A FLURRY OF WINTRY SPORT

Chatty Gossip at the Whist Table and the Chess Board.

WITH THE DEVOTEES OF ROD AND GUN

Some Horsey Talk—College Pastimes—Hardin's White Mallard—News of the Big Fight and Sports of All Kinds.

The Omaha Whist club is enjoying a most flourishing condition just now, in fact is in better shape than ever before, the membership is larger and more interest is manifest in the bi-weekly settos, and a number of expert players are being developed out of raw material. Their suite of apartments on the third floor in The Bee building are admirably adapted to the purpose and exceedingly attractive, with their sumptuous rugs, charming pictures and neat furniture. On Saturday last the club sent a team of four over to Des Moines to contest with a team from the local club for the Central Whist League trophy, and the ludicrous routing our representatives sustained has been the one theme of discussion since. The Omaha men were Shea, Allee, Jones and Scribner, while those from the Iowa capital were Harbach, Hunter, Matthews and Conrad. Thirty boards were played in the afternoon and thirty more in the evening, the total score standing 44 to 11 in favor of the Prohibitionists. To one understanding the process of duplicate whist this overwhelming defeat is hard to appreciate and impossible to explain. It seems that four of the veriest tyros pitted against a quartet of pronounced cracks should make a better showing, depending on luck alone, but when it is asserted that the four Omaha gentlemen are all much more than fair players, this problem is a knotty one indeed. It must have simply been a case of hoodoo.

Speaking of whist reminds me that I had a little talk with Frank B. Johnson the other evening. He is unequivocally one of the strongest and headiest players in Omaha, and whatever he advances upon the game can be relied upon as being about as near the bull's-eye as it is possible to get. Said Johnson: "I am greatly interested in the whist discussion you are carrying on in The Bee, and I have to coincide thoroughly with what both Morrison and Keniston have said, still there are a lot of dissenters, especially on the long suit lead. This, however, is to be expected, and any man who takes issue with the proposition, you can bet long odds that he is a man who plays by the book. The theory of the old-time authorities that it is an advantage to adopt the invariable opening of a long suit, are theories based upon logic and not facts. The invariable long suit theory was as much a fallacy years ago as it is today. As Keniston averred, there are many hands held in the course of a series of games from which the long suit lead is bad whist. Just how many such hands are dealt can alone be determined by the judgment of the player who holds them. To be successful at this highly intellectual game of cards you must reason on the solid principles of the game and not on the effectiveness of machinery. Those who play by machinery are sure to be on the defeated side in the long run. The man who can see by the texture of his hand that it would be disadvantageous to lead from a long suit when he has a short suit perfectly adapted for opening purposes is the man who plays whist as it should be played. The fact that most all, in fact I might say all, the famous whist players of the day recommend at times leads from two-card suits as trick-taking devices, renders a lengthy discussion of the subject unnecessary. If there is today a whist player in Omaha who invariably insists on a lead from the longest suit he should be stuffed and sold as a curio. The fundamental proposition that there are hands from which short suit openings are better than long suit leads being agreed to, it remains only for student whist players to determine what these hands are and what are their limitations, and my advice to all aspirants in this line is to endeavor to study out the systems based on facts and not on the fancies of some alleged authority who has managed to get a book published."

The chess match between Lasker and Steinitz, which has been in progress at Moscow for a month past, came to a close on Saturday last, Lasker winning by a score of ten games to two, five being drawn. This was the second time these two great exponents of the "deep game" met, Lasker demonstrating his superiority over the old champion the first time, as he did the last. I saw Lasker play at the Boston club in New Orleans, twenty games simultaneously, and he won them all. He is a young German Jew, not yet 28 years old. He comes of a good family and was educated in mathematics and philosophy in the universities of Berlin and Goettingen. He had been intended by his parents for the learned professions. His extraordinary talents at chess, however, and his defeat of older masters determined him to give up his university studies. Lasker is about five feet seven inches in height, broad-shouldered, dark and somewhat heavy. He has a long head and high, broad forehead. Like most players, he is said to have an extraordinary talent for mathematics. He is described as somewhat lacking in geniality, is extremely nervous in playing, has a quick, keen eye and never hesitates at a move. No matter how many games he is carrying on at the same time he makes up his mind the moment his opponent's move is explained to him. His strong points are his accumulation of force for end positions and his strong attacks. After his first defeat of Steinitz, Lasker won first prize in tourneys at Nuremberg and St. Petersburg. At the Hastings tourney he took third place. He is as strong in theory as in practice. His adaptation of the work "Common Sense in Chess" is soon to be followed by a treatise of his own.

The Brooklyn club is getting its representatives into shape for the coming cable chess match with England, which is arranged to take place on February 12 and 13. A great amount of practice play has been indulged in by Pillsbury, Showalter, Barry, Hodgis, Hymes, Delmar and Helms, as these players have every reason to suppose that they will be included in the ten who are to do battle for the honor of their club and country. A tournament is being played in London under the auspices of the British Chess club for the purpose of giving practice to the English team. The rules to govern the match have all been arranged and are practically the same as those of last year, with the exception that the teams are to consist of ten players a side instead of eight. Only natives of the United States and of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland are eligible to play.

Inasmuch as it is quite certain that a goodly number of sportively inclined individuals in this part of the country will attend the approaching big championship mill between Fitzsimmons and Corbett, the following letter may serve as advice where information with reference to the details of the trip may be had. In this connection I will add that all letters addressed to me in connection with this matter will be duly filed and attended to when the proper time arrives.

"CHICAGO, Jan. 18.—Sandy Griswold, Sporting Editor of the Omaha Bee:—I am just in receipt of instructions from Dan A. Stuart requesting me to make the following proposition to you: He would like to have you act as his agent in the territory contiguous to Omaha, Sioux City, St. Joseph and as far west as Denver. This means, in a word, that you are to represent him in matters pertaining to the fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons, scheduled to take place on March 17. The location of the battle ground, as yet not made public, will be sent to you in cypher, a code for which will be sent you under separate cover, about a week in advance of its publication; this is to enable you to make all transportation arrangements without hindrance or opposition. You are, too, to look after the press work in your territory. Kindly advise me if you can and will assume this work.—Louis M. Houseman, Sporting Editor Chicago Inter Ocean."

Time fugits. There are now just fifty-three days intervening between now and the day set for the big battle, and yet the public is just as much in the dark as to the site of the combat as they were a month ago, and it will be nothing but a guess until the day arrives, which has been fixed for the 17th day of February, when Stuart proposes to announce his plans. Already the wise guys have located the scene of action at four different points, Mexico, Lower California, Nevada and Wyoming, and notwithstanding there has been no little evidence advanced in favor of each of these places, I still cling tenaciously to my first belief, and that is that the sunny land of the greaser will get the plum. Corbett himself must have been somewhat favorably impressed with the Nevada idea, for he remarked to a reporter over in St. Louis the other day that he expected to finish his training in California at a point as near as possible to the battle ground. But right on top of this comes the alleged assertion from Dan Stuart himself that the advocates of the sage brush state are off their nut, and that the sporting fraternity could prepare itself for a pilgrimage to the peppery kingdom across the yellow Rio Grande. And then again, comes the report that the "stuff is off," so far as Juarez is concerned, as the lawmakers of Chihuahua are about to interdict all such unsavory sport in that territory as bull fighting, cock fighting and prize fighting. But I do not believe this, as Governor Ahumada is somewhat of a sport himself, and would just as soon think of making his chilliconcarny out of sawdust as he would to sign his name to a bill denying his subjects the privilege of seeing a fight between his trained matadors and a maddened bovine gentleman and turning the cockpit into a hennery. But if this contemplated prohibitive legislation is true, Juarez is not the whole of Mexico, by a long shot, and the state adjoining Chihuahua, where Fitz thumped Maher to sleep, offers a favorable haven for the distressed bruiser, and it may be that the Lone Star impresario has his optics on some secluded yet accessible spot here. But, be the case as it may, we are evidently going to have a fight. Fitz and Corbett are undoubtedly in earnest, Dan Stuart is as self-satisfied and complacent as a summer dream, and all the big calibre sports in the country express themselves as satisfied that the mill is to be dumped somewhere within the rim of the earth that will not be impossible to reach. So what's the use of repining? There is only a short time to wait, and we will all soon know what we shall know.

Fully as big a conundrum as the whereabouts of the site of the coming mill is Jim Corbett's condition. In one city where the ex-champion has recently been, the veracious reportorial interviewer has him in even better fettle than he ever was in his life, in another he is depicted as a man who has been advancing backward; one says he will eat Fitz up without salt or vinegar, another that Fitz will be all over him before he has time to know that he is alive. But I have just run across an analysis of the subject which smacks less of unprejudiced criticism than anything I have yet seen. It is the work of one of the St. Louis Republic's erudite scholars, and here it is:

"Mr. Corbett is at present in St. Louis. Like the girl in the song who told the fellow to tell them that he saw her—he is looking well. Of course, he is aging a little, more through the cares of business and of growing wealth than from the increase of years. He is no longer the boy he was when he whipped Sullivan. He is 30 and very sober. At 26 he was a kid fond of romps and larks. Now he is a man who does not want to talk to you unless it be about money or the way to make it.

"Physically he is still Corbett. He is robust and apparently stronger than ever. Perhaps he does lack the least bit of the supple grace which characterized him after his fight with Sullivan and before his battle with Mitchell. But he is very much the same Corbett, fast, swift and eager to work. He has thickened a trifle about the body and the limbs, and, although he has not a particle of fat on him, he is apparently stouter. Compared with the grand young athlete who conquered Sullivan he is a little, just a little, stumpy. Of course, this may be only imagination. There is no doubt that he is as tall, if not taller, than he was at that time, and he says that he does not weigh any more. But dressed for the ring he appears a full ten pounds heavier and at least two inches shorter. But Corbett was young and ambitious in those days and he was after the applause and good will of the people, things that are primarily necessary to the acquirement of their dollars. Now that he has a share of all three it may be that he does not care to work so hard. Be that as it may, there is not the least doubt that Corbett does not give his spectators as fine a go for their money as he did some four years ago. It may be that Mr. McVey, his present sparring partner, is not as competent a foil as John Donaldson and Steve O'Donnell, who were clever boxers, and could elevate their hands with some skill. Maybe Corbett is not so fast as he was, nor so dashing. He certainly did appear a trifle ennuied and jaded yesterday. Five years ago he impressed you as a man the texture of whose flesh and muscles was finer than that of any man you had ever seen. The difference was something like that between fine hardwood and rough, soft, pine. You imagined that his muscles were the finest kind of spring steel covered with silk, and that those of the average fighter were as a chunk of railroad iron sewed up in a piece of bear skin.

"That impression of Corbett does not come to you now with such force. He has, to a certain extent, coarsened. His gain in physical robustness may have a compensating effect on his nervous system which it was said was so highly strung that it hurt him. All this may be so, but somehow or other I would rather have the slender, nervous, joyous, boyish Corbett, with the eloquent knees, the shifty head and the flashing fists than the big, strong man with the powerful loins and tired eyes and mouth inclined to hide behind his hand in a yawn. Corbett's speed has been the wonder of the ring. Nothing like it has ever been seen in a heavyweight and it is doubtful if his equal in this point has ever been at any weight. Then the perfect condition in which he always turned up for his fights enabled him to carry this phenomenal speed over a long distance. Corbett cannot carry his speed unless he is in perfect condition. At least the distance he carries it will be in ratio with the condition he may be in. It is pretty certain that he has the speed. Now he has got to have the condition to carry it if he has to go a journey with Fitzsimmons and wants to win. The greater a man's speed the finer condition he should be in, as great speed requires a great effort to sustain it. You can take a locomotive built to go sixty miles an hour and if there is a defect in her you will shake her to pieces. A poor boiler will not stand the pressure; neither will an unsound wheel. Everything must be sound to carry great speed. Corbett is far faster than Fitzsimmons; hence he must, if he wants to use his great gift, be in much better condition than his dull, phlegmatic opponent, who can flounder comfortably along in his own ungainly, lazy and deadly effective way. And if Mr. Corbett wants to get into this kind of condition, he will at once quit the road and go into training, which, in his case, should mean rest."

The hope for a patch-up between Yale and Harvard seems to have gone glimmering. The announcement is now made that Yale will go ahead and make what athletic arrangements she can regardless of her old rival, and this means that the big boat race at Poughkeepsie this year will again be confined to Pennsylvania, Harvard, Columbia and Cornell, with the possible addition of the Wisconsin crew, which would be a welcome accession, at least to Cornell, whose spirit has always been to row anyone, anywhere and at any time, regardless of the prospects for victory or defeat. As to Yale, the students at Cornell are indifferent and they care little whether she rows any one or not, yet would doubtless be the first to grant the New Havenites permission to enter if she should ask to take part in the quadrangular race. Until last year Yale held the record for the four-mile course, and claimed the championship in rowing. Yet she refused to have anything to do with Cornell, on the ground that she was an inferior institution. Now that Cornell holds all the records in rowing Yale claims that she does not want to enter the big race because her past relations with Cornell have not been pleasant. Then Yale traces the feeling back to a foot ball game that took place in Ithaca in 1891 or 1892. The game referred to was a rough game, but as long as Yale won by the score of 72 to 0, Cornell men fail to see why Yale should feel so bad about it. The fact has just now been disclosed that only two years ago Yale challenged Cornell to a game of base ball, which Cornell could not accept, as I am creditably informed by Charlie S. Young of this paper, who was then manager of the Cornell team. This

leads Cornell men to believe that there is another reason, aside from hard feeling, why Yale does not want to enter the big race at Poughkeepsie.

The local trotting circuit has finally been agreed upon and is undoubtedly a good one, including as it does the cities of Omaha, Denver, Lincoln, Sioux City, St. Joseph, Des Moines and Ottumwa. The Omaha dates will be in June and it is the intention of the management to make the week's session the best ever held here. The card will be a good one from the opening to the closing day, and as the purses are to be more attractive than ever, a lot of the best horses in the country may be confidently expected here. Scott McCoy, the manager of the track, has not been idle this winter by any means, and he says that by June next he will be able to show the horsemen the finest track in the country.

By the way, talking of harness racing reminds me that there were more horses of 2:15 capacity last season than ever before, and still there were no stars of the first magnitude among them, nor were there many world's records of importance made. Fantasy, of the free-for-all division, trotted the fastest mile of the season, 2:06½, but this was so far below the standard of the three or four preceding campaigns that it only served to make the absence of such as Alix, Directum, Azote and Nancy Hanks more marked. The 2-year-old New York colt, Jupe, scored the fastest time ever made in a race by a youngster of his age, 2:13¾, but the performance was not within gunshot of Arion's marvelous 2-year-old record of 2:10¾ to an old style sulky. The fastest 3-year-old record was 2:12½, made by Malcolm Forbes' Bingen, and of the 4-year-olds the big Nebraska colt, Pat L, was the bright particular star. He opened the campaign by lowering his 3-year-old mark of 2:11¾ to 2:09¼, and then placed to his credit the fastest record ever made on a half mile track, 2:10½, and finally wound up an arduous season's work by defeating Fantasy, Beuzetta, William Penn and the other stars of the free-for-all brigade at Lexington in the fastest seven heat race ever trotted. The Nebraska horse would be looked upon as a veritable phenomenon if there had never been a Directum, and as it is he is an animal of which every western horseman can be inordinately proud.

The Western Interstate Football league held its meeting some time ago, and on account of the absence of Iowa's representative no game was scheduled for Omaha. At first sight this would seem to be a loss to the local football loving public, but after a little consideration one will see that it was really a good thing, for several reasons. Omaha has just as many and just as good ex-college players as any western town that can be mentioned, and just as long as all the interest in football is centered in two foreign teams, which come here once a year for their annual game, just so long will Omaha be without a good team of her own. Now that it is understood that Iowa and Nebraska have passed us by, we must look to our own players to get up a team of which we will all be proud, and which can ably cope with any of the western college teams. Butte, which had the best football team in the west this fall, started out with two players and plenty of spirit. We have the players, but lack the spirit. Tom Bowie, who was one of the original Butte players, stopped off here, his home, on his way to Mexico a few days ago, and in a conversation he said that this talk of the Butte players being paid anything for their services is all bosh. Charles Clark, who was president and backer of the club, declared that the first consideration of the makeup of the team should be that no player should receive a cent for his services. Most of the members of the team are Butte men, but others have gone to Butte, tried for the team, and on account of their skill and prominence in that line have received very remunerative positions at the hands of the backers of the team. "Yes, the team has improved," says Mr. Bowie, "until the two old original players were finally frozen out." And so with Omaha. If the players who are here would get together ,there is plenty of material to make a team that would be will nigh invincible, and with a good team I am certain that the Omaha enthusiasts would give plenty of support to football.

The members of last year's University of Nebraska foot ball team met last week and elected George Shedd as captain for the next year. The selection is certainly a very good one, as Mr. Shedd has not only been the most brilliant and reliable player on the team for the past two years, but its very soul and life. During this time he played right half. He is a bright, coolheaded player, and holds the confidence of the entire team. Mr. Shedd is only 18 years old, and learned his first foot ball on the Ashland High school team, so that he is truly a simon pure Nebraska product, in whom we can all take a little extra interest.

The easy thing George Dixon had in administering an anaesthetic to Australian Billy Murphy in New York Friday night should certainly prove something akin to a black eye to the know-alls, who have all but relegated the little saddle-colored featherweight king to the "has been" stakes. Murphy was expected to stack up a great fight, and the Cincinnati enthusiasts predicted a victory for him, but he proved little better than a lobster. Dixon put him out in six rounds. This means the last of Murphy; but I well recall the time when he was the best of all of them. In 1890 Billy and Austin Gibbons stopped off here enroute from 'Frisco to New York. He was a crackerjack then and no mistake. He met his pal, Gibbons, in a six-round setto at the People's theater and gave a wonderful exhibition of his prowess. Danny Daly and Billy O'Donnell were both there with the intention of going on with him, but when they saw this little tornado give Gibbons smash for smash, they balked, and Jack Murray, a strapping big heavyweight, was sent in to fill the bill. Murphy not only bested, but licked the big bartender in three rounds, punching him off the stage and into the wings until he cried peccavi. Prior to this time, out on the coast, shortly after his arrival, he knocked out such hard game as Ike Wier, Tommy Warren, Johnny Griffen and Frank Murphy. From here he went to Chicago, where he easily bested Tommy White in four rounds. He returned to Auckland, New Zealand, the following June and came back here in '92, and since then he has met with anything but remarkable success. All his old victims succeeded in turning the tables on him. Weir knocked him out in six rounds, while Griffen required but one more. Then he was bested in limited round affairs by Dixon, Griffo and Solly Smith. Ever since Dixon dressed him down so beautifully in Boston in three rounds Murphy has labored under the hallucination that he could whip the champion and his overtures and importunities for a fight have been incessant ever since. He has been hanging out down in Cincinnati for a year or so, and, by knocking out a small army of haw-eaters, he induced some of the Queen City suckers to believe that he was the Murphy he was in '90. So they backed him for 1,000 simoleons to go twenty rounds with Dixon the other night. They'll never do it again. Ta ta, Murph!

FOREST, FIELD AND STREAM.

A Breezy Batch of Gossip with the Devotees of Rod and Gun.

Regarding Omaha's shooting prospects for the present year, it is only necessary to state one of the biggest trap-shooting meets ever attempted in the west will be held some time in May under the management of the Omaha Gun club, and in June the Dupont club will give its first big free-for-all tournament. By that time this younger body expects to be on grounds of its own. These will be enclosed with a high board fence, supplied with a commodious club house and all the modern appointments of a first-class shooting park. These tournaments, together with the regular weekly competitions of the various organizations, and the varied sport afforded in the field and on the water, will make up such a glorious season as sportsmen here have not enjoyed for many a year. While on the subject of trap-shooting the following letter may not come amiss:

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 13.—S. G. V. Griswold, Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please note in the columns of your valued sporting department that the Nebraska State Sportsman's association is going to have the largest, best and most thorough tournament in this city next spring ever given by this honored old institution. We intend to add $1,000 to the regular events, and a few bouquets tossed at us by you through the popular old Bee will be more than appreciated. Yours very truly.—R. M. Welch, Secretary.

A telegram from Cheyenne announces an almost overwhelming increase of game of all kinds, with the exception of the buffalo, in the Yellowstone park. During the spring months the elk range through the park by thousands. Deer wander through the military post in great numbers, often passing a few feet from the sentries and men about the garrison. Herds of mountain sheep and antelope are wintering on Mount Everett and show a great increase in numbers over last year. Coyotes have become so numerous that the scouts employed at the post have been authorized to kill some of them. A big corral was built last fall in which it was intended to enclose a portion of the buffalo herd. Only eight of the herd entered the corral and these were allowed to escape, in the hope that a larger number would return. The main herd did not winter in its usual place and has scattered in small bunches over a large portion of the park. Altogether there are not more than fifty buffaloes left in the park and it is a doubtful problem whether these can be saved. The forces of nature and the hand of man seem to be against them and their total extinction seems but a question of a short time.

Dr. Carver, the great pigeon shot, expects to go to New York in April next, and will be willing to shoot three matches against anyone for $1,000 a match.

During the past year there was $2,100 paid into the treasury for the privilege of keeping dogs within the city limits, just $87,700 short of the receipts at the city treasury in Chicago for the same privilege.

The third annual Sportsmen's exposition, under the auspices of the Sportsmen's association, will be held at Madison Square Garden, New York, March 13 to 20. This exhibition will be improved over the two previous ones held, and will contain much that will be new to the sportsmen. Every manufacturer of goods intended for the use in field and stream will have the very latest product, and all improvements of goods now in use will be shown. Many new features will be added to interest and amuse the visitors, and the loan exhibit of prizes, cups, heads, antlers and mounted specimens will be the most extensive ever exhibited. The exhibition will consist of sportsmen's equipments and appliances, shooting and fly casting competition, live specimens of big game animals and American game birds. The Grand American handicap will be held the week following the sportsmen's exposition and will be one of the largest pigeon shooting events ever attempted in this country.

As is well known, for two or three years The Bee has advised a cessation on the part of the State Fish commission in the propagation of the German carp, and it is gratifying to note that this advice has not been wholly unheeded. My esteemed friend, Mr. May, chairman of the commission, disagrees with me on several material points as to carp, but as yet he has never furnished me with any proof or evidence even that I am on the wrong side of the argument. On several occasions he has informed me that he was going to get up a carp dinner especially for me, at which this berated fish was to be served in a manner that would defy my efforts to detect it from trout or other delicate species of the finny tribe. But Mr. May certainly knows that he cannot do this, and hence the dinner is still forthcoming. He has also promised me communications from one or two eminent fish culturists who are faithful believers in the theories he has advanced and firm advocates of the extension and spreading of this clumsy, coarse, ichthyological hog; but like that dinner these, too, are yet to show up. In conclusion, let me state here, and it is this alone which has instigated this brief screed, that a bill is about to be introduced in the Ohio legislature with every assurance of becoming a law for the absolute extermination of German carp in all the streams and lakes of that state. I lived in Ohio some twelve or thirteen years ago and advocated then, as I do now, the discontinuance of carp planting, and I am pleased to learn, even at this late date, that my efforts in this line certainly made an impression.

A Twenty-second infantryman at Fort Crook writes to know whether moose ever inhabited the state of Nebraska, also for a description of that animal as well as that of the musk-ox. Moose, I believe, were never found within the confines of this state, being almost exclusively a timber animal. They are of very ungainly form and the largest of the deer family. The head is long and narrow, with eyes small and sunken; nose long and flexible and covered with hair, with the exception of a spot between the nostrils; ears very long and coarse; antlers large and spreading, broadly palmated with numerous sharp points; neck short and stout and nearly horizontal, higher at the withers than at the hips. The meat of the moose is fine at any season of the year, and especially the hump on its nose, which part of the animal is highly prized by epicures. They are to be found today in the remote wilds of Montana, in Maine, Nova Scotia and the Canadas. Dr. Galbraith was one of a hunting party who killed a huge bull moose in the Teton Basin, near the head of Snake river, a year ago, and he rates this above all his numerous experiences in the woods and mountains. I know little about the musk-ox, save that knowledge gleaned from history. I know they are not nearly as large as the buffalo, and are a sort of a connecting link between the bovine and the sheep families, having many of the characteristics of both. Under his heavy coat of hair the musk-ox is covered with a thick sheeting of soft wool of the finest texture and of a light brown color. The horns, which are large and broad, are formed somewhat like snow shovels, and are used in removing the snow in order to reach their scanty food during the winter months. The meat of the animal, although coarse-grained, is generally juicy and tender, and the peculiar musky flavor is destroyed to a great extent by dressing the ox as soon as it is killed. The animals' range is very extensive. They abound on the northern shores of Greenland, east and west, and on both sides of Smith sound and in Arctic America from latitude 60 deg. to 83 deg. north, longitude 67 deg. 30 min. west to near the Pacific coast.

The recent match between Charlie Grimm of Clear Lake, Ia., and Dr. Carver of Chicago has been much talked of in shooting circles, as it unequivocally made the Iowan the champion of America, in spite of all other claims. There are at least a dozen different trophies being shot for, off and on, presumably emblematic of the championship, but they are not. The Grimm-Carver race was a remarkable one, Grimm killing 98 to the Doctor's 96.

Fred Gilbert, that other Hawkeye crack, seems to be going backward, instead of advancing. His late work has been but ordinary, and he no longer ranks up with the Elliotts, Grimms, Carvers, Parmelees and Brewers. He is still a good shot, however, and may simply be having an off season.

The next annual meeting of the American Game, Bird and Fish Protective association will be held in Kalamazoo, Mich., on Wednesday, February 10. The association is doing a wonderful amount of good work, and will receive the hearty support of all gun clubs throughout the country. The Omaha Gun club may send on a representative, which would, indeed, be a commendable thing.

William Lyman, the inventor and manufacturer of the famous Lyman rifle and shotgun sights, died at his home, in Middlefield, Conn., on December 20. Deceased had been in poor health for nearly a year, but death resulted from an attack of pneumonia. Mr. Lyman was born in June, 1854, and had been making patent sights for the past twenty years.

Reports from most all parts of this state convey the information that the crop of quail left over from the shooting season is larger than ever before, and that the late severe cold and snow has as yet in nowise affected them. This makes next fall's outlook fine indeed, and if the Omaha club would summarily take in hand a number of gunners who still persist in going after the birds, notwithstanding the close season began January 1, the prospects would be better yet. A number of these so-called sportsmen have been spotted, and it will be well for them to have a care.

J. R. Ball of Platteford precinct, Sarpy county, two or three weeks ago, killed a fine fat 145-pound whitetail deer, a doe, in a patch of timber on the Platte. The animal was known to be in the neighborhood all last fall, and the farmers only waited for the first snow when they sallied forth to kill it. Ball was the fortunate man to bag the venison. It seems cruel to think of the extermination of this, the last of

its kind, but it is useless to waste sentiment over a matter that was sooner or later inevitable.

Johnny Hardin writes me from out in the sandhills of a white mallard he saw while shooting with a party of Omaha hunters on Arkansas lake last October. The bird, in company with a hen, came within seventy-five yards of John's blind, and while he got a couple of cracks at it, he missed, and the bird left the country. Mr. Hardin describes the bird as being the exact counterpart of a drake mallard, excepting that it was wholly snow-white, an albino in all probability.

Questions and Answers.

ELKHORN, Neb., Jan. 20.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Four players at casino, A, B, C and D; A builds a seven to eight with an ace, B plays an ace, C has a nine, can he, C, take the eight that A builds and the ace that B plays with his nine? Our foreman at the camp here takes your paper, but wishing for a hasty reply you will confer a favor to us by mailing your reply in inclosed envelope.—A. A. Conveise.

Ans.—C cannot make the play. If he had an ace in his hand, of course he could put it on A's build, but he could not pick an ace up off the board and add it to A's pile.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., Jan. 16.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Will you kindly give me name of firm doing pool room business on Gravier street, New Orleans? An answer through the reply column of your paper will oblige—Thomas A. Hoy.

Ans.—Martine Dora, 906.

MALVERN, Ia., Jan. 21.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please decide the following bet: Two men are playing seven-up, they are five apiece, one makes high, game, the other makes low, jack. Who wins?—Lewis Long, J. H. Galbreith.

Ans.—Low, jack.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., Jan. 21.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please answer the following in your Sunday Bee: (1) In high five, A has 42 points, B 50, A bids seven and makes high, game and both fives, B makes low and jack, who wins? (2) Does the bidding have any bearing on result, provided bidder makes his poin s? If space will pe mi please explain first question.—A Subscriber.

Ans.—(1) B wins. The order of the count is high, low, jack, game, right and off five. (2) No.

OMAHA, Jan. 21.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: What was the total popular vote polled for McKinley? Please answer in Sunday's Bee and oblige—A Subscriber.

Ans.—This question in nowise pertains to sport, but as many similar questions have been answered in these columns, will top off with yours: 7,107,304.

DE SOTO, Jan. 17.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Will you please answer this question in your paper: R claims that McKinley wants silver to be 16 to 1, and I claim that McKinley never did want it to be 16 to 1, nor did The Bee ever publish in its paper that McKinley ever did. I have money up on this question, and it is left to you to answer in your columns.—Oliver Bonvier, a subscriber.

Ans.—You win, of course. There isn't a thing on earth Bill McKinley wants but what he can have.

AINSWORTH, Neb., Jan. 19.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please state in next Sunday's Bee the name and address of some one who keeps bulldogs to sell.—W. W. Parsons.

Ans.—Watson K. Ely, 1428 South Penn square, Philadelphia, Pa.

HASTINGS, Neb., Jan. 16.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: To decide a bet please answer in Sunday's Bee who carried South Dakota at last election, Bryan or McKinley, and oblige—A Reader.

Ans.—Bryan.

CHADRON, Neb., Jan. 21.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: A and B are cutting cards for money. A cuts a duce and B an ace. Who gets the money, the high card winning it? Nothing had been said as to ace being high or low. An answer will greatly oblige.—I. D. Ellenwood.

Ans.—The ace is always high in cutting cards for money unless otherwise agreed upon.

TOLD OUT OF COURT.

Singular Administration of Law by a Mississippi Negro 'Squire.

The best story at the last meeting of the Citizens of Bohemia was that of Lawyer S. H. King, late of Mississippi, relates the St. Louis Republic. He told it in a naive and refreshingly unconventional manner. His dialect and his uniquely pleasant voice added greatly to the effect.

"Over twenty years ago," he began, "in the days of reconstruction, I was the guest of United States Senator Alcorn, better known as Governor Alcorn, at his plantation near Jonestown, Coahoma county, Miss. One morning the governor asked me to accompany him to witness a session of a justice of the peace's court, and I cheerfully consented. We drove in a carriage to the far end of the plantation, where the cabin was located that constituted the home of the justice and the court in which he dispensed the law, according to his notions. The justice was known as Bob. He was as black as a piece of broadcloth, had served two terms in the penitentiary, where he had learned to make shoes, and he could neither read nor write. He had only one leg, but he was about the proudest and most pompous darkey I ever saw. In character and intelligence he was also a fair representative of his kind at that period. There was a big crowd of negroes at Bob's cabin when we arrived, it being court day.

" 'Bob,' said Governor Alcorn, as we alighted, to the justice, "I have brought this gentleman to see you hold court.'

" 'Yes, sah,' was the reply. 'I'se shuah glad ter see yo, guv'nor, sah. We'se gwine ter try some cases drek'ly.'

"After hobbling about for a few moments the justice called out:

" 'Oh, Mist' Con'sble, Mist' Con'sble! Git dat dar jury up fer de court.'

"Then the colored constable called the jury in a fearful and wonderful way, and the little cabin was soon crowded with black humanity. About this time I remarked to the justice:

" 'Bob, I see you are calling twenty-four jurors. How is this, when, under the code of Mississippi, only six jurors are required in the trial of cases before a justice of the peace?'

" 'Well, sah,' answered Bob, putting on a very wise air, 'in de circus court dey has twelve, but in dis heah co't I gin'ly has twenty-foh, sah. But, den, as you an' de guv-nor is heah terday, sah, dis court'll jes ax de cons'ble ter git up twelve jes like dey has in de circus court. Oh, Mist' Cons'ble, Mist' Cons'ble, as dese gen'lemen has come heah terday ter heah dis court, yoh cum'n twelve jurors, like dey does in de circus court.'

"Bob and the constable then went out together and returned in a short while with the twelve jurymen. Bob took his seat on a dry goods box that did duty for his rostrum, and in solemn, dignified tones cried: 'Mist' Cons'ble, open de court.' Court was duly opened and the first case was called.

"The case was an ordinary suit to recover a sum of $60, claimed by a merchant to be owing him by a planter for plows supplied by the merchant. The plaintiff was put on the stand. He swore to the correctness of the account, and was asked if he had any other evidence. He said no, and rested his case. As soon as he had left the stand the defendant stepped forward. He was, as I well remember, a fine looking old gentleman, a typical specimen of the old-time planter, with hair as white as snow. He had formerly owned 100 slaves and he must have been at least 75 years old. He quietly asked to be allowed to testify in his own behalf. Judge of his amazement when the court replied:

" 'Kurn'l, de court am pow'ful busy ter day. I'se mighty so'y, kurn'l, but yoh see de court kain't help hisse'f. De bizniz am dat hebby dat de court ain't got no time to heah yoh side of de case. Dis court 'd like mighty well ter 'blige yoh, kurn'l, but de bizniz am tu on'rous 'smornin'.'

"And turning to his constable the justice cried: 'Cleah de court, gemmen ob de jury, retiah an' consider ob yoh werdick.'

"The old planter was by this time livid with rage and indignation.

" 'Why, you infernal black scoundrel,' he exclaimed, 'what do you mean? Do you dare to tell me your court will not let me testify in my own case?'

" 'Now, kurn'l,' replied the court, in deprecatory tones, 'yoh kin see how orful busy dis court am. We've got so many cases. Jes' look at all dem niggers. We jes' ain't got no time ter heah yoh.'

"It was with difficulty we prevented the planter from drawing his gun and shooting the one-legged justice. Finally we managed to get him away, but the court carried its point.

"When the jury returned Bob asked them: 'Gemmen ob de jury, is yoh 'greed on yoh werdick?'

" ' No, sah,' was the response.

"Then the court took them in hand. 'All dose dat's in fabor ob the plain'ff stan' ober dah,' pointing to the right. And eight of the men complied.

" 'Now, all dose dat fabors de kurn'l stan' ober on de lef'.' And the remaining four did as requested.

"Justice Bob gazed sternly on these four for fully three minutes. His eyes seemed ready to start from his head. He positively shook with wrath. At length he turned to his assistant:

" 'Mist' Cons'able,' he roared, 'Mist' Cons'ble, take down de names ob dese heah foh niggahs. Yoh am discharg'd, yoh poh trash. Does yoh heah me? Yoh niggahs ain't nebber gwine ter sit as jurors in dis heah court ag'in.'

"As the four men slunk away the court once more called on its officer:

" 'Mist' Cons'able, Mist' Cons'ble, go out dah an' git me foh udder jurors wot 'grees wid dis heah eight men.' "

A pathetic little drama was recently enacted in a French court of justice. A poor needlewoman was charged with stealing two gold coins from her employer. Her defense was that, while waiting in her employer's house, the child in her arms, unknown to her, was attracted by the sight of the glittering gold on the mantel shelf behind her, and, leaning forward over her shoulder, clutched the coins in its chubby fist, and had so carried them away. This she persistently and solemnly stated on oath.

The court, however, was incredulous, and reproved the mother for her attempt to deceive him. But she asserted her innocence with such pathetic power that the sagacious judge determined to test the truth of her statement. He bade her stand by his desk with her child facing over her shoulder in the way she had described. Then he took several gold coins from his pocket and placed them on the desk within reach of the child.

A breathless silence ensued. Every one awaited the touching sequel. Then suddenly the child's eyes caught sight of the gleaming gold, and, with an eager smile, the tiny hand was outstretched to the desk and the coins were clutched in its tenacious grasp. The mother was promptly acquitted.

The late E. P. Whipple used to tell the story of Rufus Choate that once while addressing a jury he several times repeated a certain part of his plea—repeating in the same words and accent. Certain that the great advocate had some reason for so strange a proceeding—a reason not obvious to others—Mr. Whipple took an opportunity to ask an explanation. Mr. Choate's answer in substance was: "There was a numskull on the jury who was paying no attention to what I was saying; I would have kept up the repetition until he listened if it had taken the entire day!"

In making a motion for the postponement of a case, the attorney suggested that a certain date be fixed; unless, he added, "Your honor will be full on that day." "I shall not be," answered the court in a dignified tone; "I'm never full; you'll always find me sober." "What I meant to say, your honor," interrupted the attorney, "was unless the calendar will be full."

Judge—Are you aware of any mitigating circumstances in your case?

Criminal—Yes, your honor; this is the fiftieth time I have been arrested for vagrancy, and I thought that perhaps we might get up a little jubilee.

Stands at the Head.

Aug. J. Bogel, the leading druggist of Shreveport, La., says: "Dr. King's New Discovery is the only thing that cures my cough, and it is the best seller I have." J. F. Cambell, merchant of Safford, Ariz., writes: Dr. King's New Discovery is all that is claimed for it; it never fails, and is a sure cure for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I cannot say enough for its merits." Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is not an experiment. It has been tried for a quarter of a century, and today stands at the head. It never disappoints. Free trial bottles at Kuhn & Co., Drug Store.

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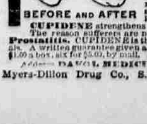

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