A REVIEW OF SPORTS.

Causes of the Recent Defeats of the Local Baseball Club Fully Discussed.

IS MANAGER HANLON TO BLAME?

The Very Bad Features of the Columbus Elks Expelling Infielder Reilly From the Order.

ABOUT THE ANTI-BETTING LAWS.

English Opinion About the Late Battle Between Jem Carney and Dick Burge.

So bad has been the recent showing of the local ball team that it requires nerve in strong quantities to say a word in favor of the players. When that which we call the public issues its decree of condemnation against anything or anybody, one has to assume a little boldness to speak well of that which is under the public ban. I am quite aware that the Pittsburg public, that is, that portion of it interested in baseball, has, to say the least, become very discontented about the local ball team. The baseball public, it must be remembered, is very sensitive to victory and defeat. If victory is the order of the day, all is well; indeed, all is enthusiasm to a very high degree; but if defeat is the leading feature, censure, contempt and condemnation come to the front. Just a week or two ago we, in Pittsburg, were all smiles, and were piping off fine words of praise to everybody connected with the team; now we are quite the opposite. A series of defeats has caused a wonderful change. A few days ago we were one and all declaring: "Didn't I tell you that Hanlon and O'Neil were just the men to get a winning team." Presto! Change! now we are one and all saying: "Didn't I tell you that Hanlon wasn't cut out to be a manager and that O'Neil talks too much to do good work." Well, now, changes of opinion and sympathies are natural, but in changing our opinions so suddenly we should be careful to not attach any unnecessary blame to any person. While my estimation of the team is not as high as it was I am still firmly convinced that neither Manager Hanlon nor any other official in the club is responsible for the many defeats suffered lately. It may be true that there have been occasions on which the judgment of Mr. Hanlon has been at fault, but tell me any manager in the entire baseball business who steers clear of mistakes and particularly when his team is having a streak of defeats. We all know that we have a class of people who are always ready to applaud a successful experiment, and when it is made declare in the loudest voice that it should have been made sooner. Mark, they never ventured an opinion about it before it was tried. But if that experiment proved to be a failure the class of people I refer to exclaim: "Why, that was the stupidest thing in creation to try and do." So that a baseball manager having in charge a team that is being defeated has very much the worst of it no matter how we look at the matter.

What Causes the Poor Work?

To find out definitely what are the causes of the defeat of a baseball team is often a very complicated question. Since the local team have struck their downward course I dare say that almost all kinds of causes have been urged, but I sum the entire matter up in two words: Bad playing. That the team have played very badly none of us can deny, and if we examine things closely I think we'll find that the pitchers have not been to blame, nor has the management. The pitchers have done their work so well that we need not stop to argue their case. The two chief causes then have been bad fielding and weak hitting. Now I think we have the causes of defeat clearly before us. Then comes the question for those who are decrying Manager Hanlon to decide: How far is a manager responsible for bad fielding and weak hitting? I would like some of those complainers to answer the question for me. I have my own notion about it and I fear that it will not meet the views of those who are ever trying to make a scapegoat of a baseball manager. In my estimation a manager is only responsible to the extent of getting the best work out of a man or a number of men. He cannot possibly be expected to make a man do something that the man cannot do; in other words, if he is not a first-class player and cannot be one, his manager must not be blamed because the player does not do first-class work. That is plain enough, certainly. Well, then, what about the fielding of our team? Can any of us with any fairness make Hanlon responsible for the bad work of Miller and Reilly? Bear in mind, that these two have themselves lost a sufficient number of games to have placed the team in first place had these defeats been victories. Hanlon or any other man could not make Miller play anything like first-class at short and the same may be said in relation to Reilly. But I will be asked by some why Manager Hanlon has not secured an infielder to take Miller's place. That is just the difficulty. How and where can he secure such a player? I asked the question last Sunday and an Arkansas correspondent reminds me of Walsh, Shugart and Schoch, of the Western League. But he stops where I stop. Can we get them? is his question and so it is mine. It is just as sure as we live that if either Manager Hanlon or President O'Neil knew of any infielder who was superior to Miller he would be secured if possible. But if an infielder of better qualities than Miller could not be secured surely we cannot blame Manager Hanlon. To further prove the correctness of my line of argument I will ask, is it any more reasonable to make Hanlon responsible for the imperfect work of Miller and Reilly than to argue he is the cause of the good work of Beckley and Bierbauer? Manager Hanlon is not the cause of the brilliant work of the two last named. They are first-class ball players, and as such they do their work. Miller and Reilly are not, and because they are not is no fault of Mr. Hanlon.

About the Poor Hitting.

Then comes the matter of poor hitting. One of the most disappointing features of the local team has been their poor hitting; in fact, I may say that this has been really the most disappointing feature. The team were gotten together to be a hitting team; in hitting almost its entire strength was to lie. But as a result we so far have almost the worst lot of players in the country as far as hitting the ball is concerned. This lack of hitting has been one of the chief sources of defeat. But I ask: Is Manager Hanlon responsible for a man who goes to the plate and fails to hit the ball? Is Manager Hanlon to be blamed because Pete Browning faces the pitcher day after day and strikes out? I fancy I hear somebody saying: "Why Hanlon should instruct them how to bat." Good gracious! Have we gotten a lot of school boys who don't know how to bat. Has Manager Hanlon to give men like Beckley, Browning and Carroll lessons in batting? Certainly there are times when a manager is required to instruct as to a sacrifice hit, but in this respect Manager Hanlon's judgment, no matter whether it has been good or bad, has cut very little figure. The great fault has been that our big hitters have time after time gone to bat and failed to make a hit. I hold that Manager Hanlon is not responsible for this; it is entirely the fault of the players. To shows that Manager Hanlon is responsible for these defects that I have named it must be shown that the players who are doing poor work can do better if they choose. If this were proven then we would have some proof of the existence of a "conspiracy" against Hanlon. But I firmly believe that every player in the team is doing his best. They have simply gone out of form and to a great extent have been failures. I am not for one moment going to argue that Mr. Hanlon is a perfect manager. I am not dealing with his status at all; what I am discussing is simply one or two false notions regarding his responsibilities for the recent defeats. It is not for a moment to be supposed that Mr. Hanlon is an ideal manager or anything of the like. I don't think he would lay claim to any such qualification, but as we have seen it has not been because of any defective executive ability that the team has been beaten so often, but almost entirely because of bad fielding and weak hitting. Whatever may be the future of the team we will all do well if we try our best to at all times give credit where credit is due and to place the blame where it ought to be placed.

The Race for the Pennant.

The contest for the League pennant continues to be one of the most exciting on record, and I am more convinced than ever that the New York team will finally land as the winners. From the commencement of the season I have pinned my faith to the Giants, and at times they looked a very discouraging lot. But the team are a lot of great ball players and they are better equipped to-day than any team in the country. They are ready to meet very great emergencies at any point. Of course, Anson has a fine lot of ball players, but if Hutchinson should fall by the wayside what would the great captain do? He is a man of great resource, no doubt, but if ever he had occasion to capture a good man or two, he needs to land hands on one or two good pitchers now. Anson's lack of good pitchers threatens to wreck all his prospects, and if his pitchers do not begin to show up in better form his team will soon drop down. It is hardly to be expected that Hutchinson can hold out pitching almost every other day. The Brooklyns are getting down to their best form and as soon as they do so they will give a good account of themselves. While they don't seem to have any chance for the pennant, they will certainly take a prominent place if all goes well. And the Cincinnati team have been doing good work during the week. Speaking of that team reminds me of the fault found about management, etc. A few days ago the Reds were losing every day and nothing was right about the management of the team. As soon as the team won three or four games straightaway nothing was wrong, although the management as well as the captain had not in the least changed their policy. The Reds are a good lot of players. The Bostons do not seem to be any better or any worse than ever so far as the season is concerned. One thing becomes more and more apparent, viz, that the Brooklyns of '91 are not as strong as the Bostons of '89. The Phillies still continue to be a little weak in pitchers, and are weak in batting. And the Clevelands. What a plucky lot of fellows they are, and how misfortune clings to them. It may sound strange, but amid the recent defeats of that team my valuation of their playing abilities has become higher than it was when they started out defeating almost everybody. The Cleveland team are under a great disadvantage in not having Tebeau's services, and their pitchers are also a little weak just now. But taking everything into consideration, Cleveland has a very good and a decidedly plucky team.

A Contemptible Piece of Work.

Every lover of fair play and the honor of secret societies cannot but blush for the sinister action of a few men at Columbus, who call themselves Elks. These individuals, of whom Born and Lazarus are the leaders, have banded together and expelled Reilly, the infielder of the local team, from the order. Of course, I don't mean to say that this will cause the heavens to fall or that Reilly will be compelled to make his future abode in the wilds of Siberia, but I do say that I do not know of a more contemptible or despicable method of getting revenge, if revenge it can be called. This viperous piece of work will go on record to the lasting shame and disgrace of all who aided in it, and it is a thousand pities that what we call social organizations do in anyway whatever recognize such outrageous actions. Just think of it for a moment. Reilly expelled from a social and beneficial order because he acted honorably to himself and in accordance with law to others. Reilly did not violate a pledge or break an oath; but most certainly those schemers, who have in the most cowardly manner tried to be revenged on Reilly, broke faith, not only with Reilly, but with others. What about Born and Lazarus, ye honorable Elks of Columbus? Have they to escape after trampling under foot the contract they made with Brother Reilly? The case is so simple to understand, that few of us will be ready to believe that such diabolical work could be countenanced by any portion of American citizens. Reilly is making a living as a baseball player. He signed a contract with the Columbus club to play this season for that club. But Messrs. Born and Lazarus went to work and violated their contract with Reilly, as we all know, and as the courts have so decided when that violation had taken place, and indeed it was a violation of the low, cunning order, Reilly, like other players, was free to act as he chose in the way of playing ball for other teams. Accordingly, Reilly signed with the Pittsburg club so as to be within the protection of the national agreement. Subsequently Born and Lazarus tried various means of persuading Reilly to return to Columbus, but he could not honorably do that. Then Born and Lazarus entered suit against Reilly, and as a result Judge Maxwell told Born and Lazarus that Reilly had done nothing wrong. And then followed one of the meanest and the most sinister conspiracies to ruin a man socially that has ever disgraced the name of any honorable organization in the country. When the civil and moral law had vindicated the action of Reilly his dastardly enemies took advantage of their Columbus minions, and a lodge of the honored Order of Elks, and expelled Reilly from the order because he had not "worked for the welfare of a brother." Did you ever know of such a wicked piece of work? Surely in the name of everything that is right and just the Elks generally will not allow a precedent of this kind to stain their heretofore untarnished annals. The precedent will certainly open the way to a very wide field. But it is quite clear that the action of the Columbus Elks has not been prompted by any admiration of principle; it has been prompted by a low and depraved desire to be revenged on a man who entirely acted within his own moral and civil right. But, I ask, when Born and Lazarus resolved to break away from the national agreement and take the players with them, were they working for the benefit of the players, Elks or otherwise? Certainly not. They were working for their own selfish ends, irrespective of fair dealing, honor or anything else that would benefit the players. The case of Reilly's is one that concerns every ball player who is a member of the Order of Elks; and they ought to consider the matter in the most careful manner. As long as the Columbus expulsion remains unchallenged the public cannot have a very high opinion of the Elks. The truth is that if the same principle that has been enforced against Reilly was freely applied wherever there is reason for it the Order of Elks would soon vanish from existence. But there must be a court of less prejudice and bigotry and of greater authority than the Columbus faction to which Reilly and his counsel can appeal. There must be a court where at least members can have justice meted out to them. If there is not such a tribunal then baseball players ought at once to seriously consider whether they are among friends or foes.

The Anti-Betting Laws.

If there is anything like farcical law in this country, the laws having for their purpose the suppression of betting must go into the list. I have ever held the opinion that there were some things in human nature that human laws could not suppress, and among these somethings I have always classed betting. It can be regulated, but so far the history of human beings proves that it cannot be suppressed. We have laws in this State, and we have men who are reaping good remuneration for their supposed enforcement of these anti-betting laws. But, just let me tell you, gentle reader, that during this week I have in Pittsburg noticed more betting than I almost ever did when betting was allowed to go on in this city under a very sensible system of regulation. To prevent the present system would require every man to be in charge of another man, the latter's duty being to stop his charge from betting. There is no regular place of betting just now because bets are daily being made all over the city, and the bets generally speaking are big ones. Now, does this not show how futile are efforts of the law to abolish betting? The truth is the more the law tries to abolish it the worse it becomes, because it then begins to lose the limitations that kept it fair and honest. During a long experience I have always found that the persons who talk most about abolishing betting by law are those who know the least about betting. I am not arguing the moral features of betting by any means. It may be right and it may be wrong; but what I am stating is simply this: That is nonsense to suppose that because there are no public poolrooms there is no betting; that there is just as much betting as ever, and that it is conducted on a worse principle by all means. As an observer of the effects of betting I unhesitatingly say that it is far better to have a licensed poolroom, where the business is conducted by responsible people, than to have the streets crowded with irresponsible and clandestine bettors. Had space permitted I could easily have shown the futility of the law, after 500 or 600 years' trial to abolish it. Wise lawmakers have now become so much convinced of this futility that they have made up their minds to only regulate it. We may regulate the course of a stream when it would be nearly impossible to stem it back entirely. This fact should have some weight with those who are persistently trying to make us all better morally.

More About Cary's Records.

Since last Sunday there has been much said about the claims of Luther Cary for the 100-yard and 220-yard records. I have not space at command this week to say much on the question, but it is of so much importance that I cannot refrain from referring to it. As I intimated last week there is one thing quite apparent, viz., that there is a vast amount of prejudice existing against Cary among the wiseacres. I am inclined to believe that if Cary had been somebody else, or if he had been a member of some other club, there would not have been half the objecting to his claims that there has been. I am sure it is extremely annoying to note the hair-splitting efforts of some people to show that Cary only ran 220 yards in 21 4-5 and not in 21¾. Of course, this hair-splitting is all right in some respects, but let me ask how many records have we on the list to-day that have been so critically examined as those of Cary? Let me particularly draw attention to the American professional sprinting records. And one authority, who evidently is very hostile toward Cary utilized nearly an entire newspaper page last week to prove that Cary's time in the 220-yard race was nearer 21 4-5 seconds than 21¾. I don't know what the amateur magnates will do with Cary's latest claim of running 100 yards in 9¾ seconds, but I will be extremely surprised if certain gentlemen do not make a terrible kick against it. The statements of the gentlemen who timed Cary and who measured the distance fully bear out Cary's claim of breaking the record. But we have already seen that there are times when the amateur Poo-Bahs will not lend an ear to statements but just decide as to what in their judgment could be done or ought to be done.

The Carney and Burge Battle.

During the week a friend of mine has forwarded me a full account of the battle between Jem Carney and Dick Burge for the English lightweight championship. In substance the account shows that Burge had the better of Carney up to the time when the battle was stopped. In the first few rounds Burge could hit Carney where and when he choose. Carney was so well aware of this that he at once began rushing in on his man, clinching him and throwing him violently down and falling on him. The account of the battle I am referring to was written by a gentleman I know, and I know that he is able and trustworthy. Here is his account of the last round:

"Carney came up this time quite as briskly as his antagonist. He began with the left on Burge's chin, and then, after a little sparring, the men got close together. Carney again threw his man, and once more a foul was claimed. Burge, still keeping very cool, rose with deliberation in order to avoid Carney's rush. The latter now dashed in and threw his man again. Burge got up and turned round to appeal to the referee himself. Carney then rushed at him from behind with a big blow. Burge turned half round, and Carney closed and backheeled him, dropping on him as he fell. When the Newcastle man rose again Carney hit him low, and the referee thereupon very rightly awarded the fight to Burge, after the round had lasted two minutes. The proceedings had been pretty noisy all along, but now the din was deafening. Carney's supporters loudly objected to the decision, and for a moment a riot seemed imminent. Poor Carney cried like a child in the ring, and loudly protested innocence of having done wrong, but a good decision had been given, and he had to abide by it, the crowd ultimately leaving the building in orderly fashion. Carney's face bore signs of much punishment, but beyond his swollen lips Burge looked little the worse."

Carney Past His Day.

The writer of the above account winds up, referring to Burge, as follows: "He has, it is true, beaten a man past his very best days, but he defeated a hitherto unbeaten man, Carney being still a good fighter with immense gameness and stamina. This latter quality was shown yesterday. He did not begin to show his old liking for the business until more than midway in the battle, and had Burge instead of playing the waiting game described gone to work in the fast, furious style in which we have seen him perform, he would have beaten him earlier in a different way. Still he obeyed orders, and fought bravely and well. Carney, on the other hand, over and over again fought foully, and thoroughly earned the disqualification he received. The verdict was given—I have the authority of the referee for saying—on all the three points mentioned in the description of the last moments of the round. Altogether forty-two minutes were spent over the battle." PRINGLE.

STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL DIAMOND.

It Was Obtained by a Surgeon From a Brazilian by Sharp Practice.

A rare diamond, weighing nearly four carets, now in New York, has a remarkable history. It was found in the gold district of Brazil by a native, who did not know its value, but kept it as a "luck" stone. One day while journeying to a camp of traders with his gold dust he was bitten by a serpent. Applying the antidote known to the people of that country, he proceeded on his way, but had not gone far when he was again bitten. He treated himself for the second wound and continued on his journey. While stooping to drink from a brook the fangs of a snake were fastened in the bag which contained the stone. On reaching the camp he was found to be succumbing rapidly to the effects of the venom, and when questioned by the camp surgeon told how the snake had seized the bag at his throat.

The surgeon was permitted to see the stone, and, suspecting its real character, he told the native that it was extremely dangerous to have it about him, as it attracted venomous reptiles, and advised him to sink it in a neighboring brook. The superstitious finder of the diamond acted upon the suggestion, and the covetous surgeon, having watched the proceeding, availed himself of the first opportunity to fish the gem from its hiding place. The diamond was purchased recently from the cutter in Europe by Edwin A. Thrall, of New York.

Reliable.

Philadelphia Times.]

"Who did you hear it from?"

"The president herself."

"I got it from the secretary."

"That accounts for the sameness in the story. They are both officials in the same secret society, you know."

THEY STOOD BY PETE.

How the Advent of a Woman With a Title to a Leading Citizen

RUFFLED UP CINNABAR CAMP.

The Miners Kept the Wanted Man Hidden While They Negotiated.

SAVED BY FOUR STACKS OF YELLOWS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

"I shore hopes you all ain't unjust enough to go a-blaimin' of me about it," said Old Monte pathetically as he sought comfort in his deep grief at the Gold Mine bar. "I wasn't aimin' nuthin' when I brings her into camp."

"Oh! Thar ain't nobody goin' to blamin' you pertic'lr," said Armstrong with sour grimness. "Only you needn't be lookin' for no ovation on account of it, neither. Your bringin' of her has shorely busted Pete wide open, you can gamble on that."

"When she takes the stage in Tucson," asked Rosewood Jim, "don't she tip her hand none—don't she outline her little game to you nor nuthin'? I hears females is great talkers, that way; not allers, of course, but usual."

"She don't tip nuthin'," said Old Monte desperately as he took such a swallow of whisky, that, had it been water, would have consoled a parched cow. "I reckon we all is 20 miles out from Tucson when all at once this yere old Razor Back, she turns to me and says: 'Do you all know a party named Pete Sims?' 'Do I know big Pete Sims?' says I, 'wel I shorely know big Pete Sims. Me an' Pete takes our nosepaint in yoonison

I'VE GOT MY DEED TO PETE.

frequent, an' you can bet all your raiment Pete's mighty good wood, too.' Then we don't say nothin' for may be a mile like.

After a Recreant Husband.

"After a while she makes another swoop," continued Old Monte. 'If Big Pete Sims is good wood, he's shore turned good wood since I sees him,' she says. 'But good wood or not, he's my lawful wedded husband an' I've come trackin' in all the way from Tennessee for the worthless felon, an' it'll be mighty funny if I don't get him.' An' yere," continued Old Monte, "she shore looks like she regards Pete as her prey."

"Well," said Old Monte, "I don't say no more; but sets thar a feelin' mighty pensive for Pete on account of this yere female crazy horse ahoppin' in an' claimin' of him, when a idee ketches me. I'm some guileful, that away, an' I makes up my mind to set a stack in for pete if I lose. So I tackles the old Silver Tip agin."

"'Womern,' I says mighty stern, 'however do we all know this yere is straight? We jest gets your word. Maybe Pete's bein' abducted, in which event Cinnabar don't give him up; none whatever.'

"'Nuthin' but my word, eh?' she says. 'Now, look yere, you miser'ble, red-faced old drunkard, don't you go tryin' to bluff the law none. I've got my deed to Pete—my marriage deed—an' yere it is all reg'lar.' An' then she pulls the deed outen her bosom," continued Old Monte, ruefully,

Our Furniture Was Loose.

"an' slaps it under my nose, an', of course, I slings my hand in the discard an' quits her. She's shore too many for me; an' to tell the straight of it, I ain't none certain she don't take it into her head to rope me up along of Pete an' make a team of us. I figures she's been a-eatin' of loco or something an' is clean crazy."

Not Used to Such an Invasion.

If ever one sentiment predominated all others in the Cinnabar breast it was the determination to protect her citizens from any outside force. The local vigilance committee, under the resolute leadership of Armstrong, was liable to convoke at any time, and, gaining a rope from the nearest saddle and inspiration from the nearest misdeed of the patient, hang a valued son or so to the windmill or some other structure eligible for the purpose. But there never was Sheriff more puissant, no outside officer of the law, no alien posse comitatus, who could ride in and make captive Cinnabar's meanest citizen. Business would suspend first, men would cease their daily walk and a hundred gallant hearts would belt on their six-shooters and fight 'round the liberty of Cinnabar to the death.

But here came danger in unusual form. An arrogant, confident woman, with the nose of a hawk, a hard face and bitter eye; a wrinkled, gnarled and threatening looking female of portentous, awful sort, had invaded Cinnabar and laid claim to a leading citizen. To be sure she had not been there long—a few hours indeed—and her victim, Big Pete Sims, by a craven concealment of his wretched person—a concealment, however, earnestly advised by some of the most dauntless minds of Cinnabar, and in no wise to be regarded as impugning Mr. Sims's gameness—had so far escaped, but even the most buoyant and optimistic admitted this condition could not last forever. The future held a day when Mr. Sims would be taken, that was sure.

"A card may turn winner 20 times, but it shorely lose at last," said Rosewood Jim, and the experienced sentiment of Cinnabar justified the aphorism.

Pete Hid Himself in a Store.

"Wherever is this yere Big Pete hid up at?" inquired Bill Tutt, who with the rest felt the tenderest interest in that unfortunate.

"Hesh!" said Armstrong in a fierce whisper. "Don't go for to yellin' like a Ute. This yere frightful woman is over in the O. K. Hotel now, an' thar's no tellin' how far them y'ears of hers can reach."

"Well, wherever is Pete?" said Tutt in a lower tone.

"He's over layin' mighty low in the back room of the New York store," said Jack Moore. "He's all right for a while. Pendin' which we'all must plan a whole lot toward savin' of him."

"It's mighty bafflin', though," said Armstrong in gloomy perplexity. "It looks like she's shorely got Pete cinched."

"Let's go injunin' over all on the dead quiet," said Texas Thomson, "an' hold a pow-wow and a heap big think with Pete. Maybe we-all sees some trail out."

"An' s'pose while we do, Armstrong," said Rosewood Jim, "you lope over to the O. K. Hotel an' see how close you can come to prevailin' on this yere person by lies an' arguments to abandon her fiendish plots again' pore Pete."

"Of course I goes," said Armstrong, with the air of a calmly desperate man. "I'm the last man to lay down on any public dooty as gets sawed onto me all reg'lar. But I warns you agin havin' any hopes tharof, 'cause it won't win."

An Interview With the Fugitive.

There was that in the air of Cinnabar which inspired a spirit of high resolve in her people. There was nothing which could come to one of them, in the form of public claim, which would not be fully met, though a life were the certain forfeit. So Armstrong, despairing but determined, at once moved on the O. K. Hotel, which had been assumed as headquarters by the enemy. Nor Horatius nor Curtius could have done more.

The rest made a wide circuit in the most surreptitious fashion, and at last found the unfortunate Mr. Sims in his retirement. He was securing himself against fate by drinking whisky and eating crackers and cheese, which simple and direct regalement he took with such a sad, pathetic air that the sight moved Texas Thomson, who was of a mercurial and sympathetic sort, almost to tears.

"She ain't got me tracked down yet boys, has she?" asked Mr. Sims, drearily.

On receiving assurances of present safety, and in deference to a question from Rosewood Jim, Mr. Sims told a brief story.

"This yere lady gits her brand onto me," he said in a tone of deep sadness, "back may be seven years ago, som'ers in Tennessee. I wasn't full of tum tum them days, an' would follow off a wagon track, or anything. She crosses my trail at some church play, as was bein' made, if I remembers rightly—makin' the short-horn who was a-preachin' thar a rag carpet, I reckon it was—an' boys, she lays for me. Well, she keeps pesterin' an' pervadin' 'round until, one day, she gets me excited, an' I sorter lose track of my hand, and marries her."

A Woman He Could Boss.

Here Mr. Sims took a mighty draught as if to drown the memory of his fall. "Boys," continued Mr. Sims, wiping his rueful lips, "I ain't been clean strain game enough to see this lady since she comes this time, and knows nothin' of her personal appearance, but when I weds her she looks all smooth an' sweet enough. 'This is easy,' I says to myse'f, flippant like at the time, 'this is shorely easy. There's a woman as will be a comfort an' a he'pmeet an' who I can boss.' You'd a-said so, too, if you was thar; she looks that ca'm an' good.

"But pards you oughter lift one of her griddles once. She's a ragin', fiery furnace inside."

"H'ist in another drink, Pete," said Texas Thomson, anxiously.

"Well, to cut her short," continued Mr. Sims after dolefully accepting the refreshment tendered by the sympathizing Texan, "things go on maybe a month, an' one mornin' she says, 'See yere, you binged sot, go get me some light wood.'

"'Womern,' I says, 'do you-all know who you're addressin? Do you know you're talkin' to the boss—to the head of this yere family?'

"'Boss nuthin',' she says all contemptuous. 'You ain't boss of nuthin'. You never was boss 'round yere. You jest has lots to say.' An' then—you see pards; bein' jest wedded that away, the furniture was all loose an' little like—she goes a clawin' up things an' a-heavin' of 'em at me. Well, I never could stand it to be chunked up none, so I quits her right thar an' yere I be."

Protested His Usual Gameness.

"Yere you be for a fact," said Jack Moore, who had listened with great interest and now spoke in a tone of friendly zeal. "Yere you be, Pete, an' yere, too, is she likewise. Now the question is, whatever do we play next?"

"Don't go back on me, pards," said Mr. Sims, almost in tears. "It looks like I never could stand it to be took back to Tennessee by this yere lady, an' I places myse'f under your protection. I'm game enough usual. You know, Texas, how I shoots up Tucson an' splits even with the Marshal when he comes a-tamperin' 'round; but people, I has to lay down to this yere lady."

"I'll tell you what you do, Pete," said Bill Tutt. "Paint yourse'f up for war an' take your guns an' go for her all spraddled out; a-whoopin' an' a-shootin', an maybe you scares her away."

"It wouldn't work none, Bill," said the hopeless Mr. Sims. "You-all might do it, but I couldn't. This yere lady knows me."

"Well, whatever does she say?" asked Rosewood Sim of Armstrong as that good man came in.

"It ain't no sorter use," said Armstrong gravely. "She allows she will have him, an' she's shore got the dockyments. I say to her—aimin' to lie her out of it—'Marm,' I says, 'You're lookin' for Big Pete Sims?'

"'Well, says she mighty fierce, 'whatever of that?'

"'Oh, nuthin' of that,' I says, 'only Pete he's dead a whole lot. He was prowlin' up canyon a few days before you trails in yere, an' he meets a varmint an' gets all chewed up.'

Her Pete Was a Terror.

"'Don't you go for to foolin' with me,' she says. 'Thar ain't no varmint 'round yere could chew my Pete.'

"'Well, marm,' I says sorter pacifyin' like, 'Pete war'nt chewed. This is how it was. He gets impulsive an' grabs the pot in a game of dror the other evenin'—he a-holding of aces up or some sech trifling hand—an' a man who owns a club flush, queen at the head, gets that proud about it he shoots a hole in Pete's fore'ed, and tharupon Pete ups an' dies mighty prompt in full hopes, as he imparts to me in confidence at the time, of a glorious resurrection. That's the straight and oncurrupted trooth, marm.'

"'You can't come no game on me, stranger,' she says. 'Thar ain't no two-legged man round yere can shoot holes into the fore'erd of my Pete.'

"So, then," continued Armstrong, "I throws myse'f upon her mercy an' tells her how happy Peter is before she comes. How he lives yere all gay an' ontrammeled as a buck prairie dog, an' no one for to molest him or make him afraid. But it ain't no use. She says she'll shore have him, an' final she gets plumb frenzied; an' when I leaves her she's gnawin' away on the aige of a white ash table like a beaver, a-takin' of the wire aige offen her emotions."

"Never you mind, Pete." said Texas Thomson in a burst of encouragement as he pressed his friend's hand. "We take you outen this yere trap or tears the town down."

A Boodle Scheme Proposed.

"Whatever for a scheme would it be to buy Pete off?" said Bill Tutt. "Couldn't we fix this yere womern now with money?"

The idea was good. Rosewood Jim, as one persuasive of speech and fertile of brain, was selected to try. The rest awaited his return.

"Marm," said Rosewood Jim, "I'm a sportin' man myself, an' used to buyin' chances. You makes some claim agin a pard an' fellow-townsman named Big Pete Sims. This yere gives you a chance, as it were, on Pete—not a good chance—but still a chance. Now I strolls up all plain and business like to buy your chance on Pete. What is your figure, may I ask?"

"Whar is Pete?" asked the lady with some venom. "An' why don't he come yere like a man to me, hisself?"

"Pete's hid," said Rosewood, camly. "He don't come 'cause those who heels an' gaffs him at this yere crisis forbids the play. He's hid. He's got a quarter-bar'l of Willow Run an' chuck for six months an' is armed to the teeth. He's drinkin' hard all the time an' gives it out cold he'll die an' end his own life before he'll be took alive. Will you take $500 for your chance in Pete, marm?"

"No I won't," responded the lady. "Do you really reckon now he would kill hisself?"

"I'm plumb shore he would," asserted Rosewood. It's the advice of his best friends, an' the idee sorter jibes in a general way with his own notion; so, marm, I think he will.

Knocked Down at a Thousand.

"Then agin, he's done been drinkin' to that limit, he's now camped jest this side of the delirium tremens line. He's got a mighty vivid mind that away, too, and already is beginnin' to people the small apartment he inhabits with snakes an' rats and coyotes an' monkeys an' tran'tlers an' stingin' lizards, an' each other member of the anamile kingdom as happens to hit his diseased taste. Onless Pete alters his play some abrupt, he's a gone fawn-skin. Will you say $1,000 for your interest in Peter, marm?"

"Yes, I will," said the lady after a thoughtful pause. "I'll take a thousand and quit. I never wanted the miser'ble wretch, nohow."

The ransom was quickly and blithely raised. The next day the lady in the case departed on the stage. Pete was not there for fear of a relapse, but the rest turned out to see her off.

"Don't make this yere mistake agin," said Armstrong to Old Monte, as the latter picked up his six reins. "You'll contract a mighty sore throat, shore, if you do."

"Adios," said Rosewood Jim, waving a polite sombrero after the departing stage. "Thar she goes an' four stacks of yellow chips ahead of the deal, an' the same all safe an' sound in her war bags. I never knows a woman yet you couldn't squar' with money, an' thar ain't none such."

DAN QUIN.

DEATH IN THE GLOVES.

The Dyes Used Are Sometimes Poison, as One Sad Case Proves.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

Danger lies hidden in everything, even the dainty little glove of feminine adoration, which seems so very harmless. Of course, gloves, if they cover the pretty hand of some especially pretty women, have always been more or less dangerous to the heart peace of gallant cavaliers, but now a great danger to life itself has been found in a pair of black gloves. Not long since the wife of a lieutenant in the army purchased a pair of long black gloves, which she wore to a ball that evening. When she arrived home she found her hands stained with black dye, and one finger, on which there had been the prick of a needle, was slightly swollen.

The next day the arm was decidedly swollen and a physician was summoned, who ordered poultices, but saw no particular danger in it—especially as the lady was in good spirits. That morning the husband said goodby to her cheerfully, but the noon found a telegram summoning him home at once, and he arrived only in time to have his wife die in his arms. The poison from the glove had reached the shoulder and caused her death.

A CASKET TO BE EATEN.

What the Court Confectioner Made for a Royal Wedding in Bavaria.

The "Confectioner to His Majesty, the King of Bavaria," designed a very unique and artistic "piece de resistance" for the wedding banquet of Prince Alfons of Bavaria and the Princess Louise of Alencon. It was a casket in which the dessert was served. It was made of gingerbread dough of a light yellow tint and painted like porcelain.

In front it was decorated with the family arms of the houses of Alencon and Wittelsbach, the sides bearing the monograms of the initials of the newly wedded pair. Two myrtle wreaths twined about the lid and pretty little cupids carrying shields and emblems of love filled in the corners. A crown resting on a blue velvet cushion topped off the whole.

BRINGING OUT FADED INK.

A Bit of Information Important to Owners of Old Documents.

People having valuable documents locked away in safes and secretaries are often out of temper and out of pocket at discovering that the writing thereon has faded almost completely when their use becomes important. It is very easy in most cases to restore the color to the ink by purchasing a little solution of ammonium sulphide and bathing the paper therein, or tracing over the letters with a camel's hair brush dipped in the fluid.

If this remedy fails, gallic or tannic acid will generally bring out the words, no matter if they be completely illegible at first. After applying either solution the document should be carefully rinsed and dried.

FORCES YOU TO GET UP.

An Electrical Contrivance That Will Cure Any Late Riser.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

An early riser's outfit is one of the recent electric novelties. It has a decided advantage over the old alarm clock, which would run down and allow the early riser to take another nap. The electrical outfit does not need any winding. It keeps up its nerve-grating jangle for two hours unless turned off. The early riser is bound to get out of bed and cut off the current. And then, of course, the purpose is accomplished; the early riser, having arisen and duly "cussed" the alarm, remains up for the remainder of the day.

BOBBY BURNS' FARM.

The Spot Where the Most Joyous Days of His Life Were Spent.

HIS COTTAGE STILL STANDING.

Beautiful Bower in Which His Grandest Poems Came to Him.

ALL ENDED IN FINANCIAL TROUBLE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

ELLISLAND, SCOTLAND, June 5.—Pilgriming among the countless shrines created by the living presence of Robert Burns in Southwestern Scotland, and looking down along the flaming shaft of light that links his genius and his world-girdling human love and magnanimity to the fadeless immortality of his memory and name, I have always felt that the one among them all which most breathes to the beholder the spirit of ineffable pathos and tenderness, was this, the bard's farm-home of Ellisland.

In the period between May, 1786, at the age of 27 years, and the end of the year 1791, when he came from this Ellisland farm to the three rooms in the "Wee Vennel," in Dumfries, a period of but four and one half years, more personal hope and disappointment, joy and suffering, anguish from impulsive wrong-doing and heaven of the purest domestic bliss, temptation and victory, agonized despair and triumph, were crowded into the poet's experiences, than fall to the lot of most great men in their entire lives. In this brief time, first he was disowned and deserted by Jean Armour, through the bitter and ever unreasoning opposition of her father. He was then betrothed to "Highland Mary" Campbell, the heroine of his immortal ode, "To Mary in Heaven," who shortly died of malignant fever at Greenock.

His Marriage to Jean Armour.

About 100 of his most characteristic poems were already written, and the now priceless first edition of the same had been issued from the rural press of Kilmarnock, in the county of Dumbarton. Twin children had been born to him out of wedlock by Jean Armour, one of whom, Robert, in after years a man of rare character and worth, survived the poet 58 years, his decease occurring at Dumfries in 1857, and his body being interred in the Burns mausoleum in that city. Burns' local fame having attracted the attention of the literary coterie at Edinburgh, he was invited to that city where he was "affiliated" at the famous lodge of Freemasons (which still meets in the veritable room then used) and subsequently "inaugurated" as its poet laureate, the latter event being the subject of a celebrated painting; while he was made the literary lion of the day, as new and enlarged editons of his poems appeared.

He then made a tour of the border counties of England and Scotland, and, untarnished by fame, returned to Mauchline, the old home spot in Ayr, drawn there by his true love for his Jean, who repented her renunciation, and with whom the former intimacy was renewed. The tour of the North was then made. Burns returned to greater Edinburgh literary triumphs. He was introduced to Mrs. Maclehose, the "Clarinda" of his famous correspondence; and again returning to his beloved Jean, took her secretly to Tarbolton Mill, where twins, both of which died, were again born to them. Being now independent of scandalous opposition, Burns publicly and proudly "acknowledged" Jean Armour as his wife, then as sacred and binding a marriage in Scotland as any other, and, in this instance, necessary only because debarred former marriage by the wife's parents, who thus were solely responsible for the cloud upon the poet's marital record. Burns also "satisfied" the church, which in those days was not so difficult of "satisfaction." He was also in a position to "satisfy" Jean's parents; for on settlement with Creech, his Edinburgh publisher, the then astounding sum of $2,500 was found to be at his disposal.

Burns on the Little Farm.

Then came the brief, bright days. Magnanimously generous always, much of this sum, the first and last good fortune Burns ever knew, went to Jean's parents, and to assist his brother, Gilbert Burns, in averting disaster in the latter's farm-life efforts. His lucky meeting with the ingenious and kindly Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton Hall, had occurred. It had been settled that the poet, who hated the city with a royal hatred, should return to the plow. The nobility of the day never quite forgave this plebeian longing and love, the source of his grandest inspirations. This beautiful farm of Ellisland, five miles above Dumfries, was taken at a rental of £50 per year. Burns unaided began his farm labors the first Monday after Whitsunday, 1788. He toiled manfully until the autumn of that year, meantime singing many a lusty song to his absent wife, and built the lovely cottage which stands here embowered in roses to this day.

And then was celebrated the simple but glorious home-coming, when, with rustic rites, and his bonnie Jean upon his arm, "preceded by a peasant girl carrying the family Bible and a bowl of salt," he marched proudly into his little home-heaven beside the winding Nith. All evidences agree that in the brief period of a trifle over two years, between Whitsunday, 1788, and Martinmas, 1791, Burns and his good Jean experienced an Eden of labor and love, despite their final enforced departure. It was also the period of Burns' best and greatest poetic fecundity. But more children came to them. These must be supported. The crops failed, and inevitable ruin was approaching.

Five Years of Touching Sadness.

It was then, with nowhere else on earth to turn, with no one on earth to defend him from the wretched influences of such environment, that to save his wife and children from actual want, he was forced to accept the Government position of exciseman at the beggarly pittance of £50 per year! The five remaining years of his life, after the poet, his Jean and their three children, Robert, Francis Wallace and William Nicol, removed to their humble lodgings, their first home in Dumfries, checkered, sad, pathetic beyond comprehension, are known to all.

Although thousands of Americans each year visit the mausoleum of Burns at Dumfries, it is surprising that so few come here to Ellisland. Not 100 have come within the past five years. Entirely aside from the interest associative with Burns, it is altogether one of the most charming half-day's excursions in Britain. By foot, on your bicycle, or by carriage, it is but five entrancing miles and back again, chiefly along the banks of the river Nith, which, after passing beneath the 800-years' old bridge of Devorgilla, at Dumfries, broadens and soon merges with the majestic tide of the Solway. Nithsdale itself is one of the most beautiful of all the Scottish lowland valleys, and along the entire way from Dumfries to Ellisland its loveliest views are seen.

Where Annie Laurie Was Written.

Leaving the quaint old city of Dumfries you cross the "new brig" to the west, and are at once in the pretty braeside hamlet of Maxwelltown, famous wherever heart-songs are sung for that one inexpressibly tender ballad, equal to any that Burns himself gave the world, matchless "Annie Laurie." Then the highway—the ancient coach road between Dumfries and Glasgow—winds over brae and hill, through dale and dingle, over beck and burn, through shadowy avenues and patches of sunshine, past deserted clachans and now silent olden inns-of-call, with the songs of streams and birds ever in your ears, all the distance to Ellisland.

Once past the outlying habitations of Maxwellton, you will see down there to the right the picturesque ruins of Lincluden Abbey, but a few moments' walk from the highway. Beneath the shadows of its majestic walls lies Margaret, daughter of Robert III., King of Scotland. If you will wander but a little distance on that road leading to the left, you will come to the ancient church of Irongray. Here is the grave of Sir Walter Scott's "Jeanie Deans" (Helen Walker) and the inscription on the table tombstone was written by the author of Waverly himself. This picturesque old bridge at which you tarry—for there is a pretty scene of sheep-washing going on beneath the giant willows, just above—crosses the river Cluden, a small stream but a tuneful one. It bounds along merrily through copse and between emerald haughs below, sweeps around the ancient abbey walls, and, entering the Nith, broadens into a deep pool or linn. Hence linn-Cluden, "the Cluden pool," and the name of the grand old monastic pile, Lincluden Abbey, which towers at its edge above.

Where Bobby Burns Was Happy.

Thus all the winsome way to Ellisland are found pastoral, historic and romantic scenes and objects. You finally come to a bit of almost champaign country. Comfortable steadings with snug stone cottages lie on either side of the highway. To the right is an ancient gate, opening to a long lane, hedge bordered, between well-kept fields, where the young grain is already rich and green. The wagon way is thick with the falling blossoms of the hawthorn. The hedge banks are a mass of gladsome daisies. A tiny burn having its source in springs above, wimples at one side, half hidden in the grass and daisies. And at the end of this lane, just over a ridge of warm and yellowy loam, are seen the low roofs of a cottage and its humble outbuildings, here and there half hidden in the foliage of surrounding trees. This is Ellisland, for four years the farm-home and home-heaven of Robert Burns; the ony spot on all this earth where comfort and happiness were his.

From the highway Ellisland is disappointing. The ridge of the steading fields forms a monotonous horizon line. But Burns knew where to build his Nithside nest. From any point in the vicinity of the onstead or farm buildings there is a glorious view of the valley of the Nith. Almost the entire course of the river is traceable. The house faces to the east and north a gentle bend in the Nith, which murmurs here over the shining shallows not a hundred yards distant. With the outbuildings and their connecting rubble walls, a sunny, nearly inclosed quadrangle is formed. The side next the distant highway, to the west, has to the right, as you enter the enclosure, a stable and cow-house and a byre or feeding and straw yard behind. To the left is a mill-shed, a modern structure, a tiny barn, and behind the latter (which, with the stable and cow-house, stand precisely as Burns built them) is the inclosed stock-yard where bonnie Jean found her husband in that great agony of dejection which gave the world the matchless hymn to Mary in Heaven.

Built by the Poet's Own Hands.

The house itself, into the construction of which the poet put months of his own labor working alonside of the rustic stonemasons of the time, remains to this day exactly as he built it. A small kitchen has been added on the side next the river, which now as then is the front of the house. The portion built by Burns is of rubble, about 55 feet long and nearly 20 feet in width. It is one story in height, with an ample attic. There is a large room about 18 feet square at each end. The entrance from the Nith side was into a hallway, from which these two large rooms were reached. Out of this, one could also pass to the attic above, and to a small kitchen which, with a little bedroom, stands between the two larger rooms. Of the latter, the one at the left or north end, which communicates with the little bedroom, was used by Burns for the ceremonious entertainment of distinguished guests.

The other, at the south end, was the real heart of the home; the "spence" or living room of the poet, his wife and bairns. The family provisions were kept here. In one end stood the bed. The meals were eaten here. And here the companions that Burns loved came into the single-nook glow. Beside the fire-place is a broad, low window. Against the side wall stood an oaken table, and here the poet in this sunny corner could feast his eyes upon the flowers and vines of his own little garden, let them dwell fondly upon his cattle and put sheep in the billowy field beyond, or conjure glorious fancies from the noble sweeps of Nithsdale's broad southern expanse, crowded at its eastern edge with noble forests and the huge gables of Dalswinton Hall.

When His Best Work Was Done.

By this little window Burns either composed or put into completed manuscript form the greatest amount of the greatest work of his life. How we prize the least reminder of these royal fellows when they are gone! There are those who would pay $1,000 each for two of the tiny panes in that one sunny window. On one Burns wrote with a diamond and afterwards partially erased, "Home he had not—home is the resort;" on the other he inscribed his favorite maxim, "An honest man's the noblest work of God." These inscriptions, the house and outbuildings, and a few sturdy trees the poet planted, are the only visible relics of bard's life at Ellisland; for the spot is one of the few in Britain, more grace to it, that is not a show-place where the insistant reminder of the endlessness of fees merges reverence and emotion into ridicule and contempt.

The most exclusive haunt of Burns at Ellisland was within call of his bonnie Jean just below the high bank or scaur, upon the edge of which the cottage stands. Between this and the Nith for a long distance to the north and south runs a lovely river road. Out of the cottage enclosure a shaded path and wagon way descends to join the river road. Half way down this almost sylvan way is a copious spring. The bank of the scaur-side in the shade is a mass of ferns and violets, and in the sunshine a wondrous constellation of "wee crimson-tippet flowers," the daisies of Scotland, for which Burns felt something akin to adoration. Then came the silvery shallows of the Nith. Beyond its stream, leading to the meadowlands above, is a haugh, a golden mass of waving broom.

Where He Walked and Dreamed.

Along this dreamful way, and up and down the river road, Burns sauntered and dreamed. It was the scene of his most ecstatic achievment, "Tam O'Shanter," which the celebrated Alexander Smith thought, as it was written in a day, the best single day's work done in Scotland since Bruce fought at Bannockburn.

Ellisland originally comprised 170 acres of land. The lease to the poet was for four terms of 19 years. It was executed in March, 1788, and would have expired by limitation in 1854. Burns was to pay £50 per year for the first three years, and £70 thereafter; and the owner allowed the poet £300 toward the erection of the cottage and outbuildings. I find the present owner to be one Dr. J. M. Taylor, of Spittlefield, Dunkeld. The steading has been reduced from 170 acres to 100 acres, and it is now leased for the usual 19 years' term, 15 of which have expired, to a family of hard-working and intelligent Scotch farmers named Grierson, at a rental of £150 per year. The old guidwife, dame Grierson, seems to live in a sort of halo of reverential grief for him who made her farmstead hallowed ground. "Puir body! puir body!" she is constantly moaning beside you; "Puir body! he was dwanged (harrassed) to his dede-ill (mortal sickness)!"

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A NEW LAMP FOR FIREMEN.

It Is an Electric Affair and Is Said to Be Very Convenient.

New York Sun.]

A peculiar kind of electric hand lamp for firemen is a recent English invention. The battery and lamp are contained in a copper case similar to a fireman's ordinary lamp, and fitted with a handle for convenience in carrying. Very powerful parabolic reflectors are provided, and the lamp, which has a duration of from two to three hours—after which it can easily be recharged—is said to form an important adjunct to the fire brigade.

The lamp is also suitable for use in mines, gas works, gunpowder and chemical factories. The advantages claimed for the device are portability, facility in charging, capability of resting the battery when the light is not required, and entire safety.