A REVIEW OF SPORTS.

Features of the Negotiations Between the Association and the Players' League.

AN UNWISE STEP POINTED OUT.

Opinions About the Two Local Baseball Clubs and Their Prospects for Next Season.

THE ATHLETIC CLUB'S BANKRUPTCY.

McAuliffe and Slavin Fight and Dempsey and Fitzsimmons Talk.

One of the great features of the week as far as baseball is concerned has been the unanimity of opinion to the effect that something must be done to save the national game from absolute ruin. I would add to save the baseball capitalists from losing all the money they have. It really is the financial loss that has brought many people to view the matter in its true light, and I venture to say that there are many, very many baseball magnates to-day, both new and old, who are very weary of baseball business. I am very glad, however, that every baseball official is convinced that there is something wrong, because when that conviction is certain we may expect something to be done to set matters right again. Of course I still cling to my original notion of making the American Association and the Players' League one organization, and then let the latter and the National League adopt a new national agreement. I notice with a great amount of pleasure that, since I dealt with this matter two or three weeks ago, many baseball authorities have indorsed the notion. I don't know whether or not this plan has been discussed by the American Association and Players' League officials. If it has not been discussed by them officially, I presume they have informally talked the matter over, but as far as I am aware we have not been told officially what are the prospects for such an amalgamation. Many leading members of the Players' League seems to spurn the idea of an amalgamation such as I have just mentioned, but this fact does not convince me that it will not be effected, because there is indeed little truth in baseball nowadays. At any rate I mean to persist in my advocacy of a plan that to me seems a sure and successful method of ending a dispute that has brought injury to baseball and that has sadly tarnished its fame. We must not forget that almost every man interested in baseball is in it for money. That is the primary object; love of the game is secondary, and very secondary at that. This being so we we can easily perceive the injury that can be wrought by contending and rival factions whose great object is to get money from the public.

* * *

Not a Wise Step.

While many of the Players' League officials are denying that there is any prospect of an out and out amalgamation between themselves and the American Association they are all willing to admit that efforts have been made and are being made to arrange a series of World's championship games between the winning club of each organization. A more unwise, and I may add in many respects, a more stupid arrangement could not be made by the American Association. In such a deal I fail to see what the Association could gain, and certainly it would loose. Now let us look at the matter closely. At present the Association stands just as solidly regarding the national agreement as it ever did, but it is by no means as wealthy. To identify itself with the Players' League by playing games with it would simply make it a target for all the organizations in the country; that is there would be no semblance of a protection for it, because whatever the Players' League may do in the future it cannot protect anybody at present. Then, I ask, what could the Association possibly gain by becoming a declared opponent of the National League and the national agreement? The few games that would probably be called World's championship games would not amount to anything, because no sane man who knows anything about baseball would for a moment look upon a series of games between American Association and Players' League as contests for the real world's championship. In my humble opinion the affair would be more of a burlesque than anything else. And I don't hesitate to say that the public would look upon the affair in the same light as I am now looking at it. I fail to see what there is to gain by anything short of an out and out amalgamation, and that is quite distinct from the series of games talked of. Certainly I am aware of another method that would terminate the present conflict; that is to fight until one is killed. But it is because there is a possibility of the same consequences that befell the traditional Kilkenny cats that many of us desire a speedy and timely settlement. It is easy to say that an amalgamation of any two organizations is impossible, but to give solid reasons for such a statement is another matter. I would like to know why an amalgamation of the Association and Players' League cannot take place, and why it should not take place. So far I have been unable to find a single argument against such a result. I have read assertions, but they are not arguments. Common sense facts are on the side of an amalgamation, and

"Facts are chiels that winna ding
And daurna be disputed."

Certainly, I am of opinion that schemes and plans are being hatched. An evening or two ago Manager Hanlon intimated to me that something would be done shortly, and he added that something must be done. Well, whatever may be done there is one thing certain, and that is two clubs cannot remain in Pittsburg. Any scheme that will retain two baseball clubs in Pittsburg next season will, I think, be trampled in the dust as far as Pittsburgers are concerned. I don't think that the gentlemen behind each club are stupid enough to have another year of hostilities, but we are never sure of anything in baseball affairs. The unexpected generally happens.

* * *

To Protect the Game.

In the midst of a hot and bitter contest many things may be overlooked at the cost of the general weal, and I fear that there is a tendency among baseball organizations at the present time to overlook things that are aimed at jeopardizing the reputation of the game. I refer to one organization engaging a player that has been released by another organization for drunkenness or questionable conduct. In cases of this kind there is a very great principle involved and one that every baseball organization in the country ought to recognize to its fullest extent. I concede that we are all desirous of keeping the national game as pure and as respectable as possible, and, this being so, I contend that there is no justification for one organization engaging a player who has been released by another organization for disreputable conduct. To make this clear let us suppose a case: Suppose Brown is a good player and is in a National League club. Brown gets drunk and acts in a way that brings discredit on the club and on the game generally. He is released and is immediately signed by the Players' League. Mark this is only a supposed case. Well I hold that the interests of the game in every sense should prompt the Players' League or any other League not to sign Brown. The good name of the game generally ought to and must be above the passing interest of one club. Whatever rules two hostile organizations may have concerning securing each other's players, there ought to be a common understanding that players released because of bringing disrepute on the game should not be signed by anybody. To do so is simply encouraging all the acts and consequences of drunkenness that have disgraced the game in the past. If Brown desires to get drunk and act disgracefully, the probability of being released by his club has little or no influence because he knows that another club in the opposing camp will take him. It is to be hoped that amid all the efforts of one organization to down another there will be a general desire to keep players of the kind spoken of out of the business.

* * *

The Local National League Club.

During the last few days there have been many very harsh things said about the unfortunate National League club of this city. Everybody who has at all taken an interest in the national game has been more or less disgruntled about that club. As a result there have been many things said and written about the club that in calmer moments would hardly have been thought about. A mother in temper will say many cross words to her troublesome child that she never dreams of at other times. Well, all these outbursts of feeling about this unfortunate club goes to show that there is a great baseball interest in this city and that it is the general desire to have a team here just as good as the teams at other places. It would, indeed, be a discouraging sign if nobody was to grumble and "kick" at the poor work of either of our clubs. If public indifference got to that degree I would give up all hope of baseball in this city. Doubtless the local National League club has had a remarkable career so far this season, and one of the chief causes of all its misfortunes was the unprepared way in which it started the season. Had the club officials followed the example of Anson and others and gone out and tested the young players before the real struggle commenced, things would have been better. But the sifting and testing has all had to be done while the contest has been going on. No doubt the management of the club has done its best under the circumstances, but the circumstances have been against success; indeed it would have been extremely remarkable if the club had been a success under the conditions that have existed. But in calm moments there is one feature of the club in question that we should ever remember and that is: Gentlemen connected with it have invested many thousands of dollars in it and have stood by it for many years. If any of us would put ourselves in the places of the stockholders depend upon it we would see things quite different to what we see them looking from the outside. I am quite ready to admit that there are many extenuating circumstances surrounding the local National League club, but its officials seem to me to have depended more for success on the breaking down of the Players' League than on the good quality of their own players. There is reason for thinking that the local N. L. club officials' only or at least chief desire has been to maintain a club of any kind in this city, fully believing that the new club would last only a short time. The Players' League has fooled many people and the Pittsburg N. L. officials are among the number. But to oust the N. L. club from Pittsburg would be one of the unfairest transactions that I know of; that is to oust the team out without compensation to the stockholders. The club has as much right here as any other, and I dare say more in many respects, but for a club to be retained or maintained by a city there is always one condition at least necessary, viz: That it is reasonably good. There is no reason that I know of, moral or otherwise, why the public should patronize a ball team that numbers among the worst in the country, and we may even rest assured that a club's success will always rest upon the quality of its players. If there is only to be one club in Pittsburg I want the best club we can get. Sentiment and rotten eggs will never make a meal no more than sentiment and bad ball players will make a good and successful team.

* * *

The Players' Team.

Friends of the local Players' team must admit that they have been more or less disappointed by that team. I am free to confess that I have, although at this juncture I do not intend to point out the causes of that disappointment. But, to make a general statement, I say the team has come far short of doing what I expected it would do, and it seems to me that to make a good team of it many changes will be necessary for next year. There is time yet this season for the team to make a respectable showing, but I fear that the players generally will not be equal to the task. At the beginning of the season I expressed a fear regarding the pitching power of the team, and my fear was well grounded. But about next season! According to all rumors, the great question with the club is: To be, or not to be? One condition in every rumored baseball deal is that Pittsburg is to be dropped from the Players' League, or whatever it may be, list. I am prepared to place credence in a deal of this kind only on one condition: That is, if the deal is a general one and one in which the National League will participate. If a general deal of this kind were made I would not be surprised to find only a National League club here; but if a limited deal is made, that is, a deal between the Players' League and some other organization outside the National League, I see no reason for thinking that the Pittsburg P. L. club will be dropped. True, as I have just intimated, it has not been the success that its friends expected it would be, and what is more, many visiting clubs have an idea that Pittsburg is not a successful baseball town. This idea has originated from the patronage bestowed this season; but it would be wrong to come to any permanent conclusion regarding Pittsburg from what it has done this year. However, there may be outside influences at work to have Pittsburg dropped from the list. Manager Hanlon and others emphatically deny that there are. But if there is a Players' League team here next season we may expect to see many changes in it. I have it from a trustworthy source that some important changes are contemplated, and they are necessary. Some of the players have not been as true to Manager Hanlon as they ought to have been. This fact has not been overlooked by the officials of the club, and there are other players who are not clean enough for the team. If reports are true there will be many changes in various P. L. clubs and I have it on good authority that Larkin will not be found with the Cleveland club. It is stated that Al. Johnson and others are not favorably inclined toward Larkin. Manager Hanlon, however, declines to say anything definite regarding any changes, but he emphatically contends that neither Kelly, Ewing, Ryan or any other leading player in the Players' League has made any engagement with the National League officials for next year. I believe that there is truth in Mr. Hanlon's contention. At any rate I am disposed to discredit all the statements to the effect that National League officials have signed leading P. L. players for next season.

* * *

Local Lawn Tennis.

A weekly review of sports would be incomplete without dealing with lawn tennis. That branch of sport has jumped into a prominence that demands attention not only nationally but locally. I do not intend to say much on the subject nationally this week because all my space at command is needed for a few remarks locally. However, the great victory of O. S. Campbell cannot be passed unnoticed. Mr. Campbell has won great tennis honors and by the best kind of playing. His victory gives us to understand the great improvement there has been in tennis playing during the last year or two. Mr. Sears and Mr. Slocum who not long ago seemed invincible are now out of it. But during the week the local players have had a great time at Sewickley. The tournament there commenced on Tuesday and lasted three days. I had the pleasure of visiting that beautiful little place on one of the days o the tournament and I assure my readers that tennis courts couldn't well be located in a prettier place than are the courts of the Sewickley club. But, however, pretty the grounds may be I think our local tennis clubs are a little behind those in England and other places in one respect. On a scorching hot day there ought always to be opportunity on the grounds for visitors to get refreshments. The surroundings will look all the better for it. Well, there were many enjoyable features in the tournament. Of course lawn tennis hasn't charms for everybody, and I am free to confess that it is possible for me to admire it exceedingly much more than I do. But I don't think that anybody will deny that it has many excellent qualities. It is, indeed, not so simple as it looks, and to be a good lawn tennis player is to be a very skillful man with accurate calculative faculties, to have plenty of strength and activity, and above all, to have lots of patience. Tennis affords opportunities for the development of all these faculties, and surely a sport of that kind is sure to receive patronage. The playing at Sewickley was very good and the interest shown in the contests indicate that next year we may have tournaments here on a very large scale. Like many others I was much interested in the playing of Mr. Moorhead who did so well at Newport. He, however, was scarcely seen at his best. He is a very skillful and graceful player. But I have much faith in the abilities of Mr. Christy. I believe he would like to win a set with one smash. He is one of the most vigorous tennis players that one can see but I am fully persuaded that he handicaps himself considerably by being too impatient and fretful. In vulgar parlance he is too apt to get "rattled." If he would tone his temper he would accomplish more and that means that he would hold his own against any local man. There were many promising young players in the tournament and probably one of the most notable in this class was T. E. Ewing, Jr. With steady practice Mr. Ewing ought to occupy a prominent position in the State next year as a tennis player. Altogether the tournament prompts me to expect that next year we shall have some very important tennis contests in and about Pittsburg. It is bound to increase in popularity here just as it has done at other places in the United States and in Europe.

* * *

A Plea for Handball.

During the week I have had general inquiries as to whether or not a handball court will be arranged in Exposition Park during the fall and winter. There is a growing desire to have a court established, and if I mistake not Manager Hanlon, of the local P. L. club, is a strong advocate for the erection of a suitable court. One could be erected at very little cost, and those wanted to use it could be charged a small sum per game or a certain fee per month. Last winter I had a few words to say in behalf of handball, and I don't intend to repeat them now, but I do say that nothing could be lost by erecting a suitable handball court. I have an idea that it would be well patronized during the cold days of winter, not only by ball players, but by other citizens who believe in good healthy physical exercise. Even if the court did not yield a profit, its worth would be realized in giving ball players an opportunity to keep themselves in condition. It might be well for the directors of the local P. L. club to discuss this matter when next they meet. I know that more than one director is in favor of erecting a court.

* * *

A Signal of Distress.

An unmistakable sign of the depressed condition that baseball has come to is found in the bankruptcy of the Athletic club of the American Association. It is a club that has been made venerable by years, and every baseball lover cannot but have feelings of regret at the unfortunate condition of the club. Of course it is the result of the row that has been going on which has estranged the minds of the public from the game, The Players' League, too, dealt the club a powerful blow by inducing some of its best players to desert the club. The embarrassments of the club point unerringly to the fact that all this humbug that players and others have perpetrated on the public will recoil on the players themselves. Just as sure as we live they, I mean players generally, will be the sufferers in the long run. Already the importance of a baseball player is on the wane. Not long ago the average player was imbued with the notion that his existence was of greater necessity to the nation than the man who produces the necessaries of life; in fact the idea prevailed among ball players that the public might well withstand the ravages of hunger but it certainly could not do without professional baseball players. A reaction is setting in; has set in and players have only themselves to blame for it. Already the public, including the street arabs, seem to see a great deal of the ordinary human being in the ball player.

* * *

Bruisers in the Theaters.

Judging from an item of news which appeared in the paper yesterday, we will not have any any leading pugilists during the winter to defend the prestige of the country. Our champion bruisers are all going into the "acting" business, and we may expect to find quite a revolution in theatrical methods before many moons come and go. It may be that the Irvings, Booths and Barretts will have to stand down and out for these slugging tragedians and fistic comedians. Such names as Jake Kilrain, Jack Ashton, Joe Lannon, Peter Jackson and Jim Corbett are sure to add great luster to the profession that has had in its ranks a Forrest, a Kean, a McCready, a Garrick and others. Time does indeed work wonderful changes and such events as the appearance of this bruising element in theaters almost convinces us that there is nothing at all Utopian in "Looking Backward." I had thought that a certain amount of intelligence and training were necessary to make an actor presentable, but here we have not only actors, but stars blocked out in wholesale fashion. Well, well, after all truth is stanger than fiction.

* * *

Prospective Battles.

An extraordinary amount of effort is being made to drum up an enthusiasm regarding the proposed fight between Slavin and McAuliffe. The object is, of course, to make money. The Armonde Club is giving the purse, but the Armonde Club is run by a proprietor who profits by the receipts. His name is Temple, and Mr. Temple has certainly done a remarkable amount of hustling lately to get his club before the public. That he will make lots of money by the battle there is no doubt. The fight will take place sooner than agreed upon, and this arrangement will be to the advantage of Slavin, as McAuliffe will need all the time possible to get into condition. I still think that both men being all right, McAuliffe will win. A talk is going on between Fitzsimmons and Jack Dempsey relative to a fight between them. I don't know whether or not they will ever meet, but if they do I have a notion that Dempsey will face a better man than himself. In all respects Fitzsimmons has the advantage of Dempsey, and the former, too, polished off Billy McCarthy in short order, while it took Dempsey 47 rounds to settle Billy. I don't think that Dempsey has anything to gain by forcing matters with the lengthy Australian. PRINGLE.

New Patents.

C. E. Doyle, manager of Higdon & Higdon, patent attorneys, 127 Fourth avenue, reports the following patents just granted to Pittsburg and Allegheny inventors: T. J. Blake, starching machine; John Farrell, whip; H. W. Fisher, stripping tool, etc.; T. W. Fitch, wire rod mill; J. J. Franks, molding apparatus; Frank Moore, triple valve for automatic brake mechanism; T. M. Rees, balanced valve; John Roberts, electric cigar lighter; T. W. Welsh, fluid-pressure signaling valve.

Blankets! Blankets! Blankets!

Immense assortment, all prices and all colors. HUGUS & HACKE.
TTSSu

Messrs. French, Kendrick & Co.

Wish to call your attention to their card of thanks, top of page 8.

OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

Alice MacGowan Starts on a Thousand-Mile Trip Horseback.

CAUGHT IN A THUNDER STORM,

In the Midst of Which a White-Robed Lunatic Disputes the Way.

THE STORY OF A TENNESSEE HORSE

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

BAKERSVILLE, N. C., September 5.—I have left Cloudland and the hotel, abandoned my trunk and all it contained, turned my back upon my faithful railroad pass and sent it convoying the trunk to Chattanooga; while I, with a toothbrush, a pocket handkerchief, and a rubber coat, ride a roundabout way of some 1,000 miles to the same point.

The little, black, mountain-bred mare is mine, and we two are going to make the journey alone. I am armed and panoplied for the work before me. My riding cap has given place to a broad-brimmed soft felt hat of the dashing, rebel cavalryman sort; and, as Phebe's beauty is decidedly of the wild and rakish style, I am a little afraid we don't present an entirely staid and conventional appearance. I have a pair of large calfskin shoes. Everybody advised me to get them, and I would advise everybody to get them when starting out upon such a trip. Their weight, size and coarseness I bear with Christian fortitude and meekness; but the double barreled, four-horse power, steam calliope squeak, which can be heard all over a large summer hotel and half way across a village, is a bitter pill for my proud spirit. I cringe inwardly every rasping yap they fetch. I must find some way to stop it, or they will destroy my mental poise, and make me lose my grip on myself. But I tell you as the beautiful and aristocratic looking young lady at the railroad eating house said of the potatoes, "Them's the jockeys for me," when going up or down a wild mountain road I get to a place so bad I have to dismount and lead my horse over rocks and through water. They know they are indespensible; they have, as it were, the "dead wood" on me, so they yell demonically whenever they get me "before folks."

TWO LITTLE TERRORS.

There is, I admit, one thing I do fear and dread in setting out upon this trip. It is not wild beasts nor wicked men, not the river roads, perilous mountain passes nor the skittish mare. It is the nimble genus pulex, vulgarly flea, and his able coadjutor and fellow conspirator, the sluggish but persevering and multifarious cimex lectularius, vulgarly, bed-bug. I do not flinch from the "long days of labor" but the thought of the "nights devoid of ease," makes me groan. There would be some glory in valiantly defending myself against big snakes, or wild-cats, or escaped convicts; there would even be some romance in going over a bluff or down a ravine, and acquiring a few picturesque injuries; but what satisfaction can one derive from being slowly eaten alive by a crawly-wawly, whose name it isn't polite to mention.

I am going down through Quallatown too, along the Tuckaseegee and Oconaluftee vallevs, right through Lo's country—the North Carolina Indian reservation—to hunt up the legend of Vengeance Creek, and discover the myths which gave Standing Indian, Hanging Dog Creek, Blood Rock and Chunky Gal, their respective names; and haven't I often read, in various reliable publications, the words of bitterness and warning of those who had been there, and who all stated, in terms of varying warmth and emphasis, according to their religious convictions, that where Lo is, there are fleas and bed-bugs galore—fleas of great size, fierceness and rapacity; and bed-bugs as the sands of the sea for numbers, and with the bull-dogged and revengeful tenacity of Lo himself?

HOW THEY OPERATE.

Between the two the unfortunate traveler stands small chance. The flea possesses the power of instant translation. He is always there when he isn't wanted; and when wanted he is absolutely nowhere. He needs none of Shakespeare's "fernseed." With one leap he launches himself into very invisibility; and, sitting secure in space, a dematerialized bit of ether, he laughs to scorn his victim's clumsy search, whereat the bite that he has bitten itches horribly.

The bed-bug is possessed of no such accomplishments; he is vulgar, ungainly and slow-gaited; but he takes a horrible posthumus or post mortem revenge. He comes crawling over your hands and face—he, and his large family, friends and acquaintances—and he says: "Yes, now, strike!" Hit me if you dare!" And you don't dare. You get up and make a light, by which time the bed-bug has bidden you a laughing au revoir, and returned to his inaccessible fastnesses.

O, I have waked with them both many nights, in my search after the beautiful and the picturesque; and the absolute certainty of many more such nights casts a large-sized shadow of considerable density upon my otherwise delightful anticipations of the cruise.

THE MOUNTAINEER'S APOLOGY.

These people—the poorer mountaineers in the little cabins—will say to you naively, "Well, stranger," or in my case, "Sis I'll keep ye if ye 'low ye can put up 'ith our 'commodations; but ye know how 'tis yerself; in bug-time folks has ter jest do the best the kin I" Upon which my hair stands on end, my blood runs cold, my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth, and I envy Phebe, with her bundle of oats or armful of corn, which she is quite capable of defending against all local intruders with her ears laid flat on her neck, and liberal bites and kicks all around.

I was riding along the other day when I overtook a young man mounted on a pretty mare something like my own. We fell to talking horse, and he told me this little yarn:

"There was a fellow here named Joe Taft, about ten years ago, when I was a boy of 18 that had a powerful nice mare he bragged a heap on. He talked it far and near that she could outrun anything in the valley. Jim Eustis and some more fellows got together $200 and I took it over into Tennessee, where I was raised, and bought a horse I knew of there, and brought him over here just all for the purpose of beating Taft's mare. He was a quarter horse, and he could just run like a streak of lightning; but he was the hardest-mouthed, most uncontrollable beast you ever saw.

THE TENNESSEE FLYER.

"Well, we took him out to have a trial the day after I got back, and all Jim's crowd and backers were there. I was to ride the horse, and Jim showed me where to run him, right across a piece of bottom land, straight to him, while he sat on the other side. I told him that would never do; that no man living could stop that horse when he was in full swing, but he sort of smiled and said he reckoned I was afraid to ride the horse. Of course my blood was up then. I never said another word, only that I wasn't afraid, went and got on the horse and started at the signal.

"That horse went as straight across that field to Jim as a bullet—and pretty near as fast. When he got within a hundred or two feet I commenced to pull at him; I sawed and pulled with all my might without the least effect in the world. Jim sat there like a wooden man until the horse's head struck him with the force of a cannon ball, right here," touching his chest.

"I went on over the horse's head, Jim, the fence, a road and another fence, into the timber beyond, but wasn't hurt. Jim lit about two-thirds of the way across the road on his back, and the horse tore right through the fence and just stopped short of Jim; barely missed trampling him to death. We picked him up as limber and as senseless as a dead man, and 'twas two hours before he could speak. And when the race came off and I beat Joe Taft's mare, Jim didn't offer to sit on a fence, or even stand in the road for me to run toward him."

NATURE AT HER BEST.

I rode away up Cane creek yesterday, a wild and lonely road, to see old Mrs. Goforth, out on North Toe river, who is a sort of institution. She has religious ecstacies, trances and visions. She also gets a little violent occasionally, and they do sometimes talk of shutting her up in the county jail. Insanity is hereditary in the family; her father is a harmless lunatic. I started out after dinner and found the road lonely, wildly rugged, and picturesquely beautiful. I rode slowly under the heavily shading trees, through sunny stretches where shallow streams sparkled across the road, and felt more deeply than ever the glory and the beauty of living close to nature's heart, or at least of getting there occasionally.

I think even Phebe, unregenerate little sinner, felt the quiet influence, for she went along soberly, her small feet falling softly and regularly on the springy soil, or clinking lightly on the rocky places. She stopped for the fiftieth time to drink a few mouthfuls from a little stream, when, looking dreamily into the wood, I was startled to find two big liquid eyes gazing at me from among the leaves. The next moment I saw it was a deer, crouched trembling in the thick undergrowth; then I heard, very far and faintly, the bay of a hound, and with a barely seen and heard flutter and rustle of leaves, the poor, pretty creature was gone.

PHEBE FRIGHTENED.

I tarried so long over the beauties and allurements of the way, that day closed, and the nearly full moon was rising as I rode to the foot of a ridge, where flowed a silvery creek, the gap in the timber made by the road letting the moonbeams fall full upon its dimpled surface.

"The holy time is quiet as a nun," I said to Phebe, as I sat and gazed.

It is nature's revenge that when we slight and neglect her too long, giving our hearts and minds to the getting of sordid or trivial gains, we have no longer eyes for her beauties, nor ears for her music; that

All unmoved we hear the blackbird sing,
As blind men wake not at the sudden light.

But while I lingered a heavy cloud climbed up over the moon, and as I hurried on faster and faster the darkness increased. A storm broke suddenly and violently upon us. I was now on top of the ridge, the road running between walls of dense laurel. Phebe was wild and trembling with terror; we only went ahead in the prolonged blazes of lightning, between which the blackness was utter and appalling, when suddenly she whirled around, almost unseating me, and ran back, snorting, some distance before I could get her stopped. I brought her back slowly and with difficulty, watching in the flashes for the cause of her fright. There was a more than usually fierce illumination, and I saw at some distance ahead a whitish object, like a draped human figure standing in the road.

THE GHOST IN THE ROAD.

The horse saw it at the same moment and again flew round and went back. I brought her up again, only to have the maneuvre repeated. Finally in despair—for the lightning was becoming fainter and more infrequent, the rain heavier, and I knew that my destination was not more than a mile ahead—I dismounted, grasped the bridle reins close to the bit, and dragged Phebe up towards the motionless object. She wasn't much more afraid than I was; but in my desperate anxiety to solve, if possible, the difficulty, I raised my whip and struck the thing at arms length. It emitted an unearthly scream; Phebe tore loose and sprang away from me, and I stood fairly paralyzed with terror, when the shrieking voice burst out: "What came ye out for to see?"

It flashed over me that I had found what I came out to see—with a vengeance; that this must be Mrs. Goforth in one of her "spells." I rushed back with "ye generation of vipers" ringing after me, and found Phebe, fortunately engaged in shying and making dashes at something I could not see. I ran right into her in the darkness, caught the bridle, found the stirrup, and climbed upon her. I succeeded in getting her past the screaming woman; for, though I was more afraid, Phebe was much less so, since she had seemed to realize that I was a human being.

I rode as fast as I dared and soon heard voices and met several people looking for the crazy woman. One turned back toward the house with me, the others went on to bring her back. They were out nearly all night searching; and finally came in, weary and wet, bringing her in an exhausted, almost comatose condition.

My curiosity was entirely satisfied, and I willingly came away this morning, leaving the celebrity I had gone so far to interview still asleep. ALICE MACGOWAN.

HER LIFE OF SACRIFICE.

Young Mrs. Highflyer Has the Disease Bred in Divorce Courts.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

Young Mr. Highflyer had just told young Mrs. Highflyer that he could not possibly afford just then to buy the new $20,000 house on the corner, upon which young Mrs. Highflyer had fixed her whim; and young Mrs. Highflyer was consequently in tears.

"I thin-hink you're real mean," she sobbed.

"Yes, you think that; but you never think of the sacrifices I am making every day since our marriage to keep up the pace which you are setting."

"Sacrifices? And who's made more sacrifices since our marriage than I have, I'd like to know?" she asked the brute.

"This house, which we don't need, is the first thing I've ever refused you, and you've had everything else you wanted. I fail to see your sacrifices."

"But I don't! Why—"

"Well, why what?"

"Why, I haven't been engaged a single time since we married!" POLK SWAIPS.

A POLYGLOT STATION.

Burdette Puts the Railroad Brakeman's Failing in a New Way.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

A local train swept through the pleasant stations that help to make a garden of West Philadelphia, and slowed up at Elm station.

"Elm!" cried a brakeman at the front door.

"El-lum!" shouted his colleague in the rear; and drifting back from the forward car came the call of the new brakeman, Donald Clongocketty, "Ul-lum!"

The sad passenger looked wearily out at the new houses dotting the meadow. "I'd give 10 cents," he sighed, "to know where we are."

But only the soft gurgle of the conductor's punch went rippling through the car like the murmur of the April streams at Overbrook. ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

A Popular Remedy.

Mr. John Keown, the worthy postmaster at Keown, Allegheny county, Pa., says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy sells better than any other." The reason of this is because it can always be depended upon. Let any one troubled with a severe cold give it a trial, and they will find that the first dose will relieve the lungs and make breathing easier, and that its continued use will free the system of all symptoms of the cold. The promptness and certainty of this remedy in the relief and cure of colds, has won for it many sincere friends, and made it very popular. WSu

$12 TO CINCINNATI AND RETURN.

Pittsburg and Cincinnati Packet Line Steamer Keystone State

Will leave foot of Wood st. Monday, Sept. 8, at 4 P. M., for Cincinnati. Fare, $7; round trip, $12. Or down by boat and return by rail, $12 50. Tickets good until used. JAS. A. HENDERSON, Supt.

Down the Ohio.

The Mayflower will make her regular excursion on Sunday, September 7. Will leave wharf, at foot of Wood street, at 2 P. M. Fare, 25c round trip.

PARLOR suits re-upholstered, HAUGH & KEENAN, 33-34 Water st.

WHY IT WAS DONE.

City Attorney Moreland Says the Duquesne Traction Company

WAS GRANTED VALUABLE RIGHTS

Because the Public Demands Rapid Transit to the East End.

THE ALLEGHENY WHARF CASE ARGUED

City Attorney Moreland yesterday filed the answer of the city of Pittsburg in the suits of the Pittsburg Traction Company, lessee of the Central Transit Company, against the Duquesne Traction Company, the city of Pittsburg and others. The suits were brought to restrain the Duquesne Traction Company from constructing and operating its line on Ellsworth and Center avenues, the plaintiffs claiming a prior right to occupy those streets. In the answer it is stated that the Central Transit Company has no right to Center avenue, because the city only granted it a right to construct its line providing it got the consent of the Central Passenger Railway Company. This it never obtained, and cannot get. As to Ellsworth avenue, the plaintiffs have no rights on it, because they never obtained the consent of the local authorities. Continuing, it said:

"It being the intention of the Duquesne Traction Company to extend its through line to points eastward far beyond any point now reached by the rapid transit line, and the specified portions of Ellsworth avenue being a necessary part of the route of the Duquesne Traction Company, it will be greatly to the disadvantage of the public to have the project of the Duquesne Traction Company defeated by excluding it from Ellsworth avenue, and this result would benefit no one save the Pittsburg Traction Company, and would only benefit it by enabling it to maintain a monopoly of the transportation of passengers to and from the East End; and this notwithstanding the fact that said Pittsburg Traction Company is now unable to furnish full facilities to those desiring rapid transit to the city from the East End.

"The action of the city in granting its consent to the Duquesne Company and its allied lines to construct and operate its lines of street railway was largely influenced by these considerations. Undoubtedly it will be greatly to the interest of property owners and to the city of Pittsburg and to the people at large to have a complete line of railroad to and from the resident portion of the East End to the business portion of the city, thus affording rapid transit, and defendant believes it accomplished this result by granting its consent to the Duquesne Traction Company and its allied lines. The Central Transit Company, since December 4, 1886, has not taken any steps to build a line on Center or Ellsworth avenues, and under the facts as they existed when the ordinance was passed for the Duquene Traction Company, it was obvious that the Central Transit Company could not and did not build on Ellsworth avenue."

In conclusion, it was asked that the suit be dismissed.

GRINDING THEM OUT FAST.

Almost Any Number of Divorces Wanted and Being Granted.

The divorce asked for by Elvira Minnick from her husband, W. J. Minnick, was granted yesterday. The parties to the suit will be remembered as the Braddock couple who created a sensation in the courts several months ago, the wife having secured the husband's incarceration in Dixmont for alleged insanity, and whence he was released by an order of court. The testimony of the wife in her petition for divorce alleged cruel treatment, which was not combatted by the respondent.

A divorce was also granted to Clara C. Smink from her husband, William Smink. The latter is a baseball player and the ground for the action was based on the husband's conviction some time ago for bigamy, he having been proven to have had two wives living.

On the ground of desertion there were several petitions granted. Charles Zeller against Katharine Zeller; Annie Alsop against Thomas Alsop; Thomas L. Thomas against Annie Thomas; Jennie Peterson against Henry E. Peterson and R. T. Forney against Harriet B. Forney. In the latter case the couple were married at Waynesburg, Greene county, in December 1884, and the wife left him four years later. She testified that he abused her and it appeared she had brought several charges of assault and battery against him that were taken to court and settled there. She testified to having been educated by a banker of Waynesburg named Lantz, with whom she lived. The libellant objected to that charge and testified that she had been expelled from Curry University for being "fast," and also that he had paid part of her tuition there.

The petition of Elizabeth Schafer for divorce from her husband, Henry Schafer, was refused.

A divorce on the ground of desertion was granted to Augusta Roth from her husband, Edward Roth.

In the new cases for divorce James D. Lambie was appointed Commissioner to take testimony; James K. Mills against Mary A. Mills; J. A. Emery in the case of Lesette Turner against Julius M. Turner; J. Grant Hays in the case of Alice S. McGregor against Charles H. McGregor, and Andrew Fisher in the case of Elizabeth Richards against James Richards.

A subpœna in divorce was awarded to Anna Kohler against Jacob Kohler on the ground of being an habitual drunkard.

Testimony was filed in the cases of Mary J. Tippey against James Tippey, desertion since 1887 being alleged, and in the case of Ida J. Mullen against Joseph Mullen, abuse and drunkenness being alleged.

ARGUED THE WHARF CASE.

Left for the Court to Continue the Injunction if It Sees Fit.

The final argument in the suit of Reese & Thorn and others against the city of Pittsburg and Chief Bigelow, of the Department of Public Works, to restrain them from dumping dirt along the Allegheny river wharf and making alterations there, was heard yesterday morning by Judge Slagle. J. S. Ferguson, Esq., appeared for the plaintiffs, and maintained that the city had no authority to make changes which, it was asserted, would unfit the place for wharf purposes, to which it was dedicated. He cited a number of legal authorities in support of his position.

City Attorney Moreland appeared for the defense. He argued that the changes being made did not injure the wharf, but, instead, improved it; and as it now stands, it is of use only to a few, including the plaintiffs. He asked that the case be dismissed.

APPROVED BY THE JUDGES.

McKeesport and Chartiers Township to Have New Sub-Divisions.

J. E. Patterson, James Campbell and Robert Taylor, the commissioners appointed to redivide McKeesport borough into more wards, yesterday filed their report in the Quarter Sessions Court. The new division gives the borough eight wards instead of four, as heretofore. The new boundaries, etc., were submitted by the commissioners and approved by Judge Magee.

W. W. Shaw, D. G. Foster and J. W. Bell, who were appointed commissioners to divide Chartiers township into election districts, also filed their report. It divides the township into seven districts. The report was approved by Judge Collier.

Lots of New Citizens.

Twenty-eight new citizens were naturalized yesterday in the United States Court. The greater portion of them were natives of the British Isles.

WILL SELL THE ROAD.

The Squirrel Hill Company Given the Right to Dispose of Its Effects.

An application was made in Common Pleas No. 2 yesterday by James Benny, Receiver of the Squirrel Hill Railroad Company, for leave to sell that road and all its effects. The application averred that the road is unable to pay its debts, and the best interests of all concerned demand the sale. An order was made directing the sale to take place on September 27 at the Court House to the highest bidder, the purchaser to pay $10,000 down and the balance at confirmation of sale.

The date and place of sale is to be made by proper publication, and the whole proceeding is to be subject to confirmation by the court.

THE WORKHOUSE AND THE PEN

Receive a Number of New Inmates From This Term of Court.

A number of sentences were imposed yesterday in the Criminal Court by Judge Magee. Andrew Gangwisch, the cripple who was convicted of two charges of burglary, was sentenced two years to the penitentiary. For pointing firearms Edward Madison and Frank Debold each received six months and John Allen one year to the workhouse.

Frank Bedenkovitz received two months to the workhouse for larceny. George Binder, for larceny from the person, was sent six months, and Mary Debold, for selling liquor without a license, four months to the workhouse.

Released to Look After His Family.

Judge Magee yesterday ordered the release of William Moore from the workhouse at the request of Magistrate Hyndman. Moore was committed on August 30, by Magistrate Hyndman, for 30 days on a charge of disorderly conduct. Yesterday, however, he asked the Court to release Moore on account of the destitute circumstances of his family, for whose support he is needed. Judge Magee granted the request, and Moore was released.

Charged With Raising a Bill.

United States Deputy Marshal Blair yesterday brought Theodore Bloom from Du Bois and lodged him in jail here, to await trial in the United States District Court. Bloom is charged with altering a $1 silver certificate and making a $10 bill out of it by changing the figures.

Monday's Trial List.

Criminal Court—Commonwealth vs. William Cox, David Madden (2), Morana Koschef, Lena King, Frank Ulitzne, Susan McGlade, Joseph Keenan, John Miller, alias Sidney.

A Hopeless Case.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

Pity, dear friends, my direful case:
I'm haunted by a woman's face—
A face so radiantly pure and fair,
Such as an angel e'en might wear.
In church or street, at rout or play,
No matter where my footsteps stray,
Although I fail her name to learn,
I meet her face at every turn.
I take my latest magazine—
I shall escape her now, I ween—
And hie me to a quiet nook.
I turn the pages of my book—
Alas, 'tis vain; her face alone—
A face I ne'er can call my own—
Looks archly out from printed page,
And 'gainst my will my thoughts engage;
For, seest that glowing evening star
That sheds its radiance from afar?
That star is