IN THE REALM OF SPORT

What the Followers of the Gun Are Engaged At.

WHISPERINGS OF THE WHIRLING WHEEL

Breezy News from Track and Stable—An Old Timer's Story—The Dog Law Passes—And the Usual Weekly Grist.

Fred Hoey, the American trap shot, didn't do a thing to the foreign shooters at Monte Carlo last Wednesday. In a field of fifty-four shooters, for a purse of $1,500, Hoey came out on top with a clean kill of twenty-three birds. Galletti, the French crack, was second, with a score of twenty-two out of twenty-three. The American is way ahead on his trip, and he is now the envy of all the celebrated shots on this side.

The intense cold of the last ten days has not been as severe on prairie chickens and quail as would naturally be supposed. The fact that there has been but little snow on the ground alone proved their salvation, however. With a half foot of snow the destruction to the birds would have been enormous. Such a condition would have rendered it impossible for them to have secured feed, and this would have meant death to them by the wholesale. When feed is obtainable, the extreme cold is not nearly so destructive, as in this state the cover for the birds in the river and creek bottoms and in the dense plum and hazel thickets, is so dense that they can defy the frigidity of almost any blast.

One of the old time shooters, commenting on the Hardin-Prince bear story of last Sunday, said last evening to a knot of sportsmen gathered around the stove at the Cross company gun store: "Yes, there use to be lots o' funny things happen in those days, and I've got a good one on the irrepressible Colonel Parmelee. One evening in the spring of '87, at the time of the big tournament here, a lot of us, including Billy Hughes, Goodley Brucker, Charlie Budd, Charlie Lane, old man Den and others were congregated in front of Hardin's gun store down on the corner of Thirteenth and Dodge, talking shooting, when Frank—he had not been brevetted colonel then—stepped up and said:

"'I can b-b-beat any man in the state, twenty-five pair of live birds, for ea-ea-eight hundred dollars!'

"Hardin spoke up in jig time, 'You're my huckleberry—step in the store and we'll post a forfeit of $250 with Mr. Hughes.'

"'What's that?' demanded Parmelee. 'What did'ye think I said?'

"'You said you would bet $800 you could beat any man in the state twenty-five pairs of live birds,' answered Hardin.

"'Eight hundred hells!' ejaculated the colonel with acerbity, "I said a-a-a-hundred dollars!'

"'Oh, a hundred dollars!' rejoined Johnny. 'Well, that suits me just the same.'

"So they went inside and posted $25 each in Charlie Lane's hands, as a forfeit for $100 to be shot for under the conditions named the next Saturday afternoon at 1 o'clock. The day soon came 'round and Hardin, with a crowd of friends, was on the grounds on time, but no colonel put in an appearance. They waited impatiently until 2, and Frank not showing up, I told Hardin he had better take Parmelee's forfeit and look pleased, but Hardin refused. He was in great form and anxious to shoot, but Frank didn't give him the chance. Hardin waited until 6 o'clock in the evening, but the colonel never materialized, and that is the history of the only money "splatter" ever gave up without a fight. But it is the gospel, every word of it."

Dr. Carver will shoot his third and deciding match with Tom Marshall, mayor of Keithsburg, Ill., at Hot Springs next Tuesday afternoon. The series of three matches at 100-live birds each for $500 a side now stands horse and horse.

Clark R. Hutton, Paxton's crack field shot, goes to the Big Horn basin to settle about the middle of March. Hut says Paxton is too quiet for him, and he has to migrate. Expects to subdest on grizzley bear steak for a year or two, then he will be right in it. Well, success, me lad. Remember me with the pelt of a 1,000-pounder when you get one and I'll call it square.

Dr. H. G. Caples of Percival was in the city a few days last week. He declares there are more prairie chicken in his neighborhood this winter than he has known there for fifteen years, and claims they have been driven in there by the scarcity of feed in the north and west.

Captain Haskell, from McPherson county, was in with four carloads of cattle last Wednesday. He told the writer that there had been eight or nine big mountain wolves killed near his place within the past two weeks. The ranchmen all over the county are up in arms against the vicious brutes and are determined to exterminate them. Every man carries a Winchester, and when they strike a wolf track they follow it up until they get his pelt. One ranchman alone has lost twenty-eight head of 2 and 3-year-old steers. Paul Jensen, who is one of the old scouts of the northwest sandhill country, killed four of these big wolves last week. Jensen is the man who run down and lariated a big gray last fall.

What's the matter with Reed?

Bob Wells says rabbit hunting near Florence is overdone.

It is currently reported that Dr. Bryant is the best quail shot in the state.

Isn't it about time for Frank Parmelee to shoot a live-bird match with some of the blowhards?

J. H. McConnell and Dr. Galbraith will soon sojourn to sunny Florida and will spend a week at Tampa with their mutual friend, Dr. Conklin, catching tarpon and shooting alligators.

We are reliably informed that Dr. Burrell killed a deer with a pickax while on a deer and turkey hunt in Arkansas a short time ago.

W. J. Hawks, the author of the "Badger Slide, or Who Killed the Antelope?" expects to make it unpleasant for the ducks and geese in the vicinity of Clarks early next month.

W. P. McFarlane, the popular president and prize winner of the Bemis Park Gun club, will scour up his rainmaker and hie himself to the sand hills of northwestern Nebraska in early spring to kill a few carloads of ducks and geese. Did Mac ever tell you his experience at Hotel DeReshaw on the reservation?

Dr. F. N. Connor, a leading dentist of this city, has recently perfected a turkey call which will no doubt make easy of capture that wary bird. His neighbors say it makes a fool of even a domestic bird and that they experience a great deal of trouble in rounding up their fowls after the doctor has been practicing on his invention. Sportsmen desiring to examine this wonderful instrument may do so by calling at Dr. Connor's office in the Continental block.

J. A. Fuller, the famous deer hunter, and the only man on record who has killed a doe possessing a beautiful pair of antlers, is making great preparations for a duck and goose slaughter this spring. The venerable Nimrod states that the spring shooting on the Platte this year will surpass that of many years. For, he argues, there will be an abundance of feed, as the corn and grain crop was so short in that locality last fall that in many cases it was not harvested.

Henry Homan of this city, who is acknowledged to be the champion field shot of Nebraska, has, we are informed, applied for patent on his new coyote separator, which, judging from the model, promises to be a grand success and will no doubt insure him the blessings of future generations of sportsmen. The purpose of this device is to separate the jack rabbits from the increasing bands of coyotes in western Nebraska. Mr. Homan has spared neither time nor money in perfecting this separator, as the experience of himself and friends has long since proven beyond even the shadow of a doubt that an invention of this kind would be the only means whereby the festive Nimrod might once more make a decent bag of coyotes.

Palaver of the Ball Players.

Roger Connor's brother Joe has caught on at Wheeling.

Tom York, the veteran, is to handle the Albanys in the New York State league.

Charlie Dewald has been released by Cleveland and Manager McVittie is after him.

T. F. Underwood, who was with the Brooklyn National League club last season, has been forwarded an Omaha contract.

Work on the Charles Street park grandstand will begin next week. A commodious reserve department is to be erected on the south end of the south wing, a new reporters' box built and other needed improvements made.

There won't be as much rubber in the Western league ball the coming season as there was last. It is unnecessary to state that there won't be as many home runs, three-baggers or "charley-horsed" outfielders in that organization in 1895 as there was in 1894.

"A good workman is known by the chips under his table," and a prospective sucessful base ball season is foretold by the number of minor leagues in the field. If the minors furnish any straw to show what is in store for the magnates, then they can look forward to 1895 with longing eyes. The coming season promises to eclipse any season in the matter of minor leagues. The Eastern and Western leagues head the minors in point of importance, followed by State, Interstate, Central, Southern, New England and other leagues of smaller caliber.

When Jack Doyle returned to Holyoke after the Temple cup series last fall he placed his bank roll in a national bank. Jack had quite a lively winter, sporting and electioneering, and found it necessary to draw frequent checks. A week or so ago the cashier sent him word that his account had been overdrawn and requested a settlement. The ball player immediately hied himself to the bank and said that was an impossible state of affairs, and produced his check book with the triumphant remark: "Why, there's thirty-eight of 'em here I haven't used yet."—New York World.

Like the pitchers' averages, the base running figures have aroused the critics. They have a suspicious sort of look, and John B. Foster ejaculates: "What's this, Dan Brouthers among the first twenty? That puts a bad look upon all the statistics. There are too many Baltimore players too well advanced in base running percentages to have the figures look healthy. It strikes a man up a tree that every time a Baltimore player started for second base it was counted a stolen base, whether he earned it or not. Then, too, there may have been a bushel of stolen bases given on bases made from second to third when the batter rapped out a base hit just as the runner started from first. There are other ways to swell the percentage column than to feed it dry apples and water."

One day recently, says Ren Mulford, Daniel Brouthers, the mayor of Wappinger's Falls, while engaged in a thinking part, had a thought shipped to Baltimore by canal boat. It was to the effect that maybe Dan wouldn't play this year. Manager Ned Hanlon didn't exclaim: "My stars! What shall we do?" and then fall in a fit. Not he. He's too old a bird. He simply reached into the Western league camp and picked Carey off Milwaukee's fence. This first baseman is a Pennsylvania league recruit who did good work for Milwaukee last season. He is a six-footer and had a batting average of .364 to his credit. Since his seizure Dan'l has changed his mind and declares he will be ready to take his place in Orioles' Roost when the bell rings.

The very players who when in the zenith of their playing glory used to talk about getting out of the game and going in other business about signing time every year, in order to squeeze more salary out of their clubs, are the very last to get out of harness. Parisian Bob Caruthers and Orator James O'Rourke are two cases in sight. "Parisian" Bobby, who, by the way, is of a wealthy and influential family, used to spring the business gag every time about signing time, is now signed to a $700 contract with the Bay City team. There was a time when Bob wanted about twice that much as a bonus for signing a contract. Jim O'Rourke, who used to bluff raises in salary by his talking of practicing law, tried his hand at umpiring, and after his failure there turned his attention to the minor leagues. Jim is now at the head of the Bridgeport (Conn.) club.

"Many queer stories have come out of the west," writes O. P. Caylor, "but none which stubs the toe of credibility so sorely as the statement from Von der Ahe that an orthodox preacher in Missouri umpired a game of ball on Sunday last year. They do things in Missouri which are not like the customs of other states, but when we are told that an orthodox minister of the gospel umpired a Sunday game of base ball infidelity is the direct result. To umpire a game of ball even on week days requires an utter disregard of a future life, demands a man who believes there is no damnation save that which he finds on earth, necessitates a familiarity with the amenities exchanged on such occasion by the man who is out, but thinks he is not, and the man who issues the edict. A preacher who would umpire a base ball game on Sunday is out of his element. He would be a star among the truck drivers on lower Broadway. They have unique preachers or rare liars in Missouri. Which?"

With the Trotters and Pacers.

There are seventy-seven trotters in the 2:12 list.

Vassar is counted a sure 2:04 horse if nothing happens to him.

Beauchamp & Jarvis, the well known Kansas breeders, have removed from Concordia to Holton.

Gould & Miller, Fullerton, Neb., have sold Fred K, 2:09¾, to B. D. Van Dusen, Richmondville, N. Y.

Susie G, 2:11¼, has a record of sixty-four starts, and in every one of them she has succeeded in getting part of the money.

Charley Marvin's record of 103 horses beating 2:03 and twenty-six in 2:20, including Arion, Sunol and Palo Alto, is a great one.

C. H. Nelson has great hopes for Edna, 2:24. She is by Dictator Chief out of the dam of Nelson. She goes at the pace and can fly at that gait.

The Saratoga Winter Trotting and Pacing association will hold its second annual meeting on Woodlawn Oval ice track on February 5 to 7, inclusive.

Sons and daughters of the dead Electioneer won $24,172 in purses in America this year. Expressive, $7,100, and Altivo, $5,232, were the biggest winners.

Thomas F. Miller, owner of Shadeland Onward, 2:18½, will remove his breeding establishment from Fullerton, Neb., to Wabasha, Ind., about March 1.

Jo He, 2:14¼, is wintering finely at Fulton, Mo. Jo will be on the war path again this year in company with some good young ones that Lester Sims is handling.

There was a big rush to get horses registered under the old rules. The American Trotting Register association received about 10,000 applicants during December last.

J. P. Stauer, Independence, Ia., who owns Onoqua, 2:11¼; has bought from Driver John Hussey the 4-year-old filly Belle Louis, by Sphinx, dam by Louis Napoleon, and her yearling colt by Allerton, 2:09¼.

Ten of the $5,000 stakes offered by C. W. Williams of Galesburg, Ill., have filled, being those for yearlings, 2-year-olds, 2:25, 2:20 and 2:10 classes, trotting, and 2 year-olds, 2:30, 2:20, 2:15 and 2:10 classes, pacing.

The fastest dead heat ever trotted was made by the chestnut Nightingale and Phoebe Wilkes in 2:12 in the third heat of the free-for-all at Washington park, Chicago, August 25, 1894. The fastest ever paced was the heat declared dead between Robert J and John R. Gentry in 2:03¾, in the first heat of the match race at Nashville, Tenn., October 18, 1894.

During the season of 1894 the get of Director, 2:17, thirteen in number, won $22,180, of which amount over one-half, or $11,500, was won by his greatest son, Directum, 2:05¼. One of the get of Wilkes Boy, 2:24½, the 3-year-old mare, Nellie A, won $18,000 of the $24,788 credited to that sire by sixteen performers.

Allerton, 2:09¼, is to be trained next season with a view to beating the stallion record. His present record was made before the pneumatic sulky came into use, and if the claim is true that six seconds is a fair measure of the difference betwen the old and the new style vehicles, the son of Jay Bird ought to wipe out Directum's 2:05¼, providing he stands training.

Ralph Wilkes is being jogged daily this winter, and he will be trained and campaigned again next season. James Golden, his trainer, said last year that if Ralph Wilkes would submit to the use of an overdraw check he could trot in 2:05 or better. The son of Red Wilkes is now wearing one of these appliances without fighting it as he used to do, and hopes are entertained that he will beat the stallion record of Directum—2:05¼—in 1895.

It is quite clear at this early date that when the stewards of the grand circuit meet at Rochester next May there are several strong associations which will apply for admission. Saginaw, Mich., was admitted last year and opened the circuit. Grand Rapids now proposes to follow Saginaw, and it is hoped that Chicago will take the first week in July. But the latest candidate is the Lansing Driving club, Lansing, Mich., which offers $25,000 in stakes and purses. If admitted there will be four grand circuit meetings in Michigan.

The following is good, but will it be enforced? The bill against "ringing" in Missouri will contain provisions for punishment as follows: Imprisonment in the state prison for not less than one year, nor more than three years; or imprisonment in the county jail of the county in which he is convicted for any definite period not less than six months or a fine of not less than $100, nor more than $1,000.

Trotting sport in Austria and Germany is growing with giant strides. The track at Baden, a three-quarters of an hour's ride from Vienna, has a fine grandstand which will seat 8,000 people, and at one of the meetings last summer speculation was so lively in the mutuals that before the day was over the tickets were exhausted. There are no books and no pool selling, and all the public betting is done by the mutuals. The two meetings last year made a profit of $60,000, and the management will offer in 1895 $250,000 in stakes and purses.

Inside the Squared Circle.

Cal McCarthy will meet Joe Craig in a ten-round bout in Jersey City February 28.

Jake Kilrain and Peter Maher will meet in an eight-round go at Boston on March 27.

George La Blanche, "The Marine," is out with a challenge to fight any middleweight in the world.

The proposed bout between Solly Smith and Johnny, the Kentucky Rosebud, has been declared off.

Owen Zeigler and Jack Hanley have been matched to fight ten rounds in Philadelphia on Friday, February 8.

Joe Butler of Philadelphia, who whipped Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, is anxious to go abroad and fight him again.

The "future of the ring" so glibly discussed by Jim Corbett will be brighter when he betakes himself out of it.—New York Press.

Frank Erne of Buffalo and Jerry Marshall have been matched to fight six rounds before the New Manhattan Athletic club, New York, February 12.

Slavin has gone to pot in London since his defeat by Jim Hall. He is impecunious, and, what is worse still, badly wrecked physically. If this is true the Cooler may do him.

Joe Lennon and Peter Maher are going to meet in a limited-round bout in Boston some time this month. The battle will be at catchweights, and will be probably for ten rounds.

"Young" Heenan and Jimmy Kavency of Boston, Mass., have been matched to fight ten rounds at 114 pounds before the Farragut Athletic club of Boston on Thursday, February 14.

Hughey O'Neill, the New York featherweight boxer, wants to fight a limited-round or finish contest with Marty Mcue. O'Neill offers to bet McCue $500 that he can beat him.

A fight to a finish has been arranged to take place in private during the month of February between Eddie Connell of Jersey City and Dicky Connors. The fight will be for a purse of $300, and two-ounce gloves will be used.

Sam Fitzpatrick, manager and backer of "Kid" Lavigne, is going to make another attempt to match his man against George Johnson of England. Sam says that he has been assured by two well known sportsmen of England that if Johnson agrees to fight Lavigne they will see that a nice purse is hung up for a contest.

Dick Moore is going to try it again, and is matched to clash with Tom McCarthy, Bob Fitzsimmons' ex-sparring partner. They are to meet at Woburn, Mass., February 21.

That will be a rattling glove contest at Blum's hall, South Omaha, next Thursday night, February 14. Fred O'Neil, the clever local feather, is to go up against George Stout of Sioux City for stakes amounting to $200. Stout is certainly a skillful man, and as spry and hard-hitting as O'Neil is he will have to hustle to retain his laurels. The affair is for blood, and one of the most interesting contests ever witnessed in this section may be counted upon. Tickets can be had at Ed Rothery's place and at Pat O'Hern's, Ed Miller's and Pat Horrigan's.

After Harshman's Scalp.

Floyd Harshman is hereby challenged to wrestle a side hold match for $200 a side and the championship of Nebraska, the match to be the best three in five, hip or shoulder to constitute a fall, the wrestle to take place within three weeks after signing articles, at Nebraska City, Omaha or Lincoln. Should Floyd Harshman wish to accept this challenge he may notify me through The Bee which place he may choose for the match; he may also choose what bank he may wish to hold contract and forfeit, and through any notice from him I will forward $100 as a forfeit, including a contract to be signed. Hoping to hear from Floyd Harshman soon, I am yours truly, JOHN GOSNEY,

Benkelman, Neb.

The Dog Law Passes.

The bill making the dog personal property in Nebraska passed, much to the elation of sportsmen and doggy men. It will not be such a funny thing to walk off with a man's dog nowadays. It means petit or grand larceny, as the case may be.

Whisperings of the Wheel.

St. Joseph, Mo., has a new club in the Milo Wheelmen.

Bald, Macdonald and Sims will constitute the Columbia team.

Neil Matterson and Chris Neilson, the Australian scullers, have taken to bicycling.

Marinette, Wis., promises fifty new league members if the division meet is held there.

Four men will constitute the Spalding team, but the last man has not yet been selected.

At hustling and general activity John S. Johnson is the champion athelete of the world.

The California roads are so bad now that it requires fifteen hours to complete a century.

Bruce has decided not to start out on a hunt for Lenz. It is said his backers didn't come to time.

Billy Murphy of Brooklyn is the latest candidate for the position of official referee of the League of American Wheelmen.

Chairman Raymond says that all wheelmen seeking reinstatement must file their applications with him not later than February 15.

It is said that the mother of Frank G. Lenz, the missing world girder, will receive $10,000 insurance when the fact of her son's death is established.

T. W. Eck has signed a contract to continue as trainer for the Stearns team this summer. John S. Johnson will remain in this country and ride in class B.

Waller, the long distance rider, is now training for an attempt to lower the outdoor twenty-four-hour record. He already holds the indoor record.

The match race between Fournier, the champion cyclist of France, and Pontecchi, the fastest racing man in Italy, will take place in Paris on February 15.

The officials of the League of American Wheelmen are talking of instituting proceedings against the owners of the Indiana pike roads, who are imposing excessive charges on bicycle riders.

It is said that the League of American Wheelmen will give each division racing board chairman power to appoint one or two division referees, allowing them no salary, but providing them with expense money.

Several of the gravel road companies of northern Indiana have issued notices that all cyclists traveling over their roads will hereafter be charged 1 cent a mile toll. Evidently the Hoosiers haven't read the decision in the Reading, Pa., case.

M. J. Fleck, the Louisville cyclist, is trying to arrange a southern racing circuit, to comprise the following cities: Jacksonville, Savannah, Charleston, Augusta, Macon, Columbus, Montgomery, Birmingham, Chattanooga, Knoxville, Memphis, Nashville and Louisville.

The last number of the American Cyclist has an editorial discussing the tendency of advertisers toward the use of cuts representing women cyclists attired in long stockings and short trousers, or knickerbockers. It is a timely warning against the increasing practice, which, if continued, will, as the American Cyclist says, do far more harm than good. Another unseemly practice is that of women riding wheels which are made for men. A woman who cannot ride a bicycle made for her sex had better not ride at all—at least not in public.

Questions and Answers.

OMAHA, Feb. 8.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please answer the following in Sunday's Bee to decide a bet: In a game of cribbage, A plays the seven, B plays the eight, makes fifteen-two; C plays the nine, makes twenty-four, with a run of three; D plays the seven, makes thirty-one, and claims run of three; A claims that D is not entitled to the run. Who is right?—J. B. Rinehart, Subscriber.

Ans.—D.

WACO, Neb., Feb. 7.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: In your sporting columns of next Sunday's Bee please tell how to load nitro powders with the best results, and greatly oblige.—Sportsman.

Ans.—Either Parmelee or the Cross gun store will send you pamphlets giving directions for the loading of nitros. Write them.

ASHTON, Neb., Feb. 4.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: In a game of double high five is the party who names the trump compelled to lead trump or can he play any card he pleases? Please answer in next Sunday's Bee and oblige.—C. C. C.

Ans.—Any card he pleases.

OMAHA, Feb. 8.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: To settle a bet please state in Sunday's Bee the coldest snap we had in Omaha in the last twelve years. How many degrees below zero?—A Bee Reader.

Ans.—Drop Signal Observer Welsh a card. He will supply you with the correct figures.

FREMONT, Feb. 8.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: In the next issue of your paper will you please answer the following questions: (1) Did J. S. Johnson ever beat J. Donoghue skating? (2) If so, where and their respective time, (3) age and nationality of each?—A Reader.

Ans.—(1) Yes. (2) At Newberg, in several heat races—don't know time. (2) Johnson, Swede, 22; Donaghue, Irish-American, 27.

PAPILLION, Feb. 9.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: A and B sit in a game of poker; A opens with two pair, sevens and eights; B comes in, holding jack of diamonds, queen and king of clubs, draws ace of hearts and deuce of diamonds; A draws tray of spades. How does B win, or does he not? Is there any rule by which he (B) can take the pot? (2) C and D same; C opens with two pair, fives and sixes; D comes in, holding nine of hearts, ten and jack of diamonds, queen of spades and king of clubs, draws no cards; C draws one card, tray of spades. Who wins the pot? F. H. B.

Ans.—(1) B has no claim whatever on the pot on the merits of the hands. (2) If playing straights, D wins.

EWING, Feb. 2.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Is it possible for three kings in the center of a checker board to beat two kings, one in each double corner? I mean if no errors are made in moving the two kings.—J. W. E.

Ans.—It is.

HUMBOLDT, Neb., Feb. 8.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please answer the following in next Sunday's paper: In a game of high five, the bidder bids fourteen, has he the right to discard the deuce, tray and four? And if so, what is low?—A. Reader.

Ans.—(1) He has. (2) The five.

OMAHA, Feb., 4.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: I noticed in Sunday's Bee of the 3d inst. a note from some party regarding distemper in dogs. About a year ago I had a fine setter pup that had the distemper so bad that his eyes turned the color of milk, and I thought we would lose him, or that he would lose his sight. I was in the same shape as the party that wrote you regarding the disease; that is, I could not learn what to do for the dog, but finally I made up my mind to do what I could to relieve him or kill him. I went to a drug store and bought a dime's worth of compound cathartic pills. I gave him, I think, three at a dose. I may have repeated the dose of two pills. Anyway, they acted on him as they would on a person, and inside of a few days he regained his appetite and by the end of a week his eyes turned their natural color. I am satisfied that as soon as you get the bowels to working the distemper is broken. The pills can do no harm.—Joseph Allen.

THE NEW CLIFF HOUSE.

Castle to Be Built on the Rocks at the Gold Gate.

A castle in French or Norman Gothic style, with rather more elaborate detail than is customary in buildings of that design, is to be erected on the site of the old Cliff house, says the San Francisco Examiner. The plain, square, wooden building which was a landmark, succumbed to the flames on the evening of Christmas day, and nothing but memories of the familiar place were left. Its successor will be a much more imposing modern structure, but it will lack those memories which hovered around the simple house on the edge of the ocean.

Adolph Sutro has decided upon the form and arrangement of the new building. The building is to cost in round figures $50,000. It will be built entirely of wood, as no other material is so well calculated to withstand the corrosive effect of the salt sea air. It will be 140 feet in length from east to west and ninety-two feet from north to south. Unlike the old building, it will project far over the edge of the cliffs.

The main part will be toward the east, facing on Point Lobos avenue. The other three parts will be characterized by being virtually balconies projecting from each of the four stories. The French character of the building will be displayed principally in the main part and the round Norman towers with their conical and pyramidal spires. The detail of ornamentation will be essentially French.

Two of the stories will be above the street level and two below it on the sloping face of the cliffs. The verandas on the ocean side will all be twenty feet wide, those on the north and south end and on the east side of the building each sixteen feet in width.

The four corners of the building will be circular and crowned with steeples, each fitted with rooms reached by passage in the attic floor. The attic will have two floors.

The parlor, main dining room and barroom will be provided with handsome open fireplaces.

A large square tower will rise from the center of the building, crowned with a steeple, and a fine room will be provided in the upper portion of the tower. The exterior of the room is to be ornamentd with colonnades and arches. This room will be used for an observatory, and will present one of the finest possible marine views of the Pacific.

From the balconies the fresh sea breeze can be enjoyed, while the basking seals will afford diversion for many. Those who so desire may cast a line from the balconies, and the new Cliff house will unquestionably be a great gathering place for San Franciscans and visitors from every clime.

A Kentucky Hoodoo.

Students of the mysterious, who imagine that hypnotism may be used to make criminals of persons who are really innocent, should investigate the case of Edgar Bell against the commonwealth of Kentucky, now in the court of appeals in Frankfort. The appellant, Edgar Bell, is a negro, convicted of murder, and in his behalf there has been filed at the clerk's office of the court of appeals a "hoodoo bag," which contains dice, a rabbit's foot and several other articles supposed to be potent as charms. Bell's claim is that he was hoodooed by this bag, and that under the circumstances it was simply impossible for him to do anything else than commit the murder for which he is now in the law's clutches. To the insanity and hypnotism pleas is now added the hoodoo defense.

Cook's Imperial. World's fair "highest award, excellent champagne; good effervescence, agreeable bouquet, delicious flavor."

Chicago Tribune: Mr. McSwat went home late from a club dinner the other night, and in his haste he forgot to remove his gloves when he went to bed. About 3 o'clock a. m. he aroused Mrs. McSwat with the agonizing cry:

"Lobelia! Lobelia! I believe on my soul I'm getting paralyzed! There isn't a bit of feeling in my hands!"

GOSSIP ABOUT MEN.

I understand that his holiness Leo XIII, says a writer in Chicago Vanity Fair, has turned toward Omaha the radiance of his fatherly countenance and blessed it in the person of one of its best and most generously inclined citizens, Mr. John A. Creighton; as a result, America has one more geniune nobleman within its borders, a count of the Roman empire, il Signor Conte Giovanni Creighton.

I am sure I am delighted to see added one more illustrious name in this Libro d'Oro, that includes already Duc Pullman, Marquis Murphy, Count Onahan and a few more of the same excellent merit. It is decidedly true that if we are to have a titled aristocracy of our own, Mr. Creighton is undoubtedly one of the most desirable men to figure in its ranks, and his benefactions have been so lavish that the reward is, after all, cut of proportion to the capital donated or invested. That reminds me that we are always making fun—in those papers that consider mother-in-law jokes and the like brilliant wit—of the facility with which titles are bought "over the counter" in old nobility-ridden Europe. I did not notice a repetition of the said venerable joke when Conte Creighton was promoted to an empty peerage of the vanished Roman empire, which proves once more that there are always two ways of looking at things.

"I was recently introduced," said Albert H. Steele of Portland, Ore., to the Chicago Times, "to a legislator who, I believe, has the record for making the longest continuous speech ever delivered. He is a member of the legislature of British Columbia, in which there is no such thing as senatorial courtesy, so that a long speaker cannot get a few minutes' rest for refreshments, as he generally can in the upper house of this country. The record breaker, who is of French descent, is an old college athlete, and on one occasion last session he was put up by the opposition to talk a bill to death. The majority saw through the device at once and put every obstacle in the way of the speaker.

"Not deterred by objections and points of order, the old athlete husbanded his strength and spoke steadily, without any longer pauses than were necessary to moisten his parched throat with an occasional innocent drink, twice around the clock. He started at 10 o'clock in the morning, kept steadily at his work all the afternoon, evening and night, and did not even pause when the lights were turned out the following morning. Eye witnesses tell me that as the morning wore on his voice was little more than a whisper and his eyes were bloodshot. He bore up manfully, however, and did not sit down till the clock struck 12, when the bill became dead by lapse of time, and he secured a respite, which was well earned, even if his cause was not a very noble one. He speaks of his twenty-six-hour effort with a shudder, and says he would rather walk 100 miles than go through the ordeal again."

When Secretary of the Navy Herbert was a confederate colonel his life was saved at the battle of Seven Pines by a Maine soldier, who prevented a comrade from running his bayonet through the Alabama officer, who had been wounded. When Mr. Herbert was a member of congress he endeavored unsuccessfully to learn from the Maine delegation the name of his preserver. After he became secretary of the navy he received a letter from California asking if he was the Colonel Herbert captured at the battle of Seven Pines. The writer was Jonathan Newcome, and he stated that he was one of the Maine soldiers who had participated in the capture. Some time after this the secretary went to California and there met the Maine soldier, but it was not the man who had saved his life. His preserver, the sergeant, had been killed at Gettysburg. He was deprived of the opportunity of showing his gratitude to the principal, but he did the next best thing by extending it to one survivor. The man was a ship calker, out of work, and the secretary suspended the civil service rules long enough to give this man work in the yard, and he gave directions that as long as there was a ship or boat in the navy yard to be calked the old Maine soldier should have work.

When the term of Senator Manderson of Nebraska expires, says the Philadelphia Press, the senate will not only lose an orator of more than ordinary ability, but also a superior entertainer. No other man in public life can manipulate a chafing dish and get so much good cheer out of it as Senator Manderson. One afternoon recently a prominent citizen of Philadelphia was in the marble room of the senate, chatting with a newspaper correspondent, when he expressed a desire to see Senator Hawley of Connecticut. The younger man immediately started out to find Senator Hawley and located him in the senate restaurant at a table where Senator Manderson was preparing a royal oyster stew. Senator Hawley said: "Please tell my friend that I will come to him as soon as possible, but that I cannot get away from Manderson's chafing dish until I have had my oysters." When this message was delivered the Philadelphian smiled and said he knew how captivating Manderson always is and particularly when he is handling a chafing dish, and so he cheerfully waited until the little feast was over.

The heirs of the late Benjamin F. Butler are to establish in New Mexico the largest sanitarium for consumptives in the country, and, moreover, it is to be free. It will be in readiness in a few months. The general left an interesting family, the members of which are held in the highest esteem by the people of Lowell, Mass. The eldest son died very suddenly while on a yachting trip. That was some years ago, before yachting had its present vogue, and when the good ship America was the king pin among yachts. General Butler felt the loss of this son keenly. The young man had finished his course as a cadet at West Point, we believe. Another son is Paul, who has won many laurels as a canoeist. One of the most unassuming men, he has a heart as big as his head is sensible. The daughter, probably the most popular young woman in Lowell at the time, married General Ames, who was lieutenant governor of Mississippi in reconstruction days.

Count Castellane, the dainty little Frenchman who is rumored to be engaged to Miss Anna Gould, is a far better catch than most members of the "effete aristocracy" of Europe. In appearance he is the ideal fairy prince of the pantomime, slender, graceful, straight as a reed, blond as a Norwegian, with a pink and white complexion. He is young and an athlete, bears a fine old French name, and has enough money to satisfy any French girl that he was a desirable parti, or, for that matter, most American girls, considering a title is thrown in. He dresses well, rides like graduates of St. Cyr always ride, and "dances like an angel," according to those lucky damsels who lead cotillons with him, and flirts in a manner which even comes up to the approval of the American girl. He speaks very little, but very piquant, English, but he "makes himself understand," as he himself says, with extraordinary success.

The pretty and accomplished wife of Congressman Bryan did not accompany him during the short term, says a Washington correspondent. Mr. Bryan's devotion to his wife and her affection for him is a matter of comment in congressional circles, so everybody laughed and thought it a good joke on the member from the First Nebraska district when it was rumored the other day that he had received a letter from his wife inclosing a fine portrait of John M. Thurston, senator-elect from Nebraska, against whom Mr. Bryan made the race as the candidate date of the fusion party. The portrait was arranged in the form of a badge, and on it were written these significant words, in Mrs. Bryan's handwriting: "Worn by your wife." Mrs. Bryan was one of the committee which superintended the public reception of Mr. Thurston at Lincoln. The receipt of the letter seemed to afford Mr. Bryan considerable amusement.

There is a pretty story connected with the courtship and marriage of Speaker Crisp and his wife. It seems that when the then young Charlie Crisp came a-wooing daughter of a wealthy and aristocratic southern planter her father thought she should look higher, forgetting that "love, like death, levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook beside the scepter." He forbade young Crisp the house, and sent the young lady out of the way, traveling, thinking that absence would break the bond. Thereupon the young man fell ill of typhoid fever, and his sweetheart, hearing of his illness, returned suddenly and married him, nursed him back to life and health, coaxed her father into a good humor and got his blessing, "and they lived happily ever after."

A great deal of Champ Clark's interest in life is centered in his boy, who is now 8 years old. The congressman has an endowment insurance policy of $10,000 which falls due on the day the boy attains his majority. "I intend to give that money to him," says Champ, "and start him around the world. He shall never go to school a day until he is old enough and advanced enough to enter the junior class of the best college in America. I used to be a school teacher, and I shall teach him all I know."

Senator Squire of Washington is the sartorial wonder of congress. No other man in either house enchants the galleries with such a continuous succession of brilliant and unheard of effects in dress. One day it is a red tie and white vest, another it is striped trousers of striking hues, another it is patent leather shoes of resplendent polish. But the most effective combination is a lemon colored vest of tremendous expanse, setting off a bright blue tie and a striped shirt.

Saved His Stamp.

He slowly approached the stamp clerk's window at the postoffice, with a letter in his hand, and said:

"Do you trust?"

"Not in any one on earth," replied the clerk.

"If I should frank this envelope, same as congressmen, would it go?"

"No, sir."

"Isn't this government a paternal one, and willing to furnish a stamp to a needy person, and collect later on?"

"No, sir.

"But there must be a way I can send this letter to Washington?"

"Yes; post it without a stamp, and it will go to the dead letter office there."

"Ah! I see. It's to a friend of mine in that same office, and, of course, he'll get it. 'Scuse me, sir, but I'm a bit off this morning, and not as clear headed as I might be. You have saved me a stamp, sir—a 2-cent stamp—and I feel grateful, and will always remember you. That's the way, of course, and here she goes. What could I have been thinking of to stamp a letter going to the dead letter office?"

$300.00 for an Idea.

This is the biggest price ever offered for a catch line or heading for an advertisement. Hayden Bros. will give a choice of several first class pianos worth $300.00 each for the head line adopted and in addition will give orders on their music department for $50.00 worth of music for the next five best ideas, according to merit.

To secure an absolutely impartial decision applicants are requested to sign in number only and to mail corresponding number with name and address to The Bee office, where it will remain until after the award is made. The right is reserved to use any head line once.

The following are the facts to be advertised: Hayden Bros. of Omaha are the only firm in the world showing a complete line of the instruments manufactured by the five most renowned piano makers on earth. Hayden Bros. are not tied up with red tape restrictions like regular selling agents, but are free to make the lowest prices ever heard of. Hayden Bros. put special stresss on the Steinway and Vose pianos because they have a larger line in stock and can buy them cheaper than any other makes of equal reputation. Do not be misled by any one claiming the sole agency. Hayden Bros. have them direct from the factory as well as from the Max Meyer & Bro. Co. stock. Music trade papers are saying pianos cannot be sold in a department store, but sensible people who do not care to be hoodwinked by silly frills are not so notional and the best proof of this is that Hayden Bros. sold more pianos, organs and musical instruments in one week than any five music stores west of Chicago have sold in six months. The music trade papers say this innovation will be watched with unusual interest and Hayden Bros. propose to keep them guessing.

"The smallest bird seeks a nest of its own."

Young Man Take a Hint.

Don' be afraid to start in at the bottom. Don't think you must have everything "spit and span" when you marry and settle down. We can give you a snug little Housekeeping Outfit for very small amoun—and then we don't want the money either. You can pay for it gradually. With a little home, partly filled and "a little wife well willed," you are on the high road to success.

A Secret! Between Mrs. A and Mrs. B.

Mrs. A.—**Oh, what a lovely home** you have. I am really surprised to see you are so beautifully furnished.

Mrs. B.—**Yes**, we have a very nice home, and are ever so happy, now that we are housekeeping and so comfortably situated.

Mrs. A.—How could you afford to furnish so luxuriously when your husband makes only about half as much salary as my husband. I can't afford it.

Mrs. B.—I know my husband makes very little salary, but we have learned a secret.

Mrs. A.—**What! A Secret?** Pray, tell it to me, as I am anxious to learn anything to better our surroundings and furnish what we need to complete our home.