

SEASONABLE SPORTS.

A Peep Into the World of Base Ball, Racing, Golf
Bowling and Athletic Sports Generally.

BOWLING.

TWO TOURNAMENTS.

The candlepin tournament at the Queen Hotel, is drawing to a close and it is expected that the last games will be played on Friday evening. Last evening Captain Randolph defeated Capt. Allen by 10 pins, and Capt. VanBuskirk's colors were lowered by Capt. McLellan to the tune of 108 pins.

The teams and scores were as follows:

ALLEN VS. RANDOLPH.

Allen, C. H. 78 90 95 223 87-2
Simmons, D. 98 83 75 250 84-1
Roberts, T. 91 92 82 265 88-1
Babbitt, G. N. 88 69 83 234 78

Total 349 339 333 1021

Standoff, C. F. 95 84 93 272 90-2
Holland, J. 83 90 91 274 91-1
Smith, L. 92 88 75 255 85
Shea, G. J. 76 81 73 230 74-1

Total 346 355 332 1031

A. E. Mable bowled for S. D. Simmons, and J. H. Hawthorn for James Holland.

McLELLAN VS. VANBUSKIRK.

McLellan, W. A. 105 90 93 288 96
Segee, W. 87 80 120 287 95-2
Allen, R. P. 78 79 82 239 79-2
McGee, A. W. 87 79 62 228 76

Total 357 328 357 1042

VanBuskirk 78 75 73 221 73-2
Trites, W. E. 98 99 96 287 92-2
Palmer, J. 51 86 64 201 67
Walker, R. Z. 88 63 74 225 75

Total 304 325 307 934

BASE BALL.

TRICKS THAT WON GAMES.

Fred Clarke won again for Pittsburg once, when Pittsburg needed games to hold the championship by a trick which beat Chicago out of a deserved victory. He was on second base, with two out in the ninth inning and Chicago leading when Wagner rapped a terrific line drive almost straight at Dahlen, who was playing short. Clarke already had started for third, but seeing that Dahlen was camped on the line of the ball, he ran up stopped, made a blind as if dodging, and then just before the ball reached him, dropped flat. The ball shot past, struck Dahlen on the side of the neck and felled him to the ground. Clarke reached third before the sphere was recovered. Chicago made a strong kick on interference, but Clarke's acting had been so well done that it deceived even the umpire, and an instant later a long drive beat Chicago.

The "Only Kel" was the man who copyrighted the idea of cutting bases. Kel never tried to cut a base ten feet—he wanted to score from first by running around the pitcher—and that is exactly what he did do in one game against New York.

He was on first when the batter rapped a grounder toward third. Without an instant's delay Kel started straight toward the pitcher's "Kelly" at the top of his voice.

The umpire and the opposing players had too much experience with Kelly, and his tricks, to pay any attention to him, so the third baseman box, yelling, "Watch Kelly! Watch Kelly!" and shot it to first, the umpire running there to watch the play, and then, with one fleeting glance at the umpire, turned and struck through the diamond on the plate.

"Out!" yelled the umpire at the runner on first base, and then, turning quickly, he sought Kel, and discovered him just sliding across the plate with a yell of victory. He had scored from first on an infield out—and, although the opposing team yelled loud and long the umpire was forced to admit he had not seen Mel out a base—so the score was counted.

There was a trick attempted once which failed to materialize because Comiskey was there with his rawhide sarcasm. Will White was the victim of his own trick—and at the same time he was cured of attempting to turn anything on Comiskey.

Comiskey sometimes says things that cut and burn. Indeed there is a well founded belief among his acquaintances that he keeps his players up to the highest tension all summer, simply because they fear his scathing tongue. He is a just man, but woe betide the man who tries to "throw him down," either on or off the ball field.

In those days captains were not permitted to take players out of the game except in cases of injury. One day Will White was getting his bumps hard, and the runs were piling up against him. Commy caught sight of a substitute pitcher hurrying to the club house and scented a trick. White tasted out the inning and was first to bat. He reached first and on the first ball pitched started to steal second. An attempt to steal second by White was a farce at any time, and Commy saw what was coming. Sure enough, White slid, and instead of getting up began writhing and groaning on the ground, holding his leg. The players rushed around and still White writhed and groaned.

"Oh, oh, oh, my leg's broke!"

"No, no, no, but your heart's broke," mimicked Commy.

And White, forgetting all about his broken leg, got up and wanted to fight.

Bill Lange used to pull off a trick that set catchers wild, and it was this trick that made him the champion base runner of the league for two years.

He had a habit of starting from first base at a terrific clip just as the pitcher pitched the ball and then, instead of continuing, would stop

and grin at the catcher, who was in position to throw. The moment the catcher started to throw the ball back to the pitcher or to shoot to first base would make a dash for second and eight out of ten times would land in safety. He always claimed that he could beat the delayed throw much easier than a straight throw from the catcher to second.

THE TURF.

LOU DILLON CASE.

New York, April 28.—Justice Scott was applied to in the supreme court yesterday in behalf of Elmer F. Smathers, directing the Memphis Trotting Association to allow former Congressman John J. Adams, counsel for Smathers, to inspect certain affidavits in the possession of the association, which it is alleged, relate to the alleged "doping" of the famous mare Lou Dillon.

The Memphis Trotting Association recently brought suit against Smathers and seized a gold cup which he won driving the horse Major Delmar against C. K. G. Billings' mare, Lou Dillon.

The association asserted that it had proof that the cup was unfairly won because Lou Dillon was "doped." Smathers denied this, and in his answer to the suit declared he had won the race honestly. He filed a bond and replevined the cup.

At the argument on Tuesday it was stated that the principal affidavit in regard to the alleged doping is in the possession of Murray Howe, who was in San Francisco during the recent earthquake. Parker, Sheehan Hatch, counsel for the Memphis Trotting Association, asked for an adjournment until Mr. Howe can be communicated with.

Justice Scott adjourned the hearing until May 3rd. Mr. Adams stated in his application that the National Trotting Association is to begin an investigation of the alleged "doping" of Lou Dillon on Tuesday next.

FRENCH HORSE MAY COME.

Paris, April 28.—It is reported that C. F. Bishop, a banker, of No. 35 Wall street, New York, has purchased Edmond Blane's colt, Adam at a price in excess of \$80,000.

Adam is a magnificent race horse, four years old, and is a son of Flying Fox, the head of Blane's stud. Flying Fox was bought by the Frenchman at the dispersal sale of the Duke of Westminster's stud for \$185,000.

Adam is a big horse, standing about 17 hands high. He has started nine times and won six races. He has always run on the turf, because there are no dirt courses in France. If he has been bought by Bishop, he will be raced in America before he goes to the stud, because he is in his prime now.

C. F. Bishop owns the Millstream stud at Mount Kisco, New York. He is a racing partner of Andrew Miller Handspring, the sire of Major Daingerfield, now stands at the head of his stud.

FAMOUS TURFMAN DIES.

New York, April 27.—John Daly, the well known turfman, died yesterday at his home in East 54th street. Daly was 68 years of age and came to this city from Troy some 50 years ago. He owned an establishment in West 29th street, near Broadway, and had an interest in a resort in Barclay street, which it is said, was known in every section of the globe. He was luxuriously furnished. Daly made a fortune at the race track and owned several winners. The funeral will be held at Troy. Mrs. Daly died last July. They had no children.

THE RING.

CORBETT PUNCHES A TICKET SELLER.

New York, April 28.—Speculation was active in front of Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre Tuesday night and prospective seat purchasers were being "collared" at four ply prices, when Mrs. James J. Corbett attempted to make her way to the box office to call for a seat left there for her by her husband, who is appearing this week in a vaudeville act.

Mrs. Corbett, however, succeeded in getting past all the speculators but one. The latter, who she informed her husband, had insulted her, was Joseph Cone. It all happened this way—according to James J. Corbett: "I had just begun to eat my dinner in the Hotel Astor when my wife rushed in. She breathlessly told me a ticket speculator had insulted her. 'Keep it warm,' I called to the waiter, grabbed my hat and started. 'We got back to Hammerstein's. 'There he is,' shouted my wife. I walked up to the fellow, told him what I intended to do, and then did it."

"After I had hit him once—oh no, not a hard soak—a strange woman ran up behind me, shouting 'Aren't you ashamed you big brute, to hit that man?' tried to pull me away from him. After I had established myself in her good graces by telling her over my shoulder why I was doing it, I gave it to him once again—this time in the other eye. Then I walked back to my hotel with my wife and finished my dinner. That's all there was to it."

INTERESTING POINTERS.

Battling Nelson like Jack O'Brien, is a pugilist who believes in taking good care of the old folks at home.

The Dane has given his parents some \$14,000, which is well invested in Chicago suburban real estate. The Battler's father recently turned over a piece of property and cleared \$3,500 on the deal.

Fighters who bank their savings in this way rarely ever go broke. If they have no one to hang on to their money for them it soon slips through their fingers.

John L. Sullivan, veteran of 412 battles, boasts that he does not bear a scar to mark the blow of an opponent.

He is minus the flattened nose and cauliflower ears which disfigure most fighters.

Jimmy Britt makes the same claim.

John L.'s record, however, is the most remarkable, for in the days Sullivan was in his prime, soft padded gloves were little worn.

Although he must have received many blows from his opponents' fists his face or head bears no marks.

Marvin Hart has been training at French Lick Springs. That word "French" irritates Marvin. He reminds him of Tommy Ryan. Hart's brother is training the Kentucky heavyweight.

Six-round bouts are gaining in favor everywhere. James J. Corbett is one of the most recent advocates of fast and furious short battles.

Doctors disagree about the ailment of Tommy Murphy, the Harlem featherweight. Some say he is suffering from malaria, while others are equally positive he has an aggravated case of cold feet.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXPERT'S PLAY.

New York, April 28.—Billiards of nearly every known kind were shown Tuesday night at the Madison Square Concert Hall, where all the ball game stars met in exhibition matches for the benefit of the San Francisco earthquake victims.

To the receipts obtained at the box office, the Brunswick-Balke-Clendenen Co., under whose auspices the benefit was held, added \$1,000.

George Sutton defeated Geo. Slosson in three innings at the 18.2 game, scoring 4, 45 and 51 for a total of 100, while Slosson could gather only 2, 4 and 13.

In a three cushion carrom game Louis Cure defeated Albert Cutler by a score of 20 to 15 in 33 innings. Each player made high runs of 4 and 3.

Calvin Demarest, a Chicago amateur, won from J. Ferdinand, Poggenburg, of New York, by a score of 100 to 38 at 14.2 style of play. It took the winner eleven innings to get his total, and he had runs of 26, 27 and 24. Poggenburg had one cluster of 19.

"Wizard" Schaefer and "Willie" Hoppe, the 18.1 champion, played a match of 100 points at the 18-inch one shot in style. The game ended, 100 to 10; Schaefer, 16.

BE DONE WITH CATARRH!

Why allow this filthy disease to poison your system? It drains your strength, ruins digestion, pollutes the breath, makes you repulsive. The one certain cure is "Catarrhazone," it cures because it destroys the cause of the disease, cures thoroughly because it goes wherever the catarrh is, cures every case because its vapor destroys the catarrh germ instantly. To get well and stay free from catarrh get Catarrhazone and use it; satisfaction guaranteed.

PRINCE GOES FISHING.

H. R. H. of Connaught Tempting the Festive Salmon at Medway, N. S.

Chester, N. S., April 29.—Prince Arthur's train arrived at 3.10 o'clock this morning, in fine shape. The run was made in good style and the Prince's party expressed their entire satisfaction with the arrangements of the Halifax and Bouthwestern Railway.

This morning the Prince and party attended service in St. Stephen's Church, which was crowded to the doors. Rev. A. W. Bent preached.

The station buildings and grounds are prettily decorated with flags and bunting by the Chester people. In the afternoon the Prince and a few friends took a walk and viewed the beauties of Chester.

The train leaves for Medway at 12.30 a. m., Monday morning. Superintendent Sullivan has the arrangements on the Halifax and Southwestern under his personal supervision.

REMARKABLE WORK OF TWO BLIND PERSONS.

Two remarkable blind persons who are able to do work usually regarded as requiring the best of eyesight have been recently brought into public view. One is Miss Anne Veronica, of Philadelphia, a graduate of Vassar College, and the other is Charles Luy, of Kokomo, Ind.

When called upon the other day Miss Veronica said:

"Don't say anything to make people waste sympathy on me. I am perfectly happy and contented and sure am going to get along in the world."

It is not apparent to the casual observer that Miss Veronica is blind at all. She walks around her home with perfect ease and confidence, needs no assistance in the ordinary duties of her work and appears to be a little stronger up what would be considered by most persons an insurmountable handicap.

"I will go upstairs and get it," said the blind girl when asked about her typewriter. And she walked instantly and without a trace of hesitation through a doorway and up the stairs, returning later with her typewriting machine. The blind girl has no appearance of groping her way around the room. Her wonderful instinct seems to serve her where her sight is lacking. Miss Veronica has progress was remarkable. Being a good-natured, likable girl, the students took a fancy to her and there were more volunteers ready to coach her in her studies by reading to her

than there was room for the service. Fashionable girls vied with one another to take the reading turn with Anne Veronica, and the scholars of the college were always glad to help her in difficult places. Having nothing in the shape of hockey or tea parties to distract her attention, Miss Veronica made prodigious strides in her studies and graduated with honors in almost all her examinations.

The blind girl used a typewriter with facility and believes she could get a living by this means. She has higher ambitions, however. Her desire is to become an instructor in an institution for the blind, but so far has been thwarted in this direction because of the objection of the blind to a teacher who is sightless.

The reason for this objection is that a blind teacher is as keen at hearing and "sounding" things as the inmates of the institution, and is unpopular on that account, the students having no opportunity for whispered confidences while the person in authority is around.

Charles Luy, the other blind person referred to, is employed as a messenger-boy by the Kokomo Telephone Companies. He delivers all the messages of the two companies of that town, and has been in the service of one of the concerns for twenty-three years.

To Luy one would first discover that he was sightless good sight, but the more he refused to perform their functions and the sight is gone. The physicians tell him that close application at the switchboard for fifteen years, most of that time being devoted to night work, destroyed his sight.

He is 43 years old, and neither loss of sight nor age has prevented him from being one of the most alert and successful in the ranks in Kokomo, obtained at the box office, the Brunswick-Balke-Clendenen Co., under whose auspices the benefit was held, added \$1,000.

George Sutton defeated Geo. Slosson in three innings at the 18.2 game, scoring 4, 45 and 51 for a total of 100, while Slosson could gather only 2, 4 and 13.

In a three cushion carrom game Louis Cure defeated Albert Cutler by a score of 20 to 15 in 33 innings. Each player made high runs of 4 and 3.

Calvin Demarest, a Chicago amateur, won from J. Ferdinand, Poggenburg, of New York, by a score of 100 to 38 at 14.2 style of play. It took the winner eleven innings to get his total, and he had runs of 26, 27 and 24. Poggenburg had one cluster of 19.

"Wizard" Schaefer and "Willie" Hoppe, the 18.1 champion, played a match of 100 points at the 18-inch one shot in style. The game ended, 100 to 10; Schaefer, 16.

Why allow this filthy disease to poison your system? It drains your strength, ruins digestion, pollutes the breath, makes you repulsive. The one certain cure is "Catarrhazone," it cures because it destroys the cause of the disease, cures thoroughly because it goes wherever the catarrh is, cures every case because its vapor destroys the catarrh germ instantly. To get well and stay free from catarrh get Catarrhazone and use it; satisfaction guaranteed.

When asked how he found his way so readily about town, he said:

"I have a complete map of the city outlined in my mind, and the system of numbering used by the city. This is the nearest I can tell how I manage to locate a house so as not to disturb the slumbers of the wrong person at a late hour of the night. It is seldom that I miss the right place, and I am unable to recall when I missed any given number by more than one house. The only thing I can distinguish is a strong light, and not even the form of that. This is a peculiarity of my eyes the oculists have never been able to explain. I have a great deal of fun on account of this abnormal condition. I met Councilman Bergam and friends one night while out with a message, and in response to a query informed them I was going out to 145 East Valle Avenue. They said they were going in the same direction. When we reached High street I remarked that the street lamp was out. This the councilman denied but sure enough, on looking up this was found to be the fact, and, knowing I was blind, they could not understand how I could tell better than they that the light was out; nor could I tell how I knew myself."

Luy has the run of the Kokomo street railway in his mind better than the general manager.

"There comes No. 15," observed Luy the other day to a newspaper man. "She is just dropping down the hill. She will be here in a minute and when she passes just look at her number and see if I am not right."

"Sure enough the car bore the number indicated by the blind messenger."

"Number 16 will follow 20," he added, "and when No. 20 is off Nos. 14 or 17 will be on, according to circumstances. You see this whistle? Well, that is what I use to let the motorman know, on lines where there is no conductor, that I am aboard, and also to remind him that I have reached the point where I

want to get off, should he chance to forget me."

"I want to get off at 424 South Main street; that means let me off at the States street crossing," said Luy on a recent trip to a street car conductor.

"All right," said the conductor, "but can you really tell?"

"Look for yourself," replied Luy. "You will find the number to be the third house south of State street on the east side of Maize."

The astonished conductor could scarcely believe his own eyes upon seeing that he had been correctly informed.

"Where is 472 South Maize?"

"It is the first house this side of the Belt crossing on Main street East side," was the reply.

Recently an Indianapolis went to Kokomo. Her son was one of those drowned at Broad Ripple. A messenger reached the Kokomo police informing the woman that her son was dead. The police were unable to locate her at 2 o'clock in the morning and Luy was sent out to locate her. He is like a bulldog and never gives up a search unless he has orders to do so. Shortly after 5 o'clock the woman had received the message.

"Abe Trotter, a well known character of Peak's Island, Me., was on his way to the woods to cut down some trees, carrying an axe on his shoulder and a small terrier dog following at his heels. They espied a woodchuck

to which the dog gave chase, and drove him into a stone wall, where action commenced at once.

"Abe's" sympathies being with the dog, he decided to take a hand and help him. So, putting himself in position with the axe above the dog, he waited for the extraction of the chuk.

Soon an opportunity offered and Abe struck, but at the same time the woodchuck gathered himself up and pulled the dog in far enough for him to receive the blow, and the dog was killed.

For years after, in relating the story, "Abe" would always add: "And that dog don't know to this day but what that woodchuck killed him."

to which the dog gave chase, and drove him into a stone wall, where action commenced at once.

"Abe's" sympathies being with the dog, he decided to take a hand and help him. So, putting himself in position with the axe above the dog, he waited for the extraction of the chuk.

Soon an opportunity offered and Abe struck, but at the same time the woodchuck gathered himself up and pulled the dog in far enough for him to receive the blow, and the dog was killed.

For years after, in relating the story, "Abe" would always add: "And that dog don't know to this day but what that woodchuck killed him."

to which the dog gave chase, and drove him into a stone wall, where action commenced at once.

"Abe's" sympathies being with the dog, he decided to take a hand and help him. So, putting himself in position with the axe above the dog, he waited for the extraction of the chuk.

Soon an opportunity offered and Abe struck, but at the same time the woodchuck gathered himself up and pulled the dog in far enough for him to receive the blow, and the dog was killed.

For years after, in relating the story, "Abe" would always add: "And that dog don't know to this day but what that woodchuck killed him."

to which the dog gave chase, and drove him into a stone wall, where action commenced at once.

"Abe's" sympathies being with the dog, he decided to take a hand and help him. So, putting himself in position with the axe above the dog, he waited for the extraction of the chuk.

Soon an opportunity offered and Abe struck, but at the same time the woodchuck gathered himself up and pulled the dog in far enough for him to receive the blow, and the dog was killed.

For years after, in relating the story, "Abe" would always add: "And that dog don't know to this day but what that woodchuck killed him."

to which the dog gave chase, and drove him into a stone wall, where action commenced at once.

"Abe's" sympathies being with the dog, he decided to take a hand and help him. So, putting himself in position with the axe above the dog, he waited for the extraction of the chuk.

Soon an opportunity offered and Abe struck, but at the same time the woodchuck gathered himself up and pulled the dog in far enough for him to receive the blow, and the dog was killed.

For years after, in relating the story, "Abe" would always add: "And that dog don't know to this day but what that woodchuck killed him."

to which the dog gave chase, and drove him into a stone wall, where action commenced at once.

"Abe's" sympathies being with the dog, he decided to take a hand and help him. So, putting himself in position with the axe above the dog, he waited for the extraction of the chuk.

Soon an opportunity offered and Abe struck, but at the same time the woodchuck gathered himself up and pulled the dog in far enough for him to receive the blow, and the dog was killed.

For years after, in relating the story, "Abe" would always add: "And that dog don't know to this day but what that woodchuck killed him."

to which the dog gave chase, and drove him into a stone wall, where action commenced at once.

"Abe's" sympathies being with the dog, he decided to take a hand and help him. So, putting himself in position with the axe above the dog, he waited for the extraction of the chuk.

Soon an opportunity offered and Abe struck, but at the same time the woodchuck gathered himself up and pulled the dog in far enough for him to receive the blow, and the dog was killed.

For years after, in relating the story, "Abe" would always add: "And that dog don't know to this day but what that woodchuck killed him."

to which the dog gave chase, and drove him into a stone wall, where action commenced at once.

"Abe's" sympathies being with the dog, he decided to take a hand and help him. So, putting himself in position with the axe above the dog, he waited for the extraction of the chuk.

Soon an opportunity offered and Abe struck, but at the same time the woodchuck gathered himself up and pulled the dog in far enough for him to receive the blow, and the dog was killed.

For years after, in relating the story, "Abe" would always add: "And that dog don't know to this day but what that woodchuck killed him."

to which the dog gave chase, and drove him into a stone wall, where action commenced at once.

"Abe's" sympathies being with the dog, he decided to take a hand and help him. So, putting himself in position with the axe above the dog, he waited for the extraction of the chuk.

to which the dog gave chase, and drove him into a stone wall, where action commenced at once.

"Abe's" sympathies being with the dog, he decided to take a hand and help him. So, putting himself in position with the axe above the dog, he waited for the extraction of the chuk.

Soon an opportunity offered and Abe struck, but at the same time the woodchuck gathered himself up and pulled the dog in far enough for him to receive the blow, and the dog was killed.

For years after, in relating the story, "Abe" would always add: "And that dog don't know to this day but what that woodchuck killed him."

to which the dog gave chase, and drove him into a stone wall, where action commenced at once.

"Abe's" sympathies being with the dog, he decided to take a hand and help him. So, putting himself in position with the axe above the dog, he waited for the extraction of the chuk.

Soon an opportunity offered and Abe struck, but at the same time the woodchuck gathered himself up and pulled the dog in far enough for him to receive the blow, and the dog was killed.

For years after, in relating the story, "Abe" would always add: "And that dog don't know to this day but what that woodchuck killed him."

to which the dog gave chase, and drove him into a stone wall, where action commenced at once.

"Abe's" sympathies being with the dog, he decided to take a hand and help him. So, putting himself in position with the axe above the dog, he waited for the extraction of the chuk.

Soon an opportunity offered and Abe struck, but at the same time the woodchuck gathered himself up and pulled the dog in far enough for him to receive the blow, and the dog was killed