

In the World of Outdoor Sports.

Current Gossip of Baseball, Cycling, the Track And Various Other Popular Pastimes.

It is a strange fact that Springfield and Scranton, the two clubs at the head of the percentage list a week ago today, are the two clubs which made the poorest record during the week. Springfield played only four games and lost all of them; Scranton played seven games and lost five; the next poorest week's records are Rochester, which lost four and won none, and Providence, which lost and won three. Wilkes-Barre made the best week's record by winning four out of five games played; Buffalo comes next with six out of eight.

The work of the Scranton team is simply a repetition of the good feeling, poor batting and weak pitching, which has characterized the club throughout the season. Possibly the week might have been closed with as many victories as defeats if Quarles had been kept out of the box until his arm thawed out. It would be wrong to criticize him when it is considered that he was brought from the South directly into a sudden and severe lowering of temperature in the North. The last game he pitched, on a fairly mild day, shows an improvement. Sir Richard Brown, another Southerner, has not rounded into condition, but when he and Quarles are in good form, they, with Delaney and Johnson, should make a formidable quartette. Then, the only reason for losing games will be found in the batting, which has not been of the pennant winning kind thus far.

Richard P. Brown, Scranton's south-paw twirler, will be 23 years of age next August. He was born in 1872 in Baltimore.



RICHARD P. BROWN, FITCHER.

more, and in 1893 he pitched for the National League team of the Orioles club. That was his first appearance as a professional and he did steady and effective work in the box for Baltimore that year and last season. Manager Barnie revealed upon him this season to sign with Scranton. Before entering upon the base ball field he was a railroad employe. Since coming to Scranton Mr. Brown has established himself in popular favor. His speed dazzles the batsman and he uses sharp and wide curves. When he has more work to do this year the disposition sometimes shown in his pitching to be a little wild will disappear. He has a strong arm and is not afraid to use it. His build is athletic. The accompanying photograph shows that he is a good looking fellow. He has a very unique delivery, and before throwing the ball executes a momentary waltz dance, but he puts smoke on it just the same.

First Baseman William Clark, of the Scranton team, is a promising young player, and already regarded as the best fielder in that position in the Eastern league. He was born in Pittsburg on Aug. 16, 1870, not being yet 25 years of age. He was employed by the Crescent Steel company in the Smoky City and distinguished himself as an amateur until his first professional engagement with the Johnstown club of the State league in 1892. He held down first base for the Allentown club in '93, and last season was seen in that position with the Hazleton club. While playing with Allentown he accepted sixteen chances without an error and the same year in a game against Easton he drove out a single, a triple and a home run out of three times at the bat. He was signed the present season for Scranton by the late manager, Tommy Cahill, and his work on the diamond, both as a batter and fielder, has contributed at opportune moments to win games for the home team. His very dark complexion does



WILLIAM CLARK, Scranton's First Baseman.

not mar his handsome profile, and his build suggests the enduring strength and suppleness of a North American Indian. A commendable trait in him is that on and off the diamond he is a gentleman.

Paul Radford, Scranton's shortstop and right fielder, is full of base ball reminiscences. He knows all the crack National League players, and when in a conversational mood can spin a latest interesting yarn of all manner of diamond episodes. He shrinks from speaking of himself, but he recently told the following to a party of friends: "It was away back in 1883, my first professional year, that a strange incident happened, and which was thought by many to have an important bearing on that year's success of the Boston club. Anyhow, the incident and what followed showed the superstition that prevailed among players at that time--and which prevails now, for that matter. We were on our trip west and had played in heavily hard luck. All the boys had the dumps by the time we reached Detroit; the directors were kicking, and we all felt sore, especially because

many games taken from us were of the scratch variety. Several of us were standing in front of the hotel when a passing horse threw a shoe. We all know what it meant and I ran out and procured the shoe while the others lay in a faint. On the shoe was stamped 'O. W.' which we later learned meant Owen Wyn, the maker of the shoe. Well, that was not all, saying that we won that day's game and were very successful during the remainder of the trip. After reaching Boston we won twenty out of twenty-four games. My father gilded the shoe and it was hung in the grandstand, where it remained until the structure was burned two years ago. I am now hearing of the shoe in the episode which was published broadcast at the time. He presented me with a handsome gold horseshoe pin, and wrote me a letter stating that the queer circumstance and the publicity given it had largely increased his business."

After Radford finished the story one of the party remarked: "Had, if you continue to play ball with the nerve that you tell a story, you can retire from the business in two years worth \$100,000."

DIAMOND DUST:

The Boston club has sold Outfielder Collins to Louisville.

The Wilkes-Barre club contemplates a century run on Decoration Day.

Report says that Pitcher Hodson is soon to be sent to leave company.

Chicago leads the league in base hits so far this season, with 24 to their credit--a record.

An exchange between the pennant winning teams of the Eastern and Western leagues is suggested.

Catcher Cote may have his drawbacks as a ball player, but he could give Captain Field pointers in the golden virtue of silence.

Umpire Gaffney is reported as having said that the Eastern League teams play just as fast ball as those of the National League.

Bottens, of Buffalo, ten days ago, drove out four home runs in one game and he has not been able to get within a gunshot of the ball since.

Killen, an old National League pitcher, was signed by the Syracuse Salted Peas. Lathrop was released and it is said that he may sign with Rochester.

Catcher W. J. Patchen, late of the Scranton club, has been signed by Manager Smith of the Syracuse club, and joined that organization yesterday at Allentown.

With warmer weather coming, the base ball crank will note, That Louisville, to get on top, Has laid aside her Cote.

An exchange thinks that a little hot weather will have the effect of taking some of the starch out of the Springfield players. Let us hope that it may infuse a corresponding dose of ginger into Br'er Quarles, Scranton's pitcher.

In a mid-weight bout at the Bijou theater in Birmingham Wednesday night, Louis Jester, of that city, knocked out Harry Courtwright, of this city, in the third round. The services of a doctor were required to bring Courtwright to.

Kiln seems to be a warm weather pitcher. He should be farmed out in the Sahara Desert until July--Ex. Quarles, who Manager Barnie had trouble with in bringing him up from Tennessee, ought to get his fare paid on the same train.

The cranks are just waiting to see Scranton and Wilkes-Barre meet on the diamond. What Manager Barnie's men want to do is not only to win the game but also to give the aggregation from Hazleton a trouncing that will linger in their bones. Then all will be forgiven.

Pitcher Wallace, of Cleveland, shut Brooklyn out with but three hits in a recent game. Professor Wallace wore a Franklin, Pa., uniform last year, and when he was a member of the semi-professional aggregation Marty Swift had lines out for him for Scranton's last year State league team.

There was a young man from Tennessee, Named Quarles (and a great ball had he), Come north to play ball-- But he can't play at all-- And he'll probably get his conge.

The base ball editor of the Rochester Post-Express allowed his thoughts to stray to the game he won: "The blue-clad warriors from the barren confines of Scranton jumped upon the nine representatives of the Flower City and in the space of the time of 14 to 10, The invincible Duryea was pounded in a very ungentlemanly manner."

In a recent Philadelphia-Chicago game the Colt's half of the fourth inning was played quicker than a messenger boy could run a block. Hodson retired the Chicago side on three pitched balls. One of these was batted for two bases by Wilcox, but he overran second and was out. The next two men each hit the first pitched ball and went out at first.

President Hanlon, of the State League, will endeavor to get parties in Philadelphia to take the Shenandoah franchise. He has received several propositions from responsible parties there and is reasonably confident that Philadelphia will at the beginning of the week have a representative in the State league, the schedule being so arranged that the club will play on the Phillies' grounds when the latter are away from home.

Anson seldom kicks unless he has good ground for a protest. He frequently tells his men "If so-and-so had hit the ball at that point, or if a certain player had caught or stopped the ball at a critical period, the decision of the umpire would have cut no figure in the result."--Ex. Wonder, would the old man grow if he had a hollow-visioned person like Herman Doscher calling balls and strikes and giving "base" decisions.

The ring fraternity now has two important local matches in prospect. John L. Mitchell, of this city, and "Jersey" Gordon, of Philadelphia, have each pocketed \$25 forfeit money for a game of six rounds or more on the night of June 3; while James Judge, the promising lightweight of the South Side, and "Mike" Leonard, of Brooklyn, are signed to meet in the Frothingham on the night of June 17. Of the two bouts it is probable that the latter will attract the more attention, but there is no good reason why the Mitchell-Gordon battle should not develop a rattling contest. Mitchell has for several years been known as one of the cleverest middleweight amateurs in the city, and in each of his engagements during the winter has plainly had the best of his opponent. He is not only a good boxer, but can jab straight and hard with his left, has a strong right swing and is an shifty. Although he is known as an amateur, he really let that class a few weeks ago when he gained a decision over McCadden in the Pittston National Athletic tournament. Mitchell went against McCadden while believing him an amateur, but the contrary was ascertained later. Mitchell is instructor for the Nationals of Pittston and will train in that city and Scranton. He has kept in good condition and looks to be in better form than during the winter.

Gordon's style of fighting is peculiar to most of his class. He is a rasher

and relies to a great degree upon those tactics and heavy hitting. He is of stocky and strong build, but has not the symmetrical lines of his opponent. He is training in Wilkes-Barre. He has a number of won battles and draws to his credit, but as only little is known of his present condition and ability no predictions can be made of the result of the coming event.

GENERAL SPORTING NOTES:

"Kid" Lavigne and Jack Everhart were not long in making arrangements to fight. They will fight May 30 at the Sea Side club, at 133 pounds, for a purse and a side bet of \$2,500.

The National Sporting club will probably offer a purse for Johnny Murphy, of Boston, to fight the winner of the Corfield-Fitzsimons affair, which takes place in London on May 17.

Tom O'Rourke, the manager of George Dixon and Joe Walcott, declares he will leave for England immediately after the fight between Dixon and Evans which takes place at Coney Island on June 14.

Jockey Donovan was ruled off after the fourth race at St. Asaph, at Washington, Wednesday, for pulling his mount, Torraine. Other gully parties in the "job" may be discovered at the meeting which the executive committee of the club will hold.

Definite arrangements for the Corbett-Fitzsimons fight will be made at a conference to be held in the St. James hotel, New York, this afternoon, when all interested parties will be present. A party of gentlemen who control Geneva park, the resort at Geneva, N. Y., have made an offer of \$10,000 for a six-round battle between Collins and Fitzsimons, \$1,000 for each additional round fought.

William Fieleschman, of the contest committee of the newly-organized Sea Beach Athletic club, of Coney Island, sailed for Europe Wednesday on the American liner New York. The object of his visit is to arrange limited round bouts between the following English fighters and representative American boxers: Frank Slavin, "Doc" Fritchard, Arthur Valentine, "Duke" Burge, "Jem" Smith, George Canfield, and "Billy" Plimmer.

The world's cycling records were broken over the Garfield park course, at Chicago, by Halmburger and De Carly, Wednesday night. William De Carly covered ten miles in 24m. 10s., reducing the record from 24m. 23s. William Halmburger, who, for years past, has been deemed one of the speediest men on the path, spun out five miles in the wonderful fast time of 11m. 40s. The best previous record was 12m. 13s.

BICYCLES AND THEIR COST.

Interesting Facts for the Study of Buyers.

To the doubting "Thomas" who are ever asserting that the cost of a bicycle is inconsequential compared with its selling price the following brief sketch of the material that enters into the integral of a wheel are here enumerated: A machine was recently "dissected" and in the bearings alone 140 miniature steel balls were found. The chain possessed 135 pieces, comprising links, rivets, nuts and bolts. The two wheels had sixty piano wire spokes, each of which was fastened to the rim by a nipple and washer. The saddle contained eighteen parts exclusive of the rivets that help to hold the leather to the metal cantle. The valves in the pneumatic tires contained four individual mechanical contrivances. Each pedal had two separate parts and the brake and connections ten component parts; add to those already mentioned sprocket wheels, crank shafts, chain adjustments, grips, handle bars, tires, rims, frame, forks, hubs, axles, cones, washers, etc., a grand total of over 500 individual parts is easily arrived at.

In a thoroughly high grade bicycle each one of the integral elements is made by a costly piece of machinery operated by skilled artisans, whose attention to detail and accuracy are assured facts. The machinery employed in the majority of cycle factories today is of an automatic nature and the cost of some runs up into hundreds of thousands of dollars. Then take into consideration the capital invested in buildings and material in conjunction with the necessary expenditure for the proper marketing and selling of the product, such as advertising, clerk and salesmen hire, depreciation of machinery and tools and other innumerable facts, it will be readily seen that a first-class machine costs far more than the average buyer imagines.

Cause for Reduction. From the Detroit Tribune. Bank Cashier--The receiving teller is leading a double life. Bank President--Reduce his salary half. One life is enough for a teller.

THE DREAMS.

Two dreams came down to earth one night From the realm of ether, clear and sales. One was a dream of the old, old days, And one was a dream of the new.

One was a dream of a shady lane That led to a hollow-visioned pond Where the willows and rushes bowed themselves And the brown old hills beyond.

And the people that peeped the old-time dream Were pleasant and fair to see, And the dreamer he walked with them again As often of old would he.

Oh, cool was the wind in the shady lane That tangled his curly hair! Oh, sweet was the music the robins made To the springtime everywhere!

Was it the dew the dream had brought From yonder midnight skies, Or was it tears from the dear, dead years That lay in the dreamer's eyes?

The other dream ran fast and free, As the moon benignly shed Her golden glare on the smiling face In the little trundle-bed.

For 'twas a dream of times to come-- Of the glorious noon of day-- Of the summer that follows the careless spring. When the child is done with play.

And 'twas a dream of the busy world Where valorous deeds are done; Of battles fought in the cause of right, And of victories nobly won.

It breathed no breath of the dear old home And the quiet joys of youth, and the bishop's ghost slipped in, and he slipped a minute before the scrierian had reached the place. The ghost of the young girl fitted from one pillar to another until it came near the door, and there it paused, thinking what it should do next. Even if it could find the grave from which it had come, it did not want to go back to such a place; it liked churches better.

Soon the printers began to come in to the early morning service. One of them was very sad, and there were tears in his eyes. He was a young man, not long married, and his child, a baby girl, was so sick that he scarcely expected to find it alive when he should reach home that morning.

The ghost of the young girl was attracted by the sorrowful printer, and when the service was over and he had left the church it followed him, keeping itself unseen. The printer found his wife in tears; the poor little baby was very low. It lay upon the bed, its eyes shut, its face pale and pinched, gasping for breath.

These were the dreams that came one night To earth from yonder sky: These were the dreams two dreamers dreamed-- My little boy and I.

And in our hearts my boy and I Were glad that it was so: He loved to dream of days to come, And I of long ago.

So from our dreams my boy and I Unwillingly awoke, But neither of his precious dreams 'Tis to the other spoke.

Yet of the love we bore those dreams Gave each his tender sign; For there was triumph in his eyes-- And there were tears-- Eugene Field.

The Bishop's Ghost And the Printer's Baby.

By FRANK R. STOCKTON.

(These short serial stories are copyrighted by Bachelier, Johnson & Bachelier, and are printed in The Tribune by special arrangement, simultaneous with their appearance in the leading daily journals of the large cities.)

Around the walls of a certain old church there stood many tombs, and these had been there so long that the plaster with which their lids were fastened down had dried and crumbled so that in most of them there were long cracks under their lids, and out of these the ghosts of the people who had been buried in the tombs were in the habit of escaping at night.

This had been going on for a long time, and, at the period of our story, the tombs were in such bad repair that every night the body of the church was so filled with ghosts that before daylight one of the sacristans was obliged to come into the church and sprinkle holy water everywhere. This was done to clear the church of ghosts before the first service began, and who does not



"Could You Get Out and Go to Your Own Tomb?"

know that if a ghost is sprinkled with holy water it shrinks up? This first service was attended almost exclusively by printers on their way home from their nightly labors on the journals of the town.

The tomb which had the largest crack under it lid belonged to a bishop who had died more than a hundred years before, and who had a great reputation for sanctity; so much so, indeed, that people had been in the habit of picking little pieces of plaster from under the lid of his tomb and carrying them away as holy relics, to prevent disease and accidents.

This tomb was more imposing than the others, and stood upon a pedestal so that the crack beneath its lid was quite plain to view, and remarks had been made about having it repaired.

Very early one morning, before it was time for the first service, there came into the church a poor mason. His wife had recently recovered from a severe sickness, and he was desirous of making an offering to the church. But having no money to spare, he had determined that he would repair the bishop's tomb, and he consequently came to do this before his regular hours of work began.

All the ghosts were out of their tombs at the time, but they were gathered in the other end of the church, and the mason did not see them, nor did they notice him; and he immediately went to work. He had brought some plaster and a trowel, and it was not long before the crack under the lid of the tomb was entirely filled up, and the plaster made as smooth and neat as when the tomb was new.

When his work was finished, the mason left the church by the little side door which had given him entrance.

Not ten minutes afterward the sacristan came in to sprinkle the church with holy water, and he found the mason began to scatter right and left, and to slip into their tombs as quickly as possible, but when the ghost of the good bishop reached his tomb he found it impossible to get in. He went around and around it, but nowhere could he find the least little chink by which he could enter. The sacristan was walking along the other side of the church, and he was in great trepidation the bishop's ghost hastened from tomb to tomb, hoping to find one which was unoccupied into which he could slip before the sprinkling began on that side of the church. He soon came to one which he thought might be unoccupied, but he discovered to his consternation that it was occupied by the ghost of a young girl who had died of love.

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed the bishop's ghost. "How unlucky! Who would have supposed this to be your tomb?" "It is not really my tomb," said the ghost of the young girl. "It is the tomb of Sir Geoffrey of the Marle, who was killed in battle eight two centuries ago. I am told that it had been empty for a long time, for his ghost has gone to Castle Marle. Not long ago I came into the church and finding this tomb unoccupied, I settled here."

"Ah, me!" said the bishop's ghost, "the sacristan will soon be around here with holy water. Could not you get out and go to your own tomb; where is that?"

"Alas, good-father," said the ghost of the young girl, "I have no tomb; I was buried plainly in the ground, and I do not know that I could find the place again. But I have no right to keep you out of this tomb, good father; it is as much yours as it is mine, so I will come out and let you enter; truly, you are in great danger. As for me, it doesn't matter very much whether I am sprinkled or not."

So the ghost of the young girl slipped out of Sir Geoffrey's tomb, and the bishop's ghost slipped in, and he slipped a minute before the scrierian had reached the place. The ghost of the young girl fitted from one pillar to another until it came near the door, and there it paused, thinking what it should do next. Even if it could find the grave from which it had come, it did not want to go back to such a place; it liked churches better.

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IS A GREAT ORGANIZATION. Some Statistics Which Indicate the Size of the Y. M. C. A.

From the Cleveland Leader. Statistics presented to the International convention of the Young Men's Christian association at Springfield, Mass., show that the membership of that organization is more than 244,000, and that it owns property valued at \$18,352,875. In the last year the growth in membership has been almost 12,000, and the increase in the net value of the property of the associations has been more than \$1,000,000.

These figures, it should be understood, cover only the United States and British North America. There are about 1,400 associations in the two countries, while in the rest of the world there are 3,800, in round figures. In Europe there are about 3,500. Asia has nearly 800, and the other 100 or thereabouts are found in Africa, Australia, South America and the islands of the Pacific.

It will be seen at a glance that the Young Men's Christian association is fast approaching, in size, wealth and influence, the oldest and greatest organizations of fraternal and helpful fellowship. It is attaining very great dimensions, and in this country particularly its power for good is rapidly increasing. It has passed beyond the stage of experiment or doubt, and it is assured of a prosperous and thoroughly beneficial development henceforth.

Beginning Their Work. From the Boston Traveler. The grape growers along Lake Erie are said to have lost two millions--dollars, not grapes--by the recent or present cold snap. Can it be possible that this untimely parade of winter is part of the Unholy trinity campaign?

THE MUSCULAR SYSTEM

of every weary, thin or thin blooded person does its work with contented and untroubled ease. They feel "warm," or tired out, "run-down" or "griped" or "feverish." Feeble people who are dyspeptic, find that exercise is sure to cause lessened power to digest food--because--there is so little blood, and that of the right kind. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes pure, rich blood, and to gain in blood is to gain in health. To gain and to keep strength and flesh is the secret of health, usefulness and happiness. With new blood and returning nerves a confident feeling of returning health comes also.

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Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes pure, rich blood, and to gain in blood is to gain in health.

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TO OUR PATRONS: Washburn-Crosby Co. wish to assure their many patrons that they will this year hold to their usual custom of milling STRICTLY OLD WHEAT until the new crop is fully cured. New wheat is now upon the market, and owing to the excessively dry weather many millers are of the opinion that it is already cured, and in proper condition for milling. Washburn-Crosby Co. will take no risks, and will allow the new wheat fully three months to mature before grinding.

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