A REVIEW OF SPORTS.

The Singular Work of the Local Ball Club.

THE RIGHTS OF RELEASING.

Von Der Ahe's Curious Statements About the League.

ABOUT SULLIVAN AND KILRAIN.

Extensive Comment on Their Proposed Battle Next Week.

SOME FACTS CONCERNING THE MEN

Local baseball affairs have been extremely prominent during the past week in many respects. The team has played in a very singular way, having given exhibitions of the very worst kind of ball playing and displays of the very best. "Deacon" White's appearance in the city has caused a stir and the release of Pitchers Beam and Krumm was a theme for considerable talk among all the local enthusiasts. When THE DISPATCH published the exclusive news of the release of the two pitchers named, there was great surprise among the patrons of the game; not because of THE DISPATCH'S usual exclusive quantity of important news, but because of the sudden release of the two young men. Probably everybody who has the least knowledge of baseball affairs expected that all three of the young pitchers, that is Beam, Krumm and Dunning, could not be retained, and that one or two of them would eventually be released. This was generally expected, but few people expected that any of them would be released until they were more thoroughly tried. As far as I have been able to judge from the conversation of the friends of the released pitchers the lack of sufficient trial is the burden of their complaints. I mention this to point out a very important principle in baseball, viz, the right of a club to release players when it chooses. There is not only a principle of right in question, but also one of expediency. I don't think that anybody will for one moment contend that the Pittsburg club exceeded its right in releasing Beam and Krumm when it did. Certainly it was unfortunate for both young men to be induced to leave their employment only to be suddenly thrown to one side by those who persuaded them from home. Results of this kind are not only disappointing to the victims, but they stir up very unpleasant feelings. But we must not forget that such is baseball; the conditions just referred to are existing through the entire baseball world to-day, and they exist absolutely on the principle of the survival of the fittest. After all, baseball is an out and out elucidation of the theories of those old philosophers of the Bentham school. The survival of the fittest is paramount in baseball, and every young man who enters its arena must keep that in view. Consciously or unconsciously every club director acts on this principle, and regardless of charity or generosity they keep the good and refuse what they deem inferior. In releasing the young pitchers above named, the local club simply acted on this principle. Common sense will teach us that the club officials were convinced that there was better material at command than the two young men released. However, it is a pity that they were not tried more than they were, and yet if they had been it might have been worse for the club.

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How the Race is Going.

The pennant race is becoming exceedingly interesting as the half distance approaches. Cleveland during the week has been gradually closing with Boston, and the Spiders are becoming more of a surprise than ever. I fear that we all must be forced to the conclusion that there is something more than luck in Cleveland's success. I can find nothing in the science of probabilities to show how these Spiders could win so many finely-played games by anything except merit. If luck has been their talisman then we must conclude that luck has become an established principle. However, I am inclined to think that if Cleveland's pitchers can manage to break down the so-called luck of the club would vanish. I will not be surprised if Cleveland passes Boston before long. New York, a splendid team of ball players, are up to their ears in hard luck. No sooner does that team get out of one difficulty until it is into another. I am free to admit that the Giants are in many respects my ideals, but when their best men are injured or prevented from playing they are not likely to win victories that they otherwise could win. The club has had comparatively little good from Keefe this season, and Ward is now disabled. I still have hope in the Giants. Two weeks ago I intimated that Boston might take a tumble after leaving Pittsburg. The achievements of that team have borne out my prediction. Chicago is bracing up and the balance of the clubs are going along as usual.

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Deacon White's Case.

According to what President Nimick told me yesterday afternoon we need not expect the venerable Deacon White with us this season. It is a pity that such an old and excellent player as White should be in such difficulties as he is. There is much sound reason in his side, but I fail to see why the Pittsburg club should give him any extra inducement to come here or violate any law of baseball to secure his services. If it is true that President Stearns, of Detroit, or rather ex-President Stearns, has netted $38,000 by trafficking with players, Stearns should be looked to for any extra money. I am fully persuaded that such like deals will eventually end in a thorough change of base ball law. The American sentiment is against any man or body of men amassing fortunes by stealing or forcibly holding the services of other men to the entire benefit of the stealers or holders. I don't think that any country to-day tolerates a system that permits one man to sell the services of another against the will of the latter. It is easy to see by the Detroit deal that a company can make a fortune out of the qualities of men whom they force to play for them or not play at all. There will be a change some day.

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Von Der Ahe's New Scheme.

It was stated a few days ago that Von der Ahe has declared himself against the city of St. Louis, and threatens to have his revenge by leaving them minus a good ball team. To do this, the report says, he intends to try and buy the franchise of the Washington club and put a League team in that city. The reporter who gave this story to the world from St. Louis definitely states that he heard Mr. Ahe make the statement. There are apparently two truths in the matter. One is that Von der Ahe said what he is quoted to have said, and the other is that it is all nonsense, what I did say, excepting that part relating to St. Louis. Von der Ahe ought to know more about St. Louis than I do. At any rate, I'll believe him when he says his club is not receiving sufficient support. His declaration on this point gives us to understand that financial matters in the Association are not in the very best condition. It also seems to mean that there is such a thing as being champions too long. Americans like changes and, doubtless, the St. Louis cranks want to have a little more excitement than that caused by a sure thing every season. However this may be, it is safe to say that Mr. Von Der Ahe will never get the Washington franchise, or any other League franchise. The desire to have him a League member is not strong enough to help toward that end; indeed, I learned some time ago from Association officials that his retirement from that body would not cause many regrets. Not that Von der Ahe has not done anything for baseball, or that he is not energetic. He is all that, but he is a disturbing element. But the matter in question reminds us that we may be prepared to hear time and time again about the retirement of Washington from the League before next season. What I desire to say is that nobody knows anything about it yet. It is true that Washington is not getting smoothly along, but the same may be said of two or three other cities. A Washington gentleman in a position to know told me a few days ago that President Hewitt, at present, has no idea whatever of parting with his franchise. But if he resolves to do that, Von der Ahe will not get it. The probability is that the latter will have the opportunity to buy a few Association franchises.

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A Very Foolish Notion.

On several occasions I have referred to the controversy, if it may be called such, now going on between the Players' Brotherhood and the League; in fact I think THE DISPATCH was one of the first, if not the first, papers to suggest a real business meeting between representatives of the two bodies. This suggestion was made before Mr. Ward and the Spalding tourists had returned from their trip. But along with the suggestion it was also pointed out that any difficulties existing against the players must go to the end of the season except all civil law, moral obligations and baseball rules were ignored. Well, from that time right up until now one writer after another is stating to the world that the players are going to strike if they don't get what they want. Of course it is meant that the strike will take place at once. Nothing can be more stupid than this, and no notion can be more foolish. What will they strike for? Against terms that every one of them have agreed to for a year? The thing is ridiculous to think of, and I can never believe that a man like Mr. Ward would ever dream of such an absurdity until he actually declares in its favor. The Brotherhood can only exist by recognizing not only baseball law, but other public laws, and surely its members are not so devoid of common sense as to kill their own organization in such a stupid way.

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About the Great Battle.

To-morrow week will be an eventful day if the predictions and expectations are fulfilled regarding the Sullivan-Kilrain battle. It is to be the greatest pugilistic event of modern times if some authorities speak the truth; at any rate, from to-day until the affair is over the proposed battle will be the general theme of conversation among all sorts and conditions of men. This fact will force all of us who write about sporting matters to deal somewhat extensively with the matter this week. It is only fair now to assume that both parties mean to have the fight take place. I say parties because I firmly believe that the two principals have all along been desirous of fighting. However, it is true that man proposes and some other power disposes. This reminds us that there are still some arrangements to be made that in trying to complete them the entire affair may collapse. Two of the most important features are still unsettled, viz., the battle ground and the referee. The parties may be quite satisfied with the location, but the powers that be may not be disposed to allow the fight. Each party may want its own referee and have none other, and this would end it. We all know how Mace and Coburn got to the battle ground in Ireland and how miserably the affair ended or collapsed. There are many other instances on record which reasonably enough prompt everyone of us who know anything about pugilistic affairs to say a battle is never certain until its over. The stakes at issue are really so big to risk in a prize ring that a hitch may occur at any stage. However, I cannot do other than believe the statements of both parties, and these statements are emphatically to the effect that the fight will take place.

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Who Will Win?

Who will win? is the next interesting question, assuming that the men will fight. I venture to say that thousands, aye, and many thousands, of citizens will be answering that question between now and the 8th of July. I also say that it is a very difficult question to answer, and I will endeavor to point out why it is. In estimating the comparative abilities of the two men we could soon come to a conclusion had Sullivan not had a broken-down period in his career. The truth is his reappearance in the ring is something akin to that of a comparatively unknown man. We know what he was before his illness and dissipation, but we have little or no idea of his stamina or power now that belongs to a test. However, if Sullivan is in anything like his old form, I have no hesitation in saying he will defeat Kilrain. Muldoon assures us that Sullivan was never in better condition in his life. I don't believe the statement by any means, and besides I am disposed to think that Muldoon, the wrestler, knows very little, indeed, about prize fighting or preparing a man to take part in a battle. Sullivan, of course, may be as good as he ever was, but I won't believe it until it is clearly demonstrated to the public. However, as I said a week or so ago, Sullivan need not be at his best to defeat Kilrain, and in coming to this conclusion I have been careful to examine the records of both men as pugilists. There is, indeed, a remarkable contrast between the records of each man. In one we find where a pugilist in his extraordinary power simply knocked opponents senseless as if he was using a blacksmith's hammer, that was Sullivan when he was Sullivan. In the other we meet with a man who at once strikes us as tame, and who in his contests invariably made a draw with very inferior men; men whom Sullivan would have finished in ten minutes. I am not going beyond the records in stating this. Kilrain certainly did have a few good hammer-and-tongs battles when he worked in the mill at Somerville, Mass., but his professional record has been a very tame one indeed. He fought a draw with a man like Jim Goode and even with Mike Cleary. George Fryor, the Englishman, also made a draw with him. It took him 13 rounds to defeat a slow man like Joe Lannon, when Sullivan at his best would have settled him in four. Thus I might go on reciting tame affairs, or at least second-rate affairs. On the other hand, Sullivan never made a draw if the police did not interfere and his opponents did not lie down. According to these records, Sullivan should be an easy winner, but there are other things to consider.

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Their Two Big Battles.

To more correctly judge of the respective merits of Sullivan and Kilrain it would be well to compare their work in France. If we do this it will be found that in a 24-foot prize ring Sullivan's superiority over Kilrain is greatly comprised. Not that Kilrain is or at least has shown himself to be first-class as a ring tactician. His encounter with Jem Smith was a veritable burlesque, but I am free to admit that Sullivan's performance against Mitchell everything considered, was a trifle worse. If Sullivan on Monday week displays no better judgment and is not in better condition than when he met Mitchell he will be beaten if he fights Kilrain. The latter's burlesque with Smith was just as sincere as far as fighting is concerned as that between Sullivan and Mitchell was. But Kilrain was in much better condition when he finished than was Sullivan. This convinces me that Sullivan lacks that patience necessary to pull a man through successfully in a long prize fight. Muldoon, his trainer, says that the fight will be a long one. If this is true, so much the worse for Sullivan, because in all his encounters he has shown a disposition to weaken if he failed to settle an opponent in the first few rounds. Well, then, what I have to say about the probable winner is this: That, judging from the probable condition of each man, and Sullivan's last performance in a 24-foot ring, I think the indications favorable for Kilrain. I shall have more to say before next Monday, and may know more the condition of the principals, on which everything seems to hinge. Personally I would not wager a cent on the affair without I saw the men, particularly Sullivan.

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Facts About the Men.

In answer to many correspondents and to stop any further inquiries on the subject, I now give a few facts about Sullivan and Kilrain. John L. Sullivan was born of Irish parents, in the Highlands, Boston, October 15, 1858. He is 5 feet 10½ inches tall, and, it is claimed, can fight best at 195 pounds. In condition his physical measurements are: Chest, 44 inches; biceps, 16¼ inches; calf, 15½ inches; thigh, 27 inches. He began to spar in 1879. Jake Kilrain's right name is Joseph John Kilrain, but his name is so disguised to Kilrain by the boys with whom he played in school days, and it has remained Kilrain ever since. He was born at Greenport, Columbia county, N. Y., February 9, 1859. He had no regular occupation, save that of teaching boxing and training athletes. When a youth he worked in a rolling mill at Somerville, Mass. He is 5 feet 10½ inches high, and fights at 190 pounds. His chest is 41 inches; biceps, 16 inches; forearm, 14 inches; waist, 34 inches; thigh, 25 inches; calf, 16½ inches. He wears a No. 9 shoe and No. 9 glove, and it takes a 17 inch collar to encircle his neck.

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O'Connor's Departure.

William O'Connor, the champion sculler of the United States and Canada, has left for England to compete against Henry G. Searle for the championship of the world. Technically we have neither part nor lot in the matter, as both men are "under the British flag," but it is not unreasonable to say that O'Connor will have the good wishes of almost all Americans. Just as in England Hanlon was looked upon as an American so do we, to a great extent, look upon O'Connor as one of ourselves. However that may be, there will be plenty of American money behind him. If all goes well the race will take place in September next, so that it would seem premature to make any predictions about it at present. As I have pointed out before, we have comparatively little idea of Searle's ability but even at this early stage I venture to say that he must needs to be the greatest wonder that ever Australia sent from its shores to beat O'Connor. It may be that Searle will find several opponents beside O'Connor before he returns home. He is accompanied by Matterson. The latter has some idea of what American rowers can do, as he was at the last international regatta on the Thames. But his knowledge must be imperfect, because Teemer, who was the best rower from America there, was sadly out of form. However, no Australian has any idea of what O'Connor can do, and we may safely come to the conclusion that each party thinks it has a phenomenon.

PRINGLE.

La Perla del Fumar.

These celebrated clear Havana Key West Cigars are for sale at:
Hotel Duquesne, Hotel Anderson.
St. Charles Hotel, Albemarle Hotel.
Union Depot Restaurant.
John Lauler, 3799 Fifth ave.
Peter A. Ganster, 35 and 37 Frankstown ave.
John F. Ganster, 27 Frankstown ave.
Peter Weber, 76 Wylie ave.
John C. Stroup, 25 Union st.
E. W. Hagan, 609 Smithfield st.
Neville Bayley, 405 Smithfield st.
J. K. Derr, 400 Market st.
P. C. Duffy, 540 Grant st.
E. F. Rusch, 3716 Forbes st.
Linhart, Bald & Co., 411 Smithfield st.
Charles Eble, 6009 Penn ave.
G. W. Schmidt, 95 and 97 Fifth ave.

TIPS FOR TURFMEN.

Charms Worked by Betting Men to Show Whether They Will Win.

DREAMS AND LUCKY NUMBERS

And Other Signs and Omens That Foretell Good and Bad Fortune.

AN OLD GAMBLER'S GOLDEN MASCOT

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

THE horses were standing at the starting post recently ready for a race. Everyone was anxiously waiting for the fall of the flag. Suddenly a jockey dismounted. The saddle girth was tightened.

"Is that Anderson?" shouted a hundred spectators, and hearing that it was, they rushed to the betting ring to back Fides, the horse Anderson was riding.

This is the latest superstition among turfmen, who are perhaps the most superstitious of all gamblers. Every time Anderson or Garrison dismounts from their horses at the post an army of men try to get another bet on. The dismounting is termed putting on the cinch.

This superstition was started at Gravesend on May 18. Anderson was riding Mr. Belmont's filly Fides in a handicap sweepstakes race. The betting against Fides was 3 to 1. While at the post Juggler, another horse starting in the same race, seized Anderson by the leg and threw him off Fides. Anderson fainted. When he recovered he remounted Fides and rode her to victory. The superstitious bore this in mind. Two days later Anderson rode Joe Lee in a handicap sweepstakes. At the post he dismounted and had the girth tightened. A hundred betters rushed to the betting ring and backed Joe Lee. He won and they were happy. On May 25, in the race for the Bedford stakes, Garrison dismounted from Padisha and afterward won the race. Now whenever either of these two jockeys dismount when at the post the superstitious gamblers cannot place their

Rubbing for Luck.

money in the hands of the bookmakers fast enough, and they claim that they always win.

"How is that gamblers, and especially gamblers on the turf, are so superstitious?"

CERTAIN LUCKY OMENS.

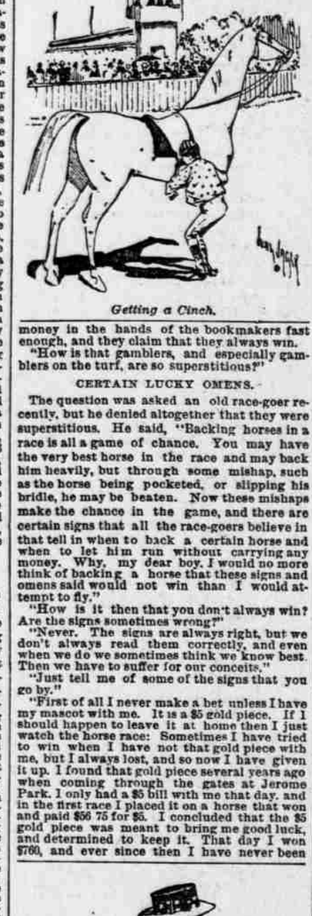
The question was asked an old race-goer recently, but he denied altogether that they were superstitious. He said, "Backing horses in a race is all a game of chance. You may have the very best horse in the race and may back him heavily, but through some mishap, such as the horse being pocketed, or slipping his bridle, he may be beaten. Now these mishaps make the chance in the game, and there are certain signs that all the race-goers believe in that tell in when to back a certain horse and when to let him run without carrying any money. Why, my dear boy, I would no more think of backing a horse that these signs and omens said would not win than I would attempt to fly."

"How is it then that you don't always win? Are the signs sometimes wrong?"

"Never. The signs are always right, but we don't always read them correctly, and even when we do we sometimes think we know best. Then we have to suffer for our conceits."

"Just tell me of some of the signs that you go by."

"Just all of I never make a bet unless I have my mascot with me. It is a $5 gold piece. If I should happen to leave it at home then I just watch the horse race: Sometimes I have tried to win when I have not that gold piece with me, but I always lost, and so now I have given it up. I found that gold piece several years ago when coming through the gates at Jerome Park. I only had a $5 bill with me that day, and in the first race I placed it on a horse that won and paid $56 75 for $5. I concluded that the $5 gold piece was meant to bring me good luck, and determined to keep it. That day I won $760, and ever since then I have never been



Getting a Cinch.

Watching for Pilot Boat Numbers.

without money. It is always a sure sign of ill-luck with me if I get out of bed in the morning on the right-hand side. And it would be a great deal better for me if I would get right back again and sleep all day long. If, on the other hand, I get out on the right side and my right foot touches the floor first, then that day will be a good one for me, and I am perfectly safe in playing the races."

TO LOSE ON MONDAY A BAD OMEN.

"Monday is a bad day to lose on. If one starts the week badly then you may be sure it will end badly. If I lose on Monday I rarely make another bet until the next Monday comes around. Sometimes I have varied this rule and tried to win but it is of no use. But there are hundreds of signs that would take me all day to tell you about."

"Just the man I want to see. I have a real good thing in the third race."

"Excuse me to-day, old man, but I'm not betting."

"Why, what's the matter; sworn off?"

"No, but in lacing my shoe this morning I laced it wrong. If I had left it laced wrong all would have been well, and I should have won, but instead I unfastened it and relaced it. That is a sure sign of ill luck."

It is a sure sign of bad luck if you break a glass while having a drink at the bar. It strikes you sometimes several ways. You lose your drink, spoil your clothes, have to pay for the glass and it is a sure forecast that you will not win any more that day and if you have backed any horse to win he will be beaten.

Some betters believe in dreams. They will sometimes dream that a certain horse will win a race, and then back that horse when he next runs. An old turfman told this story about a dream recently: "It was two days before the Great American stakes was run at Gravesend I dreamed of the race. I saw quite distinctly a number of horses start, and one, a big chestnut, win. Who he was I could not make out. I tried all day long to find out the name of this horse, but it was of no use. I had his picture stamped on my mind, and when I got to the track tried again to find out the name of this youngster, but it was no use. Just as the horses were going to the post I recognized my winner in the dream. It was August Belmont's St. Carlo, ridden by Garrison. I rushed to the ring and managed to put on some money. Well, you know, St. Carlo won, and I won $600. That's one reason why I believe in dreams."

LUCK IN THE HUNCHBACK.

Many believe that a hunchback is a sure sign of luck. In this superstition turfmen do not agree with actors. Many an actor has refused to play because he has seen a hunchback in the audience, and he believes it a sure sign of ill luck. Turfmen think differently. They say if you are in search of good luck never let a hunchback pass without touching the hump, no matter how lightly—the tips of the fingers will do. Then no matter how much you may have lost on previous races you will win it all back again and much more besides. Some say that you must wish for luck at the same time that you touch the hunchback, and in order to work the charm, the hunchback must be aware of your action.

Cross-eyed persons bring good and bad luck with them. If a man sees a cross-eyed woman he will have good luck, but this cross-eyed woman will bring bad luck to another woman. In the same way a cross-eyed man will bring good luck to a woman and back luck to a man. Some persons claim that they carry mascots that will protect them from all luck wanted in meeting a cross-eyed person of their own sex.

All patrons of the race course are firm believers in the old superstition about seeing the new moon first. It is good luck to see it first over the right shoulder, bad luck to look at it over the left shoulder, but best luck of all to look at it full in the face with money in your pocket. The money must be turned over while looking at the moon, and it will double itself during the next 24 hours.

There are even more unlucky numbers in the doubting Thomas calendar than there are days. Everyone, of course, is familiar with the fatality said to surround the number 13. If there are 13 horses starting in a race the one numbered 13 has to be an extraordinary good one before they will back it, and then they claim that one of ten times out of ten something will happen that will prevent his winning the race and the money. Many believe that luck surrounds certain numbers. Some will favor the number 7.

A DREAM THAT PROVED TRUE.

Talking of this number a turfite recently said: "I believe in No. 7. I discovered it some years ago by dreaming of it. On the following morning I spoke of it to a friend, and he told me to go to the races and try my luck by playing the horses numbered 7 on the programme. I went, and No. 7 won the first race. I won $6, as it was the favorite. The horses numbered seven in the next two races did not start, but they did in all the other events, and I went home with $475 in my pockets. Now I don't contend that because I dreamt of No. 7 that I won, but I do contend that had I not dreamt of the same I should never have won. No. 7 is lucky with me in everything. If I board a car No. 7 in the morning luck sticks to me all that day. In fact every time I see No. 7 I am lucky."

Others play No. 1 or any number that they think brings luck. Some persons who play the races never like to win the first race. They will make a small bet on some horse and expect to lose. After that they play heavily and are most confident of winning. If they should win in the first race by any chance they will not bet any more as they are certain they will lose.

Bettors on horse races are always on the look-out for omens that will point to a certain horse in the race. Going down to the Monmouth Park races on the Sandy Hook boat they are always on the lookout for a pilot boat and then when they see the big number on the sail they regard it as a good omen and plan according. We all know what happens when the programme. Others watch signs and listen for names. If they see a sign that bears the name of a horse or hear anyone mention the name of a horse in some odd way they take it as a sure tip that the horse will win the next time he starts.

Some men have so little faith in their own judgment of the merits of the horses engaged to run, and believe so firmly that winning on a horse race is all a game of chance, that they will place the names of the horses written on separate pieces of paper in a hat and play the first one they draw out. Others will throw an open knife at the card—of course a lucky knife—and the name in which the blade sticks is the horse they select to carry their money. Here are some signs which if followed accurately are sure to bring wealth to any one who tries to win at the races. They are given by an old race goer:

HOW TO BET AND WIN.

It is unlucky to whistle or sing before breakfast. If you should happen to do so, don't touch the races that day or you will lose.

It is unlucky to sneeze before breakfast or when looking at the new moon. If you should sneeze on the new moon don't touch a horse race until you see the next new moon.

It is bad luck to pass under a ladder, and on the day that you do you won't back a winner.

If you break a looking glass bad luck will stick to you for a month, and if you sing or whistle at any meal table bad luck will stick to you for nine days.

At the race course recently one man said if the first horse he saw on the track should happen to be a gray one he knew he would have good luck that day.

Some immediately after making a bet go and drink a glass of beer. They say it puts a cinch on, but how they do not explain. Others always put their tickets in a certain pocket. They claim that if they allowed anyone else to touch them that something would happen to the horse to prevent its winning, no matter how good it might be. Others always secure certain lucky seats on the grand stand, and if by any accident their favorite seats should be occupied they are sure that they will not win.

A good story is told of Lawyer William F. Howe's superstition. He frequently visits the race course and bets a good deal on the horses. He does not take the tips from anybody, but employs a little colored boy as a tout. A short time ago the two men were caught standing in a secluded corner of the paddock. The great lawyer had a very firm hold in his hand rubbing it vigorously on the wool of the darkey who stood before him.

"Rub, Massa Howe, rub; dat's good luck. You's got a cinch shuah. I'se got it straight. Now just rub once moah, and den git the biggest odds."

Mr. Howe didn't make the bet. He tried to laugh at it as a joke. He won't even say if the tip succeeded.

Fred Walbaum is about the most superstitious bookmaker in the ring. Some time ago he made a book in a race in which Firenzi and Kingston started. Everyone else in the ring made Firenzi favorite. Walbaum held out Kingston and laid good odds against Firenzi. All in the ring laughed at him. Kingston won and then Walbaum laughed. He said: "I was going home on the elevated train last night and by some chance in the illuminated sign over the Kingston House the word Kingston alone was illuminated. I thought that a tip and it was."

A. F. ALDRIDGE.

Mothers, Bring the Children

To Aufrecht's Elite Gallery, 516 Market st., Pittsburg. Fine cabinet photos $1 per dozen until September 1. Come early. Use elevator. No other gallery can compete with our work in quality.

Wm. J. Friday

Has just received a large lot of beer in both pints and quarts from the Anheuser-Busch, St. Louis (Budweiser), Phil. Best and Jos. Schlitz, Milwaukee, breweries. By the dozen or cask, 653 Smithfield street. WWSU

WHOOPING HER UP.

The Home Talent Get Two Games From the Phillies.

MR. STALEY SHUTS THEM OUT.

Some Brilliant Playing by Dunlap and Billy Sunday.

SPORTING GOSSIP FROM OTHER CITIES

All the departed glory of Pittsburg's baseball champions returned yesterday amid thousands of hurrahs. Between 4,000 and 5,000 excited baseball cranks sat on the grand stand and bleaching boards of Recreation Park and saw those Quaker representatives downed twice within four hours. The day was a glorious one for the home players and no mistake. Every member in the team could have been presented with a duke's coronet had there been any at command, but there wasn't. The next best and available thing was a black pig which was, with due solemnity, presented to Midget Miller by Captain Dunlap. Miller dragged his piece of live black pork from the plate to the dressing room, and that was the omen for the glorious result which followed. The Midget himself began banging the ball about the field, and his actions were to a great extent contagious to the finish.

The two games were played for one price of admission, and this fact filled the ground almost full, and the bleaching boards were packed. The weather looked extremely threatening, and that deterred hundreds from seeing the games. However, the large crowds that seen the contests saw something worth seeing. Never a club played played two better games than did the local representatives. It seems the local fellows have been lying back for Harry Wright's men, and have now resolved to make marks of them. Undoubtedly the Phillies were outplayed in both games, particularly in the second.

IT WAS A DAISY.

The first contest was what in ordinary parlance may be called a daisy. It was fought bitterly to the end, although it was nearly presented to the visitors by Hanlon. Any contest that lasts 11 innings and is decided by three runs to two, means some great work somewhere. In the game in question everybody did well except Hanlon, and he surely had an off time. The great feature, however, that is the feature that kept everybody on pins and needles, was the pitching of Buffinton and Morris. The latter always had a little the best of Buff, but toward the finish Buff became to a small extent a mark. He displayed excellent judgment in fooling batters until the most critical part of the game arrived. He was excellently supported, however, and that probably prevented defeat from coming earlier than it did. Mulvey fielded well, and Clements played his best, which means that he played just about as good as anybody can play.

Morris was in pitching humor, and he worked off fast and slow balls so artfully as to have the entire opposing nine at his mercy. In fairness to Morris it ought to be said that it was not his fault that the visitors were not shut out. With the exception of Hanlon the home team fielded to perfection.

SCORED THE FIRST RUN.

The home players scored the first run in the third inning. Hanlon led off and got his base on balls and stole second. Sunday struck out, and Beckley whacked out a good single to left, and Hanlon scored. Miller hit for one into center field, but the side was retired before George crossed the plate. Nothing more was done in run getting until the seventh inning, when the visitors threw something like a metaphoric funeral pall over the crowd, by scoring two runs. Clements led off the inning with a single to left field. Fogarty flew out to Smith and then Farrar sent Clements to third by a nice single to right. Farrar stole second and Hallman flew out to Sunday. Then Schriver banged outa long fly into right center field. Both Sunday and Hanlon ran for it. Hanlon got it, but dropped the ball in a very unaccountable way. As a result two runs were scored.

In the ninth the home players tied the score. Kuehne led off with a three-bagger and scored on the throw-in of Smith's foul fly to right. In the eleventh inning Fields began proceedings with a double to left, was advanced a base on Morris' sacrifice and scored on Sunday's single to left.

THE SECOND SLAUGHTER.

The second game was a wretched performance for the visitors. They started off all demoralized and in the first two or three innings made some of the most glaring errors ever seen on a ball field. The veteran Harry Wright sat on the bench and bit his lip at the sight. Pete Wood was put in to pitch for the Phillies and Decker was his catcher. Staley and Miller were the local battery. It would scarcely be fair to criticise Wood's pitching in yesterday's game because his support was so wretched and stupid. Decker was not a success and his throwing to second base couldn't well have been worse. Wood can pitch effective, no doubt, and Decker can probably do much better. But the entire nine seemed to be rattled and almost before the game was well started the home players had a winning lead.

There was another and more important shortcoming of the visitors. They couldn't touch Staley, and he had no difficulty in shutting them out. Dunlap's fielding was brilliant, and so was Sunday's. Nothing escaped them that was within reach, and double plays seemed to be their forte.

Hanlon began the game by knocking out a single to right, and reached second on a passed ball. Sunday got his base on balls and Hanlon was nabbed at third. Beckley's life hit and a passed ball sent Sunday to third and Beckley to second.

MILLER WAS THERE.

Miller sent a grounder to Mulvey, who threw the ball wild to the plate, and Sunday scored, Beckley reaching third and Miller second. Dunlap made a single to right and Beckley scored. Kuehne's sacrifice hit brought Miller home and Dunlap was put out at third, retiring the side. Schriver's muff of Smith's easy fly, Staley's single and Wood's muff of Sunday's little fly gained another run in the second inning. Two runs were earned in the third inning on singles by Miller and Fields, a double by Kuehne, a stolen base and a sacrifice hit by Smith. A two-bagger by Miller and another by Kuehne earned another run in the fifth inning and in the ninth three singles by Sunday, Dunlap and Kuehne, respectively, brought in the last run.

The visitors never looked like scoring. McQuaid umpired fairly well. Following are the scores:

PITTSBURG	R	B	P	A	E	PHILAD'A.	R	B	P	A	E
Hanlon, m...	1	2	0	0	2	Wood, l.....	0	0	1	1	0
Sunday, r...	0	1	3	0	0	Thompson, r	0	2	4	0	0
Beckley, 1...	0	3	11	1	0	Mulvey, 3...	0	0	1	2	0
Miller, l.....	0	3	3	0	0	Clements, c.	1	2	6	1	0
Dunlap, 2...	0	0	7	4	0	Fogarty, m.	0	1	5	0	0
Kuehne, 3...	1	2	2	4	0	Farrar, 1m..	1	1	14	0	1
Smith, s.....	0	0	2	4	0	Hallman, s..	0	1	2	0	0
Fields, c.....	1	2	4	1	0	Schriver, 2..	0	1	2	0	0
Morris, p.....	0	0	1	3	0	Buffinton, p.	0	0	0	7	0
Totals	3	13	33	17	2	Totals	2	7	33	15	1

Pittsburgs .....1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1—3
Philadelphias .....0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0—2

Earned runs—Pittsburgs, 2.
Two-base hits—Miller, Beckley, Fields.
Three-base hit—Kuehne.
Total bases on hits—Pittsburgs, 18; Philadelphias, 7.
Sacrifice hits—Hallman, Smith, Dunlap, Morris.
Stolen bases—Hanlon, Sunday.
First base on errors—Pittsburgs, 1; Philadelphias, 2.
First base on balls—Farrar.
Double plays—Kuehne and Smith; Smith, Dunlap and Beckley.
Struck out—Mulvey, Buffinton, Morris 2, Hanlon, Sunday.
Passed balls—Fields, 1.
Left on bases—Pittsburgs, 12; Philadelphias, 4.
Time of game—One hour and 40 minutes.
Umpire—McQuaid.

PITTS.	R	B	P	A	E	PHILAS.	R	B	P	A	E
Hanlon, m...	0	2	2	0	0	Woods, l....	0	0	4	0	0
Sunday, r...	2	1	2	1	0	Thompson, r	0	2	1	0	0
Beckley, 1...	0	1	6	0	0	Mulvey, 3...	0	0	4	2	1
Miller, c...	3	2	4	0	1	Decker, c....	0	0	3	2	2
Dunlap, 2....	0	3	4	4	0	Fogarty, m.	0	0	3	0	0
Kuehne, 3...	1	3	0	2	0	Farrar, 1....	0	0	9	0	0
Smith, s.....	1	0	0	2	0	Hallman, s..	0	1	1	4	0
Fields, l.....	0	1	1	0	0	Shriver, c...	0	0	2	2	1
Staley, p....	0	2	0	3	0	Wood, p	0	0	0	2	1
Totals.....	8	14	27	12	1	Totals.....	0	3	27	13	5

Pittsburgs.....3 1 2 0 1 0 0 0 1—8
Philadelphias.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Earned runs—Pittsburgs, 3.
Two-base hits—Miller, Kuehne 2.
Total bases on hits—Pittsburgs, 17; Philadelphias, 3.
Sacrifice hits—Miller, Dunlap 2, Kuehne, Smith.
Stolen bases—Sunday, Smith.
First base on errors—Pittsburgs, 2.
First base on balls—Sunday, Farrar.
Double plays—Sunday and Beckley; Dunlap and Beckley; Mulvey (unassisted).
Hit by pitched ball—Hallman.
Struck out—Fields 2, Decker.
Passed ball—Decker, 3.
Left on bases—Pittsburgs, 8; Philadelphias, 3.
Time of game—One hour and 30 minutes.
Umpire—McQuaid.

Keep Cool.

Get a suit of English serge, blue, black or gray, at Pitcairn's, 434 Wood street.

PITTSBURG'S LUCK.

Charley Foley Has a Few Sympathizing Words for the Team—News From the New Yorkers—Buck Ewing Thinks That July 4 Will be a Turning Point.

BOSTON, June 28.—The Bostons are now on their first Western trip, and their "four straight" at Pittsburg gave the ball cranks of this cultured burg a chance to test their lung power. Every afternoon, while the Bostons are playing away from home, we have a miniature game of baseball in the large and commodious Music Hall. The admission is 10 cents; reserved seats 10 cents extra. The games are depicted upon a large blackboard, and every play throughout the game is communicated to the audience when the news arrives by telegraph. When the games start in the West it is nearly 5 o'clock here, and this helps the Music Hall attendance, many people dropping in to see how the games are going after their day's work is finished. There is nothing new in this scheme; it originated in the South as far back as 1884, and has been in operation at other points since then with poor success. It may prove a go here, but I doubt it.

Pittsburg had poor luck against Boston, but they deserve the highest praise for the gallant stand they made during the three last contests where one run gave the Bostons a victory each time. Indianapolis beat Boston by one run on Monday, and Cleveland crawled out of a very small hole by scoring four runs in the last inning when "the Phillies" had them 4 to 2. How those Cleveland kids are playing ball, and what wonderful luck they are having! They are the sandiest lot of youngsters playing ball, to-day. I suppose Loftus is getting all the praise like Jim Hart. Nonsense! Where is there a better general than Anson, and just look at the poor ball his team are putting up. Loftus and Hart are good disciplinarians, but they are much harder losers than Horace Phillips, Billy Barnie and other veterans. Horace is a cooler, and no mistake, but the man has had a terrible bit of sickness, and is far from being a well man.

"Is it advisable to play this morning?" said one of the Triumvirs to Jim Hart on the morning of the 17th of June—Bunker Hill Day. "Play!" exclaimed Hart. "Well, I should say so; we want all the games we can get and Washington is scared to death of us." The grounds were very wet, but Hart insisted upon playing and much to his disgust the Senators won with ease. The Washingtons are no drawing cards in this city; but this year they have three Boston men—Wise, Morrill and Irwin—and had the day been fine I feel confident that the attendance would have reached close to 15,000 in the two games. Last Labor Day, in this city, the Washingtons drew 14,000 people to both games and the Bostons were away down in the race at the time. The holiday attendance in this city is something marvelous.

How about the arrest of a few prominent Boston players in Pittsburg? We heard it was Kelly; then again some man, supposed to be Bennett, gave a fictitious name and pa