

THE NATIONAL GAME

News of the Week Among the Ball Players.

At the meeting of the Western association in Des Moines last week Sioux City and Rock Island were turned down. The circuit will be made up of the following cities: Lincoln, Omaha, Des Moines, St. Joe, Peoria, Jacksonville, Quincy and Rockford. The best piece of work was done in ousting Dave Rowe from the presidency and electing W. W. Kent of Jacksonville to take his place. The base ball fans can thank Mr. T. J. Hickey for knocking Rowe out. There are some people who think the association made a mistake in dropping Sioux City as the history of Sioux City will show that that city has never been a quitter in base ball. In drawing the uniforms Lincoln drew a grey suit with white trimmings; as no city has grey with black trimmings it is probable that Lincoln will change to black trimmings.

Archie Cole was in the city Sunday and is looking better than he ever did and he says he never felt so well. Archie expressed himself as being highly pleased with the team signed so far. He considers our pitchers very strong and thinks that Clem Kimerer is a comer. Archie is working in a cigar store in Hastings.

St Joe will be managed by Harry Gatewood who managed Beatrice in 1892.

Joe Cantillion is out of a job as is also Con Strothers.

Mr. Ebricht is in Chicago and he may sign a few more players.

The guarantee system which was adopted will be a good thing for Lincoln.

Sol Oppenheimer will furnish the score cards in most of the cities in the association.

Notwithstanding the fact that Sioux City was turned down by both western league and association they are going to have a park in the center of the town. They are expecting a break in the western league and if it takes place Omaha will try and get into it; in that case Sioux City thinks she could get the Omaha franchise in the western association.

The Southern baseball league was reorganized yesterday, with New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Chattanooga, Memphis, Little Rock, Nashville and Evansville, Ind., in the membership. The salary limit was fixed at \$1,000. Each club will be required to put up \$1,000 as a guaranty that it will play the season through.

At a conference between Manager Buckenberger, of the St. Louis Browns, and President Kerr, of the Pittsburg club, the latter agreed to trade pitcher "Red" Ehret and a wad of money for pitcher Hawley. The papers were signed immediately. Hawley's ill feeling toward Von der Ahe is the reason given for the deal. Ehret once pitched for Lincoln.

Manager Brackett, of Quincy, has signed several good players among them are Sam Laroque, Danny Bolan, Farrell, of Lowell, Mas.; Keffner, of Scranton, Pa.; Jas. McCormick and Jack Reighton.

It is probable that the Lincoln team will take a southern trip before the season opens and play in the following cities: St. Joseph Kansas City, St. Louis and Cincinnati. Kid Speer is coaxing Mr. Hickey to take the club to Pittsburg, but it is hardly probable that they will get that far away from home. It would be a good advertisement for the city to send a winning team over the eastern circuit.

Fernando is quite disappointed on account of the association dropping Rock Island. This is the city where Freddie got the title of Count Fernando.

Manager Ebricht returned Wednesday from a trip to Chicago and the east.

HER LITTLE JOKE.

"You never bring any live game home, John, it always is dead."
 "Why, how foolish you talk, Mary. I have to kill it to get it, and whoever heard of a sportsman bringing home anything but dead game?"
 "Well, it's all right, John, but I guess my friends would be greatly surprised if they knew that I had married a dead game sport."

A LOVE SONG.

My love is fair, is passing fair
 With shadowy, melting, deep blue eyes,
 And wealth of burnished red-gold hair
 Where prisoned sunlight glows and dies.

Her voice like silvery peal o' bells
 Rings sweetly on my ravished ear,
 And when 'tis hushed there faintly dwells
 A music that my heart can hear.

My love, my queen is passing fair,
 And for one kiss the world I'd brave;
 There's naught too great for me to dare
 To win her love and be her slave.

My love is fair. To be a flower
 Within her fragrant sunlit hair
 I'd be content to live one hour
 And die to make her life more fair.

My love is fair—did I but feel
 That she no longer cared for me
 No thought could cause me woe or weal,
 My brain, my heart but stone would be.

WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

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