THE EARL'S WAGER.

The Earl of Blankworth was in a great state of annoyance. He particularly wished to back the field in the City and Suburban, at the eleventh hour, for a large sum, and he could find no bookmaker to take his bet. The price quoted in the newspapers was 5 to 1 on. His lordship offered to lay these odds in four thousands—i. e., £20,000 to £4,000. But all the big bookies were full up, and did not care now to disturb their arrangements by so heavy a wager. One or two offered to take him in much smaller sums; but the earl declined, having no desire to bet on a trivial scale. Either a good plunge for him, or nothing. He did not very often back horses; but when he did he liked backing them handsomely—on heroic lines. It was no fun for him to hazard a pittance. He only enjoyed the excitement when the stakes were big.

Everybody, of course, knows Lord Blankworth and his dominant characteristics. Now, indeed, they are considerably toned down by years and experience, and the public no longer hears (except historically) of the many wild pranks which were once associated with his name. At the time of which we write, however, he was just in the heyday of his youth, and at the very acme of his eccentric courses. Extravagant, impulsive, harebrained; always doing the maddest things, and taking the greatest delight in shocking the Philistines, he was nevertheless a good fellow, a true sportsman, and a man of the highest honor. No one in England was more popular with the sporting public; and no one enjoyed with this same public a higher, or more deserved, reputation for being "as straight as they make 'em."

The earl, then, was very much annoyed and disappointed when he found himself unable to get his big bet taken. Impulsive, as usual, he had only thought of laying the wager at the last minute; and when he found himself baulked in his intention, his chagrin was as great as his impulse had been keen and sudden. However, there was no help for it. You cannot make people take bets if they do not wish to do so. Therefore the earl was simply obliged to put up with his disappointment, and content himself with cursing the lack of sportsmanship displayed by the recusant bookies. Having thus relieved his feelings, he did his best to dismiss the subject from his thoughts.

Before the race, however, it was again recalled to him. On the very evening before the City and Suburbran, the earl, who was a bachelor, happened to be dining alone at home. He was just smoking a postprandial cigar, when his butler came and informed him that a gentleman had called to see him on very pressing business. Lord Blankworth asked what was the gentleman's name. He wouldn't give any name. The butler had informed him that his lordship couldn't see him at this hour, but the gentleman wouldn't take No.

"Did he say what his business was?"

"Said it had to do with the racing at Epsom to-morrow, but wouldn't give no more precise information."

"Confound the fellow," said the good-natured earl. "Well, show him in here, Symonds."

A minute later the visitor was ushered in. He was an oldish man, well dressed, and of gentlemanly aspect. He bowed politely to Lord Blankworth as he took the chair which had been placed for him, then proceeded to apologize for intruding at so unseasonable an hour. His voice and manner were refined and pleasant, and altogether he gave the impression of being a well-bred man.

"You will forgive me, my lord," he said, "for disturbing you at this time of night. But my business is of a nature which will not keep. It is connected with the race for the City and Suburban tomorrow."

The earl nodded.

"I see it stated in a sporting paper," he other went on, "and I have since heard it from a private source, that your lordship wishes to back the field for a substantial amount. May I venture to ask whether this report is correct?"

"Well, it is no secret," replied the earl, looking the stranger up and down, and wondering what was in the wind. "I don't mind admitting that I want to lay £20,000 to £4,000."

"And you cannot get the bet taken?"

"No."

His lordship answered this time rather curtly; seeming to suggest that he considered it rather cool of a stranger to ask him these questions about his private affairs.

"I think you will pardon me," the other said, quickly noticing the earl's manner, "when I disclose to you the nature of my business. I wish to make you an offer, my lord."

"What offer?"

"That you lay the wager with me!"

Lord Blankworth looked at him very hard and rubbed his chin. The offer came upon him unexpectedly, and he scarcely knew what to think of it. The mere idea of enjoying his big plunge, after all, caused him a certain thrill of pleasure. But this fellow was a perfect stranger; he knew nothing about him; and, of course, it was necessary to exercise caution.

"Is this offer genuine?" asked the earl, at length.

"Quite, my lord."

"Umph! You will forgive my mentioning the fact, but you are a total stranger to me. I don't even know your name, and this is a heavy matter."

"Just so. Well, my lord, I have a very particular reason for not disclosing my name. But——"

"Then I am afraid," interposed Lord Blankworth, shaking his head, "that further conversation upon this subject between us will only be wasted."

"I beg you to hear me out before you finally refuse my offer," said the other, speaking eagerly, and with some excitement. "I cannot disclose to you my name for absolutely imperative reasons. But, of course, I never expected you to bet with me in these circumstances, unless I could afford you some satisfactory guarantee."

"And you can give me such a guarantee?"

"Yes, my lord. The most secure of all. I have brought with me £4,000 in cash; and I propose to deposit it in your lordship's hands."

"Eh?" ejaculated the earl. "To deposit the £4,000 with me—now?"

"Certainly."

The other, as he spoke, dived into his breast pocket and produced a leather case, from which he extracted a bundle of crisp-sounding notes, and handed them across to his lordship.

The earl took them, counted them through, and examined them. They were Bank of England notes, eight in number, and each for £500. About their genuineness there could be no mistake.

"You find the amount correct and the notes in order?" asked the stranger.

Lord Blankworth replied in the affirmative.

"I may be allowed to say," the other continued, in an earnest voice, "that your lordship is one of the few men in whom I have sufficient confidence to adopt this course. We are alone. In event of your losing, you could, with perfect ease and safety, repudiate the bet and retain my money. Yet I have such absolute reliance on your honor that, if the amount were ten times as large, I would willingly intrust it to you. Now, will you consent to bet with me on these terms?"

The earl was silent for a minute or two before replying. The prospect of getting his big flutter decidedly appealed to him. There were, also, other elements in this particular which he found attractive. It was mysterious, and the mystery seemed to carry with it an air of romance. And then it was "sporting"—for the stranger thus to come with his stake in his hand, and to wish to deposit it with him (the earl), asking for neither receipt nor security. Lord Blankworth was himself such a good sportsman that he could thoroughly appreciate a "sporting" action. Also—though of this he was not actively conscious—it was a pleasant and a flattering thing to receive so signal a mark of confidence from a man whom he had never seen.

Altogether, therefore, the earl found himself, almost before he knew it, in a fair way to consider the stranger's proposal.

"Well, really," he said at length, "you have certainly made me a very sporting offer. And—and—um—er——"

"It is a fair bet," interposed the other, as Lord Blankworth paused. "On one side your lordship's credit and honor for security; on the other, my stake in hard cash. If you are satisfied with the latter, I am equally satisfied with the former. What do you say?"

"Damn it!" cried the earl, making up his mind with impulsive suddenness, "whoever you are, you're a sportsman; and I'm hanged if I don't book the bet."

"Thank you, my lord, thank you," said the stranger, evidently gratified.

"But you must allow me to give you a written acknowledgment of this £4,000."

The stranger shook his head.

"I am greatly obliged," he answered; "but I do not wish for such an acknowledgment. I will ask you to let it remain as it is—purely a debt of honor. There is, however, one further point to which I should like to allude."

"Yes?"

"About our settlement after the race. If you win, of course, it will be all right; for you simply appropriate that £4,000, and there will be an end of it. But if you lose——"

"You can call here and receive your 20 thou. as soon after the race as you like," said the earl.

"Ah, but that is just what I shall be unable to do. I am obliged to leave England to-morrow morning, and to go abroad on pressing business. What I will ask your lordship to do—if you will be so kind—is to keep my winnings (supposing I should win) until I return to claim them."

"Well," replied the earl, "I can have no objection to that. But I always like to settle as early as possible. Could you not name some address where I could send you the money?"

"I fear not, my lord; my engagements are quite uncertain. I should very much prefer you settle with me on my return, if you will agree to that."

"Very well. Can you tell me, at all, how long you are likely to be absent?"

"No, I cannot. My absence may be short, or it may be long. When I do return, however, I will at once call upon your lordship—always supposing, of course, that I am the winner."

"All right," said the earl, staring at him with excusable curiosity. "In case you win, you shall have your money as soon as you come to claim it. That is understood."

"Yes; and I thank you very much for acceding to my wishes. Now, my lord," rising, "I think there is nothing more to arrange, and I will wish you good evening."

"Won't you stop and smoke a cigar?"

"No, thank you," replied the stranger, who was evidently in a hurry, "I have a train to catch. Good evening, my lord."

"What a rum thing?" said his lordship to himself, as he again inspected the notes, which he still held in his hand. "And what is all this mystery about, I wonder? Dare say I was rather foolish to take him on. And yet, it was a sporting thing of him to plank down his money like that. It's a fair bet, too. Nobody can say otherwise. Doesn't seem in a hurry about his winnings, either. If there had been any swindling involved, he would have wanted me to settle up next day. And there can't be any swindling. These notes are good. No question about it. Umph! It sounds uncommonly romantic and mysterious. I wonder what there is behind. Well, well. It's a fair punt, anyhow. And I'm glad I took him on, after all!"

By 3 30 p. m. on the following afternoon Lord Blankworth did not, perhaps, feel quite so glad, for the favorite won the City and Suburban by a head, and his lordship had the satisfaction of knowing that he owed the mysterious stranger £20,000.

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From what he had been told at the above interview, the earl did not, of course, expect his unknown visitor to call for his winnings just immediately. But he was by no means prepared for the lengthy interval which actually elapsed. Indeed, when the weeks passed into months, and the months into years, and still no visit from the stranger, he began to feel sure that something must have happened to him. He was anxious for him to come, too, and get the settlement over. For although to a man of Lord Blankworth's vast wealth, £20,000 was not such a consideration as it would have been to most people, still it was a large debt to have hanging over his head, with the knowledge that he might be called upon to discharge it at any minute.

But the years went by, and the stranger did not appear; until, at last, the earl began to feel convinced that he must be dead. He therefore practically dismissed the affair from his thoughts, not, however, quite forgetting that there was just the possibility—remote, as it now appeared—of the man turning up to claim his winnings after all.

It was full five or six years after the date of the wager before this remote possibility was realized, and then, late one evening, while the earl was at his London house, he received the long-deferred and now-unexpected call from the unknown stranger.

When the latter was shown in, Lord Blankworth, at the minute, hardly recognized him. He looked so aged and ill, and his formerly upright figure was painfully shrunken and bent. Indeed, he gave the impression of having sunk into a weakly invalid—an impression confirmed by the black skull cap which he wore, and by the tottering gait with which he entered the room. He bowed to the earl, and said, in a tremulous voice:

"At last, you see, my lord."

"So much 'at last,'" replied the earl, eyeing him with keen curiosity, "that I began to think you were dead. You have come to claim your winnings?"

"If it is convenient to your lordship."

"I don't know about convenient. It is never particularly convenient to pay £20,000. But it was a fair bet; and, of course, you shall have it. Pray take a seat. I will not keep you waiting more than a minute while I write out the check."

As he spoke the earl went across to the writing table, and presently returned with a pink slip of paper, which he handed to his visitor, saying:

"You were lucky to win. It was only a matter of a head. And the favorite had shot his bolt. If the distance had been fifty yards more he would have been beaten."

"Yes; luck favored me," replied the stranger. Then he added, in a voice which thrilled with strong feeling:

"I thank your lordship most warmly for so honorably discharging the debt, after all these years"

"Tut, man," answered the earl. "I always pay my debts. You did not think that I should plead the gaming act, or the statue of limitations, did you?"

"I knew that your lordship would do what was right and honorable. And it was a fair bet. Your lordship bears me witness that it was a fair bet."

"Perfectly fair. No question about it. You are to be congratulated on a very pretty haul."

The stranger slowly folded up the check and placed it in a leather case which he had taken from his pocket. Then bowing very respectfully to his lordship, he moved toward the door.

"Stay," cried the earl, prompted by an uncontrollable curiosity to get to the bottom of this mysterious affair. "Stay! When you were here before you declined to give me your name, or to explain your motives for very imperative reasons. May I be allowed to ask whether those reasons are still in force?"

The old men stopped; hesitated; then turned back, advanced toward where the earl sat, and stood confronting him. His face was working with great emotion. It was some time before he could control his voice sufficiently to speak.

"My lord," he said, at last, in a broken, husky voice, "I had not intended to disclose my secret. But you have treated me so nobly—so honorably in this matter that—that I cannot deny your request. I—I will tell you the whole story from the beginning.

"I am, or, rather, I was (for since I last saw you I have been struck off the rolls), a solicitor. I got into difficulties. In order to right myself I speculated with clients' money and lost. Circumstances arose unexpectedly which disclosed my frauds. Almost before I knew where I was the police were on my track. I had some £4 000 in cash which I was holding up for emergencies. With this in my possession I determined to escape from the country But at the last minute I changed my mind. I calculated that, sooner or later, I was bound to be caught, and that if (as was far from improbable) I was arrested before I could get out of England, with this £4,000 upon me, it would all be appropriated by the police toward the discharge of my liabilities. But what was I to do with it? I had no friend with whom I could safely leave it against the time that I came out of prison, and no trustworthy agent with whom to deposit it. I was racking my brains, when I chanced to read in a sporting paper an account of your lordship wishing to lay a certain bet about the City and Suburban, which you could find no one to take. Then a wild idea suddenly occurred to me. If I lost the money over the wager I was no worse off than if the police took it; and if I won—if I won—why, then when I came out of prison, I should be able to pay all claims and start life again with something substantial in hand. I knew your lordship's high sense of honor, and that if you once laid the odds you would certainly pay up, after however long a time. My only doubt was whether you would consent to bet with me. But I came to you on the chance. My hopes were realized, and then I went and gave myself up to the authorities You can see, my lord," raising his skull cap and pointing to his closely cropped head—"from where I have lately come. It was only yesterday, indeed, that I left Portland. To morrow I shall pay up all my liabilities, and the money left over after that will amply suffice to keep me for my few remaining years."

Lord Blankworth heard this extraordinary story in wonder-struck silence. Before he could find words to speak the mysterious stranger had gone.

THE RACING CYCLERS.

National Circuit Riders Are Fighting Hard For First Place.

"There is no likelihood of 1896 being a 'one man' year, as was last season," says F. Ed Spooner in the Philadelphia Public Ledger. "There are more good men fighting hard for the top of the percentage table than ever before, and there will be a struggle for the coveted place at the head of the list that cycling history has never seen the like of. The percentage table, by the way, has done more to create close, well bunched races than all the rules that were ever made. It is the only way in which a man can get credit for finishing close up and beating some one else, even though he be outside the money. Formerly, when the riders saw that they had no chance for one of the three places, they would sit up and come in in a straggling line, leaving the race to be run between a few of the men, who, time after time, won simply because there was no opposition.

"Under the percentage table this is all changed. Each man fights his way to the tape, whether he be in the lead or whether he be the last man in the bunch, and each one is determined to beat somebody out and get credit for at least a share of the win. The riders have appreciated the fact that they may make a good showing if they can average a fourth, fifth or sixth place in all races, and now there is as hard a fight for these positions as there formerly was for the more honorable places in the front of the bunch. This percentage table has proved the only correct way of showing what a man has done in his races, and, combined with the points table, gives a very fair idea of a man's racing career during the season. It is of inestimable value to those who are interested in the progress of the riders on the national circuit and yet are unable to see the contests and the finishes for themselves."

AT THE RINGSIDE.

Joe Butler may accompany Slavin to England.

Professor Mike Donovan has been appointed referee at Richard Newton's new Surf Athletic club, Coney Island.

Kid McPartland and Stanton Abbott are to be matched, it is said, to box eight rounds in New York city next month.

Mike Harris, the New York lightweight, says that he has been appointed instructor of the Ajax A. C., and that he may retire from the ring.

Tom Duggan, who went to Johannesburg, South Africa, has been matched to meet Bill Doherty for a purse of $5,000. The mill is to be decided in September and will be to a finish.

Jack Everhardt says he has several offers in view to meet some good lightweight, but he declares he won't entertain them until he hears officially from Kid Lavigne as to whether the latter will take him on or not.

For a National Rifle Association.

Commenting on the recent meeting of the National Rifle association of Great Britain and the 19,000 entries for the Queen's prize, Shooting and Fishing says: "Why is America so much behind the times in having no national rifle association? We have no Bisley; no annual competition. Every American who has pride in the efficiency of the reserve military of this country ought to blush when he reads of the interest in military rifle shooting in England and compares it with the indifference here. It is true we have many fine military shots. Some states have excellent systems of rifle practice, but in reality we have no national rifle organization. We need one greatly.

"There should be a continuation of rifle practice in the cities and towns of this country. There should also be the state meetings, and from the best marksmen of each state there should be selected teams to meet in an annual national competition. Then a national interest would be created in the organization, and a victory would mean as much as it does now at Bisley. Great things might be accomplished by establishing a national association in this country. It would stimulate military marksmanship, it would strengthen the power of our volunteers, it would create a class of experts in different parts of the country, and by these experts we could learn positively the true merits of our national arm far better than in any other way."

Sullivan on Lavigne.

Although it has been a good long time since John L. used his fists in earnest, his interest in the sport that made him famous is as strong as ever it was. And the big fellow has his favorites too. Here is what he said recently of Kid Lavigne:

"Of all the fighters of the present day Kid Lavigne is the one I am most stuck on. There is a boy who will fight. He is a pugilist, not an orator. He is the grandest little man of our time. He is as honest as the sun and game to his heart's core. On the level, I believe he can whip welterweights and middleweights, not to talk of the little fellows, but, of course, he would be foolish to try it. He took a big chance with Dick Burge of England, a man five inches taller than he, with a corresponding advantage in reach, and to whom he conceded five pounds in weight. Kid's only danger lays in overmatching himself. He might do that, as there are no 133 pound men breathing who have a ghost of a show with him. Jack McAuliffe can no longer get to that weight, and he is the only one who could hold him. When Jack and Jem Carney were in their prime, either would have been a splendid match for the Kid. They were as far superior to the lightweights of America and England in their day as Kid Lavigne is to those of the present time."

National Swimming Championships.

A good deal of interest is manifested in the contests for the national swimming championships which take place in Philadelphia Aug. 22 under the auspices of the National Swimming association of that city, the oldest and the leading organization of the kind in this country. The membership is composed of the best amateur swimmers in America, and the rivalry for honors is always very strong. The entries for the several events show that the races will be close and exciting. Much of the success of this admirable institution is due to its secretary, James H. Sterrett, who not only founded it, but has devoted his best energies to its maintenance and advancement.

The Prosperous L. A. W.

At a recent meeting of the executive committee of the League of American Wheelmen certain facts were brought out which show that popular organization to be in a flourishing condition. There are $14,000 in its treasury. This beats all previous records by a big margin. The membership has passed 62,000, with excellent prospects of reaching the 75,000 mark before Sept. 1. If there remains in the mind of any one a doubt that cycling is the sport of sports, this information should put it to flight at once.

"Did you ever hear of green apples being used as beautifiers?" asked the Cheerful Idiot, as soon as the fat boarder had ceased eating peaches out loud.

"I never did," said the typewriter boarder.

"Strange," continued the Cheerful Idiot, "when all the funny men have been telling for years how they make the hair curl.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

It is observed in England that most young men fresh from the universities are abandoning the study of law for medicine. Perhaps this is not so strange when the London *Telegraph* calculates that "if the money earned by practising barristers were equally divided among all counsel, practising and honorary, there would remain the magnificent sum of twelve guineas a year for each."

CAYLOR'S BALL GOSSIP.

Pugnacity Is a Feature of This Year's Play.

EVEN UMPIRES SOMETIMES ERR.

Anson's Fighting Attitude—Joe Corbett's Pitching Qualities—Bones Broken In Ball Delivery—Philadelphia Still Experimenting With Young Blood.

Pugnacity appears to be running wild upon the baseball field. Never since the game became professional has there been so much fighting on the diamond as this season. It is not strange, therefore, that the magnates are already discussing means to check this dangerous evil when they meet in annual conference at Chicago next December. The Tebeau case, which has caused such a widespread sensation, does not properly come under the head of a baseball fight, for no blows were struck, yet it is somehow regarded as the beginning of the outbreak of "scrapping." It has even gone among the umpires. Lynch and Tebeau started to leave the field at Cleveland to fight it out and were re-

JOE CORBETT.

strained. Hurst followed Hawley and Sugden under the grand stand after a game and "punched both players in the jaw." Umpire Troy of the Atlantic league assaulted a player while he was umpiring. Frank Killen is the latest advocate of "kicking" with his fists. His recent assault upon Umpire Lally at Cincinnati because the latter called a ball fair which Killen thought was foul was, to say the least, sensational. But he caught a Tartar. Lally was once a pretty fair prizefighter, and Killen's single blow was returned threefold. Then Killen was arrested and taken before a judge, who fined him $25 and lectured the ground authorities for not also bringing the umpire into court.

This was not Killen's first exhibition of ungovernable temper on the ballfield. Last year, because Catcher Wilson, at the Polo grounds, struck Killen's leg with his spike in the act of sliding to the home plate, the latter kicked the catcher while the latter was still on the ground. The Pittsburg pitcher has a reputation of being very excitable, and coachers have taken advantage of this characteristic to impair his pitching by taunting him till he would lose his temper. To checkmate the game Killen has gone into the diamond having both ears stuffed with cotton. Men who provoke the wrath of an excitable person are really more guilty than their victim. It is possible that Umpire Lally said something to Killen which aroused his anger to the ungovernable pitch before he struck that blow. I am aware of the fact that several National league umpires, relying on the protection of their official position, frequently address language to objecting players which is not only insulting, but exceedingly provoking.

Preceding the Killen-Lally scrap at Cincinnati by a week was another between Second Base Man Childs of the Clevelands and Left Fielder Burke of the local team, which grew out of Childs' interference with the latter's base running. Burke lost his temper and assaulted Childs on the base line. The result was a disgraceful fist fight in the presence of a large crowd of spectators. Last year, while Burke was a member of the New York team, he made an assault upon Anson because he thought the latter had "touched him out" with undue force, but the big Chicago chief merely held the lightweight at arms' length and laughed as Eddie tried to "land," first with his fists and then with his feet.

Fighting on the field is not, however, confined to the big League. Among the latest outside "issues" were a setto between Camp of the Grand Rapids and Menefee of a rival club, in which the latter was "knocked down twice before he could get up," according to the somewhat paradoxical report of the affair by a writer who was an eyewitness. The very latest exchange of uppercuts among the stars came off on the Chicago grounds when Catcher Donohue thumped Clingman of the Louisvilles because the latter ran into the former at the plate.

This new style of playing the game will not do, and the magnates can be depended upon to apply a remedy at their next meeting. People who go to baseball games pay to see the sport played according to the rules of batting, fielding and base running and not according to the rules of the London prize ring.

Talking about fighting is a reminder that Hanlon has plenty of faith in Jim Corbett's brother Joe as a pitcher. Though the Baltimore club has not used young Corbett in any championship games this year, probably because the supply of seasoned pitchers has been so large, he has been kept within calling distance on a "farm" and has drawn his salary regularly from the Baltimore club. He may yet get a chance to show what he is worth as a major League pitcher. He has no professional experience save the little he got under Hanlon's guidance. There seems to be no doubt, however, that the champion's manager thinks Corbett will make a star with a little guidance and work.

A peculiar accident to a ball player was that which befell Pitcher Hunt of a Chicago amateur team. While in the act of delivering the ball he made a wild pitch. At the same time he fell to the ground with a cry of pain, holding his right wrist in his left hand. When his fellow players reached him, Hunt was insensible—had fainted by reason of the pain. An examination showed that one of the small bones in the forearm had been fractured by the motion or lunge of the delivery. Several similar accidents are on record, the most notable being that of Pitcher George Winkelman of Cincinnati. who broke the large bone of his right arm while pitching a ball. It was such a bad fracture that he never fully recovered the use of the member.

The most notable deals in players during the last month were those which placed Jake Beckley and Scrappy Joyce with the New York team. Had a prediction been made last spring that those two star players would be members of the New York team before the season ended it would have been laughed at. Last year the New York club made an effort to purchase the release of both players, but could not even get a price put upon either of them. This year disagreements between the two player captains and their managers made it necessary to dispense with one or the other parties to the quarrel. In each instance the choice fell upon the player as the one to be sacrificed. The New York club, by judicious trading, secured both men.

It will be interesting to watch the result of the opposite courses being pursued by the New York and Philadelphia clubs. The former, after vainly experimenting with young players, gave it up and secured seasoned recruits in the two veterans—Beckley and Joyce. On the contrary, the Philadelphias have gone into the "young blood" craze by the wholesale. Not contented with putting Mertes, Keener and Heulen on their team and trading for Cooley, they have purchased the releases of Lajoie and Grier of the Fall River club and still have Manager Nash on the road looking up more young timber. Which policy will be the biggest winner?

O. P. CAYLOR.

Wickwire—You seem to be pretty well trained down since you got your wheel, and yet I never see you riding.

Mudge—I don't have to ride. It keeps me thin worrying about the payments.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"My husband played me a mean trick yesterday."

"What was it?"

"He told me folding beds were selling down-town at 49 cents each."

"Well?"

"When I got down there they were hammocks."—*Chicago Record.*

"You have not kept your promises," said she, while the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"No," said he, "I couldn't afford the ice."—*Chicago News.*

CYCLING CHAT.

Auction sales of bicycles are condemned by every manufacturer of standard goods.

The L. A. W. has received an invitation to hold the 1897 national meet at Nashville.

The pneumatic tire first appeared in London at the autumn wheeling meeting in 1889.

A physician who is an expert wheelman has found that riding up hill is dangerous in warm weather.

The managers of the Trenton state fair announce that on Sept. 28 they will hold a cycle meet as a part of the week's programme.

At the Woodgreen cycle meeting, London, recently, the Englishman, J. Platts-Betts, with a standing start, did a mile on his bicycle in 1 minute 48 seconds.

SPORTING MISCELLANY.

Holt, the Harvard football player, is to enter Princeton next fall.

One of the most valued players on the Pittsburg baseball team is Third Baseman Lyons.

More horses are in training at Palo Alto than at any time since the death of Senator Stanford.

Entries for the Newport horse show, which will be held on Aug. 26, 27 and 28, closed on Aug. 14.

Horace Brown, one of the well known American harness turfmen now in Europe, is at present trotting his stable at Vienna.

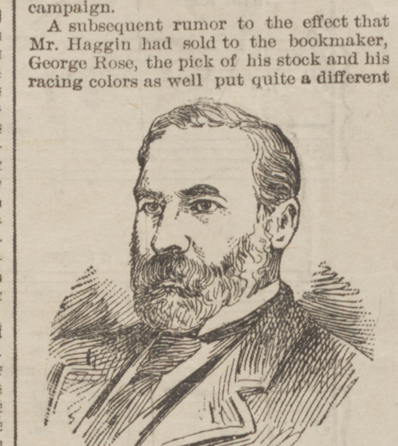
A. E. Bull, the noted center rush of the University of Pennsylvania, will coach the Franklin and Marshall college football team this fall.

RUMORS ABOUT HAGGIN.

Horsemen Are Hoping That He Will Return to the Turf.

People of the horse world who know good racing when they see it and see it as often as they can have been feeling very good lately at the prospect of welcoming back to the turf the famous horseman and breeder, J. B. Haggin, owner of Rancho del Paso, the biggest horse farm on earth. The recently circulated report that the Haggin colors, orange and blue, made famous by Salvator and Firenzi and other great horses, would be seen at the next meetings of the Pacific Coast and California Jockey clubs, set all the racing world agog and started a great deal of gossip, both as to what horses would be exploited and the general methods of the campaign.

A subsequent rumor to the effect that Mr. Haggin had sold to the bookmaker, George Rose, the pick of his stock and his racing colors as well put quite a different



J. B. HAGGIN.

face upon the situation and left considerable doubt as to what the outcome of the matter would be. One thing, however, seems certain—the Rancho del Paso horses will again take the track, whether under the ownership of Haggin or somebody else, and this is the really important feature of the case.

At the Rancho del Paso stables are stallions from all over the world. With Sir Modred at the head, there is a grand string of Australian sires, including Darebin, July and Artillery.

England is represented by Goldfinch, a son of Ormonde, the horse of the century; Golden Garter, Midlothian, St. Andrew, Star Ruby, Watercress and others. The most desirable blood in the world is represented in these stallions. The American sires at Rancho del Paso are Salvator, Tenny, Torso, Ben Ali and others, making in all one of the grandest collections of stallions in the world.

INTERNATIONAL GOLF.

There Will Be Rare Contests at the Great Tourney In September.

The game of golf, which has during the past two or three seasons made such wonderful headway in America, seems to have opened out before it a future brighter even than its brilliant present. As the summer goes on the game grows in popularity, although many of its sprightly rivals have partially succumbed to the influence of the tropical weather.

All the talk now is of the international tourney at Niagara-on-the-Lake, N. Y.,

JAMES FOULIS.

[Champion golf player of America.]

Sept. 2. This occasion will undoubtedly prove to be a greater and more important event of its kind than any of those that have preceded it.

The cracks of the United States and of Canada will be there to fight out to a finality the rivalry that exists between them. This country has many superb players that need fear no ordinary foes. With such men as Tyng, Livermore, Sands, McDonald, Foulis and others to pick from, the probability is strong that Uncle Sam will come out of the contest wearing high honors.

Hints on Dry Swimming.

A very small proportion of the women of the world have learned the art of natation, although most of them would give a great deal for even rudimentary knowledge of swimming. The great majority of womankind are deprived of the knowledge that accrues from the exercise of swimming, because they fear to enter the water. For such, dry swimming is recommended. No special arrangements are needed save a few preliminary instructions, a heavy rug and the seclusion of one's own room. The rug is required for the double purpose of giving a resting place to the body and adding elasticity to the motions to be gone through with. The dry swimmer lies with her back on the rug on the floor and as closely as possible produces the motions of a swimmer in the water, varying them only when the changed conditions make it necessary.

From the time these motions are perfectly mastered the real benefits to the dry swimmer begin by a strengthening and a quickened natural development of almost every muscle of the body and a scientific toning of the nervous system.

In order to obtain the best results the idea is to perform these motions rapidly, one series after another, breathing appropriately at the same time.

Bad Habits of Cycling Novices.

The bad habits of those just beginning to acquire control of their wheels, says a cycling authority, are absolutely endless. One that has many forms, and all of them reprehensible, is the habit of "askewness." Sometimes it appears in the leg, and the cyclist is seen to throw the lion's share of work on one limb, especially up hill, making an ugly effect and tending to swing the whole body sideways. Sometimes the trick is that of holding the head on one side, or sticking out one elbow more than another or dropping one shoulder. The cyclist himself very seldom knows of his delinquencies, and it is usually necessary for a friend to point them out.

Each Has Won Two Derbys.

Many jockeys have scored two Derbys. There have been eight occasions of doublets in successive years in this manner. Scott won in 1842-3. J. Marston's years were 1850-51. F. Butler and Wells are to be credited with the Derbys of 1852-3 and 1858-9 respectively. T. French steered his horse in first in 1870-1 and C. Wood was the victor in 1883-4.

Opera by Electrophone.

"Helle," the latest operatic success in Paris, was heard recently by electrophone in London, the sound being transmitted over the London-Paris telephone circuit.

CYCLERS AND CYCLING.

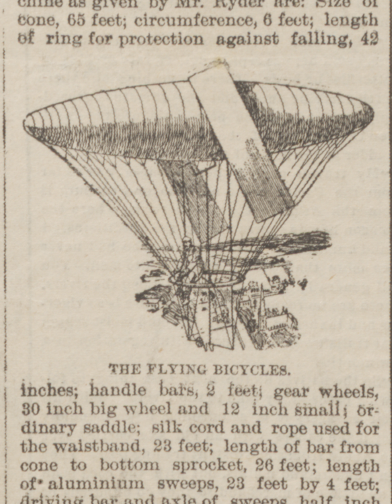
The Resistless Wheel Now Whirs Through Air and Water.

BICYCLING ALONG THE BREEZE.

A Tricycle That Will Make Time on the Water—Novelties In Track Events. Why Night Racing Is Tabooed by the Cracks—Odds and Ends of Gossip.

Ever since cycling became the sport universal ingenious minds have kept themselves busy trying to find new uses for the wheel or new forms in which to make it. These attempts have met with success proportionate to the practicability of the objects sought to be attained. The processes of cycling upon the surface of the earth improved so rapidly as to give rise to the belief that the elements air and water could also be traversed in a somewhat similar manner.

The problem of aerial navigation is old, but it is only in very recent years that the principles of cycling have been applied to it. Recently J. C. Ryder, a young man of Richmond Hill, N. Y., devised a simple conical apparatus, composed of silk surrounding bamboo hoops, to which he attached a bicycle movement and proceeded to fly. This is not an exaggeration, as there is good authority for the statement that he actually flew from Hempstead to Richmond Hill. He rose to an altitude of several hundred feet and glided along as easily as though running an ordinary safety over asphalt pavement. The sensation of moving through the air, he says, is very delightful, and he sees no reason why his machine should not come into popular use. The dimensions of the machine as given by Mr. Ryder are: Size of cone, 65 feet; circumference, 6 feet; length of ring for protection against falling, 42



THE FLYING BICYCLES.

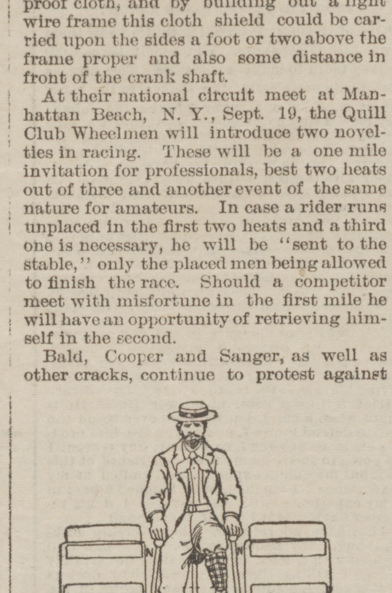
inches; handle bars, 2 feet; gear wheels, 30 inch big wheel and 12 inch small; ordinary saddle; silk cord and rope used for the waistband, 23 feet; length of bar from cone to bottom sprocket, 26 feet; length of aluminium sweeps, 23 feet by 4 feet; driving bar and axle of sweeps, half inch tool steel, and 1 inch tool steel flanges to keep the axle and cone together. The total weight of the machine is 95 pounds and its lifting power three tons.

Innumerable aquatic machines have been made, all of which have been able to move over the water, but the rate of speed produced has not been entirely satisfactory. But recent experiments have developed possibilities of great improvement in this line. In the first place, it has been clearly demonstrated that the only water cycle of any practical utility is a tricycle, for the reason that it would require a great deal of practicing to enable one to balance a bicycle upon so yielding a surface. The most successful water cycle that has yet been constructed is represented in the above illustration. The wheels are made like hollow drums and are watertight. These driving wheels are placed far apart, thus giving the machine stability. The material of which these wheels and the steering wheel are made is very light, following the construction adopted in racing shells.

An objection that may be raised to the machine as shown is that there is nothing to protect the rider from being soaked by the water that would necessarily be thrown up by the wheels. This can be prevented, however, by covering the frame with waterproof cloth, and by building out a light wire frame this cloth shield could be carried upon the sides a foot or two above the frame proper and also some distance in front of the crank shaft.

At their national circuit meet at Manhattan Beach, N. Y., Sept. 19, the Quill Club Wheelmen will introduce two novelties in racing. These will be a one mile invitation for professionals, best two heats out of three and another event of the same nature for amateurs. In case a rider runs unplaced in the first two heats and a third one is necessary, he will be "sent to the stable," only the placed men being allowed to finish the race. Should a competitor meet with misfortune in the first mile he will have an opportunity of retrieving himself in the second.

Bald, Cooper and Sanger, as well as other cracks, continue to protest against



A WATER CYCLE.

night racing. They put forth a number of reasons for their opposition to this kind of sport, the principal one being that they do not wish to risk catching colds by riding at night.

The cycling tramp who calls himself a "globe girdler" and other high sounding alliterative names is still making life fatiguing to people who are continually reading in the daily press the doleful tales of his experiences, the miles he has rolled up, the route he has traveled, etc. Furthermore, he is very numerous, and, more still, he is a nuisance.

Ran Third For the Brighton Cup.

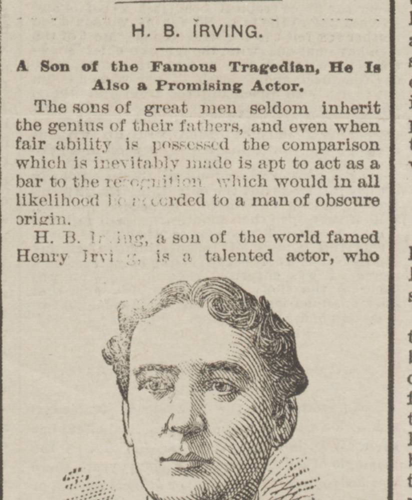
The fact that Mr. Enoch Wishard's American horse Mac Briggs ran third in the recent race for the Brighton Cup at Brighton, England, marks the animal a subject of much complimentary comment on this side of the water. Third place was not so bad in such a race.

H. B. IRVING.

A Son of the Famous Tragedian, He Is Also a Promising Actor.

The sons of great men seldom inherit the genius of their fathers, and even when fair ability is possessed the comparison which is inevitably made is apt to act as a bar to the recognition which would in all likelihood be accorded to a man of obscure origin.

H. B. Irving, a son of the world famed Henry Irving, is a talented actor, who



H. B. IRVING.

draws audiences by reason of his own ability rather than as a result of the honored name he bears.

About six years ago the younger man made his formal appearance before the public. He and his brother Lawrence appeared in the hilarious and time worn farce, "Box and Cox," and they created a good impression. The young men were then in their teens, and later H. B. Irving entered Oxford, where he, of course, became prominent in the dramatic society of the university. A writer seeing his performance of "Julius Cæsar" said at the time that he would some day make his mark. Mr. Irving had entered Oxford with the intention of studying for the bar, but abandoned that purpose and adopted his father's profession. The debut of Mr. Irving was made at the Garrick theater, London, as Lord Beaufoy in "School." He has also played Farquhar in "A Leader of Men" and was leading man in Ben Greet's company. Some of the roles in which he has appeared are Hamlet, Romeo, Young Marlow and Charles Surface.

The recent marriage of Mr. Irving to Miss Dorothea Baird has attracted attention. Miss Baird made a great reputation last autumn by her performance at a London theater in the role of Trilby. She comes of an old family. Her father was a well known barrister, and she is named for an ancestor, the Dorothy Foster of Sir Walter Besant's picturesque romance.

A Ring With a History.

There is a little shop in Boston, under the Museum, known as Remicks. Many prominent people have visited it and consulted the owner regarding rare and curious gems. The late Henry Ward Beecher seldom visited Boston without stopping at the little shop. His passion for gems was well known, and one day he purchased a rare aquamarine ring, which he wore for awhile. On Ellen Terry's first visit to this country, she lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Beecher. When she saw the ring, Miss Terry seemed so greatly to admire it that Mr. Beecher handed the jewel to her to examine. She became very enthusiastic and kissed the ring several times.

"Why do you do that?" inquired Mr. Beecher.

"Simply because I love these gems so," was the reply.

"Well, if you care so much for the ring as that," said Mr. Beecher, "please keep it and wear it for my sake."

When Miss Terry visited Mr. Remick last spring, he inquired as to the whereabout of the ring.

"I wore it for years," she answered. "After Mr. Beecher's death I became more attached to it than ever. But on the day that Queen Victoria knighted Henry Irving I took the ring from my finger and gave it to him in honor of the occasion. Sir Henry now wears Mr. Beecher's ring and will wear it as long as he lives."

Mrs. Langtry's Debut.

Mrs. Langtry, famous for her dresses, made her debut in society in a simple black frock, which she wore all through one season. Immediately after her picture appeared she became the rage, and duchesses themselves did not hesitate to stand on chairs to catch a glimpse of her as she passed. Everywhere she wore the black gown, sometimes turned in, so that the beautiful curves of her neck were revealed, and sometimes drawn up close in front, with only a bunch of lilies to relieve the blackness. It was mended, it was pressed, but at dinner party or ball, at private gatherings or at social entertainments, the famous beauty wore that same black gown.

Ysaye Is a Sportsman.

The celebrated Belgian violinist, Ysaye, spends his summers in retirement. He recently built a beautiful residence on the heights north of the Palais de Justice in Brussels. From this retreat he frequently goes on fishing expeditions. "All I ask," said he, "is a fishline and some water. The fewer fish the better. I can sit for hours with a line in the water in perfect happiness. When a nibble comes, my dream is over."

A Royal Gift to Minnie Hauk.

When Mme. Minnie Hauk, the original Carmen in London, returned from Egypt to Rome, she found a pretty present awaiting her from the queen of Italy. It consisted of a portrait of the queen set in diamonds and was intended as a souvenir of a late soiree at the Quirinal, when the singing of Mme. Hauk was one of the features of the evening.

SPLITTING LEGAL HAIRS.

Tale by a Philadelphia Lawyer Which Would Puzzle One to Decide.

This is an after dinner story told by a well known lawyer the other evening, illustrative of legal difficulties that may arise even in the carrying out of the most amicable contracts:

There were once four brothers, who had inherited a storage warehouse from their father and who equally divided the property among them. Among the appurtenances thereto was a cat, a fine animal, excellent for mousing, and this, too, was divided, the elder brother owning the right front quarter, the second brother the left front quarter and the younger brothers the two hind quarters. Now, unfortunately, the cat in one of its nocturnal prowls injured the right front paw, and the elder brother attended to that portion of his property by binding the injured member with a greased rag. The cat, thankful for this relief to its suffering, went to sleep contentedly before the fire, but in the midst of its slumbers a falling coal ignited the rag, and the animal, howling with agony, dashed through the warehouse, and, coming in contact with some combustibles, set the building on fire.

When the loss came to be figured out, the three younger brothers wished to throw it all upon the elder, upon the ground that had he not tied up his part of the cat with the inflammable rag the building would not have been destroyed. He, on the contrary, contended that had the cat only been possessed of the front right paw—his property—it would have stood still and burned to death. It was the three other paws that caused the damage. The brothers argued the case until they died, but could never reach an agreement.—Philadelphia Record.

THE OLDEST KNOWN BIRD.

It Had Teeth In Its Jaws and Was Otherwise Elegant.

"The Solenhofen slate of Bavaria," writes Professor H. G. Seeley in his recent little volume, "The Story of the Earth In Past Ages," "makes known numerous insects and other forms of terrestrial life of this period, including the oldest known bird. A bird is known by its feathers, though there is no reason why the covering to the skin should not be as variable in this group of animals as among reptiles or mammals. It is, therefore, remarkable that the oldest known bird, the archæopteryx, has feathers as well developed as in the existing representatives of the class and similarly arranged.

The animal is an elegant, slender bird, which is chiefly remarkable for showing teeth in the jaws. About 12, short and conical, occur on each side of the upper jaw. The bird was larger than the robin in its body and had a tail of which there was a bony core some six inches in length. The wings were quite as well developed as the legs, and there are some evidences that the former could be applied to the ground, as are the fore legs of quadrupeds, although the feathers show the wings to have been constructed on the same plan as the birds of today. The Solenhofen stone, in which so many of the remains of fishes, reptiles and insects are found, is the same as that used for lithographic purposes, being of exceeding close texture and of remarkable smoothness when prepared for its work."

When His Nerve Failed.

The cruelties of the French revolution lose nothing by the manner in which Baron Ferdinand Rothschild has described them in his book:

"By far the most wantonly savage of the Republican commissioners was Lebon, who exercised the powers of a proconsul at Arras. The Marquis de Vielfort was lying bound under the knife of the guillotine when Lebon, who was looking on from the balcony of a neighboring house, made a sign to suspend the execution. The mob, fancying he meant to pardon the condemned man, were greatly surprised at such unwonted clemency on his part. Lebon, however, took a newspaper from his pocket, read out a long account of a victory the Republican army had just gained and ended by shouting to the marquis, 'Villain, go and inform your friends of the news of our victories.'

"Michelet relates that a man known for his colossal strength and iron nerve betted that he would stand by and see the executions from first to last without faltering. For some time he unflinchingly bore the sight, but when a young girl named Nichole, a mere child, stepped forward, lay down on the plank and gently asked the executioner, 'Am I right this way?' his brain reeled and he dropped in a dead faint."

"Was it whiskey that brought you here?" asked the prison visitor.

"I think, lady, from the way the copper smelled," answered Dismal Dawson, "that it was gin."—*Philadelphia News.*

Seaside Guest (to landlord)—I've been here three days, and haven't seen anything of the sea serpent yet?

Landlord—Just be patient. The gas gave out, but we got a new supply, and my man's blowing him up now!—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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