

CHAT WITH THE BOXERS

Tommy Ryan and Mysterious Billy to Settle an Old Score.

ALIX AND FLYING JIB AT UNION PARK

Whisperings of the Wheel—The Shooters and the Fishers—The Bourke Family, Gossip and the Customary Grist of Local Sports.

Tommy Ryan and Mysterious Billy Smith have at last been matched for a final fight. The Twin City Athletic club at Minneapolis sets the attraction, and it will come off early in August, the exact date not yet being set.

I cannot help but look upon Ryan as the man, however, and yet there is plenty of time to stake your bank note on either piece. The two have already had a couple of limited shys at each other, and on all hands it was agreed that the western lad had much the best of both.

Another thing, scanning the records of the two men, it looks as if it ought to be a long and stiff battle. Physically the men are well matched. They will scale the 142 pounds, which means Smith's very best weight, while with Tommy it is a question. He was as big as Dick Moore when I saw him at Jacksonville last winter, and weighed 142 pounds, which means Smith's very best weight.

All of you folk who have studied the game know how unscientific and unbusinesslike is the form by comparative analysis. It is very often leads up to false conclusions as to the relative merits of men, and yet it is our only means of judging men who have never made the whole journey.

I do not want Tommy's friends—and I am one of them—to infer by the foregoing remarks that I am averse to the fight, or that I do not believe that it will be injudicious for them to install Tommy as an odds on favorite two months before the fight.

In appearance Tom and Billy do not differ much. Both are tall and straight as arrows, with square shoulders and finely modeled arms and legs. Ryan is taller, being five feet two, as Smith's underpinning barely exceeds average size.

In reviewing the situation, Peter Donohue says, "Whatever you may say or think about Champion Jim Corbett you must give him credit for being consistent in at least one respect, and that is the English style. He has determined, and very sensibly adds that he cannot see how he would be benefited by fighting in the American style.

It takes two men to make a fight, and at the present time it seems to me that the two men who are to fight are the English style. He has determined, and very sensibly adds that he cannot see how he would be benefited by fighting in the American style.

MARSHALLTOWN, Ia., June 13.—Sandy Griswold, Sporting Editor of The Bee: Will you please be kind enough to put this challenge in the Bee. It is a wonderful one, and you have any men there in his class would be glad to hear from them.—C. A. Close.

MARSHALLTOWN, Ia., June 9.—I hereby challenge any 155-pound man, give or take five pounds, in the state of Iowa or Nebraska to a ten-round glove contest for \$100 a side and gate receipts, which will no doubt amount to \$500 or \$600 after paying expenses, winner to take the balance.

produce a man for him, and we will try and demonstrate just how wonderful this man is.

Lawn Tennis in Omaha. These are bright days for lawn tennis in Omaha. The tournament on the club ground on Harney street and the "members-only" tournament of the Young Men's Christian association to begin tomorrow are nothing more than the outward and visible signs of the inward life and enthusiasm that have placed this most healthful game in the very front rank among outdoor sports in the city.

Time was when the Englishmen had the game in their own hands, when they held all the championships, and so far as public play was concerned they were very near monopolizing the whole thing. There were of course always a few Americans who were to be found in the courts, but now they are very largely in the majority and some of them are quite in the front rank of all.

And Omaha is not the only town in the state that can make a good showing in lawn tennis. Hastings always has manifested a considerable interest in the game, and the fact that she has been promised the doubles championship, a cup worth \$15 is making the local tennis quite a little to have things up to the tip-top by the time the date for that event comes around.

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It is too early yet to say very much about the tennis in Omaha. It has been in progress for the whole of the past week. The number of entries was unusually encouraging and the only pity is that the weather was not so good as it has been.

THE FLYERS AT UNION PARK. The Clinton H. Briggs trotting meeting, which comes off at Union park, over the river, the 26th, 27th and 28th of this month, is creating a great furor among western sportsmen.

The purses and special moneys aggregate over \$10,000, more money than has been put in any three race meetings here for years. All horsemen who know the management know that what he says will go. Each purser is bona fide and will be paid at the time as soon as the judges have announced the winners.

W. P. McNair, who is working in conjunction with the judges, has announced the coming meeting, is already on the grounds and putting in every hour at hard work. A trip to the park will convince the most skeptical that nothing is to be left out.

some of the greatest trotters in the country, and by the time of the closing of the entries next Saturday, the 23d, there will be double as many fine horses here as at any previous meeting.

Both the Omaha and Council Bluffs business men and turf lovers are much interested in the success of Mr. Briggs' frat enterprise and will allow nothing to escape them that would have a tendency to augment the chances his chance of a triumph.

The Crescent Cycling club was organized at Fremont last week with twenty-eight charter members, and the following official roster: President, Frank Slack; vice president, H. Fredrickson; secretary and treasurer, Tony Plambeck; captain, J. D. Johnson; first lieutenant, George Gauger; second lieutenant, George Silvey.

GRINDY CENTRE, Ia., June 11.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: I see by Police News Bob Harris of Niobrara, Neb., challenges any man in America to run a seventy-five yard foot race, barring Morris and Quirk.

The Bourke family migrates to Des Moines tomorrow for three games, June 19, 20 and 21, then they come home again for eighteen straight games at the Charles street park. June 22, 23 and 24 the Rock Islands are here; June 26, 27 and 28, Peoria; June 29, 30 and July 1, Jacksonville, and July 3, 4, 5, the Yellow Boys from Quincy.

Chin Concerts at the Park. Manager Rourke hereafter will guard right field. Thomas Jefferson Hickey's farmer boys will be here this afternoon. Omaha won the first and last game and in the second game was guilty of enough yellow playing to last them several months.

Whisperings of the Wheel. The French gentleman picked out by the knowing ones, "the Zimmo," M. Laver writes his name "Dennis" now. Wheeler rode away from him on the finish like a freight train running wild on the down grade.

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judge of these things. He wants a well broken dog for field work, and I know no better authority than yourself to whom to apply, give us the name of some breeder or trainer, or both, who can fill the bill and do it without charging so fancy a price as to put it out of the question. Answer at once, if convenient, in care of address on this envelope, and mysteriously oblige, C. W. Hamilton, Pawlet, Neb.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., June 17.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please state in next Sunday's Bee whether Empire Club of Monk Cline, who was left here for Sioux City in 1880—Subscriber.

DAVID CITY, Neb., June 14.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please let me know through next Sunday's Bee what the best baiting ever used for catching and how many bases made by the batter, and by whom made. I think that Munyan of this year, Omaha, has the best. Am I right?—A. F. P.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures ulcers. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures ulcers.

MYSTERIES OF FLORIDA. An Underground River that Makes Things Very Lively.

Two miles south of Gainesville, Fla., is a prairie. At certain seasons strangers wonder why it is called a "prairie," for they look out upon a broad stretch of water so deep that storms churn its surface into rolling white-capped billows.

On the edge of the prairie, half walled in by rock, dense with immense trees draped in long festoons of moss, is a pool of water called "The Sink" and which is so deep that it never been sounded. From this sink an underground river flows and makes its way no one knows where.

Some gossamer stories are connected with the Brookville pool. It is said that the place is haunted, and that a mysterious disappearance in it, never to be heard of afterward. In the pioneer days of that part of the country, so the stories go, there was a secret society which washed all its dirty linen in that pool. In other words, if a man or woman, or a grave digger, or a member of the society, be or was washed, bound, and in the darkness of night thrown into the pool.

CHICAGO, June 13.—Sandy Griswold, Sporting Editor of The Bee: I have a friend here, Mr. J. McDonald, who is an experienced sportsman, and for almost the first time in his life without a good bird dog, I have myself shot over his dog in a sack game, and I know him to be a

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