

Schwartz pitched two innings in the second game Saturday, and was as easy as a feather bed. The next inning big Mr. Dillon emerged from the smoke and did his best, which isn't much, to pull the game out, but the Bucks batted him on the back and banged the ball on the nose and won out easy.

Sizing up the Jacksonville crowd from their playing and the way their franchise has been skipping around it strikes me that they have justly earned the title of "Messrs. Nobody of Nowhere."

We point with pride and clean fingers to the fact that Lincoln has as gentlemanly a set of ball players as any that ever won a pennant. Why is this thus? The main reason is that they play ball with their heads as well as with their hands and consequently do not have to resort to bullying tactics to win a game. Keep your eye on 'em. Watch them play a game and if you are not satisfied we will refund your money upon payment for this notice.

The Ebrightz have had their pictures taken in a nicely arranged group, and a good many of the fans have collared a copy. Hiram, of course, is in the center with his colts arranged around him in a very fetching manner, and the boys all look as though this pennant winning was easy. The artist forgot, however, to scratch on the plate, "Champions Western Association, 1895." They can be seen at Ed Youngs and Frank Du-Tiel's cigar stores.

"Doc" Cronley (whose portrait does not appear above) is a pitcher of no mean ability—by the way, THE COURIER mentioned this fact some weeks ago. He pitched for Jacksonville in their second game of the series with Lincoln last Saturday and won his game, notwithstanding the fact that Kimerer did the twirling for Ebright's bucklets. Immediately after the game Manager Carruthers wanted to sign him but "Doc" said nay. It is probable that next year will find "Doc" playing with some professional team—probably Lincoln.

Col. Tom Hickey, the genial and accommodating C. T. and P. A. of the Lincoln base ball club, is kicking his heels together in an ecstasy of joy at the manner in which the pennant winners are playing ball and incidentally because of the attendance, which is larger than ever before.

What a merry old joshier Sandhill Moore is! I mean the big burly good-natured B. & M. engineer that livens up the bleachers and jollies the players, and the echo of whose laugh is heard even in the grand stand. Moore thoroughly enjoys a ball game and has the crowd with him. A few more like you, Sandy, and the Lincolns could win, sure.

#### WHEEL REFLECTIONS

Frank Putnam, a bright Western grapher says: "Philosophy flies, when a pretty woman appears." He might have added that every scorcher sprints to keep up on the same provocation.

A great deal of talk is being indulged in about prospective candidates for the league presidency. I nominate Kate Field of Washington. Still she might insist on the color line being abolished, as "Sambo" and "Dinah" are her favorites.

Complaint is made that women cyclists are, as a rule, plain in appearance. Very good. It indicates that the more intelligent class of women have taken to the wheel. On the average, plain girls are far more intelligent and better companions than their pretty sisters.

Top-notch racing men are at a premium. With Johnson, Tyler, Sanger and others in the pro ranks, Z...

and Cabanne injured and not riding, it makes the Class B ranks rather thin. The best Class A men cut but a sorry figure alongside the semi-pro. class, so there is not the wild enthusiasm there should be at the races.

There will be no National circuit meet at Milwaukee this year. The fantastic individual who at the last National meet at that place imprinted his unique methods upon the circuit chasers by starting the racers thus: "Is the timers ready? Is the racing men ready? Is the pushers-off ready? Is the starter ready? If so bang—go!" is unable to serve this year. This attraction being gone it would be useless to attempt a meet.

A bicycle with an equipment for establishing telegraphic or telephonic communications between outlying military posts has been brought to public notice abroad. A roll of insulated wire is placed at the back of the rear wheel and has an electrical communicating apparatus attached; the telegraph instrument proper is secured by a bracket on the handle bar. When laying a temporary line the wire on the roll is made fast at headquarters, and as the rider goes forward it is unwound. The rider from time to time secures the wire to some convenient object, as a tree, either directly or by means of suitable insulators. To lay a long line the machine is provided with means for holding extra rolls of wire.—Bicycling World.

#### A NEW THING IN NEBRASKA.

It has been said and well said that the person who makes two blades of grass to grow where formerly but one grew is a benefactor of the race. Possibly Col. John D. Fredd, manager of the Nebraska Hedge Company, does not pose in the role of a benefactor; but the work in which he is engaged, whatever may be the result to its promoters, is decidedly in the nature of a benefaction to the state. Col. Fredd came to Lincoln from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, a few weeks ago, with the intention of embarking in the business of hedge planting on a plan similar to that followed on a large scale in Iowa and many other states, and to that end he has organized the Nebraska Hedge company, to work on what is known as the Dayton system. Col. Fredd comes to Lincoln with the highest personal recommendations, and his business enterprise is backed by ample capital and years of experience. The Nebraska Hedge company proposes to the Nebraska farmer to supply him with a living fence that will be a valuable permanent fixture to his farm property, and a thing of beauty as well. Hedges are planted, trained and taken care of for a period of years at a minimum cost. A little investigation will show that the hedges supplied by this company are, in the long run, the most economical and effective fences that can be obtained, to say nothing of their appearance. The Nebraska farmer will find in the hedge a landscape beautifier and a grateful substitute for the barbed wire makeshift. The company has handsome offices in the Lindell hotel, where Col. Fredd will be pleased to answer all inquiries concerning the business.

#### ALMOST WIPED OUT.

Florida natives like to make game of inquisitive travelers. An English cockney was talking to a "cracker."

"Yes," said the Floridian, "we had an awful fire down in Swamp City last week. Only seventeen houses left standing."

"My goodness! How many were there before?"

"Eighteen."

Canon City coal at the Whitebreast Coal and Lime Co.

# RAMBLERS

## COST A HUNDRED

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BIGGLYES FOR RENT.

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Look for the little Cyclometer that registers ten thousand miles.

Is never in the way and CAN'T be INJURED

Lady's get one and see how far you ride.

C. A. WIRICK, Agent. 1217 O St.

#### LAD UP IN LAVENDER

She opens a drawer when the house is still—  
When the stars are out in the quiet sky  
And the jasmine blooms at the window sill,  
As it used to do in the days gone by,  
'Twas many a year since she laid away  
Those shimmering folds, while the tears poured down—  
And shred the lavender's perfumed spray  
With trembling hands on a bridal gown.  
There are silver threads in her bonnie hair;  
The rose-red cheek has been blanched by tears,  
And gone are the smiles she used to wear.  
Ere that sorrowful day in the bygone years—  
When a message came in the Maytime gay,  
Whilst the blooms were white on the chestnut tree  
That told on the eve of her marriage day,  
Her brave young lover was lost at sea.  
She has sympathy glad for all who smile—  
In weary vigils of love and prayer,  
With bright, brave words she will oft beguile  
The weight that presses some brow of care.  
Yet unforgetten that long-past day,  
And often and often the tears drop down,  
O'er the dear, dead hopes that she laid away  
With the lavender sprays in her bridal gown.  
HELEN MARIAN BURNSIDE.

#### I THOUGHT IT WAS HUBBY.

Police Inspector—It was very plucky of you, ma'am, to have set upon the burglar and so ably captured him, but need you have injured him to the extent of necessitating his removal to a hospital?

Lady—How did I know it was a burglar? I'd been waiting up for three hours for my husband. I thought it was him!

Genuine Coal Creek Canyon and Rock Springs coal at the Whitebreast.

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#### JUST TAKING A FLYER.

The last word had been said, congratulations spoken, and the Chicago wedding guests had flown. Down in the refreshment room the bridegroom count was drinking healths to himself.

"Well," said the father of the count, "the thing appears to be handsomely consummated."

"Oh, toler'ble," assented the father of the heiress bride.

The father of the count flushed haughtily.

"You do not appear to be impressed with the dignity of the occasion," he said, "the grandeur of the old world family with which your daughter has effected this alliance."

Mr. Hagmlat shook his head.

"You see," he said knocking his cigar ashes on the carpet, "I've been in these something-for-nothing deals before."