SPORT FOR FROSTY NOVEMBER

Pointed and Gossipy Talks on the Fighters and General Aretic Affairs.

A CHANCE FOR BASE BALL NEXT SUMMER

McVittie's Base Ball Revival—The Foot Ball Campaign—Wheel Whisperings—In Marsh and Stubble—The Horse, Dog and Local Sporting News.

Corbett may knock out a good many men in much less time than it took him to put the kibosh on poor old John L. but undeniable it is, that he will never run up against another such a harmless and powerless pudding. All the guff that has been published to the contrary, John L. Sullivan put up the shabbiest championship battle against James J. Corbett in the annals of the ring. His wonderful endurance and the unmerciful pounding that was required to lay him low, and the fact that it was John L. Sullivan who was in the ring, alone made Corbett's victory tolerable. As a prize fight, it was a burlesque, save on Jim's part. Of course his performance was a revelation, and I wish to detract nothing from his credit in beating the one man who was foolishly considered by the sporty world as invincible. Still nothing short of an easy victory over Mitchell, Pete Jackson or even the default champion, burly Joe Goddard, will satisfy me that Corbett is the peerless gem the rank and file in fancy realms seem to think him. Mitchell is a fit opponent and might beat him, Peter Jackson his equal if not his superior, and Joe Goddard, Bob Fitzsimmons and one or two more who might be mentioned are fully qualified to entertain him for an unlimited number of rounds.

Still this is far from sufficient to cause Corbett to surrender all his rights and privileges and jump into the ring and meet the man every advertising agent in the country sees proper to issue a challenge for. Corbett is entitled to a reasonable interval in which to enjoy his great renown, be that six months, a year or a year and a half, just as he decrees, he will be endorsed by a fair-minded public and be looked upon as the champion of champions until he doffs that honor in the ring. That his holiday will be more abbreviated than the general public imagines there is but little doubt in my mind. Jem's thirst for the real excitement of the twenty-four foot ring is too ravishing to be long endured. Mark my words, the date of his next fistic meeting will be authentically announced ere the blue birds begin to pipe their vernal lays.

Dick Moore, than whom no other fighter stands better among the Omaha fancy, is being handled, or is handling himself, very badly. He is now matched to fight Henry Baker, the Michigan heavyweight, for an insignificant purse, some where near Chicago the 19th of this month. This indiscriminate match-making for meal tickets is what is going to lay Dick on the shelf. Since he made his disastrous debut here with Tim Niland at South Omaha, a year ago, he has fought a dozen fights or more and hasn't realized as many hundred dollars out of all of them. He has endured some terrible beatings, too, in this go-as-you-please, fight-at-the-drop-of-the-hat career, and the only redeeming feature connected with it, if it is a redeeming feature, is that he has won every time he has put up his hands with the single exception above mentioned. This he lost from over-confidence and lack of training. Since then he has been seen twice by the local patrons and in both instances he gave away pounds and pounds in weight and yet was an easy victor. He punched out P. J. Griffin, the big sprinter, at South Omaha in the most approved style, and before the Omaha Athletic club made a monkey out of Jack Ryan's lubberly brother. Since then he has whipped Henry Baker, Tim Sullivan, Joe Tansey, Billy Gibbs, Wiley Evans, Joe Crowley and a job lot of other fighters and still his name has never yet been mentioned in connection with a match before any of the big, legitimate sporting clubs. That Moore is deserving of a better fate no one will gainsay. He is a square, honest fighter and possessed of much more real worth than he is generally accredited with. The wise course for Dick to pursue would be to abandon this barnstorming, back-alley knockout program, get a competent manager, make a match before one of the reputable clubs for a purse worthy the distinction, win it and take a promenade on Easy avenue.

The impetuous and the impatient who apprehend a long monotonous wait before they will be granted an opportunity of seeing Champion Jim Corbett inside the ropes again are reckoning, I believe, without their host. The most imminent danger is that if the tumorous process through which the champion's cranium has been going since that eventful September night at New Orleans continues much longer there will not be a club house in the land large enough to accommodate its abnormal proportions. Otherwise there are not log chains enough in the Michigan and Wisconsin pineries to hold him back many more moons. He wants to fight a good deal worse than the public wants to see him. Already he is chafing under his onerous theatrical engagements, and fretting to show the world what a snap he will have in knocking out anybody! Already he says he will foreswear his ponderous dramatic obligations to accommodate Charlie Mitchell, and would condescend, out of pure magnanimity, to switch off from his histrionic lay long enough to pound the little remaining life in the great John L. out of him, that is, of course, if the big fellow should desire to thus end his weary pilgrimage through this vale of tears. Of all others, a second match with the Boston boy is the one Jem would prefer—there is no doubt about that. He recognizes clearly the dimensions of the pie that would again be his. But as to Mitchell, I think there is a string attached to a good deal of his bombast. Prejudiced as the American people are against Windy Charlie, there are none so bigotted, who know anything about the game, but who will freely acknowledge that he is a great righter, and that if they ever meet he will give Jem a fight and not a walkover.

Not to be critical, but to a man up a tree it looks as if the Coney Island Athletic club has been guilty of a rare piece of extravagance in engaging big Joe Goddard, the quasi-champion, and Peter Quitter Maher for a $7,500 fight the first week in December, the loser to receive $1,000. The loser's end is about what the purse proper ought to be. Goddard is a big, burly ruffian, with no valid claims on championship honors, and Maher an undoubted dub, who quit before a middleweight when his nose began to bleed. The less generously this stripe of bruisers is fostered the better it will be for the game. The Coney Island club, I believe, is bound to be the club of the country, but it is establishing an inimical precedent when it hangs up such a preposterously large piece of money for such mediocre men when the country is full of genuine talent capable of a much better exhibition for even a third of this purse.

The Coney Island club is ambitious and wealthy and is showing a commendable enterprise in its determination to have the best there is going, but it is making a false start in engaging the oleaginous Parson Davies and billy Madden for pistol firer. With careful and discreet management, and a religious eschewing of the counterfeit, the Coney Island people, can, when they get good and ready, give a pugilistic carnival that will lay over the New Orleans September saturnalia like a White mountain cake lays over a doughnut.

Johnny Murphy has left San Francisco and is in New York ready and anxious to fight any of the top-notch little ones. While in New Orleans Johnny and I went down to the Academy of Music one night to see Bob Fitzsimmons spar Johnny Cash, the champion middleweight of the south. I was well paid for the trouble, as I received a good idea of the abilities of the redheaded Australian. So wonderful was his action, that since then it has been a quandary in my mind which way to lean in case Bob and Jem Hall ever come together. I was a staunch Hall man when in attendance at the big fiasco in Minneapolis a year ago last summer, but hereafter, until their differences are settled, I shall be very chary of expressing any definite opinion. If Fitz had a grind organ he couldn't get a better monkey than Johnny Cash, with all due deference to my southern friends.

Johnny Van Heest, the St. Paul boy, and Solly Smith, both conquerors of Danny Daly, have been signed by one of the 'Frisco clubs to fight for a purse of $2,000 on the evening of December 26. Van Heest and Smith have also both fought draws with George Siddons, and their coming battle will be awaited with unusual interest. Van Heest should win, and with anything like a square show out there, he surely will. He is 22 years of age and one of the most deceptive built little men in the business. He stands five feet two inches in height, but on account of his stubbiness he would never be taken for more than five. His record is first class, and, in case he wins this fight, will surely have serious designs on Champion Dixon.

It is all rot to talk about Corbett's having forfeited the championship to Joe Goddard, or Pete Jackson's intention to make him forfeit to him, either. Corbett is the champion and will so remain until he drops the honor to a better man in the ring, and not until then, be that whenever it may. There is no code governing this matter in this country, other than that established by good, hard honest sense, which held good in John L.'s case for nearly a dozen years. It would be the proper thing, however, for the Coney Island, Olympic of New Orleans, the National, Providence, California and other big clubs to get their delegates together and formulate a pandect on this head, a tangible law, obligitory and inviolable.

Billy Woods, ycient "California," has returned from a profitable starring trip through the Hills, and professes a desire to furnish an entertainment for the Omaha Athletic club. Billy says, inasmuch as Jack Davis expressed such anxiety for a mill with him when he mistook him last summer for the Denver Billy Woods, that he will accommodate him any time for a reasonable purse and will endeavor to treat him as well as the Colorado man did out in 'Frisco. Woods, Billy Lewis and Adam Sherroy are about the only real ambitious pugs there are in these parts just now.

They don't seem to be coming in carriages exactly for Jack Skelley. First Dixon cuts him into ribbons down at New Orleans, then he takes a benefit at his home in Brooklyn and loses $300, and Tuesday night, a week ago, in Springfield, O., he volunteered to referee a little scrap at a benefit tendered Pat Geraghty. The Springfield sports didn't like Jack's imitation of Prof. Duffy, so they made a foot ball of him. When the police succeeded in pulling him out, they say that even Billy Reynolds wouldn't have recognized him.

SAGINAW (E. S.), Mich., Nov. 2.—Friend Sandy: Well here I am in Saginaw with Billy Lavigne, who runs the Turkish bath rooms here, training for my go with Collins in Detroit on the evening of the 24th. I am in the very flush of condition, and of course expect to win. Can't you come over? Write and tell me what the Omaha club is doing. I am always ready to give them an engagement, for there is no city I like better than Omaha, notwithstanding my tough deal at South Omaha. Regards to all the boys. Your friend, TOM RYAN.

The Choyinski-Godfrey affair before the Coney Island club last Monday night turned out about as I thought it would. It was another case of old age and staleness succumbing to youth, strength and energy, and but affords another admonition for back numbers to keep out of it. Still there is plenty of good fight in Godfrey yet, as he is an exception to the general rule. At 42 last Monday night he wasn't as old in wear and tear as John L. was at 34 on the 7th of September last.

Omaha lovers of the manly art of self-defense will be afforded an opportunity of seeing some of the shining lights in this line this winter. The Omaha Athletic club is making arrangements for a series of exhibitions that will give it high rank among the organizations of this class. Negotiations for the initial performance are being made, a specific announcement of which may be expected shortly after election.

It is a mistake about Jack Wilks, alias Johnny Walker, being matched against George Dawson. Those Frisco people are not as big jays as they look, and Jack Wilks couldn't get beer money out there for a fight with any one. Dawson is matched with Doc O'Connell of Boston, the man whom Tommy Ryan wanted the Omaha club to sign for a fight with him. Dawson will win.

Frankie McHugh hit Pete Nolan with a poker in a bar-room brawl down at Cincinnati the other night and then went out through the darkness at a ten seconds clip. That is just what Frankie wants to do if he ever gets in the ring with George Dixon, hit him with a poker or a hammer, then get up on his toes.

Danny Daly has returned to Hot Springs from Salt Lake City where he went to train Jim Williams for his coming battle with Charlie Turner. Danny has an "opening" in sight and will remain at work at the springs until he regains his old time self, when he will go to the coast.

What a mere bagatelle $10,000 is to most prize fighters, judging from the indiscriminate way they all want to back themselves on the side to this extent in every match their names are connected with.

Danny Needham is sore on the California club for not giving him a second chance to tackle George Dawson. Instead of feeling sore Danny should tender the clubmen a vote of thanks.

A correspondent asks for the correct pronunciation of Choynski's name, and according to the 'Frisco papers it is pronounced as if spelled Ko-ins-kie, with the accent on the second syllable.

Charlie Kemmick, who came here once, a year or so ago, ostensibly to fight Jimmy Lindsay, is said to be dying of consumption at his home in Minneapolis.

Base Ball For Next Summer.

Tom McVittie, who was associated with Ralph Stout in the management of the Omaha Western League base ball team during the past season, has in process of incubation a plan whereby he hopes to furnish the city with the national sport next season.

McVittie's idea is to form a league including Omaha, Kansas City, St. Joe, Des Moines or Sioux City, at a moderate yet respectable salary limit, for the purpose of playing on Saturdays and Sundays only, so far as settling the championship goes. During the week days the respective clubs will be left to take care of themselves, and they can either arrange games with the semi-professional teams of their own city or book engagements with the many clubs in the smaller cities throughout the state. The plan is a practical one, and in the event that there is no chance for the game on a more elaborate scale, would be a good investment for whoever goes into it. Mr. McVittie has already opened up negotiations with one or two of the cities named and says that they will enter heartily into the scheme. It is a well known fact, a fact demonstrated by six years' expensive experience, that Saturdays and Sundays are the only days on which base ball can be made profitable in any of the cities named, with the possible exception of Johnny Spessville. That the latter is right in it with the best base ball towns in the country is not to be contradicted, but as their prospects for getting into the game for some time to come on a larger scale than the one suggested are attenuated indeed it is more than probable that they will gladly join McVittie's Saturday and Sunday league.

It is the intention to draw up a regular championship schedule, engage the best players to be had for the money, and conduct the affairs of the organization on a basis exactly like that of the National league and subject to all its rules and regulations. It is highly improbable that there will be more than one big league next season, and the work of securing players capable of giving the local patrons of the sport an article of ball approximating the best they have ever seen will not be so difficult as would be imagined. There will be more idle ball players in the year 1893 than was ever known in the history of the game. Such a league as the one proposed would be plenty able to pay living salaries and many an old star will jump at the chance to keep out of the brickyard and rolling mill during the coming summer months.

The Foot Ball Season.

What has become of the Nebraska, Iowa and Missouri foot ball association? There was such an organization formed last fall and a schedule drawn up for a series of championship games this fall, but as yet no announcement of the same has been made, and the foot ball season is certainly fully on. Throughout the east the various organizations are measuring their strength day after day. While it is certainly a great game, it doesn't promise to become very rampant outside the collegiate institutions throughout the country, but seems to be almost purely a college pastime.

Whisperings of the Wheel.

The Omaha Wheel club will resume its enjoyable "smokers" and club socials this winter season.

Nebraska division, League of American Wheelmen, has now turned the double century mark, having 201 members.

The Omaha Wheel club to the number of a dozen pedaled down to Plattsmouth last Sunday and spent the day with the Patterson boys.

Many of the cyclists are training at the Young Men's Christian association gym these cool evenings, keeping in condition for next season's riding.

William M. Barnum, president of the Tourists, who has been seriously ill for several weeks, is slowly recovering. His club mates wish him speedy good health.

Kansas division, League of American Wheelmen, has about forty league hotels, where the hungry and travelstained cyclist may lodge and sup at league rates.

Some of the Council Bluffs Wheel club boys and Tourist wheelmen of Omaha took part in last Wednesday evening's parade over in the Bluffs. Their wheels were very handsomely decorated.

Billy Schnell has forsaken the pneumatic ghost and now gaily disports upon a solid tire spring wagon. The boys say his trick and fancy riding captivated the country folk on last Sunday's club run.

Two hundred and twenty-five riders started in the second annual century run of the Boston Press Cycling club on the 31st of October, and 175 finished. Among the latter were a number of ladies. The time consumed was in the neighborhood of fifteen hours.

The regular business meetings of the Tourist wheelmen and Omaha Wheel club occur this week, the former occurs Thursday evening at No. 120 North 15th street, 8 o'clock sharp, and the latter Tuesday evening at the club house, 8 o'clock. Members are requested to be present.

The Young Men's Christian association cyclers have closed their riding season. Lieutenant Coe is the proud winner of the club medal, a very handsome one at that. G. Wolff and Captain Grant are tied for the second prize. Lieutenant Coe attended every called run during the season.

Captain Potter of the Tourists has issued the last run card of the season. Several short and pleasant runs are to be taken, the last run being called for November 30. The club prizes for attendance and mileage will be awarded this month. The season will probably close with a banquet at the Hotel Dellone.

Daxon's office stove now holds a warm, honored place in the hearts of the local cyclists, each of whom vie with each other in bringing in coal. Some of the tales which are told around it of record-breaking, hairbreadth finishes and novice races fairly make the stove blush a deep red, burning blush.

The Wheel this week publishes a very interesting article to the lady cyclists concerning a costume to be worn while riding. Miss Caroline Reed Harris, who won the magnificent prize offered for the best design for a lady's cycling costume, very clearly explains her manner of making the costume in the article.

The Tourist wheelmen to the number of twenty took their Sunday spin out to Irvington where they partook of a splendid dinner which had been prepared for them. The Freemont wheelmen failed to put in an appearance and therefore the merry Tourists were compelled to eat their dinner alone. A good time was had however.

Bob Gerwig, well known to Omaha cycling enthusiasts as one of Denver's fastest men and a professional, has been reinstated in the amateur ranks and will be seen on the path again next season as spotless white as any of 'em. Bob always was an amateur at heart and became inveigled into the professional ranks in some manner hardly known to himself.

The racing board, which met in Chicago recently, took up the matter of Johnson's records made on the Independence kite and sent them back for more authentic reports. The board in passing on the one-mile record found it to be not in conformity with the rules, his application not being properly made out. His records will be classed as special records.

Now that the riding season is about at an end the cyclists are casting about for some way to store their wheels away so that the damness will not rust the bright nickel work. A simple and easy way to keep the nickel and exposed bright parts from rusting while the machine is stored is to wipe the machine perfectly dry with a rag or piece of waste, then apply a good liberal coating of vaseline and common whiting mixed to the thickness of a thin paste. In the spring, when the wheel is taken out for use, the paste can be wiped off easily and the nickel will be found to be as bright as if new.

The old, old story, "bottomless roads, retarded traffic, broken down wagons," will soon be ringing from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the gulf to the Canadas, as the natural result of our excellent (?) system of repairing country roads. At intervals of a month or so our farmer friends gather themselves together for a general jollification meeting and to repair the country roads, they plow and harrow and drag and scrape in a businesslike but aimless sort of way and then go home. The rains of autumn come, succeeded by the snow and ice of winter, the lately repaired (?) roads go through a period of soak, freeze and thaw and when the sunshine of April smiles upon the land the county road, the artery which connects the farm with the town, is a strip of boggy stickiness. The nervous, energetic, active bicyclist has punched at, hammered at and railed at the old-fashioned way of repairing the country roads till it seems at last as if Dame Fortune was about to listen to his appeal. The country road in the future will recive more attention in some localities at least, yet it will be many a year before the average American road will compare at all with the smooth, hard and solid roads of England, France and Germany. The League of American Wheelmen with its thousands of members is working mightily for the improvement of our thoroughfares and in the end will prove the lever that moved the stone.

In the Field and at the Trap.

Dr. Gluck and Clark Redick spent a couple of days in the Whiting marshes last week.

A magnificent five-prong buck was killed in the sandhills north of Elk one day last week by a party of Iowa hunters.

Colonel J. J. Dickey and party returned from a very enjoyable duck shoot out in western Dakota one day last week.

Annie Oakley, the champion lady shot, with either rifle or shot gun, of the world, will visit this city some time during the month of December.

The Hon. Bruno Tzschuck, Colonel Hoffmeyer and George B. Tzschuck are enjoying a few days' outing among the redheads and mallards at Raccoon lake, South Dakota.

Will Crary has made several creditable bags of quail within easy ride of the city during the past week. Will has got the Winchester pumper down about as fine as the next one.

Harry C. Palmer, the well known old Chicago sporting authority, has taken hold of the business management of Shooting and Fishing, a Boston journal devoted to the lovers of the forest and stream.

Fred Fuller and J. A. Langdon, the rival riflemen, will settle the question of superiority on the new shooting grounds across the river next Sunday afternoon. The match is for $100 a side, 50 shots to the man, 200 yards off hand.

F. L. Campbell has the sporting editor's thanks for a generous invitation to join him and a party of other gentlemen on a hunting and fishing trip in the region of Norfolk. Mr. Campbell reports quail in abundance, and assures splendid sport with line and rod.

The Omaha Gun club's regular shooting season ended with the following averages accredited to the members who shot in the required number of club shoots: Frank Parmelee, 89 9-10; Billy Brewer, 88; H. B. Kennedy, 87 6-10; the three prize winners, John J. Hardin, 81 2-10; Frank Gogg, 80; W. E. Nason, 79 6-10; George W. Loomis, 86; W. H. S. Hughes, 75; Goodley Brucker, 77, and Billy Townsend, 73 1-10.

J. A. R. Elliott and E. D. Fulford are to shoot a series of matches for the American Field cup now held by the Kansas City man, and the championship of the world, one of which may come off in this city. While here at the tournament a week ago Mr. Elliott stated that if the Omaha club desired one of the shoots to take place in Omaha he would endeavor to so arrange it with Mr. Fulford. It would surely be a great treat for the local lovers of the trap.

Among the noted trap shots who were here in attendance at the late tournament were: Charlie Budd, one of the cracks of the world, of Des Moines; J. A. R. Elliott, the holder of the American Field cup, of Kansas City; Ted Ackerman, the old-timer, of Stanton; Billy Douglas, the goose killer of Clarks; J. E. Stouffer, ex-secretary of the State Sportsmen's association, and J. H. Raymond of Grand Island; E. D. and H. J. Trotter, the well known Kingsley, Ia., shots; E. G. Abbott, H. E. Arff, Frank Brewer and Harvey Saul, a clever quartet from Charter Oak, Ia.; S. Wells and G. B. Speis of Columbus, T. R. Hayson of Denver and Dr. Porterfield and B. F. Fickle of Henderson, Ia.

Ted Ackerman of Stanton, this state, gives a trap shooting tournament November 14 and 15. The program consists of both targets and live birds two days, Monday and Tuesday. Entrance fees ranging from $1 to $15, with $225 cash added. Stanton is a good live town on the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley railroad, as the purse raised by Mr. Ackerman proves. She has several good shots and all-round good fellows headed by the genial Ted, and any one visiting Stanton's shoot will come away, if broke, feeling that they have had a good time and been treated better than ever before. Professionals are handicapped on most of the big events and purses. Ted's face has been seen with sorrow to some and pleasure to many at all our big tournaments, and all the boys should turn out and visit his tournament, especially when he adds money enough for all to come away even if they point their gun right.

J. D. and D. M. Chamberlain purchased from George Bell of Canada the cocker spaniel bitch, Cherry Ripe in whelp to Fascination. Cherry Ripe is out of Budd by Bronte. She won first at Toronto, Kingston and Omaha, the only times shown. One more win and she will be a champion. Fascination is 18 months old and has beat all the cracks on the bench this year. The Chamberlain boys also bought of George Douglass of Woodland, Ont., Omaha Black Duke, out of Woodland Jude, by Champion Black Duke. The puppy is 6 months old and as fine as can be obtained. With this fine stock as a start we will soon have in Omaha as good a kennel of spaniels as can be found in the country and the owners should be encouraged in their efforts to bring the cocker to the front in the west. Another year and Omaha Black Duke will be in the stud and in another month, with good luck, Cherry Ripe will be the mother of a litter of puppies that will be a credit to any kennel in the world.

Miscellaneous Local Sports.

George H. Leslie has the sporting editor's acknowledgments for a copy of the Montreal Star containing a report of the big world's championship lacrosse match between the Montreal and Ottawa, Canada, teams.

The American Sports Publishing company, of which my old friend James E. Sullivan is a prominent official, has THE BEE'S thanks for a pamphlet entitled "The Life and Battles of James J. Corbett." The five half tone engravings of Jim Corbett, John L. Sullivan, Peter Jackson, Jake Kilrain and Joe Choynski are very fine and very lifelike.

W. H. Copple, the Bancroft sprinter, easily won the hundred-yard spurt with "Pret" Pulley of Shenandoah, Ia., at the fair grounds Thursday afternoon. It was purely a sprinters picnic, and the talent were done to a turn. Among the notable "feet artists" on the grounds was Court Thompsen of Denver; Clem Cliff and Billy Hough, Crescent, Ia.; Jim Whitney, Salem; J. O. and W. H. Copple, Randolph and Bancroft; "Cash" Grim, Deadwood; Reddy Ross, Charlie Nicholson and Leon Lozier, Council Bluffs; Frank Stowe, Missouri Valley; Kid Sullivan, North Platte; G. A. and Charlie Pulley, W. C. Bishop, Omaha, and a score more. The profesh were all on Pulley, Copple's brother being Copple's only backer.

Lou Hibbon, Dick Moore's old backer, will go over to Chicago on the 19th to see Dick in his battle with Henry Baker.

Questions and Answers.

GRAND ISLAND, Neb., Nov. 3.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: To decide a bet please state in Sunday's BEE when a horse is called a yearling?—Reader.

Ans.—Until he is two years old.

OMAHA, Nov. 2.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Will you please decide a bet in your Sunday's BEE for a reader of your paper: If three parties are playing seven-up, A deals, B bets; A runs the cards; B not being satisfied with the second trump offers to bunch the cards; C objects. Have they a right to bunch the cards without C's consent, or have they a right to name their trump without C's consent?—M. M. M.

Ans.—No.

OMAHA, Nov. 4.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: In a game of high five J and T are even 49 points, 52 being game. T bids 7 and buys, making high, game and opposite five. J makes low, game and right five; who wins?

Ans.—How long, O, Lord, how long must this continue? J wins.

RUSKIN, Neb., Nov. 2.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: To settle a dispute please answer the following: Is there a law whereby stake money can be thrown into the school funds by an outside party; if so, does the informer receive any portion of such money?—Subscriber.

Ans.—All police court fines go into the school fund, but there is no law such as you ask about.

SILVER CREEK, Neb., Nov. 3.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: A has 48 points, B has 51. A makes the trump and leads the ace, catches a five spot, and leads the deuce, making 13 points; B saves the jack. Who wins the game?—M. L. Rossiter.

Ans.—And here it is once more. B wins.

CHICAGO, Nov. 3.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Please state in Sunday's sporting columns whether McHenry Johnson, the "Black Star," formerly of your city, now of Detroit, ever fought George Godfrey, who was whipped by Joe Choynski at Coney Island last night. If so what was the result, when and where did the mill take place?—R. M. Dressert.

Ans.—Yes. They met in Boulder county, Illinois, in January 1888, for a purse of $850. The "Black Star" was knocked out in the fourth round, but the referee claimed that the blow that did the business was foul, and at once awarded the fight to Johnson. The parties hanging up the money, however, declared that the decision was the only foul connected with the fight, and they gave "Old Chocolate" $600 of the purse.

American Cholera.

From the Daily Reveille, Wha'com, Wash

"T. C. Burnett, the democratic candidate for sheriff, was taken violently ill at Clearbrook. He had all the symptoms of Asiatic cholera, and for an hour or two it was feared he would die. They finally gave him a dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, which revived him until a physician arrived." That is precisely what the manufacturers of that medicine recommend for cholera. Send for a physician, but give their medicine until the physician arrives. If cholera becomes prevalent in this country next summer this preparation will be in great demand because it can always be depended upon. For sale by druggists.

MEN OF MARK.

It somewhat gives the lie to the saying, "Death loves a shining mark," that Marshal MacMahon is 84, Pope Leo the same age and Mr. Gladstone 84.

Erastus T. Beadle, who made a fortune by the dime novels to which he gave his name, has been nominated for congress in the New York Twenty-first district.

Most men whose name is McLeod pronounce it "Mac-cloud;" but the energetic president of the Reading road, according to the Boston Advertiser, prefers "Mac-leed" for himself.

Luther Weeks is dead at Plattsburgh, N. Y., at the age of 92. In 1814, on horseback, he carried the news of the victory at the battle of Plattsburgh to Bennington, Vt., and the neighboring towns.

Among the portentious events of the last week it should be mentioned that James Wagonsellers, a prominent scavenger and well digger residing in Harrisburg, Pa., has come out for Cleveland.

There are three governors—the chief magistrates of Kentucky, Maryland and Rhode Island—who bear the name of Brown. Governor Toole of Montana is the only one of forty-four who has no staff.

Ex-Governor Merriweather of Kentucky, attained the age of 93 last Sunday. Besides serving the Blue Grass state as its chief magistrate, he was also United States senator, succeeding Henry Clay in that office.

Asabel Thornburg of Muncie, Ind., who died recently within fifty days of rounding off the century mark, left 111 great-grandchildren and seventeen great-great-grandchildren. He had been a tobacco user since early boyhood.

Ben Butler is old and growing physically feeble, but that does not prevent him from monopolizing the bunting supply before a big celebration. Whoever celebrates victory in November will pay tribute to Butler, and that seems to be the only part he is taking in this campaign.

Dr. Luther, a Berlin physician, descended from Martin Luther, represented the Luther family at the consecration services in Wittenberg. Superintendent Martin Luther of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron company, by the way, strikingly resembles the pictures of the leader of the Reformation.

Marshal MacMahon, ex-president of France, is now 84 years of age. Although advised by his physicians to spend the colder months somewhere on the Mediterranean, and although it has been reported that he had already gone to Mentone, he was still lingering in his chateau in the Department of the Loire only a few days ago.

Wayne MacVeagh's wit once found its match in the repartee of Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia when both were the guests of President Roberts of the Pennsylvania railroad, of which MacVeagh was the general solicitor. While Mr. Roberts and the archbishop were earnestly conversing on some theme the lawyer remarked that the prelate was probably providing his host with a pass over the celestial railroad to the great white throne. "Sir," answered the churchman, "that would be a great misfortune to you. It would forever separate the president of the Pennsylvania from his general solicitor."

The Quickest Way to Cure a Cold.

Do you wish to know the quickest way to cure a cold? We will tell you. To cure a cold quickly it must be treated before the cold has become settled in the system. The first symptoms of a cold is a dry, loud cough and sneezing. The cough is soon followed by watery expectoration and the sneezing by a profuse watery discharge from the nose. In severe cases there is a thin white coating on the tongue. What to do? It is only necessary to take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in double doses every hour. That will greatly lessen the severity of the cold and in many cases will effectually counteract it, and cure what would have been a severe cold within one or two days' time. Try it and be convinced. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by druggists.

Breaking it Gently.

Puck: "Is it all right, doctor?"

"Splendid, Jumble! Allow me to congratulate you."

"Is it a—a—boy?"

"The picture of his pop."

"Doctor, this is the happiest moment of my life. It's selfishness on my part, though—for Louise yearned for a daughter so fondly."

"In that case, Jumble, she won't be disappointed."

"Didn't you say it was a boy, doctor?"

"The picture of his pop."

"But Louise wanted a girl."

"In that case, Jumble, as I said before, she won't be disappointed, for heaven has more than gratified her desire."

"Do I understand you doctor?—is it twins?"

"You said you wanted a boy, did you not?"

"I did, doctor."

"And your wife wanted a girl?"

"Yes, doctor."

"Well, then, my man, rest easily. Heaven has answered the prayers of both."

"Then its twins."

"But in favoring you, Jumble, heaven has doubly favored your wife."

"And it's twins?"

"No, Jumble, not exactly. You see"—

"Great Cæsar, doctor, you mystify me! Relieve me of this anxiety, for pity's sake. What is it?"

"Triplets."

He Was Embarrassed.

"When I used to travel about the country lecturing," said a retired temperance talker to the Detroit Free Press, "I carried with me as a frightful example, a man with a brilliant red nose, and during my remarks I would call upon him for testimony. On one occasion we struck a small town in New Jersey, where we had an audience of about 100 people. I was making fine headway with my lecture and at the proper time I glanced over the crowd and said: 'Will the gentleman with the red nose please rise to his feet?'

"Of course my man got up, but before he could do so thirty-seven men had risen slowly to their feet, and I don't think I was ever more embarrassed in my life."

ARE YOU SUFFERING

FROM Female Weakness, Catarrh or Rheumatism, Chronic, Nervous or Private Diseases,

IF SO, CALL ON

Dr. Searles & Searles

Consultation Free

For the Treatment of Chronic, Private and Nervous Diseases, MALE AND FEMALE. FEMALE WEAKNESS, SEXUAL DISORDERS, SEMINAL WEAKNESS, LOST MANHOOD, SPERMATORRHOEA, SYPHILIS, GONORRHOEA, HYDROCELE, VARICOCELE,

NERVOUS DEBILITY

PILES, FISTULA, FISSURE and STRICTURE OF THE RECTUM Permanently Cured without the use of knife, ligature or caustic.

STRICTURE Guaranteed Permanently cured, removal complete, without cutting, caustic or dilatation. Cures effected at home by patient without a moment's pain or annoyance. Call on or address with stamp for circulars, free book and receipts.

Dr. Searles & Searles, 118 South 15th Street, OMAHA, NEB. Next to Post Office.

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Fits, Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by liquor or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softness of the Brain, causing insanity, misery, decay, death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Impotency, Leucorrhœa and all Female Weaknesses, Involuntary Losses, Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. A month's treatment $1, 6 for $5, by mail. We guarantee six boxes to cure. Each order for six boxes, with $5, will send a written guarantee to refund if not cured. Guarantee issued only by Theodore F. Lewis, druggist, sole agent, southeast corner 16th and Farnam sts., Omaha.

We have purchased at private sale for spot cash from

Steinhart, Heidelberg & Co.,

753-755 Broadway, New York,

Who are going out of business, their choice line of

FALL AND WINTER **OVERCOATS ULSTERS**

Cassimere, all wool, diagonal fall overcoats, blue and black,	$5.75
Fine overcoats in meltons, kerseys, diagonals, cheviots,	$8.00
Elegant fall overcoats in all fabrics, including vicuna and homespuns,	$10.00
All silk-lined homespun fall overcoats, also cheviots and vicunas,	$13.50
Winter overcoats in chinchilla, beaver, kersey, melton, fur beaver, rough wool, montagnac,	$10.00
Ulsters, in domestic and Irish freize, at the unprecedented price of	$6.50
Scotch cheviot, chinchilla and beaver ulsters go now at	$8.00
Fine fur beaver, shetland and elegant made ulsters at	$9.00

These coats sell on sight, and we don't have to tell you their value, for you will see the bargain in them at first glance.

Columbia Clothing Co.,

Corner 13th and Farnam.

JAPANESE PILE CURE

Anew and Complete Treatment, consisting of Suppositories, Ointment in Capsules, also in Box and Pills; a Positive Cure for External, Internal Blind or Bleeding Itching, Chronic, Recent or Hereditary Piles. This Remedy has never been known to fail. $1 per box, 6 for $5; sent by mail. Why suffer from this terrible disease when a written guarantee is positively given with 6 boxes or refund the money if not cured. Send stamp for free Sample. Guarantee issued by Kuhn & Co., Druggists, Sole Agents, corner 16th and Douglas streets, Omaha, Neb.

INTERNATIONAL SANITARIUM

16th and Howard Streets,

50 Rooms for Patients. OMAHA, NEB.

For the treatment of

Chronic, Private and Nervous Diseases,

MALE AND FEMALE.

Piles, Fistula, Fissure and Stricture of the Rectum permanently cured without the use of Knife, Ligature or Caustic.

Enclose 4c. in stamps and our 167 page BOOK on DISEASES and Question Blanks, will be MAILED FREE.

INTERNATIONAL SANITARIUM,

16th and Howard Sts., Omaha, Neb.

W. C. MAXWELL, M. D., Pres. Mention this paper.

YOUR EYES

ARE TROUBLING YOU!

Well, come and have them examined by our optician free of charge, and, if necessary, fitted with a pair of our "PERFECTION" SPECTACLES or EYE GLASSES—the best in the world. If you do not need glasses we will tell you so and advise you what to do. GOLD SPECTACLES or EYE GLASSES FROM $3.00 UP. Plain, smoke, blue or white glasses, for protecting the eyes, from 50c a pair up.

Max Meyer & Bro. Co.,

Jewelers and Opticians.

Farnam and Fifteenth Streets.

DO YOU USE WIRE ROPE?

For Elevators, Smoke Stack Guys, Elevators, Etc

Washburn & Moen's the Best.

Jas. Morton & Son Co,

1511 Dodge Street.

FARM FOR SALE.

A farm of 65 acres in town of Dunning, Blaine Co., Neb. Situated on the Dismal and Middle Loup rivers, one mile from Dunning station, on the B. & M. R. R. For price and terms apply to

J. D. DZENDOROF,

77 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

DR. R. W. BAILEY

Teeth Filled With Gold, Plain or the Latest Invention

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN OR DANGER

A FULL SET OF TEETH ON RUBBER FOR $5.00.

Perfect fit guaranteed. Teeth extracted in the morning. New ones inserted in evening of same day.

See specimens of Removable Bridge.

See specimens of Flexible Elastic Plate.

All work warranted as represented.

Office, Third Floor, Paxton Block.

Telephone 1085. 16th and Farnam Sts.

Take Elevator or Stairway from 16th Street entrance.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRIES.

ALL GOODS BEARING THIS LABEL ARE OF NEBRASKA MANUFACTURE

by purchasing goods made at the following Nebraska Factories. If you cannot find what you want, communicate with the manufacturies, as to what dealers handle their goods.

AWNINGS.

OMAHA TENT AND AWNING CO. Flags, hammocks, oil and rubber clothing. Send for Catalogue. 1115 Farnam.

BREWERS.

FRED KRUG BREWING CO. Our bottled cabinet beer delivered to any part of the city. 1007 Jackson Street.

OMAHA BREWING ASSOCIATION. Guaranteed to equal outside brands. Vienna Export bottled beer, delivered to families.

OVERALLS.