DOWN IN THE MEADOW WITH THE JACKS

Phooting and Shooters Meeting of the Lacrosse Club-Whisperings of the Wheel and Sporting Newsof All Kinds.

Notwithstanding the fact that another link has been taken up in the chain of arrangements for the great international heavyweight championship battle between Jim Corbett and Charlie Mitchell, I can only Yeiterate my belief that the big mill will never transpire. The Coney Island club, whose claquers have been more than loudmouthed in their condemnation of the New Orleans clubs for inaugurating an era of extravagant and unreasonable purses, turns right round now and endorses the action of these southern organizations by duplicating their premier piece of assiminity. The club by the sea has offered a purse of ₹40,000 for the battle, and it has been virtually accepted by Corbett and Mitchell with commendable expedition. Catch these elever fists confi-dence gentlemen making any mistake, in these days of doubt and incertitude, over a little matter of \$40,000 or so

This week Judge Newton, the anachoritical matchinaker of the Coney Island club, says that the date of the fight, which has been already booked for next December, will be fixed. But is Judge Newton certain? It might be well before fixing the day to fix the powers that be, for it hardly seems reasonable that the judge, the matchina fixed Dunn and brilliant Peter powers for Dunn and brilliant Peter. nardly seems reasonable that the jack, the factorious Jere Dunn and brilliant Peter Donohue will prove any bigree potatoes with Governor Flower than did the combined sporting fraternity of Buffalo. The chief magistrate, it will be recalled, put his foot down hard when the city on Erie's tempestuous shores began to make a noise over the big contest and when, in her rash temerity, she offered to hang up \$80.000 to clinch the fight, he forthwith issued his edict, authorizing his minious to push the city into the lake if she dared take another the integral of the matter. And Roffan immediately step in the matter. And Buffaio immediately subsided and has evinced no symptoms of ambition in that direction siece.

Still I am forced to acknowledge, being at old resident of Gowanus, that Buffalo is not New York, but that New York comes pretty nearly being the universe. They can perform some wondrous things in Grandpa Knickerbocker's old abiding place, and don't you forget it. Buffalo would have about as much chance in a competition with Gotham as Tom Benton would for re-election as a ste auditor. When the sports in New York get their ancient Amsterdam dutch up they come pretty nearly doing as they please, especially when there is a good big gob of the dough of the realm in sight, Governor Flower, Inspector Byrnes or Captain Williams to the contrary notwithstand-ing. And so after all, and here's hopin' the judge and my quondam friends, Jere and Peter, may be the very quantum necessary to necomplish what to the ordinary law-abiding citizen of prim and well-behaved Omaha would down impossible. Omaha would deem impossible.

Again, I say, I hope they may, for what a glorious place Coney island would be for pulling off the greatest of all modern fistic contests, and if it can be done I predict the biggest sporting gathering—outside of some of the big Derby days—the country has ever witnessed. New York itself is attraction witnessed. New York itself is attraction enough for ordinary mortals, but when the sports could take this in and a grand battle royal on the side, goodness! how they would flock, like migratory birds, to the scene. New Orleans in such a connection cannot be mentioned in the same age, and yet they have always made it superlatively pleasant for all their retreated down there and given them all and patrons down there, and given them all and more even than they were promised in letter or on show-bill. If a fairer, more courteous or liberal set of gentlemen than Charlie Joe Spohrl, Captam Williams and the remainder of the official roster of those two southern clubs can be produced. I'd like to They are not of the same strain as Newton, Dunn & Co.

It is a long time before the beautiful flies again and a bit early to speculate upon the outcome of the big fight, if it ever takes place, or to discuss the merits of Cornett and Mitchell. Still I am asked every hour in the day, almost, what I think of it, and in a few words will advance an individual idea or

In the outset I might as well state that since I saw the late big contests at New Or-leans my respect for Jim Corbett has been very measurably altitudisized. I thought but little of him before he subverted the mighty John L., and precious little more afterwards. Still I had brain enough to see by the dextrous and graceful way he toyed with the Big Fellow that he came pretty nearly belonging in a class all by himself— that is, that there were but three or four scholars in it, notably Charlie Mitcheli, Peter Jackson and Joe Goddard. The burly champion of the Australian silver fields, however, lost all caste with me when I saw him fumbled out by such a selling-plater as Ed Smith. I realized then that all his vaunted power of exc cution and capacity for punching had been overestimated, and that he would stand about as much show with Corbett as an ice palace would in Ecuador. That left only Mitchell and Jackson as likely candidates for the honors held by Jim, and of these two my first choice is the Englishman, because if it must come to a show down, I would rather see the white fellow have the first chance.

As for Mitchell, but before proceeding want to state emphatically that never again will I allow prejudice or sentiment to cut any figure in any interest I may have in a prize fight. I got a sufficiency of this sort of gruel in the Corbett and Sullivan and Fitz-summons and Hall collisions. In both cases my fondest hopes were busted wide open and telescoped from cowcatcher to caboose. Consequently I shall shinny in the coming event on the American's side. I think he is the quickest, cleanest and greatest lighter of them all, and yet I do not say that he can or will whip Mitchell. The Englishmen is a different man from the dapper, athletic fellow I knew seven or eight years ago. He is bigger and stronger and more robust, yet as deft with his ambidextrous mauleys, as nin ble and speedy on his pins as ever, and fully capable I think of making a creditable showcanble I think of making a creditable show-ing with any man living. There is no one better versed in the fluesse and reflect tactics of the ring than Charlie Mitchell, no shrewder or more cunning general, no more skilled man, no harder hitter, and what else is lacking. Like Corbett, he fights with his head and his feet his shoulder supplying compilities his feet, his shoulder smashing capabilities being a secondary consideration. Could a better opponent be found for the American champion, and isn't it reasonable to opine that he will make a long, stubborn and scientific fight, and if he cannot win, doesn't he stand a bright show for a draw! To be sure, Corbett will have the advantage of height, reach and youth, powerful factors in the great game of hitting and getting away, but Mitchell will offset these by his wonderful powers of confurance his height for the process of confurance his height for the standard powers of confurance his height for the standard process of confurance his height for the standard powers are standard powers. powers of endurance, his buildeg determing tion, his tremendous punching force and superior knowledge of ring maneuvering, He may not win - I do not think he will. Yet I think he will give us one of the best fights ever witnessed on Columbia's soil, and is in in a fair way to split even, at least, on Coney Island's munificent purse.

The fact that Alex Greggains is after Bob Fitzsimmen's game reminds me of a funny scene, or rather an incongruous one, I saw down at Prof. Robertson's training quarters at Bay St. Louis, Miss., Sunday morning, March 5. On an invitation of Tommy Ryan, J. Walker Ross—on whom I have another ood stor, in soak relating to his encounter ith Jack McAuliffe last September—and Ren Mulford, the brilliant sporting gracic of the Cincinnati Times-Star, took the Louis-ville & Nashville road and run down to the Bay. Robertson's cottage, a six-roomed affair, is situated in an opening amidst a forest of towering pines, on Mississippi's broad est of towering pines, on Mississippi's broad sound, down the shell road about two miles and a half from the denot in the bay. As we drove up to the little wicket gate entering the professor's yard, we were met by the professor himself. Henry Baker and Ryan. Towny limped badly, and walked with a cane as he was but rounding to the content. ankie, the injury that prevented his meeting | red maple sprigs and creeping vines, with

with Dawson the previous Thursday, but he t the whole landscape a flutter with animagave us a cordial reception and we all went in together. After some considerable talk on the fights of the week, Mike Daly, who was training under Robertson and Alex Greggains, for his fight with Austin Gibbons e coming Tuesday night was asked for. He and Greggales are in the front room.

'one, take the gentlemen in and introduce hem," said Robertson. them," said Robertson.

So together we crossed the little vine-encumbered porch and entered the professor's best room. The first objects to catch our eyes were two men enveloped in heavy sweaters, crouched on a bench over a little stand in an alcove by the front window. They were very intent upon something and neither looked up when we entered the room, nor gave no sign that they were aware of our prosence, until Ryanyelped out:

"Here you stiffs, don't you see these people."

ple."

Both men arose, the tailer, which was Greggains, with a book in his hand with one finger inserted between the pages evidently to keep the "place," and stepped over to meet us. Kyan knocked us down in his characteristic way, and after we had chatted in a friendly manner a short time. Tom noticed toward the door with his head, and excusing ourselves, we went out into and excusing ourselves, we went out late

Did you see what those fellers were ing asked Tommy as we emerged into the fresh air; "that was a bible in Alex's hand. He reads a chapter or two out loud to Mike every morning after they have said their prayers. Wouldn't that cork you—a couple of old dub prize righters poring over

We acknowledged that it would, still 'way down in our hearts we couldn't help but feel considerable more respect for "a couple of dub prize fighters" than we had ever felt for any of their ilk before. My friend Ren Mul-ford, who is a devout member of the church rimself, although he writes about fights and ghters, was particularly impressed, and all brough the afternoon he kept exclaiming. Dog-gone my cats, that beats me, that

Another Sunday I will have more to say about the Bay, with pen pictures of the fighters we met.

Tomorrow night, if the limbs of the law do not fall on them in the last hour and spoil the fun, the English world's speil the fun, the English world's bantam champion, Eilly Plinmer, and Danny McBride, New York's little king pin, will settle the differences between them before that model organization, the Newark, N. J., Athletic elab, It will surely be a mill worth seeing, Danny bas bet Plinmer \$1,000 on the side that he will wish to the best of That win, and he is not alone in this belief. That he is the handlest man Planmer has so far met in America there is no denying, but the English midget is a corker and no mistake, and the man who whips him must be a good

Billy Lewis, the young man who admin-istered such a thorough drubbing to Aaron Sherroy before the Omaha Athletic club last Sherroy before the Omaha Athletic club last winter, met his Waterloo at Helena. Mont, last Monday night at the hands of Jim Burge, the Iron Man of Australia. The fight all went the ex-Omahan's way up to the thirty-first round, when he broke the thumb and index finger of his right hand. In the preceding rounds he didn't who a thirm' to the furrigenous gentleman from the back-blocks, only knocking him down eight times and hammering him all over the ring. After Billy had injured his hand there hirty-eight tame rounds, but in the lifty eighth the Iron Man took the offensive and cave Lewis some large doses of his own medicine, and in the next round stretched tim out stiff and apparently lifeless by a terrific swing in the neck.

THE BIRDS THAT FLY IN THE SPRING. Passing Feather Flights-The Jack Snipe



better condition than for any previous spring in ten years. The long, hard winter may have had something to do with this, as it is a well established fact that an open winter season is followed by a meager flight of fowt in the spring. The reason for this is that the weather through the months of January and February is of such a character as permit the irds to straggle in in irregular flocks until

birds to straigle in in irregular flocks until March and then no regular issue from the south takes place. But at the close of a se-vere winter on the first symptoms of a breaking up the birds come and go in one grand flight, and instead of furnishing indifferent shooting for a period of six or eight weeks, they give us magnificent sport for two or three, such an experience as in that reaching on end experience as is just reaching an end.
In another week the main body of the
birds will have winged their way on to the far north to their breeding grounds about Baffin's bay and the furthermost borders of the British possessions. That royal old honker, the Canada goose, with his con-geners, the Hutchins, the snow and speckled front, the toothsome canvasback, the beau-tiful mallard, plump redhead, the swift flying teal, widgeon, baldpate, bluebill and butter ball, in fact all the feathered habitants of lake, stream, morass and marsh have al-ready packed their trunks and with head aloft are awaiting a favorable south wind on which to resume their journey to the hyper borean regions. But it is with no regret the true sportsman sees them depart. He has had nearly a month of unrivaled sport at the poor birds' expense, and even welcomes the favoring winds that carry them away to those unfrequent-ed recesses where they can revel and fruc-tify all through the long sunshiny summer days, knowing full well that they will re-turn again in greater numbers, and fatter and more delicious, when the frosts of Octo-

And why should the hunter lament, does And why should the hunter lament, does and the precious little jack-snipe, that mor-ceau of all feathered kind, the yellow-leg and countless species of ployer follow the departure of the wild fowl! They are even here now, the jacks and the yellow-legs, and in another week the shooting will be at its height.

ber begin to dye the maple and the sum

with their gaudy yellows and crimsons and

Nebraska is surely a favored state. Her resources for health-prolonging pleasures are as numerous as her countless attractions for stockmen and agriculturists. There is no gainsaying that sports afield are healthful pleasure of the most pronounced kind, and Nebraska teems with these almost the entire year round. know of no state that can boast of more capital suipe grounds. They can be found within a couple of hours ride of Omaha, in any direction. Little gems of lakes, environed by miles of low-lying, boggy meadow and tuscocky, reedy, weedy marshland—the banquet hall of the Gallinago Wilsonii—batter transports.

better known as the English shipe, and still better as the "jack." These grounds are usually composed of rich black loam, fractured out of all symmetry with conical tufts or miniature hillocks, with brackish pools and reaches of sear buffalo grass between, with the green of the peeping dandeion and the tiger hily ust now making itself delightfully man fest. Then closer to the lake or along the numerous sloughs are clumps of Tyrian dyed maple, swamp willow, puckerbrush, sunflower, cane and swaying reeds, making superb nooks for the trysting and the revels

of the loyous birds.

The shipe arrive here in their greatest The snipe arrive here in their greatest numbers generally during the first genial days in the latter part of March or early April. For a few days they are to be jumped only in straigling numbers, and are restless and uneasy, flushing frequently out of gunshot. But with the warm April showers, and lengthening mellow days, the birds grow more and more plentiful, fatter and less wild, and invariably the second week in April finds the sport at its height.

What can be more inspiring, more exhibitanting or enjoyable than to visit any one

hillarating or enjoyable than to visit any one of the many grounds in this vicinity on a morning like these we are now having! How the sportsman's heart swells as he plants his rubbered foot upon the marsh, and enters feverishly upon his errand, forcing his way through tangles of ambitious sprouts, herbs a cane, as he was just rounding to from a and bramble, over lichened logs, through severe strain of the tendons in his right thickets of reliew tendriled willows, blood

A soft wandering breeze sways the naked reeds, the robin since blithesomely from the topmest twig of you budding cottonwood; the red-winged blackbard chirps netulantly from this rose clump and that, the jay scolis in the cops; chimp and that, the lay scolis in the cops. the sable crow caws provokingly, as with steady pinion stroke he chaves the blue above, the hawk, stanting high on his yellow-pillared legs, watches the love making of the quali, from the apex of that old snag, while the garter snake, with provident mate, makes its shouns way from beneath your tread into some neighboring crypt of dead flags. The entire scene is one to be willing the account of the stanting the control of the control of the stanting that the control of the sale of the control of the control of the sale of the control of the c ewilder the eye, while it revivities the Is it any wonder that the sportsman will

sacrifice almost everything for a trip affeld n such weather as this? The jack saips, like the woodcock, is a mysterious bird. Nobody knows when he

comes in, or when he goes out. They do their sourneying by night, riding in on the first warm wave from the south after the carriest oring rains have accomplished their mission with the frost in the earth. There are no with the frost in the earth. There are no birds in the meadow today; tomorrow it is full of them, and the next day they are gone. They arrive and depart with the stealth of disembodied spirits.

They are also a very creatic bird, and often the first one jumped by the eager hunter is the signal for every bird on the ground to take wing. His shrill "skeap" seems to penetrate the furthermost points of the whole surrounding country. This is generally just after they first get in, and under

erally just after they first get in, and under erally just after they first get in, and under such conditions they are uplike so many brown streaks; their note is sharp and spiteful and off they go, flying low at first but gradually necending until they are but mosquitoes against the over-arching background of blue. Here I have watched them fly by the bour in the most irregular peregrinations, making great curviforms in their aerial diversions, new shooting off out of vision's range, but unexpectedly making their appearance again, and immediately, as if from the upper spaces, so incompre-nensible and mystifying are their movements. At irregular intervals during their flight, that distinct but far-sound-ing guttural "whire," that tremulous hoo-oo-oo-ooo, so familiar to all snipe hunters, breaks upon the ear, and which weird sound is made every now and then by the bird beating his sides with wondrous rapidity with its wings during its curvetings in the air. There is no telling what a jack may do; his little shapely head is full of eccentric notions and he may drop ishly back into the reeds as noiseless as a sprite, or continue his reticulated anties in the air until he becomes a mere speck and then vanish for good. At other times you find them lazy and sluggish and lying like hunks of mud, in fact almost forcing you to sick them out of their wallow in the warm, oozy loam. This is the case then the weather is sultry and full of spring fever, developing thus suddenly after a gradual moderation of weeks, during which coress the struggling sunshine and drizzling rains together have extracted the frost from the ground and rendered "boring" easy for the birds the moment their slender legs settle down. Their long journey from the outh, although they have made frequent alts for rest and nourishment, has made them weary and nungry, and they go to work voraciously on their arrival and gormandize themselves on the larvæ and angle worms into an intolence that never fails to fill the gamer's bag. Their slow flip-flap up from among the thin reeds is easily fol-lowed, and generally with the crack of the

king of all game birds, which are found no more plentiful in any other region of the globe than in Nebraska's rich low lands. SANDY GRISWOLD. The Lacrosse Club's Annual Meeting. The annual meeting of the Omaha Lacrosse club, to be held tomorrow night at the Paxton hotel cafe, should be attended by every well wisher of the game in the city. The club was organized last fall, late in the season, and had uphill work in making themselves known. One game was played, and that against Kearney for the state cham pionship, resulting in a disastrous defeat for the Omahas, who, however, put up a briltiant game and made a gallant fight. When the fact of their being but a new club and their opponents an old one is taken into con-sideration, they made an extra good showing. This season the home team is greatly strengthened and promises to uphold the name of the city in any and every contest. The first club to visit Omaha will be the Lincolns, who are pretty strong and feel onfident of capturing the state champion ship. They will play here within a month Sioux City, Kearney, Chicago and Minneap olis will follow, and every effort will be made to make the game fill the vacancy left by base ball, and to afford exciting sport for

The meeting tomorrow night is for the annual election of officers and general organ-ization. Grounds will likely be secured in conjunction with the cricket club at the fair grounds. Let all admirers of lacrosse be on hand tomorrow night.

On the Lake and in the Marsh. Harvey McGrew, the great tongue-tied goose killer of the Missouri valley, and S. G. V. Griswold spent last Sunday up on the bar with that famous old republican politician, John Marley, and Burdette and John Kerr, about as clever a trio of gentlemen and sportsmen as a man will meet in a month's travel. They had all the accessories for a first-class slaughter of the Canadas—live decoys and artificial ones, too—but all to no purpose. The birds all flew higher than Gilroy's kite they knew McGrew was in one of the blinds—except one sturdy gander who thought he'd show them fight. An ounce of No. 2's, backed up with thirty-one grains of the best powder in the world—the Walsrode —from the sporting editor's Lefever, howroom the sporting editor's Lefever, how-ever, was too much of an argument for Anas Canadensis and he gracefully cap-itulated. Getting tired of not kill-ing so many geese the party adjourned to one of the numerous ad-jacent lakes and put in the afternoon with the teal. Of these little beauties they made onite a bay in addition to those convexions. quite a bag, in addition to three canvasback and a couple of widgeon.

C. A. Claffin, who boasts of the finest shooting outfit in the west and which was all fitted up for him at the Cross gun store— tents, boats, waders, gun, shells and all other hunting paraphermalia required in the usiness—has returned from a prolonged so-ourn among the sand hills of Dakota. Mr. Claffin's party had fine success, making an enormous bag of both geese and ducks.

E. A. Hastings has just come into possession of one of the finest bird dogs in this section of the country. He is a bleween, beautifully marked and giving every evidence of having been thoroughly broken. So far he has kept his new owner busy keeping a tab on him, and if he isn't careful he'll turn up missing one of these fine mornings. The best way to keep a fine dog in Omaha is to keep him in the ice chest.

J. C. Reed and Frank Parmelee of this city have challenged Charlie Budd of Des Moines and Major Teddy Ackerman of Stanton to a 100-live bird team shoot for \$100 a corner. As yet the foreign shots have not been heard of, but there is little doubt but what they will accept. It will make a great match and call out the shooters in force whenever it takes place.

Frank Cross, William Preston and J. H. Dumont, a triumvirate of renowned field shots, have returned from a foray against the jacks up near Onawa. It was a success. They all shot Walsrode powder, which is now being furnished at Cross', and prone a little ahead of any of the nitros yet intro-

Billy Emmons. The Bee building tonsorial artist, shouldered his little gun Thursday, went up to Cut Off and gave a brace of mallards a close shave and a shampoo.

Charlie Reed made a bag of twenty-five jacks down on the Pappio Thursday

Photographer Rinehart, Harry Reed and Fred Blake, the cracks of the Bemis Park Gun club, drove down below the Bluffs Thursday for jacks. They report the birds in goodly numbers, and as proof of the assertion brought back about twenty-five head

The meeting of the Omaha Gun club last evening was largely attended and a renewal of life was infused into the honorable old

body. Jeff Bedford and C C Hulett, who ever made by one player unassisted. Has the player't attended a meeting in years, were on pitcher's hox been done away with: Young Traffley. haven't attended a meeting in years, were on hand, and became very enthus astic over the club a prospects

W. H. S. Williams and a friend barged twenty-five Joka and thirty ducks at Big-low, Mo., one day last week. Billy Hoagland made a bag of forty-two

George W. Keichem, one of Omaha's old-time shots, and one of the best, with six chil-

dren, is down with searlet fever. Fred Lamb of Sinney, la., was in the city a couple of days last week. He reports the country full of jacks and anticipates great

shooting this week. Bill Turner of Elkhorn brought in a wagor load of ducks inst Wednesday. He says that this spring beats them all that there never

were so many birds in his part of the coun-

The Saturday afternoon shoots at the grounds across the river are attracting good

Whisperings of the Wheel. What has become of those road race com-

mittees? Several Council Bluffs wheelmen ast Sunday afternoon and evening in the

The Magie City Bieyele club was o ized last week in connection with the Ger-man turners of this c'ty.

As time passes on the Tourist's club house nears completion and the opening is un-doubedly not for distant. The trade was never better, both of th

principal dealers are selling wheels as fast as they can handle them. It is expected that the Omaha Wheel club will send a large delegation of wheelmen to the world's fair in August.

The Pedestrian race to Fremont in which several of the Tourists were to act as pilots has been postponed until April 29.
Captain Potter has not as yet appointed his road officers, but he promises they will be old and experienced road riders.

With the exception of a disagreeable wind Easter Sunday was an ideal cycling day, and many a trip was made over this city's pave-Only a few more weeks at least and the farmer will see the familiar sight of a long line of wheels passing along the country

Several new and ambitious scorchers have sp. ung into existence this season, and the old-timers will have to nump themselves to hold their own.

George Sancha and John Hynes of the Tourist Wheelmen rode down to Glenwood last Sunday. They report the roads in very bad condition.

Johnny Johnson and his side partner. Tommy Eck, will leave Hot Springs in about a week for Savanna, where Johnny will train for the season's work A bicycle thief made a sneak on one of

Perrigo's wheels one day last week. Perry declares he is one of the unluckiest individu als on the face of the globe. George K. Barrett received notice of his expulsion from the League of American Wheelmen last Saturday, and it is expected that L. D. Munger will be treated likewise.

Vice President Sheridan, chairman of the ubexecutive committee which has charge of all matters concerning the league meet, is making arrangements for a wheelmen's nammerless, in skilled hands, they drop back ready for the hands of the cook. Such are the habits and the ways of the day at the World's fair about the 1st o The annual election of officers of the

The annual election of officers of the Omaha Wheel club was held at the club house last Tuesday evening, about two-thirds of the members being present. Mr. J. A. Cavanaugh was elected president; J. H. Kastman, view president; Thomas Collins, secretary; Ean Livesey, treasurer, and Lack Couradt centain.

Jack Conradt, captain.

Omaha received her first visiting wheelmen last Sunday. Six hardy riders left Lincoln at 10 a.m. and arrived in this city about dusk, after a very long and rough ride. as the roads were not in the best of condi tion. Mr. Ed Howe was unlikely enough to puncture his tire at South Omaha and had to walk to the city. After a stay of several hours the toys were enabled to return home that night through the kindness of Mr. N. B. Feil, business manager of The Bee, via The Bee flyer. Those who made the trip were: F. Knapp, R. Merrill, C. Seifut, P. L. Webster, C. Condon and Ed Howe.

Miscellaneous Sporting Mention. Notwithstanding the fact that Omaha has little prospect of witnessing anything in base ball this season better than amateur games, the lacrosse and cricket clubs, together with the gentlemen's roadster, gun and bicycle clubs, promise to fill the breach with plenty of stirring sport.

The first number of the Daily Sporting Gazette, a new Chicago Journal devoted ex-clusively to the horse and the bicycle pugilism, base ball and outdoor sports gener ally, is upon my table. It is quite an exten-sive sheet and starts off with columns teemng with interesting news and instructive editorials.

Outing for April is a superb number re-plete as it is with all the good things in the sportsman's way of awakening spring. All its stories of adventure and travel, its hunt-ing idyls and scientific disquisitions are of more than ordinary interest and depth, and once taken up it cannot be laid aside until the last page has been thoroughly and digestively scanned.

The officers for the Omaha Schuetzenverein for the current year are as follows: Gustav Bencke, president; Adam Snyder vice president; William Krug, treasurer Louis Heimrod, secretary; George Karl, corresponding secretary, and William Mack, shooting master. The club will arrange immediately for a new shooting range and have in view a splendid site, embracing twenty acres, near Florence. The idea is to purchase this and nt the same up in first class style as a shooting park. Louis Heimrod, Hans Peterson and H. Shafer have been selected as a committee to effect such a transaction.

Harry Bethune, the well known sprinter while in New Orleans last month informed the writer that he intended to get up a series of sprints for Chicago during the World's fair that would eclipse anything of the kind over inaugurated in this country. As a starter I see the redoubtable Harry has arranged a match with Jim Quirk, who engineered a big race here last fall, 87½ yards for \$2,500 a side. Bethune, who has held for six years the 100-yard record, 9.4.5 seconds, wanted to make the distance for the race 100 yards, but Quirk, who holds the record for 75 yards, 74 seconds, has insisted on the shorter distance It was finally arranged to divide the differ-ence and race at \$7\;\text{\gamma}\$ yards. The race will come off some day next week. Hands on your pocket books.

Questions and Answers. CHARLETON, Neb., April 6.—To the Sporting Editor of The Beg. Will you please answer the following in next Sunday's Bec. What was Charles Mitchell's weight when he fought Sul-livan in France? Did he ever fight at less than 160 pounds?—J. C. B.

Ans.-(1.) One hundred and seventy-nine. BEATRICE, Neba April 4.—To the Sporting Editor of The Beat, in a game of poler the dealer exposes a gard, can the player who would have properly received this card, accept it or reject it as he pleases?—Sport.

Ans.-No. The card must be laid aside and said player given another card after all the other players have been helped. COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., April 6.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bar: To decide a bet will yow please state in Next Sunday's Bag the most "balls" ever required to give a man his base in base ball, and when was the rule aliver—Adrian C.A.

Ans —Seven, from 1881 to 1886 inclusive, save during the season of 1886, when six wide ones" were sufficient to give a batter his base.

his base.

NORTH PLATTE, Neb., Neb., April 4.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Please inform a number of your interested readers how many times did Joe Choynski and Joe Goddard fight, and what was the result of each. Did Goorge Godfrey ever defeat the late Jack Ashton; if so, inhow many rounds? Also, what was the number of rounds of the La Blanche-Dempsey fight, and the Fitzsimmons-Dempsey fight?—Arthur C.

Ann.—(1) Twice four rounds each.

Ans.—(1) Twice, four rounds each. (2) Godfrey beat Ashton at Boston November 7, 1889, fourteen rounds. La Blanche-Dempsey thirty-two. (4) Fitzsimmons-Dempsey, thir CMAHA, April 6.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Will you please state in your Sunday base ball columns whether any parties are making an effort to put in a professional base ball club in this city this year, and who they are? It seems as long as base ball is having such a boom in the big cities of the country, as if Omaha ought to be in it. To decide a wager please state also if a triple play was

Ans .- (t) Yes, there is some sort of an Ans.—(1) Yes, there is some sort of an offort in that line being made, but there is little hope of snewss. Cannot give you the names of the active parties. (2) Yes. Paul Hines made a triple play alone against Bostoh in 1878. (3) Yes, he pitches now from a rubber slap after the style of the home plate.

GENNA, Neb., April 0.—To the Sporting Fu-itor of THE BEE: Will you please state in your next Sunday's sporting column, who remounts did Dempsey and LaBranche first light incl how many rounds.—H. S. E. Ans Westchessor county, New York, March 14, 1886, 13 rounds

THE NEBRASKA BUILDING.

World's Pair Officials Speak in flighest Terms of its Architecture.

THE BEE recently published an interview in which some rather sharp criticisms were made upon the Nebraska state building at the World's fair. Members of the Nebraska Columbian commission resented the uncomplimentary remarks and appealed to the fair officials. Director Burgham stated that the Nebraska building was, considering its noninal cost, fully un to the standard.

The special correspondent of THE BEE was instructed to get expert opinions from World's fair architects and officials whose udgment is known to be competent. These men compliment the architect and congrato late the state uopn the style and heavy of its building. It cost about \$15,000, and in comparison with state buildings that cos from \$200,000 to \$400,000 the Nebraska build ng, of course, is at great disadvanture. Our orrespondent writes as follows:

correspondent writes as follows:
Cure co., Ill., April 6—Back in the days when the locations of the various state buildings on the World's fair grounds were being settled the design for the Nebraska building slipped before the landscape arrists as a candidate for disposition. A number of plans and specifications of other buildings had already been passed, most of them according to the judgment of the committee, being marred by localisms in point of architectural design. For such buildings all that was possible was done in the way of securing a tempering environment to hide defects. ing a tempering cuvironment to hide defects. Not a few were consigned to out of the way corners in the belief that distance ient a cer-

tain eachantment not otherwise gained.

But when the design by Heary Voss
was laid on the table a murmur of applause passed around
as the architectural landscape artists gave

as the architectural landscape artists gave vent to such expressions as "nice," "well done," "simple, but very tasty."

When Henry Codman, since deceased, remarked that the building would be an architectural gem be was cordially seconded by every man in the room. That first expression settled the fate of the Nobraska building. ing. It was concluded to give it a nosition of honor and the greatest compliment paid the architect was the fact that the structure was located on a nound of carth close to the Fifty-seventh street entrance to Jackson park with not a single object to limit the view from any side.

"It needs no protecting environment," re-marked the well known architect of the art building, C. B. Atwood, and those who are recognized authorities in such matters my vindicate the building sclaim to distinction b giving it their unsolicited praise. It stand the grand boulevard stretching away to the grand boulevard stretching away to the lake from its feet and lately called forth the following remarks from Architect Julius Harder, a gentieman of recognized repute in New York, where he has carried on a lucra-tive business for the last fourteen years:

'Architecturally the building is aim

The design is highly artistic, though simple. Its simplicity is one of its greater merits and contrasts it very favorably with the Ohio and Kansas buildings where the the Ohio and Kansas buildings where the matter of decoration is rather over-done. The Nebraska building shows a symmetry the others lack in that the original scheme is pure in every detail; there is no discordance, no crazy quilt mixture of incompatible styles. The design is of the Italian remaissance and very good judgment is shown in choosing the propproper is shown in choosing the proper ornamentation. Every detail is well propor tioned, from the windows, with their proti-panes, to the well modeled Corinthian columns and pilasters decorating the porticos and supporting the sculptured pedi-ment. On the whole, the building is above the average state-building, judged by recognized standards of what constitutes archi-tectural beauty. It is only surpassed by ngs as the New York stat ing, erected at a cost of close to \$400,000, o the Penusylvania building, costing abou \$200,000. In these buildings the scheme is very elaborate and is very happily carried out. With an appropriation of \$15,000 and one small building to exhibit his knowledge of architecture the artist outhe Nebraska building could not be expected to show all he knew of his subject."

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Some interesting tests have been recently made to decide the relative illuminating power of the are and the incandescent lamp. One company which has 120 incastlescen-lamps from 8-candle power to 500-candle power and six are lamps of a nominal 2,000-candle power on its extensive premises, finds that each are light tested illuminates an area of 3,000 square yards and absorbs one horse power, and that each 300-candle power incandescent lamp illuminates an area of 200 yards and absorbs one horse power.

The United States supreme court decides that when a foreign patent lapses by reason of non-payment of taxes, an American patent granted thereafter for the same invention is void. This action, it is said at the patent office, destroys Edison's quadruple telegraph patent and also his three indere-phone patents, leaving the Bell company after Janears next, to stand wholly on the Berliner patent.

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