#### THE LAST SPORTS OF WINTER

The Yankee Horses Over the Pond and Those that Remain Behind.

SUNSHINY DAYS FOR THE SPORTSMEN

The Home of Billy the Kid-How ! Broke the Bank-Mitchell and Corbett-Looking Back-Base Ball and Sports of All Calibers.



AMATEUR sports are enloying a most robust popularity just now and from the outlook are destined to grow more and more into public favor. Foot ball, tennis, track athletics, rowing, yachting, golf, have all received a renewal of interest on account of the contests in these sports, and

throughout the coming outdoor season there will be countless events of rare attractiveboth on this and the other side of the Atlantic. Thus far it is more than pleasing to note the very general supremacy of American brain, brawn and muscle. Despite unfavorable conditions and auspices on many occasions, America has triumphed over Eng-land in almost every instance, and likewise taught her some salutary lessons in courtesy and hospitality. When Yale visited with her team. She was actually jeered at and hissed on the field by the parti-san crowd that had assembled to witness the contests, and yet Albion's best men could make but a sorry showing against her stalwarts. Dunraven, by his dastardly charges, has probably destroyed all chances for the greatest of all aquatic events, the America's cop race, but it looks very much as if there was to be a general revival in miscellaneous yachting and rowing affairs. And so it seems in all legitimate amateur sport. America's royal record of the past year has given an astounding impetus to all pastimes that have thus far managed to keep out of the grasp of the professional.

Of course it is a little premature to indulge in any prediction as to the outcome of Yale's visit to Henley, but there is one thing Americans can depend on, and that is that her crew will never quit. When the men are finally selected they will cross over the drink with that same old confidence undone to make the American crew the finest that ever sat in a Yale shell. The material is all on hand and is being most successfully developed. And how Yale has out-generaled her naval rivals, especially athletic contest. She went into the quadrangular arrangement on the Hudson, closing Yale out. It was a sort of a Harvard-Cornell combination, but in the midst of it Yale closes the Henley arrangement and all eyes look toward New Haven and anxlously await the outcome of what will un-doubtedly prove one of the greatest international boat races the world has ever seen.

The six members of the Boston Athletic association who will struggle for victory against the cream of the athletic world at the Olympian games at Athens in April are due in Naples within the next ten days. having salled from this side on Saturday morning last. The team consists of Ellery H. Clark, Tom E. Burke, W. W. Hoyt, Arthur Blake and Tom P. Curtis, with John Graham as trainer. Jimmy Connolly, the crack all-round jumper, and Tom Barry, the old time distance runner, and the Princeton team, joined them at New York. Barry goes as Connolly's esquire only, and will not compete in any of the games. The Princeton team consists of Robert Garrett, jr., captain, F. A. Lase, A. C. Tyler and

And thus it comes to pass that after fifteen empty centuries Greece will revive the Olympic festival, abolished by decree of the Christian emperor, Theodosius. The morning of April 6 will usher in the 776th Olym-With something of the ancient spirit this proud Mediterranean race has restored its monuments and invited the nations to the contests of the stadion. And the nations have responded. Such a concourse of peoples as never in southern Europe gathered tions have responded. Such a concourse of peoples as never in southern Europe gathered in peace since last was proclaimed the sacred truce of Elis will assemble in a few weeks by the blue waters and under the blue skies that a thousand poets have made immorfal. Not on the Olympian plain, within sight of snow-rowned Erymantheus, within sound of snow-fed Alpheus, will the games of nations be celebrated. Olympia is a desert heaped with ruins. Still stands the sacred grove of olives, and still the mountains of Arcadia down the aerial territory with an indescribable endinger. with ruins. Still stands the sacred grove of olives, and still the mountains of Arcadia loom on the western horizon, but the race course of antiquity, where the Acha'ans strove for the wreath of honor, is a memory only, and the Porch of Echo, whence the speciators watched the processions of triumph moving up to the temple of Zeus, is but a fragment

As all old pool foom sharks and betting shed frequenters are aware, it is very portant in considering the chances of candidates in the Brooklyn and Suburban to ve due attention to the 4-year-olds, for is this age which generally shows the r. American thoroughbreds seem to their prime in the 4-year-old form and but few of them remain in this class after that age. It will be remembered that neither the Brooklyn or Suburban has ever been won by a 3-year-old. Both Lamplighter and Henry of Navarre essayed the trick, but got left. Despite the argument history furnishes there are a whole lot of speculators tipping off Ben Brush and Handspring, and s exceedingly doubtful if either could e beaten Lamplighter or Navarre their 3-year-old form. The 4-yeareids in the big races are: Keenan, Halma, Counter Tenor, Bright Phoebus, Bel-mar, The Commoner, Nauki Pooh, Victor, Emma C, Primrose and King Arthur, but you pays your money and takes your choice.

Fifty-two American-bred horses and owned by Americans will race in England this cummer. Five American stables will be repre-sented in the British turt. Duke and Wishsented on the British turf. Duke and Wishard have ten horses, three of them aged, and four 2-year-olds. Mr. Croker has nineteen horses, fourteen of which are 2-year-olds. Mr. Littlefield has four 2-year-olds and Mr. Belment three of the same age. Every one of these fifty-two flyers first saw the light of day on the American continent. They have of day on the American continent. They have brothers and sisters and half-brothers and half-sisters racing here yet. What will they do over the pend? Well, we will not be long finding out, as the big English events

What rot it is to even meution the name of Charlie Mitchell in connection with Jim Corbett, but yet the papers are full of it. One of the London clubs is alteged to have offered a \$12,000 purse for a fight between the two. But don't you believe it. If the London club has a cellar full of coin for future use it may be all right, but it is jointly to think that any act of same men would put up \$12,000 or 12,000 doughnuls for a fight between Corbett and Mitchell. I saw the ex-champien whip the Britisher at Jacksonville, and honestly. I believe he could have accomplished the trick with one hand tied behind his back. At that he fouled him in a dastardly manner, and should have lost the fight. There is nothing in this talk. It was only a part of the Corbett game to keep before the public. He says he's willing to fight Mitchell wouldn't that seald you but Fitzsimmens is the man he is after. He doesn't care to fight Charlic for \$12,000, but would jump at the chance to a go with Bob for \$5,000. And Fitz isn't one of the severest Mexican towns is one of the severest Mexican towns this side the live heaverest Mexican towns this side the live hexeverest Mexican towns the we had coughed up the \$11.25. Watrous is one of the severest Mexican towns this side the live hexeverest Mexican towns this side the live hexeverest Mexican towns this side the live hexeverest Mexican towns this side the live hexive or of the severest Mexican towns this side the live hexeverest Mexican towns this side the live hex hex lost with its more of the severest Mexican towns this side the live live hex hex lost with What rot it is to even mention the name but would jump at the chance a Bob for \$8 000 And Fitz isn't to a go with hoo for \$8.000. And Fitz isn't sayin' a word, and it must be acknowledged that Corbett is now at his best, fighting with postage stamps, telegraph blanks and pen and ink. When it was mit to mit, he pen and ink. When it was mit to mit, he wasn't haif so auxious. His theatrical eggagements then were all too important. In the homelike language of Ninth street. sandy deserts, gray slopes bending from the sky, the whole face of nature hot, wrinkled and repulsive, such are the environments of

speaking about Corbett, that reliable eminently respectable old aporting jour-the New York Clipper, says. "Under circumstances, according to the

conditions governing #11 championship matches, every holder of the title is com-pelled to accept any proper challenge (proriding it is supported with a suitable money deposit), to contend for the championship within a certain time from the date of leauance of the challenge. To this rule Fitz-simmons is no exception; but he is justified gnoring a challenge which contains the emanation which appear in the latest emanation from the former champion, who despite his formally and repeatedly amounced relinquishment of the title and retirement from the prize ring, has the hardihood to sign his alleged challenge 'Champion of the World,' a position to which he has no claim, and it is extremely doubtful if he ever will again in case he has to win it from Fitzsimmens, who, after his quick disposal of skillful and hard-hitting Peter Mahor, is regarded by very many shrewd and experienced ring-goers as the master pugillat of the present day. It is i stremely bad taste for Corbett to attempt to cast any reflections on Fitzsimmone' courage or shility, the possession of both of which puglistic requisites he has repeatedly proven to the entire satisfaction of the large najority, and it is probably not too muclo may that the majority of those conversan with ring matters are well satisfied that the bulk of the blame for the flasco of last year in Texas and Arkansas was chargeable to the blatant ex-champion who now again assaya to belittle the powers of the new possessor of premier honors."

On our way home from El Paso we were detained an hour at San Matcial. It is a queer little New Mexican town, celebrated for but one thing, and that is it was the Billy the Kid. The flat little burg-like a turtle basking in the sun-lies on the east shores of the singgish Rio Grande and facing a ragged and repulsive pile of dirty, reddish earth, dign fied by the name of mountains. Two rows of low mesquit trees line a narrow pathway or street from the depot to the business part of the town, which consists of puadrangular rows of dilapidated frame and dobe buildings. Back on the reddish hillside, thalf hidden, like a scorpion, in the said, is the former home of Billy the Kid. Here the wild youth, who for years was a terror to the whole southwest border, first saw the light of day and lived until at a very precoclous age he began a career of robbers and murder that has had but few equals and which was cut short at the end of a lariat in the hands of Judge Lynch. When Billy the Kid was but 16 he was the bully who ruled the roost in that little rusty old town. There was but one man who dared dispute the youthful desperade's sway that was an ex-convict named Blodget. blustery December night both the Kid and the convict were bucking the tiger in Rachel's place and they came together over the latter's attempt to cop a "sleeper."
The Kid claimed the somnolent checks and so did Blodget. Hot words ensued, when suddenly the Kid drew his gun and poked the that has pulled out many a coatest for them on both land and water. Bob Cook, who will see the crew through personally, has paid more attention to the stroke than he has to his business and nothing will be left gash in his upper lip. But the ex-convict off a couple of teeth and cutting an ugly gash in his upper lip. But the ex-convict was a game man and with a swinging back-hand lick he knocked the Kid over the layout. But the boy sprang up and they clinched, as the rest of the mob, cowboys, Indians and Chinese, backed away against Harvard, who, out with Yale on foot ball the walls and behind the little low bar to matters, has declined to meet Yale in any give them a fair field. But the Kid was only a toy in the bigger ruffian's hands, and although he succeeded in getting out a murderous looking knife, Blodget wrested it from him, and bending him back upon the floor, placed one knee on his chest and pulled noment this thrilling tableau remained undisturbed, then Blodget said:

disturbed, then Blodget said:
"Now, Billy, what would you do to me if you had me in the fix I've got you?" and he flashed the blade before the boy's eyes.
"Do," venomously hissed the Kid. "Why "Do," venomously hissed the Kid. "W As the boy said this Blodget released him and ruse to his feet, the Kid following suit. For a moment they regarded each other balefully, then, on a sudden impulse, the ex-convict extended his hand, and with an oath exclaimed:

"You're the best I ever saw, put it there pal, and we'll be friends." They clasped hands.

Better had it been had Blodget finished the job with the knife, for never was a more unhely compact sealed than that in Racheal's that night. They were partners with an independent air with a favor. in crime after that to the end of their days Blodget's death came two years after at the hands of United States Marshal Smith, whom we met at El Paso, and the Kid's six years later at the end of a rope.

Of such history is New Mexico filled. With

her wild savages and wilder white men, the sands of upland and lowland were kept sodden with human blood for years and dows the aerial territory with an indescribable charm to the observant and intelligent tour ist. We spent a day in Las Vegas, or at the Hot Springs pleasure tesort adjacent thereto, rather, for Vegas is a most unintereeting place, indeed. The beautiful Hotel ma nesties amidst those prodigious rocks like the gorgeous castle of some fabulous genti. The Rio Gallinas, little more than a gushing rivulet, comes down from those pine-covered canyon walls with a ceaseless rhythm that is enchanting. In the moun-tains, along its banks, both cold and bot springs bubble up within a few yards of oach other, all laden with most potent curative properties. It is certainly a health and pleasure resort unsurpassed in the world. The air is the purest, the encompassing scenery the most heroic. Here are precipitous cliffs, heetling heroic. Here are precipitous cliffs, beetling crags, plenty of hazardous climbing, plue and fir, flowers and vines, dashing waters, gushing springs, deep solitudes and all the features of nature in her most charming guise. From any of the peaks' tops are obtainable wide-spreading views, to the east over the meadowy vegas and to the west over tocky waves, rolling over and over each other until piled high against the blue of distant sky. But let us hasten on.

We took the wrong train, leaving Vegas—the limited express on which our transportation was nixey—and, while they didn't put us off at Buffalo, they did at Watrous, N. M., which was worse. The suave and smiling "con" said: "I'll take you gentlemen on up to La Junta for \$11.25, but can't do it on this." flipping our pass, between his cash that we could give up \$11.25 for a little jaunt like 400 miles, so we made up our minds to stop at Watrous and wait for our train, which was due at 4:30 the next merning. We pulled into the little station at 2:15 and with some regret alighted on the narrow platform and took a look around. The limited, with a snort, pulled out and flashed out of sight around a great towering pile of black volcanic rock. Then we wished we had coughed up the \$11.25. Watrous is between home of the rattleanake, the centi-pede and owl was all there was to in-terest us. Dead voicanos and lava beds, black and reddish rocks, prickly bushes and

the olden city of Watrous, N. M the olden city of Watrons, N. M.

As we stood there tamenting our own niggardliness and lack of wisdom a troop of half-clad Mexican children emerged from a rambling adobe and began to play on the little plaza north of the track and near the river.

It is osteous fielder and he would see him in helfurst before he'd take it. He wanted \$460 more, but Anse said nay or not or nit, I forget which, and sent word to Lange that he would be wanting the balance of his life if he waited for the \$400. One day last week Lange went out to the Bay District

nickel in the sand and placed the marble books. up:n it and motioned for the kids to shoot for it. Not one of them could speak a which I afterwards learned meant man," they "lagged" for the first one little swarthy urchin, with the 'good man." ers crown of a straw hat perched upon his frowsy head, was the winner of the lead off, and kneeling he took his white ally between the first knuckle of his thumb and the end of his dexter finger and banged away. The little rascal was an expert and he sent the marble on the nickel whizzing of the ring the first dash out of the box. out of the ring the first dash out of the box. With an exultant exclamation he pounced upon the coin, and, without glane ng at it, rammed it down in the capacious pocket of his ragged knee breeches. Then there was a chorus of "wayno ombres," and we kept putting up nickels till each boy had won one Then there was or more, when we "adolsed" and went back to the depot. There we found a number of greasers leaning up against the station sun-ning themselves, and approaching the group I singled out the most intelligent looking one and inquired whether we could get a drink in the place.
"Oh, yes," he responded in perfect Eng-lish, to my surprise, "over there where you see that sign over the door, that's a saloon."

Inviting him to join us, we stepped across and entered the place. It was a little, narrow apartment, with a rude bar extending across the back end. As we entered we noticed four or five villatious looking greas-ers lounging on and about a small table that stood at one side of the entrance, but paying little heed to them, we continued on up to the bar. The Mexican took whisky, but Foley, Bayard and I ordered beer. The decreptd old barkeeper drew the cork from a bottle of Krug's Cabinet—for that is what it was—and set it on the bar before us. Tom gave the old fellow a dollar and in turn he handed him back 50 cents change in nickels and dimes. We turned to go out, and discovered that a transformation scene had taken place while our backs were turned. One of the greasers was dealing monte on the little table, and the others-undoubtedly merely cappers-were bucking the bank. The roll, possibly \$6 or \$8, in 5 and 10-cent pleces, was heaped upon the table, and the big copper-colored dealer looked up and grinned invitingly at us as we were about to pass. "I'll lose this change, just for fun, re-marked Foley, as he laid his coins on the corner of a queer looking Jack. There was table. "a Jack in the door" and Tom made a split, but lost the balance on the next turn of the cards. Victor Hugo Baird had been playing in pretty tough luck from poker on the car to craps at Albuquerque, and digging up a dollar, he ejaculated in choicest Mexican. "Here, old pal, just pull her once for this," and he laid his silver at the side of a tray. It won and he 'parleed,' and won again, making him a dollar and a half to the good. Then he shifted a "case" over under the queen and won again, and, handing over two dollars and a half to me, he said: "Here, Sandy, that squares us." I had beat him out of \$2.50 at high five coming down from Vegas and he took this occasion to pay me off in Mexican velvet. I put the money in my pocket and was about to move here—lose it on the game. If you go out with that on you these ducks are apt to folthroat and chest were exposed. Biodget's more truth than poetry in Tom's admonition, left hand was in the Kid's hair, while with his right he held aloft Billy's knife. For a and wen. I took helf of it beside a six-spot moment this theilies. and wen. I took half of it and put it in my pocket, then shifted the remaining \$2.50 over back of the king, and again I won. The Mexicans were getting restless, but grinned sheepishly. This second "win" of mine mad the bank roll look very emaciated and lifted all my bet save a two-bit plece. But the fates were with me. Again I won. I "parleed" and the winning card showed itself on the right turn, and the old dealer handed me all the roll but 15 cents. I made move as if to go, but the Watrous spor

tapped the cards with his long, boney finger and in tolerable American said: "Break me." "All right," I replied, and when he pulled a four and laid it on the table I lay 15 cents beside it and broke the bank.

Long the street Barrica,
With an independent air,
The senoritas declare
He must be a millionaire, nit.
I could hear them sigh
And hope to die,
And see them wink the other eye
At the man who broke the bank
W-a-a-i-r-u-s.

W-a-a-t-r-o-u-s.

ON THE BALL FIELD. With Relishable Gossip of the Old

ong agone. I can shut my eyes now and see



I verily believe,

877 ES, indeed, there will be a grand crowd of the old guard together at Cincinnati on Harry Wright Day and play a game in memory of the dead hero. How I would like to be in the Queen City that day. It would make me a youth again, favorites cavorting on the field as in the days

them all, way out on the old Western avenue grounds. Hick Carpenter, the first white child born on the Mayflower, at third; Honest Long John Re'lly, at first; Biddy McFee of Akron at second, Charite Fulmer at short, Home Run Charlie Jones in middle, with Joe Sommers, the Covington boy, and Little Macullar on either wing, and Deacon Jim White and his bespectacled brother Willie, in the points. Those were rose-col ored days, indeed, and what an interest there was then in the royal old sport, and how the players were worshipped and lionized on the train going home after the game. Win or lose, they were popular idols that required more than defeat on the field to shatter. Yes, yes; I would like to be there, and I wil be, in spirit, anyway, and while my corporal body will remain here in Omaha my brain will be filled with memories of the golden past. Again will I sit in the old nook in the center Again will I sit in the old nook in the center of the grandstand, along with Allen O. Meyers, Buck Brady and the rest of the gang who used to place their simoleons on "he won't reach first, he won't reach second, third and home," with a prodigality that now seems sinful. And I will watch the long procession still moving to and fro through all those lagging years. Mike Kelly, Bob Addy, Beau Hicks, Bobby Mathews, Rudyard Kipling Kemmler, Dutchy Kessier, Billy Foley, John Chipp, Pop Corkhill, Darling Dora Dean, Ren Deagle, Harry Wheeler, Amos Booth, Lovely Louie Dickerson, Scrappy Booth, Lovely Louis Dickerson, Scrappy Fred Louis, George Washington Bradley, Willie Mountjoy, Morris, Carroll, Pierson, Richmond, Burke, and a hundred others that mournful, yet sweet, recollection will marshal for review. If it wasn't for retro-repection a man wouldn't care how old he grew. What lies before is only worth wait-ing for, but it is in the chiaro-oscuro of the years that are fleeting behind that perturbs

and disturbs the looker back Jack Haskell took his mouth over to Burlington yesterday, where it is to umpire a cidedly unwise in taking a position on the Western association's staff when he could well have gone with the Western

In speaking of New York's new first base-man—Harry Davis—O. P. Caylor says: "The big boy is a coming star. Jack Doyle will be forgotten in his shadow before Decoration day. He is a fighter from Fightstown. Bat-tle township. War county. He can jump higher and land more heavily on all fours over a bad decision than any man this side of Cork. He has a voice which shoves Patsy Tebeau's tones into a tenor, and when he isn't denouncing the fallibility of the umpire te is conversing with himself in weird words of cendemnation." Harry will undoubtedly make a good running mate for Dad Clarke, Mike Tiernan, Van Haltren and a few other choice mugs who will make New York wish her name was Jersey City before firecracket

Anson offered Lanky Lange \$2,400, but the

shore. We went over. The boys were playing marbles and the girls rolling and digging in the sand. I entered the ring of Javenlies, and, picking up a marble, laid a tract at \$2,400. Moral. Never bet on dops tract at \$2,400. Moral. Never bet on dops

Reddy Mack, after four years in retire word of English, but they caught onto my ment, has again decided, so he says, to regame, and after exclaiming in a chorus turn to the diamond. Reddy, in making this several times, "Wayno ombre! Wayno om- announcement, failed to state, however. announcement, failed to state, however, where he left it—at Ikenstein's or Bern-

> The St. Paul ball park has been used as a skating rink all winter and will continue to rufous feathers floating like thistle down in be so used through the summer if Commey her wake behind. be so used through the summer if Commey doesn't let a few of the whole skates he has got on his staff escape.

Big Bill Clarke, who is practicing with the Giants down at Jacksonville, Fig., took a glass of beer the other day and was caught at it by Manager Irwin, and Artie was so pipin' hot that he swore he'd send Bill back to New Yorke in a box car that very night. Bill, however, told Irwin that he was so hungry has couldn't have lived through the afternoon of he had not eaten that glass of When Artie heard this he was so allfired pleased that he and Bill went and took one together-probably.

The Michigan State league contains four clubs from that state, two from Indiana and one from Ohio. Now, if it can induce a Pennsylvania club to join, the appropriate-ness of its title will stick out with the conspicuousness of a fat man's paunch in a

They are going to have an original feature about the Harry Wright Day game at Rockford, Ill., says the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette. Hugh Nicol's team will be pitted against the old-timers—among whom are Al Spalding, Barnes and othe:s—who made the Forest Citys of Rockford famous in 1869. Half of the game will be played under the old rules, when a foul caught on the first bound was out, and when it required nine balls to send a batsman down to first. The The last half of the game will be played under

The Baltimores will not wear yellow and white striped hose this year, and in the fall, according to my classic old pal, Parsy Bolivar Tebeau, they will be lucky if they have any socks to wear at all.

Walter Wilmot, who will guide the fortunes of the Minneapolis team this season, has been training with Chicago's grand old man down at Galveston-walking 'round a billiard

What has become of Charlie Abbey? Can be that he has been hibernating down in Falls City this winter without even dropping me a line? In the east they have Charlie editing a newspaper down at Lincoln during the frozen months, but if he is, he is doing it incog.

Amos Rusie's papa still insists that his big-waisted cherub must have that extra \$200 or he will not let him ever play in Mose Freedman's back yard again.

Tommy McCarthy has been assigned to right field by the Brooklyn management and Tommy swears he'd rather loaf all summer than play that position. He evidently doe on outdoors when Foley whispered: "For not take any stock in the old buzz saw, that heaven sake, don't take that money out of a half a loaf is better than none.

> President Moses Freedman says he don't see how New York can lose with the team she's got. All Mose has to do is to go up to the polo grounds, about forty-five times this summer and keep his lamps open. Jouett Meekin pretends to think that he

will pitch better ball than ever this year. The same old shell game, For the second time last week Cleveland

lammed the eternal tar water out of the Pittsburgs down at Hot Springs, and now the Pirates say they were only playin' for fun. There will be a good many base ball chestnuts drop out of the husk over ripe during

'96. The crop of young players coming on is a most bounteous one and the G. A. R. boys must muster in the rear. Dick Cooley awears by the excrescence on the side of Vendy's nose that he is as good as any man on the St. Louis team. Good for

what? "Ducky" Holmes, the center fielder of the Louisville club, broke his collar bone during a game at Mentgomery, Ala., falling while

running after a fly ball. He is seriously hurt and may not be able to play with the team for several weeks during the early part of

Anson has ordered Pitcher Rice to go work himself up into a cheap hotel pudding. He was put in the box the other day and the man who didn't make a home run off of him was no good at all.

Fred Pfeffer might just as well go get a some bank first as last, for it is very evident he will never again be able to hold down second on a league team. Like Johnny Ward and Reddy Hanrahan, Fred is well up in belies lettres and metaphysics, and if the presidency of a bank don't fit him he can hop into a professorship at Yale or Har-

Roger Conner vehemently denies that he wants to be a policeman. And yet he is Irish. He says he'd rather be dead than be a policeman. Will somebody please kill the

University park will be the scene of some

Decoration day will be a treat. THE FIELD AND STREAM.

Familiar Chat with the Votaries of



spring's wild fowl shooting is now on in carnest. The heavy snows of last week, which, under the genial influences of cloudless skies, were converted into running rivulets within twenty-

four hours after falling, have rendered the onditions throughout the state, but especially in this immediate vicinity, unsur-passed. Even the Big Muddy is back to almost her normal depth and rushing and becoming on to mingle with the Father of Waters in a way that is encouraging to both duck and ducker. All the smaller streams are swelled up like shyster politicians, while the lakes and sloughs are creeping up daily through constant contributions from the uplands and will soon reach a depth that will prove irresistibly enticing to the passing

And the shooters. That they appreciate the propitious signs is attested by the general exodus that has taken place from the city to favorite haunts within the past few days. Hunting parties of twos and threes have radiated to all points of the compass, to Bancroft and Tekamah on the north, Manawa. Whiting and Waubuncey on the east, Greina and Louisville on the south, Valley, Rogers and Clarks on the west, and today all undpubtedly have their full quota of corduroyed guests. And then there are other points without name or number that other points without name or number that have not been slighted, and altogether this is unquestionably going to prove an inter-esting Palm Sunday for the feathered tribe. esting Palm Sunday for the feathered tribe. All worldly cares have gone whirling away with the melting snows, and fancy has painted none but highly colored pictures for the men who love the fields and streams. What could be more delightful than crouching in a blind among the faded tulles and flags on some quiet lake on a day like the ones we have been enjoying? A soft amerald that has begun to creep over the sloping aboves, while the tendrilled arms of the cottonwoods above are showing swelling buds, while the blackbirds are flitting and twittering in yernel ecstacy amidst the yellowing rice, and greening rushes. There comes a brace of mallards! Rapidly winging their way from out the veil of gray hanging over the sand hills, they bend down

over the mirror of waters, catch sight of your decoys and swerve to come in. That is a supreme moment. Your hide has been observed in a supreme wisdom, and you be Editor of The Bee: Can you tell me little fear they will see you. On they come, until suddenly with extra vigor their wings beat their sides and they begin to climb out of threatened danger. But, wary as they are, they have miscalculated this time. At the crack of your gun the old green head doubles up his neck and comes whirling down. A quiet poke to the right and the hen gets the second barrel, but on she goes with a dolorous squawk, leaving only a puff of

George A. Hougland and W. H. Buchanan of Texas are having sport with the cacking white gesse, near the city of Cozad.

Bill Jones, the old market hunter, reports a tremendous flight of birds in the vicinity of Gretna, while word comes from Qu nucleaugh that the widgeon, blue bill and mallard are oming in in troops.

Charlie Johannes and Phineas Cavanaugh left for the lakelands near Tekamah last evening, and expect to be gone several days.

The prospective success of the approaching state tournament has given a decided impetus to local trap shooting affairs, and the several clubs are actively preparing for a busy and interesting campaign. The regu-lar weekly summer shoots of the old Omaha gun club will begin on the afternoon of May 22 and continue every Saturday up to and including September 26. The conditions will be twenty-five blue rocks from known traps, unknown angles, and each contestant must participate in a maximum of fourteen regular shoots to be eligible for prizes. All club scores must be shot up between the hours of 3 and 5 p. m., unless by unanimous consent of the contestants, but under no ircumstances will any member be allowed to shoot more than one score on any one day, and American association rules will

Harvey McMurchy writes me he will be here for the state shoot, stopping off on his return from 'Frisco, whither he expects to go the first week in April. McMurchy is one of the best and best known shots in America. He ke most favorably known from Boston to 'Frisco, and is really a prince in both business and social life.

The organization of a flycasting club is one of the local possibilities, as the old Anglers club, organized three years ago, has about evaporated. That a flycasting club could be established on a good foundation, under proper auspices, there is but little doubt, for Omaha can boast of as many enthusiastic fishermen as any city in the west.

Should the weather continue pleasant from ow on until April fishing should be reason ably good at all adjacent resorts, and especially in the matchless bars waters Minnesota. The run of fish at Lake Washington has been larger this spring than for several years, and Pat Sheehan writes me that the prospects were never better. In the lakes around here the prospects are equally good, notwithstanding the nefarious market man and his sein have not been idle.

H. B. Kernedy has returned from his winer's sojourn in Florida. He is as brown as a farm hand and shows every indication of robust health. "Blanch" had a great winter of it down in the everglades with quail, turkey and deer, and tarpon and blue fishing of the coast. His big catch was a 135-pound tarpon. In addition to his sportsman's ex-ploits, "Spike"—he has got a misat assortment of names—saved the life of a young Seminole squaw, who was catching frogs in the swamps of Catchelockee and got in a quagmire. Mr. Kennedy, however, after exhausting most all of his resources succeeded in landing her upon terra firma once more.

That Omaha is to have a big boom in blue rock shooting goes without an affidavit. Both shooting firms have sent in bigger orders than ever before and are receiving corre-sponding encouragement from dealers throughout the state. It is certain that the nterest displayed by sportsmen in all parts of Nebraska is without precedent, and what is better, this interest is of a character that

Dr. Galbraith and J. H. Dumont are knock ing the redheads and mailards right and left up north of Paxton. The doctor has the sporting editor's acknowledgments for pair of fine canvasbacks.

Joe Goldsmith and Jim Davis are up to the sandhills north of Hyannis. They have secured the services of an experienced old guide, Johnny Hardin, and expect to glut the eastern market with ducks, yellowhammers and blackbirds within the next fortnight.

Edgar G. Murphy and George Work shot a match for \$10,000 a side at Babylon, L. I., the other day. The conditions were: 200 birds, thirty yards rise, and fifty yards boundary. Mr. Murphy won on a score of 152 to 150. The re-markable feature of the match was that 708 cartridges were used, only two birds being scored as killed by the first barrel.

A series of team shoots will be arranged between the Council Bluffs and Omaha gun clubs this season for a trophy to be put up by The Omaha Bee. These shoots will be arranged to take place once each month for five successive months and the club making the highest aggregate score will be awarded the prize. Full particulars later.

The Nebraska Fish and Game Protective great college games this searon. The two association will hold a special meeting or contests with the Northwestern university the evening of April 22 at Parmelee's store ssociation will hold a special meeting on This is the date for the annual meeting or the State Sportsman's association and the two bodies will join in a general discussion looking to their mutual advancement and

> The robins began to play upon their tune ful lutes for the first time this spring, in this vicinity, on Wednesday, March 25.

It is with exceeding regret that I chronicle the death of an old and highly esteemed N HARMONY with the weather, the weather, spring's wild fowl to the United States and graduated in medicine, but his tastes and inclinations being more for sports of the rod and gun, he abandoned medicine for the profession of sporting journalism. He attained some fame as a writer under the nom de plume of Mohawk before he began his editorial career in the year 1876. From that time until his death he was specially identified with the action and development of the sporting world as it pertains to the healthful pleasures of land and water. He was a member of of land and water. He was a member of many kennel and shooting clubs, and was a liberal contributor to their success one of the most widely known of American sportsmen. Personally he was a gentleman of fine presence and great personal magnet-ism, and his executive ability was of a high

Questions and Answers IOWA CITY, March 25.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please answer in Sunday's Bee the age and birthplace of Tommy Conneff, the New York sprinter; also date of the annual spring games of the Yale University Athletic association, and what their program is for this year.—Student. Ans.—(1) Twenty-eight, Ireland. (2) Mon day. May 2. Handicap events. 120-yard

dash, 880-yard run, one mile run, 120-yard hurdle race, 220-yard hurdle race, one mile bicycle race, pole vault, running broad jump throwing 16-pound hammer, putting 16 pound shot, running high jump. STERLING, Ill., March 24.-To the Sport ing Editor of The Bee: Kindly following by answering in sporting column of Sunday Bee: In a game of cribbage A plays a nine spot, B plays a six, making fifteen, the latter claims three, that is, two for the

fifteen and one for the last card, as B's is last card played. Is B correct?-John M. Ans.-He is. AUBURN, Neb., March 23.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: To decide a bet will you send by return mail the speed of the six fastest flying birds .- H. J. Kuhiman Ans —Canvasback, redhead, blue and green wing teal, wild goose and wild pigeon.

OMAHA, March 27.—To the Sporting Editor of The Hee: Please publish in Sun-day's paper a remedy for the jerks in a dog. My setter has been so afflicted ever since Ans.—It has probably become chronic and s incurable. Neurishing food, exercise and

ing Editor of The Bee: Can you tell me who is the general manager of Buffalo Bill's Wild West show? What is his address.— Charles Atea. Ann.-Major Burke, care of Joe Schmitt Fourteenth street and Fourth avenue, Nev

LOGAN, Ia., March 23.-To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Will you please inform me through the correspondent column of Th Sunday Bee where in Omaha I can get small pug puppy? Also, can you give me th address of Judge Given and Judge Woolson at the present time, so I could get a lette to either one without delay, and oblige a reader of The Ree? -Mrs. E. A. George. Ans Pugs can be bought at the Sixteenth treet bird store. Judge Woolson, Mt.

Pleasant, In. NORTH BEND, Neb., March 18.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: What horse holds the quarter-mile record and what is the time?-E. G. Long. Ans.-Bob Wade, Butte, Mont., August 20

1890, :2144. OMAHA, March 24 .- To the Sporting Ed itor of The Bee: Please answer in your Sun-day column for the benefit of a man thinking putting a colored professional base ball eam on the road: What is Keene, the tain of the Wilcox & Draper team, as a bal

player, manager and gentleman? Do you think he would make a good captain? Are Lewis, Danger and Jim Hall of the same team in town?—J. F. Leaston.

Ans.—(1) He is a good man. (2) Don't know the whereabouts of the men mentioned. History of Cripple Creek.

We have just issued a book from the only authentic and reliable history of Cripple Creek gold camp, the marvel of the mining world. The book contains numerous fullpage illustrations of gold mines true to life. With the sole object of introducing our big eight page, fifty six column illustrated weekly paper (established, 1890), we will send copy of the above interesting book free to al who send us 25 cents (stamps or silver), for a three months (thirteen weeks) trial sub-scription to our big weekly, which contains the latest mining news and illustrations of Rocky mountain scenery. Club of five and five books, \$1. Mention The Bee, and address Illustrated Weekly, Denver, Colo.

OVERDUE.

(Written for the Sunday Bee.) My ship should have come in the morning When the skies were blue and fair, When the sun of hope was rising And my heart was brave to dare; For I had been strong in the struggle, With my life's regrets and tears. Had the peace my ship is bringing Been but mine through the cruel years. ship should have come in the morning

And at noon, when my soul was heavy
With a nameless dread and doubt,
My ship, with its priceless treasure,
Would have called my courage out;
And my eyes had been clear and steady
As my hands had been strong and firm;
But I gazed over still, cold waters
And cond pages a said discers And could never a sail discern

Now I sit in the sunset shadows
That the nearing night doth cast,
Mid the drifting sands of my present
And the wrecks of my hopeful past;
Yet I trust that the far horizon
Doth hide from my earthly view
The satisfying cargo
Of my ship that is overdue.
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Winside, Neb., March, 1896.

Bucklen's Armen salve. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Kuhn

Mrs. Susan Cake, who died the other day in Philadelphia, was widely known as a Methodiet evangelist, especially at camp meetngs.

### CURSED.

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dote-An Almost Incredible Story of Suffering Told by a Louisianian

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Nature will not be imposed upon. She bound to get even—to square accounts, o man starts a habit, but nature continues it, and, for punishment, he can't quit. Tak the case of George Rathban. For sixteen years he had to fill his system with poison to keep from going insane, and he would be still in the rack of terture had not No-To-Bac cured him-cured the habit of six teen years in sixteen days. Read his letter

Bonita, La., Aug. 18, 1895. Gentlemen: I have been completely cured Gentlemen: I have been completely cured of the tobacco habit by using No-To-Bac. I have used tobacco over seventeen years Four pounds a month is what I used for stateen years of my life, and I believe that No-To-Bac will cure anyone that will take half a box. I took six tablets one day, three the next and one the next day, and I was completely cured. After that I had to take eight more tablets to cure me of nervousness. Twenty-one tablets, you see, made a final cure, and all in sixteen days. I can very highly recommend No-To-Bac to all who are cursed with the to bacco habit and want to get rid of it. One box will cure the worst case I ever saw Very Truly Yours,

GEO. RATHBAN. Now, dear reader, tobacco-user for a little r a long time, don't say "I can't be cuted." will do you so much good for your nerves, blood and manhood. You don't have to take our word for it. Buy it from your own druggist under absolute guarantee of cure. Get our booklet "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away." Written guarantee and free sample mailed for the asking. Address The Electing Remedy Co., Chicago and New York.

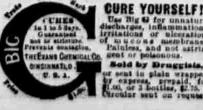




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all forms of ind'gestion and stemach trouble. Price 25 cents.

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