A REVIEW OF SPORTS.

Few Words About the Late Disastrous Defeats of the Pittsburg Baseball Team.

GENERAL AFFAIRS OF THE GAME.

Necessity of Something Being Done to Stop the Crooked Transactions at the Trotting Meetings.

THE SLAVIN AND KILRAIN CONTEST.

Local Young Scullers of Promise and Cary's Troubles Regarding His Record Claims.

As far as baseball has been concerned the week has not been a very pleasant one for the admirers of the Pittsburg team. It is a long time since such a sudden change of sentiment, such a revolution of feeling, in fact, took place among local baseball cranks as there has during the last few days. This is very unfortunate, indeed, for everybody concerned. But the change of feeling cannot be wondered at, and there is one consolation that this feeling is not deep-rooted. It will disappear just as soon as the team run up a few successive victories, and they are sure to do that. The best friends of the local team are bound to admit that they, the team, have so far been an awful disappointment on their Eastern trip. Had the team won a long series of uninterrupted victories nobody would have been surprised, because very much was expected from the team. But instead of victories we have defeats, and hence the very intense disappointment. Most certainly there are causes for this extraordinary falling off in the playing of the team; so far, it is true, they have seldom played up to expectations, but recently their work has been so much below their own standard even of this season, that we cannot avoid the conviction that there is something wrong. I am inclined to believe that what we term "the best of goodfellowship" does not prevail extensively among the players. If that is the fact, we have at once a source or cause of bad work. While I don't say that ill-feeling among the players does exist, I do maintain that there is sufficient cause for investigation; and also, that the directors did right in giving Mr. O'Neil full power of the club and to accompany Manager Hanlon throughout the Eastern trip. It seems to me that there was much truth in the report of the Miller affair at Brooklyn. There, in a measure, we have direct proof that all is not going well, and I for one certainly maintain that Manager Hanlon cannot at the present time be expected to thoroughly carry out all the duties he has to fulfil. It is unfortunately true that even a team of old ball players like the Pittsburg team need watching, and this is without doubt a disgrace to every player who cannot be implicitly trusted. A player in the local team who by his conduct in any way gives the management anxiety, or jeopardizes the financial prospects of the stockholders, is an ingrate of the rankest kind. I am not writing this as a mere sentimental effusion, but I am stating it as a plain fact. Why, just think over the matter for a moment. Consider the vast amount of money and labor the directors of the local club have expended in to get a good team together; a team that would give satisfaction to Pittsburg patrons of the game. And of this large amount of money expended the players themselves are getting the lion's share. Is there, then, anything manly, fair or honest about a player who will not do right and play his very best in view of the foregoing facts? I emphatically say there is not.

Some More Local Matters.

When a team is being badly beaten and in a very regular way, we all invariably have fault to find and suggestions to make. Of course, this is just the time to make them, and they will do no harm if we make them in good spirit and with due modesty. For some time past there have been many complaining about the stereotyped custom indulged in by our club of putting a pitcher in to pitch simply because it was or is their turn. Now, I am not one to try and teach other people their business, but I do maintain that experience shows that the custom in question is a very faulty one; in short it is a worthless one. A manager ought to and must use his judgement as to the ability of a certain pitcher to puzzle a certain team. If he satisfies himself that the pitcher whose turn it is to pitch is not the most likely to fool the opposing team for the time being, by all means let the manager select the man who is the most likely to do the most effective work. I submit that this is common sense and is just what good headed and practical men like Anson do. True, some pitchers very foolishly object to not being allowed to pitch in their turn. This whim is really so flimsy that it is not worth discussing. A manager should be manager in fact. I am fully persuaded that two such young and powerful men as Baldwin and King could pitch first-class ball for a long time by pitching every other game. Of course, Baldwin has done well so far, but what I mean is that strong young fellows such as he is will certainly do better work by pitching oftener than every fourth or fifth day with monotonous regularity. But our team have been remarkably disappointing in their batting. I am aware that players cannot get on to their hitting in a day or a week, but it is to be expected that they will get on to it within a season. So far we have little signs of our sluggers slugging. This is one of the things that I firmly believe we cannot help, and it is the great cause of defeat. It would be libelling the players to say they don't try to hit the ball. They try their best. It is certainly one of the curious features of baseball, this hitting and missing the ball. We have what have for some time been recognized as the hard and reliable hitters in the profession, and here we have them missing the ball with wonderful regularity while the youngest and less experienced players in the business are knocking the pitchers out of the box. This is very singular, indeed. And what can we do about it? It is useless to blackguard the players, and it is absurd to rail at the club officials. I do hold that whatever may be the shortcomings of the team that the club directors are not to blame. They have so far played their part well, and if the "stars" fail then it is the fault of the "stars." But I trust that they will get into their normal form. They are ball players, depend upon that, and it may be that the recent defeats are only the precursor of a long list of victories.

Baseball in General.

There is not space at command to say much about baseball affairs in general, but there is not much of importance to deal with. The race for the League pennant continues to be one of the most exciting on record. From the very start six or seven teams have been almost neck and neck, and almost every day the positions have been changed. But during the week one thing has been observable, viz., the improving form of the New York team. My readers will remember what I had to say about the Giants some time ago, and I am now more convinced than ever that, bar accident, they will win the pennant. With the exception of Chicago the other teams are players more or less irregular. We have also noticed among the general baseball features of the week the meeting of Association magnates at Cincinnati. There was, indeed, something very amusing about that matter. According to the published reports about it the magnates only met to shake hands with each other, and in imitation of Mrs. Micawber of the repeated vows of "I will leave you," to Mr. Micawber they solemnly, and I may say emphatically, declared they would never leave Cincinnati. Poor Cincinnati! But they said more. They made it known that they will continue to trample under foot the national agreement and decline to recognize the National League except the latter get out of Cincinnati. And still more. It is stated that they devised plans for the engagement of old and new players for next year. Now isn't all this interesting? Who has been asking them to rejoin or recognize the National League? Certainly no friend of the N. L. But surely there must have been something more to attract these men to Cincinnati than to merely repeat what they had already said about the national agreement and the National League. Certainly there was; and sure enough the great cause of their meeting was to discuss their very great difficulties.

Those Crooked Trotting Races.

The trotting season has hardly opened yet, but what little of it we have had has not been very satisfactory; indeed, it is some time since the season opened in such a questionable way. What with the rumors of crookedness at Homewood and the facts of questionable work at Baltimore a very great injury is being done a branch of sport that has been growing in popularity to a remarkable extent during recent years. I did not see the Homewood races because I had other fish to fry that week; but some very shrewd people assure me that there was "something rotten in the State of Denmark" out there, and whether there was or not I do not say, but the judges of the Baltimore races tell us that there was certainly something very rotten there. There were many of the persons who took part in the Homewood races prominent at the Baltimore meeting. At any rate I am thoroughly convinced that this new circuit, this Southeastern affair, has been tainted from top to bottom. Tricksters, schemers and frauds of the rankest kind are following it round, and the wonder is that something has not been done ere now to stop this system of public plundering. Track authorities must be aware of it; they must see, or if they don't they are not at all the proper persons to take charge of a race track. But the national authorities should take hold of this matter, because if such frauds are to go on trotting meetings will soon become a thing of the past. Of late years trotting and pacing have become extremely popular and profitable, because of the honorable people who have become identified with the sport, and also because of the honesty of the public transactions connected with it. But here is all the good work of years threatened by a few public pilferers. Surely a stop should be put to the swindling. The American public will stand a great deal, but it won't stand to be swindled when it knows it.

Our Young Scullers.

I have noticed during the week challenges from young scullers, that is, scullers who have never rowed in a public race. One of the challenges emanated from a young man, Albert Denmarsh, who desires to row any youngster who has not rowed in a race. I refer to the matter to point out that after all there is some hope of a revival of boat rowing; certainly one of the best branches of sport that I know of. I have been informed that there are several youngsters in and about Pittsburg who give promise of being great scullers and I am also told of another young man named Craig, who resides near Monongahela City. What is worthy of note in this matter is the fact that in every instance these young men to whom my attention has been drawn are youngsters of the most powerful build, lithe and athletic. That is the material we need to place us in the front rank again. But we also need considerable more honesty than we have been accustomed to during the last eight or ten years. It is quite safe to say that no matter what kind of race would take place among our present class of prominent scullers the public would have very little confidence in it. There must be a new generation of scullers in this country before ever the sport can become popular again. There is no denying this fact, and it is entirely because of this that I wish to give every encouragement possible to the development of the young rowers. I see no reason why we, in America, should continue to play second fiddle to either Australia or any other country, in the matter of sculling, particularly. We have the bone and sinew here and also the intelligence. All that is needed is a careful development of our talent, and, most certainly, we have plenty of good men to do the developing part. I trust that we will soon see some of our young men contesting for supremacy, and as soon as they begin to tackle each other we may expect some good scullers as a result.

Slavin and Kilrain.

On Tuesday night Frank P. Slavin will try and knock Jake Kilrain out in ten rounds. I have made the statement that he will "try" only on the strength of the public announcement regarding the conditions of the contest. Whether or not he will "try" is a matter of which I have no definite knowledge, and this leaves a great amount of uncertainty about the affair. I think I cannot better explain this feature of "trying" than telling of two cartoons I once saw in a comic paper. No. 1 was a horse in a stall. The horse was entered for the Derby, and the picture represented a tout quietly asking the horse if he could win the race. "I can win it easy," said the horse. No. 2 picture represented the same horse, after the race, in the same stall, and the same tout with a look of utter misery on his face. The horse hadn't won the race, and the tout had "gone broke" on the result. Said the tout to the horse: "I thought you told me you could win the Derby easily?" "Yes," replied the horse; "but you didn't ask me if I was going to try." That settled the matter, and depend upon it nowadays almost everything in every contest hinges on whether or not the favorite is going to try. I am inclined to think that if Slavin will do the trying part he will soon settle Kilrain. Both men have been prominent public performers, and if public form has to go for anything at all, I don't hesitate to say that Kilrain has very little show indeed of standing ten rounds before Slavin—and public form is almost the only thing that can guide us, but when the "not trying" feature is introduced unknown to us why we are all at sea.

An Old Timer's Opinion.

It is my intention of discussing the Slavin-Kilrain event at length this week, because, assuming that it is on the "square," it is a very important affair. I take pleasure in recording the opinions of a very old friend of mine regarding Slavin. This friend has just returned from a visit to the Australian's training quarters, and I know of no better judge of a pugilist than this friend. The other day he said to me: "Frank Slavin is one of the best formed men I have met in my life, and I have seen every champion pugilist during these last 35 or 40 years. He stands 6 feet 1½ inches in his stocking feet; measures 43 inches round the chest on expansion, and has an extra long reach. His hips are powerful and yet gracefully formed, and his legs below the thigh are light. He is a most determined looking man, and just the kind of a man that I would take to be a remarkable prize ring fighter. His hands are perfect, and altogether he is a model. I saw Mitchell and him at work at their training quarters on Coney Island and Slavin is below weight now; that is, he is lighter dow than he will be when he meets Kilrain. He will be about 190 pounds when he meets Kilrain and that is about his best weight. Mitchell, undoubtedly, is a shrewd trainer, and after he and Slavin have had their bag exercise they practice methods of getting out of clinches, because under Queensberry rules there are many clinches. This practice is exceedingly interesting to see when two such experts as Mitchell and Slavin are the principals. I tell you they have it down fine. Slavin has no cut-and-dried system of diet. He eats and drinks just as it suits his stomach, his palate and his general conditions. He is a wonderful runner and I saw him run two miles just like a thoroughly trained pedestrian? Will he defeat Kilrain? He can settle Kilrain in less than ten rounds if he wants to. But there may be arrangements made. I know that Kilrain would not sign articles at the first meeting of the parties and he willingly signed them the next time they met. The Slavin party all intend to return to England about a week after the contest, as there is nothing here for Slavin."

The Two Men Compared.

There is certainly a deal of common sense and lots of truth in the opinions stated in the foregoing paragraph. People who have been reading these reviews will know that I have long been of opinion that the latter-day system of glove fighting for extraordinary sized purses gives very extraordinary inducements for fraud, deception, or anything you may term it. To compare the two principals in question on their merits would leave the impression that Kilrain would surely be knocked out. Let us take Kilrain at his best and we'll find him contesting against men who subsequently have had no chance at all against Slavin. We all know of the affair between Jem Smith and Kilrain; how they fought nearly an entire afternoon and then made a draw. How soon did Slavin get the better of Smith? Why, in very few minutes. None of us will rank Kilrain above Joe McAuliffe; but for the sake of argument I will admit that Kilrain is even better than McAuliffe. But we cannot compare Slavin and McAuliffe at all, simply because the contrast is too great. Kilrain has "gone back" somewhat in late years, and not long ago we found him having a very hard time of it to defeat Godfrey, the colored man. We might go on producing facts showing how Slavin has ever been a terrific fighter, while Kilrain at best has been a very tame, though at times a rather handy one. But let me state that before the affair comes off that the styles of the two men are extremely dissimilar. Kilrain has been reared in what may be termed the "boxing school" and Slavin has been developed in the fighting school. As a result Slavin fights from the start, as McAuliffe found out; and in this respect Slavin resembles John L. Sullivan in the latter's palmy days. But Kilrain, as we saw in his encounter with Godfrey, still depends on his boxing and that old notion of waiting for an opening. Well, these two styles, to use a term, cannot mix, and with two men like Slavin and Kilrain as principals my preference most certainly will be for the Australian. If we could find a man who could hit as hard as Sullivan could then by all means I would plump for him were he in Kilrain's place and adopted the latter's style of fighting. But we cannot, and if the coming contest is in earnest Kilrain will be forced to hit Slavin from the beginning and take heavy doses in return, or else he may get the heavy doses without giving anything at all. But whether it may be the intention of Slavin to try and knock Kilrain out or not, I am content to believe that he will win. Of course Kilrain stood up before Sullivan for over three hours, and in a bare-fist battle. But Sullivan was on the wane then, and even at that, had the contest been one with gloves, and under Queensberry rules, Kilrain wouldn't have lasted ten rounds.

Corbett's New Business.

And finally James J. Corbett has gone into the "show business." He evidently prefers that to another meeting with a broken-down man like Jackson. I say broken-down because I am informed by a very reliable authority that the colored champion is so much broken down that he will never be first-class again. Certainly there have been lots of opinions expressed during the week about the late affair between Corbett and Jackson, and the bulk of opinions have, of course, been in favor of Corbett. Some very wise people have been telling us how "Jim" would have pulverized the colored man had he been allowed to go on; in fact, one person declares that Corbett was waiting to administer the "knock out" blow. Now isn't this the veriest nonsense and claptrap? The idea of a man waiting four hours to administer the crusher that would send his opponent to oblivion. But take it the other way; that is the best way for Corbett. Is he a fighter of the class that cannot settle an opponent no more powerful than himself without running a four-hour-go-as-you-please race to do it? If he is, the show business will be the better business for him. Mark, I have never said that Corbett is not the great man his friends say he is, but I do say he has it yet to prove. I can quite well understand many of the extravagant things said about Corbett, and many of the harsh things said about Jackson. One is a white man and the other is colored. That makes all the difference in the world. Merit, and merit only, will ever be praised in this column, no matter whether it comes

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
From Afric's sunny fountains
Or throughout the mighty land.

Cary's Reported Records.

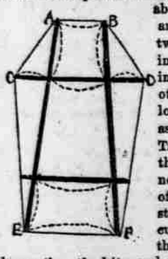
Once more Luther Cary has come prominently before the public as a record-breaker in sprint running. Those of us who are inclined to take an interest in athletic sports will still remember Mr. Cary's claim of running 100 yards in 9⅕ seconds last year. The great tribunal of the amateur athletes ignored the claim, and, of course, nobody after that had license to say that Cary ran 100 yards in any such time. But now Mr. Cary has two new claims, and I trust that he will receive a better show from the "powers that be" this time than he did on the last occasion. His claims now are that he ran last week 220 yards in 21¾ seconds. If this claim goes, then Mr. Cary has the world's record. Hutchens seven years ago ran the distance in 21 4-5, and two years later C. G. Wood, an English amateur, repeated the peformance. But what I want to point out now is for the moguls of amateurism to give Cary's claims a little more consideration than they did last year. Of course if his claim of running 100 yards in 9¾ goes he will also have the 100-yard record. But the general performance of Mr. Cary as a sprinter proves that he is a remarkable runner and also shows that there is a part amount of prejudice prevailing against Cary in some quarters. If his new claims are admitted some authorities will have to make some curious explanations of their disparaging statements regarding Cary last year. While his 9⅕ seconds claim was an extraordinary one nobody could claim that it was impossible to run 100 yards in that time. But some New York authorities condemned the claim as awfully absurd. Well now if Mr. Cary has evidence to prove the truth of his two new claims it cannot be said that his claim of last year was absurd. There is very strong evidence indeed in support of his 220-yard claim and it seems to me that the claim will stand the test. But surely everybody who has been timing Cary for the last 12 months cannot be "cooking" the watch to suit him and during the time named he has done some wonderful things. PRINGLE.

HOW TO MAKE A KITE.

Directions That if Followed Will Make the Average Boy Happy.

Country Gentleman.]

Find some straight grained, light weight wood—cedar preferred—and make four sticks about ⅛ inch thick and ¼ inch wide two of them 22 inches long, one 17½ inches long and the other 13¾ inches long, and place them as shown in the cut. Tack firmly where they cross; cut small notches at the ends of the sticks and put string around. Then cut out a piece of thin paper an inch larger than the kite and paste edges over the string. Make a small hole at the ends of all the sticks, except at the lower cross stick, for attachment of strings, which must be on the opposite side from the sticks. Put strings loosely from A to F, from B to E, from C to D. Make a loop from E to F for fastening the tail, which must be made of a long, slender piece of calico or muslin about one inch wide and 15 feet long, with ten bobs. Attach your string where the strings cross with a loose knot. If the kite dives, put more tail on. The kite without the tail ought to weigh two ounces. The string ought to be a fine cord. Fly the kite in a moderate wind, not a gale.



HE TOOK HIS BEANS.

A Stranger Arrives in Cinnabar and Objects to O. K. Provender.

TEXAS THOMSON DIDN'T LIKE IT.

So He Persuaded the Visitor to Eat the Food or Take Cold Lead.

FIRST REAL MURDER IN THE CAMP.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

WONDER whatever for a reward, now, is offered for that gent in the East," said Jack Moore as the stranger disappeared to claim the hospitality of the O. K. Hotel. Cinnabar sentiment was not usually suspicious. Comers to its gates were flung a breezy welcome, uncoupled with impertinent inquiries. Names were not asked nor histories desired.

"This yere askin' of a stranger's name is onpolite as a play an' has its resks beside," said Armstrong, who was the Chesterfield of Cinnabar and an authority on etiquette. "It's as insultin' as gettin' cur'ous over the brand on a man's hoss."

"That's whatever," assented Bill Tutt, "I knows a party in Laredo who keeps pesterin' 'round a askin' of a stranger's name an' he gets that onpopular, the man wipes him over the head with his six-shooter. You bet, he was mighty displeased about it."

Would Make a Dog Growl.

No; Cinnabar thought was blue-eyed and unsuspicious. Those who came were cheerfully received and approved of or lynched according to their after unfoldment. Jack Moore, himself, was of a generous, healthful turn and ordinarily would never have held the thought which appears in his interrogatory touching possible Eastern rewards. The truth is, the stranger excited suspicion. No one could tell how or why, but there was that in his very atmosphere which would make a dog growl. Old Monte knew nothing about him.

"He takes the stage in Tucson," said that worthy person as he removed his nose from a whisky glass for the purposes of fuller converse. "An' no one knows nuthin' about him. As he don't do nothin' a comin' over, but lean back an cuss the world in general an' Arizona in pertic'ler, which, while it's all right for a pastime, after all don't advance no facts, you can see I shore falls short of bein' fully informed of this yere man, myse'f."

"Well, I don't anyhow like him none," said Rosewood Jim, reflectively. "Of course he ain't earned no word from me, either way, an' what I says needn't go to his loss; but I shorely takes a notion agin him, jest the same."

How It Affected Texas Thomson.

This appeared to represent the Cinnabar feeling. Still it is probable that Cinnabar would have thought and said no further, were it not for subsequent happenings at the O. K. Hotel. Cinnabar was at its vesper drink, when the rapid reports of a pistol coming from the hotel aforesaid, aroused that mild interest which Cinnabar had grown to bestow on such phenomena.

"I wonder whoever gets it now?" said Bill Tutt as he replaced his drained glass on the Gold Mine bar. Curiosity, however, was soon made easy when word came over from the O. K. Hotel that it was simply Texas Thomson and that no one had bled.

"He's jest shootin' up the dinin' room, some, on account of the stranger," said the courier, who bore the news, "an' ain't meanin' nuthin' whatever."

The trouble came thus: The O. K. Hotel was in conduct of a wide and liberal management and its spirit was amply shown in its motto: "There's Nuthin' Too Rich for Cinnabar." But nevertheless its menu was under the grinding control of circumstance.

Placed His Gun by His Plate.

Just following those jocund days which marked the advent of the freighters from Tucson, the O. K. table d'hote became a feast of richness. After the freighters had departed in return and as days went by the richness dwindled.

The Stranger Struck Bad Days.

It was on the day which sorrowfully marked the freighters as being absent some three weeks, that the stranger signed the dog-eared account book which served as a register and claimed the attention of the O. K. hotel as its guest; and the table had pined to beans and coffee. Cinnabar could be depended on never to complain. It realized the exigencies of trade conditions and fully exonerated the O. K. hotel from any attempt to put it to death by starving. Not so, the stranger. He knew nothing of the freighters to Tucson and was a-hungered.

"I don't like beans, and I don't want any coffee," said the stranger with a petulant snap, as the viands described were placed in his reach by Widow Briggs. "You can bring me a beefsteak and eggs and a cup of tea with toast."

"Beans an' coffee," said the Widow Briggs, regarding the stranger with a cold and stony eye, "is the last two chickens on the roost, an' you eats 'em or lets 'em alone, jest as you-all please."

The widow then made a majestic exit from the room in dignified dismissal of the whole matter. Thereupon the stranger railed.

"Whatever is the matter with you all, anyhow?" asked Texas Thomson, whose opposite the petulant stranger had the honor to be and who addressed that personage in a wronged and injured tone. "What you all a-tryin' to pull on trouble with them thar frijoles for? Frijoles is mighty succulent food an' your stomach is a heap too lady-like when it gets to layin' back its years that away at frijoles."

"But I don't like beans," said the stranger.

A Mistake About Not Liking Beans.

"Oh! you like 'em well enough," responded Thomson confidently. "You jest thinks you don't like 'em. What you all sims at in your proud an' spirited way, is to sorter lay back scornful of the grub yere, an' put it all over Cinnabar. You jest seizes on these yere frijoles as a mere excuse.

"Who are you?" asked the stranger in a mixture of wrath and uneasiness.

"Who be I?" repeated Thomson in tones of scoff. "Who be I? Partner, you hoomiliates me. I'm the man who killed Bronco McGee; that's who I be. An' say, stranger; I'll jest confide in you, 'cause thar's something about you that drors me. If you don't crawl outside them beans," and here Mr. Thomson's tones grew low and confidential, "this yere pertic'ler minute we all is exchangin' of our views in, I'll shorely leave you on both sides of the street."

Here Mr. Thomson slowly drew his large, impressive six-shooter and laying it beside his plate contemplated the horror-stricken stranger with great interest.

The latter at once but reluctantly proceeded with his consumption of the distasteful vegetable. To his comfort and assistance the ardent Mr. Thompson also caused to be purveyed an allowance of whisky.

"An' bring in a tin cup, too," said Mr. Thomson.

This was received by the stranger and quaffed in silence and sorrow; after which Mr. Thompson fired his pistol a few times through the thin board walls of the room in a vague and desultory manner and came away, leaving the stranger to meditate on the exuberant character of his entertainment.

As an Evidence of Good Faith.

"Oh! I wasn't aimin' to hit him none," said Texas Thomson, as Armstrong rebuked him gently when they met him a moment later in the Gold Mine saloon. "I was jest runnin' a little blazer onto him, an' sorter hangs away with my gun as an evidence of good faith."

"Oh! the blazer was all right," said Armstrong, critically. "This yere stranger takes to puttin' on dog, an' of course something's got to be done for the credit of Cinnabar. But when it wins—when you don't get called on to make good, you shorely oughter stop thar. This yere shootin' 'round the dinin' room was frivolous, an' annoyin' to other men as sets thar ca'mly eatin' an' who ain't in it. It's disturbin' to 'em. What do you think yourse'f, Rosewood?"

"That's whatever," said Rosewood Jim, as he riffled a deck and snapped it in the deal box. "It's sorter takes them boarders' minds offen their vittles that away, an' is bad for the digestion."

"Whoever is this yere strange female?" interrupted Bill Tutt, who stood looking from the door.

It was growing dusk now, and a slight, strange figure in skirts could be just seen as it entered the office of the hotel across the way.

"Some she-Mexican, over from Chilili," said Armstrong. Chilili was that portion of Cinnabar in which the Mexicans most did congregate, and Armstrong's ready explanation seemed the likely one.

Rosewood Felt Superstitious.

"Do you know," said Rosewood Jim, as he sat at his faro table caressing a stack of blues, "do you know I don't feel all right about this yere bean eater of Thomson's? I

By His Side Was a Woman's Body.

ain't sooperstitious, but I'd shorely like to know whatever this short-horn comes a-canterin' into camp for, anyhow."

"You jest takes a notion agin him," said Tutt, "same as you says a while back; that's all."

"No, it ain't no notion, neither," persisted Rosewood Jim, still fumbling the stack of blues. "It g'ist sorter weighs down on me there's goin' to be some queer play made 'round yere"

"Do you all know," said Jack Moore, who had been lending his ear in silence, "that's the way it hits me the minute I sees this yere stranger. That's why I make the talk about rewards. It strikes me, somehow, he's bein' trailed for something."

"I don't know what you all feel's a comin'," said Texas Thomson sourly, "but you can gamble he eats them beans three times a day while he stays. I sees to that all personal."

"I was playin' poker in the Full Blown Rose last night an' I sees jacks on eights out three times," continued Rosewood, still assisting his musings with the soft clatter of the chips as he sorted them between his experienced thumb and forefinger. "That's the hand the dead man held an' is allers a warnin'."

Last Turn of the Cards.

The morning dawned on a ripple of excitement at the O. K. Hotel. The stranger lay white and dead. By his side, with an arm across his face, was the beautiful, life-abandoned body of a woman. It was the stranger in the dusk of the night before. Her hair was jet, and her dark skin, in the pallor of death, took the hue of cream. The stranger had met death by the stiletto, and the slender blade which wended him, thin as paper, keen as biting frost, had then been sheathed in the dark beauty's torrid heart.

"This yere is murder," said Armstrong, thoughtfully, as he gazed at the pair, "an' the first as Cinnabar sees. We has killin's yere before, but no murders, which is different a whole lot."

"I shore hopes whar he now is the grub beats beans a point," said Texas Thomson.

DAN QUIN.

COAL FOR A NATION.

The Unknown Resources of the Queen Charlotte Islands.

San Francisco Chronicle.]

It is a great comfort to write something that nobody is in a position to contradict. For this reason it is a distinct pleasure to write about the Queen Charlotte Islands. Their literature is as scanty as Eve's garments; and the half-dozen authorities hardly venture, as yet, into the delightful fields of controversy, because they are conscientious men, and gifted rather with wisdom than with mere information.

Not many years ago the continent between latitudes 48° and 54° was fringed with a plain, of which Vancouver and Queen Charlotte Islands are pageants. At about the close of the tertiary age there was a volcanic rupture of this plain along a line running about 100 miles from the coast range. This rupture developed the island range, which is about 6,000 feet high in Vancouver and 4,000 feet in the Queen Charlotte Islands.

It is possible that this rise corresponded with a rather sudden and violent depression of the coast range, which turned its lateral canyons into the marvellous fjords of the present time. The rooks of the secondary age, broken asunder by the eruption of the island range, happened to be full of coal, and to this slight circumstance we owe the Nanaimo mines, from which California derives a large part of her fuel supply. But the discovery of six-foot veins on Vancouver, and the development of a population of 7,000 people therefrom, by no means aroused the apathy of the sister islands to the northward.

True, an anthracite discovery was made, and a great deal of money spent in finding out the fact that the seam was dislocated and smashed to extermination by heat and pressure of the great upheaval, but it was not until two or three years ago that an enterprising prospector penetrated the utterly unexplored interior and unearthed two 20-foot seams of undisturbed bituminous coal, and within three miles therefrom discovered a fine harbor distant four days' travel from San Francisco.

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LIFE WITHOUT FOOD.

Succi's Recent Fast and Other Cases as Well Authenticated.

FACTS ABOUT THE LOSS OF FLESH.

How the Hindoo Fakirs Retain the Vital Spark Underground.

THIRST MORE DEADLY THAN HUNGER

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Fasting is a fad nowadays. We have amateur and professional fasters challenging each other to starve for the champion hunger belt. We have sleeping men and women who eat nothing for abnormally long periods. A Pennsylvania Dutchwoman, Mrs. Adam Wuchter, of Allentown, has eaten nothing, she declares, for four months. A Frenchwoman, Zelie Burrion, died last August after a 30-days' fast. She claimed to have fasted for nine years at a stretch at one time. A Poughkeepsie dentist lately fasted 45 days, not wholly, however, as he drank a cup of milk or coffee daily. He fasted to reduce his weight, losing a pound a day. There are numerous well-authenticated cases where with drink and a morsel of food persons have fasted for years.

On December 23, 1890, a case was reported at Martin's Ferry, O., of a certain Mrs. Timothy Callahan, 79 years old, who lived, they say, on tea and milk for four months. In 1889 our own Citizen Train fasted 100 days. His fast was only partial, as he drank chocolate and ate fruit freely. Tanner's fast of 40 days, in 1880, was absolute and undoubted. Merlatti, a professional faster and rival of Succi, fasted 50 days. Succi's longest fast was in New York for 45 days. It concluded the 20th of December, 1890. The "elixir" which he desired to sell to the Government was not thought of value sufficient to warrant its purchase. His fast had no scientific value, as it merely exhibited the endurance possessed by one man.

The Prime of Life the Best.

Fasting, like every other violent infraction of nature's rules, is a matter of individual constitution, the life principle being in some so strong as to enable them to support almost unharmed that which will speedily kill another. From 17 to 20 days represents the mean duration of life of a man who is starving. Children are capable of less resistance to starvation than adults. The aged bear moderate fasting better than persons in the prime of life, but are less able to endure total abstinence from food. Of three individuals subjected to absolute starvation—a child, a man or woman in the prime of life and an old man—in all probability the child would die first, the old man next, and lastly the vigorous man or woman. There is always less suffering from hunger when it is possible to drink, hence professional fasters drink water freely.

Experiments recently made in a French hospital proved that 15 days are the utmost limit than life can be supported without eating or drinking. A vigorous man cannot live longer than five days without either drink or food. The suffering is greater during the first 24 hours of fasting; after that the pain diminishes. We all know that if hunger is not satisfied it disappears after a certain time. If we do not eat at our accustomed hour the appetite and craving soon wear off and cease to torment us.

What Frightened Faster Succi.

The greatest loss of weight occurs during the first few days of fasting. Then a moderate drain sets in. During the last few days of starvation a considerable loss again takes place and this is the forerunner of death. It was the knowledge of this physiological fact which made Succi so anxious when toward the close of his last fast he lost so much weight. Had he not begun to pick up just at the very last his fast would have terminated in death.

Many scientists are of the opinion that the mind has much to do with the ability to sustain a prolonged period of hunger. They declare that the insane can bear the continued deprivation of food better than the mentally sound, because they do not understand their peril. Succi has been twice confined in an insane asylum.

Professional fasters perform their experiments under exceptionally favorable conditions, as they have but to call for food to obtain it. They have, therefore, no concern about their fate. Very different is the situation of shipwrecked people or miners buried in the earth. They know that no help can come to them until a relieving ship comes from the far unknown or large masses of earth and stone have been removed, and mental suffering adds to physical, lessening the power of resistance to hunger. In the last stage of starvation the bones stick to the skin, the eyes sink deep in their orbits, the breath becomes fœtid, the complexion earthy, the tongue black and the skin is covered with a sooty scurf, The sooty aspect of the skin is a common symptom in great famines, such as occur in India and China.

What the Faster Loses First.

Anyone beginning to diet for the purpose of reduction of fat will be pleased at the ease with which the first ten pounds are got rid of and puzzled at the difficulty and slowness of parting with the second ten. The reason of this is that the first ten consist of surfeit stuff washed out of the system, bloat and refuse in the tissues which is not the real fat, but inorganized material. After this is gone, the loss becomes steady by the reduction of the genuine fat. The fasts of the present day are short compared to some of those of ancient times, if indeed they be authentic, which is difficult of belief.

Take the case of Catherine Binder, of Heidelberg, who lived in 1587. It is seriously recorded that she neither ate nor drank for seven years! This is followed by the amusing statement that she was treated by a quack, and so lost the taste for cold food. Another girl, in 1586, lived on water for four years. In 1604 Apollonia Schrierer, of Berne, Switzerland, kept awake and without food or drink for two weeks. A girl of Spires lived three years on wine or water. Another of Cologne, four years. But the most marvelous of all was the woman described by Vandermonde in 1760, who took nothing but a few drops of milk occasionally for 26 years.

Feats of Hindoo Fakirs.

The utmost limit of endurance of absolute starvation has doubtless been attained by the Hindoo yogis and fakirs who, by lifeloing training in asceticism, sometimes reduce their animal economy to such conditions of subservience to the will that they actually seem to set at defiance the laws governing all other animal life. A yogi ceases to take food or drink, to breathe, and even stops the circulation of his blood, yet continues to live though to all seeming dead. He reduces his body by his will to the condition of a watch that, without being broken or having run down, is forcibly stopped. It has inherent all requisite potentialities for going, but it does not go until it is started by intelligent application of a force controlled by will. And this is no mere fantastic traveler's tale, but well-authenticated fact, as is demonstrated in the following excerpt from "Isis Unveiled:"

"According to Napier, Osborne, Major Lawes, Quenouillett, Nikiforovitch and many other modern witnesses fakirs are now proved to be able, by a long course of diet, preparation and repose, to bring their bodies into a condition which enables them to be buried six feet under ground for an indefinite period. Sir Claude Wade was present at the court of Rundjit Singh when the fakir mentioned by the Hon. Captain Osborne was buried alive for six weeks in a box placed in a cell three feet below the floor of the room. To prevent the chance of deception, a guard comprising two companies of soldiers had been detailed, and four sentries were furnished and relieved every two hours, night and day, to guard the building from intrusion. * * * On opening it," says Sir Claude, "we saw a figure inclosed in a bag of white linen, fastened by a string over the head. * * * The servant then began pouring warm water over the figure. * * * The legs and arms of the body were shriveled and stiff, the face full, the head reclining on the shoulder like that of a corpse. I then called to the medical gentleman who was attending me to come down and inspect the body, which he did, but could discover no pulsation in the heart, the temples or the arm. There was, however, a heat about the region of the brain which no other part of the body exhibited."

The Process of Resuscitation.

Regretting that the limits of my space forbid the quotation of the details of this interesting story, I will only add that the process of resuscitation included bathing in hot water, friction, the removal of wax and cotton pledgets from the nostrils and ears, the rubbing of the eyelids with ghee or clarified butter, and, what will appear most curious to many, the application of a hot wheaten cake, about an inch thick, "to the top of the head." After the cake had been applied for the third time, the body was violently convulsed, the nostrils became inflated, the respiration ensued, and the limbs assumed a natural fullness; but the pulsation was still faintly perceptible. "The tongue was then anointed with ghee; the eyeballs became dilated and recovered their natural color, and the fakir recognized those present and spoke."

It should be noticed that not only had the nostrils and ears been plugged, but the tongue had been thrust back so as to close the gullet, thus effectually stopping the orifices against the admission of atmospheric air. While in India a fakir told us that this was done not only to prevent the action of the air upon the organic tissues, but also to guard against the deposit of germs of decay, which, in case of suspended animation, would cause decomposition exactly as they do in any other meat exposed to air.

Afraid of the White Ants.

There are also localities in which a fakir would refuse to be buried, such as the many spots in Southern India infested with white ants, which annoying termites are considered among the most dangerous enemies of man and his property. They are so voracious as to devour everything they find except perhaps metals. As to wood, there is no kind through which they would not burrow, and even bricks and mortar offer but little impediment to their formidable armies. They will patiently work through mortar, destroying it particle by particle, and a fakir, however holy himself and strong his temporary coffin, would not risk finding his body devoured when it was time for his resuscitation.

Then, here is a case, only one of many, substantiated by the testimony of two English noblemen, one of them an army officer, and a Hindu Prince, who was as great a skeptic as themselves. It places science in this embarrassing dilemma: It must either give the lie to many unimpeachable witnesses or admit that if one fakir can resuscitate after six weeks, any other fakir can also; and if a fakir, why not a Lazarus, a Shunamite or the daughter of Jairus?

Buried Alive for Ten Months.

Mrs. Catherine Crowe, in her "Night Side of Nature," gives us the particulars of a similar burial of a fakir, in the presence of General Ventura, together with the Maharajah and many of his Sirdars. The political agent at Loodhiana was "present when he was disinterred, ten months after he had been buried." The coffin or box contained the fakir, "being buried in a vault, the earth was thrown over it and trod down, after which a crop of barley was sown on the spot and sentries placed to watch it."

"The Maharajah, however," says the author, "was so skeptical that in spite of all these precautions he had him, twice in the six months, dug up and examined, and each time he was found to be exact