

CHAT WITH THE BOXERS

Glimmering Goes the Last Hope for Charlie and Jim.

A BATTLE ROYAL ON THANKSGIVING DAY

Death of Longfellow—Gossipy Horse Talk—The Green and Ducks—Amateur Athletics—Continous Pool and the Local Weekly Local Sport.

The latest intelligence about the great world jammie match between Charlie Mitchell and Jim Corbett is to the effect that this precious pair of worthies have at last agreed to adjust their differences in the historic arena at New Orleans for the paltry sum of \$3,000.

From the start I took no stock in the Mitchell-Corbett fight, as all my readers will bear me out, but I did say that in case I was mistaken and the big mitt did come off, that it could only be in New Orleans or on the turf. It was not long after this declaration, however, until the clergy of the Crescent City made an onslaught on the cohorts of Platana, and the result was to blot out the last hope of ever again witnessing anything like either one of the previous carnivals within the confines of the Pelican state.

In this connection the States says editorially: Nineteen-twentieths of the brutes who make big money by prize fighting, and whom the country disreputes itself by lifting into national notoriety, indeed, in the fashion, apothecizing, are personal cowards; men utterly destitute of that noble and generous spirit which fires the heart of a truly brave man, who is ever ready to stand the life in defense of his honor or of the wronged.

While the above goes to show how the great "moral" engine of the States stands on the question, the attitude of the States is quite funny. I well remember the night of the Sullivan-Corbett fight, and how I met at the ring side the whole staff of the States from the proprietor and editor down to the counting-room boy—in fact, every liv- ing soul connected with the shop, but an extra paid force, who remained at the office for the purpose of getting out the very full and very complete extra midnight edition, which they had printed in less than ten minutes after the Big fellow hit the sands for the last time.

I see that the Metropole club of Providence is endeavoring to get Bill S. and Tommy Ryan, and notwithstanding there is little more than cigarette money in the purse, it might be a go. Ryan is willing, in fact, to make a go, as he agrees to fight the Mysterious for training expenses, if nothing better is forthcoming, but Smith demands a heavy claim that he is a card second to none, and must have the ducks or he won't fight. See!

He punched the "Mysterious" one to a standstill, closing one eye, and severely cutting Smith's mouth. The latter then, so it is asserted, hit O'Brien on the neck. The affair was disgraceful, and the result of Smith, who could not refrain from using vile language. Appreciating the fact that Smith had provoked the fight and that he was getting what he deserved, the referee refused to interfere, and let the men battle until one or the other cried peevish, which an informed Smith said when they had fought for thirty minutes. This would indicate that Billy had none of the qualities of a boxer, and knows full well when he has had enough. He is a letter to me, after his contest with Tommy Ryan, to convey his regards to many other men possessing great strength and a knowledge of boxing, Smith is a good fighter as long as the rule of battle is in his favor, but he seems to have a stopping point. While this indicates lack of courage, it certainly shows good sense, which latter quality Billy was not suspected of having.

J. J. Quinn, the Pittsburgh sport who won a pile on Denver Ed Smith in his fight with Joe Goddard at New Orleans last spring, is going to save Ed over to Australia, so it is said, for the purpose of making the Barrier champion in his fair. Oh, my! Oh, my! This is the truest wallowing Denver has in store for himself, for of all the flukes in the world, the greatest is getting the best of the rugged old hero of the silver fields down in the Crescent City last March was the biggest.

In reply to my sporty friend, E. W. T., all I have got to say is that it is exceedingly cheeky in him to ask me to assume his trials and tribulations. I also inform him that these columns are not open to him or any one else to air their venomous opinions of anybody else. If you want to call attention to a horse thief and assert that his natural habitat is inside the walls of jail, write him a letter. The public prints are no place for such stuff as E. W. T. desires to see in such horse type. The Bee is open to all honest sportsmen to discuss their legitimate theories and ideas as to the merits of both man and beast, but they are not open to him or anybody else for personal quarrels, for vituperation or vilification. E. W. T., a good big husky sort of fellow himself, and ought to be pretty nearly able to take care of himself instead of endeavoring to saddle the job on disinterested newspaper men. Go get him.

Bob Fitzsimmons is in a bad box, not only factually, but conjugally. His wife for six

weeks past has been endeavoring to uproot him in the New York divorce mill, and Referee Gilberstein has just decreed that the divorce should be granted to the champion must pay his recalcitrant lawyer twenty-five cases a week, and also pay her lawyer's fees, \$500 a week, and such has become and that if the order of the court is enforced he will have to go to jail. He adds, however, that he will be enabled to pay all demands if he can get on a match with either Corbett or Mitchell. The latter he is willing to knock out in ten rounds, but demands a finish fight with Jimmy.

SANDY GUISWOLD

The Home of Champions. The one thing which has made the little city of Fullerton known abroad is the fact that it is the home of the champion trotting horse stars. Woodline (2:19), by Nutwood, and Shadeland Onward (2:18 1/2), by Onward. These two great horses have become known to horsemen wherever horse racing is admitted, because of their remarkable ability to produce early and extreme speed.

Woodline is now but 5 years old and is the champion of that age. He is a 4-year-old was the first sire of his age in America to produce a 2:30 performer. He is the sire of Ella Woodline, yearling record, 2:29 1/2; 2-year-old record, 2:28 1/2; Atalene, yearling, 2:28 1/2, and Cattie Woodline, yearling. These three fillies are the only foals of Woodline that have ever had a harness on and they have started in thirty-six races, being outside the money only once. They have met the greatest yearling and 2-year-olds from Maine to California and have won seventeen first moneys. Fifteen seconds, once divided first and second, once divided second and third and got third place twice.

Shadeland Onward is sire of Belle Aetna, the champion yearling pacer of America. As a yearling this filly took a record of 2:07 1/2, a record which she has never been beaten by. As a 2-year-old she was beaten by Onward, Shadeland Onward is also the sire of Fred K., 2-year-old record, 2:11 1/2, and two others.

On Saturday last the owners of Woodline and Shadeland Onward had advertised to give a public exhibition of speed on the part of these two sires and several of their get, and this called out a crowd from Fullerton and the surrounding towns. At 2 o'clock, when the afternoon program was started, fully 5,000 people were on the ground and showed their appreciation of the fast and rapid applause as the different horses were exhibited.

Shadeland Onward was driven three-eighths in 3:17, 3/4, 1/2, 1/4, 1/8, 1/16, 1/32. Neither of these horses had had any previous preparation, and Woodline was hitched to an eighty-pound cart. Shadeland's last two eighth mile was at 1:16 gait, while Woodline's were made at 2:08 gait.

Montrose L., a green colt by Shadeland Onward, and Dictator, were driven a mile in 2:37 1/2. Fred K. by Shadeland Onward, was started to beat the track record of 2:19 1/2, and went the mile in 2:37 1/2. Chautauard, by Shadeland Onward, was started to beat 2:28, and trotted a game mile in 2:27 1/2. Barney Allen, to beat 2:29 1/2, went in 2:28 1/2. Atalene and Cattie Woodline were sent an exhibition half the mile and went in 1:28. Atalene was later sent to beat 1:33 and went the half easy in 1:15.

A half dozen others of the get of Shadeland Onward were exhibited, and a fast lot of game youngsters were never seen.

Woodlot, by Woodline, dam Capulet, (full sister to Dumas) by Onward, second dam Mistress (dam of Dumas, 2:18 1/2, and Cattie 2:27 1/2), by Hamlin's Almont, was sold Saturday to Dr. J. W. Snyder, Osceola, Neb., for \$600. Woodline, the 2-year-old filly, by Onward, was sold to Madden & Welch, at Lexington, Ky., for \$5,000. At Lexington, the same week, seventy-five head of "fat" stock were sold, and it is the credit of Nebraska that this filly sold for more money, by over \$1,000, than any one of them.

Death of Longfellow

Longfellow, the most celebrated American race horse of his day and a famous sire of thoroughbred stock, died last Sunday night of old age and colic at E. B. Harper's Nantura stock farm, Midway, Ky. The horse for years occupied a leading place on the list of winning sires and up to within the last few seasons clung on well among the sires of winners, notwithstanding the vast increase in the breeding interest and the great volume of importations of the best blood of Great Britain and France. Longfellow's prowess on the turf gave him a fame that few horses in the United States have ever had before or since his racing career. He was owned by John Nantura, Nantura farm, which place still carries the name of Longfellow's dam, and was foaled in 1867.

Annular for Thanksgiving Day. A battle royal Thanksgiving Day football. What a grand rush will be all along the line, and what a royal battle is in store for local lovers of the gridiron field. The championship tussle between the teams of the rival universities of Nebraska and Iowa at Young Men's Christian association park this city, will be a set-off for your whistlers. Much speculation is already rife as to the outcome. Many lean toward the boys from over the river, but the home team will have to lack of patrous. They are showing up unexpectedly strong in preliminary games, and will give us all a run for our money. No time is being lost in preparation. Both teams are at it daily, and are bound to be well toughened for the struggle. May the best team win.

The game is making rapid progress toward general popularity, not only in Omaha, but all the larger towns throughout the state. During the past several years we have had several attempts at championship games at the local grounds, but none of them are noted for any particular brilliancy in the way of play. The game on the last day of this month, however, between the well drilled teams of the university of this state and Nebraska will be a first royal. The battle will be under the management of the Young Men's Christian association, and nothing looking toward the comfort and enjoyment of the big crowd that will assuredly be on hand will be neglected. Grounds, stands and everything else will be found in ship shape. The railroads will run excursion trains, and everything points to a day of unexampled sport.

The Academy's First Night

The Omaha Athletic academy will give its first public exhibition of boxing, fencing, single stick and savate at its rooms in the New York Life building next Tuesday evening. Prof. Guiswold and Donahue will work industriously with their several classes and promise the admirers of many sports an interesting evening's entertainment.

All that is New in Base Ball Circles

Billy Armour has signed with Buffalo for \$1,500 a day for his services.

The Western league's troubles have commenced before the organization has fairly been born. Charles Mitchell, the Pittsburg manager, has already put in his application for umpire.

Sioux City has raised \$1,500 cash quarterly for a western league franchise and if Omaha remains out and the league is

commensated, which is unlikely, the corn palace town will get the pie.

Dan Cusack, who was once a catcher for "The Only Nola," is paying dearly for his love of pugilism. He was one of Harry Sharpe's seconds at Newark last spring, and is still in jail at New Orleans. Frank Killen will sleep on his contract all winter. He hasn't signed and wants more salary. Killen is different from a good many other Pittsburg people. The word "wonder" is not in his vocabulary. He is a regular, and he is thankful to get his job just now.—Tom Mulford.

The Baltimore have purchased the release of Bert Lusk of the Springfield. The Orioles put up \$500. Year before last Washington had bought and dropped him. The whirlwind of time brings about queer changes.

White Wings Tobiasen is figuring on being one of the best pitchers in the league this season. Well, it is not unlikely that George is yet capable of good league ball. I remember the time when he was the idol of the fans.

There are letters at the sporting department of The Bee for Fred Stone, sprinter, postmarked St. Paul; E. Hamilton, pitcher, postmarked Denver; and Joe Kelly, ball player, postmarked Wisner, Neb., and Pittsburg, Pa.

Mark Baldwin, referring to "Dad" Clarke, the great giant, says: "Clarke is about as big as a lot of men put together. He is a Chicago pitcher. He has a fine reputation for a minor league, and ought to be successful in the big league."

Bill Schmeiz has felt called upon to dip out the ink bottle and reply to some of his caustic critics who see in the new Senators material fit to shine in a team in the East. Knob has and dropped him.

The new men signed Eagan is a pitcher hailing from Media, Pa. Mercer was the leading pitcher in the New England league last season. Cartwright, who played first for Memphis last season, has no equal among league first basemen as a runner, no superior as a fielder and few peers as a hitter.

More young players were signed by the league last week than in any other year in the history of either the league or the association. This was because many of the veteran players became too aged for the league.

On the Lake and in the Field. Colonel J. J. Dickey and George Hoagland are up in the neighborhood of North Platte after geese.

The story of the sporting editor's wild bird shoot in South Dakota will appear in next Sunday's issue of The Bee.

George Tschuck of this city and Colonel Hoffman of Council Bluffs are peppering away at the mallards on the road up at Raccoon lake, South Dakota.

George W. Loomis, who is unquestionably one of Omaha's best shots, made the second best bag in the recent club hunt, forty-two quail in addition to considerable other game.

Clark Hutton of Gothenberg was in the city Monday. He said the Canadas were coming in thick and this week, the weather holding good, he expects to check the flight of a few.

Hon. Charles Withnell and party have returned from a very successful week's goose shoot up about the mountains. They brought home a bag of honkers and small fry of all kinds and descriptions.

The venerable Judge Dandy has returned from his annual bear hunt in the mountains of Colorado. He had his usual share of bears besides bringing down two silver tips, one of them a whale.

Veteran Captain A. H. Bogardus, the real champion pigeon shooter for the past over seventeen years, believes Charles W. Budd of Dea Moines, Ia., the ablest live pigeon match shooter in the states.

W. H. Harrison, one of the most popular and thoroughbred sportsmen in the state, was in the city Wednesday. He says there are more quail about the mountains than there was a few years ago. Seventy-five birds is not an exaggerated bag for a single good shot in a day.

Fred Montourneyer of the B. & M. headquarters bagged the quail one day recently just beyond the suburbs of the city. Fred always gets them when he goes after them, and no mistake. He was one of the best shots in the game.

Assistant Superintendent Parks and Ike Dillon of the Union Pacific railroad, North Platte, were up in the sand hills of the northwestern part of this state within the past ten days and killed thirteen antelope. The unprecedented bag of quail was all driven the animals down from the mountains, and many have ventured back into their haunts of former days in Nebraska.

A quartet of men residing in Dunlap, Charter Oak and Denison, Ia., have challenged any four shots of Omaha, Frank Parmelee barred, to shoot them a match race Thanksgiving day, fifty birds in one day, for \$50 a corner. As yet the challenge has not been accepted, but there is little doubt but what a quartette of local experts will go over to Dunlap and get the birds.

William Price of Council Bluffs came in a day or two since with thirteen dozen quail, which he killed on the high south of the Bluffs, in the Palmer settlement. He asserts that he can jump twenty-five distinct coveys in a day and that the shooting line, as the young birds are prone to take to the grass, where it is no trick to get your birds one by one.

Dr. Galbraith and Henry Homan of this city and Dr. Richardson of Parkos and Joe Brindley of West Virginia, put in a day last week with quail out on Prairie creek. Dr. Galbraith bagged 36, Richardson 31, Brindley 29, while Homan, who was out for a demonstration tough luck, succeeded in slaughtering one nearly little meadow lark, by the aid of a dead rat and a live mouse.

All talk about the Omaha club being dissatisfied with their annual club hunt is a mistake. Four-fifths of the members are heartily in touch with this fall's cooperation, and since the late hunt the organization has had several applications for membership on this account alone. A trap shoot for supper instead of the hunt while it is worthy of consideration, cuts no figure for the genuine sportsman who knows there is nothing like actual work on game in the field.

In regard to the challenge from the Iowa quartette to the Omaha shooters for a match Thanksgiving day, J. H. Harris says there is no ground for their barring Frank Parmelee. Mr. Parmelee, he acknowledges, is a very fine shot, but he is distinctly an Omaha man and had not ought to be excluded from a match in which he is not a single one of the challenging parties are known. If the prohibitionists insist on shutting Parmelee out, Mr. Harris says he will shoot each one of the Iowa experts on the day mentioned, fifty live birds for \$50 a side, and toss up for choice of shooting grounds.

Talk of the Horsemen. Des Moines, Ia., has two sons of Hamble

tonian 10; no other city or town in the United States has as many.

W. A. Cole, one of the reliable turf writers of the country, now with the Chicago Horseman, stopped in on the sporting editor Monday.

Nebraska's futurity stake has been declared off.

F. Woodall Pierce, Neb., has sold the valuable brood mare, Lilly Vera, by Talaveras, 2:30, bred by Seneca, Chief, to James Britton, Wayne, Neb.—Western Items.

Nebraska's great stallion, Shadeland Onward, is 10 years old; he has six performers to his credit and their average time is 2:15; two of the six hold world records.

OMAHA, Nov. 8.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please answer for me the following questions: R. U. and D. are players; poker; a Jack pot comes up. A opens it. R stays and raises the pot. C stays and raises. A's money drops. R stays and raises. C's cards. Do he lose his money or is he entitled to another card? This is all done before the draw.—Hale.

ANS.—He do not, nor is he entitled to another card. He simply draws his raise and betting starts on the original stake between A and B.

ALBANY, Nov. 8.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please answer in SUNDAY BEE to the question: A bet on a horse race on the board as judge or clerk of said election is illegal. And if elected are they legally entitled to the office of a voter.

ANS.—It is illegal.

MANAGER OF THE BEE: Has the new western base ball league completed its organization? If so, what cities have been granted franchises?—W. W. Brown.

ANS.—It has not been organized and it is doubtful whether it will be any way, with the circuit mapped out to the Chicago meeting.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 8.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: A bet on a horse race on the board as judge or clerk of said election is illegal. And if elected are they legally entitled to the office of a voter.

ANS.—It is illegal.

ANS.—72 miles, 19 laps, eight hours daily. Information Wanted.—Can any reader of THE SUNDAY BEE let me know through these columns the address of the owner of an Ethan Allen stud dog, or give the breeding of that strain.—H. W. Woods, Davenport, Ia.

DAWITT'S Little Early Risers. Small pills, safe pills, best pills.

Rev. Isham Mills, a Massachusetts clergyman, has applied for a patent for writing shoes. He hasn't entirely relinquished the care of his flock.

Rev. Josiah Ward of St. Johnsbury, Vt., recently deceased, bequeathed \$10,000 to the Vermont Methodist seminary for the foundation of a professorship.

Dr. Egan of Ireland, recently deceased, primate of Ireland, is said to have received his archiepiscopal promotion through an error, the sea having been intended for another Dr.

Bishop Williams of Connecticut is now the senior bishop in the order of consecration having jurisdiction in the Anglican communion in the world, and having been consecrated in October, 1851.

The last of the money necessary to make Dr. D. K. Pearson's gift of \$50,000 available was raised in Chicago last week and now the Chicago theological seminary enjoys an additional endowment of \$50,000 through Dr. Pearson's generosity.

Rev. Samuel D. Ferguson, missionary bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church at Cape Palmas, Africa, is in Baltimore. He is a native of Charleston, S. C., and is the only colored member of the Episcopal house of bishops now in the United States.

Rev. M. J. Savage of Boston preached a sermon whose subject was Lucy Stone's last words: "Make the World Better." He said that not one of the women mentioned in the bible accomplished one-tenth part of the good accomplished by her.

That is a novel and useful partnership which Rev. Mr. Wright of Brooklyn and his wife have entered into. Wright is also a minister, and they have between them taken the pastorate of two churches and will alternate between the pulpits each week.

The days between Monday, November 12, and Saturday, November 18, will be great days for the Salvation army. Representatives from all the states will then meet in New York city and hold a Columbian congress. Commander Hallington Booth, to whose splendid enthusiasm the organization owes its growth, is the wonderful solidarity and discipline of the singular society of which he is the American head, believes that this congress will be the most notable gathering of the battalions in the history of his army.

Among the prominent people expected at the yearly meeting of Friends in Baltimore is Dr. W. H. Harrison, an English English preacher. He is now in his 88th year. He has been around the world once, and is now engaged in doing it again. He has been a preacher of the Society of Friends for sixty years, and has been on many missionary trips, among other places to Norway, Iceland, the Faroe Islands, Greenland, Labrador, South Africa and New Zealand. He started on his present trip around the world three years ago.

Dean Hoffman of the General Theological Seminary in New York, has a large income as large as that of Cornelius Vanderbilt. He inherited most of his property, which is in the form of city real estate. The Hoffman house, containing the celebrated library, belongs principally to this worthy clergyman, and pays 35 per cent on the investment. He has given more than a million to the church, and his brother, Dr. Charles E. Hoffman, built All Angels' church, endowed it and gave it to the parish. Dean Hoffman was born in 1829, was educated at Rutgers college, was ordained a deacon in Christ church in New Brunswick, spent two years in mission work, held several appointments, and in 1864 went to Grace church in Brooklyn Heights and afterward to St. Mark's church in Philadelphia. In 1879 he became dean of the General Theological seminary, the chief theological school of the Protestant Episcopal church in America.

European expositions have awarded their premiums to "The American" magazine, Cook's Extra Dry Imperial. Try it. Highest award, diploma and medal, Columbian ex.

A clergyman of New York, who was preaching in a neighboring village the other Sunday, astonished the congregation by saying: "I wish to invite you to work by the first train, as I have a wife and five children there and have never seen one of them." This declaration excited the most painful curiosity among the good people which was allayed, however, when it became known that the "one" which the clergyman had never seen was one that had been born since he left home the day before.

Mills that cure sick headache: DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

According to the Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Republic, the Cleveland snub caused all the havoc.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND" MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY. COLVIN, Ia., Dec. 2, 1892.—My wife used MOTHER'S FRIEND before her third confinement, and says she would not be without it for hundreds of dollars. DOKE MILLS.

Sent by express on receipt of price, \$1.00 per box. Book "MOTHER'S FRIEND" free. BRADFORD REGULATOR CO., 109 N. 1st St., ATLANTA, GA.

COME OUT OF THE COLD.

Secure a Home in the Unequaled Climate of Clarke County, Washington, While You Can.

The cost of winter's fuel in other countries will pay for a home that will give an income of a THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR in Clarke County, Washington.

450 dollars saved and applied to the purpose during the next five years will accomplish this grand result for every working man who reads this advertisement.

There is no doubt about it, no chance for failure under our plan. Every man can accomplish it just so sure as he can save \$450 in the next five years.

After that he is an independent man living in his own home, under his own vine and fruit tree, reaping the reward of his own frugality and industry, He then owes no man service, asks no man for wages, has an inheritance of productive land for his children in a country that knows no heat, no cold, no thunder and lightning, no hail, no high winds or raging storms.

This is new in immigration. We have this country. We want people for it.

To get them we prepare homes for them, using our land and their money. We make these homes ready to give them incomes while they are yet following their usual vocations in other countries.

We guarantee all we undertake and surround our guarantee with every possible safeguard in the interest of the home seeker so that there is no chance for loss or disappointment.

We are open and plain in our operations, we invite the closest scrutiny.

We have taken one committee of investors from Omaha for the land. The following is the report of that committee as published in the Sunday Bee of October 29th;

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 23, 1893. To Omaha Investors in Clarke County, Washington Fruit Lands: Report.—As a member of your committee, I have this day visited and examined the lands of the Stearns Fruit Land Company in Clarke County, Washington, about four and a half miles from Vancouver, and find them fully up to the representations of the company in every particular. The land set apart for you is level, the soil is excellent, the location desirable, the whole country around it is beautiful with small farms planted to fruit; the roads are good, schools and churches are near. The people living there are all Americans of the best class. In fact I am fully satisfied with the land and the county. I find that the facts in regard to yield of crops have been underestimated rather than otherwise by that company in all its circulars. Respectfully submitted, S. R. MUMAUGH, For the Committee.

John Steel, Esq., a member of the Omaha City Council, saw the land two days after the above and endorses every word of it over his signature.

Only a payment large enough to show good faith is required till you know you are all right and can go ahead.

The second free excursion will leave Omaha, Nov. 20th, via Union Pacific route and Grand Columbia river, returning via Portland, Oregon, for the purpose of selecting lands.

Each subscriber for twenty acres is entitled to go.

Any combination of subscribers for smaller farms amounting to twenty acres, are entitled to send one representative.

Each subscriber may take as many acres as is desired, from one to twenty.

Each homestead, when completed, will give an annual income equal to its cost.

See circulars and application blanks, obtainable at the Bee office, the Union Pacific city ticket office, 13th and Farnam, D. V. Sholes Co., 1st National Bank building, of D. H. Stearns, Paxton Hotel, or of Shriver & O'Donohoe, Paxton Block.

This is a chance of a lifetime. Our present offer can never be duplicated.

STEARNS FRUIT LAND CO., 107 First Street, Portland, Oregon.