A REVIEW OF SPORTS.

Different Phases of the Burns Suit Against the Local Baseball Club.

THE PART ANSON ACTED.

A Few Features of the Contest for the League's Second Pennant.

MYER AND McAULIFFE BATTLE.

The Merits and Demerits of the Two Men and Their Chances of Victory.

SUSPENSION OF LOCAL AMATEURS

Locally speaking, the most important baseball event of the week just ended has been the going into court by Thomas Burns against the local club. Thomas, according to reports from Chicago, wants $13,000, and he has given the world to understand that he has what Guttenburg patrons would call a lead pipe cinch on getting it.

The case, if it ever reaches an argument in court, will be of more than local interest. It will once more, to more or less extent, bring the question of the validity of baseball contracts before the public. In the Brotherhood revolt we had players contending that their contracts were not binding, and their contentions were upheld, but now Burns is arguing in an opposite direction because he wants just what the magnates wanted in 1890, that is, his contract to be binding for the length of time indicated on the face of it.

Baseball contracts are almost as uncertain as soap bubbles, and for that matter are just as easily demolished. This very season we have seen that a ball player has no guarantee of getting what he contracts for, no matter what kind of work he may perform. He has to implicitly rely on the faithfulness of his employers, and once more I repeat that the method of trampling contracts under foot is a disgrace to baseball, and it will have its evil results, just as sure as we live.

But the Burns matter is of quite another nature. Burns signed for quite a princely salary, and the officials of the club were quite content to pay it him if everything had gone along according to contract. Everything did not go along in that way, and there's where the trouble commenced. In the estimation of the club officials, Burns fell far short of what he contracted to do; in fact he was a complete failure, and it became a question of either keeping Burns and losing the club entirely, or keeping the club and releasing Burns. This is not at all exaggerating the case.

It is charged, and with great force, that Burns not only lacked judgment, but that he grossly violated the club rules and encouraged the players to do the same. Poker playing until the "wee sma' hours" with the players is one of the lightest of these charges. Now even that is a very serious matter. It is just this kind of gambling, that is, being out of bed until early morning, that prompts dissipation, and it was the latter and everything that tended to it that Burns was in duty bound to prevent. If there is any truth at all in the charges, and I am told they are true, the whole business is of the most shameful kind, and Burns may be lucky that he is not sued for damages.

Captain Anson's Questionable Part.

But if ever there was anything in baseball that demanded the most emphatic censure it was the methods used to foist Burns on the Pittsburg club. He was a kind of white elephant on the hands of the Chicago club. Anson could not use him because, in baseball parlance, he, Burns, had become an old stiff. But Anson got himself to work and made the most untrue representations about Burns to the Pittsburg club. Anson assured the local club officials that Burns was still one of the best third basemen in the world, and that although his arm was a "little off" it would be all right in eight or ten days. The highest encomiums were paid to Burns by Anson; indeed, his praises were sung to such an extraordinary extent that the local officials thought Anson was entirely ruining all chances of success of his own team by parting with Burns.

Now, Anson was an experienced man and he was talking to gentlemen who were innocent of the nefarious scheming, the unblushing fraud and the unlimited falsehood that characterize the operations of baseball. These gentlemen had the utmost faith in what Captain Anson said, and naturally they believed him. Why, a man like A. C. Anson could not make any misrepresentations to get rid of an undesirable player, certainly not.

Anson's panegyrics had their effect. Burns was signed, and nothing that Anson had said came true. Burns couldn't play at third base or any other base, and apparently never will; he couldn't manage the team, and had as much judgment in handling the players as a donkey has in tuning a piano. I do not say Mr. Anson deliberately misrepresented Burns to the local club; I do not say that Anson knew that Burns was no use whatever, but I do contend that if anybody on earth knew the facts of the case Anson did, and I do contend that if Burns had been the jewel that Anson held him up to be, Tommy Burns would not have been released by Anson. The fact is that the local officials were grossly imposed upon. They have tried fairly to rid themselves of that imposition, an imposition that was entirely ruining their club, and it is, indeed, very small work on the part of those who are encouraging Burns to cause the club more trouble.

Let any of us look fairly at the matter and we will see that Burns has been a miserable failure as manager of the local club. Under his guidance the team were simply a little disorganized mob, and when I say this I know whereof I speak. The last trip East of the team was a disgraceful one to say the least of it. Now, in all fairness, should a state of things like that continue? Is it manly on the part of anybody to try and have them continued? The success of baseball generally demands that discipline and morality be well guarded all round.

About the Teams In General.

The pennant contest continues to be exceedingly interesting in very many respects. The fight for first place, I am sure, is a good one, and to all appearances will be so until the end. Everybody who takes an interest in the national game cannot but be very much gratified at the good showing of the Cleveland team. There is something about that team that makes almost everybody admire them. Take them one by one and they are a very unattractive lot, and even take them as a whole on paper and they don't impress one very much. There is nothing brilliant and costly about them that dazzles one's eyes; but they can play a ball game, and no mistake.

Does it not strike you that the earnestness of the players from Manager Tebeau down has a lot to do with their success? It does me. They are just as earnest a set of fellows as ever went onto a ball field. Their aim is not to startle spectators occasionally by sensational feats, but to win games by regular, steady work, by doing their very best every day they go on the field, whether that best be brilliant or mediocre. That's the kind of a team to have, and it is because of the unassuming character of the Cleveland team and their earnestness that I wish them every success.

To be sure, we are all glad at the very good showing the team of Ned Hanlon are making. He deserves success as much as anybody I know in the baseball business. He has been on the unlucky side of the hedge for a long time, and almost everybody in baseball will be glad to note the good work of his team in the pennant race. He has a much better team now than he had during the first half of the season. While I do not expect to see them land near the top, I am in hopes that they will make a tolerably good showing.

As matters appear to me at present it looks as if the race for the second contest will again be between Brooklyn and Boston. It is too soon to figure in anything like a definite way yet, but they are at present a very strong team. Cincinnati is feeling the loss of Mullane, and the officials of that club ought to recognize that fact.

There is little to say about the local team. Pitchers are what they need, and if they were all right in that department they would be as good as anybody. Nor is there anything special to note about any of the other teams except that St. Louis looks weaker than ever.

McAuliffe and Myer in Training.

As the first week in September begins to draw nigh the interest in the big battles of that time gets greater and greater. So far we have had comparatively little to say about the proposed battle between Jack McAuliffe and Billy Myer. It has not been safe to say much, because nowadays McAuliffe is not a very sure quantity in training, and in fact it is not very safe to say much about the expected contest yet.

But since McAuliffe has landed near the battle ground the battle between him and Myer has become a prominent theme of conversation. Who is going to win it? is the cry that is becoming general. Now that is a question that is very difficult to answer, particularly at present, and anybody could be excused whose judgment was wrong on the matter. I do not hesitate to say that I am somewhat inclined to favor McAuliffe's chances. I am told by a man who knows that six days ago McAuliffe was a trifle below 144 pounds and had not been distressed in getting down to weight. The men are only limied to 138 pounds, so that McAuliffe can get to weight without any trouble and certainly without any fear of weakening.

Believing then that McAuliffe will enter the ring in good condition I do not expect that Myer will defeat him. I have always estimated McAuliffe as the best glove fighter at his weight that we have had in this country. Hyams was a clever man for two or three rounds and McAuliffe frankly admitted that to me himself, but after the two or three rounds Hyams could no more hold McAuliffe than he could fly. When compared with Austin Gibbon, who has height and reach McAuliffe is a phenomenon and Gibbon outtaxed and outtought Andy Bowen and Bowen defeated Myer. But I do not place much on Bowen's defeat of Myer. However, in my judgment McAuliffe is a much cleverer man than Myer and knows more about fighting.

About McAuliffe's Staying Qualities.

The most serious question to face in trying to name the winner in the McAuliffe and Myer battle is that of the former's staying qualities. A large number of people strongly argue that McAuliffe is not a stayer, but I cannot agree with that conclusion. We all know that J. F. Carroll is a stayer, or at least was a year or two ago. McAuliffe out-stayed him in a battle that was well and hard fought. There was no doubt about the severity of the contest, and for McAuliffe to win it proved beyond a doubt that he could stay and fight hard for more than an hour. Whatever may be said against the McAuliffe and Carney contest nobody will deny that the former displayed staying qualities there.

McAuliffe is a stayer if he gets into proper condition, and thus the very important question of condition comes to the front. We have to face the same problem in the Sullivan and Corbett contest. Like Sullivan, McAuliffe has dissipated fearfully, although his carousals have not been continued so long as those of the big champion. Still, if reports are true, McAuliffe will be all right.

True, he has met Myer before, and a very fine fraces they made of it. Nothing can be proven from that affair except that some people made lots of money over it. Money-making by a few scheming persons was the only aim of that alleged contest, and it is not worth appealing to as a guide of any kind. But one of McAuliffe's best points is his ability to avoid defeat if he cannot win. In this respect he is very much like Mitchell. This is an excellent quality, and McAuliffe is better at it than anybody in his class.

Myer is a good man and a vigorous fighter. He has learned much since he met McAuliffe in their well-known drawn battle. Myer's battle with Carroll showed that he does not so much depend on his cyclonic methods as he used to. This is better for him. He defeated Carroll simply by allowing the latter to do the fighting, and had he not done so Myer would have been defeated. At one stage of this battle Myer was nearly settled, and had Carroll been a younger man he would certainly have been the winner. It is quite likely that Myer may adopt the same tactics against McAuliffe as he did against Carroll, but McAuliffe is a wonderful leader off and his leads may cause Myer to change all his plans. But regardless of what tactics Myer uses, I expect that McAuliffe will outgeneral him.

The Olympic Club's Other Events.

There is apparently little hope of a man being secured to face Fitzsimmons during the "big" week at New Orleans. The Olympic Club have about given up all hope of getting an opponent for him until the Hall and Pritchard contest is over. When that is decided an attempt will be made to have the winner meet Fitzsimmons for a big purse at New Orleans. It may be that Pritchard will be the winner and if he is a contest between he and Fitzsimmons will be one of the most important of modern times.

The battle between Dixon and Skelly has been substituted for that which was expected to take place between Fitzsimmons and somebody else. Of course this featherweight contest will not in any sense or form rank with a contest in which Fitzsimmons would be a principal, but it is the best the club could do under the circumstances. The club set out with the intention of having three leading events in one week and the officials want to keep their programme good.

While the contest between Dixon and Skelly will not be as important as the others it will be a very attractive one. Eastern authorities claim that Skelly is a wonderful little fellow and will make Dixon fight his very best. This may be true, but Dixon's very best may be much too good for Skelly. I venture to say it will. Skelly will simply have to be a wonder to defeat Dixon and I don't think he is.

Everything is going along smoothly for the chief of all events, the Sullivan and Corbett battle. Public feeling is becoming very strong on the matter and it is safe to say that there will be more public interest in the battle than there has been in any other in this country. Reports from the training quarters of the men are extremely cheering, but, of course, we couldn't expect anything else. It is surprising nowadays to notice the efforts made to let the public know about what this man and that man in training is doing in the way of wonderful feats. It used to be that trainers and backers were always eager for the public to think their man or men were doing no good at all in order to secure good betting. How things have changed to be sure and how interesting are the causes of these changes.

During the last few days a very strong public feeling has developed favorable to Corbett's chances of victory. A large number of people are beginning to think that his height and reach and activity may have a deal to do in bothering Sullivan and keeping the contest going long enough to make the big man weary. There is, indeed, great force in this way of looking at it, and I have the utmost respect for it. Before the battle takes place I will have lots to say about the chances of the men, but in the meantime do not let anybody think too little of Corbett's chances.

The Pugilists in England.

I just want to say a word or two about pugilistic affairs in England. The latest information from there is that Hall and Pritchard will fight in private, as no club will offer a big enough purse. The fight may and may not take place. It it does we'll find out what kind of a man Hall is. If he is no better than his contest with Billy McCarthy would make him out to be he will be beaten by Pritchard. So far Hall has been advertised for show purposes only.

Jem Smith, that greatest of all modern pugilistic frauds, has declined to meet Choynski at any place except Europe. A purse is not forthcoming there for them and it is not likely that they will fight, as it is hardly possible that anybody in England will put up a stake for Smith to fight Choynski an honest battle. Choynski would knock Smith out just as soon as Pritchard did and why Smith continues to talk about fighting is hard to understand. He wouldn't even be a good opponent for Joe McAuliffe.

A Son what Strange Opinion.

A writer in the London *Referee*, Mr. Cobbett, I think, comes to the following surprising conclusion regarding the late Johnson and Dixon battle:

"Somehow the cabled reports of Dixon's fight with Fred Johnson never did seem to read right to me. As a rule, such dispatches mislead you on the most important point, and you never half know where you are till the American exchanges come to hand. Originally, we were told that while Johnson was down Dixon accidentally fell on him, and so jarred the Londoner's head against the floor that he knocked him out. Clearly, in this case the darkie ought to be disqualified for breaking the rule requiring the man who gets his opponent down to stand off and leave him free to rise. Now, on unimpeachable testimony, we hear that instead of Dixon's dropping on Johnson after he had him on the boards he rushed him down and fell with him, banging Johnson's head on the hard wood, and stunning him. I call the evidence unimpeachable because it comes from Ben Rowland, Johnson's trainer, and while on the first received account you could make no doubt at all that the referee ought to have disqualified Dixon, Rowland's version makes the referee's duty more difficult to define. If ever there were a case in which the referee ought to give himself time to have a good long think, this was one. He ought not to need a moment's consideration to know that the one who caused the accident—no one for a moment suggested intentional foul play—should not win on account of it. The question was whether Johnson should be declared winner or the pair ordered to meet again. Ordering them to fight on in the old-fashioned manner was no use, because Johnson couldn't go on. Acting quite strictly up to the letter and spirit of boxing rules, Johnson should have been given the win. Dixon threw him. But as the fall given was accidental another meeting ought to have been ordered."

Where the Big Mistake Is Made.

The above argument would have great force were the reasoning based on correct premises. But they are not. Besides it is very, very strange that Rowland or somebody else did not in behalf of Johnson make some kind of statement at the time of the battle.

Every account I have read of that battle, and what I learned from a very well informed friend of mine who saw it, is absolutely silent about Dixon throwing Johnson down. The blow delivered at the final stage was not a clean knock down, but it staggered Johnson so much that he grasped hold of Dixon, pulling the latter toward him and they both fell, Dixon being on top. It is thus clear that if the fall was an accident it was caused by Johnson himself. The Britishers must not run away with the notion that there was in any way any unfairness doled out to Johnson.

Suspension of Local Amateurs.

Now and again the A. A. U. comes to some very funny conclusions, and if, on all occasions, these conclusions are warranted by the Union's rules it is certainly time these rules were changed. A few days ago the Atlantic division of that wonderful organization, through its officials, suspended Messrs. McKennan and Paul, of this city, 30 days for an alleged violation of rule. Said violation consisted in the two young men leaving the East End Gymnasium and competing in events in the colors of the Three A's without allowing sufficient time to elapse after giving notice of leaving the Gyms. Of course it was the East End Gyms who protested the young men, and the date of protest, I think, was May 28.

Now I am not going to argue the right or wrong of the protest. Its local effects will be bad enough, but I want to draw attention to the most unreasonable and unfair penalty imposed on the young athletes. The wiseacres have suspended them for 30 days from July 31, but in truth they are to be suspended 90 days because they were protested May 28. The moguls of the Atlantic division of the A. A. U. did not choose to meet until some kind of ungenerous spirit moved them and they shut their eyes to the fact that their victims had been protested so long. This is an injust and a ruinous way of proceeding.

These divisional potentates of the A. A. U. evidently sway scepters of unlimited power. Apparently they could have held their meeting next December and then imposed the month's suspension, practically shutting Messrs. McKennan and Paul out for the entire year.

Whether or not a spirit of animus or revenge has prompted these unfortunate protests I know not. I am told that such is the case simply because Messrs. McKennan and Paul choose to leave one club and join another. I cannot vouch for the truth of this, but it is natural to expect that any club would feel angry at losing two such good men as McKennan and Paul. But if there is any revengeful spirit existing the sooner it is killed the better. Its development will not only injure amateurism locally, but will certainly affect the A. A. U. generally in the long run. PRINGLE.

HE HAD A KIND HEART.

A Texan Who Became Slightly Mixed in His French Phrases.

[Texas Siftings.]

Colonel McBride Sumpter, of Austin, while in New York dropped into a fashionable restaurant, and, having surprised his stomach with a small repast, asked the waiter what was the damage. On being told, Colonel Sumpter handed out a $5 bill, but on receiving back his change he made the ghastly discovery that there was a dime missing. He demanded an explanation from the waiter, who was a Frenchman.

"Ze dime is for my douceur."

"I didn't order any, and I won't pay for it," retorted Sumpter.

"I mean, sare, ze dime is for my pour boire."

"It's for your poor boy, is it? That's a different thing. I didn't know you had sickness in your family. Here's a quarter for him, poor feller."

And with the consciousness of having relieved the suffering of the sick and afflicted, Colonel Sumpter put his hat on the side of his head and sauntered out of the hostelry.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE NEWS.

PITTSBURG Union reports 28 societies, and 1,278 members at Indianapolis convention.

ST. THOMAS, of Braddock, will not leave Idlewild on their field day, August 30, until 7:20 P. M.

FATHERS SHEEDY, Lambing and Kittell, of Pittsburg union, attended the Indianapolis convention.

MR. W. H. GRIFFIN, the gallant President of the I. M. A., escorted 11 young ladies to the summer school.

THE Misses McGarrell, Bowman, Donnelly, Dougherty, McDonald and Callahan started last evening for the summer school.

OWING to pressing business matters J. A. Weldon could not go to Indianapolis. Mr. V. W. Yahner was prevented from going by death in his family.

BLANKS have been mailed the societies for the semi-annual report of membership, etc. It is earnestly hoped that local secretaries will reply promptly.

THE Union Secretary is endeavoring to secure Turtle Creek for the next monthly meeting of the union. Delegates and others will be informed of same later on.

THE monthly bulletin for August contains a list of amendments to the constitution, made at the Scottdale convention, many of which are excellent, and all are timely.

MR. JAMES F. JUDGE, National Organizer and editor of Scranton *Index*, stopped over in Pittsburg to visit friends on his way to Indianapolis. Mr. Judge reports 97 societies organized during the year.

Very True.

The demand for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy is steadily growing, from the fact that all who give it a trial are pleased with the results and recommend it to their neighbors. We feel sure that the remedy cannot be recommended too highly.

WAGLEY & SMEAD, Druggists,
wrhsu Newton, Ia.

SOME BEAR KILLINGS.

A Choice Spirit of Bruin Hollow Tells of a Few Terrific Fights.

DEATH AT THE END OF AN AUGER.

Fisticuffs in Which a Big Beast Was Drowned in His Own Gore.

VALOR THAT SUDDENLY VANISHED.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

ROULETTE, PA., Aug. 5.

IN the whole length and breadth of the lumber regions of Northern Pennsylvania, so they told me, there is no place which has had such a reputation for interepid and unrelenting bear hunters as Bruin Hollow. Happening recently to be within 15 miles of that famous bear-hunting center, I drove to the hollow to feast my eyes on some of the stalwart sons of the forest whose recreation it was to make bruin hump himself and howl, and to give my ears the delectable duty of listening to them as they told their tales of valor and daring in chase and battle.

After getting tolerably well acquainted with the landlord of the dingy little tavern at the Hollow I said to him: "This is a famous spot for bear killing and bear killers, isn't it?"

The landlord, a bewhiskered little old man in hickory overalls and shirt, and with a merry twinkle in his gray eye, threw up his hands and said:

Wanted to Hear a Bear Killed.

"B'ars! Why up to two weeks ago the b'ars that had been killed an' was bein' killed around here would a druv you wild. I've heerd more b'ar killed an' fit with fer the past five year than you could heap in a ten-acre lot. I'd heerd so many killed that I got a hankerin' so to see one mummixed

This Was a Horrib's Killing.

around and rasseled an' choked to death by some o' the b'ar killers that I couldn't hardly hold myself.

"Wull, one night, a couple o' weeks ago, Si Ainsley an' Joe Barnes an' Pete Fletcher an' Josh Mullin an' Josh Mullin's dog Tiger was settin' here killin' an' clutchin' an' chokin' b'ar till it looked terrible skeery the way the b'ar howled an' the blood run. All o' them fellers is great b'ar killers, an' so is the dog. Si Ainsley he told how he met a big b'ar wunst up along the headwaters, an' had nothin' with him but a raltin' auger. The b'ar see Si an' know'd him, an' tried his best to git away. But Si scooted around an' headed him off, an' kep' a headin' him off till he run the b'ar up again a big oak tree, with a ledge o' rocks on both sides of it, an' the unfort'nit bruin had to stop an' take his medicine.

Bored a Hole in His Game.

"He backed up ag'in the tree and riz up on his ha'nches. That was jist what Si wanted, an' he sa'ntered up and put the p'int of his auger ag'in the b'ar's chist. The auger was five foot long, an' ez the b'ar sparred an' spated at Si, tryin' to git a clip in ag'in his head, Si jist quietly went to borin' inter the b'ar's chist. The auger worked so smooth that ol' bruin didn't know what was goin' on, an' when he did wake up to the situation it wa'n't no use. Si had bored clean through the b'ar an' a foot inter the tree, an' thar the b'ar was, pinned to the tree ez snug ez a shootin' match bill to a barn door. He cuddn't git away, an' Si went over to Bill's camp an' got a gun an' came back an' stopped the b'ar's howlin' by puttin' a few slugs inter his brain. Durned if it didn't make me shedder all over to hear Si kill that b'ar!

"Wull, Pete Fletcher he killed a couple o' b'ar that night, too. His'n was slaughtered up on Injin Knob, jist beyent here a piece. Pete he was out lookin' fer b'ar, an' had his gun with him to use in case he got in close quarters. He had got on the p'int o' the knob when two slambastin' b'ars jumped out o' the brush not more than two rod ahead of him. Pete was after b'ar skins more than b'ar meat an' seein' that these two had coats on worth sumpin' like $40 pervidin' they wa'n't all riddled with bullets an' cut an' slashed with knives, he decided to gether the two bruins in with hull pelts by strategy.

Saving the Pelts Whole.

"Pete said the b'ars must a be'n strangers in these parts, fer they didn't seem to reco'nize him, an' stid o' tryin' to get away, they squared off fer fight. Pete laid down his gun, an' took his knife out of his belt and laid that down, fer fear he mowt fergit hisself an' use it on the b'ars an' damage their skin. One b'ar was bigger'n t'other un, an' the biggest un stepped out to try what there was in Pete. The b'ar riz up on its hinders, an' Pete he trotted straight fer him, actin' ez if he was gointer ketch him by the neck. That fooled the b'ar, an' he waited fer Pete to pitch in an' grab him.

"But Pete know'd a trick worth two o' that, an' jist ez he got within reach o' the b'ar he give a suddent duck with his head an' shot forrid to'ard the ground, head fust. He ketched the b'ar full tilt betwixt the flanks with his head, an' the b'ar was h'isted over on his snoot on the ground quicker'n a flash o' lightnin'. He fell like a tree, an' w'ile he was thinkin' up what had struck him, Pete was on his feet ag'in. T'other b'ar now rushed forrid to take a hand in. Pete stooped down an' grabbed the big b'ar by one hind leg, an' swingin' him round his head a couple o' times, jist swep' him ag'in t'other b'ar's head an' knocked that b'ar offen his pins, an' landed him more'n 20 foot away, ag'in a big tree, breakin' his neck like a pipe stem. The concussion was a leetle too heavy fer the big b'ar, too, an' ez Pete laid him back on the ground he give a gasp or two an' quit livin'. Pete killed them two b'ar so quick an' clean, not spillin' any blood nor leavin' any smell o' burnt powder, th't I didn't shedder much over it, but it made me breathe hard.

A Hunter Who Revelled in Gore.

"But you orter heerd Joe Barnes kill his b'ar that night! It didn't seem to me as if I'd ever be able to get the blood scrubbed outen the room here! Joe's the savagest an' unfeelinest feller that I ever heard kill a b'ar in my life. This here night he was gore from head to foot. A b'ar had come outen the woods inter a lumber camp whar Joe was workin', an' war foolish enough to slouch along ez impident ez a lightnin' rod peddler, not more'n three hundred yards

Went Into Him Headfirst.

from whar Joe was. When a b'ar gits ez nigh ez thet to Joe, Joe says, that b'ar's lamp o' life is jist ez good ez run out of oil.

"Joe see this sassy b'ar slouchin' by, an' grabbin' a butcher knife he started arter it to l'arn it some manners. He kitched up with the b'ar an' pitched inter it. The fust slash he made with the knife Joe slit a hole in the b'ar's throat, an' the blood spurted out like water outen a rain spout. In less than a second Joe looked ez if he'd ben doused inter his ol' woman's madder kittle from head to toe. To cap it all, the b'ar give a lurch an' sent Joe's knife flyin' clean outen reach. Then Joe had to pitch in with his fists. Every time he'd clip the b'ar one on the snoot the blood 'd fly like chuckin' a stone in a mud puddle. Every time the b'ar 'd give Joe a clip the blood 'd fly outen him just ez ban, so that betwixt the spoutin' blood from the hole in the b'ar's throat an' the flyin' blood from the b'ar's nose an' from Joe's nose it looked ez if they'd be stompin' round 'fore long knee deep in gore, unless one or t'other on 'em either give up the ghost or took to his heels.

Saved by a Hole in the Ground.

"Joe said they'd a ben doin' of it, anyhow, if it hadn't a ben that where they fit a tree had blown down, leavin' a hole four foot deep whar its roots had ben. Arter they had fit fer 10 or 15 minutes, an' the ba'r were ez good ez when he started, while Joe was weakenin,' Joe hsppened to diskiver that the blood that they was sheddin' had run inter that hole in the ground an' filled it half full. That was a lucky hitch fer Joe, fer when he see that orful pool o' blood an' idee hit him.

"He was weakenin' fast, an' in five minutes more he'd be a goner if his idee didn't work. So he rasseled the b'ar over to'ards the hole, an' callin' up all his stren'th, toppled bruin over head first inter the pool. Then he grabbed the b'ar by his hind legs an' held his head under fer five minutes, an' drownded the ol' cuss in his own blood! Whew! Ez Joe Barnes was killin' that b'ar I clumb up on the table yunder, fearin' that I mowt be swep' away by that stream o' gore! It was orful!

Bear Meat Filled the Air.

"Then Josh Mullen he had a nar' 'scape from bein' chawed up by four bears, an' all that saved him was his dog Tiger. Tiger diskivered the b'ars first, an' fer all that Josh could do he jumped in an' tackled one an' shet off its wind 'fore it could say boo. While Tiger was makin' mince meat o' his b'ar one o' t'other uns run agin Josh, throwed him, and was chawin' away at his arm when Tiger pitched in an' tackled the b'ar. Then another b'ar jined in the muss, an' Josh, layin' on his back, clutched that b'ar so that his eyes bulged out on his cheeks. The fourth b'ar couldn't hold hiself back any longer, an' took a hand in the quarrel. Pete said that, layin' thar an' lookin' up, all he could see was b'ar a prancin' over him in the air, an' Tiger a tearin' o' 'em till meat was flyin' about as if a sassige machine run by hoss power was working amongst 'em.

"While Josh and Tiger was havin' that terrible circus with the b'ars I went out on the stoop yender, an' when I come back I left the door open. Josh an' Tiger was still tearin' away at them b'ars the orfulest kind.

Only a Tame Yearlin'.

"Ez Joe was tellin' how Tiger was jist killin' the last one, what should walk in at the door I had left open but a sure-enough b'ar. Tiger, the b'ar-tearin' dog, smelt him fust, an' jumpin' up went kersmash through that winder yender. Josh Mullin followed him, takin' sash an' all. Joe Barnes fell over two cheers gittin' to the door an' out of it, an' went up the road yellin like a painter. Si Ainsley followed him, an' Pete Fletcher tore up stairs an' hid under a bed.

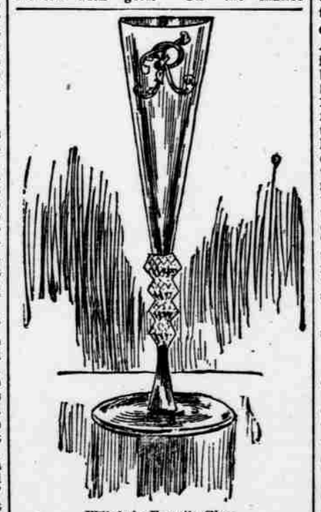
"Wull, now, I was tol'able su'prised, 'cause when that b'ar come in the room I says to myself, 'Now, thin,' says I, 'I've heerd heaps o' b'ar killed, an' now I'll see one done up, sure,' says I. So I was a good deal disap'inted, an' takin' holt o' the b'ar, which was a tame yearlin' I had borried from Jim Plunket, I led him back to his coop.

"Since that night," concluded the landlord, his gray eyes twinkling, "I hain't heerd a b'ar slaughtered anywhar in Bruin Haller." ED MOTT.

A ROYAL WINE GLASS.

Emperor William Favors One Designed by the First Hohenzollern.

An American correspondent who described the Emperor William's wine cellar for THE DISPATCH recently sends a picture of a champagne glass he saw there. It had just arrived from the Bohemian Crystal Works. Its outlines were of antique gracefulness and heavily ornamented with gold. On the chalice



Wilhelm's Favorite Glass.

part the monogram of Frederick I., King of Prussia, stood out in bold relief. The chalice rested on small, clear cut crystal rocks and a broad, richly ornamented foot.

"This glass," said the cellar master, "is an exact counterpart of one designed and used by the first royal Hohenzollern. The Kaiser has ordered hundreds of dozens of that pattern for the 'New Palace' in Potsdam. They are to be placed regularly upon their Majesties' table. Any servant breaking one of these glasses will be fined 10 marks—that is the actual cost of manufacture and ornamentation. The crystal is not being charged for."

ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

Details of the Methods by Which Britain's Policy Is Directed.

THE BALLOT PRACTICALLY PURE.

Explanation of Why the Mississippi Practically Runs Uphill.

WHAT PARISHES AND HUNDREDS ARE

[CONDUCTED FOR THE DISPATCH.]

The recent election in Great Britain makes the election methods there of interest to us, since almost everyone here has been interested in the question of Irish home rule. In the first place, there is no fixed date for holding elections, as with us; and in the second place, there are two kinds of elections to be held—borough and county elections. Writs ordering elections to be held are issued by the Speaker of the House of Commons to the Returning Officers in each county and borough commanding them to hold elections within their districts. If the writ go to a borough, the election must be held within nine days after the writ has been received; if it go to a county, the election must be held within 17 days. In both cases legal holidays are not counted; and the last possible day is always chosen for the actual day of election.

In a county the returning officer has three days in which to give notice of the election to the registered electors; he may receive nominations on the fifth day after receiving the writ, or on any one day up to the tenth day after receiving it, and on the third day after receiving nominations, he may hold the election. To the returning officer of a borough less time is allowed, and he must finish the election within nine days after receiving the writ. The candidate is nominated in writing by two registered electors, and by eight other "backers;" and if within one hour of the time of opening the office of the returning officer more nominations have not been made than there are seats to be filled—for many districts send more than one member—the officer declares the persons nominated elected without opposition. If more persons are nominated than there are places to be filled, a polling day, equivalent to our election day, is held, and on that day the regular balloting takes place.

The balloting is by the "Australian system," and is like the method adopted in most of the States, except that the actual number of ballots is less, one ballot being provided for each voter in the district, and only one. Then there is a special book of ballots to be used in case of a voter spoiling the ballot given to him, and he doesn't get a second ballot until he has brought back the ballot he has spoiled. If a voter is challenged and swears in his vote he receives a colored ballot, which he deposits in the usual way, but when the ballots are counted it is put aside, and the objections to it are considered afterwards.

The polls are open from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M., when they are closed, the ballot box is sealed, the ballot books are sealed, every spoiled ballot is sealed up, and every piece of paper is accounted for; then the presiding officer with his clerks goes with the box and papers to the county town, where he swears to his return—and then the votes are counted. The whole system, complicated in description, is simple enough in practice; everything is specified that a candidate may do, that an election officer may or must do, and nothing can be done by either that is not specifically allowed by the law. The presiding officer is generally a solicitor, or lawyer; and barristers of standing pass on all questions arising during the polling. The law fixes the amounts which each candidate may spend—about £400 at the outside—and compels him to account specifically for every penny spent; and forbids bribery of any kind; and it is drawn so closely that elections in Great Britain, though the cause of enough excitement, are practically pure. They were not always so, however, as the very strictness of the present law shows; in fact, the town of Sandwich is now disfranchised as a punishment for its corrupt elections; and Canterbury, Oxford and Chester, the seats of three old bishoprics, were treated similarly for similar reasons.

What is the "previous question" that they continually call for in the House of Representatives? CUSHING.

It is a means of stopping debate on a bill before the House. When a bill is reported for its final reading, the Representative in charge announces that at the end of a certain time he will ask for the previous question; and he does so at the appointed time, and the question before the House is, "Shall the previous question be now put?" If this is decided affirmatively the question recurs to the main bill, all debate ends, and the question is, "Shall such and such a bill be now passed?" With us the "previous question" is used to bring the main question to a vote; in the British Parliament it is used to prevent a vote on the main question, and the member who calls for it votes against it. If it be decided affirmatively, the member who called for it is beaten. In the Canadian Parliament the previous question is used to prevent the main question from being considered, as in Great Britain; and it is used, as in Congress, to bring the main question to a vote. The "previous question" does not seem to be used in Continental Legislatures; it was devised in the British Parliament to suppress delicate subjects relating to "high personages."

Why do we have "hundreds" in some States instead of counties, and parishes in other States? ANONYMOUS.

The parishes of Louisiana take the place of counties in other States; but the hundreds are divisions of counties, and do not take their place. We have hundreds because the colonists transplanted to their American homes the customs they had had in England. The hundred is said to have been the settlement of 100 free families of Saxon colonists, and if so must date back 1,200 years; but some historians ascribe its formation to Alfred the Great, who desired to simplify the collection of his taxes. The hundred consisted of ten tithings. The early colonists brought the "hundred" with them, so we have for example, Bermuda hundred and other hundreds in Delaware. As for parishes instead of counties, the Louisiana settlers kept their French customs just as the English kept theirs. The parish in France was about equivalent to an English county, so that the colonists, in using parishes as the civil divisions of the State, used names with which they were accustomed.

What is meant by the terms "Congressmen at large" and "Electors at large?" E. F. P.

The States, as we know, elect their Congressmen as they see fit. In some of the States all the Congressmen are elected by districts; formerly in other States, most of them were elected by districts, and one or two were elected by the whole State. In some of the new States, the population of which is not great enough to be entitled to a Congressman, under the Constitution one Congressman must be chosen; and he is taken from the State at large—not from any district, that is. So with Electors at large; they generally represent the Senatorial votes in the Electoral College, and though of course they must come from one of the districts, are not counted as coming from one of them, but as being chosen from the State at large. We have also cadets at large in the naval and military academies; they are appointed by the President, and do not count in estimating the number of cadetships to which any State is entitled.

1. Where was Parnell born? 2. Where was Stanley born? 3. Can an American or a subject or citizen of any other country assume the rights and privileges of an English subject without formally renouncing allegiance to his own country and swearing fealty to England? 4. Can I vote a split ticket in a Presidential election; that is, can I vote for Harrison for President and Stevenson for Vice President, and if so, will such a vote count? or can I vote for Vice President only? W. M.

1. Parnell was born at Avondale, County Wicklow, Ireland, in 1846. 2. Stanley was born at Denbigh, Wales, in 1841. 3. Only subjects of the crown are supposed to vote; but land holders vote, and an alien may be a land holder; he can vote, but his vote is liable to be challenged. 4. No. If you voted for the candidates directly, you could split your ballot; but you vote for electors, and though you can scratch electors, you can't scratch the persons whom the electors are to choose.

Will you explain to me how the mouth of the Mississippi is three miles higher than its source? J. B.

The explanation lies in the fact that a line from the center of the earth to the equator is about 13 miles longer than one from the center of the earth to the pole; and a proportion, simple enough to work out, shows us that a line from the center of the earth to the end of Cass Lake, the most northerly point of the Mississippi, is about 28 miles, or in round numbers three miles shorter than one from the center of the earth to the equator. So, theoretically, the river flows up hill.

Mrs. William K. Claney, of Lake street, Pittsburg, E. E., referring to the news item published in last Sunday's issue concerning the find of two book worms in New York, writes as follows:

I have a book, several leaves of which are perforated, as I believe, by a book worm, to which my attention has been recalled by an article in last Sunday's paper. Noting from said article that there are but two known specimens in New York, and also that "there is now in a private library in Philadelphia a book perforated by this insect," I thought it might be interesting to someone to know there is another one in Pittsburg.

Can the Carnegie Steel Company make nickel steel with non-union men? I understand it cannot, as the Amalgamated Association owns the patent therefor. S. G.

You are mistaken. There is no patent for nickel steel. The process is a secret, and the Carnegie company officials are in possession of it.

FINDING A LITERARY PEARL.

How William Garrison First Made the Acquaintance of Whittier.

[Youth's Companion.]

When William Lloyd Garrison began, at the age of 20, to publish the *Free Press*, he had, of course, the usual amount of bad and indifferent poetry to read. All the local poetasters who thought they could make verse and would have been far more worthily employed in making shoes, deluged him with their naiting contributions. But one day the paper's drag-net brought up a pearl. Thus Mr. Garrison tells the story:

"Going upstairs to my office, I observed a letter lying near the door; I opened it and found it contained an original piece of poetry for the *Free Press*.

"The ink was very pale, the handwriting very small, and having at that time a horror of original newspaper poetry, my first impulse was to tear it without reading it, since the chances of rejection were as 99 to 1. Summoning up my resolution, however, I perused it, and was so gratified with it that I gave it a place in my journal.

"As I was anxious to find out the writer, my postrider one day divulged the secret, saying that he had brought the letter, and that it was written by a Quaker lad named Whittier, who was daily at work with hammer and lapstone on the shoemaker's bench at East Haverhill.

"I lost no time in driving to see the youthful bard, who came into the room with shrinking diffidence, blushing like a maiden, and almost unable to speak. I gave him some words of encouragement, but addressed myself particularly to his parents, urging them to grant him every possible facility for the development of his remar