SPORTS FOR THE DOG DAYS

Well, we are to have another scull for the championship of the world after all. Jake Gaudaur, the American champion, has acceded to the demands of Jim Stanbury and will cross over in September, and row him on the historical Thames. Gaudaur first had hopes of luring the man from the land of the Golden Fleece over here, but the latter's speedy veto of the move decided Jake, and he concluded expeditiously to do what traveling is necessary himself. He knows of the Victoria sculler's indolent character, and that if he wanted a race he must bend to the latter's will in the matter, which he has done, and now we are to have an aquatic event that will prove the most interesting since Searle and O'Connor measured blades in 1889. Without a question the two Jays—Jake and Jim—are the two best oarsmen of the times, and a bout between them will awaken a lively enthusiasm in a sport that for years has been in a moribund condition. England has not produced a first-class sculler for nearly twenty years. Trickett, the Australian, was the first to relieve the mother country of the honor, and Searle and Stanbury both proved themselves worthy successors to the big fellow, who was compelled to surrender to Hanlan. All other classes of sport are constantly developing phenoms, but in professional rowing, all the glory seems to be fading in the waning days of the heroes of a former day. Where is the young sculler making a bid for the oar of any of the cracks of a decade and a half ago?

An English medical journal, discussing the physiological cost of a boat race between universities, says that for a period of twenty minutes every member of the two crews was at the highest physiological pitch to which his organism was capable. The strain fell principally upon the two main centers of life—the heart and the nervous system. Then, continuing, the journal referred to, says: "Speaking as judiciously as possible, a physiologist cannot but express the conviction that every man in the two boats must have been to some extent injured. The tremendous muscular effort made set up such a swift and high-tensioned cardiac activity as could not but charge to overflowing every remotest capillary supplying the nervous system and caused a production of nerve energy which was the very highest of which the nervous organization was capable. The strain in such cases is intense and the waste of nerve tissue is almost incredible. It is not, however, the nervous system to which the most serious and enduring harm is done—it is the heart. There is one factor in a boat race which the medical authorities agree upon, and that is the strain is uninterrupted for a period beyond the strength of any human organism. It is certain that no race is ever rowed without serious injury to some. In a definite number of cases the injury is life-long to individuals, but in every race every man can hardly fail to be a sufferer for a longer or shorter time."

For a man whom Kid McCoy alleged he had put out of the business Tommy Ryan seems to be a pretty hustling sort of a pugilist. He fights Dick Moore a twenty-round battle at Buffalo the first week in August, and in September he is to meet George Green before one of the Frisco clubs for twenty-five more. In both of these affairs the Syracuse thumper will undoubtedly be an odds-on favorite, although to my way of thinking neither is of the copper-riveted kind. Moore, who has fought as many fights as any man in the ring today, has improved greatly since the days when he was the trial horse for the Omaha Athletic club, and while I think Ryan will conquer him I also think that it will require about all of the twenty rounds to do it. Dick Moore is as game a man as ever pulled a sweater over his head and in the early stages can hit hard enough to suit the tastes of the most fastidious. He is fond of grueling and can stand as much of it as the next one. If he could induce Tommy to "mix" he would stand a good chance of winning, but this he will not be able to do and I look for Ryan to stand him off and finish him at an arthitic distance. As for "Young Corbett," he will undoubtedly prove a hard nut to crack. He is quick and clever and will fight all the way down the pike, and Tommy must be at his best to score a win, and I am certain he will be. The lesson taught him by McCoy was a dearly earned one and it is hardly probable that he will ever again crawl through the ropes unprepared.

It seems that Jack McAuliffe will not unbuckle from the idea that he is Kid Lavigne's master, and, as Dick Roche is again to the front with an offer to back him, there is quite a likelihood that such a meeting is as good as booked for one of the New York clubs this fall. Already the redhots have decided the fight, but the difficulty is that they are not unanimous as to the way it will go. A large preponderance is as sure as they are that the moon is made out of green cheese, and, as much as I like Jack, I am inclined toward the majority, that McAuliffe will never be in it. There are a good many who profess to believe that the old champion will lick his man to a dead moral certainty. I cannot see how they figure this out, but, as the man from Waboo said, "it's a good thing all men don't think alike, fur if they did Maria Jane would be some other fellow's wife." If all the sports thought alike there would be no matches and no fights and as a natural consequence no pugilistic fun.

It seems that the gilded path of all champions in sport has its end in an abyss of gloom. A very ignus fatuus is the title—champion. The man who aspires to the honor will trespass on forbidden territory and plunge into unknown darkness in his attempt to achieve fame, and generally meets disappointment only. The champion, not content with his honors, continues on and on, until the beacon light goes out and leaves him floundering in a slough of disgrace and poverty. The will-o'-the-wisp of greatness has vanished and the darkness and desolation of dissipation and decay of power alone engulf him. The crown of fame is succeeded by a fool's cap of nonentity. It is much easier to fall than to climb and reputations which have required years to build up are destroyed in an ill-time moment. The trouble with champions has been and always will be that they do not know when to retire. They refuse to acknowledge any depreciation of their prowess until they bump against a stone wall.

Surely, the year of our Lord, 1896, is not proving a blue ribbon year for the turf, especially the trotting department thereof, and with the thoroughbreds little more can be said. Outside of the big classic events on the various famous courses throughout the country there has been nothing to mark the year other than a very ordinarily successful one. In some sections of this broad land it really looks as if the trotter was obsolete, and on all the big running tracks there is now a decided tendency to not only decrease the number, but the value of stakes, and in many instances the length of meetings have been shortened by weeks. As the running turf was never freer of crookedness than it is today, this condition of things can only be attributed to one thing and that is the absence of a superfluity of the stuff that makes the mare go. Hard times. Hurried retrospection shows that in 1888 the racing interests of this country reached their zenith. Every horseman and every trackman made a "bundle" that year. Every meeting enjoyed a free coinage of both gold and silver and many of the stakes were of a princely character. Those who made the whole campaign returned home in the fall with money to burn, and the horse marts all over the country enjoyed a boom. The thoroughbreds went up like rockets, and phenomenal prices were paid for many who never had earned enough to buy their hay. Breeders recognized the auriferous time in the horsey tide and worked night and day to increase their producing capacity and the consequence was that the following few years saw the market glutted and the prices of horses, both thoroughbreds and trotters, took a tumble that was absolutely incredible. Good horses could be had for a song, and bad ones for next to nothing. Just now, however, the silvery lining to the clouds has just begun to show its resplendent fringe, and with good times 1896, instead of a failure, would have proven one of the banner years in the history of the running turf. But all chances of this have gone glimmering now, and horse owners turn back to 1888 as the golden era of the game. Some of the best horses the American turf ever knew made their debut that year, and what is more, they were western horses at that. It is true that every year since some phenomenally great horse has made his appearance, and there have been as good, and, perhaps, better horses since than any that year, but, taken as a whole, all ages considered, no season since has shown up as many good horses. Just as the true sportsman's blood today quickens at the mention of such horses as Henry of Navarre, Domino, Clifford, Ben Brush, etc., so in 1888 the same effect was produced when the exploits of Terra Cotta, Emperor of Norfolk, Los Angeles and Proctor Knott were recalled. Taking them all in all this country has never seen many better race horses than the four above named.

And this reminds me, speaking of the trotters, this year, so far, like 1895, has given us no advance toward the two-minute mark, but of course the season is hardly half over yet. The failure of all the prospective champions only emphasizes the merit of what their predecessors have done since the improved running gear was applied to the sulky. Rather curiously, it is found that the difference in the time made with the old vehicle and the new one, at both gaits, is the same to a fraction. Sunol's mile in 2:08¼ has been beaten by 4½ seconds since the safety wheel came to the aid of the trotters. Similarly the 2:06, which Direct scored, is 4½ seconds lower than Robert J's superb achievement. For the present the figures which mark the improvements made since the "bike" came into general use must be taken to represent the advantage gained by its employment for developing speed. When the ball-bearing axle and pneumatic tire were first attached to a sulky, early in the season of 1892, the suggestion that they would enable the horses to go at least two seconds faster was laughed to scorn by more than one trainer of experience. Budd Doble read of it at Terre Haute, where he was giving his best endeavors to getting Nancy Hanks patched up, so that her "dicky" legs could carry her fast enough to reward J. Malcolm Forbes for the large outlay at which he had become the owner of the little bay mare. The man who had captured world's records with Dexter and Goldsmith Maid shook his head at the idea of a sulky that would make such a difference in the speed of a trotter. Before the Grand circuit was fairly under way Doble's opinion changed, and a few weeks later he drove his famous pupil four seconds faster than he had ever expected to go with her.

The hoped-for visit of English amateur athletes to this country is off, and if we are to witness any high class "feet running" this fall it must be between home products. Breden, the British crack, has resolved to retire from the racing path, for a year or so at least, owing to a serious injury to one of his ankles, while Shaw, the hurdler, does not care to compete on this side of the brink, and Bacon and Bradley have both been disqualified by the Amateur Athletic union. On the other side of the herring pond, however, they are going to have a treat, for our own Tommy Conneff, champion mile runner of not only this country and Canada, but of Ireland also, is going to cross over for the purpose of giving the English champion, Bacon, a series of races for the world's championship. Conneff is now a professional, as are many of the alleged amateurs with whom he has been trotting for so long a time. He intends to settle at his home near Dublin and do his training for these championship runs. Bacon, as all followers of sport probably know, is the idol of the cinder path in England. He first established his reputation by winning the one-mile national championship of 1893 from a high-class field in 4 minutes 19 1-5 seconds. He repeated the trick in 1894 in 4 minutes 22 1-5 seconds, having so much up his sleeve the latter day that he won the four-mile championship in 19 minutes 48 2-5 seconds. Up to that time Bacon had been a humble private in her majesty's army, but, having completed his service, he blossomed out as an amateur athlete. He did nothing but travel over the United Kingdom from meeting to meeting, and winning from a mile up to all that was worth winning. He, like Conneff and a score of other "amateurs" in this country, had plenty of pocket money, besides money for training and traveling expenses. No question was asked about him by the American Athletic union officials; the public did not bother its head about the amateur status of a man who could run a mile in 4 minutes 19 seconds, as Bacon did at last season's English championship meet. A funny class are these amateurs, as is demonstrated by the lily whites in the bicycle realm, as well as in all other departments of sport outside the big colleges.

The tennis players still continue to bemoan the fact that the American player, Larned, got so beautifully waxed at the Wimbledon tournament, and by a man, at that, whom he had thrashed out of his shoes just a week before. There is no call for lamentation, however, for the American has, on the whole, done remarkably well, his record far excelling that of any other player who ever left these shores and dared face the cracks in the lion's den. There is little doubt but what he will do better still. He is in fine form, and with no serious drawback will at the end of the year be right up in the front rank with the champion British artists. If Larned was a disappointment in the English championship tourney, home players may find some consolation in the exploits of Miss Juliette Atkinson, the Brooklyn girl, who went over to Niagara the other day and won the Canadian championship from Mrs. Smith just as easy at eating bon-bons.

To a man up a tree it looks very much as if Robert J.'s star is on the wane, and Joe Patchen is looming up in the trotting constellation as the bright particular luminary of the day. Thus far this season the little bay wonder has not given evidence of even last year's high form, and he must brace up or give way to Patchen, his big rival. They say that Joe turned off his exhibition mile at Joliet a week ago in 2:04¾, in such an easy way that leads to the belief that he is capable of something a good deal better. Robert J.'s best heat thus far was a 2:05cr and he had to be urged to his best to turn the trick. With Johnny Gentry on the dry dock it looks as if a series of fake races between Patchen and Robert would be about the thing just now, to not prove which is the best horse, and to skin the suckers.

With the Albuquerque Sports.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., July 16.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: I take this means of informing my old friends in Omaha that I am still in the land of the kicking and pushing a pool cue just a little stronger than ever before, and it is by reason of this ability that I am enabled to eat with high-class regularity.

I am having a fine time here and being treated like a white man. You, yourself, are anything but a stranger here, both personally and as one of the most interesting sporting writers in the country. Your brief stop-off here on your way to El Paso is remembered with pleasure by all the local bloods.

Mr. Arthur, the ex-Omahog, who piloted you during your stay here, sends regards, as also Joe Barnett, Mr. Jones and others. Enclosed you will find a program, which will give you an idea of what I am doing here. Please inform Tom Foley that the next time I happen to Omaha I will show him a sample of fifteen-ball pool that will make him forget there ever was such a man as Jim Malone. FRED PEYTON.

WITH ROD AND GUN.

The Customary Weekly Jaunt with the Lovers of Nature.

It is to be hoped that the next Nebraska legislature will follow the good example set by Massachusetts, Michigan and other states in respect to the distribution of state fish for private waters. These states have enacted a statute prescribing that the fish commissioners shall furnish no fish nor fish spawn to any individual or corporation for stocking waters under the control of such individual without first having exacted an agreement that the waters so stocked with state fish shall be free to the public for fishing during the lawful open fishing seasons. This is hard, practical, common sense, but simple justice to the taxpayer. This thing of outlaying money for the stocking of private ponds whereon no one save the selfish proprietor has rights is getting to be too much of a good thing and should be brought to a sudden termination. One of the most pronounced traits of human nature is to get something for nothing, and in no people will you find it so thoroughly exemplified as those who think they are beating city, state or government. To this class belongs the man who is crying for fish for his private waters at the expense of the general people. The same parties in Nebraska have sent for fish over and over again, and there is one name which has appeared among the regular annual applicants for the gratuitous issue of bass and trout fry for the past six years, and every year, I believe, he has got what he asked for to stock and restock his posted private pond. In a talk with Commissioner May some months ago he expressed the sound idea that the province of state activity in fish culture should be in the increase of the food fish supply, the kind you buy in the market, bass, pike, crappie, pickerel and sunfish, while the private propagation of trout should be left to the individuals, gun and fishing clubs and associations. This is a view shared in by a large majority of men interested in fish culture for practical instead of amusement purposes, and it is more than likely that when the legislature once comprehends that a big portion of the products of state trout culture go to the benefit of comparatively few individuals they will follow the way which has been pointed out by so many of the eastern and middle states.

It is a well known fact that among the very best patrons of the railroads are the sportsmen, shooters and fishermen, and it will be pleasing to note that at least one road traversing a paradisical western country will complete plans this season for the better accommodation of this class of patrons, for the transportation of camp luggage, boats, dogs, etc. The nature of the sportsman's recreation makes it necessary for him to do a great deal of traveling and as a rule he is plenty able to pay for what he gets. The railroads appreciate this fact and locally the sportsmen have been tolerably well looked after. The man who fishes and shoots wants to leave his business at the last possible moment and then get to the place he has selected for his outing as quickly as steam and wheels will carry him. If he wants grizzly bear, elk and mountain lion it is to the Rocky mountains he hies himself; he goes to Canada for salmon and muskalunge, for moose and caribou; to Minnesota for bass, pickerel and pike; to the Dakotas and the sandhill region of Nebraska for chicken and grouse, also geese and ducks and snipe; quail attract him also to various localities in this state and into Kansas, Iowa and Missouri. But whatsoever his destination, save in rare instances, must be made by rail, and isn't there ample reason why the railroad companies should pay extra attention to this class of patronage? Think of the hundreds and the thousands who annually make big outlays in search of sport, and they are on the increase every year. It is safe to say that where one man indulged in such an expedition ten years ago 100 go now. This swelling of the sportsmen's ranks of course must redound greatly to the benefit of the railroads, and, as increased business makes keener competition, the present outlook behooves a number of lines which might be named to establish a new code of rules governing this class of patronage. There is no traveler more important to their welfare than the shooter and the fisher, for most all summer tourists are hunters and anglers, and no one depends so extensively on the railroads as he. To him, on a trip, time and comfort mean much, and he is willing to pay generously for quick time, the best of service and accommodations.

Harry Brome, C. L. Thomas, T. J. Foley and myself spent last Sunday out at Jack MacColl's home, as the guests of that prince of good fellows, George Blakesley. The journey was made ostensibly for plover, but in this regard proved a disappointment, as the birds had come in in that region but sparingly. But plover are not the only proof of happiness on a summer day out at Lexington. Blakesley was ready with two spanking teams and we made a trip into a country upon which the gods have surely smiled most graciously this year. Broad fields of waving corn, yellowing wheat and rye, immeasurable seas of hay and meadow land, and beautiful country places, with cattle and hogs until one wonders where markets big enough can be found to utilize them all. And we had sport, too, plenty of it, from shooting the whistling Bartramians on the hay fields to doves in the timber, and fishing for channel cat in the all but dried-up Platte. And our dinner in the woods, prepared and served in true Griswoldesque style, with plenty of Budweiser right off the ice to act as chasers, what lovelier time could man have had?

Prof. Bruner of the Nebraska university says there are 780 species of birds for the whole of North America north of the Mexican boundary; that 415 species and subspecies visit Nebraska, and that 227 species breed within our borders, and that more than 100 winter with us. The professor also says that Nebraska has an unusually large bird fauna, and while this is true, it is also a fact that a large number of the species which visit this state do so in but comparatively small numbers, the robin being a noticeable instance. As Prof. Bruner says, we are situated nearly in the middle of the country and meet the representatives of the eastern and western, northern and souther faunas, and Nebraska probably furnishes as many facilities for the prosecution of the study of ornithological life as any state in the union. His idea for "Bird day," as well as "Arbor day," is a good one.

The Dupont Gun club is making elaborate preparations for a picnic on Sunday, August 2, to be held on their grounds in East Omaha. There will be a sweepstakes shoot at live birds and targets, with a good card of athletic games, besides refreshments galore, boating, bathing and divertisements of many and varied kinds. Secretary Curtis has the sporting editor's acknowledgments for a special invitation.

The Omaha Gun club will send a team to Chicago the first week in August to compete in the big team race at the Dupont tournament. The cracks likely to represent Omaha are F. S. Parmelee, G. W. Loomis, J. C. Read, Jim Smead and Goodley Brucker. This quintet are doing a good deal of practicing on live birds and, judging from their scores, they will be well able to maintain the Gate city's credit at the big shoot.

Ed Krug of the Waltonian school of sportsmen says he has word that the fishing is better down at Langdon now than it has been at any time this season. Bass are taking the frog very well and a large number have been caught with flies. Crappie are biting with great voracity, a single book landing over 100 on Wednesday last. Mr. Krug will pilot a party down today or tomorrow.

Norman N. Spear, a young Illinois sportsman, is making a tour of the west in the interests of that popular sportsman's magazine, Sports Afield. Mr. Spear made the sporting editor of The Bee a pleasant call Wednesday. He said he intended to visit every town in Nebraska of any consequence and he will not get back to Chicago much before the snow flies. Sports Afield is enjoying a well-deserved boom this season.

Campers in the mountains are now enjoying the finest sport with rod and reel. The reports coming down are most gratifying, and the pleasure and health-seekers who are rusticating among the pines of the Big Horn and other ranges are shipping mountain trout almost daily to their friends here, who cannot avail themselves of the opportunity for an outing in the pleasant altitudes.

What singular contrarieties are witnessed in nature. While the wet seasons drown the callow prairie chicken and quail they work no damage to the ravenous brood of hawk and owl, all the year round the farmers wage a war of extermination upon the crows, but each recurring fall sees the hordes of the black corn thief unthinned moving southward, while year after year the harried pinioons of geese and ducks return fewer and less frequent, the detested English sparrows increase and multiply in spite of bitter winters and righteous persecution, but our natives, the beautiful song birds, continue to diminish. Thus all about us we witness the undesirable in animated nature flourishing, while those whose presence would be hailed with joy are rapidly disappearing and tending toward extinction. Who can say that a century hence the sportsmen of the day will not be wrangling over their bags of English sparrows and crows in lieu of ducks, geese, chicken and quail?

The last weekly shoot of the Dupont Gun club resulted as follows:

Lang	0011	0011	1111	1111	11111	—23
Lewis	1111	1111	1111	1111	11110	—24
Carlin	1001	1111	1111	1111	10001	—22
Murray	1000	1111	1111	1111	11110	—21
McDonald	1111	0111	1100	1001	11100	—19
Irmer	0000	1100	0111	1001	01111	—17
Samson	1000	1011	0001	1111	10000	—16
Moore	1110	0000	0111	1001	11000	—14
Gardner	1000	1100	0000	0011	1100	—10
H. Bauman	1101	0000	0000	0011	0111	—12
Goldsmith	1000	0000	0000	0000	1001	—3
Becher	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	—0

"Rattlesnake Jack," the repulsive character whom I met at Rushville when on my way to the Pine Ridge Indian celebration a couple of weeks ago, as I predicted then, has been bitten by one of his pet rattlesnakes and is in a bad way. The physician in attendance thinks he can pull the old man through, that is if Tommy Dodd's whisky barrel holds out. The following note from United States Marshal Liddiard gives some of the details:

RUSHVILLE, July 20.—Dear Sandy: While your friend, Rattlesnake Jack, was preparing to hit the road for an exhibition tour with his menagerie yesterday, one of his big performing rattlers bit him on the arm, and it looked like "all day" for Jack for a while. I have learned from the doctor this evening, however, that the snake is in a bad way, but he has hopes of stretching Jack's life out a few years longer.

Notwithstanding the upland plover are heard flying to and fro in large numbers over the city every night the runners thus far have met but meager success in bagging them. The haying, however, is now being finished up and from this on until the departure of the birds the shooting ought to be first class, as there is no doubt about the presence of a larger number than for several years.

The exodus of mountain campers in search of excitement with rod and gun has now fairly commenced and from this on until the middle of September there will be something like a veritable procession passing to and from the well known hunting and fishing resorts of the mountainous regions.

ON THE BALL FIELD.

Palaver with the Bleachers All Along the Line.

Another week of the great league race has been run, and still Buckeroo Ewing's Cincinnati Reds are chirping the way. They started neck and neck with Hanlon's Orioles on Monday, with Patsy Bolivar and his Forest Cities hanging at their heels. They rounded into the stretch in this position Wednesday, but right here Buckeroo demonstrated that he was the best jockey of the three. He knocked down the New York Giants twice in auction, while Hanlon could only take one out of two with the Pirates. Cleveland, however, took Washington by the nape of the neck and the slack of the pants, and swished her round in the lake a couple of times, and thus crowded Baltimore out of second place, leaving Cincinnati once more in the van. By the way, Wednesday was the high-water mark of the year in the way of marvelous contests. The day saw the record for purely scientific base ball broken to smithereens. Seven games were played in the big circuit, and five of them resulted in shutouts. Every one of the seven games was hotly contested and desperately and honestly played. Cincinnati, after two hard struggles, took two games, one of them a whitewash, and Cleveland, by remarkable work, twice Chinaged the Senators. Down at Smoke Town the Baltimores first shut out the Pittsburgs, who turned right round and returned the compliment. None of these games, however, were pitchers' battles in any sense of the word. Of course they played their part, but it was the perfect work of the fielders that made five shutouts in seven games possible. Wet and soggy grounds are productive of small scores. With base running cut off by muddy paths, and batting interfered with by reason of the ball being wet and soggy, the chance of stealing runs is reduced to the minimum. The team that got off in the lead had a shade the best of it. All the grounds were muddy because the rain of Tuesday and Tuesday night was general. There is little chance to make up lost ground on soft grounds, but five shutouts in one day is little short of remarkable. Chicago pulled further toward the leaders, and any of the four may now fly the pennant, for with the ball she is playing now Chicago will rise 100 points above its present per cent before September closes. The race is getting warmer each day, and it is the west which is slaughtering the visitors this year. More than two-thirds of the games since the raid began is the record for the western division, and this is something that has not happened in a good many seasons.

"Grasshopper" Ulrich, a former Omaha favorite, is now with the New Yorks and made his second league debut in the double-header at Cincinnati Wednesday. That he made an impression, it is only necessary to quote one of the local critics: "Aside from the cheer that was given Irwin for his capture of Van Haltren's fly in the eighth, Ulrich was the only one of the players to get a hand for field work. Twice the stands acknowledged their pleasure by giving him vigorous rounds of applause. Once he was cheered for a one-handed catch of Smith's fly, and the other time for a forward running catch of Hoy's pop fly near the left field bleachers. Ulrich made three hits in the two games, and one of the two runs. He was signed from the Quincy team. He is no stranger to Cincinnati, for he was one of the many youngsters that Comiskey signed during the season of 1895. He came here from the Birmingham club, but did not stay long. It would now appear that he is in fast company to stay."

Anson stole a base—it was in the seventh when Ryan was at first by virtue of a hit. He was so lame that running was impossible and Nash gave Anson permission to run in his stead. The chestnut colt neighed and kicked up his heels while Decker was striving to hit and finally made a sprint down the pike. He got off in a bunch and set the running down the back stretch at a ten-second slip. Clements was so staggered at the spectacle that he hesitated and the Cap pounded the dirt vigorously and beat the ball by a nose. The crowd gave pop a round of cheers for his daring.—Chicago Record.

The league season of '96 is thirteen weeks old. Eleven weeks still remain and from present prospects the cranks will see one of the most brilliant finishes in the history of base ball. It will be the east vs. the west, with chances slightly in favor of the wild and woolly. The east places its hopes on the champion Orioles, while the west will be represented by two struggling contestants for championship honors, Cleveland and Cincinnati. At the present time it is a beautiful race. The Cincinnatis are in the van, with Baltimore and Cleveland both at their heels. Despite the efforts of certain eastern writers to cast a slur on the Queen City representatives, they deserve all the credit that can be accorded them. The Reds have had more than their share of ill-luck, but through it all they have played a consistent game and have kept in the front flight simply through courage. Today they are playing as good, if not better ball, than any club in the big organization.

A New York crook broke into the office of the Cincinnati base ball ground and stole some office furniture. He refused to give his name and the clerk of the court, who is a ball fan, entered him on the docket as Andrew Freedman.

There doesn't seem to be anything the matter with the St. Louis pitchers, considering that Pittsburg would like to have Donahue, that Cincinnati has an itching for Billy Hart and that every club in the league would make room for Breitenstein.

The old Chicago team, in which Anson, Kelly, Williamson, Flint, Burns, Gore, Dalrymple and Corcoran were stars, probably possessed the virtue of confidence or pluck in a larger degree than any team that ever played ball. A defeat or two never depressed them. They looked upon a lost game more as a freak than as an evidence of their inferiority as a nine.

"I'll take off my hat to Helen of the Phillies. He is the only left-handed thrower I have ever seen who could play in the short field and make a success of it," says Tom Brown.

Phil Ehret of the Reds at present leads the pitchers of the National league. He has pitched in thirteen games and the average of earned runs made off him is less than one.

The recent Chicago-Baltimore series will probably go down in history as the hardest slugging series ever contested between big league clubs so nearly matched in skill. The total number of hits made was 164.

Talk about wine improving with age. How about Bid McPhee? This is his fourteenth consecutive year as a professional ball player and anybody who has watched his grand work this year will have to admit that this is the banner season of his wonderful record. Bid has set the pace for the second basemen of the world for the last fourteen years. To eclipse his own record in the last year marks him as a wonder.

For a hit in the nick of time your Uncle Anson may be depended on. Never before in his long and honorable career on the diamond has the veteran performed so well at the bat as this season. Age cannot wither nor custom stale his batting eye, and there isn't a player in the major league who wouldn't willingly give a hip, hip and a hurrah for the glorious veteran and shout "more power to your trusty willow and your eagle eye, uncle."

Anson played two games last Monday that are probably without an equal in the history of the game, in the matter of put-outs at first base. In the first game the big chief only had five put-outs and in the second only two, making seven put-outs as his record for two games.

Comiskey's St. Paul team probably has the best record for successive victories of the season. They won their seventeenth straight game the other day.

Jake Beckley puts in most of his time in the Pittsburg games in dusting off the home plate and in coaching.

Eddie Burke is the second Red to pass the century mark in the matter of base hits. He now is near 110.

In the Tebeau injunction Connie Mack gets back his real name. He is designated Cornelius McGillicuddy.

Manager McGunnigle has filed a formal protest with President Young for the possession of Shortstop Monte Cross.

It is said that the Western association is on its last legs and some of the clubs have agreed to give up the fight next week.

Lange rides to the grounds on his wheel twice a day. Anson makes the trip in the same way every second day.—Chicago Tribune.

Lou Bierbauer of the Pittsburg club will not be able to get back to the game for over a month. His sprained ankle is giving him no end of trouble.

THE COMING STATE MEET.

Preparations for the Grandest Day's Racing on Record.

The Nebraska state circuit bicycle meet will be held at the old fair grounds on Saturday, August 8, and judging from the extensive preparations being made, it will prove the biggest and best racing day ever known in this part of the country.

The immediate management is in the hands of W. Lyle Dickey and Charlie L. Thomas, which is a sufficient guarantee that the affair will be conducted on a strictly first class basis and that it will be a decided success in every particular. It may be, after all, that the meet will not be held on the old fair grounds, as the management have not as yet fully determined upon this point. If it is, the riders can rest assured that the track will be put in perfect condition and the spectators given every advantage for their convenience and comfort.

That it will prove the star meeting of the state circuit there is no doubt whatsoever, and as it will close the summer campaign, this is as it should be. Nearly $700 will be hung up in purses and prizes, besides a large number of special trophies to be offered on the day, and this will be sufficient to attract the very best riders now campaigning throughout this part of the country. Secretary Thomas already reports thirty entries and predicts that there will be half as many again by the time closing day arrives.

One thing that points to the unqualified success of the coming state meet is the extraordinary interest the merchants, hotels, railroads and business men are evincing in it. The railroads will all offer reduced rates and every prominent firm in the city has in one way or another demonstrated its interest in the affair and will turn out on the day and help in making the attendance the best ever known here.

All the well known professionals in this western country will be on hand to contend for the handsome cash prizes, while the immaculate amateur will be here in all his glory. Fifty competitors will make a great field of starters in each event, and it is quite certain that there will be this many, if not more.

The program, with prizes, excepting the specials, is appended:

1. One Mile Novice—First prize, value $30; second prize, value $10; third prize, value $5.
2. One-Half Mile Open, Professional—First prize, $35; second prize, $15; third prize, $5.
3. One-Half Mile Open, Amateur—First prize, value $35; second prize, value $20; third prize, value $10.
4. One Mile Messenger Boy—First prize, $10; second prize, value $5; third prize, value $2.50.
5. One Mile Amateur, 2:35 Class—First prize, value $30; second prize, value $10; third prize, value $5.
6. Two-Mile Professional Tandem—First prize, $15; second prize, $5.
7. One Mile Open, Amateur—First prize, value $35; second prize, value $20; third prize, value $10.
8. One Mile Open, Professional—First prize, $50; second prize, $20; third prize, $10.
9. Three-Mile Amateur Handicap—First prize, value $35; second prize, value $20; third, value $10; fourth, value $5.
10. Two-Mile Professional Handicap—First prize, $35; second prize, $15; third prize, $7.50; fourth prize, $2.50.

WILL CARRY ONLY COMPANY MAIL.

Omaha Follows the Lead of Other Roads and Issues a Circular.

Following the example of the Burlington and the Union Pacific roads, General Manager Burt of the Omaha road has sent out the following circular to carry out the regulations recently specified by Postmaster General Wilson:

"This company will carry as railway mail only such printed or written matter and correspondence as may relate to its own separate business, or joint traffic or business with other lines of railway. All other mail matter should be forwarded by the United States postal service.

"Any mail matter to be carried as railway mail must be plainly marked 'Railway Business,' and when received from or delivered to any connecting line, must be marked 'Joint Railway Business,' giving the names or initials of all lines over which routed.

"No mail matter of any description, destined to any point beyond this company's lines, should be sent by railway mail that is not pertinent to the business or traffic of this and all the other lines by which routed, and plainly marked as above."

Sues for Heavy Damages.

Charles Lund has commenced suit against the Rock Island and Union Pacific railroad companies for $25,000 damages, alleged to have been sustained by being struck by a Rock Island passenger train while crossing the tracks in South Omaha used by both roads, in August, 1894. The plaintiff alleges that the point where he crossed the tracks was a public highway, and that the train was moving at a rate of speed higher than allowed by city ordinance, and also that no warning signal by bell or whistle was given of the approach of the train.

Old Railroader Gone.

George Mitchell, one of the oldest conductors in the employ of the Union Pacific, died Friday night at the residence of his brother in Lincoln. He leaves a wife and one child, who reside at Council Bluffs, to which place his remains were yesterday taken by the Rock Island road. For the past three years he had been ill of paralysis, caused by a severe fall he met with in the service of the company. He had been in the employ of the Union Pacific for the past eighteen years and was well and favorably known throughout the system.

Crop Conditions Excellent.

General Manager Bidwell, Superintendent Hughes, General Freight Agent Morehouse and General Passenger Agent Buchanan of the Elkhorn have returned from a trip over the system. It was the first regular inspection tour of the new management. Excellent conditions were found to exist all along the line. The corn crop is especially good, and, although oats are a little bit off, the yield will be a good one. There has been plenty of moisture along the line and prospects are good for a splendid season.

Arrested for Stealing a Music Box.

Harry Soudenburg, son of ex-Boiler Inspector Soudenburg, was arrested last night on suspicion of having stolen a music box and a pair of opera glasses from the residence of Thomas Kilpatrick, 2411 Harney street. The articles were taken about ten days ago by some sneak thief, a description of whom tallies exactly with the appearance of Soudenburg. The young man had, when taken into custody, a pair of nearly new tan shoes, which he had endeavored to sell to a number of second-hand clothing stores.

Beet Sugar Men Meet Wednesday.

The officers of the Nebraska Beet Sugar association will hold a meeting at 2 o'clock next Wednesday afternoon in the rooms at 1704 Farnam street, at which time they will arrange for the convention of beet sugar growers, to be held at Grand Island about August 10. At this meeting it will be decided whether or not the beet sugar men will make an exhibit at the state fair.

Beware Of Mercury!

Mr. Henry Roth, of 1848 South 9th Street, St. Louis, was given the usual mercurial treatment for contagious blood poison. He was twice pronounced cured, but the disease returned each time, he was seized with rheumatic pains, and red lumps and sores covered his body. "I was in a horrible fix" he says, "and the more treatment I received, the worse I seemed to get. A New York specialist said he could cure me, but his treatment did me no good whatever. I was stiff and full of pains, my left arm was useless so that I was unable to do even the lightest work. This was my condition when I began to take S. S. S., and a few bottles convinced me that I was being benefitted. I continued the medicine, and one dozen bottles cured me sound and well. My system was under the effects of mercury, and I would soon have been a complete wreck but for S. S. S."

S. S. S., (*guaranteed purely vegetable*) is the only cure for real blood diseases. The mercurial treatment of the doctors always does more harm than good. Beware of mercury! Books on the disease and its treatment mailed free to any address by Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

SSS

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SPECIALISTS IN Nervous, Chronic and Private Diseases.

WEAK MEN SEXUALLY. All Private Diseases and Disorders of Men. Treatment by mail. Consultation free.

SYPHILIS Cured for life and the poison thoroughly cleansed from the system. PILES, FISTULA and RECTAL ULCERS, HYDROCELES AND VARICOCELE permanently and successfully cured. Method new and unfailing.

STRICTURE AND GLEET Cured at home. By new method without pain or cutting. Call on or address with stamp.

Dr. Searles & Searles, 119 S. 14th St., Omaha Neb.

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.

A NEW AFRICAN STORY.

"The Wizard,"

By RIDER HAGGARD.

To Begin August 2d and Run 12 Weeks.

IN this story Mr. Haggard relates the terrible experiences of the Reverend Thomas Owen, who, persuaded that Faith, if strong enough, could accomplish all things even to the performance of miracles, gave up a comfortable living in the Church of England to practice his preaching among the Children of Fire.

He went knowing that this savage African tribe, under the spell of the Wizard Hokosa, had put to death the last "White Messenger" because he could not prove his religion by raising from the dead his companion whom they had slain before his very eyes. This he learned through a third missionary whom they sent back to his people with this message:

"Tell them that having proved you to be liars they dealt with you as all honest men seek that all liars should be dealt with. Tell them that they desire to hear more of this matter, and if one can be sent to them who has no false tongue, who in all things fulfills the promises of his lips, that they will harken to him and treat him well; but that for such as you they keep a spear."

It was this challenge that the Reverend Thomas Owen accepted; and in this serial is told the wonderful story of his single-handed conflict with the Children of Fire and his almost miraculous success in baffling their prophets and confounding their Wizardry—converting first the king and then the great body of his people; among others his son and rightful heir to the throne.

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.

HE SENDS IT FREE.

Physician's Prescription for Cure of Weakness in Men.

When a man has suffered for many years with a weakness that blights his life and robs him of all that really makes life worth living; when after years of doctoring with all sorts of patent medicines and alleged specialists, he discovers a remedy that brings back to him the power and physical energy that seemed to him lost forever, he naturally feels generous. He wants his fellow men to know about it. He feels that his mission on earth is to lift out of bondage the thousands of young and middle-aged men who are today battling with a shattered nervous system, just as he did; men who, by their own secret follies, are suffering a mental torture that words cannot adequately describe.

The world has come to look at such sufferers in a different light from former days. It now regards them as unfortunate, not criminal. They have lacked moral courage. They may be victims of inherited passions, or they may have acquired secret habits from evil associates. But whatever may have been the incentive that induced a man to degrade his being and isolate himself from society, he needs a friend. He needs the right hand of fellowship and good cheer. It is wrong to denounce him for his folly, and it is equally useless to give him advice. He may have the hungry man's bread, not a stone, offered him. This is why I send the prescription that made me a man among