CHAT WITH THE BOXERS

Snyder Inspired by a Rare Day in June on Beautiful McKirahan.

WHISPERINGS OF THE WHIRLING WHEEL

Nebraska Horses—Base Ball Yelps—Shooting and Fishing—Trout in Long Pine Creek—An Imported Pointer and General Sporting Gossip.

The first night of the Columbian club at Chicago was not exactly a howling success. Instead of 12,000 or 15,000 there were but 3,000 in attendance, and of the two events that constituted the evening's card, one was a four-minute "lead pipe" and the other a long-drawn, monotonous "no contest."

In the "curtain raiser," Joe Goddard, the champion of the Australian silver fields, punched the supreme wadding out of Kennedy, the man who wanted to fight Sullivan, and in the main event, Billy Woods, the Denver pedestrian, and Buffalo Costello, the champion "drawer" of America, treated the fanning, perspiring and disgusted crowd to a rattling good running race, which old George Siler, the referee, chopped off in the fifty-seventh heat and announced "no contest."

There is no gainsaying that Major Siler was eminently correct in the role cut out for him. There is every indication in that square jaw and severe mouth which the major carries around with him that he is a man of the most resolute determination, and when he once makes up his mind it will take something like a profound argument to change it. He is not going to be monkeyed with by any faking "stuff" or set of "stuffs," and has taken the right course of convincing all such that this is his inexorable intention.

Of course the Columbian made a misstep when it opened up with any attraction but a strictly first class one, considering, too, that it would have been as easy as the itch to have started out with almost anybody they saw proper. The woods is fairly overrun with impecunious pugs willing to go into the ring and be hit with a sledge hammer, even for the small end of a reasonable purse, and out of the many the Columbian should have at least selected a quartet for their inaugural ceremonies commensurate in ability and attractiveness to the importance of the occasion. But let that pass. The experience has been a salutary lesson to the Windy City organization, and more circumspection will certainly mark their manouvers in the to come. The next time they hire Costello and Woods it should be by the day.

P. Jay Donohue, the sporting editor of the New York Recorder, is an eminent authority on affairs pugilistic, and one of the newsiest, most entertaining writers in the country, which he could hardly help but be considering the almost boundless field he has to glean and garner from. It looks to me, however, as if P. Jay is jolting his reputation for fairness pretty hard in the animus he evinces toward all fistic organizations that are not nurtured somewhere within the extended influence of Gowanus. The Coney Island club appears to be Donohue's microcosm, if the expression is permissible, and it is only words of ridicule and censure he has for New Orleans, Chicago or any other aspiring points outside of Judge Newon's jurisdiction. Latterly P. Jay has been fairly sicking Governor Mathews on Dominick O'Malley and the new Columbian, but thus far Dominick has escaped with the fundamental basis of his pantaloons intact, and the Columbian continues to stand in undisturbed serenity out at Roby.

Here is what P. Jay had to say a day or two before the Chicago opening:

"There is an old story to the effect that a locomotive engineer commended a bull for having the pluck to fight the iron horse, but condemned the bovine for exhibiting a lack of good sense, and, in the light of recent events, the moral of the story seems to be applicable to one Dominick O'Malley, now of Chicago, but formerly of New Orleans.

"O'Malley is the head center of an aggregation of sportsmen banded together under the name of the Columbian Athletic club, with headquarters in the Windy City and a club house at Roby, in the Hoosier state. They propose to run glove contests between prominent professionals in the club house, and, notwithstanding the fact that Governor Mathews of Indiana has said no! with a great big N, Mr. O'Malley and his associates have gone along on the lines laid down and announce that the first series of contests will take place Monday night, governor or no governor.

"It depends on circumstances whether Mr. O'Malley or Governor Mathews will play the part of the dismayed and disgruntled bull, but at this writing it seems to me as if the governor had more than an even chance of repeating the exclamation of the locomotive engineer: 'I like your pluck, but——your sense.'

"Perhaps the town marshal of Roby is like Marshal Jones of North Judson and will stand for the game. Perhaps, also, the sheriff of Lake county will go to Hammond after horse thieves, as did Sheriff Jones when McAuliffe and Myers fought, but will Governor Mathews stand this slap in the face? I think not. Past experience with the governor of the Hoosier state has shown that when he sets his foot down on a thing the number nine brogan generally crushes the thing stepped upon. He is a most positive man, and if the Costello-Woods battle takes place Monday night at Roby I will miss my guess."

Pull off now, P. Jay, and give us Indians out here a show for our white alley. We are just as fond of a scrap as you are.

Jack McAuliffe is upon the bounding Atlantic this morning, probably. He was to have sailed for England on the Majestic yesterday. It is not definitely stated just what Jack is going over for, but it is likely for recreation and a fight. These are hand-in-hand pleasures with the gay and festive Williamsburger, and with Charlie Mitchell as a chaperone, he will make the welkin sing snatches from all the late operas. If Jack makes a fight on the other side there is little question but what it will be with Dick Burge. Old man Carney is not spoiling for fight, but be it rather said he is spoiled for a fight. McAuliffe has regretted it ever since that he allowed Burge when he was over here to get away without measuring strength with him. But the fellow was figuring on too much weight for Jack, and so the thing fizzled. As to Carney, he is probably still sore over his experience with McAuliffe and contingent at Revere Beach in 1887. He got a little of the true Brummagem medicine there; I hardly think any fair-minded authority will deny that. It was a fight for the international lightweight championship and $4,500, and there were seventy-four rounds of it, lasting four hours, fifty-eight minutes and fifteen seconds. When the ring was invaded by our Jack's cohorts there is but little room for controversy but what Jem was getting the best of it. As it was, the referee resigned, the finish was postponed, and the stakes drawn. Time may have eradicated from the depths of Carney's thoracic region all the disappointment and malevolence against Jack engendered by this episode. He knows too well how that game goes, and will probably extend the hand of good fellowship, instead of a knotted fist, to McAuliffe when he lands. Be this as it may, however, if the Englishman is averse, he'll find the American agreeable to any kind of an argument from a knock-down in a bar-room to a finish mill inside the ropes.

Stanton Abbott, the alleged present lightweight champion of England, it will be remembered, came over here a couple of months since to whip, or get licked by Jack, but did not catch on for reasons innumerable, and as has been announced in these columns previously, will try Andy Bowen instead, at New Orleans in August. There was no other alternative for Stanton; it was the Creole or walk back to England, and as it is such a long way 'round, Abbott wisely took on Mr. Bowen. If he defeats Andy there may be a chance for a go with Jack yet.

There is no certainty, though, that the Briton can turn this trick. Bowen is made out of pretty good stuff himself. He whipped Billy Meyer once and made a draw with him another time, or the result was equivalent to a draw, and for the last twelve months has won a number of fairly good fights. Abbott, of course, is somewhat of an enigma to the fancy on this side. He has shown up tolerably well, with an exception or two, in his limited bouts and there may be more to him than is now generally supposed.

In talking about Bowen some time ago P. Jay said: "When I call Andy 'Bowing Bowen,' I am moved to do so because of the little creole's actions in the ring. To those who see Bowen for the first time his actions are most laughable. If he knocks down an opponent or scores a staggering blow he almost invariably refuses to follow up his advantage. The glory of landing the punch seems to satisfy him and he retires to the center of the ring and bows to the assembled multitude.' His desire to show how he would bow if presented to the Princess Eulalia almost caused him to lose his backers money in his second fight with Myers, when, after knocking Billy to the ropes, Andy retired to make his bow, and, while courtesying, got a right-handed smash that caused him to make a grand salaam."

The Coney Island club is in somewhat of a quandary over the meet they had scheduled between Jack Dempsey and Billy Smith, and in discussing the situation Macon McCormick says, among many other excellent things in the New York Advertiser of Sunday last:

"As I write we are in the dark as to whether Jack Dempsey will box Billy Smith at Coney Island or will not. The Coney Island folks are reposing confidence that he will in the fact that he has never heretofore broken his word. Jack has many friends here who would hate to see him licked again, and for that reason they would sooner see him tackle Billy McCarthy than Smith. I would prefer to see him retire from the ring altogether."

The Sioux City club is enterprising if nothing else. Last Tuesday they signed Jack Davis, the ex-Omaheg, and Jack Dows for a finish fight for $1,000, July 2, the men to weigh in at 160 pounds. Dows, they say, is from Philadelphia, but they are mistaken by about 1,000 miles. Dows is an Omaha man, and an unwise one, too, I'm thinking. I saw him fight twice, and licked just so many times, once by Davis himself, and again by Prof. Jim Hightower. Dows is a pretty nice sort of a chap, generally, but no sort of a match for Davis. Jack knows more about fighting in a minute than Dows can learn in a month. Still he told me the other evening that he was never in such condition as he is now, and that he was sure he could "do" Jack. Still I advised him to keep out of the muss.

"But if I fool a whole lot of people you'll give me due credit, won't you?" persisted Dows.

I told him that I wrote about pugilists merely for the entertainment of the class that enjoyed the game and not through the fear or for the favor of any fighter. I always try to be fair and will continue to be so as long as I wield a pencil. I have done a good deal for a good many fighters and never refused one a favor when called upon. I considered it a kindness when I told Dows that I thought he had no show whatever with Davis. But he is a game fellow and thinks differently. The 2d day of July will tell which was right. SANDY GRISWOLD.

A Day on Lake McKirahan.

It was with many misgivings that several followers of Father Izaak, at the suggestion of General J. R. Buchanan of the Elkhorn, went to West Point last week to try conclusions with the black bass said to inhabit the lakes of Cuming county. Mr. Buchanan, who is an ardent democrat, had been informed by a republican friend that large creels of bass were being taken out of the lakes in the immediate vicinity of the pretty, restful county seat of Cuming, West Point. But with a suspicion born of the party of which he is a distinguished representative, General Buchanan was not enthusiastic in praise of the fishing resorts of the county and intimated that should we go it would be at our own risk because "republicans, as a rule, were not to be regarded as truth repositories," which, by the way, is another story, and the general is of the house of the bourbons.

Armed with letters of introduction to the fathers of the city, Fred Sonnenschein ("Sunshine" in the vernacular of West Point) and Kimball E. Valentine, we found a welcome that was royal in its nature and were treated to a day's outing among the black bass of Cuming county that quite disillusioned any thoughts that may have come through General Buchanan's pessimistic views regarding our likelihood of catching anything "except colds."

This brief chronicle of a day's outing would be gravely incomplete were not some reference made to the valley of the Elkhorn traversed between Omaha and West Point, that fertile valley which has done so much toward maintaining the credit of the state for the luxuriance of its cereal growths and the succulence of its grasses that carpet with a tender green every inch of the country that stretches to the horizon's rim. Fit prelude to the sport which was to follow, the ride through the beautiful upland country of eastern Nebraska was in itself sweet recompense to those city surfeited souls on fishing bent to this loch Leven of our fair common wealth.

Cutting, as with a rapier, farms on either side, the Elkhorn Valley road traverses a country that rivals any in the west. Limpid streams wander like veins of silver through the bosom of this fruitful land, enriching the earth and making it bloom like a garden of Eden of these latter century days; sometimes winding through highly cultivated fields with wheat and rye well up and the young corn just turning its face skyward to be kissed by the summer sun; sometimes brimming along rich pasturage, where the fresh green mingles with sweet smelling flowers; sometimes venturing into villages and hamlets and then running away into shady retirements. This is a modest picture of the Elkhorn valley as seen from a swiftly moving train, a train that bore three followers of the Gentle Izaak into a new world of sport, just coming into recognition through the patience of some zealous Nimrod casting about for new waters for rod and reel.

It was early morning, after a refreshing night's rest, with odorous breezes fanning one's cheeks, when we drove to the lake that was to give us a genuine taste of the real glories of a sportsman's life. Not much for name, but noted for the game fish that inhabit its pellucid waters, McKirahan lake is hereby commended to all true Nimrods who will be content with a moderate creel and enough sport to drive out of his head in a single day all the carking cares of business, making him a boy again, recalling the well worn lines of —I think—Oliver Wendell Holmes:

Ah, what are the treasures we perish to win
Compared to the trout we first caught with a pin?

It is a long stretch of water, probably three and a half miles in extent, quite narrow, but fringed with willows and low trees touching the water's edge as if loathe to leave so lovely a spot. Here and there lily pads nod to the wind as it whispers to the trees and the stalks of wild rice bend gracefully with the rise and fall of the tiny waves as the wind careens over the smoth surface.

One cannot reproduce the charm of this early morning scene as we made ready for our initial cast in the cool shadows of the lake with the rare hope of having a strike at the first throw.

The fleet gray couriers of morning are chasing away the night's deep shadows. In the east the first upshooting of the dawn proclaims another day's advent. Across the mirroring surface of the lake the dawn in silence falls, painting in lighter tones the deep hues of the blue-green water. The deepening lights and fading shadows bring to sight the many hidden beauties of the scene and make one reverent in the majestic presence of this manifestation of nature.

Down there under the beetling brow of an old tree, behold a sight that sends the sporting blood coursing through one's veins! The deepening, glowing blue of the eastern sky now slants into the depths, bringing the finny tribes responsive from their haunts to seek food where nature casts it from the winds. There is a sudden commotion in the water and a large bass, aged, with large knowledge of man's predatory ways, keen-eyed, dominant, resentful of trespass, darts with lightning rapidity toward a "shiner" that had wandered too far out into the lake. There is a sudden swerve and a circling sweep of tail, then silence again settles over the water, broken only by the sparrow and the blackbird.

The presence of that one bass changed the whole current of our thoughts and sent hearts palpitating with delight, pulses dancing and the whole world forgot in the anticipations of a day among the noblemen of the finny nobility.

And so we "spooned" the stream with results that were far beyond our wildest dreams on the morning of our first visit to McKirahan's lake, the day's catch with five rods being upwards of a hundred pounds of the solidest bass, big, brave fellows, every one, which had given us sport enough for a whole peck of days, in their landing and the fight they made to remain in their native element.

With appetites not etherealized by the beauties and glories of the scene we became the guests of a jolly crowd of young men, Elwood Grover, Leonard Melchow, H. B. Miller and H. R. Radler, who were in camp along the lake, which they had felicitously named "Camp Idlewild," and here we ate a dinner fit for a king—of sportsmen. Not indeed a formal affair with courses of dainties designed to tempt a cloyed appetite but a toothsome collection of substantials, fresh bass caught by our own hand, served hot and sweetened by that most effective of sauces—a healthy appetite, born of outdoor exercise, freedom from care and the uplifting influence of nature. Then there was snapper soup with corn and carrots, tomatoes and potatoes, everything that the most exacting gourmet might desire. This, indeed, was living! This was getting out of one's self—out of the ruts of monotonous routine and restoring tone to body and mind.

And then the evening fishing, which was a repetition of the morning's catch, filled our baskets to the brim and rounded out a memorable day in at least three lives.

E. C. SNYDER.

Trout Fishing in Nebraska.

BROKEN BOW, Neb.—I do not think it is generally known that there is a little—a very little—good trout fishing in Nebraska, writes C. P. Hubbard of Broken Bow, in the Forest and Stream. At least, I was not aware of the fact until a month ago. A business matter called me into the northern part of the state. At Ainsworth, the county seat of Brown county, on the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley railroad, I found myself under the necessity of driving to Bassett, the county seat of the adjoining county. In conversation with the driver the subject of fish came up and he informed me that at Long Pine some very fine trout fishing could be had. On my expressing incredulity that there were any brook trout in Nebraska, he admitted that they might be pike or pickerel, he wasn't sure, and I dismissed the subject from my mind. However, when we crossed Long Pine creek the appearance of the water and surroundings revived my interest, and when a fine half-pound trout, nicely flanked, was placed before my plate at the dinner table at Long Pine, my doubts all vanished, and nothing short of a dire disaster could have kept me from going back to Long Pine that evening. At the railroad eating house a large tank crowded with eastern and rainbow trout confirmed both ears and appetite, and I made hasty preparations for a half-day's fishing the following morning. I borrowed the landlord's heavy bamboo rod, the only one in town, but no flies or leaders could be obtained. "These trout," said the landlord, "won't take flies. I've tried 'em. There are no worms here and we have to use minnows." As I was after trout, for the sake of trout I did not object to the rather unsportsmanlike way of procuring them, so secured my minnows, drove up the stream about four miles and came in after three or four hours with sixteen trout weighing six and one-half pounds.

This stream was stocked by the government some ten years ago with both rainbow and eastern brook trout, since which time the fish have been thriving and multiplying. The stream can be waded its entire length of twenty-five miles. Fishing goes on here the year around, and if this continues the fish will sooner or later be exterminated, especially as pike are beginning to find their way into the stream. In spite of the landlord's story I saw fish rising to the cedar flies and am satisfied that good sport could be had and fair success with the brown hackle. Trout have been caught here weighing five pounds, and it is nothing uncommon to take a two or three-pounder.

Another Nebraska Crackajack.

Here is what the Chicago Inter Ocean has to say about a Nebraska trotter: Dick Tilden, who sits behind the good horses owned by John W. Page of Beatrice, Neb., has kept very quiet about a phenomenal trotter that he has been handling, but now the pockets of the Nebraska people are full of good Colorado money and the best green one of the year has been uncovered. This is no other than the bay gelding, Gonzales McGregor, and he got away from his field Wednesday in great shape. The only one that could give him a race was the Iowa Chief mare Lizzie S, that last week trotted in 2:24¼, and as she was known to be able to beat 2:20 three times it was not surprising that the talent picked her as a good thing. She could and did do all that her friends claimed, but she struck a snag in the Nebraska gelding and the best she could do was to drive him out three remarkably fast heats. The second heat in 2:18¼ is the fastest record for a newcomer in the list this year. That is what Gonzales McGregor is, for he never started in but one race before, at Colorado Springs last summer, and then he beat a good field in an easy kind of a way and went the third heat in 2:29¾. But that was not accepted as a record, and only served to bar him from starting in any of the slower classes. The handicap does not hurt him much, under the circumstances, but men cannot help remarking what a great piece of goods this fellow would have been if he could have started in the slow classes this year in the big circuits. He has recently been purchased by his present owner, and the breeding of his dam is not known.

The Coming Running Meet.

That Omaha is at last to have a running meeting is settled beyond cavil or dispute. It will be held at the driving park July 4, 5 and 6. The newly organized jockey club has put in some energetic licks during the past ten days and accomplished wonders, inasmuch as they feel justified in guaranteeing the public as good a running meeting as has ever been given west of Chicago. John A. Tuthill, the hustling secretary of the new club, is now in St. Louis, securing the bang tails that are to help fill up the splendid field already assured. He will also go to Louisville and on his return stop a day or two in Kansas City and St. Joe.

That the city of Omaha and surrounding country will appreciate the work of the thoroughbreds is attested to amply by the enthusiasm awakened by the dashes that interspered last week's trotting program. Nothing excites a crowd so intensely, or generates such a keen interest, as the flight of the fiery, high strung gallopers. It doesn't require one to the manor born to become interested and enthusiastic over a rattling running race. The fever is something that the coldest man on earth cannot ward off; everybody catches it and a tremendous success is predicted for the new organization.

The Washington Park Program.

The sporting editor of THE BEE is indebted to Secretary John E. Brewster of the Washington Park club, Chicago, for a number of copies of its program for the great summer meeting commencing Saturday, July 24, and ending Saturday, July 22. The program is a handsome little volume of 196 pages, embodying the full card of the meeting, with all the nominations for the great American Derby, just 125, and which great event comes off on the opening day. There is every promise that this splendid gallop will be witnessed by 75,000 people, if such an enormous crowd can obtain points of vantage from which to view the same. Besides this it contains all the racing and betting rules, scale of weights, racing diary and numerous other interesting and instructive matters.

Colonel Parmelee Still Wins.

In the 100-blue rock shoot over at Chicago Wednesday, Frank Parmelee of this city, carried off second money, Charlie Budd winning with a score of 91, just one bird more than the Omaha got. The entrance was $10, and as there were something like thirty entries, Colonel Parmelee's "whack" was of quite respectable dimensions.

Homan Buys a Good One.

Henry Homan has received his new purchase, an imported pointer, which is said to be the most valuable bird dog owned in Nebraska.

Whisperings of the Wheel.

State meets are now fairly on and, of course, attract most of the attention of the cyclists at large.

Bob Gerwing is to retire from the path permanently, having settled down in business at Pueblo, Colo.

Letter carriers in Washington, D. C., have adopted the cycle as a means of making speedy collections and deliveries.

Tom Roe started from the Barrett house, Broadway, New York city, last Sunday, on his long ride across the continent.

J. E. Howe, president of the Capital City Cycling club of Lincoln, was a visitor at the Touist Wheelmen club house several days of last week.

The Tourist Wheelmen have adopted a cool linen helmet for road headgear this season, having about discarded the little scorcher caps of former days.

The Tourist Wheelmen racing board held two meetings with closed doors last week, which means something. What is it to be? A road race or a tournament?

A. E. Bussell, Fort Wayne, Ind., registered at the Tourist Wheelmen club house last week. Mr. Bussell is one of the lights of the Fort Wayne Cycling club.

If you are not one of the party who leave Omaha for Lincoln on the Fourth you will miss the best time of your life. The state meet will "draw big" this year.

The Ladies Wheel club of Omaha is having delightful little runs these cool evenings and mornings. An effort is being made in the Bluffs to organize a ladies club.

Well, say! that boy "Yonnie Yonson" is making monkeys of the eastern cracks. There is but very little doubt but what he is fast forging to the front as a first-class racing man.

The Ganymede Wheel club of Council Bluffs will soon tender a return reception and smoker to the Omaha Wheel club. This will be the club's initial smoker and no doubt will be a "stem winder."

The Tourist Wheelmen wish to tender Mr. John D. Reid their sincere thanks for the four elegant pictures which he donated the club last week. The pictures add materially to the wall decoration of the club house.

Sanger, the burly Milwaukee boy, who is now in Europe, is not meeting with as great a success as in the forepart of the season, if dispatches from the continent are authentic. He has been beaten in several races by Stroud, Watson, Brown and Thistleton.

Here is an old-fashioned record for a club run: Three hundred and sixty-two cyclists, ladies and gentlemen, took part in a picnic club run of the Maryland division on Sunday, June 11, at Gwynn's Falls. A wagon load of refreshments accompanied the cyclists.

R. J. McCredy, known to the cycling world as the "Flying Irishman," and the first man to bring the pneumatic tire into prominence as a medium of speed on the bicycle, will soon land on American shores to take an active part in the great international championships at Chicago.

Willie Windle, the record maker, has been asked to resign from the Worcester club on account of his recent action at the Ansonia meet. He refused to go against Johnson in two different races. The club felt that their colors had been lowered, and the request for the resignation was the outcome.

Fred J. Osmond, the English champion cyclist, prominent as the first man to go the mile in 2:18, is training at the new Chicago track, preparatory to entering the world's championship races. The track on which the races are to be held has only been finished very recently and is said to equal the famous Herne Hill track in England.

Zimmerman, the American champion, who was so seriously hurt at Dublin, Ireland, on the 7th inst., is recovering rapidly from his fearful shaking up, and will ride again before the leaves turn. A short time before the collision occurred which nearly cost "Zimmy" a broken head, he lowered the Irish quarter-mile record one second, riding the distance in 30 4-5 seconds.

The Tourists will spend the day at Bennington, Neb., today, starting from their club house on California street about 8 o'clock. The distance is only eighteen miles one way and the roads are in excellent shape. Next Sunday occurs their first joint run with the Ganymede Wheel club of Council Bluffs to Blair, very likely, returning by way of Missouri Valley and the Bluffs.

The Omaha Wheel club and invited guests from the Turner's Wheel club and Ganymede Wheel club spent last Sunday at the United States rifle range at Bellevue. Profs. Sutorius and Webber furnished the refreshments for the day, which were very highly appreciated. Bellevue is one of the prettiest short runs which the wheelmen of Omaha enjoy during the riding season, it being situated about eleven miles from the metropolis just off the Plattsmouth road, among the beautifully wooded hills and vales along the banks of the Missouri; just an ideal spot for a day's outing.

The Tourist Wheelmen faced the head wind from the south for several hours last Sunday morning and after considerable hard pedal pushing found themselves in the confines of Springfield, some twenty-six miles from their club house. As the mud, left by the recent terrible floods, was too deep they reluctantly wheeled about and impelled by the same wind which had browned their cheeks an hour before bowled merrily along back to Papillion, where dinner was ordered. While waiting in the hotel for the welcome clang of the "grub bell" the second section arrived from the club house, but at the sight of the first section's appearance the members of the second section decided to make Papillion their destination instead of Springfield. The club spent the greater part of the afternoon in the woods around the Papio and at Sarpy mills, returning to the city late in the afternoon sunburned, tanned, but well satisfied with their their fifty-mile spin. Several new riders were out.

How do'h the little racing man improve each shining hour, in order to r educe his weight and record. Every evening the speedy ones may be seen spinning around the Young Men's Christian association track preparatory to the grand efforts which they will make at Lincoln on the 4th of next month. By the way, this year's meet promises to be one of the best meets ever held in Nebraska. The Capital City Cycling club of Lincoln, who have the affair in charge, have secured three high grade wheels for prizes, besides many articles of less value which will be hung up. The race track committee is working like beavers to complete the track on which the races will be run by the last of this month. The division will have charge of the championship races only and will hang up three beautiful solid gold medals for prizes. Chief Consul Perrigo, who has acted in the official capacity of referee for several years, refuses to act this year and Harry Dunning or Charlie Nicodemus of Fremont will very likely officiate. As "Birdie Munger" Kastman is training this season his smiling face will be seen in the pack at the scratch instead of among the staff of track officers. Fremont, Omaha, Hastings, Kearney, Lexington, Lincoln, Plattsmouth and Grand Island will all be represedted by fliers of different speed capacity, besides the horde of jolly fellows one always meets on such occasions. The Omaha contingents will likely go down in a special train if the necessary arrangements can be made. Particulars can be obtained at the club houses and cycle stores.

Yelps from the Bleachers.

Atlanta has chased big Dan Lally, but Erie has taken him in.

Jack Glasscock is playing better ball now than he did before he found that oyster can.

Joe Kelley, who was a general favorite when with Omaha, is playing about half of Baltimore's good game.

On his own cellar door once more look out for Uncle Anson and his much abused colts. They are bound to climb.

Reddy Hanrahan, formerly with Omaha, Sioux City and Minneapolis, lost a brother by death last Wednesday.

The two-by-four Western league has accepted the resignation of Umpire Ellick, and Jack Haskell of this city has been appointed in his stead.

The old Indian, George Tredway, had only fourteen assists down in Baltimore the other day. I've seen him make almost that many errors.

Patsey Bolivar Tebeau has been getting bumped pretty hard on this trip. He is apt to be in the second column before the present week lapses.

The ropes are already being laid for the reorganization of the Western league the coming winter on a first-class scale. Omaha, too, will be in it.

The Yale Base Ball association has elected Charles R. Skinner, '94, of St. Louis, president; Fred Rustin, '94, of Omaha, vice president; L. McKee, '95, of Washington, assistant manager, and S. B. Speer, '95, secretary.

And now they say that General Von der Awful contemplates tying a keg of scrap-iron to Watty's neck on the return of the Browns, and dropping him from the big bridge into the bosom of the Father of Waters.

Captain Comisky denies that he is auxious to trade Tony Mullane for any pitcher in the country.—Sporting Life. That's where Commy makes a mistake. He ought to be too glad to trade the count for any pitcher on earth.

Jack Rowe, says the Buffalo Courier, is surprising the oldest inhabitant with his playing on second. He is sure death on all grounders in his field. Well, I'd like to know a man better qualified to surprise the oldest inhabitant. Jack draws a pension for service in the war of 1812.

Questions and Answers.

DES MOINES, June 14.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Will you kindly inform me in next Sunday's BEE whether it is necessary for one to be a member of a club in order to take part in the amateur athletic games to be held at Chicago in September? Also inform me how an unknown amateur should establish the fact that he is an amateur in case he should wish to take part in the contests?—A Constant Reader.

Ans.—(1) No. (2) Make your applicati n for entry to the secretary of the Chicago Athletic club. They will determine upon your eligibility.

BROKEN BOW, Neb., June 9.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Please tell us when Wild Bill was killed.—Broken Bow.

Ans.—Wild Bill was killed at Deadwood, Black Hills, in 1876, by Jack McCall.

FAIR GROUND STABLES, June 15.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: To decide a bet please state in THE BEE'S sporting columns who wins in a running race if neither of the horses bet on take a place?—Jockey.

Ans.—Unless agreed upon to the contrary all bets between designated horses in a race are void if neither of them are placed by the judges. Except in a race of heats bets between designated horses, not starting in the succeeding heat, shall be determined by their places in the last heat and bets between such horses and a horse starting in a subsequent heat are won by the latter even though he be distanced afterwards.

WEST POINT, Neb., June 14.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Please inform a couple of disputants of the number of rounds it took Peter Jackson to whip George Godfrey, and did not Peter whip both Frank Slavin and Jem Smith, the English big ones; if so, in how many rounds?—Tellard E.

Ans.—(1) Jackson whipped Godfrey at 'Frisco in 1888, nineteen rounds. (2) Yes. Smith in two rounds and Slavin in ten.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, June 16.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Will you decide a wager by giving the three fastest heats trotted in 1892, and where and by whom made?—Snipe.

Ans.—2:12, 2:10, 2:09¾, Martha Wilkes, beating the late great Beatrice stallion, Lobasco, at Independence, Ia., August 26.

Roger E.—All bets go with the judge's decision. If they decided that Tell Tale won, your money on Maple Leaf was lost, and there is no appeal.

OMAHA, June 14.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Can you tell me the name of the 2-year-old stallion that broke the record here last September? You will favor me very much by relieving of continual search.—A. E. Miles.

Ans.—There was no 2-year-old record broken here last fall. Online paced this track in 2:17 flat, which was the fastest heat ever paced by a 2-year-old over a half-mile track.

CHADRON, Neb., June 14.—To the Sporting Editor OMAHA BEE: Please decide the following question, if you will by letter, if not please answer through THE BEE. A is playing bank and is in $500. After playing several hours goes to lunch and turns what checks he has left over to B and asks him to play them. A does not return and B runs the checks up to $380 and quits, still leaving A loser. Now B claims that A owes him some portion of this money. Does he? Please answer if possible by letter. Inclosed find stamp.—J. H. Larkin.

B is aware that the $50 in checks stand A $500.—Larkin.

Ans.—B cannot hold A for anything, under the circumstances, but the latter would be a very queer sort of a sport, and a tight proposition, indeed, if he failed to compensate B liberally out of the $350 B wins for him. It cuts no figure how much A lost prior to turning over his checks to B, the latter "wins" $350 for him and naturally, by gamblers' courtesy, is entitled to a respectable "whack."

OMAHA, Neb., June 15.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Will you please inform me, by means of your question and answer column, what part of Lake Manawa is the best for fishing, and what kind of bait and hooks are best to catch large fish?—A Subscriber.

Ans.—The "cut-off" seems to be the ground for bass, and trolling with line and rod and spoon the most killing method of taking them.

For an appetizer Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne leads all. For forty years it has taken the lead for its purity.

SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

Marking a Grave by the Side of the Rippling Platte.

On the north fork of the Platte river, with the blue mountains of Colorado in sight to the west, we made camp one afternoon at an earlier hour than usual, says the Detroit Free Press. By and by, in our knocking around for fire wood, one of the men brought in a piece of board which was rotted at one end, as if it had been in the ground.

"Whar'd ye git it?" queried Old Bill, who was by all odds the roughest, toughest and most uncouth man in the party, and whom no man had ever heard speak a kind word to any living thing.

"Over there," was the reply, as the man addressed pointed over his shoulder.

Some of us followed Old Bill to the spot. There was a grave there—the grave of a child. We found it only after the dead grass and weeds of a dozen winters, perhaps, had been cleared away. The board had stood at its head once—how long ago it was placed there no one could say. Some emigrant train had halted just here, and here some emigrant's child had breathed its last. They had dug a grave for it in this desolate spot, heaped stones over the fresh earth that the wolves might not uncover the little form, and the grief-stricken father had marked the spot as best he could.

No knife had touched the board. The emigrant train would not wait for that. We looked it over and over and brushed away the stains and the mildew, but there was neither date nor name. Of what use? For every mile of the old trails to the far west there is a nameless and forgotten grave, remembered only by God."

"What are you going to do?"

So we asked of the rough old man as he returned to the wagon for a shovel.

He made no reply, but used the shovel to heap up the sunken grave and put down the earth. There were vines and flowers growing near. He transplanted until the fresh earth was almost hidden from sight, and he carried water from the river to give them root. After supper, as we smoked and talked, he brought from his wagon a thick board and spent his hours in cutting the epitaph:

HERE LIZE BERRIED
SUMBODYS CHILD.

And before he slept he had the headboard in place, and as we drove away next morning he lingered for half an hour to bring more water and perhaps to utter a prayer for the repose of the dead.

In England 130,000 velocipedes are turned out annually. In Coventry 15,000 workmen are employed in the business. In France, where the machine first appeared, its use was limited through prejudice; people laughed at it. Now there is an army of 300,000 proprietary wheelmen in that country, without counting the immense number of amateurs who hire machines. In 1892 the Paris police authorities issued 2,000 licenses to wheelmen, now the number of velocipedes is estimated at something over 30,000. In 1892-3, 60,000 machines were sold, and it is believed that at least one-half of them are used in the city alone.

Cures Scrofula

Mrs. E. J. Rowell, Medford, Mass., says her mother has been cured of Scrofula by the use of four bottles of S.S.S. after having had much other treatment, and being reduced to quite a low condition of health, as it was thought she could not live.

INHERITED SCROFULA.

S.S.S. Cured my little boy of hereditary Scrofula, which appeared all over his face. For a year I had given up all hope of his recovery, when finally I was induced to use S.S.S. A few bottles cured him, and no symptoms of the disease remain. MRS. T. L. MATHERS, Matherville, Miss.

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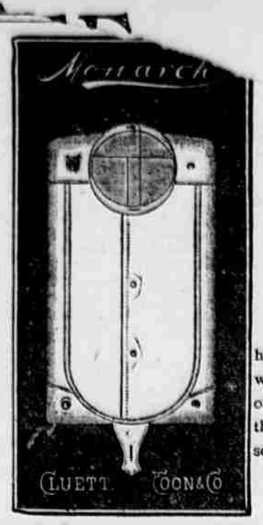

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