SPORTS FOR INDIAN SUMMER.

The sports season of 1896 is rapidly on the wane. The beautiful fall in the depth of several inches out in the western part of the state last week and there is every indication that Old Crispin is hurrying this way. There has not been anything of any very general interest in the athletic world during the past seven days, and the card for the coming month is an attenuated one. Sports of the open air are fast succumbing to the approaching inclement weather, and comfortable club rooms and gymnasiums will soon claim some attention. The rough-and-tumble throng on the gridiron is about all there is now to keep the members of the Red Nose association out of doors. About all the eastern race tracks are deserted and the nabobs of the turf are rapidly turning their faces toward the coast. The ten-minute horse failed to show up after all, which leaves the honor for 1897. Last Wednesday was the last chance. John H. Gentry, the pacing king, made his final effort Wednesday at Philadelphia but the best he could do was 2:08¾. However, there is no very great amount of disappointment noticeable over the results of the season, inasmuch as nearly every record in conjunction with the trotters and pacers, with the exception of the mile trot, has been reduced. All is still the queen, as her mark of 2:07¾ remains unplayed. But when the year book makes its appearance it will show that the half-mile track record, the 2-year-old and pacing records have been liberally tampered with, while the double team has followed all previous exploits, and the three and five heat time greatly improved upon. But from this on until the frigidity of the winter months preclude all sport, the horse with the mop-like hair, the men who shout and the thoroughbred followers in California, will hold sway.

Tommy Connell, the little Irish-American champion of the cinder path, fell an easy victim in his third run with Bacon, the Englishman, at Glasgow a week ago yesterday. It was a two-mile journey and the Johnny Bull beat the lad from this side by sixteen yards in 9:42, thus taking the whole series in hollow style. He won the three-mile trial at Dublin, October 1, in 13:29 2-5, the one mile at Bolton, near Manchester, October 17, in 4:21 1-5, and the two-mile a week ago, as above stated, at Glasgow. In answer to a North Platte correspondent, I will add, quoting from the London Sunday Chronicle of September 27, that Connell first came into prominence as an athlete in 1886 by winning the 880 yards and one mile championships of Ireland, the time for the respective distances being 2:00 1-5 and 4:32 2-5. The following season he was victorious in the two-mile northern championship of England, defeating, among others, E. C. Carter, the holder of the English championship at four miles. The two met later in a special match, distance four miles, which was decided on a grass track at Ball's Bridge, Dublin. Connell winning, after a splendid race, in the last time of 19:44 1-5. The same season Connell won the four-mile championship of Ireland, his time being 20:51 4-5. Later in the year he went to America, and competed in the cross country championship, being beaten by E. C. Carter, after one of the most severe races ever run. In 1888 Connell was one of the representatives of the Manhattan athletic club team that visited England and Ireland. He competed in the one-mile run at the English championship, which he won in 4:21 2-5, and was also successful in the four-mile championship of Ireland, at Belfast, his time being 20:44. In 1889 he surprised the athletic world by running faster than ever, breaking the world's amateur record for one mile in a special handicap race at Cambridge, Mass., his time being 4:17 4-5. The previous figures were 4:18 2-5, by W. G. George, at the English championship of 1884. Connell also broke the amateur record for three-quarters en route, and equaled the world's professional record, his time being 3:07. Up to last year Tommy, through neglect and ill health, was considered out of the push, but he was on hand at the international match between the London Athletic club and the New York Athletic club, and performed in a way that startled the athletic world. Later at Travers' Island he undoubtedly ran the most wonderful race of his life, starting from scratch, with Kilpatrick and Bruen as remarkers. In a three quarter mile trial race he went the distance in 3 minutes 2 4-5 seconds, finishing quite fresh, and defeating Kilpatrick by a good twenty yards. It now looks, however, from his three straight defeats in England, that he has either retrograded with marvelous rapidity, or was in no condition for competition with such a rival as Bacon.

Although Lewis G. Tewksbury's contract for the purchase of Robert J. (2:01¾) did not call for the delivery of the former champion of pacerdom until yesterday, C. J. Hamlin shipped him to his new owner last Saturday, and the great little horse is now quartered at Fleetwood park, in charge of Trainer E. R. Bowen. He arrived in New York in fine condition after his long, hard campaign, and horsemen who have looked at him say that he looks fit to pace the race of his life. Mr. Tewksbury bought Robert J to drive on the road, but he will not take him out of the trainer's hands so long as negotiations are pending with the owners of the Australian runner Fritz, relative to a match race between these crack harness horses of two hemispheres. The owner of Robert J expects to hear from Australia before the middle of next month. Should the terms proposed by him be accepted, Mr. Bowen would soon afterward start with Robert J for the scene of the race. If the international match falls through, the little pacer will go into winter quarters at once. A good many horsemen expect to see Robert J again in training next spring in the stable of Mr. Bowen.

This week's racing calendar contains a number of amendments to the rules of racing, which will be offered for consideration at the next regular meeting of the Jockey club, which will be held November 12. The most important of the amendments to be submitted is in relation to the scale of weights. The change proposed is a general raising of the scale for all ages and at all distances. The imposts for 2 and 3-year-olds show the greatest increase in the fall of the year, at which season they have always been favored under the old scale. A comparison of the old with the new scale shows an increase of four or five pounds during the spring and summer months, the time of the marked changes appearing in September. Two-year-olds in races at a mile run in that month will carry 89 in place of 78 pounds, and in October and November there is a change of nine pounds. In short flashes at five and six furlongs the old scale was 91 pounds in September and 84 pounds in October. Under the new scale they will be asked to put up 102 and 101 pounds in the months named. With the older horses there is an increase all down the line of from three to eleven pounds. Rule 84 is to be amended by the addition of the clause "No horse shall carry less than 84 pounds in any race."

George Dixon, the only bona fide champion prize fighter of the world, is rapidly getting ready to add another scalp to his belt. The curls which the little Hallgonian covets this time belong to Frank Erne. The two are to meet early the coming month. While Erne is no idler I cannot see how he is going to beat Dixon. He has been in the ring somewhat a long time, and in many a stiff argument has shown himself to be a pretty game man. But he will take more than pluck to pull out the top in the game with Dixon. Aside from the weakness of the east here not agree these usual smooth voiced Dixon's form. They have been versed down to other than they are a little chary about beginning again.

The old crowd of the welterweight champions, Tommy Ryan and Billy Smith, are booked for their fourth merry-making before the New York Athletic club Tuesday evening, November 24, if so to be a twenty-round contest at 133 pounds. Oh my! oh me! what a bumper it will be. There are no two men in the country Omaha sports would rather see come together again. They remember the hurricane affair up in Minneapolis a couple two years ago, when Ryan battered Smith's face into a mashed, and to a man their choice will go on Tom. Many of the boys and friends here regard the battle as already won. But they had better look a little out. Ryan's recent form as I mentioned last week has been just the thing, and I should be in no hurry to pick the winner if Tom is all right, however. I would not hesitate to designate him as the man, but the long jug with Dick Moore makes me think there is plenty of time to make my bank more and other pieces. Another thing, examining the records of the two men it looks as if it ought to be a hard fight the whole distance. At 154 the men will be better matched than ever before. That means at present their very best weight. Neither has had been off enough eventfulness to ever again get at the welter mark and be strong. Remember, I have not said I think Smith will whip Tom, because I refuse to pick the winner. I hope he won't. But I do say it is injudicious to install Ryan an odds-on favorite a month before the meeting. The men are both the great and the evenly matched. The brilliancy on the part of Ryan's friends to blinder over his chances is due more to sentiment than sound judgment. It is the worst sort of kidnapping to back a man simply because you admire him, as some of the men who have been betting on Billy Ryan during the past week will realize next Wednesday morning. If you have taken a fighter's measure and are satisfied with your knowledge of his pugilistic ability, then pile your money on him; that is all right, and shows speculative sense. Otherwise you might as well "heads or tails" the choice.

In appearance Tom and Billy do not differ much. Both are tall and straight as arrows, with square shoulders and finely modeled arms and legs. Ryan being the best of the two as regards understanding barely exceeds average size. Both are good looking men. Smith's face is expressive of fierce determination, but at the same time is clean cut and even classical in outline. He stands five feet nine and three-quarters inches. Ryan has a wonderful muscular development about the neck and back. His legs are perfect, and he is one of the most agile men who ever entered the ring. He is a quarter of an inch shorter than Smith. He is a hard hitter, marvelously clever, quick as a cat and strong as a lion. Smith has many of the same qualities, but fights differently. He rushes in like a bull at a barn door and relies almost wholly on swinging blows and never gives an opponent much rest, makes him mix matters, and up to the time he met Ryan his great strength in close quarters always stood him in good stead. Tom's left in his face tattooed him wonderfully in all of their previous meetings, and it will be Tom's left that will turn the trick this month, if he turns it at all.

The Australians have taken a leaf out of the book of the Americans in the matter of the transmission of intelligence in regard to the progress of the contests at their national game of cricket, which is to the Australian what base ball is to the American. For the sporting and showing the state of the game in the important matches the arrangements are much more complete than those adopted in England. Every player's name is printed on a slip, so that the names of both bowlers and batsmen are displayed in a conspicuous place and altered every time a change occurs. When the side has completed its innings the names of the whole eleven appear on the telegraph board, with score against each name, and these names remain up until a fresh side goes in when the local made by the batsmen just out will be shown elsewhere. The names of the other side will be put up as the men go to the wicket. No numbers are used and no cards are printed or issued. Indeed, there is no account for them, as the whole state of the game is evident at any moment to every one on the ground. The result of the game as it proceeds is not only shown on the ground, but is communicated by telegraph to all the important newspapers (whose scores and stains, and is exhibited publicly from the windows and walls of the two former places. During the progress of the last cricket match between England and Australia the score of an American crowd around a base ball bulletin board was appeared and through all the great cities there were enthusiastic cheers at the making of a big hit, or the capture of a dangerous man's wicket, while the game was being played, possibly hundreds of miles away.

The proposed championship bande a checkers between the two widely known and popular veterans of the square board, James Wyllie and Robert Martens has been fixed for Glasgow, Scotland, some time during the last of the month. Wyllie and Martens are both ex-champions of the world, and Wyllie probably never had a superior at the great game of draughts. He visited this country and all our best player, with a single exception, were puppets in his hands. But he is growing old now and younger, brighter and more vigorous minds are in the field. Many years have elapsed since either Wyllie or Martens appeared in public, but both have continued to make the game a profound study.

Professional bicycling has been tolerably successful this year, despite the fact that the circuit has been extended to a very large size. It is safe to say that this would not have been the case if the League of American Wheelmen had not resumed control of it. This has been argued in this paper quite a number of times, and it is pleasing to note that, according to Chairman Gideon, the prospects of the big circuit are very good for next year, in fact he expects the racing to be on a paying basis next year. There has been some very good racing and there will be more yet if the weather is favorable.

The offer of $5,000 prize money for a tournament of the big stars at billiards in New York and Chicago, made by the Brunswick company, seems likely to go a begging if the participation of Frank Ives, the leader of the cracks, is limited upon as condition for the holding of the public battles. The publication of the offer followed right on the heels of a proposition of Maurice Daly for the holding of tournaments under the management of the players. Ives announced a day or so ago the sole condition under which he would consider the Brunswick offer. "If the donors of the purse," he said, "will agree to allow the table used in the 'Big Three' tourneys last May to be used in one of the two proposed tournaments, either here or at Chicago, I will enter as a competitor for the prizes, but not otherwise. Personally I prefer to be left out of the battles. They can go ahead without me."

There are a lot of pugilistic writers in the country who cannot bring themselves to the task of giving Jim Corbett a much deserved rest, but what they must say something a good deal worse about Fitzsimmons, and that, too, when there isn't a man of them all but what knows that the Australian stands head and shoulders above the American, in any light they may be put. The difference between the two is that Fitzsimmons is a prize fighter and Corbett is a pretender. But what's the use arguing the matter. Corbett now says again he has retired from the ring. He probably meant to say that he retired immediately after beating Charlie Mitchell out of their fight at Jacksonville. But Fitz has not retired. He fights Sharkey in Prince next month, and the contest is bound to attract widespread interest, as it will demonstrate fully whether Corbett is a "has been" or not. In this connection, Harry Weldon has been forced at last to say: "To Bob Fitzsimmons credit, be it said, that he shows more eagerness for a fight than James J. Corbett. The actions of the champion since the arrangements for the fight with Fitz were begun have been anything but that of a man who really wanted to fight. Corbett's condition of late is in direct opposition to his pluck and binder about wanting to fight the Antipodean. Time and again, in public and in private, Corbett has "waved out" his desire to get a chance at Fitz. When he was the most rampant in his expressed desire for a fight, Fitz seemed to be under cover. Anyhow, the blacksmith did nothing but take refuge behind the middle-weight champion, Go and get a reputation. Now the shoe is on the other foot. It is Corbett who is hanging back and acting like a fight with Fitz was just what he doesn't want. The Californian's actions are enough to make his admirers feel very tired. Those of his trouble and the writer is among them, who have taken his side in his jaw-wrinkling match with Fitz, thinking that he really wanted to fight, are badly disappointed. They cannot help but feel that they have been imposed on.

"Personally I have very little use for Fitzsimmons, and ever less for his whilom manager-and-backer, Martin Julian, but right is right, and so the time is at the throughout has all the best of the present argument. In the first place his forfeit is posted and has been posted for some time. Corbett, who was fairly touching at the match, has not moved in our has he made a movement in that direction. In the second place, Fitz has taken up a fight that Corbett refused. The champion didn't want any of Sharkey. He took a flimsy pretense for washing his hands of the proposed affair with Jackie Lynch's protege. He refused the fight with money in sight. Fitz has taken up the battle that belonged to Corbett. Next Thursday Fitzsimmons will leave for San Francisco. To show that he is not trying to get away from Corbett he is going to leave his forfeit up to support a challenge to Corbett, to take place four weeks after he is through with Sharkey. This is all to Fitz's credit. He deserves the good words of the followers of the ring. As I said before, I have little use for Fitz personally, but his actions at present are in much pleasing contrast to his go-and-get-a-reputation, that that I refrain refrain from saying a few words in his favor. The followers of pugilism have to use for a fighter who will not fight. If Corbett expects to retain a hold on his adherents he will come back and do his utmost and show that he belongs in the ring, not on the stage. Come, pull yourself together, Jim, or you will lose all money.

Well, George Lavigne is with the other pugilistic "has been" of them all, and if he ever really wants to get linked he must do the all of the other top-heavies have done, go out of his class. Jack Everhardt's rough and ready slugging frame crumbled the Kansas sensation last Tuesday night more decisively longer than I thought they would but he had to succumb at last. They were slated for twenty-five rounds and the Wisconsin City fighter was in all but the last one when a humane referee stopped the slaughter and awarded the fight to the man who had won it. Now as I said before, the Lumberman is honestly desirous of finding out how it feels to be knocked out, and he has to do it to follow the example of Tommy Ryan and other champs who have gone before. Let him tackle Jim Corbett or some other "has" in middle weight and I think he will have his grudge satisfied. But don't you believe the fight is going to do any such thing, anyway as long as he is in the hands of Tony Sam Fitzpatrick.

The Nebraska State University foot ball team seems to be surpassing the antipodes of even its most ardent admirers by its recent work. With a scarcity of men that caused anxiety to her coach and manager, she has gotten together a team of which we may all well be proud, and which may be expected to carry the crimson and cream successfully through the approaching championship games.

Harry Corbett, the competent manager, who has had the whole responsibility of the team upon his shoulders, is an Omaha boy who has not only worked his own way through the university, but has earned at least half a dozen others through by means of his managerial ability. He first secured the services of Robinson, the crack player from Brown university, as coach, and then set to take upon himself the task of getting the new players out and interested, which was doubly hard on account of the non-appearance of Bud Jones, the captain. Jones was injured in a match at Butte, Mont., and was unable to return. The places of Jones, Fair, Hayward, Whipple, Spencer, Wilson and Mellard had to be filled with new men, and this was no easy task, but by the united efforts of all concerned have a team which repeated last year's Score to Missouri and side tait to win the remainder of its games. Orlie Thorpe, who, on account of his plucky backwork and ability as a tackler, had the reputation of being the best and in the west last year, has been elected captain. He is playing quarterback, and in his capacity at critical stages of the game, the players all have the utmost confidence.

Foot ball is making great strides in all parts of the country and especially in the west. Bunch we can call foot ball the great national winter game, the same as base ball is the great national summer game. There is no doubt about it, that foot ball has gone far beyond the crazy stage. It comes nearer next being the most popular out-of-door American game, both from the spectators and players standpoint. While, of course, the greatest interest is attached to the elevens of the big colleges, it is doubtless a fact that the teams of the smaller colleges are getting stronger, and why shouldn't they? They are now reaping the benefits of being instructed by the best and wisest players who have come from the older and larger colleges. All the arts and tricks known to the big teams are being taught to the teams of the smaller institutions. It should also be borne in mind that Young America is now learning the game in the High schools before he goes to college at all, and this fact is also helping the smaller colleges out in the perfection of their teams. So that it is easily seen that no college, no matter how large, can hope to have a monopoly of the star features of the game any longer. The surprises have already been numerous this season, and there are surely more to come.

Sporting Olla Podrida.

Billie Young, the well-known trainer, who has just left the racing circuit, has this to say regarding the fast horse riders: "Doid is the best all-round man, day in and day out. He is sure of a place in any race. Cooper is in the best condition generally and he trains harder than any rider on the circuit. Condition wins for Cooper. Gardner is the speediest man of the lot, but he does not use his head. Thomas Butler is a wonder, but he is not a winner. If he is prepared for a special race he will beat them all, then the next day they will all beat him. Sanger's trouble is that he can't jump. He is the best of the lot on a long sprint."

The pacing champion, John R. Gentry, 2:08¾, is once more to pass under the hammer. The sale will at least set at rest the rumors that William Simpson did not own Gentry. He bought the horse for $7,000 about twelve months ago of Fasig & Co., the same firm that will sell him again. This will be the first time that the holder of the fastest record has come into the ring.

Sam Fitzpatrick has taken up an Australian fighter, Jimmy Ryan, of whom Americans know little. Ryan is the man who showed up superior to Billy Smith out in Oregon a month ago. He has been unfortunate in his habits, and never under the management of a man who could keep him straight.

It is a singular fact that while a few years ago all the fast pacers were owned in the west, they are now principally owned in the east. John R. Gentry, Star Pointer, Mascot, Robert J., Rosa Wilkes, Paul, Lee H. and a dozen of the other fastest pacers are owned by eastern parties.

Major Dickinson, the well-known turfman, did not forget in his dying moments his horses, and in his will ordered that his favorite road mare, Eliza D., and the little pacer, Ed Annis, shall be kept in comfort as long as they live at his farm in Maryland.

Jack McAuliffe, the lightweight champion, has arrived at San Francisco in good condition. He has been doing light work on his way out, and thinks he will defeat Jimmy Carroll when they meet next month.

The total of trotters that have entered the 2:30 list, and of pacers in 2:25 or better, for the season of 1896, as compared with 1895 at a corresponding date last year.

The racing rabbit Norwood, property of the late Norman L. Munro, has been purchased by a New York gentleman named Webber. The price is said to be $10,000.

It has finally been decided that Peter Maher and Joe Choynski are to box twenty rounds at the Broadway athletic club, New York, on Tuesday evening, November 17.

The Olympic club of Birmingham, England, offers a purse of $1,250 for a match between "Dick" Cowdroy and "Dick" O'Brien.

PALAVER WITH THE CRANKS.

The Coming Big League Circus and Movements in All Quarters.

As the coming annual meeting of the league is but one of the most interesting from a news standpoint in the history of the body, then the surface indications are misleading. There will be deals and again there will be deals handled and made during the annual pow-wow. It wouldn't surprise me to see the league circuit changed. Indeed, I will be surprised if the proprietorship of at least one league team is not changed, clearly. Chris Von der Ahe, one of the most noted characters of base ball, will in all likelihood pass out of the game. He will not be missed by the other league magnates, as was published some time ago. He will leave the business of his own free will and accord. His sale of Breitenstein to the Cincinnati club is almost proof positive, in my estimation, that the St. Louis magnate intends to quit. I figure it out that he has made up his mind to sell his franchise. He has wisely reasoned that he can get more money as much for the bare transfer as he can for the franchise and the players. The sale of Breitenstein was a business move. The $10,000 that he received from the sale of Breitenstein was the finishing it. I think he has partially made arrangements to sell the franchise to some business men of St. Louis. He will get a good round sum for it and quit. He has had good luck the last few years. With a winning team St. Louis will be a good base ball city. The syndicate of some money will get players. The men who will take Von der Ahe's place in St. Louis will be players from the Baltimore and Cleveland teams. Tebeau and McGuire are St. Louis producers. They would likely be happier in their own town than anywhere else. I wouldn't be surprised to see Frank Robison and all the Cleveland team. Detroit. The Wolverines memorable in history as champion base ball. The people of that city have had a taste of the best base ball in the world, and they want more of it. There will be great doings on at the meeting of the big league.

It is rather a strange fact that ball players who have long cavorted on the professional diamonds almost without exception lose their interest in the game as soon as they finish, and very few are longer associated with it, says the Buffalo Times. Will White, a brother of the Deacon, was for years one of the greatest catchers in the country. He is now a resident of Buffalo and has had for a good time a big optical business in the Genesee Hotel building. Notwithstanding that he has the means and opportunity to take in all the games at Olympic park, he said last spring he had not seen more than one game or two of them in several seasons. Harvey Richardson, who was a member of the "Big Four" seems to be similarly disposed, and said not long ago: "I have not seen a ball game since I retired from the diamond. I have no idea of seeing one. I have lost all possible interest in that game have in the national game. When I quit I quit for good. All the sport I have anything to do with is of a bird shooting. With the gun I have had good success. I received a letter from my old room mate, Tim Sowers, the other day. Tim was the best room mate I ever had. He wrote me a friendly letter and when I started to reply to it I actually did not know what club Tim was with. I had to send down the street for a copy of the Sporting Life to locate him. I really do not know what club beats the big leagues."

The league magnate have sensible means the November conference forward to a day one week after the national battle of the ballots, and unless the election proves a back-and-forth affair, the atmosphere at that time is likely to be considerably clearer than it is now. However, Chicago will undoubtedly be the scene of one of the most interesting meetings known in the grand old body for years. There are many changes in contemplation, and some new legislation forthcoming, and besides these matters of importance every manager will be on deck with his deals and fairy tales, and it is likely that much that is important will be over until the schedule meeting in February.

Dahlen will not forget Ansonville for forcing him to get off a train in an Indiana swamp at the midnight hour of midnight, and one about will not forget Dahlen for his spunk in manner getting off to walk that ask for his sleeping car berth. True, they have ostensibly "kissed and made up," but the animosity is only skin deep. Dowd is a nut of their sight-dual hearts they don't think as well of each other as they used to.

Three of the four pitchers who will do the bulk of the pitching for the Cincinnatis next season have red hair. Dwyer, Ehret and Breitenstein have auburn top pieces. Their hair is in keeping with the color of the club. If the Reds can do as well next season as they did last season, with Red Breitenstein to help them out, there will be no slump about the Temple Cup money next year.

Carey, one of the greatest fielding and at the same time poorest batting first basemen in the country, is going to play with the Philadelphias next season. Carey was dropped by the Baltimores because he couldn't bat, but there are so many hard sluggers on the Philadelphia team that they can carry a player for his fielding alone.

According to the official averages Burkett, Jennings, Delehanty, Kelly and Keeler are the first five batsmen in the league. The fact that the Orioles have three out of the five leading batsmen indicates that their place at the head of the procession was not a fluke.

While out hunting near Evansville, Connelsville, Julius Knoll, of the Detroits, was shot in the face by his brother. He may lose one eye, and thus be compelled to quit the diamond. Old Hose Redbourne suffered a similar accident.

Clarence Childs—"Cupid"— is making speeches for McKinley in Baltimore.

FOREST, FIELD AND STREAM.

Weekly Ramble with the Devotees of Rod and Gun.

The state fish commission has received so many complaints against the hordes of illegal fishermen who infest this state that it is quite likely strenuous efforts will be made during the session of the approaching legislature to secure needed protective legislation in behalf of Nebraska waters. Over at Manawa, although without the jurisdiction of Nebraska law-makers, the game fish have been almost wholly exterminated and the Iowa legislature is certain to take action on this matter at the earliest possible day. In this state, from Cut-off lake to the sandhills, this nefarious traffic has been prosecuted with absolute impunity, and there is not a lake in the whole state where in the height of the season one is anywise certain of a day's average sport. Everybody knows that bass fishing has been poorer this summer than ever before and grupple fishing even worse. When it is considered that these fish were taken out of Cut-off and adjacent lakes in seines and nets by the ton during the past winter and spring and brought into the Omaha market by the wagon load the present scarcity of these delicacies is not to be wondered at. The Omaha Gun club will doubtless renew their efforts this winter in the interests of protective fish and game legislation, and in connection with the State Fish commission should merely be successful in obtaining such a code of laws as will insure the preservation, propagation and protection of fish and feather in the future to an extent that has as yet never been known here.

Dr. H. L. Burrell and C. H. Bates have been camping in the Jackson's Hole country for several weeks. Mr. Bates was in my office yesterday and waxed eloquent over the attractions of that wonderful country. For both entertaining sport and for game the region is surpassed in no quarter of the globe. Mr. Bates and the doctor were in the mountains two weeks and they saw a great number of elk and deer but killed only what they could make use of. They also saw three moose in Idaho, one of which Mr. Bates succeeded in slaying. They found it on the outskirts of a stretch of prairie land usually engaged in gorging itself on the carcasses of an elk they had killed a day or two previous. They also spent some time in the Teton basin and had some unexpected sport with the mallards and deer. Mr. Bates will be expected to give the readers of this department the story of the trip. That it will make good reading is a foregone conclusion.

LENA, Neb., Oct. 27.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Well, how about your fall hunt? Expected you out this way but hardly dared to hope for it. Of course you will give The Bee an account of your trip, we could not afford to miss that. I have just returned from a hunting expedition. Sheriff McDonald, his brother Peter, Joe Goldsmith, Mike Clarke and Dave Sorenson, with myself, constituted our party. We were out about six days. Had a splendid time and got all sorts of game. But the wild geese just began to come in good from the north when we left. Now, old fellow, if you want the skinny of your life bent spring just come up. I will show you ducks by the million and give you a few instructions how to kill them. But let me remind you that we were out the sheriff and I also got of the same hunt. Henry and Dave out in October and Mike and Goldsmith out of a third. The latter's hunt lapsed, and when he about your feet of water said, Joe and Mike built half wagons on but they could not reach them, and we let them stay there from 10 in the morning until 7:30 in the evening, although Joe offered us his horse and a good hand bonus to bring them out. The sheriff will give you the details. Run across and see him. Enclosed find a clipping with reference to my wild horse. He's a dandy and will make a splendid saddler. There is a bunch of fifteen with horses that six miles west of the ranch and we expect to meet more of them. Don't fail to send me The Sunday Bee occasionally. I'll bet there are some mallard ducks in a slough six miles from where I am writing. Let me hear from you.

J. J. HARDIN.

The stripper Mr. Hargis referred to in a suspended Paul Jenkins relative a wild horse one day last week. It was a mistake, about 3 years old. Mr. Jenkins gave it to John J. Harvin of Omaha.—Trout Graphic.

Dr. G. A. Hamilton, Elmer Crumpie, George Fowler, Lew Sapunor and Dr. F. W. Fryer of Springfield, put in a month this fall at Spring Lake, twenty-five miles west of Johnstown. Besides a most enjoyable outing, they bagged 1,200 ducks, mostly blue wing teal. They also had support jack shooting.

J. E. Enders of Brown county is rounded in the cake and the pie also. He killed twenty-five ducks with five shots from a Winchester the other day. Among the birds were twenty-eight mallards and fourteen wood ducks. Fact.

Irvine Gardner was down below Bigelow last Thursday and brought in thirty-one ducks, including eleven canvas backs and twenty-three snipe.

Victor H. Lauderich and Judge N. H. Tunnecliff put in a day at Quinnebaugh last week and made a creditable bill of redheads and mallards. Ed Cox, Ed Smith and Albert Kinney are up there now and will remain until election morning.

Billy Nason made a handsome catch of blank bass at Noble's lake one day the past week, using a small silver-sided chub. Mr. Nason says the fishing there at present surpasses that of any previous time this season.

Will Townsend, one of the sportsmen savants of Omaha, is killing quail and snipe in southwestern Texas.

Messrs. Ives, Hall, Sprague, Connors, Charlton, Tolliver and Eldredge have returned from their fall outing on Three Springs lake, South Dakota.

Frank Bell and W. D. Elmer enjoyed a day's quail shooting out near Valley the Tuesday. They found an abundance of birds, but they invariably took to the big fields of standing corn on flushing, and their bag was not very large.

OMAHA, Oct. 30.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: The trip via the wagon road from here to Highland, Kan., offers great temptations to the bicycle rider who carries a gun. The road is as smooth as asphalt and quails, rabbits and squirrels are plentiful along the whole route. I recently made the trip with a good run and spent days, and before I was hardly out of sight of Highland my dogs were at work. A round-eared hare of birds flushed from the side of the road and flew into a growth of small timber. I shot into the bunch, killing three in half an hour. And from this on much nearly home every stubble and every sunflower patch held its quantum of birds. Squirrels both gray and fox, I encountered by the score. They kept skipping across the road in front of me all through the early morning hours and in the afternoon. There is a beautiful stretch of wooded country the side of Nebraska City and here I found plenty of both quail and squirrels and McKinley met at every farm house. You will remember how I railed your attention last fall to the peculiar fact that out of about every half dozen quail killed, two thirds were males. Well, this fall it is just the opposite, the hens greatly predominating.—The Barrister.

Colonel Buffalo Bill and party will leave on a big game hunt to the mountains of Idaho on Friday next.

J. A. R. Elliott recently defeated Ben Claridge at Baltimore in a 50 live bird match by killing 49 to his opponent's 47. Elliott used a repeating shotgun.

Wants a Broadsword Fight.

To the Broad Swordsmen of Nebraska: You and each of you are hereby challenged to a broadsword contest to take place at may be hereafter agreed upon. Swordsmen point in the United States service preferred. For further particulars address my brother, A. L. Morris, 311 North Fifteenth street, Omaha, Neb., or Sandy Griswold, sporting editor of The Bee. Further deponed not.

ALFRED MORRIS,
Late Sixth United States Cavalry.

Questions and Answers.

OMAHA, Oct. 29.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: To decide a bet will you kindly state in Sunday's Bee who was the winner of the six-day race between Becker, McCall, Waterman and Hedon at the Charles street park some months ago, and oblige.—A Bee Subscriber.

Ans.—Becker.

CRESIGHTON, Neb., Oct. 26.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please state in Sunday's Bee who has a right to the last shuffle in a game of poker, the dealer or any player demanding the privilege. This is to decide a bet.—R. L. T.

Ans.—Any player may shuffle the cards on demand, but the dealer can then reshuffle and offer to cut. The dealer has the last shuffle.

RED OAK, Ia., Oct. 28.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please state when the goose and duck law runs out in Nebraska, also whether Sam Richmond is still living at Clarke? What is good for fleas on a dog?—R. M. Work.

Ans.—(1) There is no law for wild fowl in this state. (2) Think Sam is still on deck at the West House. (3) The dog.

ST. JOHN'S SECTION, WAKEFIELD, Kan., Oct. 21.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: I want to know the address of any of the Omaha Kennell club who have English bull terriers for sale. I have a very valuable dog and want to get a slut to mate with him. I am an old English breeder and went around the old country shows with Jones's Lord Vernshaw, etc. I enclose stamp for reply.—J. E. H. Leeds, Priest.

Ans.—No answers by mail. There are bull terriers in Omaha. Write to Jack Wilkinson, Council Bluffs. He owns a magnificent strain of English bull terriers—imported.

PAXTON HOTEL, Oct. 30.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Here is one for you. It has been left to you, and two cases and the drinks are invited. I bet that if an Omaha backman has a customer and at the end of the trip and customer gives the backman a $10 bill instead of a five, and the backman does not discover the mistake until the next morning, that he will hunt the traveling man up and give $10 back the extra $5. Please decide in Sunday's Bee.—Hock Eyed.

Ans.—You be will—sure. He'll hunt up the sucker and swear that he only gave him a $5 bill, and threaten to have him run in if he doesn't "cough up" $5 more.

OMAHA, Oct. 30.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: I want to know if a sprinter is better than three of a kind in a game where sprinters are played. Please answer in Sunday's issue.—A Friend and Customer.

Ans.—Straights beat trembles.

WATERLOO, Oct. 26.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Will all good dogs retrieve game, or are there "exceptions?" Please answer this question in next Sunday's Bee, and oblige.—A Subscriber.

Ans.—If trained to retrieve they should retrieve game as well as any other bird.

OMAHA, Oct. 26.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please answer in your next Sunday's issue, if betting on the presidential election contributes a violation.—A Subscriber.

Ans.—Yes, if you bet on the wrong side.

LINCOLN, Oct. 26.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please state in Sunday's sporting department whether the Defender was a center-boarder or a keel boat?—L. H. Halm.

Ans.—Keel.

OMAHA, Oct. 30.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Can you give me through your columns in Sunday's Bee the date of a game between Union Pacific and Fort Omaha base ball clubs. Games took place in 1885 or 1886.—C. E. Mossman.

Ans.—July 17, 18 and 19, September 11, 12 and 14, 1886.

CHEYENNE BOB PROGNOSTICATES.

A Conglomeration of Signs Sufficient to Give Us Any Kind of Weather.

When I met Cheyenne Bob on the street a few days ago and asked him if he was going on the run to Fremont with the rest of the boys, he shook his head and said: "Sorry I can't be with the boys, but I'm afraid to venture that far away from home at this time of the year. The weather has been very mild of late for hunting, but some of the boys will get their eyes before the winter is over. We are live too late in the season to scrape away from home."

Being asked to give his reasons for such a statement he said: "Well, it's just like this. We've had two or three months of very fine weather, taking the street sprinkler and everything else in consideration, and the winters for the last two years have been far above the general average. This year the signs are all against us, and unless I am very much mistaken the coming winter will be the most severe one we have seen for years. What makes me think so? Why, the signs of course. Don't believe in signs, eh? They do have a fellow at times, don't they, but when you see them on all sides, as we do now, there isn't much room for an argument in there? In the first place, just look at the large number of muskrats this year, that's a sure sign of a cold winter, especially when they crawl into their holes early, as they are doing now. Just gather a few hickory nuts and notice what thick shells they have and how hard it is to crack them. That's another sign, but one which seldom fails is when the moles dig deep holes, say over two feet, for that means a cold winter and no mistake about it. If you will notice the muskrats you'll find 'em building their houses high and warm, with thick walls, and you can just bet your last dollar they know what they're doing it for, too. The rabbits are very fat this fall, and the squirrels are carrying nuts and acorns all day long, laying up a supply for winter. I was talking with Mr. John F. Day, the owl man, just a few days ago, and he tells me you can't find a crawfish or a turtle anywhere, they're going down deep in the mud, cause they know a hard winter is staring 'em in the face. Another sign, just look at the ants and see how they are piling up dirt around their holes. The bees have been working mighty hard for the last month, and if you'll notice close, you'll find the honeybees are all near the ground this fall. Spiders are crawling into cracks in the walls and under stoves, and any boy 4 years of age knows what that means. Just put on your thinking cap and you'll remember that the blackberry bushes were just loaded last summer, the apples are kinder scrubbed this fall, the skins are thick, and the leaves on the trees are withered and hang on the bushes, which means lots of snow. One of the surest signs I know of is that the north sides of the trees are all covered with green moss. Squirrels have all turned their tails a mouth ago, and you can't come near one for fear he'll get caught in a snow storm and run into the well head. Just before the smoke and sow bite it rose from the because and goes up to the bible. My grandmother used to say that was a dead sure sign of a hard winter, but my grandfather's uncle used to contend that a still better sign was when the cattle would hug the sunny side of the barn in the morning and you couldn't keep 'em away from there. Some dogs have sense enough to know when a coming, and when you see 'em carrying straw in their mouths to the south side of the sun you can make up your mind that they're fixing for a cold winter. The first time you are around that way just step into the Fulton market and look at the geese you'll find there. You'll find they are heavily clothed, and if you'll examine 'em closely you'll find the breast bone is thick and has small ridge makes on it, but a still better sign is the strong, thick brakes on the corn. The corn is bunched high, too, that is the last year. Last, my wife mentioned the fact that the sparrows are flocking off while another sign of cold weather. I notice that the roads are all covered with thick white ashes this fall, that's sure a sign of heavy snows. The air has been full of heavy fogging somewhere for a month, which means that the spider is casting them off and crawling into houses before cold weather comes. Hogs are hard to unroll, and the trees are shedding and stacking a good deal this fall, both signs of cold weather coming. I was talking with General Louis Napoleon Jewberry Maude, the journal manager, about this matter only a few days ago and he said I was dead right, that the cows were carrying their tails high and the fur is full of lowbrity. We agreed with the third we could expect, one of the coldest winters we've had for years, certainly the most surprising part of all is the outlook. The skin on the body of a catfish is always thick and tough when a cold winter is coming, and the catfish never lies to his boss, the weather. The signs are going to be a cold, hard winter, no mistake about that, and the poor man better lay in his meat and firewood early now.

"What I tell you appears reasonable, don't it? The weather bureau says that they tell you that he knows more about the weather in a minute than I do in a month, but if you think I don't believe in signs you're awfully off, and if you take my advice you'll provide yourself with a buffalo overcoat, for you'll need it this winter if you ever need it. I wouldn't object to making a trip with the boys as far as Miller park or Fort Omaha, but you don't catch me riding out as far as Fremont, with a cold, cold winter staring me in the face and ta