SPORTS FOR THE DOG DAYS

Short Dissertations on This, That and the Other in Base Ball.

WHAT THE NATIONAL LEAGUE MEANS

The Coming Bench Show—The Festive Byker—Danny Daly's Chances—The Horseman's Chat and Breezy General Notes.

WHEN the minor base ball organizations devise ways and means of existence without holding themselves subservient to the National league, then and only then, will the game develop even into a satisfactory business venture. The Western league pays so much per club to the major body for the privilege of drawing their breath. This tax is also supposed to assure the lesser organizations immunity against inroads from unscrupulous managers and base ball agents, and several other varieties of protection. But the fact is it assures or insures nothing, absolutely nothing, so far as the National league is concerned. It is all powerful, however, among the organizations of the minor order. They are not allowed to monkey with each other in any particular, but forced to live like cooing doves together. If there is any monkeying to be done the National will do it. They have plenty capacity, plenty inclination and plenty time to do all the monkeying for the whole base ball contingency.

If the national league wants a player from the ranks of any of the minors, she gets him by hook or crook. If the club who holds his contract refuses to surrender him for a nominal figure, in order that the transaction may have a business like aspect, it will be found that some one of the National league clubs have an old prior claim on him, and they gobble him up without reward or conscience. The Genins case for illustration.

It is the same with umpires and everything else.

This spring Nick Young declared that Jack McQuaid should never umpire another game in the National league. Jack said he thought New York made Boston several presents last fall in order to beat the grand old man of Chicago out of the championship. That made Uncle Nick, as well as all Boston and New York, very sore on His McQuaidlets, and notwithstanding he was the most finished and competent umpire in the business, they refused him a job this spring. They had a lot of Hursts, Emshes, Maccullars, Walters, Mahoneys and similar vegetables on hand, and informed Mr. McQuaid that he might go back to carrying the hod for all they cared.

So Jack, he signed with the Millenium Plan outfit. He is the only real umpire we have had, but we had to give him up.

The league staff, aside from King Gaff, quickly proved very Wally Fessenden, and to keep the populace in line in several cities, it was necessary that a helper for Gaffney be secured. That meant Jack McQuaid.

Now the story is being circulated that McQuaid's contract with President Williams this spring was a conditional one, and his resignation was gracefully accepted.

The truth of the matter is the arrogant league simply reached out and picked Colonel McQuaid off the Western bush, just like the dropping of a rotten apple.

The minor organizations, sooner or later, will be brought to contracts that will bind, irrespective of league protection, assistance or advice. The main secret of the non-success of all the minor organizations ever incorporated, is the fact that from their incipiency the National league opens up its life-sapping tactics.

It Will Be Repealed.

The great and only base ball rule-maker, Nichodemus E. Young, has a little job on hand which, it is hoped, he will attend to at his earliest convenience, and that is the abrogation of the idiotic law that denies a man his base when struck on the hand or forearm by a pitched ball. This rare piece of legislation certainly never evolved from Grandpa Nick's eagle brain, and I know as soon as his massive eye falls on this—for grandpa has read THE BEE for lo! these many years—he will set about securing its appeal.

When Indianapolis was here the last time, Frank Genius received a smash on the hand from one of Vickery's cannon shots that fairly pulverized his arm up to the elbow. It not only knocked him out of the game, but kept him on the bench for a week afterwards, and for a time it was highly doubtful whether he would ever permanently recover from the hurt or not. It was a horrible smash, and that night Frank's hand was as black as your hat. But he never got his base. Gunther, the novelist, was umpiring, and he refused to allow Genins to walk down, not, however, because he was cognizant of any rule providing for such a decision, but because he claimed that it was the wrong hand that received the blow. He said if it had been his right instead of his left, he would have allowed him his base. And Editor Richter is so glad Gunthy, his protege, is doing well out west.

But to return to the rule in question. It was originally formulated to reach the case of such foxy boys as Curt Welch. There is the boy who can make his base about twice out of three times by adroitly receiving the ball against his hand, arm or shoulder, and a man who can and does do this, is not only deserving of his base, but ought to be allowed to score, to boot. But, in several particulars, there isn't a half dozen Curt Welchs in the business. On the contrary the average ball player is as fearful of being hit by the ball, as he is of facing his landlady, and the Welch trick was a rare one indeed.

A Rare Work of Art.

What a pretty mess was made out of the Western league schedule in the first championship division this season, to be sure. This, however, was partly owing to the persistent interference of J. Pluvius, but mainly to the shortsightedness of the schedule committee. Not once this spring has the Omaha cranks been given an opportunity to see what kind of ball either the Milwaukee or Minneapolis teams put up. They were both here for a series of games, but in each instance were forestalled by a heavenly shower bath. On the other hand Omaha has been dosed with St. Paul-Fort Wayne to the extent that the sight of old Cy Sutcliffe, Fatty Dugdale or the Hogdriver is enough to turn the average fan's stomach. We had 'em here to open the season, they came back in May, again in June, and ye gods and little fishes, they will be inflicted on us for the fourth successive time one week from next Wednesday, when they are booked for only four more games. About half the local cranks already believe that there are only two teams in the circuit, Omaha and Fort Wayne, so accustomed have they become to the battles between these two. But that isn't all. Milwaukee will not be seen on the home grounds until August 13, nor Minneapolis till the 9th, but in the meantime we will have Indianapolis and Toledo, two more old landmarks, until you can't rest.

I am not quite sure whether this beautiful schedule is part and parcel of the great milleunium plan or not, but judging from its artistic finish it must be a component part of the chiefest character.

Omaha's Triumphal March.

The Omahas are now engaged in the first series of the second championship division. They have three more games with Toledo, one this afternoon and two tomorrow, morning and afternoon. After the Pirates have been all manacled and chucked away in the hold, Joe Walsh will saunter along with his bunctuous band of Buckeyes. They will be here July 6, 8, 9 and 10. Uncle Dave says he's simply going to kill 'em. But somehow or other it is the custom of late to take the old man's assertions with a liberal allowance of salt. Still he means everything he says, and if he will just make his word good this time he can have a portfolio in the people's president's cabinet, if I have to give it to him myself. And it will be in the war department, too. After larruping Columbus four straight, the White Sox will go right along in their triumphal march and give Ft. Wayne such a licking she will be glad to stay away from here the balance of the season. The Keokongas will take their medicine on the 12, 13, 14 and 15. Following Barnies' gang comes Sharsig's What-is-its. They haven't had a smell so far, and shant during the entire season, we just hate those beastly Indianans. Kansas City will wind up the series. She will be here July 30 and 31 and August 2 and 3, and when uncle gets through with her, her name will be rubbed off the maps. We haint gain' to lose 'nother game this year.

Jack Prince Doing the Hosses.

ZANESVILLE, O., June 30.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Just a line. You see by inclosed clipping that I am on the warpath again 'wid de masheen.' I am riding a high-geared safety, and am sure to do well before the season closes. I had a great race in Columbus the other night and have another here tomorrow. Will be in Omaha this fall with a big athletic combination.

JACK PRINCE.

Following is the clipping referred to:

Fully 1,000 people were present at Franklin park last evening and witnessed the race between Jack Prince, the champion long distance bicyclist of the world, and "Sorrel Doc," a trotter owned by John Brown. The start was made shortly after 7 o'clock, and for the first half mile the horse and bicycle kept together. The second half Prince took the lead down the stretch and kept it until the fourth half-mile, when they passed under the wire side by side. The third mile was finished with the horse about fifty feet in the lead. Prince gradually closed the gap, and on the next half-mile was fifty feet in the lead, finishing the fourth half-mile about 100 feet ahead of the horse. The next half found him 300 feet in the lead, and the fifth mile was finished with Prince over an eighth of a mile ahead of the horse. The entire five miles was made in 16 minutes and 23 seconds. The best mile was made in 2:17. Prince rode a Cleveland pneumatic geared to sixty-eight inches.

Many of the leading horsemen are discussing the question of whether or not Prince can beat five horses in a five-mile relay race. In that way the horses would only trot one mile each and Prince would have to do the five miles at an average of 2:30 or better. It is quite likely that such a race will be arranged within a few days.—Zanesville Signal.

One of Uncle's Pleasantries.

"Safe!" cried Charlie Snyder as Tim O'Rourke slid into second last Thursday at Columbus, after being punched in the neck with the ball in Shiebeck's hands.

"Oh, Charlie, I've broken his neck!" cried Shy imploringly.

"I said he was safe," replied the autocrat of the mask.

Then Uncle walked in from first and, placing his big, knotty fist under Snyder's proboscis, he shook it suggestively, with the following pleasant bit of raillery:

"You big loafer, what do you mean by such work? For a half a cent I'd break your ugly face!"

"That will cost you just $25!" interjected the hero of the betting sheds as he backed away from Uncle.

"What's that?" fiercely demanded Uncle, who was now so hot under the collar that his undershirt was scorching, and he made a reach for Snyder's jaw.

"You are a nice specimen to be judge of a ball game, hain't you? Why you couldn't referee a cock fight. Twenty-five dollars! I'll make you eat the First National bank, you big loafer!" and Uncle was about to kill him, when the police were called out, and Uncle was assisted into a phaeton and driven from the grounds.

Then the White Sox jumped onto Frederickus Clausen and beat him 2 to 0.

Who Said Gunth was Crazy.

Nichol of Toledo was at the bat.
Guenther umpiring.

"One strike!" called Richter's protege, as one of Darby's high ones fairly scraped the cobwebs from the clouds.

"Two strikes, three strikes and out!" cried Gunth, as Nichol smashed at a curve, whirling clean round from sheer force of the blow.

"That's only two," yelled Nichol in desperation, as he turned to the serene Mr. Guenther.

"I say it is three," he calmly replied; "you struck at that one twice."

And Nichol fell dead at his feet.

Why didn't the league take Guenther and leave us McQuaid?

John T. Says It Isn't So.

The report sent out from Louisville six or eight days ago that the last meeting of the National league considered the delinquency of the Western league, is denied by John T. Brush, writes Manager Sharsig from Indianapolis. Billy says that Mr. Brush emphatically declared that no such matter was considered, and that the proceedings show there was no reference whatever to the Western league. He further says that the matter of dues could not come before the league, but instead would go to the board having charge the national agreement. It is stated in connection with the Western league that, while it has suffered heavy financial loss during the first half of the season, which was due to the weather, there is reason to believe that all losses can be recovered before the close of the season in September next. The low salary limit has been its salvation, and nothing but good weather and good ball playing are necessary from now on to insure a profit.

The Omaha Kennel Club.

The encouragement accorded the Omaha Kennel club during the first year of its existence by many admirers of the dog has led the directors to feel confident that a bench show can be successfully arranged during the coming fall, and have consequently fixed upon the 25th and 26th, inclusive, of October next for the first exhibition, which will be held under the auspices of the American Kennel club, and of which full and due notice will be given. There are a great number and variety of exceedingly well-bred dogs owned in Nebraska and adjoining states, the owners of which may be calculated upon to exhibit. This publication is made with the earnest hope that the public's good wishes and best efforts are with us in our endeavors, and so aid us in bringing our state to the front rank in the stock of best blooded dogs, contributing another quota of healthy advertisement of Nebraska's productive features. It is a noticeable fact that all our leading cities maintain their kennel clubs. Donations can be paid to the club's credit with the Omaha National bank or to the secretary. The club has already prepared a bill for presentation to the legislature relative to legalizing the dog as personal property and will exert its utmost influence with that object in view at the next session, and which we feel assured will have the hearty commendation of all owners and lovers of man's friend, the dog. Address communications to E. L. Marston, secretary, P. O. box 623.

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A Bunch of Rattling Hits.

Two games tomorrow. The first will be called at 10:30 and the second at 3:30.

There will be a loud-voiced congregation assemble at Sportsman's park tomorrow.

Jocko Fields has caught on with Buffalo, while Herman Bader is on his uppers. Booze!

Troy has captured the Bird recently released by St. Louis. A little salt did the business.

Hereafter ladies will be admitted free at Sportsman's park excepting on Sundays and holidays.

Jocko Hallgan has been benched by Baltimore, and Harry Raymond kicked out into the frigid world by Washington.

Sandy McDermott, who is umpiring in the California league, has been roasted so much that he looks like a big baked cow.

On their last eastern trip the Omahas won seven games and lost three, a better record than any other western team made.

Toad Ramsey, formerly of Louisville but later of Denver, has been resurrected by Evansville, says Colonel Ren Mulford.

Jimmy Cooney broke his ash pan the other day trying to catch a liner from Latham's bat, and Uncle is on the lookout for a new short.

Dirty Danny Shannon has succeeded Dirty Danny Stearns as mismanager of the Buffalos. Now look for an early disbandonment of the Bisons.

A cablegram from Europe announces that Nick Ivory has signed with Oskosh, and as a consequence stock in the brewers trust has gone up 300 per cent.

Norman Baker has been appointed on the umpire staff to succeed McQuaid. He will make his debut at Kansas City this afternoon. Here's luck, Leslie.

The next thing you know the National league will take all the western league's best bats away from them. We are lucky to be allowed to play ball at all.

All talk about the National league wanting western players is rot. There isn't a half dozen Western league players who would last over night with the old organization.

The second championship division in the Western league is now on, and promises to be a vast improvement over the first. The local team has been materially strengthened and will assuredly make a good showing.

Jiggs Parrott, the Minneapolis third baseman, they say, is making a great rep. We don't know anything about the young man down here because we have never had a chance to see him play, and the season is more than half over.

Columbus will not have the walkover in the second division she enjoyed in the first. She made a lucky start, while all the other teams fell down, but the present race will be an equal one all through. Several surprises are in store for the enthusiasts.

Uncle Dave is too quick tempered and loses many a point by constantly antagonizing the umpire. If Uncle would only wait until after the game, and then take him behind the dressing room and put on the mitts with him, the general results would be better.

Charlie Hoover, who is certainly a great backstop, is catching out of sight in the Montana league. Hoover and old John Barleycorn were a great pair in the Western league, and it was their intimacy that led to the former's ejection from the ranks.

Emmet Seery was offered an engagement by the Western league, but as he owns a pineapple plantation in Florida, he says he cannot afford to play anywhere but in the big league.—Exchange. That's his double, then, gobbling up flies down in Indianapolis' outfield.

The second championship season promises to redeem the losses of the first. Omaha is in better condition than at any time during the year, and is playing superb ball. Big crowds are a certainty during the present week, as the town is overrun with strangers with nothing to do but kill time.

Manager Frank Leonard of the Binghamton Eastern League club, is engaged locating the number of ties between Bing and Lowell, Mass. When managing the Omaha team in '90 Frank made himself very popular, but his tank was too full of the milk of human kindness, for successful work with a ball team.

After all Frank Genins will play the season out with Indianapolis. By the peculiar processes known only to the big league. Cincinnati secured Frank, and as John T. Brush owns both Cincinnati an Inddianapolis, base ballically speaking, he will keep Genins on the Hoosiers' payroll, anyway, until there is a break in Cincinnati's outfield.

George Keefe, who struck the banana peel early in the fight, has jumped Fort Wayne and has been blacklisted. In the light that Keefe was to be "chased" anyway as soon as a man could be found to fill his place, his punishment seems a trifle tough. The wily Cunningham started Keefe on the down grade and is the most guilty of the two.

The ex-alleged base ball magnate—anybody can guess who it is—who attends the games at Sportsman's park on a dead-head ticket presented him by President Stout, and spends his time in foul abuse of the local club, will run up against a circumstance one of these fine days. Take up his pass—that is a courtesy that never should have been shown him.

President Stout in speaking of the wild-eyed report from Louisville, says:

"The entire report can, I think, be resolved into these facts. Louisville and St. Louis are not drawing well; they do not stand up in the race. They need young players of ability. The Western contains such material, which, however, they can not seize until the close of the season. This they appreciate and have taken this way to secure their ends. Now the Western can pay its dues to the league at a moment's notice; they are but $150 per club behind and last year the Eastern league did not pay up until almost the close of the season.

Miscellaneous Local Sports.

Fishing parties to Honey creek and Horseshoe are of daily occurrence.

The backers of Tommy Ryan made their second deposit of $500 with S. G. V. Griswold Thursday.

Ravenna, this state, will enjoy a big athletic tournament on the Fourth, to include bicycle racing, base ball, sprint running, tug of war, tub, sack and wheelbarrow race, sparring, jumping and wrestling.

Jack Wilkes was in the city Friday enroute to his training quarters near Sioux City. He looked big and strong and the very picture of perfect health. He expects, of course, to put Ryan out.

The Omaha gun club and the Raymond gun club shoot a race Saturday, July 9, five men from each club, at fifteen single targets, rapid firing, fifteen targets unknown angles and five pair targets each man. The Raymonds are not talking to any extent and the Omaha warriors think they will have less to say at 6 p.m. July 9.

Never in the history of the ring have there been so many good fights in a brief space of time as are now on the carpet. The heavyweight championship will be settled at New Orleans between Sullivan and Corbett in September, the lightweight championship between Billy Myer and Jack McAuliffe the same month, the welterweight championship between Tommy Ryan and Jack Wilks on July 30 at Omaha, and California is on deck with a half dozen first class events for the next two months.—Globe-Democrat.

No man who earns his bread in the sweat of a two-ounce glove ever made a more favorable impression than has little Dan Daly, who is to fight young Smith July 8. If he fights as well as he behaves himself outside the ring Smith will have a chance to get rather well acquainted with him before the campmeeting is over. Sally Smith is the preferred candidate in the match, however, though Daly has, as a matter of course, strong friends. But Smith's friends think there is something beyond this match in store for him. They think they have a world beater. "If he wins two or three more first-rate contests he will be ready to go against Dixon or any of the best of them," they say, and they believe it, too.—San Francisco Chronicle. It looks like a lead pipe for Daly at this end of the string.—Sport. Ed.

The following are scores made by the Omaha Gun club at their regular shoot on season averages yesterday. William Brewer shot in splendid form and will give Parmelee a tight rub for first place if his $40 Lefever don't wear out before the season closes:

Parmelee	11111 11111 11111 11011 11101—23
Fogg	11111 11011 10111 11101 11101—21
Hardin	10410 11000 11010 11011 11100—14
Brewer	11111 11111 11111 11110 01111—23
Parmelee	11111 11111 11111 11010 01111—22
Gwin	10000 00001 11000 10110 00101— 9
Hardin	10111 11111 11011 10110 11111—20
Fogg	11110 11011 11110 11110 10111—20
Brucker	01011 11111 11111 11110 11110—21
Townsend	11101 10101 11001 00111 11111—17
Brucker	11101 11011 11111 11001 10111—20
Nason	01001 11110 11111 11111 10111—19
Brewer	11111 11101 11111 01111 11111—23
Gwin	11011 11010 11110 10101 01010—15
Townsend	11111 11111 11111 11010 01111—19

Whisperings of the Wheel.

Hol for Hastings.

Clubness is a scarce article this week.

T. W. Collins has returned from Knoxville, Ill.

Joe Ellick, one of the Fremont Wheel club boys, has been a guest of E. R. Smith for several days.

A party of wheelmen, with their lady friends who cycle, rode over to Lake Manawa one evening of last week and enjoyed a sail on the lake, returning by wheel.

The Missouri Valley Wheel club held a road race to Calhoun, Ia., distance twelve miles, on the 28th inst. The prize was a handsome gold medal and was won by Aug. Riss in forty-eight minutes. W. R. Jones secured second place.

The King County wheelmen held a race meet at Manhattan field, New York on June 25. One of the events as usual was a novice safety event. Two hundred entries were received for the event alone. People in York state cycle just a little!

R. L. Young, the genial vice president of the Tourist wheelmen, starts today for a month's trip over the eastern states bordering on the Atlantic. While away Bob will represent the Tourists at the great national meet of the L. A. W. at Washington.

T. M. Thiebold, representing the Dauntless line of wheels, has been showing off the good points of his wheel to the local dealers during the past week. The Dauntless is made in Toledo, O. The Humber man was also in town a few days looking up an agent.

A. H. Perrigo, Lester Holton, William Snell, Harry Mulinall, H. Muntefering, J. H. Kastman and H. K. Smith, left for Hastings this morning to spend several hours with the merry wheelmen at the state meet. Holton and Snell are entered in nearly all of the race events.

The members of the Omaha Wheel club are now interesting themselves in another location for their clubhouse. This time the property is located at the corner of Seventeenth and Chicago, opposite the present clubhouse. New plans have been drawn and are a great improvement on the old ones. It is to be hoped that the enterprise will be a success this time.

All wheelmen who remain in the city are invited to take part in the parade the morning of the Fourth. Major Clarkson, who has charge of the military and trades procession, will assign the wheelmen to a division where they will not be cramped for room. It is estimated there will be at least 100 wheels in line. Decorate your mount, boys, and fall in with the rest.

The Omaha Wheel club were somewhat disappointed on Sunday morning when the shower came as it spoiled the pleasant ride they had scheduled for the day. The club were anticipating an enjoyable day at Bennington with the Fremont Wheel club, who were to wheel down from Fremont. As it was the run had to be abandoned.

The scoring for the Tourist Wheelman gold medal is given below. This scoring is for the months of May and June. The lead has been taken up by W. M. Barnum, a comparatively new man to the roads. There is plenty of time, however, for the "dark horse" to win out yet:

	Runs Attended.	Runs Missed.	Miles.
W. M. Barnum	14	5	262
W. K. Smith	13	6	240
E. L. Potter	11	8	205
W. W. Connovan	10	9	150
Louis Flescher	6	13	140
W. S. Ripley	7	12	114
F. J. Wallace	7	12	110
W. A. Kingsley	5	14	102
M. C. Daxon	2	17	64
J. H. Kastman	4	15	64
J. C. Cully	1	18	62
G. C. Dodd	5	14	60
E. R. Smith	5	14	56
R. L. Young	3	16	54
William Snell	1	18	44
L. E. Holton	1	18	44

Nineteen others have failed to score the necessary fifty miles for the month of June. Some of these will be "in it" for July mileage, when the score will be materially changed.

E. L. Potter, captain of the Tourist Wheelmen, started bright and early Saturday morning to visit Missouri Valley, Ia. He made the trip so easily that he determined to finish the day with a century—sixty-two miles he had already covered. After dinner he started for Plattsmouth, a round trip which would score forty-four miles. Out of Omaha a short distance he punctured his tire and had to return for another mount. This he secured and proceeded on his way, but only reached La Platte, where his tire punctured again. Returning to Omaha he obtained another mount and started for Crescent City, Ia. This trip he made all O. K., and pulled into Omaha as the dusky shades of night was falling, tired, dusty, hungry and footsore but triumphant. He had ridden his 106 miles in just eight hours and thirty-one minutes. This is the first century made by an Omaha cyclist for the period of two years. Some of the old-timers will never forget the famous Red Oak, Ia., century made by the Omaha Wheel club in 1889, when so many of the boys fell by the roadside and were brought in by the Pullman ambulance.

The Tourist wheelmen started for Glenwood, Ia., last Sunday morning before "Old Sol" had opened his eyes above the eastern horizon. The roads were fine, the air fresh and the sky clear; the boys were feeling quite nervy as they whirled swiftly along over the smooth road, when a low rumble in their rear warned them of rapidly approaching storm. The rain clouds came up very fast and the storm was fairly on them before they thought of seeking shelter. The mud clogged up the sprocket wheels and chains and riding being out of the question the bedraggled tourists took possession of a farmer's barn and made themselves comfortable until after the shower. Then ensued a weary two hours of "mud plugging" along railroad tracks and country roads. The club pulled into Omaha at 12 o'clock, their clothing from head to foot being coated with a solid mass of mud. Several of the boys spent an hour or so washing the mud from their cycles. Messrs. M. O. Daxon and Lou Flescher were the only ones who made the round trip to Glenwood, they having ridden within a few miles of Glenwood before the storm overtook them. This is the first barn party the Tourists have experienced this season.

A Batch of Amateur Squibs.

Gadke is catching good ball, but not hitting up to his standard.

McGinnis is at home on the old bag again and showing up in fine form.

Butler is one of the finest left fielders in the state and no mean hitter, either.

The Fort team are a strong aggregation of stickers for a pitcher to run against.

In Duberry and Coady the Fort Omaha's have one of the finest amateur batteries in the state.

The Fort Omahas are doing good team work and will make any amateur team play ball in order to win.

Trapper of the Fort team seems to be right at home at short, as was seen by his work in last Sunday's game.

Wright is a fine captain, and the boys all know it. He is also making quite a record for himself with the stick.

Sunday and Monday, 3d and 4th, the Falconer's of Omaha will play the crack Blair "Red Birds" on the latter's grounds. The teams are very evenly matched and exciting games are assured.

Marrow of the Falconers is one of the coming amateur third basemen of the country. He is loudly praised everywhere he played this season.

The Nonpareils did the Falconers a great injustice by advertising that the Falconers were beaten Sunday last without a hit, as they made no less than six hits. The Nonpareil score man is either blind or don't know what a base hit is.

Chit-Chat of the Hoss Men

J. H. Loehr, Hampton, Ia., has bred Orphan Fairy, by Corsair, to Sarcenet, 2:20¼.

Frank Shaw thinks some of inaugurating a fall running meeting in this city. It would be a tremendous winner.

A Boone county farmer claims to own a mare named Belgian Maid which made a mark a few days since of 2.14, in his mind probably.

Hon. O. M. Spencer, St. Joseph, Mo., has purchased the chestnut gelding Borden, 2:29¼, by Mansfield, 2:26, and will place him in training.

W. B. Oaks, secretary of the Silver City Driving Park association, has the sporting editor's acknowledgment for courtesies received. There will be some great sport over there on July 4 and 5.

William Looft, Davenport, Ia., has sold to A. B. Camp of Chicago, the chestnut gelding Billy McMahon 2:24, by McMahon 2:21, dam by Bump's Tuckahoe. He was bought for parties in England, where he will be shipped and used on the road.

Work is progressing fast at the new track at Davenport, Ia., and it is rapidly approaching completion under the management of Seth Griffin. A large force of carpenters are also busy building fences and stables and erecting the amphitheater. Everything will be in fine shape by the first week in August, when the initial meeting occurs.

Questions and Answers.

There are letters at this office for Dan Hughey, ball player, and Jack Wilks, pugilist.

GENOA, July 1.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Does the Omaha ball team play in Omaha July 4; if so, with what team? Genoa will send down a delegation.—H. E. Adams.

ANS.—Yes, two games, morning and afternoon, with Toledo.

LODGE POLE, Neb., June 30.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Please publish in SUNDAY BEE answer to the following question: The batsman in his box. In getting out of the way of the ball delivered by the pitcher, said ball hits the batsman's bat and bounds inside the foul lines. Is said batsman entitled to take a base?—Constant reader.

Ans.—If he isn't thrown out.

RAVENNA, Neb., June 30.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: We are going to have a pulling match on the Fourth, a tug-of-war. Would you please send us rules and regulations for same, as there is no one here knows anything about them?—Joseph Simon.

Ans.—The rules have been mailed you.

BANCROFT, Neb., June 30.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Please state in Sunday's issue who has the fastest 100-yard record in Nebraska, and where he lives?—C. P. Willmont.

Ans.—Leon Lozier, Omaha, ten seconds.

DELL RAPIDS, S. D., June 28.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Will you kindly answer the following question in Sunday's BEE? Shall a score count if the base-runner touches homeplate before third man is out; that is, suppose the following case: Man on third base, batter bats ball to shortstop, who fumbles it, and man crosses plate from third before first-baseman gets hold the ball on first base, although first-baseman gets it in time to put out the batter?—G. Kinney.

Ans.—The run does not count.

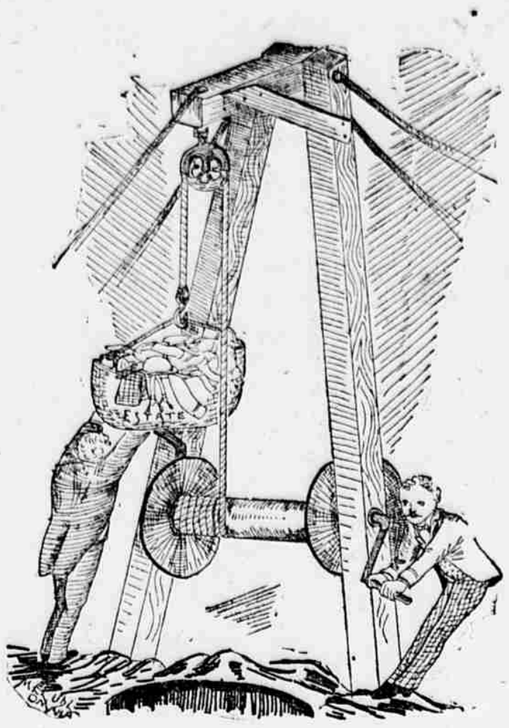
MANNING, Ia., June 25.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Will you please publish in THE BEE at an early date the rules governing the sport known as "the tug-of-war?"—R. R. Williams.

Ans.—Any number of men on a team, from 4 to 10. Inch and a quarter rope. Length of pull, 7 feet.

There are letters at Frank Bandle's base ball headquarters for Misses Belle Ryde and Maggie Clarke, and they can't have 'em unless they call for them in person. That's what Frank says.

SUTTON, Neb., July 1.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: In a race between a hook and ladder and hose cart, how should they start? Should the hose cart (two wheels) start with the front or hind hub on the mark?—C. A. C.

Ans.—In the first thing a race between a hose and hook and ladder cart is an unusual affair. However, the rear wheels of both trucks must rest on the starting point, and all persons taking part in any run must start with the company from the starting point.



WINDING UP the STOCK

In just thirty days from now Hellman's administrator will be out of a job, as far as disposing of the Hellman Clothing stock is concerned, as it is now definitely settled that the

Columbia Clothing Company,

Of St. Louis, take possession of the stock, store and fixtures,

AUGUST FIRST.

In the meantime greater cuts than ever will be made in all departments. The time is now limited and your time to secure the greatest bargains you ever heard tell of is now at hand. Suits that were $8, $9, $10.50, $12 and $13 are now $5. All the $16, $18, $20 and $22 suits are now cut to $10. Styles are sacks, frocks, cutaways and prince alberts, in all kinds of fabrics, silk mixed cassimeres, corkscrews, clay worsteds, cheviots, crepe cloth and the finest imported fabrics; bound and unbound edges; at any rate you are bound to buy. They will please you, for we can fit anybody, be they slender and tall, fat and short, let the weight be 100 or 600 pounds. Sizes range from 33 to 50. As to summer clothes, coats, vests, etc., in alapacas, lustres, flannels, serges, drap d'ete, pongee silks, in fact any kind of summer fabric, in short and extra long sizes, 32 to 50; you can have them as long as they last at any price most to take them away. A lot of 35c neckties go at 15c. Those genuine all silk outing shirts, fancy colors, with black grounds, plaids, stripes, etc., now go for $1.50. Hellman got $4 for them. We did sell them for $2. All sizes. All over the store everything is cut to the core and your chance of a life time has now come.

THIRTY DAYS MORE.

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WINDING UP THE STOCK

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