Tommy Ryan and the Belfast Spider Get in Their Work.

AMONG THE HORSEMEN AND THE BYKERS

The Ball Prayers and the Pigskin Rickers Chicken in the Early Days Geese on the Platte and Quail in the Stubble.

That the prize fighter has at last found himself in the same boat with Othello becomes more and more apparent as time wanes and the enthusiast who anticipates an early revival of the game is a shortsighted individual indeed. Every available locality has been worked until not a single uninterdicted spot remains, and by the period when the whirligly of time brings around another epoch of the sport many of the present fistic luminaries will be but specks in Fistiana's milky way. Anyway, that is how she looks to a man up a tree.

The most prolific and versatile of all sporting writers, and especially those with a bent for the ring, as P. J. Donahue and Macon McCormick, for instance, find themselves at their wits' ends for substance for their daily and weekly grind. From this time henceforward to that sweet-bye-and-bye incidentally mentioned above, must their "stuff" be of a reminiscent character, but as both are stocked with an almost exhaustless fund of anecdote and story, it will be many, many moons before they grow stale or unin teresting. Peter is even growing rancorous in his

pique and disappointment over the blocking of the great international thumping contest between Charlie Mitchell and Jimmy Corbett, and in a recent grist of plaintive arraignment he says:

"There seems to be just one chance for fight between Corbett and Mitchell, and that is an accidental meeting in a barroom. So far as the Concy Island Athletic club is con cerned, the match is dead to the world, and as for New Orleans, it is out of the question. This is not a pleasant prospect. but it is the best we have, and we must make the best of Corbett is specially desirous of avenging the insults heaped upon him by Mitchell in August a year ago, and from all accounts Mitchell is very much like the famous Barkis in that he "is willin." It may be that the fun of fighting will be thrown overboard for the privilege of gaining free advertising, but I will be greatly disappointed if the men fail to come together in a real old-fashioned

or scrap before the snow flies.

Of course, it would be disastrous to the great game of boxing, and it would be cause for all lovers of the sport to become dis-gruntled, but I cannot see how the affair can terminate in any other than a free-for-all

Well, that is a game they are both familiar at, and it matters little, as long as it is as unlawful for them to meet one way as an other, which way they choose. Charlie is as much at nome in a bar room scrap as Jimmy is in the counting room of a bank or drawing room, and as this fact about equalizes things, the quicker they bump up "agin" one another, the better. When the event does come off, however, always bear in mind that I want the English end of it. Three cards

While on this subject, I cannot afford to slight my old friend, Macon, and in his latest

slight my old friend, Macon, and in his latest digest the following clause appears:

"The big glove contest between Jim Corbett and Charley Mitchell has been o-fishially uechared "off" by Judge Dick Newton of the Coney Island club. The great English boxing club, the "National Sporting," has declined to have anything to do with it is at an end for the time being at least It is at an end, for the time being at least. From the very first I had my serious doubts as to the ability of the Coney Island club to pull it off, and its directors now feel that a great blunder was made in having anything to do with it. It will prove a costly blunder, too, before the matter is ended, for it has knocked out the club for the time being. Whether it will ever be able to respond to the call of "time" is something that no fellow can tell with certainty just now. Its present policy is to lay low, say nothing and wait in hope that the clouds which now lower o'er its club house may pass away, and in the deep bosom of the ocean be buried. It has made some money, and Newton, it is said, has promised that Corbett and Mitchell shall be reimbursed for their less of time and the expense they have been put to. It this promise is made good, many will believe that the club hopes to pull off the match in the indefinite her ter. Time alone can tell whether this hope exists. If it does it is a very delusive one. I was always dubious about Corbett and Mitchell figuring as principals in the Coney Island ring and I am more so nov

Mac follows this up with a long screed on the noble college game of foot ball, in which he shows how innocent, and harmless it is compared with the brutal game of boxing and to clinch his argument he runs the following list of "casualties" which took place on the grid-iron field the preceding week: Lenigh university's team, six players disabled; condition not known, but so serious as o necessitate the team remaining idle on Saturday. Calumbia's team, Washington, four players "knocked out" at Pittsburg on Saturday. Allegheny A. A's team, "Sport" Donnelly of Princeton "knocked out." De La Salle's team, New York, F. Irish; epileption. tie fit from injury to the head. Princeton team, Brown, left end; head injured in scrimmage; compelled to retire; King, quarter back, "knocked out" three times. Allen, full back, badly wrenched ankie. Cornell's team, Young, full back, injured in scrimmage, compelled to retire Crescent A. A.'s team, Sheldon, left half back, wrenched knee. Harvard's team. Waters, left half back, injury to leg. Dartmouth's team. Jones, captain, injured leg. Yale's team, Stillman, injury to leg; Butterworth, injury to leg, compelled to use crutetes; Armstrong, injured, in what manner not stated Naval cadet's team, several men reported injured and unable to play. Belfield's team, several men injured in the first half of the same with the Mount Airy team; stopped in consequence.

"How would it do," he concludes, "for the Coney Island Athletic club, the Columbian, the Olympic and the New Rockaway to change into 'improved foot ball clubs.' Then Jim Corbett could captain the Coney Island train and Mitchell one of the otners. The 'game' could be played on Manhattan field under 'new rules.' The innovation would b o attract a tremendous assemblage at \$10, \$15 and even \$25 a ticket. \$10, \$15 and even \$25 a ticket. A dispute could arise over a knowly point of play and the referee could refuse te decide it other than to call upon the captains to "light it out." They could acquiesce and gloves could be brought le to them and donned in order not to 'fracture the law.' When the knotty point was decided we should all know who was the international champion of the

In reply to a correspondent who wants to know who the fellow is who has contributed to The Bre so many interesting articles on the ring from North Platte I would state that it is not exactly the newspaper custom to 'give 'way" anybody, but as I have en joyed these contributions immensely myself, and know that "the fellow" has no need to be ashamed of his identity I take pleas laying before my readers a private letter received from him some weeks ago:

NORTH PLATTE. Oct. 8.—Sandy Griswold.
Sporting Editor of THE BEE: I just want to tell you that there have been several? Sandys in our family, and will not detain you but a gnoment. The most distinguished one of that ood old scottish name was a cousin of mine who went out as a cadet in the East India company's service and saw considerable active service during the mutiny. I had a paper sent out containing his death some years since. "At Leinsters Gardens, Hyde Park, Major General Alexander K. Cannan, H. M's. Indian Army cretired, aged 63." He was always called Sandy at home. My oldest son "Sandy," Alexander K. Cannan, was lately promoted from draughtsman to general foreman of the machine shop on the Rio Grands Western company at Sait Lake. The Sandys are in fuck, for his infant Sandy took the second prize at a baby show and was pro-

nounced by the able judges to be a phenomenal kid. Indeed. As to myself, I was born at Carsephairn Mause, Galloway, Scotland, March 27, 1828. My father was the minister of the parish and he died in 1832, leaving a widow and eight small children. I was only 44, years old. I went to England in 1842 and served an apprenticeship in a machine shop. I left England for this country on October 11, 1850, to seek my fortune. I am sorry to say I never found it, although I have been able to keep my head above water, not with standing having raised a large family, through dropping into several legacies through the desiths of relatives on the other side of the Atlantic. I am respectfully yours,

Can it be true that the fighting traffic has Can it be true that the fighting traffic has shifted to cultured Bosting—the bome of John L. and the delicate bean? It looks that way, anyhow, when you think of the bloody and savage battle fought by Ise Weir and Australian Billy Murphy in the Crisb club Thursday night last. That the Spider won surprised but few. In his day he was unsurprised but few. In his day he was unsurprised but few. equivocally the greatest feather in the world. Billy Murphy, too, was a bright star once, but he has gone back fast, is "nutty," and while he continues to fight well, doesn't seemable to lick any one. He might pull off a win, however, if through the intervention of friends he could arrange a match with George La Blanche. The Marine is now on a "knocking out" tour through the country, and no matter whom he meets, always goes out—just for beer money. I might a id, very properly, too, that George has been put out so often recently that he is now looked upon as out all the time

Our old friend, Tommy Ryan, it seems, won his fight with Harry Jamison, the Bridgeport heavyweight, last Thursday night, in hollow style, as the hossy boys would put it. He luiled the big dub into the tand of nod with a punch or two early in the second round, all of which goes to show that Tommy clearly understands the situation when he enters into any of these matches. when he enters into any of these matches. For Ryan to continue taking chances with men way above his class, but being always unsuccessful in his endeavors to pull of a fight with one of the crackajacks of his own rank, always leads his friends to suspect that there is either something wrong with the boy's think tank or that he knws his biz better than any one else—a rare thing with a pug. However, Tommy evidently realizes that the gang who a few months since would recoil with disgust at an offer to put up his hands for a few thousands. will be lucky from this on out to get a chance to go for a handful of nickels. And then again, there is a hard winter coming on, and we fighting boys must do something to get our overcoats "out," and to guard against the possibility of a snowball diet.

Thanksgiving Day's Great Contest. The foot ball teams of the Nebraska and Iowa State universities are both practicing hard for their big battle at Young Men's Christian association park, this city, Thanksgiving day. Each captain has issued his orders for the active season, and these include that the pipe and cigarette must be sacrificed, that all rich food be eschewed, and the men subsist only on a plain and substantial diet for the next wenty days at least. They are not to indulge in any spirituous liquors and are to retire and rise as early as is compatible with their various duties. Commencing with the last week before the great game still more strict training rules will be laid down, and admirers of this thrilling sport can safely count upon witnessing probably the hardest fought game that has ever been played or

SANDY GRISWOLD.

the local grounds.

The Young Men's Christian association. under whose management the battle will be fought, are leaving nothing undone that is calculated to enhance the pleasure and ex-citement of the occasion. Enlarged accom-modations will be made for the crowd, the field put in absolutely perfect order, and everything attended to that will facilitate good play and conduce to the enjoyment of the spectators. Excursion rates have been arranged upon several of the railroad lines. running into Omaha and so great is the in-terest inthe contest throughout both states that a big attendance is anticipated from abroad. With good weather Omaha will turn out a vast throng of people, there being a sufficient number of ex-students of each university to make a respectable crowd by themselves. Of course they will all be out, as the interest and rivalry existing within the respective ranks of the noncombatants is on a par with that which chases the blood through the veins of the twenty-two

affects their pride as a struggle between the intellectual and muscular youth of the two states certainly does. The Om the Athletic Academy. The Omaha Athletic academy is a new institution here, but promises to be a, success. It is conducted by Profs. Guiwits instructor, and Denis, fencing Prof. Guiwits has had nearly twenty years experience as a teacher of th manly art and is well qualified for the work. Prof. Denis was formerly master-at-arms in the French army and is an expert with the foils, broadsword or single stick. Public

rawny young athletes wh

battle for their colors on the field.

game has become extremely fashionable,

and Omahans will not lag in a matter that s

exhibitions of boxing and fencing will b given every other Friday evening at the academy throughout the winter. Around the Office Stove. Joe Walsh has been restored to his old winter job with the Pacific Express com-

Winfield Scott Camp has received a fair offer to again try his lack in the big league, and if he is wise will accept without waiting

for something better. Captain Lisle Abbott of the Young Men's Christian association ball team is already figuring on the campaign for next season. His team will be materially strengthened and an attempt made to effect a regular weekly schedule with the strongest teams in

the state. John S. Barnes of Minneapolis was in Omaha on Taesday last sizing up the situa-tion with the view of admitting Omaha into the new Western league. Mr. Barnes met with absolutely no encouragement and the Gate City's chances for professional base

ball in 1894 are exceedingly attenuated. Judging from the outlook the consummation of the scheme to reorganize the West-ern league with Detroit, Toledo, Indianapolis and Columbus in it is an exceedingly prob-tematical quantity. A bona-fide Western lematical quantity. A bona-fide Western league composed of Kansas City, Des Momes, Sioux City, Omaha, Lincoln, Minneapoils, St. Paul and possibly Milwaukee might possibly be successfully organized.

James E. Canavan, Cincinnati's left fielder, will be in good trim next spring. He is one of the sensible young ball players who do not spend the winter months in idleness and taking on flesh. The England Polo league has given the Worcester franchise to Canavan, and he will have full charge of that team. Jesse Burkett, the Cleveland player, has been named as one of the ref-erces of the league. Manager W. H. Mc-Gunnigle, the old Brooklyn director, has charge of the Providence club.

"Dad" Clarke has been signed by New York for 1894, \$500 being the price Erie re-York for 1894, \$500 being the price Eric re-ceived for his release. Jimmy Peoples, who recommended Dad to the Giants, has this to say of him: 'Clarke is the best pitcher in the Eastern league. He outclasses Fisher, whom Cleveland secured from Buffalo, and is the superior of Nicol of Eric, who goes to Pittsburg. He is a right-hander, has great speed and a most deceptive drop ball. He is no spring chicken, as he pitched for the Omahus some time are with Kid Nichols of Omahas some time ago with Kid Nichols of the Bostons as his partner and Selee of the Bostons as manager. Since then he has been improving steadily and is now, in my estimation, one of the best pitchers avail-

The Sportsmen's Sudget. The geese have begun to arrive along the upper Platte and Missouri in something like their old-time numbers, and it is quite likely that local gunners will make some fine bags

within the next fortnight. John J. Hardin, who has been recognized as one of Omsha's most skillful field shots for years, stuck a few additional plumes in his hat in the recent gus club hunt. His score far exceeded that of all the other con-testants combined.

Judge Ogden's handsome and valuable St Judge Ogden's handsome and valuable St.
Bernard was stolen from his kennel on the
judge's premises a night or two since. This
makes the second time the animal has been
stolen. The judge thinks a great deal of the
dog and it will go hard with the thief if he
happens to run foul of him.

The banquet given by the losing side of
the Omaha Gun club hunt at the Merchants
last Wednesday evening was one of the
most complete affairs of the kind ever

achieved by this time-honored association. The hotel people outsid themselves, particularly the chef de cuisine. The table was a dream of loveliness, with its fragrant blossoms and trailing vines, while the banquet itself was a feast at for the gods.

The reports that were rife during the summer senson as to the prospects for an un-precedented quail crop this fall have all held good, as there are more of these royal little game oleds in this vicinity this season than has been known for possibly fifteen years. Every wheat stubble, every plum thicket or splotch of favorable cover, seems to hold its covey, and it is no trick at all to go out in almost any direction with a good dog and find as fine sport as one could ask.

In his very pleasing and instructive remarks at the Merchants' banquet the other evening Judge B. E. B. Kennedy said that the first prairie chicken he ever saw was shot on Farnam street in front of the old proneer block which stood where Goodman's draw store pays stands. The bird came drug store now stands. The bird came flying over, and a convenient man with a shotgun brought it down. The judge also told how in the old days it was a common told how in the old days it was a common thing for him to pick up his gun and sally forth, a short ways out Harney street, and kill his ten or a dozen birds before break-fast, and many and many a one he had dropped in his own back yard. In speaking about the wild fewi and their gradual but sure diminishment, he said be could well remember the time when the geose would settle on the numerous bars in the Missouri between this point and Florence in countless thousands and it was as easy an undertaking to make a good bag of the wary old honkers as it would be today of English sparrows. The judge was in one of those felicitous reminiscent moods that is the oldtime sportsman's chief delight, and while he told many good things, he did not tell half enough, if the applause of his assem-bled brethren indicated anything.

Whispering, of the Wheel, Whisperings are exceedingly taint today wing to the scarcity of club news. M. O. Davon is moving his bicycle store to Sixteenth and Chicago, his business demand

ing larger quarters. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Flescher left for Min neapolis and St, Paul Friday evening to spend their honeymoon.

Happy Jack Kastman of the Omaha Whee club has packed his wheel and hied himself to Red Oak, la., where he has accepted a po

The different wheeling organizations are not as eager to "get into the saddle and away" these cool mornings as of yore. Few club runs are indulged in and fewer wheel men attend these. The club house hearth catches the festive biker these days.

The wheelmen were well represented church last Sabbath evening. A goodly turnout from each wheel club swelled the congregation at Rev. Odell's church considerably. The reverend gentleman gave the boys a good welcome and a pleasing sermon. The members of the Tourist Wheelmen club will plunge themselves into the mad whirl of a "club smoker" next Tuesday eve., the 7th inst. The Orion Flute quartette the 7th inst. The Orion Flute quartette and Omana Zither club, assisted by several other musicians and the club's entertuinment committee, will endeavor to see that everyone has a good time. Light refresh-ments, pipes and cigars will be plentiful. A feature of the evening's cutertainment will be a guessing contest, and the reading of the election returns.

The few players who sat down to the seventh set of high five games for the championship of the Tourist club were happily surprised to find that one of the clubmen had provided a light lunch with "fiquid accessory" for their especial atten-tion. Louis Flescher, one of the prominent clubmen, became a benedict while his club mates were feasting at his expense, and many were the toasts and well wishes tossed off to him and his "bonne bride." The card party broke up at 11 o'clock, each participant feeling that he had had a good time. Henry Fredrickson and and John Hynes tied for highest average during the evening, but did not play the tie off. Seventy games out of the 100 scheduled have now been played—every game missed by a player after last night's play counts as lost.

Talk of the Hoss Men. The Nebraska pacer, Captain Payne, was named after the Oklahoma boomer. He has mark of 2:20, and is the property of Hon. E. W. Lewis, Cambridge.

Per Simmons, the black horse owned by

W. P. McCreary, Hastings, Neb., in 1890, was sold at the Berry Chicago sale, October 24. to Perry Wood, Chicago, for \$250. Ella Woodline, with a record of 2:291/2 as a yearling and 2:23% as a 2-year-old, has been sold by E. D. Gould of Fullerion to the wellknown Lexington, Ky., horseman, John

J. M. Rice, Sterling, Neb., owns a hand-some colt by the dead stallion race king, Lobaseo, 2:10%, out of a mare rich in Nutwood George Wilkes. Volunteer and Satellite blood and should be a trotter and sire of The fastest fifth heat of last year was

trotted in 2:1114, and the honors rested be tween the range bred gelding, Ryland T., and Greenleaf. Alix, the racing queen, and King Directum have each trotted a fifth heat this year in 2:09%.

Beauchamp & Jarvis, Concordia, Kan., have purchased Twin Oak 13046 by Jersey Wilkes 2566, dam Mary Belle, dam of Urbana Belle 2:20¼ and Rex 2:22¼ by Breckenridge —Western Resources. Pawnee City, Neb., is making an effort to

build a mile track. Ben Johnson, the prin cipal trainer at that point, has given the public confidence in the industry through his gentlemanly and business-like manner of conducting his business.

Frank and Pat Kinney of this city have a mare, Pearl K., that is destined to rank among the great brood mares in the course of another year. She is 8 years old and has four toals, all by the same sire, the oldest of which is 3 years old, and all show remarkable speed. Marguerite has taken a 3-yearold record of 2:32, and Tom Miller a 2-year-old record of 2:35%, both in races over the baif-mile track at Lincoln, Neb. The year-ling and weanling are fillies, and show speed. They are sired by Williams, 2:20%.

Questions and Answers. Questions and Answers.

Council, Bluffs, Ia., Oct, 30.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please answer the following questions and oblige a constant reader: (1.) is there any law against shooting rabbits in Iowa? (2.) What is the best record for one mile on safety bleyele and by whom made? (3.) Who is the champion wrestler? (4.) Who won more games, the Boston Base Ball club or All Americas? (6.) Is a bittern good to eat or not? (6.) Who is the champion wing shot of the world and of Omaha?—A.F. P.

Ans.—(1.) No. (2.) J. S. Johnson 1.36.3.5. Aus.—(1.) No. (2.) J. S. Johnson, 1:56 3-5. (3.) Evan Lewis. (4.) Boston. (5.) It is

good to eat. (6.) Captain John L. Brewer Frank Parmelce. St. Joseph. Mo., Oct. 31.—To the Sporting Editor of The Ber: Piease state in Sunday morning's paper who is the catch-as-catch-can wrestler of the world? If this is Evan Lewis give us omething of his record, his age, height and so forth, and oblige several constant readers of The Bre.—T. H. Willis.

Ans.—Evan Lewis is the undisputed catch-as-catch-can wrestler of the world. He was born near Madison, Wis., May 24, 1862, and is accordingly in his 32d year. His career as a wrestler commenced on his 20th birthday, when he was induced to enter a Cornish tournament, and was beaten by the local champion, Edward Edwards, after wrestling eleven bouts. Lewis afterward succeeded in defeating Edwards in a match for \$250 a side. He has competed in tourna-ments too numerous to mention and met and defeated all the best men in the world defeated all the best men in the world, among them the following: James Gallatin, Frank Whitmore, Michael O Hara, James Faulkner, Charles Moth, Andie Christol. John Loon, Greek George, Tom Cannon, Matsada Sorakichi "the Jap," Eawin Bibbs, Jack Carkeek, Joe Acton, Bob Wright, Dennis Gallagher, Jack Wannon of England, Charles Green, English champion, and Ernest Roeber. Lewis' height is 5 feet 9 inches, and he weighs in condition 180 pounds.

pounds Scharford, Ia., Oct. 25.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: To decide a bet in a game of draw poker: A jack pot is made, A opens it for 10 cents, B raises him to 25 cents. They draw cards. Now who bets first, the man who opens or the man who raises the opener? Please answer in next Sunday's Bee.—Sport.

Ans.—The above question was erroneously answered in last Sunday's paper. As the game is played here, the opener takes the initiative after a raise.

OMAHA, Nov. 3.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BLEE: In continuous pool, such as was played at Foley's last week between Johnson and Payton, is if not the rule that the striker on holing the one ball forfeits a ball to the table? I bet such is the rule, while B bots that for this offense the player pays a penalty by deduction from his score. Which is correct!—Pool Ad-

OMARIA, Oct. 86 .- To the Sporting Editor of

THE HEE: - To decide a bet please answer the following question: In a game of draw poker, where straights are barred. A holds the five, where straights are barred. A holds the five, should the acc. queen nine, eight and seven of diamonds. Which hand takes the "pot" under above conditions?—Eugene Foley.

Ans. -B's ! Ans.—B's innet.

Lincoln, Nor. 1.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Please decide the following and oblige a ten-year reador of THE BEE. A bets B \$10 that he can throw a base ball 133 yards, but since the wager was made he persistently refuses to make the trial, although frequently urged to do so by B, who finally informed him that he must make the throw next Sunday or lose the bet. I sm the stakeholder, and if A does not make the trial what am I to do with the money?—J. J.J.J.

Ans.—As no time was fixed upon when the letter, and there is no law which will compel A to make the trial, I see nothing else for rou to do but to hold on to the stakes until the two men come to an understanding when the trial shall be made.

OMANA, Nov. 2.—To the Sporting Editor of THE REE: When is the lawfor prairie chicken and grouse up in Minnesota? Answer in today's paper and oblige.—H. L. B. Ans -The open season expired on Wednes day last.

CHRONICLES OF A COURTING.

Cincinnati Commercial. If my wife's feelings were the only consideration in the case I shouldn't tell the story I'm going to tell. She doesn't enjoy any reference to the very peculiar way she acted and the lies she told. Lies? Yes, lies, though heaven knows I've forgiven her, and I have not the siightest doubt the Father in heaven will forgive her, too. But she declared point blank a dozen times she did not love me, never would or e mid love me; indeed, was perfectly indifferent and unconcorned in the whole matter one way or the other. Yet, if I had known feminine human nature I might have known all the time that she would have given her very eyes for me. I didn't, and consequently she worried me a good deal. But I am going to tell the story, so that the generations now growing up and the generations yet unborn-generations of young men, I mean-may have some instruction in the way women act and thereby save both themselves and the women from much strife and unhappiness during courtship-and after. Women are not all alike, I know. Not every man has as stormy a courtship as I had. But if the conflict doesn't come before marriage it is sure to come after marriage, and amounts to just the same thing. Some live a few weeks in an imaginary paradise, and see what appears a perfectly glorious future through an atmosphere of rose leaves, and in that state get married. Then, after the honeymoon, comes the doubt of love, and all that unhappy struggle of the heart against itself which all women, however good they are, must fight out sooner or later. They can't help it. God bless them! It has been the custom of us men to biame them bitterly and tell what lives they lead us. But that is all wrong, for we are quite as much to blame as they are, and in this way: At this late stage of the world's history we ought to have a fully developed science or manual of the various actions and reactions of the feminine nature as man sees it; we ought to understand the causes of their wretchedness and unhappiness and give them sympathy and consolation where now we argue with them and blame them bitterly for what, poor dears, they can't help. It is to do something toward assisting humanity to establish this science or manual of the actions and reactions of the feminine heart that I am going to relate the incidents of my courtship. It may be a little humiliating to the ladies, and especially to my wife, at the first, but after it is all over I trust that great good will be reaped from it by all concerned. wife, of course, will have to console her self with the knowledge that her fellow creatures may be benefited, for the humbling it will give her pride. I don't

any good is to be accomplished by this I feel sure she will acquesce. I met Ethel in a country village where went to live and where she lived. I knew the same people she knew and in the narrow limits of a country village we became quite intimate almost at I thought her a very beautiful and attractive woman. She was not large, but very graceful and she had light brown hair, a light complexion full of color and health, and gray eyes. I may say of myself that I am a shade darker than she, with dark brown hair and beard, and mild, brownish eyes, not much more than gray. Ethel's lips were very good, and her eyes sparkled and danced, and she cut up a good many girl's capers, though she was 23 years old. Soon after making each other's acquaintance both of us became very young indeed. I scarcely know why It was in the summer time and I went to see her about five times a week in the early evening. We usually played together out on the lawn. Sometimes she lay in the hammock while I made verses for her and gave her good advice or else we both occupied the hammock very innocently, and talked a great deal of nonsense that I am sure was not at al bad, but which did not mean much of anything to any one but ourselves. us it was fraught with the deepest and most satisfying meaning. Ethel was something of a musician, and played and sang. I sang, too, and many an evening we enjoyed together at the piano Those weeks were the happiest of my life, I can say with perfect honesty. hope happier ones will come some time in the future, but I fear they will not. At the end of three months or so I was uddenly called away on business for nearly a month, and during that time I discovered that I was in love with Ethel. Before I had never had an opportunity to think about it, such a blissful time

count, since I do not believe in humbling

women's pride, but I know Ethel to be a

very unselfish woman at heart, and if

was I having. But as soon as I got fairly settled in New York city, in the month of August, knowing no one in the whole region except the clerks in the store, and having my evenings and Sundays on my hands with nothing to do, then it was that I had plenty of opportunity to think, to analyze myself, to find out without a doubt that I was head over ears in love with Ethel. Oh, what would I not have given to have had her with me then! If the preceding three months been the happlest of my life this month was the most wretched. I was conscious of growing thin and pale. I nearly got sick, and if it had lasted more than one month I feel certain I should have had to go to the hospital.

Well, I had no difficulty in making up my mind what to do about Ethel. I de cided that I would make her my wife That she would make any trouble about it I never for one moment suspected. During the preceding three months she had evidently been as fond of me as I of her. Neither of us, I am sure, had contemplated matrimony, because we were enjoying the present too well to think of the future. But when I considered that I might be taken away from Ethel and spend the whole remaining part of my life as I was spending that month of August in New York. I did not he sitate one moment in deciding to ask her in marriage immediately on my re-

turn, and I came near writing to her about it then and there.

The difficulty that came later, I think,

began in the correspondence which I resorted to at that time as a relief to my overburdened feelings. I wrote Ethel long and affectionate letters, I all but told her that I loved her. I discussed eternal friendship; I analyzed the deepest relations of our hearts in those general terms which people who are not acknowledged lovers may use. Ethel had three gay young men cousins from the city spending their vacation in the country with her during that month, letter: and as they were even handsomer than I, and doubtless somewhat more polished and elegant and more finished in the arts of playing upon the vanity of young ladies she was much entertained, much flattered and quite indifferent to me. Her letters were short and unsatisfac-I concluded that she was not much of a letter writer, but still I was keely disappointed. As she became cooler I became more ardent; and before the month of my absence was up I ac tually proposed, and was rejected. I knew perfectly well why I was rejected. It was on account of those rich city cousins of hers, who flattered her vanity and made me appear not quite good enough for her. She had a very high opinion of her own worth, and had no idea of giving herself to any but the best. But I was certain that none could be better-for her, at least-than I, and suspected from what she said that these city cousins of hers were fickle things, and I also felt pretty sure that if one of them should propose he would be rejected as I was, for at the final moment she would consider that I was better than this city dude after all, and since I had been rejected he must be reected, too. This, I was afterwards informed, actually happened two or three

days before my return to the pleasant shades of old-fashioned Pemworth. When I had returned I saw that Ethel was very glad to see me. She came down to the train to meet me, as country girls have the right to do, and took my hand in hers and kept it there for a lit tle time as she led me off up the street to her father's house. She made not the slightest reference to what had passed in our correspondence. She teld me all the news, to which I listened quietly, but gladly, and then she began the old badinage and nonsense in which we had before found so much delight. I felt almost happy again, for I felt sure she couldn't have meant what she had written. I grew silent thinking of my love, which had become very fierce by this time, and my cheeks, I knew, grew flushed, for hers were flushed, too, and she began to look unhappy and to be silent as I was. She gave me a very af-fectionate handshake when I left her, however, and asked me to come and see her soon and tell her all about what I had seen and done in New York. I promised and went away in a brown study. What did it mean? Did she really mean to reject me? I couldn't believe that after the very affectionate reception she had given me. My feelings were so wrought up that I couldn't let the matter rest, as it seemed she wished to do. But just what to say to her I didn't know.

I went to see her the next evening. She was sitting on the piazza, apparently waiting for me, and she welcomed me with a smile and both hands outstretched. I took them both, and on the spur of the moment raised the left one to my lips. Ethel immediately snatched it away, crying with flushed face:

"How dare you!" I sat down on the steps gloomily enough, and thought in silence. My nerves were unsteady and my swam. Ethel sat in silence, too, flushed

and excited, "Ethel," said I, "we might as well have this thing settled now as any time. I love you. You ought to know that I do. think you have been very unkind to me. I wish you would give me some

reasons for acting as you do."
"Mr. Yates," said she in a voice she had great difficulty in managing, because it would keep going down in her throat. I have told you I do not love you. don't see that it is necessary to give any reason for it. I simply don't. My feelings are wholly indifferent. I thought we might be friends still. That is why I met you as I did vesterday. I smiled to think that she realized that her actions at that time needed some explanation. "If you wish to be friends with me, as we were before you went away, well and good. I offer you my friendship, and if you care to take it you may. But this other matter I think you may. we ought to drop now for good. feelings may change, but I do not think

I looked at her and saw that she was trembling all over. I didn't believe a word she said; yet I didn't know what else to believe. My own feelings were too unsteady for me to say or do anything that I have since wished I had done. I ought to have taken her in my arms and soothed her and petted her and teased her a little, and bullied her into letting me kiss her lips. If I had been cool enough to have done that all would have been over then and there. But I did not yet know but she might mean every word she said. So I said we would be friends, and we shook hands very formally and bade each other good

When I got away I was very angry with Ethel, and quite as angry with my self. I determined never to go near her

again as long as I lived, and put the thought of her out of my mind forever. The next day I plunged into business afresh, joined a club of young men from which I had long hung off, and pro-ceeded to enjoy myself as well as I It was a nervous sort of enjoycould. ment that I experienced; but it answered very well. I didn't go near Ethel for a fortnight. At the end of that time my fierceness had cooled; I began to wonder if we couldn't be friends after all, and when her mother, who was a very discreet and wise woman and understood her daughter perfectly, met me on the street and asked me to tea that evening.

accepted her invitation and went. I had some doubts as to how the even ing would pass, but I was delightfully surprised. Ethel was very quiet and prettier than I had ever seen her. checks were full of color, her eyes sparkled, and her manner was exceed ingly deferential and meek. I thought she had repented of her previous lofti ness, and permitted her to gain my poor, weak heart back entirely. Mrs. Burton was present the whole evening, which prevented any embarassment, and Ethel played and sang, and I sang, and we both sang together. I didn't permit myself to enjoy the evening quite as much as I would have liked to do, because I wasn't quite sure whether my pride ought to let me or not. But on the it was a very happy evening, and Ethel bade me an effectionate good night in the presence of her mother, taking my

hand and pressing it warmly.

I didn't go to see her the next evening, but the evening after I called soon after Mrs. Burton was away, making a call of some sort, and Ethel was alone in her hammock on the lawn. I brought a chair and sat down beside her, and for a time we chatted on about indifferent subjects. But I began to think about something else, and she began to think about something else, and the common thought, which was not mentioned, but which we bota knew was in the other's mind, checked our speech and gave rise to very decided embarrassment. showed nerself obstinate, and I showed

my desire. I referred incidentally to he old su ject, but she hastily put it aside, saying: "Don't let us quarrel tonight."

Finally the situation became so unomfortable that I took my hat to leave, She looked at me with a very coquettish light in her eves and she gave me her hand in adieu; it was a very provoking light that made me angry. She said she hoped we would not cease to be friends, and I very coolly assented. But I determined not to go there again. went home and wrote her the following

Dear Ethel-You say that you do not love Dear Ethel—You say that you do not love the. If that is so, there is some reason for it. If you are honest and my friend, you will tell me what it is. If you would be honest and open with me, we might be friends, even if you could never love me. Tell me, at least, if there is not some one class for whom you care more. If there is, I will willingly give you up to him who can make you happiest. But if you have no bet-ter friend than I, then give me the confidence and trust that your best friend de-serves, and I will patiently wait for things to work themselves out clearly to both of us.

Most sincerely yours. John Y. Yates. It was two days before I received an

answer to this note, but at last the following was handed to me at the office: My Dear Mr. Yates-Pardon me for not

nswering your note sooner. Mother has kitchen, so have not had the time to write o anybo ty.
You ask, if there is anyone else for whom

I care. I can frankly say there is not. That bowever, does not alter my feeling toward ou, and I do not think I can give any reason why I do not love you.

I must request you to drop this subject once and forever, if we are to continue to be friends. I have answered and I think that and it had turned out that you didn't

ought to be enough. Hastily yours, ETHEL BURTON. care for me just imagine my position! I To this note I made the following angry reply: My Dear Miss Burton-I don't think the

friendship you offer is worth accepting. Unless you can give me your confidence and trust, I want nothing. Very respectfully yours.

John Young Yates. After that it was open war between us When we met on the street we simply exchanged distant bows. I was not at all happy, though much absorbed in my work, but Ethel grew yellow and pecked. We managed to get a glimpse of each other about once a fortnight, to see how

he other took things; but that was Now, from my subsequent experience see what my grave mistake was. thought Ethel either a great coquette or very hard hearted and unkind, or deiberately lying in regard to her feelngs. I fancied she did care for me a great deal, though why she wouldn't own it I did not understand. I do understand now. All might have been prevented had I been cool and collected. and gone to her in the first place in : free and friendly way, and taken her hands and petted her and teased her a little. She was afraid I didn't love be-She did love me with all her heart, but she persuaced herself she didn't by such reasoning as this: "He doesn't love me I never could love a man who didn't love me. Therefore, I am altogether indifferent to him. He must be a bad man to treat me as he does, so harshly, so unkindly. It would be impossible for me to love such a man." The poor thing dared not trust, her own heart and I did not understand it well enough to quie it for her. I know she must have suf-fered. She struggled with all her might to suppress her natural affection. though in vain. She had made a mis take, though she didn't for a moment suspect it. She needed a kind and help-

ful friend at that time more than she

has ever needed one since. I ought to

have been that friend, but I didn't know

enough to be. For a few months I held my affections in reserve, hoping that Ethel would change in some way. But when the winter had come and spring had followed winter without any lessening o the embarrassment and feeling of antagonism between us when we met once a fortnight at church or on the street I decided to try and find a little relief in the society of some other young lady. Such a friend I found in the person of Miss Angie French, a bright, intellectual girl, full of fun and good nature, and not at all sentimental, a friend of Ethel's to whom she had introduced me. I began by spending my Sunday evenings with her. Then I went once or twice during th week. In a small village such thing are reported very quickly by the gos sips, and I knew Ethel would soon know I had a little malicious feeling in the matter, for I half thought it would make her angry or jealous, in spite o the fact that she declared that she was utterly indifferent to me. But when I met her on the street or at church she looked just the same, only paler and more unhappy, if anything. I was sorry for her, but I thought it was her own fault, and she could simply blame her-

It was early in June that the end came at last. It was Sunday evening nearly 11 o'clock. I had been spending hours in empty discussion with Miss French, staying simply because knew not what else to do. I did not care f or Angie, nor did Angie care me, but we amused each other, and that was why I liked to go to see her. I bade her a lazy, affectionate good night while she stood in the door with the lamp and saw me down the path to the gate Then as I closed the gate she withdrew inside and the door was shut. I wan dered slowly along, looking up at the stars, kicking the dust with my feet feeling very dissatisfied with myself though not knowing what I ought to de or what I could do. I wondered if, after all, there were not some way of winning Ethel. I half believed that she did love me after all, even more deeply than I now loved her. Why wouldn't she yield

her stubborn little pride and let us be happy when we might be so happy? As I walked along I saw a figure in front of me, and as I overtook it the person, evidently a girl, arew aside to let me pass. As I did so I looked sharply to see who it might be taking a walk at that time of night, and what was my surprise to find Ethel.

Why, Ethel" cried I in amazement, "what in the world are you doing away off here, and bareheaded, too, a mil from home?" She hardly answered me, but her voice showed that she had been crying, and a

she pushed me from her she fell into a sitting posture on the grass. 'Go away, you false thing," she cried faintly between her sobs. "Let me alone I can take care of myself. Don't touch

She drew up her knees and buried be face on them, sobbing so violently that her small form shook and trembled in the starlight. All my hard feelings and anger disappeared in a moment, over-come by my pity and affection. But I was amazed and totally at a loss to guess

what could be the matter. Sinking on the grass beside her I put my arm about her tenderly, and bending my head near to hers, I asked as sympathetically as I could-"What is the matter, Ethel dear!

Don't you know that I am your friend? Let me help you. I promise I won't tell anybody.

"Oh, yes you will," she answered faintly with a hysterical laugh; "you will go and tell your Angie just as soon as you can get me comfortably disposed of. You had better go and tell her now, and I can wait for you."

and I can wait for you."
"Tell Angie!" I cried in amazement. Then it all dawned on me what the

matter was. Ethel was jealous of Angie, and had come to watch me. How my heart bounded. A girl who was jealous must first be in love. No more certain sign of love could I receive than this. I drew her little limp form closer in my arms, with a certain energy and decision that she made no attempt to resist, while

1 cried, half laughing-"Ethel, you dear, sweet girl! So you are jealous of Angie! Well, you needn't be, for I don't care a fig for her. I love you and you alone, and now you needn't deny any longer that you love me as much as I love you."

She was trying to hide her tear-wet face in her hands and the folds of her dress, but I managed to get mine down near enough to kiss her ear and part of her forehead, and then I drew her quite close into my arms and kissed her lips. "You mean thing!" she cried, in &

voice that tried to be very pettish, but did not succeed at all well. "You've been doing this to trick me." she went on. "If I had only guessed what you were up to!"

But by this time she was walking peacefully by my side, her arm linked in mine, though she turned her face away and tried to conceal the tears that now and then showed in the varying "If I had only known it would have

had this effect on you I should have worked the trick long ago," said I "But what made you lie to me all the time and say you didn't care?" "I didn't lie," protested she with great spirit now. "I didn't know it myself. I didn't think you cared for me and if I had let on that I cared for you

should have been disgraced." "Well, don't you think you run the same risk now?, I asked in a teasing

"Perhaps I do," she admitted, "but I couldn't help it this time. I think it was awfully mean of you to come along just then. I meant to get down that other street there before you overtook me. But it would have been undignified for me to run."

"Of course, you couldn't have run." said I in great good humor. Since that night I have never had any trouble with Ethel. I never argue with her nor ask questions. I always do just what I think is wisest and best for her, waiting for her to to protest if she disagrees with me and in the end we almost always come to be of the same mind. If she shows herself obstinate or pettish I do not blame her, but conclude that the poor thing is tired or unwell, and rather coddle her a little and treather as gently as I can, and she soon comes out of her disagreeable mood. It is the casiest thing in the world to manage a woman if you know how. But if you don't know how it is like trying to manage the devil.

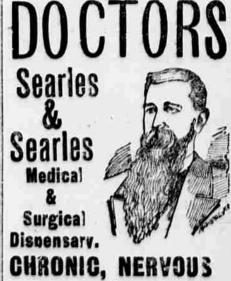
We couldnot improve the quality if paid double the price. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the best salve that experience can produce, or that money can buy

A GRAND OLD SOLDIER.

Marshal Conrobert Still Longs for Youth and the Da of Buttle. Although past 85, Marshal Conrobert, the last surviving marshal of France,

bears his years lightly. He was con-spicuous at the funeral of Marshal Mac-Mahon, and expressed to the Italian representative the hope that Italy would cut loose from the triple alliance and join hands with France. His hair has grown snowy white, but his eyes are as blue and brilliant as ever, and but for a little rheumatism he would have nothing to complain of. "You have come," he said to a reporter, recently, "to learn my impressions on the past and present. Alas! I have not much to tell you. All I desire now is repose-a repose closed against all the noise and bother from without, a repose in which I can remain alone with my remembrance of former times. I have withdrawn from the world since the death of my devoted and tender wife. and I live only in the past, which is particularly dear to me, for I feel that during my long career I have done my duty simply and honestly. You talk of my younger days. Alas! I never cease to think of them, and only wish they would come again to enable me to serve my country on the field of battle should war break out, which heaven forbid, for war is a terrible thing. But to hear the sound of cannon and not be able to take part in the fire, what an exeruciating torture!" and the marshal, overcome by his feelings, rose from his seat and paced the room. After a few minutes the fiery veteran

calmed down and resumed the conversa tion, "What, in reality, can I tell you? he asked. "I am not a learned man. am not a writer; I am only a man of war. I know of nothing but military expeditions, fields of battle and the shock of arms. From my youth I was fond of the army. I have passed my life on horseback throughout Europe and Africa. I have fought everywhere and all for the greatness and glory of our dear fatherland. Today perhaps I am used up, but I think if France needed my sword tomorrow I should have suffiient strength left to rush to her resenc. Ah! the life of a soldier is the finest of all. To become a soldier again, what a sweet dream! To recommence the campaigns of other days and follow one's career to the end without fear of r.proach, like the valiant Blaise de Montuc, whose epitaph should be that of all warriors-'Here ties Montlue, who never reposed but in his grave'-to live al this over again, what a beautiful dream, what a sad illusion!"



PRIVATE DISEASES

WE CURT CATARRH, All DISEASES OF THE NOSE, THROAT, CHEST, STOMACH BOWELS and LIVER, RHEUMATISM, DIS PEPSIA. BLOOD, SKIN and KIDNEY Disease FEMALE WEAKNESSES, LOST MAN HOOD CURED, and all forms of

WEAK MEN

HVDROCELE AND VARICOUELE permanent and successfully cured. Method new and onfaifing THEATMENT BY MAIL a specially. PILES, FISTULA, FISSURE, permanently carst without the use of kuife, ligature or direct. All maladies of a private or delicate distant, of either sex, positively cured.
Call on or address. with strong, for Circulara
Free Book, Rampos and Sympton Blants.
First stairway south of postoffice, room 7. Dr. Searies & Sparies, 118 South 15th St.