BOSTON BEATS THE GIANTS

Selee's Men Get Their Hits at the Right Time to Make Scores.

LEWIS OUTPITCHES OLD CY SEYMOUR

Luck Cuts Some Figure in the Contest Which Means Much to Champions at the Present Stage.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—The Bostons were lucky enough to hit the ball with men on bases and this won them the game from the New Yorks today. Attendance, 2,500. Score:

NEW YORK.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.	BOSTON.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
V'H'ltr'n, cf	1	1	1	0	0	H'milt'n, cf	1	0	4	0	0
Tiernan, lf	1	0	3	0	0	Long, ss	1	0	2	1	1
Joyce, 1b	1	2	10	1	1	Collins, 3b	1	2	1	1	1
Seymour, p	0	1	0	2	0	Lowe, 2b	0	0	1	1	0
Doyle, ss	0	0	4	2	1	Yeager, c	1	1	7	2	0
Grady, c	0	1	5	1	1	Duffy, lf	1	2	1	0	1
Gleason, 2b	0	1	2	4	0	Stahl, rf	0	2	3	0	0
Hartman, 3b	1	0	1	4	0	Lewis, p	0	0	1	2	0
Gettig, rf	1	1	1	1	0	Nichols, 1b	1	0	7	0	0
Totals	5	7	27	15	1	Totals	6	7	27	8	3

New York	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	2	0	—5
Boston	0	0	2	0	0	2	1	1	0	—6

Earned runs: New York, 2; Boston, 1. Stolen bases: Joyce, Doyle, Hartman, Grady. Two-base hits: Collins, Gettig, Stahl. Three-base hits: Van Haltren, Collins. Home run: Joyce. First base on balls: Off Seymour, 4; off Lewis, 5. Sacrifice hit: Lowe. Hit by pitched ball: Hamilton. Struck out: By Seymour, 5; by Lewis, 5. Wild pitch: Lewis. Left on bases: New York, 4; Boston, 6. Time of game: Two hours. Umpires: Lynch and Andrews.

Pirates and Birds Divide.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 3.—Pittsburg blanked Baltimore by excellent work in the first game, but lost the second because Hastings had poor control and Schriver was so slow that nine bases were stolen, four of them in the fifth inning. The run in the first game was made by O'Brien's three-bagger, followed by McCarthy's single. Attendance, 4,200. Score, first game:

PITTSBURG.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.	BALTIMORE.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Donovan, rf	0	1	2	0	1	McGraw, 3b	0	1	0	0	0
O'Brien, cf	1	2	4	0	0	Ball, 3b	0	0	1	0	0
McC'thy, lf	0	1	2	0	0	Keeler, rf	0	1	0	0	0
Clark, 1b	0	0	16	0	0	Jennings, ss	0	0	2	6	0
Padden, 2b	0	0	0	5	0	Kelley, cf	0	1	6	0	1
Gray, 3b	0	0	1	6	0	McGann, 1b	0	1	10	0	0
Schriver, c	0	1	0	0	1	Holmes, lf	0	0	1	0	0
Ely, ss	0	0	1	4	0	Demont, 2b	0	0	0	4	0
Hart, p	0	0	0	1	0	Robinson, c	0	0	4	0	0
						McJames, p	0	1	0	1	0
Totals	1	5	27	16	2	Totals	0	5	24	11	1

Pittsburg	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	*	—1
Baltimore	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Earned run: Pittsburg, 1. Three-base hit: O'Brien. Stolen bases: McGann, Holmes. Double plays: Gray to Ely to Clark; Demont to Jennings to McGann. First base on balls: Off Hart, 1; off McJames, 1. Hit by pitched ball: McGann. Struck out: By McJames, 3. Wild pitch: McJames. Time of game: One hour and thirty-six minutes. Umpires: Hunt and Connolly.

Score, second game:

PITTSBURG.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.	BALTIMORE.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Donovan, rf	1	0	1	0	1	McGraw, 3b	2	3	0	0	0
O'Brien, cf	1	1	0	0	0	Keeler, rf	0	2	1	0	0
McC'thy, lf	0	1	0	0	0	Jennings, ss	0	1	2	3	1
Clark, 1b	0	1	12	3	0	Kelly, cf	1	1	7	1	0
Padden, 2b	0	0	5	4	0	McGann, 1b	0	1	6	0	0
Gray, 3b	0	0	0	2	0	Holmes, lf	1	1	5	0	0
Schriver, c	0	0	5	2	2	Demont, 2b	1	0	4	1	0
Ely, ss	1	2	2	4	0	Clark, c	0	0	2	0	0
*McCreery	0	1	0	0	0	Maul, p	0	0	0	2	0
Hast'ngs, p	0	0	1	2	0						
**Tannehill	0	0	0	0	0						
Totals	3	5	27	17	2	Totals	5	9	27	7	1

*Batted for Ely in the ninth.
**Batted for Hastings in ninth.

Pittsburg	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	—3
Baltimore	0	0	0	0	3	1	0	0	1	—5

Earned runs: Pittsburg, 2; Baltimore, 1. Three-base hits: O'Brien, Kelly. Sacrifice hits: O'Brien, Hastings, McGraw. Stolen bases: McGraw (4), Keeler (2), Holmes (2), Demont. Double plays: Clark to Ely to Clark; Clark unassisted; Kelly to McGann. First base on balls: Off Hastings, 7; off Maul, 5. Hit by pitched ball: Holmes, Maul. Struck out: By Hastings, 2; by Maul, 2. Balk: Hastings. Time of game: Two hours. Umpires: Connolly and Hunt.

Bridegrooms as Sluggers.

CHICAGO, Sept. 3.—The Brooklyns jumped upon Thornton for ten hits and eight runs in the first two innings. Woods then went on the slab and was pounded for exactly the same number of hits and runs. The locals batted Yeager hard, but the hits were scattered. Ryman made some wonderful catches in left and led his team in batting. Attendance, 3,000. Score:

CHICAGO.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.	BROOKLYN.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Ryan, lf	3	3	5	0	1	Griffin, cf	4	3	1	0	0
Green, rf	1	2	1	0	1	Jones, rf	3	4	2	0	0
M'C'm'k, 3b	1	1	1	2	1	Smith, lf	3	3	0	0	0
Dahlen, ss	1	2	2	3	1	Hallm'n, 2b	4	3	4	3	0
Everitt, 1b	0	2	9	0	0	Magoon, ss	1	2	2	3	2
Lange, cf	0	1	4	0	0	L'Ch'nce, 1b	3	3	11	0	0
Connor, 2b	0	1	1	4	0	Shindle, 3b	0	1	1	2	0
Donahue, c	0	0	3	0	0	Ryan, c	0	0	2	0	0
Chance, c	1	0	1	0	3	Yeager, p	0	1	1	4	0
Thornton, p	0	1	0	1	1						
Woods, p	2	1	0	3	0						
*Mertes	0	0	0	0	0						
Totals	8	14	27	13	5	Totals	16	20	27	12	2

*Batted for Woods in ninth.

Chicago	0	1	0	0	1	0	3	0	3	—8
Brooklyn	4	4	0	0	4	0	4	0	0	—16

Earned runs: Chicago, 4; Brooklyn, 6. Left on bases: Chicago, 8; Brooklyn, 6. Two-base hits: Ryan (Chicago 2), Jones, Hallman, LaChance (2), Shindle. Three-base hits: Dahlen, Hallman. Double play: Yeager to LaChance. Struck out: By Thornton, 2; by Yeager, 2. Base on balls: Off Thornton, 1; off Woods, 1; off Yeager, 8. Time of game: Two hours and five minutes. Umpires: Swartwood and Warner.

Browns No Opposition.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Sept. 3.—The Browns failed to score after the first inning. Callahan, the tail enders' new twirler, was an easy mark for the Colonels. A one-hand stop of a liner by Ritchey was the only feature. Attendance, 1,000. Score:

LOUISVILLE.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.	ST. LOUIS.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Clarke, lf	2	1	2	0	0	Dowd, rf	1	1	0	6	1
Hoy, cf	2	0	0	0	0	Stenzel, cf	0	0	0	6	0
Dexter, rf	2	1	2	0	0	Harley, lf	0	0	2	1	1
Wagner, 3b	0	2	0	4	0	Cross, 2b	0	1	1	4	1
Decker, 1b	2	1	13	0	0	Quinn, 2b	0	1	2	5	0
Ritchey, 2b	2	2	2	5	1	Tucker, 1b	0	0	16	1	0
Clingman, ss	2	2	3	5	0	Kinslow, c	0	1	3	0	1
Kittridge, c	0	3	5	0	0	Smith, ss	0	0	0	6	0
Dowling, p	1	1	0	1	0	Callahan, p	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	13	15	27	15	1	Totals	1	4	24	19	4

Louisville	1	0	3	0	3	1	1	4	*	—13
St. Louis	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Earned runs: Louisville, 3; St. Louis, 1. Stolen bases: Dexter (3), Wagner, Clingman, Dowling, Kittridge. Two-base hits: Wagner, Clingman, Decker, Kittridge. Home run: Ritchey. Sacrifice hits: Hoy, Kittridge. Double plays: Smith to Tucker to Cross; Ritchey to Clingman to Decker. First base on balls: Off Dowling, 5; off Callahan, 4. Struck out: By Dowling, 3; by Callahan, 2. Hit by pitched ball: Clarke, Decker, Tucker. Wild pitch: Callahan. Balk: Callahan. Left on bases: Louisville, 7; St. Louis, 7. Time of game: Two hours and ten minutes. Umpire: O'Day.

Reds Play Ball.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 3.—The Reds won today's game by superior work on the bases. The feature of the day was Miller's scoring from second base on an infield putout. Attendance, 2,296. Score:

CINCINNATI.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.	WASHINGTON.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
McBride, cf	0	0	0	1	0	Mercer, ss	0	1	2	5	0
Vaughn, 1b	1	0	9	0	0	Reitz, 2b	0	1	1	2	0
E. Smith, lf	1	2	2	0	1	Gettman, rf	1	1	0	0	0
McPhee, 2b	1	2	2	4	0	Anderson, cf	1	1	3	0	0
Miller, rf	1	1	3	0	0	J. Smith, 3b	0	1	2	2	0
Cor'c'n, ss	0	1	4	4	0	Farrell, c	0	1	3	1	0
Irwin, 3b	0	0	3	3	0	McGuire, 1b	0	2	13	0	0
Peitz, c	0	0	4	1	0	Donovan, lf	0	0	0	0	0
Dwyer, p	0	1	0	3	0	Dineen, p	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	4	9	27	18	1	Totals	2	8	24	13	0

Cincinnati	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	*	—4
Washington	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—2

Earned runs: Cincinnati, 2; Washington, 2. Two-base hits: McPhee, Mercer. Three-base hit: McPhee. Stolen base: Anderson. Double plays: Corcoran to McPhee to Vaughn. First base on balls: By Dwyer, 3; by Dineen, 3. Hit by pitched ball: Dineen, 1. Struck out: By Dineen, 1; by Dwyer, 1. Wild pitch: Dineen. Time: One hour and fifty minutes. Umpires: Emslie and McDonald.

STANDING OF THE TEAMS.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Per C.
Cincinnati	118	75	43	63.6
Boston	114	72	42	63.2
Baltimore	111	69	42	62.2
Cleveland	113	67	46	59.3
Chicago	116	65	51	56.0
New York	115	63	52	54.8
Philadelphia	111	55	56	49.5
Pittsburg	120	59	61	49.2
Louisville	117	48	69	41.0
Washington	114	40	74	35.1
St. Louis	118	32	86	27.1

Games today: Pittsburg at Chicago; Cleveland at Cincinnati; St. Louis at Louisville.

"Ducky" Holmes Again in Trouble.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Sept. 3.—"Ducky" Holmes, the Baltimore left fielder who has just been reinstated by the league after his trouble with Freedman of the New York club, is again in trouble. President Pulliam of the Louisville club threatens to have Holmes before the league board of discipline to answer to the charge of having applied a vile epithet to Major Hughes, chief of the Louisville fire department, during the last game of the Baltimore series. Affidavits supporting the charge have been filed.

SCORES OF THE WESTERN LEAGUE.

Indianapolis and Columbus Divide a Tough Pair.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 3.—The Champions and Wanderers broke even today. Phillips let the visitors down with two hits and won the first game. Scott was batted out by Columbus and Walters by Indianapolis in the second game. Both Hawley and Gilpatrick, who succeeded them, were wild and it was anybody's game until the last man was out. Attendance, 1,200. Score, first game:

										R.	H.	E.
Indianapolis	0	0	0	0	2	4	0	0	*	—6	8	4
Columbus	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—1	2	1

Batteries: Indianapolis, Phillips and Kahoe; Columbus, Jones and Sullivan.

Score, second game:

										R.	H.	E.
Indianapolis	0	2	4	0	1	2	2	2	0	—13	15	7
Columbus	5	0	0	4	3	1	1	0	0	—14	16	4

Batteries: Indianapolis, Scott, Hawley and Lynch; Columbus, Walters, Gilpatrick, Buckley and Sullivan.

DETROIT, Mich., Sept. 3.—Buelow's three-bagger in the ninth tied the score and the locals won on Stallings' hit, scoring Buelow. Score:

										R.	H.	E.
Detroit	1	0	0	1	0	2	2	0	2	—8	11	6
Milwaukee	1	0	0	2	2	0	0	2	0	—7	9	7

Batteries: Detroit, Thomas and Wilson; Milwaukee, Taylor and Speer.

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 3.—The Blues today gave the poorest exhibition of the national game that has been seen in Kansas City this season. Friend was hammered hard from start to finish. Phillippi also was hit freely, though he kept the hits scattered. Score:

										R.	H.	E.
Minneapolis	4	0	4	1	0	1	0	2	1	—13	16	4
Kansas City	0	1	1	2	0	0	2	0	0	—6	14	5

Batteries: Minneapolis, Phillippi and Dixon; Kansas City, Friend and Wilson.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 3.—Daub went up in the air in the seventh and Fisher did likewise in the ninth. Score:

										R.	H.	E.
St. Paul	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	0	3	—9	10	6
St. Joseph	0	0	0	0	3	3	2	0	0	—8	9	6

Batteries: St. Paul, Denzer and Spies; St. Joseph, Daub, Fisher and Hollingsworth.

STANDING OF THE TEAMS.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Per C.
Milwaukee	125	76	49	60.8
Indianapolis	120	73	47	60.8
Kansas City	121	72	49	59.5
Columbus	114	64	50	56.1
St. Paul	122	68	54	55.7
Detroit	119	46	73	38.7
Minneapolis	126	43	83	34.1
St. Joseph	118	40	78	33.9

Games today: Indianapolis at Columbus; Detroit at Milwaukee (two games); Minneapolis at Kansas City; St. Joseph at St. Paul.

ORIGINALS LOSE THE FIRST ONE.

Atchison Proves Too Foxy for Buck Keith's Little Boys.

For the first time this season on the home grounds Buckerino Keith and his Originals were skinned yesterday afternoon. This was accomplished by the Atchison team by a score of 7 to 2 and they did it simply for the reason that they outplayed Buck's pets all around.

It was a nice sort of a game, however, particularly on the part of the Kansans. The Atchison lads went after the local aggregation as if they knew every point of Yankee Doodle's game from alpha to omega. Although they made a few mechanical errors, they played base ball all the time. They had a bunch of tricks up their sleeves that the Originals were not on to and this enabled them to pull out of bad holes so often that it appeared very likely that the locals would be shut out.

The Originals, too, put up a nice mechanical game, but errors of judgment marred their work. Hendy Clarke twirled and probably a third of the hits accredited against him would not be there if there was a column in which dumb plays could be recorded. He was on hand with a single that scored the first run the Originals made and the other tally was batted in by Waller with the longest hit of the game—a beaut of a three-bagger. The fielding honors were carried off by Lawler and Waller. Score:

ORIGINALS.

	AB.	R.	H.	SB.	SH.	PO.	A.	E.
Bradford, 2b	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Waller, ss	4	0	2	1	0	1	1	0
Franklin, lf	4	0	3	0	0	0	0	0
Scully, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
Dorcas, 1b	3	0	0	0	0	12	0	1
Whitney, mf	4	0	2	0	0	2	0	0
Lawler, 3b	4	1	1	1	0	4	2	0
Bowman, c	4	0	0	0	0	3	1	0
Clarke, p	4	0	1	0	0	2	5	1
Totals	34	2	9	2	0	24	10	2

ATCHISON.

	AB.	R.	H.	SB.	SH.	PO.	A.	E.
Brown, 3b	2	1	1	0	0	0	4	2
Raymer, ss	5	1	2	0	0	5	3	1
Howe, lf	4	1	1	1	0	2	0	0
Rothermel, 2b	5	0	0	0	0	2	1	0
Warner, c	5	0	1	0	0	4	5	0
A. Cole, mf	2	2	1	0	0	2	0	0
Strickiett, p	3	2	3	1	0	0	4	0
C. Cole, 1b	3	0	1	0	1	11	1	0
Cope, rf	4	0	1	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	33	7	11	2	1	27	18	3

Originals	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	—2
Atchison	4	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	*	—7

Two-base hits: Whitney (2), Brown, Raymer. Three-base hit: Waller. Double play: Warner to Rothermel. Bases on balls: Off Clarke, 6; off Strickiett, 2. Hit by pitched ball: Clarke, 1. Struck out: By Clarke, 3; by Strickiett, 1. Passed balls: Bowman, 1; Warner, 1. Wild pitch: Clarke. Left on bases: Originals, 7; Atchison, 10. Time: Two hours. Umpire: Jack Connelley.

The Originals and the Atchison aggregation will play the final game of the series today and if the contest is like the one of yesterday it will be worth seeing Dan Taylor will be in the box for the Keithites. Buck swears he will have one of the two, so that the spectators will be entertained with a contest for blood. The line-up will be as follows:

Atchison.	Position.	Originals.
Warner	catcher	Shannon
Chamberlain	pitcher	Taylor
C. Cole	first base	Lewis
Rothermel	second base	Bradford
Brown	third base	Lawler
Reymer	short stop	Waller
Howe	left field	Armour
A. Cole	middle field	Whitney
Cope	right field	Scully

Eastern League.

Toronto, 15; Syracuse, 1.
Providence, 10; Buffalo, 0.
Springfield, 4; Wilkesbarre, 3. Second game: Springfield, 1; Wilkesbarre, 4.
Ottawa, 0; Montreal, 1. Second game: Ottawa, 2; Montreal, 12.

EVENTS ON THE RUNNING TRACKS.

First Day of Queen City Jockey Club Races Gives Good Sport.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 3.—The fall meeting of the Queen City Jockey club at Newport opened in a most successful manner. The attendance was large and the betting good. The track was fast. A card of six races furnished lively sport for the crowd. Syndicate betting prevailed at the track, but the odds offered were most liberal and the eight books did a big business. The meeting will continue until September 30. Results:

First race, six furlongs: John Boone won, Nick Carter second, Braw Lad third. Time: 1:14¼.

Second race, six furlongs, selling: Piccola won, Cheesemite second, Gay Parisienne third. Time: 1:02.

Third race, one mile: Bon Jour won, Possum second, Dudley E third. Time: 1:41¼.

Fourth race, one mile and an eighth, selling: Don Clarencio won, Graham Montrose second, Olean third. Time: 1:53¾.

Fifth race, five and one-half furlongs: King Carnival won, Volandies second, Pat Garrett third. Time: 1:08¾.

Sixth race, one and one-eighth miles, selling: Doncella won, Kitty B second, Paul Kauvar third. Time: 1:53½.

CHICAGO, Sept. 3.—Harlem race results: First race, seven furlongs: Dunois won, Dave S second, Locust Blossom third. Time: 1:27.

Second race, five furlongs: First Tenor won, Boney Boy second, Antiquary third. Time: 1:01.

Third race, one and one-sixteenth miles: The Devis won, Azucena second, Narda third. Time: 1:48.

Fourth race, six furlongs: Abuse won, Mary Black second, Time Maker third. Time: 1:14.

Fifth race, one mile and seventy yards: Storm King won, David Tenny second, What Next third. Time: 1:44.

Sixth race, one mile and an eighth: Topmast won, Plantation second, Treachery third. Time: 1:53¾.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—It was overpoweringly hot at Sheepshead Bay, but a large crowd was present to witness the Flatbush stakes. The Futurity winner, Maritimas, landed the stake in a hard drive, but it did him no good, as he was disqualified for fouling, and Autumn got the victory. Results:

First race, six furlongs: Lady Mitchell won, Lambent second, Peep o' Day third. Time: 1:14¾.

Second race, one mile, selling: Gala Day won, Octave second, Scotch Plaid third. Time: 1:41.

Third race, Flatbush stake, five furlongs: Autumn won, Frohsinn second, Ethelbert third. Time: 1:28.

Fourth race, annual handicap, mile and a furlong: Algol won, The Huguenot second, Bangle Barrett third. Time: 1:54 1-5.

Fifth race, Futurity course: Helen Thomas won, The Lady in Blue second, Veracious third. Time: 1:11 1-5.

Sixth race, steeplechase, short course: Diversion won, Governor Budd second, Widower third. Time: 4:13.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 3.—Jockey Coylie broke an arm today and had to have three fractured ribs mended. Parson fell in the last round of the steeplechase, so injuring himself that he was immediately retired. Results:

First race, selling, one mile: Percita won, Infelice second, Rockwood third. Time: 1:43¾.

Second race, five furlongs: Prospero won, Kittie Regent second, Frankie third. Time: 1:03.

Third race, 3-year-olds and up, selling, six furlongs: Nellie Baker won, Locksley second, Annie Lauretta third. Time: 1:51½.

Fourth race, seven furlongs: Alice Farley won, Ed Farrell III second, Miss Gussie third. Time: 1:27½.

Fifth race, five and one-half furlongs: Neada won, Floridian second, Elurine third. Time: 1:09¾.

Sixth race, six furlongs: Debride won, Ferryman II second, Lady Irene third. Time: 1:15¼.

Seventh race, short course, steeplechase: Populist won, Arrezzo second, Last Fellow third. Time: 4:54¼.

TROTTERS KEEP SPORTS GUESSING.

Close of Readville Meeting with Exciting Contests.

READVILLE, Mass., Sept. 3.—The grand circuit meet closed tonight with two full races, five heats in a race that came over from yesterday and three heats in a race that was declared finished on account of darkness. With the exception of the 2:15 trot, which Aloes won with ease, and the race that was called, extra heats were necessary to decide the winners, while it took seven heats in the unfinished trot.

This latter race kept every one guessing for nearly half the afternoon. Jasper Ayres, after winning two heats yesterday in easy style, slipped up in the first heat today and Cut Glass came in a winner. In the next one Ayres went further behind and Georgiana led the field under the wire. Much Ado took the fifth heat and after winning the next one was looked upon as the probable winner of the race, but in the deciding heat he acted badly and Jasper Ayres, although breaking almost at the finish, recovered himself and took the necessary third heat and the race.

Courier Journal was the favorite in the 2:08 pace, but Giles Noyes proved too fast for the black stallion, although losing the second and third heats through breaks. Courier Journal almost nailed Noyes at the wire in the fourth heat and lost the fifth heat and race by a short neck.

The 2:15 trot was won in straight heats by Aloes, Serpol alone coming anywhere near the son of Allerton. Indiana took two heats in the 2:11 pace in easy style, but made a bad break in the third. The gathering darkness put an end to the sport and the judges took advantage of the rule and declared the race finished. Summaries:

2:12 trotting, purse $1,500 (unfinished yesterday):

Jasper Ayres, b. g., by Irish Babe, by Ashmont (Lee)	1	1	4	10	7	3	1
Much Ado, b. g., by Judge Salisbury-Lady Simmons (Kennedy)	10	10	9	8	1	1	3
Cut Glass, b. m., by Onward Crystal (Strout)	2	2	1	2	8	4	4
Georgiana, b. m., by Messenger Wilkes (Noble)	11	4	2	1	5	2	2
Fred Kohl, b. h. (Dickerson)	9	9	8	6	2	dr	
Hans McGregor, ch. g. (Kinney)	3	12	3	4	6	dr	
Quechy, b. h. (Birch)	8	3	7	3	4	dr	
Percy B, b. g. (Saunders)	6	7	10	9	3	dr	
D L C, b. h. (Moss)	12	11	6	5	9	dr	
Dick, b. g. (Bither)	7	8	11	7	dr		
Gayton, b. h. (Kelly)	4	5	5	dr			
Ruby, b. m. (Starr)	5	6	dr				

Time: 2:09, 2:10, 2:10¼, 2:12½, 2:12¼, 2:16, 2:17.

2:15 class, trotting, purse $1,500:

Aloes, b. g., by Allerton, dam by Strathmore (Finder)	1	1	1
Serpol, gr. g. (Curry)	2	2	4
Success, gr. g. (Demarest)	11	9	2
Genrol, b. g. (O'Neil)	3	4	6
Squeezer, b. g. (Collins)	6	5	3
Nicol, br. g. (Vandyke)	9	3	5
Donn H, c. g. (McDonald)	4	6	8
Jolly Bird, ro. m. (Golden)	5	7	9
Green Brino, b. h. (Morrison)	7	8	7
Purity Wilkes, br. m. (Senborn)	8	10	10
Frank Pierson, b. g. (Lafferty)	10	ds	

Time: 2:12½, 2:13½, 2:11¾.

2:08 class, pacing, purse $1,500:

Giles Noyes, br. g., by Charley Caffery-Hexion (Rush)	1	4	6	1	1
Courier Journal, blk. h., by Wilkes Boy, dam by The King (Golden)	2	1	1	2	2
Monopole, c. g. (Demarest)	5	3	2	3	3
Quadriga, c. g. (Miller)	3	2	3	4	4
Reana, gr. m. (Stine)	4	5	4	5	dr
Prince Albert, b. g. (Birney)	6	6	5	ds	

Time: 2:07¼, 2:08½, 2:10½, 2:09¾, 2:11¾.

2:11 class, pacing, purse $1,500 (called on account of darkness):

Indiana, b. g., by Land of Bellair-Marshall Mare (McCarthy)	1	1	7
Bangeline, br. m., by Duplex (McLaughlin)	5	8	1
Sterling, ch. m. (Carmichael)	4	7	2
I. M C, br. h. (Reid)	6	2	5
Charlie, blk. g. (Dinney)	2	5	8
Terrill, sc. g. (Giles)	3	6	3
Nellie Bruce, b. m. (Inert)	7	3	4
Hanna Duplex, b. m. (Birney)	9	6	4
Dragon, b. h. (Paul)	8	ds	

Time: 2:07¾, 2:10½, 2:10½.

FLYING DUTCHMAN'S GREAT PACE.

Waller Breaks Several Records and Defeats Henry Smith.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 3.—Frank Waller, the champion long distance bicycle rider, commonly known as the "Flying Dutchman," defeated Henry Smith, champion of Maryland, today in a twenty-four-hour paced bicycle race, in which he conceded twenty-four miles to the local man.

At the finish tonight Waller had reeled off 494 2-3 miles, thus beating the American record of 486 miles, held by Grimm. The fifty-mile record went in one hour and fifty minutes,seventeen seconds better than the previous one made by Waller himself. Then the two-hour record went over. Miller, the six-day champion, held this record at fifty-one miles and 1,670 yards. Waller's record was fifty-five and one-sixth miles. All American records from thirty-five miles up were beaten. Waller kept on making records and establishing a new one for six hours behind human pace. Cordang holds the mark with 165 miles and 1,500 yards behind motorcycle pace. Waller's distance was 161 1-6 miles, three and five-sixths behind the Cordang performance. Waller rode 175 miles in 6:29:16 1-5. After this the sun came out so hot that human nature could not stand the strain and the pace dropped off durnig the balance of the day.

GARDINER WINS FIVE-MILE EVENT.

National Championship Goes to the Eastern Crack.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 3.—About 4,000 people attended the national circuit race meet of the Glenwood wheelmen. All the races were well contested. The big event of the day was the five mile national championship, professional, race, won by Gardiner. The unlimited pursuit was easily won by Fred Titus. Results:

Five mile national championship, professional: Arthur Gardiner won, F. A. McFarland second, "Plugger Bill" Martin third, Tom Cooper fourth, O. L. Stevens fifth. Time: 10:45 2-5.

One mile, handicap, professional: H. R. Stevenson (80 yards) won, B. Oldfield (75 yards) second, J. A. Shomo (90 yards) third, W. M. Trott (110 yards) fourth. Time: 2:02 1-5.

Unlimited Australian pursuit race: Fred J. Titus of New York against Joseph Vernios of Philadelphia. Titus won, catching Vernios at three miles and two and one-half laps. Time: 8:46 2-5.

Misses Atkinson and Craven Winners.

CHICAGO, Sept. 3.—In the finals in the doubles of the women's tennis tournament today Miss Juliette Atkinson and Miss Craven defeated Miss Pound and Miss Wimer, 6-3, 2-6, 2-6, 6-4, 6-4. Miss Neely defeated Miss Balk in the single semi-finals, 6-0, 6-1.

The finals in singles between Miss J. Atkinson and Miss Neely will be played Monday afternoon and the championship round between the winner and Miss Pound, the present western champion, Tuesday afternoon.

Big Battle October 15.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—Jim Corbett, who arrived here at noon today, met "Kid" McCoy and they arranged to fight their proposed battle October 15 at Buffalo. Corbett left for Asbury Park tonight and will resume training on Monday. McCoy will return to Saratoga.

Corbett said: "I have decided to quit the ring after this fight, win or lose."

World's Trotting Record for Half Mile

TOLEDO, Sept. 3.—Temper, owned by W. M. Cummer of Cleveland, today broke the world's trotting record for a half mile track driven to wagon, making the remarkable time of 2:18. The event occurred at the matinee given by the driving clubs of Toledo and Cleveland.

Tenders a Residence to Brooke.

GUAYAMA, Porto Rico, Sept. 2.—(Delayed in Transmission.)—Captain Palma of the Spanish civil guard brought General Brooke today, under a flag of truce, a dispatch from Captain General Macias, extending to the American general the use of his private residence at Rio Piedras, near San Juan, during General Brooke's stay there.

The health of the troops here is steadily improving. The Panama has sailed for the United States with 100 convalescents leaving more than 150 men in the hospitals. General Brooke leaves for Rio Piedras tomorrow.

POPOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

ond ward, Fifteenth and Williams street; Third ward, 1120 Capitol avenue; Fourth ward, 220 South Seventeenth street; Sixth ward, Twenty-fourth and Spruce street; Seventh ward, 1312 Park avenue; Ninth ward, Twenty-ninth and Farnsworth street.

In the outlying districts the polling places will be as follows: West Omaha, Dundee school house; Chicago, Kleiner's hall; Valley, opera house; Florence, city hall; East Omaha, school house district No. 61. In South Omaha the polling places will be as follows: First ward, Twenty-fourth street between M and O streets; Second ward, McGuckins' hall, Q and Twenty-fifth street; Fourth ward, old school house, Thirty-third and J streets.

The precincts which are blank will be completed during the week.

Pratt Can Name His Delegates.

The Sixth Ward republican club last night adopted a resolution allowing Nelson C. Pratt, its candidate for county attorney, to select the delegation to the county nominating convention.

Returning Soldiers from Porto Rico.

PONCE, Island of Porto Rico, Sept 3.—The United States transport Mississippi sailed this morning for New York, having on board the Pennsylvania cavalry and artillery.

You invite disappointment when you experiment. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are pleasant, easy, thorough little pills. They cure constipation and sick headache just as sure as you take them.

IOWA NEWS.

Guilty of Libeling a Judge.

STORM LAKE, Ia., Sept. 3.—(Special.)—The jury in the Bruce libel case was instructed by Judge Quarton. The court in substance told the jury if it found that Judge Helsell had not changed the bonds and records that the defendant was guilty of libel, and if he did change them that defendant was not guilty. The jury returned a verdict of guilty in about thirty minutes, but one ballot being necessary to determine the matter. The jury was composed chiefly of farmers, drawn from all parts of the county. The people here who attended the trial in great numbers unanimously approved the verdict. Every possible opportunity was given the defendant to prove the charge against Judge Helsell, but he utterly failed. This is the case where Judge Helsell was charged with having changed the official bond of a county treasurer.

Swamp Lands in Demand.

DES MOINES, Ia., Sept. 3.—(Special.)—When the land office opened up at 9 o'clock on Tuesday morning there was a line of fifty men and one woman ready to file upon the 1,200 acres of land opened for settlement in Palo Alto and Clay counties of this state. After they had got through the filings of the Milwaukee Railway company were taken upon 600 acres of the land, which it claimed by reason of the fact that under the land grant of 1864 it was entitled to every odd section and that there were 600 acres belonging to the odd sections in the land offered. The counties of Clay and Palo Alto also filed claims under the swamp land act of 1854 for 500 acres. It is claimed by some of the settlers that the Milwaukee company sold to them its rights some time ago.

One Child Kills Another.

BROOKLYN, Ia., Sept. 3.—(Special.)—A fatal accident to little Horace, 7-year-old son of James Mauatt of this city, occurred Tuesday evening. With three neighbor boys he was playing at lassoing wild horses. The lasso was thrown over the head of Horace and fell to the feet, when a quick jerk was given to tighten the noose and the little fellow was thrown to the ground, breaking the collar bone in two places and rupturing a blood vessel in the head, causing a blood clot on the brain. After about three hours of terrible suffering Horace died.

Numerous Sales at Riverton.

RIVERTON, Ia., Sept. 3.—(Special.)—Yesterday was a record breaker in the way of real estate and business transfers for this part of Fremont county. Sam Roub sold his farm of 146 acres to Jacob Hydinger of Hamburg for $6,000. Rudolph Grapes sold his large farm to Mr. J. Hydinger. The Riverton Cash Store people disposed of their large store to a man from St. Joseph, Mo., and A. M. Louie disposed of the Riverton Independent office to Joseph Anderson and brother from Indiana.

Three Right Arms Broken.

CRESTON, Ia., Sept. 3.—(Special.)—Three young Cumberland lads endeavored to imitate feats performed by Buffalo Bill's wild west performers. Turner Scarr, Barney Maddox and Pete Morgan, all about 15 years of age, mounted broncos and commenced practicing. Each boy had his right arm broken while attempting to pick a handkerchief off the ground while riding.

County Convention at Creston.

CRESTON, Ia., Sept. 3.—(Special Telegram.)—The republican county convention was held here this afternoon and the following ticket nominated: Auditor, J. E. Cherry; clerk, R. A. Hogaboom; recorder, A. W. Renshaw; attorney, James G. Bull. The resolutions endorse the St. Louis and state platforms.

Middle-of-the-Roaders Meet.

FORT DODGE, Ia., Sept. 3.—(Special Telegram.)—The middle-of-the-road party met in this city today and nominated C. Norelius of Crawford county for congress from the Tenth district, against Hon. J. P. Dolliver, nominated by the republicans a few weeks ago.

Iowa News Notes.

Missouri Valley is constructing a hot water heating plant.

Four thousand Odd Fellows picnicked at the Cherokee gathering.

Atlantic's big band has gone to the Cincinnati Grand Army reunion.

Clarion entertained 1,000 Sunday school teachers and pupils for three days.

The summer session of the Sioux City district conference is being held at Lemars.

Ida Grove citizens have made up several purses for soldiers who have returned from the front, sick.

Alice Boyle, while boating with her sweetheart at Davenport, fell from the boat and was drowned.

A clew has been found to the Webster City bank robbers and the guilty parties will be arrested shortly.

Michael Borns of Delaware county mysteriously disappeared from his home and a reward has been offered for information concerning him.

Hamburg is having a carnival of crime according to the local papers. It is charged that the authorities of that village are doing little to suppress the criminal element.

John Taylor, an Oakland farmer, engaged in a dispute with John Ring, whom he had hired to thresh his wheat. Ring set upon Taylor like a bull dog, sunk his teeth in his throat and lacerated Taylor's face so that his lower lip had to be removed.

A boy from Algona ran away from home and was making a living blacking shoes in Des Moines. He ws arrested at the instigation of his father. A friend sued out a writ of habeas corpus and the court released him, claiming that he was illegally detained.

PASSING OF "SOAPY SMITH"

Cy Warman's Recollections of a Noted Frontier Gambler.

HIS SMOOTH AND PERSUASIVE WAYS

Smith's Life in Creede and How He Got the Name of "Soapy"—An Experience with Lafe Pence—His Taking Off.

A thousand burdened burros filled
The narrow, winding wriggling trail;
A hundred settlers came to build,
Each day, new houses in the vale;
A hundred gamblers came to feed
On the same settlers—that was Creede.

Slanting Annie, Gambling Joe
And "Bad" Bob Ford, "Sapolio,"
Or "Soapy" Smith, as he was known,
Ran games peculiarly their own;
For everything was open wide,
And men drank absinthe on the side.

This was the running record of Creede camp as set down at the time, A. D., 1892.

With a press franchise, a force of printers, a lead pencil and a power press, the writer had gone to the booming camp to establish a morning paper, with a telegraph service, in a town that had been in existence but three short moons and was not yet definitely located on the maps.

It was March, and that means midwinter in the mountains, eight or ten thousand feet above tide water. The snow was blustering down Windy Gulch and flecking the felt hats that covered the heads of the motly multitude that was buying lots from the state land board that had come up from Denver to sell the school lands upon which the town had been built. Lots sold at auction for $100, $1,000 and even $5,000, that had been worth nothing a year before and were worth little more than nothing a year after the sale.

The water washing down the dumps was bad, the whisky worse and many men were sick. Having secured a lot by the side of the little river that ran through the camp, the first payment upon which was $100, we turned, tired, cold, homesick and hungry to walk away.

The Frontier Joint.

In a little bushless spot by the roadside was a board shanty, upon the door of which was tacked a tin beer sign. Inside half a dozen workingmen—laborers or miners they might be—were sitting on wooden benches about the stove. They had been in animated conversation, but hushed it as they noted the entrance of a newcomer. One small man with pale, lusterless hair and cold gray eyes, was recognizable as Tom, the shell man—"Troublesome Tom," they called him. I had seen a carpenter pause at Tom's three-legged stool that day, watch the game for a moment, then slowly slide his tool bag from his shoulder to the ground, put $5 on the table and pounce upon one of the shells. He lost this $5 and $2 more, called the shell man a thief and demanded his money back.

"Yes," said the man with his cold eyes fixed upon the top of the mountain. "I presume that's what you wanted with my money—to give it back."

Now the carpenter was pushed aside by a man who could guess. This man was able to win three times out of five.

Seeing that the game could be beaten a merchant from Denver put down $10, tried again and lost. Crumpling a $50-bill in his left hand the merchant watched the two half shells for a moment and then made a grab. "Turn it over, turn it over," he demanded excitedly, dropping the crumpled bill. Tom turned it over, but there was nothing in it—nothing for the merchant.

"Why didn't you turn it yo'sef?" said a man with a southern accent and a full black beard; "that fellow's a shark."

The merchant glanced at his questioner, fished another bill and watched the shells. Suddenly he nailed one of them. "Take yo' hooks off that shell," said the dark man to Tom; "and let the gentleman turn it over."

"I don't see any money," said Troublesome Tom.

"There's my money," said the merchant, dropping the bill.

"You bet fifty?"

"I bet the bill," answered the merchant.

Now the shell man moved his hand from the shell and allowed it to hover over the new note.

The man turned the shell, slowly, but the pea was not there. Even as he turned it Tom's velvet fingers closed on the $100 bill.

Soapy's Introduction.

Now this same man with the Georgia pronunciation came from behind the pine bar and spoke to me. He had no whiskers, but I could swear that this was the man that had helped the merchant play off the hundred.

"Yo' th' a'tist that's goin' to stabt the daily papah, eh?"

"Yes," I answered, and as my eyes wandered over the faces of the company my mind went back to Denver. "Goodbye," Colonel Arkins of the News had said; "when you come back you'll be wearing a wooden overcoat." There was something in the air of this place that recalled the colonel's prophecy.

"Goin' to make wah on the gamblahs?" asked the dark man.

"Not for gambling."

"What fo', then?"

"Sandbags, six-shooters and masks," was the reply.

"Well, seh, if that's yo' gait we can gallop in the same heat," said he enthusiastically, offering me his hand. "My name is Smith—Soapy Smith—an' when yo' in trouble say so an' I'll hep yo'."

That is the way we became acquainted.

Late when Bob Ford, the slayer of Jesse James, got gay and shot up the town, causing John R. Spears to jump into the dormitory of the Beebe house and frighten the servant girls almost to death, the Chronicle roasted Ford. Ford said he would kill Taber, the local man, for criticising his conduct. Hartigan, the city editor, for printing it and the editor for running such a paper. Now came Soapy of his own motion, standing for the editor, who was unarmed, and the desperado was awed into quiet.

And that is the way they became friends.

Gambler Joe Simmens, one of Soapy's "workingmen," died suddenly two days before the first issue of the Chronicle and Soapy gave him a big funeral. Standing at the open grave he opened champagne, pouring some into the grave and drank some, saying as he did so: "Here's to Joe's soul over there, if there is any over there," and passed the bottle to his next friend.

The description of that funeral, which Hartigan wrote for the first issue, gave the Chronicle a start and made it welcome at the exchange table before it was two days old. It's a mistake to assume that gamblers do no good. Joe Simmens helped make the Chronicle.

Doing a Pilgrim.

One day a man came over from Chalk Creek to burn a lot of money that he had just received for a group of claims. At dusk, when he entered the Chronicle office, his trousers were stuffed like the trousers of a foot ball player—stuffed with money. His face was flushed and his eyes dancing. He was a miner by profession, a gambler by instinct and a deep drinker. He told Taber frankly that he had expected a reporter would find him out at the hotel, but, seeing the paper was shy on enterprise, he had come in to give up the news of the Chalk Creek district. He hinted that seeing his name repeated in the paper would help him over at the new camp, where he was mayor, magistrate, postmaster and notary public. "If that likeness could go on the first page," he said sliding a photograph over to the reporter, "I'd be willing to pay for the cut." He offered to "open wine" for the gang, printers and all, if they would join him at the Albany for a midnight feed.

In the twilight of the following day he called again. He was not nearly so frisky. The stuffing was gone from his trousers and the twinkle from his eye. Pulling a chair up to the reporter's desk he began to pour out the story of his undoing. Hartigan, seeing a smile beginning to play about the smooth face of the reporter, went over to give Taber an assignment, and Vaughn, the master mechanic (and general manager in the editor's absence) came in from the back room.

Half an hour later the man went out. "Say," he called back from the door. "You don't need to mention names, but I'll stand by the paper if you give the outfit a good roast."

Taber had written the heading for the expose in the presence of the Chalk Creeker, and he had cheered and applauded it. When he picked up the paper on the following morning he was delighted to see that it had not been changed or softened:

CONSPIRACY.

A DEEP LAID PLOT TO DO A MAN OF MONEY.

Business Men to Form a Union to Protect Themselves Against the Sharks.

And there was the miner's "likeness" on the front page, top of the column and right up against pure reading matter.

The miner had admitted, in the interview, that he had been in the habit of bucking the tiger at the Orleans club, kept by one Sapolio Smythe, and that he had dropped several small wads there. Finally, one of his men up at the mines, who used to deal faro at El Paso, said he could beat Soapy's game, but it would take time and money. For $500 to him in hand paid this Texas man would go down to Creede, get a job dealing at the club, and allow his friend to break the bank.

Gun Play.

It was so simple and easy that the miner, finding himself heeled, gave the Texas man the money, the man got the job (he could deal brace) and down came the tin-horn to tap the till.

The Texas man was "honest," but Soapy, looking in the mirror, saw the new man fooling with the box and when the game opened had another switched in.

At first the Chalk Creek man lost heavily, but he cared no more for his money than the Texas man did for his life, and laughed as he unloaded. His roll was half gone before he won a bet. Now he left off joking and began to watch the dealer. In a little while his money was flowing into the till again, and he began to double up. There was no improvement. The miner hitched a six shooter round so that the Texas man could see it, and the Texas man's mouth began to twitch. Reaching into a drawer the dealer lifted a revolver and laid it near his right hand.

"I call you," said he, in a voice soft and low, and without more ado the Chalk Creek man reached for his gun. Instantly Soapy was between them.

"O, gentlemen, gentlemen!" said he.

The two men put away their guns, a new dealer took the chair and the game went on.

Soapy signed to the Texas man to approach the bar. "Here's a hundred for your week's work. Get a drink and a cigar and take the trail for Texas."

"Wh—what's up, Soapy?"

"Oh—nothing much, only if you're here when that sucker goes broke he'll kill you. He thinks you been robbin' 'im an' if you haven't you've been crooked with me, an' in that case the rules o' the house make it my duty to put your light out m'se'f, see."

A few minutes later a cigar went burning along the trail that lay by the banks of the Rio Grande.

That, in substance, was the story told by the miner, verified by "Sapolio," and printed in the Morning Chronicle.

Going Loaded.

A few weeks later Soapy came in one afternoon with two revolvers, a rifle and a shotgun.

"Fellah's jumped yo' claim," said he, leaning the shotgun against the editor's desk. "I just brought these things along in case you all might be shy on fightin' 'ons."

"How's that?" asked the editor.

"Why, that fellah Streepy's druv pilin' in the riveh, built a house on 'em an' tu'ned the riveh thu' yo' lot.

"Well, what can we do about it?"

"Do? why make the dam' houn' jump out th' windeh an' take the house."

"Streepy'll fight, won't he?"

"O, yes, he'll fight, but you all must go heeled or not go at all. If you want me I'll go along just for excitement."

After consulting Vaughn, the foreman, who had lived a great deal in the mines, the editor concluded to let the lot go, and Soapy, taking up his arsenal, went out.

At the end of 1892 the historian added another stanza to the running record of Creede camp:

The autumn winds blow bleak and chill,
The sighing, quivering aspen waves
About the summit of the hill,
Above the unrecorded graves
When halt, abandoned burros feed,
And coyotes call—and this is Creede.

Slanting Annie, Gambler Joe,
And "Bad" Bob Ford are sleeping there,
But slippery, sly "Sapolio,"
He seems to shun the golden stair.
He's turned his time to livelier tricks—
He's doing Denver politics.

Politics and Berries.

Strawberries were 50 cents a box in Denver. Hon. Lafe Pence, candidate for congress, had brought a box home for his family and himself. As the future famous congressman passed into his yard he glanced over the low fence and saw his neighbor's boys sitting on the scant lawn, each with a box of berries between his knees. When they had eaten all they could hold they played Indian by painting each other's faces with ripe berries and gave what was left to the "poor" children who lived in the block.

As the coming congressman stood watching the boys the gentleman who lived next door came home to luncheon. The two men exchanged "good morning" and then the prospective legislator said that he had been asked to name a democrat in his ward for judge of election. If his neighbor would be good enough to give his name the candidate would be pleased to hand it in, and he made ready with pencil and note book. "You're a democrat, I presume, Mr.—Mister—"

"O! yes, I'm a democrat all right enough," said the father of the strawberry boys.

"And would you be willing to serve, Mr. ——"

"Smith," said the man, smilingly. "Jefferson Randolph Smith, jr., called 'Soapy' for short."

The man dropped his pencil and note book as Soapy went laughing across the lawn leading his little children by the hand.

Pence had not dreamed that the notorious short-card, shell man and all-around smooth Eph was the head of the quiet and apparently happy family next door.

Farewell to Creede.

Later Soapy went traveling and favored the writer with some odd and interesting letters. The first came from South America, nearly two years ago, another from Havana and still another from Juneau. I answered that one and asked for the truth about the Klondike, for I could rely upon what Soapy said, and he answered from New Orleans.

A few weeks later he walked into the office of a New York magazine, in which he had read many of my stories, introduced himself and asked for me. The next news I had of him was from Skagway, enclosing the following:

NOTICE.
TO THE SKAGWAY MILITARY CO:
Gents: A meeting was called for the 22d, but has been postponed till Tuesday the 29th of March, 1898. All members will be notified where to report. Respectfully,
JEFF R. SMITH, Captain.
JOHN FOLEY, First Lieutenant.

It seemed to me that this thoughtfulness on the part of a man who had once stood for me at a killing, and offered to do it again, deserved a reply. So I wrote him briefly, concluding:

"Write me when there is anything that will make a story, and be sure to wire me when they hang you, which will doubtless occur during the coming summer."

This letter probably never reached him, as no wire came back.

How He Shuffled.

On the 7th of June a miner lost a bag of gold in "Jeff Smith's Parlors," at Skagway. The man made a noise about it, the citizens got together, Soapy got drunk and went out to fight them all. Arriving at the place where an indignation meeting was being held, Soapy found five men guarding the entrance. He rapped Frank Reid, the city engineer, over the head with a rifle. Reid snapped his pistol at Soapy and Soapy shot him in the groin. Standing on one foot Reid put three bullets into Soapy, killing him instantly.

Soapy must have lived altogether about forty years. He had made many friends and about as many enemies. He got his name, Soapy, because of a quiet little business he used to drive in Denver. He would take a number of square bits of soap, wrap them in soft paper, enclosing in some (but not in all) $5, $10, $20 and $50 bills, then for a sum of money, fixed by himself, he would allow any man in the audience to guess which of the little packages had money. Very often the thing was blank, but the manipulator always allowed the stranger to keep the soap. Hundreds of others have done the same thing, but no man ever did it as smoothly as the original Soapy.

He had won many a fortune, and like most gamblers probably died poor. So far as the knowledge of the writer extends he never killed a man, but like all men who are inclined to be gunny and bad, he died suddenly, awfully, and with his boots on.

CY WARMAN.

AUTOGRAPH PORTRAIT OF JEFFERSON R. SMITH, JR.

Settle Watchmakers' Strike.

CHICAGO, Sept. 3.—The strike at the Elgin Watch works has been settled, at least temporarily. A three-hour conference was held at the office of the company in this city today. President Gompers and Vice President O'Connell of the American Federation of Labor, representing the men, and President Avery, Manager Cutter and other officers were present in the interest of the corporation. It was agreed between the parties that all the men should return to work in their former positions without discrimination next Tuesday; that the work on the watch movements, about which the trouble arose, is to be carried on under a test for two weeks; that the rate of wages to be paid during test to be the average wages earned during May, June and July of this year; that on or before October 10 the company will hold a conference with the representatives of the men for the purpose of adjusting the wage scale.

Deathbed Denial of Guilt.

SAGINAW, Mich., Sept. 3.—Charles F. Rice, alias Edward Lauz, was dying at the central police station today when a deputy United States marshal arrived there to arrest him. Rice had been held on complaint of assault and battery, made by his wife, but according to local and postoffice detectives he has been defrauding insurance companies by means of false injuries, and had served time in an eastern prison for similar crimes. Rice left letters saying that he was an innocent victim of persecution, who took morphine to end his troubles.