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"STETSON."



"STETSON."



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Sporting... Comment.

Base Ball Foot Ball Boxing....

BROOKLYN continues in the National League lead but the magnificent work of Pittsburgh during the past week has diminished the distance between the Superbas and the Pirates, and Fred Clarke and his men are now strong possibilities as pennant winners. They are more popular than flies all over the circuit. Philadelphia has taken a brace and is now playing ball in a way that has enabled the Quakers to sprint away from the Bostonians and Chicagoans and secure a firm grip on third place. New York is playing fine ball, and is trying hard to get out of last place, gaining every day on St. Louis and Cincinnati, both of which are playing a very yellow game. In the American League Chicago still retains the lead with Milwaukee and Indianapolis struggling for second place, and hot on the leader's heels.

Right off the Bat.

BILLY SHETTLINE must have supplied all his Philadelphia Quakers with Welles' stirring book, "When the Sleeper Awakes," prior to his games with Chicago last week. The hard hitting quakers awoke from their recent lethargy and banged the ball for twenty-five hits, off of Callahan's delivery. Fifteen of the Quakers' twenty runs were earned. Young Bradley of Chicago is hitting the ball like a small demon of late, and in the last series with Brooklyn covered himself with all sorts of glory by smacking out three home runs, several doubles and numerous singles. In the beginning of the season, there was some doubt as to whether the young graduate of the New York State League, could make the Orphans, as he was not thought to be a heavy enough hitter. It is to laugh. John Gaffney, the veteran umpire, so popular in Scranton, has broken into the National League, again, and his work is giving universal satisfaction. Donlin, of St. Louis, created a sensation at Philadelphia, last week, by batting for Powell in the ninth inning and driving the first ball Red Donahue pitched to him, over the wall in right center, a terrific smash. Delehanty and Lajoie, of Philadelphia have each made four hits, in one game, five times this season. Flick has made four hits three times, and three hits fourteen times. Boston leads the National League in home runs and errorless games. Donovan, of St. Louis, leads the National League base runners with thirty-four purloined cushions. Single, of Philadelphia, leads in sacrifice hits, with seventeen to his name. Taylor, New York's deaf and dumb pitcher, seems to be a crackjack, from his recent performances. He has

fine curves and good speed, and fields his position magnificently. Pettinger, of Worcester, has been recalled by Boston and will be used regularly in the Beaneaters' twirling department. President Ban Johnson, of the American League, is quick to enforce discipline, and after punishing Ryan and Dillon, of Detroit, has now turned his attention to Dick Padden and Pat Dillard, of Chicago, on account of their violent abuse of Empire Sheridan in a recent game, when Dillard threw a ball at, and struck him. Dillard was fined \$10, and Padden as captain of the team was more severely penalized, being fined \$25 and suspended for five days. This is the sort of a base ball president, who raises the standard of the game. If National League rules were enforced as strictly as the American League laws, there would be far less of the rowdiness, which disgraces the National sport. On their last visit to Chicago, the Detroit players were considerably "jolted" by the crowd, regarding their well known kicking propensities. At the end of the game, Elberfeld, the scrappy little Tiger shortstop, heard an insulting remark from one of the spectators, and in a moment closed with him, and a general rough and tumble fight was imminent, which was stopped by one of the magnates.

Cycling Chat.

THE AGITATION of the League of American Wheelmen to have convicts used in building public roads is slowly making headway. On this subject the New York Post recently contained the following: "The League for Good Roads, in Oneida county, reports favorably on the experiment of employing convicts on road-making. Under the direction of the board of supervisors, and the superintendence of a trained engineer, the county prisoners have constructed a macadam road, one and three-tenths miles long, through the village of New York Mills, near Utica. The county authorities made a contract with the road district, whereby it was to furnish laborers at twenty-five cents a day, and allow the use of its stone-crusher, steam-roller, etc., free of charge. The road district furnished the necessary fuel and material, and paid for supervision. The cost of the road was about \$3,875, or \$4,500 a mile, and the total cost was only three times the amount of the annual road tax. As it will cost only \$250 a year to keep the new road in repair, the annual saving will amount to about \$1,550, and after the cost has been repaid the taxpayers will be relieved to this extent, or the money can be devoted to other improvements. While this road was building the state authorities were constructing a simi-

lar one of equal length, which was to cost, at the contract price, \$9,000." No plan for the securing of the League of American Wheelmen meet for Minneapolis, in 1902, will be formulated until after the cycling season is over, says the Minneapolis Times. (One of the first things that will be done will be the organization of a league meet club. To secure the meet it will be quite necessary for Minneapolis to make a good showing at the meet at Buffalo, N. Y., next August. This can undoubtedly be done, for aside from the meet the Pan-American exposition will be an extra inducement for Minneapolisians to make the trip. The matter has been quite generally talked over by the wheelmen who will take the initiative in the matter, and they do not anticipate any great difficulty in securing the meet. The District of Columbia division of the League of American Wheelmen is having success in building another side-path near Washington. As there is no side-path law in the District such as there is in some of the states, the funds for construction have to be raised in ways other than by the collection of a tax upon wheelmen. The division has been securing the money in a number of ways, and one of the most successful was a steamboat excursion last week. A large number were of the party and the profits of the trip will be used for extending the path.

On the Gridiron.

PRELIMINARY practice began on the University of Pennsylvania grounds a week ago Wednesday, a large number of candidates reporting to Coach Woodruff. The "rarsity" will be minus the services of several of last year's stars this fall. Overfield, Coombs, Outland and Kennedy will all be out of it. The loss of Overfield in particular will be felt, as the big, strong, agile center was always a tower of strength to the Red and the Blue. Coombs, the erratic, lightning-like end and halfback, will also be missed, and Outland and Kennedy are two men whose places it will be hard to fill. McCloskey is the most available candidate for center, and Woodley will probably be this year's quarterback. There is a big vacancy existing at fullback, for while McCracken's grand line-bucking ability assures him a place behind the line, he is no punter, and the need of a good kicking fullback will be sorely felt this season. At Columbia, prospects are not as bright as last year. Captain Wilson, of last year's eleven, will be unable to play, and both a good quarter and fullback will be needed, as Simon, last season's full, will also be kept out of the game. There is a strong likelihood that Morley, the crack halfback of last year, will be tried at quarter.

Among the Pugs.

SINCE the Horton law has gone into effect there has been a general exodus from the ring of all the big fighters, and all talk of future matches is off for the nonce, and the knights of the mit are thinking of naught but how to pass the winter in comfortable and at the same time lucrative fashion. Most of the king pugs have decided that now that cold weather is coming on, the stage with its gleaming footlights and large, enthusiastic audiences is the proper place to hibernate.

James J. Jeffries has decided that one championship is not enough for him, and has mentally resolved that he will prove himself a heavyweight among actors as well as fighters, and will be starred after September 20 by Billy Brady. The champion will enact the arduous role of Silent Sam in "The Man from the West." As far as the silent part of the drama goes, Jeffries will be a star, indeed, as any newspaper man will testify who ever tried to interview the big, stolid boiler-maker. Jeffries' great piece of acting will be done in an act where he gets in a ring with the heavy villain and knocks him out in the first round. It is said, by those who have seen the rehearsals, that Jeffries rises to sublime heights here, and carries out the role in a manner far superior to that in which Irving, Mansfield, et al, could possibly do it. Professor Robert Fitzsimmons will be the stellar attraction in a pastoral drama, entitled "The Honest Blacksmith." Bob has also branched out as itinerant actor and is writing a series of articles for a New York paper, on Health Culture. James J. Corbett, who is the most experienced actor among the pugs, will star in "The Naval Cadet," providing he returns from his sudden European tour. Kid McCoy will gather in a few shekels by indulging in some minor scraps, and may then open a school of boxing. Terry McGovern has already taken to the footlights, and is making a big hit in "The Bovey After Dark." Tom Sharkey is going to take a six months' rest, and is undecided whether to open a grog shop at the end of that period or to go back to the navy. Gus Ruhlin will keep on fighting, and is anxious to get a go with Jeffries.

THE CHILDLESS FLAT BELOW.

St. Peter sat inside the gate— A soul sneered outside, "And knocked upon the golden bars: 'Pray, let me in,' she cried. 'When you were on that little ball Men call 'the earth,' said he. 'You live in what is called a flat— 'Yes, what of that?' said she. 'You lived,' the saint went on to say, 'In quiet comfort there; No noise was made by night or day To fill you with despair. ' 'Tis as you say,' the woman said, 'And I was free from sin; 'I went to church as Christians should— Now, prythee, let me in. 'You hunted round until you found A flat,' St. Peter said, 'Where children never romped below Nor scamped overhead. ' 'Ah, yes! they barred the children out,' She answered him, 'and that Was why I took such comfort in My cozy, quiet flat. ' 'There were no children there to raise A soul-distracting din, And mine, therefore, were happy days— Now, prythee, let me in! ' 'Say, say, go down below,' he said, 'And turned his head and smiled, 'There are so many children here, They'd simply set you wild! ' 'Go down below—far down below— You'll find a place there that Is just as free from children as They kept your childless flat! ' —Chicago Times-Herald.

A Soldier and a Maiden.

"HELLO, the house—hello!" Two men in the dress of farmers and each of them carrying a flint-lock musket on his shoulder, had stopped in front of the Paulding Farm House, near Tarrytown, on the Hudson. In response to the call, a man of 30 appeared at the door. His face was scarlet from having knelt before the fire for the last hour, and in one hand he held a pair of bullet molds, and in the other a dozen newly-cast bullets. "Ready in a minute!" he shouted, as he retreated into the house, and the men at the gate lighted their pipes and sat down on the grass. Three ordinary men—Paulding, Van Wert and Williams—uneducated, hard-working, and unknown beyond the neighborhood, but on that September day of 1780 they were going to save the life of a nation and make history for the world to read. "Who is it?" asked the wife of Paulding, who had been busy clearing away the breakfast things, as he molded his bullets. "And what are you going to do?" "Have a pop at some of the British foragers if the chance comes. Van Wert heard last night that they took about everything Jim Henderson had yesterday afternoon. We ain't got no order from anybody, but we're going to do a little scouting on our own hook, and I'm hopin' some of these bullets will find a mark." "But be careful, James—be careful," cautioned the wife. "I'll be careful 'nuff. Say, now, listen to me. You know that big tree and the thicket over there, and the road? It's only a mile from here cross-roads. If you see any suspicious persons hangin' about, or if the foragers come this way, send Minnie to tell us. We shall hang out there all day, unless driven off, and I may not be back before supper time." With that the man passed out and joined his companions, and the three disappeared in the woods. At almost the same moment, Minnie Paulding, a girl of 16, who had passed the previous night at the house of a girl friend two miles up the river, started to return home. She had hardly passed the Smith homestead, when a stranger, who had come out of the house, hastened his steps and overtook her. "A fair good morning to a fair little maid," he said, as she turned at sound of his footsteps. "And good morning to you," she replied in return, as she resumed her walk. "Not far away" queried the stranger, as he kept step with her, and struck at the wayside bushes with the switch in his hand. "Two miles below, sir." "And thy father—is he a king's man?" "Indeed, no, else Washington would not have dined with us a month ago.

This is no road for the king's men to travel." "I fear me, little maid," he said, after a light laugh, "that I should find rather a little rebel, if I knew thee better." "I am one, sir, as is every one about here except the Smiths. 'Tis a shame that Tories should be allowed to live on among us." "But these are the king's possessions, and those who remain loyal to their king should not be objects of contempt and malice, though were I a king's man I might forgive thee on account of thy sex. It is not for women—much less for young maidens—to talk of politics and war." "But I thought you might be a king's man," she said, as she looked him squarely in the eyes. He laughed and flushed, and it was a full minute before he replied: "Leave war for men, little maid, I should guess thine age to be about 17, and—" "Sixteen, sir." He had not spoken with impertinence but the cheeks of the maiden reddened, and he saw that she was angry. They walked on for a few rods in silence, and then he halted and uncorked his head, and, making a low bow, he said: "I have hurt thee, and I beg forgiveness. Let us talk of other things. Is the road clear of pickets and patrols?" "I believe so," she answered, mollified by his words, "but if you are of us you need fear no danger." "Didst I tell thee to leave war to men?" he asked, with a laugh. "I go this way to my home, and you go that way to Tarrytown. Sir, I bid you good-day." "But not without a clasp of the hand," he replied, as he extended his and doffed his hat. "You have made this walk pleasant for me. I thank you and wish you happiness. Should we meet again?" "Who can he be?" mused the girl, as she stood and watched him. "He is surely a soldier and a gentleman, but he is not one of us. Are British spies men of gentle speech and courtly manners? He must have had business with the Tory Smith, but surely he can be no spy." When she reached home she had much to say to her mother of the stranger who had walked with her on the highway, but she had spoken very few words when the mother interrupted: "If the man is a patriot what was he doing at the house of a Tory? Girl, run and tell your father and Van Wert and Williams. They will have time to intercept him on the river road." Half an hour later the girl appeared at the big tree on the crossroads and told her story. "It isn't likely that a British spy would be walking the highways in broad daylight," responded the father, "but if he be a stranger to these parts let us overhaul him. If he be an hon-

est man it will do him no harm. Come, girl, you may go with us and return by the road. The stranger had dallied by the wayside after the girl had parted from him. It was a glorious morning and the squirrels were gathering their breakfast from the hazel bushes, and the wild grapes tempted the wayfarer to stop here and there. He thus sacrificed a quarter of an hour and they were the minutes that saved a nation. The three patriots and the maiden had scarcely reached the river road when the stranger came along. He was humming a lively air and switching at the dusty bushes. At the cry of "Halt!" he stopped in his tracks. He saw only the three men at first. A troubled look came into his eyes, but it passed swiftly away, and he smiled as he said: "I had expected to meet you further up the road, but it is well. Have you encountered any soldiers this morning?" "Then—you are a king's man?" asked Paulding. "Of course, and you are sent to meet me." The three men looked at him in silence and with very serious faces. He was still smiling when the girl stepped out into the road. Then his face went white in an instant. He had wonderful self control, however. The pallor disappeared and was replaced by a smile and bowing in a courteous way, he said: "I am charmed that we meet again. Men, here is gold to divide between you and I bid you good day." "Not so fast," said Williams, as he blocked the way. "We must know all about you before you can pass on." "Surely he is a soldier and an Englishman," said the girl to herself but aloud. "Fie, friends, you are overparticular this morning." Lightly answered the stranger, as he again displayed his gold. "Take this and let us part in peace." "If he had fallen into the hands of some of those who get serious faces. When they sternly demanded information his hesitation and confusion aroused suspicion. They insisted on a search of his person and under the soles of his feet were found the documents which told the world that Benedict Arnold was a traitor and which were to encompass the death of the possessor within a few weeks. He said no word when they were discovered, but he looked at the maiden and bowed and smiled. In his inherent gallantry he had praised and complimented, and in return she had sent him to the gallows as a spy. The girl did not understand this at first. The men had the written proofs before them that a trusted general had bartered his honor for gold and would strike at the life of liberty and that the stranger within their grasp was a spy. But they were slow-witted and loath to believe. It was hours before they realized the full measure of the crime, and then they had less nerve than the one accused. As they led him away from Paulding's house he knew every step he took was toward the gallows, but, bowing to and smiling at the fair-faced daughter, he kindly and courteously said: "I thank you for the favors you have extended and I wish you happiness." "—did not mean to do it!" cried the maid with tears in her eyes and a sob in her throat. "I have forgiven you," he answered, as he bowed again. "Good day." And they remembered him only as Maj. Andre, the soldier—the gentleman—the cavalier.—Exchange.