very likely en-gage Brother Lytle to lecture before the club it the initial social which occurs soon, or perhaps a debate may be arranged between him and Chief Consul Perrigo; either would be very interesting and draw a crowder

The cycling club which receives the mos attention now is the Midnight ciub. The ciub has no particular home, as it is as well known and popular in Syracuse, N. Y., as in Denver, Coi. The Midnight club is a fad, naugurated among the wheelmen of Denver and in a brief period has spread in popularity until Midnight clubs are being organized in nearly all of the large cities. The object of the club is to promote night cycling, riding after the day's toil is over and when the moon is full. A full complement of officers is elected at the organization of the club and are known by such appropriate names as the chief owl, vice owi, recording owl, purveying owl, chief booter and color bearer. Chicago bobs up this week with a club of this descrip-tion, the officers of whom are all well known prominent cyclist. "William Twinkle," the cyclist humorist, acts in the official capacity of purveying owl and Billy Herrick, of Cen tury Road ciub fame, is known as chief hooter. Omaha must be in the swim and no doubt before the gentle zephyrs of spring time blow the Omaha Midnight club will be fixed star in the local firmament. Gossip Among the Amateurs.

Buck Adams is wintering in Beatrice. Bailey may play in Blair. He is a hard Ticknor, of Fremont, is working in South

Gross, Fremont's catcher, is wintering in Omaha Plattsmouth will be stronger than ever The Patterson brothers will a gain run the team at Platts.

Omaha.

Stoney was the kid of the Black Hills league last season. Kimmet of Fremont will pitch in the Hills Jones of Beatrice is the best throwing Hurly and Wigman will be found in the Crane's outfield in '93.

Kid Mohler has a half balk that would knock old Galvin in a fit. Gatewood of Beatrice, is a man of whom any team can be proud of. Figur will play first base for the Norfolks, other reports notwithstanding.

Dallas, the old-time catcher, is firing a locomotive on the Union Pacific. Sayder will pitch for the Cranes this year and Kimmel for Fremont as usual. Hubanks, of the giants, is getting too fat this winter and will give up base ball.

Abbott, who caught for Hastings last sea son, has become a full-fledged barrister. Sig Keim will be found up in the Black Hills league. They say Keim is king up there.

Taylor of the Glants, is one of the best all

round players in the state, and a very hard Graver of Missouri Valley will play profes-

sional ball this year -- that is if he gets a Snorty Shannot of Hastings, made more iome runs last season than any two men in

the state. In Hoffmaster and Bourke, Grand Island be well fixed for twirlers in case of a state jeague. Lou Keim, better known as "The Ice

Wagon," is getting opulent up in Deadwood this winter. Buck Adams has quit biowing them off and

says he will make fielders ride horses after them this year. Miles, an ex-Western association catcher, rill be found with Rober in Hastings when

the gong sounds. George Yapp, the star pitcher of the Platts team, has got all kinds of speed and plenty of English. Williams, the star pitcher of last season's Cranes, is wintering in Chadron and will pitch there next summer,

Perrine of Plattsmouth, is the heaviest ateur in the state, while Miller is one of the speediest base runners. Billy Mud Motz, Nebraska City's first

baseman, has gone west on the hog train to shovel snow out in the mountains. Danny Linnahan, the pioneer catcher of his section, is going to quit base ball and go

Bobby Black of Hot Springs is the eld-time professional. He was the receiving end of he famous pony battery-Black and Bald-Rowman, of the Cranes, is siready sharp

in the millinery business up in Biair.

ening his plates and sandpapering his bat and will be ready as soon as the grass grows F. Mahoney, the fleet-footed outfielder of the Nonparells, has played with the same

cam eleven years and will play left field this Shanahan's new pitcher, Edinger, pitched Louis Browns out with ten hits while with the Sioux Citys, and beat them 10 to 9.

Charley Tew is one of the foxiest second pasemen in the state, and Zeno Bailey of Blair, is one of the best outfielders in business Hard hitters seem to run in the Patterson amily, Sam of Plattsmouth, led that team

while John of Fremont, had the highest average there. George Taylor of the Beatrice team is a ery valuable man to a club, as he beats out slow throws and lines out his share. He also fields out of sight.

Colorado is talking state league, with two

teams in Denver, one in Aspen, Leadville, Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Cheyenne and one other good city. Lucas, the man of many suits, played one rame with the Los Angeles, Cal., toam, and

got the dinky-nink and will finish the season picking oranges. Kid Miller of Nebraska City is without doubt the speediest pitcher in this state and is good for a game every day. He is also a fine sprinter and infielder.

Shanahan and Carrigan will scare base runners to death around second base with the Nonparells this year, as Shanahan plays short and Corrigan second. Gadse, Nebraska, City's catcher, is one of the best in the business. He says he is put-ting his wing through a course of training this winter and will surprise the gang next

Snyder, who pitched for the Cranes last season, would make a valuable man for any team. Besides being a good man in the box ne can play any position on the diamond, and for a pitcher he is an unusual hard slugger If the list in last Sunday's BEE is correct of the Beatrice team it will take a lot of hustling to get up a team to down them They are the finest lot of players that have ever been gotton together in this state. Most any of them could hold their own in a profes-

sional game. Gatewood's ghost dancers will make the pitchers around the state want to play under the bench. Harry ought to get good team work out of them, as he is well up in the points of the game and has got the cream of he semi-professional talent. The team in tact may play in the Black Hills.

The following gentlemen should call a meeting of the business men and ball crank to organize and appoint delegates to meet each other some time in February: Billy Rourke of Grand Island, Shepard of Kearney, U. S. Roher of Hastings, Jake Olhman of Beatrice, Castone of Lincoln, Ed. Mantz of Fremont, Nebraska City, Plattsmouth, Co-lumbus and Norfolk. The Ber would like to hear how they stand on the state league question. Address all communications to the base ball editor of Tag Bag, who will lend every possible as-it time to the enterprise.

Miscellaneous Local Sports. A coon, weighing 28 pounds, was killed by a rabbit hunter just north of the water works Thursday afternoon.

The late snows has made great rabbit shooting in the thickets and fields north of Florence, and in the river bottoms. Tom Eck six day eight-hour-a-day bicycle

races beging at Battery D. Chicago, tomorrow night. There are no entries from this city. Frank S. Parmelee is in Chicago alon

with the inspirity of the crack snots of the country, but it is safe to say the Omaha man will hold his own in any of the shoots he sees proper to enter this week. An amateur wrestling and boxing tourns ment under the auspices of the Omaha Ath-letic Club would arouse a healthy interest in

athletic sports here, and at the same time furnish a fine entertainment. Manager Prince is still negotiating for a

match tug-of-war between the stalwar Swede and Danish teams. The representa representa tives of Sweden are ready and anxious and it is fair to presume that Denmark is only biding her own good time. Whew! what a pull these twenty giants would make. Sportsmen are probably aware that the open season for quali closed on the first of

the year. All dealers exposing these birds for sale after the first of the month are liable to a heavy fine. For the benefit of the Omaha gun club it is stated here that two dealers had quail hanging out no longer ago than last Wednesday.

Questions and Answers. Questions and Answers,

Lincoln. Neb.. Jan. 11.—To the Sporting
Editor of The Bee: Please answer in SunDay's Bee the following question, which has
been under discussion. It is in the game of
casino, viz.: L has it points, S has i9. In next
hand S takes in big casino, while L makes baiance of points. It was understood in advance
that cards and spades go out first. Who wins
the game? Please explain and oblige, 21 points
constituted game.—Sam Wessel.

Ans.—The count runs: Cards angels blo

Ans.—The count runs: Cards, spades, big and little casho and aces. Cards and spades makes L only 20, consequently S goes out with big casino, which comes next in the count and he only needing two points to win. TERAMAH. Neb.. Jan. II.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Please solve this problem in high five: A has 49 points, B has 48 points; B buvs the trump for seven; B makes low, game, right five; A makes high, jack, left five, which wins?—C. C. Barrows. Ans .- B. The off five comes last in the

MODALE, In., Jan. 8.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bre: Will you please send me the rules to the game called the tug of war?—M. Cutler. Ans. -- They were published in THE SUNDAY

BEE, December 13. No questions in this department are answered by mail.

OMAHA, Jan. 14—To the Sporting Editor of THE HEE.—Please publish in Sunday's HEE a synopsis of the records of Mitchell and Slavin.—Kilosh Ans. (1) Mitchell's flast battle was with

Bob Cunningham, Jan. 11, 1878, whom he de-feated in fifty minutes. He then defeated one Smithers, bare kuuckles in seventeen minutes : fought a draw with Billy Kennedy; defeated the Belgian Giant in four rounds; fought two draws and one win with Jack Burke best Mike Cleary in four rounds. After this battle Mitchell came into prominence speedlly and was matched to box the great and only John L. Sullivan at Madison Square Garden on May 22, 1883. During the rounds Mitchell managed to get in an accidental blow on Sullivan, which floored the latter, but Sullivan's heavy weight and powerful blows proved that he wes Charley's master. Police Captain Williams stopped the bout in the third round when Mitchell was almost mocked out. Fought Billy Sheriff, the Prussian, a six round draw; defeated Joe Deuning in four rounds; boxed a draw with Jake Klirain: bested Billy Edwards in three rounds, was bested by Dominick McCaffrey. The contest was decided at Madison Squar The contest was decided at Madison Square Garden, October 13, 1884. Four rounes were fought, and McCaffrey, while he possessed actence, showed that he was inferior to Mitchell. But the referee thought otherwise and decided in favor of McCaffrey. Boxed a draw with Patsy Cardiff at Minneapolis.

Mitcheil's lest real battle was with Stove Gallagher, better known as "Reddy." They fought at Cleveland in the month of August, 1889, and Mitchell won. On March 10, 1889, Mitchell fought John L. Suilivan, the champion pugilist of the world, for £500 a side. The partie was fought at Chantilly, France. After fighting thirty-nine rounds the contest ended in a draw. The fight lasted three hours and eleven minutes. (2) Cannot give you Slavin's record, but it is a mixed one.

you Slavin's record, but it is a mixed one.

GRASD ISLAND, Jan. 12—To the Sporting
Editor of THE BEE.—Please inform me through
the sporting column of The BEE the following: In a game of draw poker, with "joker"
and playing "straights," which is the better
hand, five aces or a straight flush?—Max G.

Ans. There is no such thing as five aces
or fives of any denomination, even with the
joker in use. The joker simply makes the
fourth of a kind, and four aces with the
loker count no more than four aces alone. A
"straight flush" beats fours, whether made "straight flush" beats fours, whether made up with or without the joker.

up with or without the joker.

SOUTH OMAHA, Jan. 14.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE:—P.case answer the following questions in Sunday's BEE: In playing high five, A and B, C and D are partners. (B) A and B's tricks are in A's possession, with the face turned up, and C and D's tricks are in D's possession with the face turned down. Havn't C or D a right to look at A and B's tricks as long as they are faced up? (2) Does A and B have sny right to look at A and B's tricks as long as they are faced down? (3) In cutting the cards.can your opponent cut them more than once, providing the one dealing does not shuffle them any more? (4) And in cutting does it matter from which pile he deals from? (5) Can the dealer after dealing around the cards hold all the cards in his hand he has left, say there is only two trumps in the whole number held in your hand, can they cail it a misdoal?—F. R. C.

Aus—(1) How would you prevent them!

Avs.—(1) How would you prevent them!
(2) The last trick taken in only. (3) He can cut the cards as he pleases. (4) You must deal from the under pile. (5) You can compel him to discard all but his regular hand sit cond. band, six cards.

YORK, Neb. Jan. 13.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee;—Please advise a patron of your paper and oblige. A and B are playing ball pool. A called the 14 ball. In shooting the cue ball after striking the 14 ball, strikes the 9 ball, and the 9 ball goes in first. Now was he entitled to the 14 ball?—York. Ans,-He was,

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