

THORNTON'S ROMANCE OF THE SEA.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Price Ten Cents.



A WEEDSPORT, N. Y., WOMAN'S NERVE.

MISS SILSBY COMPELLED TO SURRENDER BANKER BURRITT'S LOVE LETTERS BY HIS INDIGNANT WIFE.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor. POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE, Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1891.

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RICHARD K. FOX.

A REMARKABLE ROMANCE.

Brooklyn is celebrated for its romance, and the public naturally looks to it for sensations. Brooklyn sensations are not of the ordinary kind; they are distinctively Brooklyn. When, a few weeks ago, a prosperous married baker named Thornton, and his pretty sister-in-law named Jewell, mysteriously disappeared, leaving no clue but their wearing apparel in a Coney Island bath house, the public was not astonished. An elopement was hinted at, but the more charitably inclined said that the couple had been drowned while bathing. And so it would appear, for weeks passed and no traces of the missing baker and Miss Jewell were discovered. The sorrowing wife donned widow's weeds and was contemplating erecting a fitting tombstone, should the body of her husband be found. The public forgot all about the incident and was revelling in a new sensation.

But Baker Thornton and Miss Jewell were not to be laid aside after so brief a period of notoriety. A mere tombstone with the regulation graveyard epitaph was not to Thornton's liking, and Miss Jewell, with feminine desire for sensationalism, was not satisfied to be simply recorded as drowned. They had disappeared and they wanted to reappear with a dramatic flourish. And they did.

A dispatch from Jacksonville, Fla., announced their arrival there after a series of most startling adventures. The story they told would have caused Sinbad, the sailor, to shiver with the cold. It would have convinced Jules Verne that he had no standing as an imaginative writer. It caused the public to hold its breath and simply wonder. Fiction was outdone. The wires flashed the tale over the world, and the newspapers made the most of it.

To be brief, this remarkable couple declared that while sporting in the surf at Coney Island they were carried out to sea on a log, picked up by a passing vessel, transferred to another vessel, and finally landed on the Florida coast nearly a month later. Then they walked twenty miles through the wilderness to Jacksonville, from which point Thornton telegraphed home for funds. The fact that Thornton and Miss Jewell could not remember the names of the vessels did not matter. It was a thrilling tale, and while the public was somewhat skeptical, it would have been generally accepted had not a Pullman car conductor and a newspaper editor interposed. They robbed the story of much of its romance by stating that it was a fake. They declared positively and emphatically that Thornton and Miss Jewell rode in a Pullman car from New Orleans to Jacksonville, and occupied a berth together. And this at the time when they were supposed

to be on the bounding Atlantic on board an unknown vessel.

Thornton and Miss Jewell deny the Pullman car episode and stick to their weird story of the sea. Mrs. Thornton, who has now put aside her widow's weeds, expresses her entire confidence in her husband, and the latter's brother declares that he would believe Thornton against the world, and accept the Sinbad romance as gospel truth. Yet there are many of Thornton's friends in Brooklyn (who no doubt delight to gossip) who say that the affair looks suspicious, and that the baker, after eloping with his sister-in-law, should have remained away and worked at his trade.

PETER MAHER, the Irish champion pugilist, is coming here in search of success and gold. Billy Madden will pilot him.

WHEN the Giants went over to Brooklyn to make merry with the Bridegroom, they were presented with a basket of goose eggs.

THE Connecticut school teacher who found a rattlesnake in her lunch basket cannot be accused of having dallied with apple juice.

THE Rev. Zachariah T. Bell, the North Carolina revivalist, who deserted his wife and children, and eloped with a young woman, unblushingly admits his guilt.

WHEN the sexton of a certain New York church turned up the gas one evening recently, it is said he discovered several promising Chinese pupils mixed up with several young and pretty Sunday school teachers. The Chinamen are being rapidly converted.

A YOUNG and fresh travelling salesman, who attempted to flirt with the pretty daughter of Actor Pete Baker, in Dayton, O., the other day, didn't know the old man was around until he found himself flying through a plate glass window. Pete is said to be rather handy with his fists.

THE young Philadelphian who sat on a tack while riding in a railway car with his best girl, declares that not only was that portion of his anatomy which came in contact with the tack injured, but his dignity suffered, and he thinks about \$5,000 will be the proper sum to repair the damage.

PHYSICIANS who prescribe kisses for their pretty female patients and administer the medicine themselves, are not always successful from a medical standpoint. After an examination had been made of Dr. McCallum of Arkadelphia, Ark., who tried this sort of treatment on the wife of a prominent citizen recently, it was found that he was suffering from severe contusions caused by his body coming in contact with a wheel spoke propelled by the hands of an irate husband, who, apparently, did not approve of the doctor's course of treatment. Doctors can't please everybody.

LEANDER RICHARDSON hit the popular fancy when he conceived "As Ye Sow," his latest novel. Not only has he written an entertaining book, but he has strayed from the well-beaten path of the modern writer, and actually presented something bright and original. His hero does not begin his career in the usual way, but starts out as a pugilist. As Lawrence Medway, he has an adventure with a beautiful but rather unscrupulous young woman, knocks out the world's champion prize fighter, and wins a big fat purse. He retires from public view for a dozen years and then appears in Washington as the Hon. Herbert Clavering, Member of Congress. He makes a great speech and wakes up the next morning to find himself the most famous statesman in the land. Meanwhile his enemies, through the aforesaid beautiful woman, discover his antecedents and denounce him in the Congressional Hall as an ex-prize fighter. The Hon. Mr. Clavering, however, arises to the occasion, routs his enemies, wins the most memorable fight in the history of Congress and is more popular than ever. Like all well-regulated heroes, he wins the girl of his choice. The story is well written and full of dramatic incidents. There is also a vein of humor through it all, and it is not entirely without pathos. The description of the great prize fight is graphic and would certainly find favor with all lovers of sport. As a whole it is a fascinating book and well worth reading.

PERSONS SENDING MONEY TO THIS OFFICE will please remit by registered letter, money order or express, otherwise the money may go astray. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

A NAUGHTY REVIVALIST.

Rev. Mr. Bell Elopes with a Pretty Woman.

HE DESERTS HIS FAMILY.

Arrested in Dahlonga, Ga., with His Paramour.

HIS DOUBLE LIFE EXPOSED.



REV. ZACHARIAH T. BELL, revivalist, is in the Dahlonga, Ga., jail, charged with adultery. He admits his guilt. He left his wife and five children in Lexington, N. C., and ran away with a young woman. He arrived in Dahlonga two or three months ago and at once established himself as a Methodist preacher. He conducted himself in a most exemplary manner, and when he came into the pulpit he preached with fervor and enthusiasm. The woman, Miss Kate Mashburn, his paramour, went around with him, and Bell introduced her as his wife. They stopped a week with Rev. D. M. Edwards, and he and Rev. Edwards conducted a successful revival at Davis chapel, near town. He was everywhere received into the best families in town, stopping a while with Hon. W. H. McAfee and ex-Senator Boyd.

When it was discovered that he was a wife deserter a warrant was placed in the hands of Sheriff Brookshire, charging him with adultery, and he was lodged in jail. Ex-Senator Wier Boyd will prosecute the festive minister and see to it that he is punished for his misdeeds.

The affair has created intense excitement, and threats of flogging and feathering Bell were freely indulged in. Bell has a brother, Joseph H. Bell, and he is shocked at the revelations just made. The Rev. Zach had not seen his brother Joseph for twenty-four years and he pined off Miss Mashburn on him as his wife, Joe little dreaming that he had deserted a wife and five children in North Carolina.

Mrs. Lucy Bell, the wife of the faithless preacher, lives in the southern portion of Lexington, N. C., with her five little children.

Rev. Zachariah T. Bell was licensed by the Methodist Episcopal church, south, six years ago. He always made himself useful in revival work. He appeared to be an earnest preacher.

During the past six years Rev. Mr. Bell has preached in half the counties of North Carolina and has labored frequently in South Carolina and Virginia. He was a devoted husband and a loving father to his children, and nobody who knew him could have been made to believe that he would ever desert them and leave them penniless.

In the summer of 1887 Miss Kate Mashburn, a young Randolph county woman, who was a great admirer of the Rev. Mr. Bell's preaching, came to visit his family.

Early in the summer of last year Miss Mashburn again appeared at the Bell residence, and remained until December. On the morning of Dec. 15 Mr. Bell told his wife that he had received an invitation to assist in a revival, at that time in progress at Maxton, N. C. He told Mrs. Bell that he would start for Maxton on the evening train, and so his wife had his change of clothing nicely dusted and carefully folded in his valise at the proper time. When he suggested



MISS MASHBURN VISITS THE MINISTER.

that he might possibly need money on the journey, Mrs. Bell turned the purse, containing nearly one hundred dollars, over to him. That was the sum and total of their cash assets, and, handing his wife \$3, the revivalist slipped the purse down deep into his pocket.

Miss Mashburn was there, making preparations to leave, saying she intended going home the following day.

Mr. Bell looked at his watch, and, remarking that it was only thirty minutes till train time, he kissed each of his children goodby, and embracing his wife, imprinted a kiss upon her lips, and as a last request, "Take good care of children, darling," and then turn-

ing to their lady visitor, "Goodby, Miss Mashburn," he was off for the depot.

He told Mrs. Bell that he would return within three or four days.

At the depot he bought a ticket for Salisbury, and arriving in that town he went to the Mount Vernon Hotel, where he remained quietly until noon the next day. A few minutes before train time he walked down



THE ELOPEMENT.

to the depot and purchased two tickets for Atlanta, and just as he started to turn around a gentleman slapped him on the shoulder:

"Why, howdy, Brother Bell!"

It was Hiram Woods of Concord, and, showing much surprise, the preacher wheeled around.

"Why, bless my soul! Howdy, Brother Woods!"

Mr. Woods, observing two tickets in his hand, asked if his wife was with him, and he told him no, but said that she was coming on the next train, and expected to join him. They talked a few minutes and Mr. Woods walked away.

When the train came in Mr. Woods boarded it for Concord, and passing through the first class car he observed Mr. Bell sitting by the side of a young woman and chatting pleasantly. The woman he supposed to be his wife, and passing them he politely raised his hat and bowed, but did not stop.

Miss Mashburn had packed her trunks, and bid-



"WHY, HOWDY, BROTHER BELL."

ding Mrs. Bell and the children farewell, she had boarded the south-bound train, and in less than 30 minutes she was in Salisbury with Preacher BEN. It was to her that Mr. Woods tipped his hat.

For weeks and months Mr. Bell's return was anxiously awaited, and nothing was said. No word coming from him, inquiry after his whereabouts was made at Maxton, when it was ascertained that he had not been there. Then it developed that Miss Mashburn was not at her home; neither had she been there since she left to visit the Bell family; and slowly all of the facts came out.

BILLY WOODS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Billy Woods of Denver, Col., is the pugilist who recently defeated Jack Davis in a battle for \$3,000 in the Pacific Athletic Club. His portrait was taken in the POLICE GAZETTE'S Photograph Studio specially for this paper.

Woods is a tall well-made pugilist, possessing considerable muscle, and so far he has been successful in the arena. The only Bat Masterson of Denver, Col., is his backer and manager.

ARTHUR A. ZIMMERMAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE we publish a portrait of Arthur A. Zimmerman, of the New York Athletic Club, who has lately been creating quite a sensation in sporting circles by his wonderful exploits on the wheel. Zimmerman is an amateur bicycle rider and has won innumerable prizes, having beaten many of the bicycle records, including the three, four and five mile records.

CLAUDE J. MEREDITH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsewhere appears a portrait of Claude J. Meredith, a popular young sport of Bowling Green, Ky. Meredith is an enthusiastic admirer of the trotting horse and has recently made big winnings on the track.

JACK DAVIS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Jack Davis, the heavy-weight pugilist of Omaha, Neb., is the man who was recently defeated by Billy Woods in the Pacific Athletic Club, of San Francisco, Cal., full particulars of which appear in this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE.

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MASKS AND FACES.

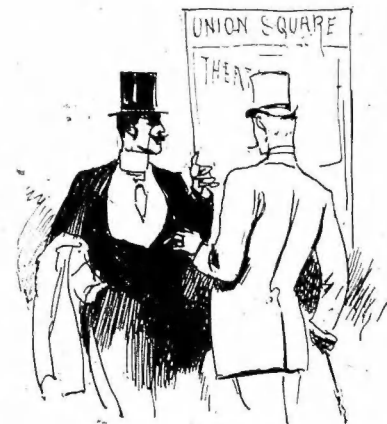
Seabrooke and Mansfield-- "As Ye Sow."

FRENCH SINGING FAIRIES.

Clara and Jack--"Boys and Girls"--"Miss Innocence."

MASHERS AND MUMMERS.

"Nye makes me tired!"
One of two swells in front of the Union Square Theatre thus tersely expressed himself the other night. They were discussing "The Cadi," the new play by Bill Nye. The criticism wasn't far wrong. The play is windy, wordy and wearisome. There isn't action or



"NYE MAKES ME TIRED!"

human interest to it. Stuart Robson ought to have known better than to back a thing like that. People want action, action, action in plays. Tom Seabrooke made up as Bill Nye and played the title role. Fine character actor as he is, he couldn't save the monotonous monologue and hold people from leaving the show before it was out. Seabrooke has added to his reputation, but Nye ought to let play-writing alone. And Robson and Floyd, backer and manager aforesaid, will drop their balbriggans.

Two eminent dramatic critics, Leander Richardson and Alan Dale, have, during the past week, published novels. Richardson calls his book "As Ye Sow," and treats of life in a bright, breezy, realistic manner. You ought to buy and read the book, if only for the description of the prize fight in it. Alan Dale introduces us to "Miss Innocence" and gives us vistas of a woman's troubled soul limned with a dainty and delicate pen.

My duty as a flippantly faithful chronicler of current



"MANSFIELD'S ROT."

stage events compels me to say that Mansfield in his new play, "Nero," scored a bewildering failure at the Garden Theatre. Mansfield is trying to do too much. His "Don Juan" was a fiasco. His "Richard" was a fluke. Now his "Nero" is bound to be relegated to the lumber room of oblivion. It is a shabby gloom in five acts. I, for my part, see nothing in a stage character who alternately bellows like a stuck bull and kisses a fat dancing girl like a lascivious dotard. I give you my word the audience laughed at Mansfield the night I was there. His leading woman, Beatrice Cameron, instead of acting tragedy, ought to stay at home and mend his socks, and Emma Sheridan, who plays the dancing girl, ought to spend her evenings eating spaghetti and writing love verses. Perhaps you have bought a ticket for "Nero" and don't wish it to go to waste. If you have a grudge against your butcher, give it to him.

A group of actors were discussing Louis Aldrich, who, by the way, is going out in "My Partner" again, in a barroom the other night. One of the party said that last season Aldrich didn't do much because he

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was sick. Another one of the party asked what ailed him. "O, not much," answered Louis Harrison, airily and quickly; "I guess Aldrich only had a falling of the box sheet!"

From outward indications, I should say "Boys and Girls," an acrobatic farce comedy, by J. J. McNally.



"I LOVE CLARA MORRIS."

has caught on at the Park Theatre. The Leopolds are great. May Irwin, a clever artist, does the tough girl a la Harrigan, but not as well as Ada Lewis. Copies never are as effective as originals. That Dutch dancer ought to be cut. Flora Irwin astonished me by her versatility. Ignacio Martinetti played a waiter just as last season he did a dancing master. Sadie Kirby has a fair voice, but her facial expression is as blank as that of a stock sourette on a stock half sheet. Wood, of Wood and Shepherd, played a straight part very fairly. Shepherd tried to play a tough and tooted. Blanche Howard and Victorine Parker were fair. Laura Russell wasn't. In act three she showed more bust than talent. Bill Harris, an ex-song-and-dance man, now the manager with Rich, watched the show on the first night. The first act went rapidly. The second act, an excellent restaurant scene, dragged. The third act went to pieces. But you can have two hours fun with "Boys and Girls," so you had better drop in and look at them.

"A remarkable fact in theatricals nowadays," said



"THEM LEOPOLDS IS GREAT."

A. P. Dunlop of Stage News, to me the other day, "is the friendship which exists between certain female stars and their leading men. I need mention only Marie Walnwright and Henry Miller, Margaret Mather and Otis Skinner, Cora Potter and Kyle Bellew, Rose Coghlan and John T. Sullivan, Marie Prescott and McLean, Fannie Davenport and Melbourne McDowell and you'll see I'm quite correct. If a woman star takes a fancy to a rising leading man, the rising leading man's fortune or fame is made. He is the virtual boss of the female star's company. The female star may at times boss him around a bit, perhaps make him carry a satchel and a traveling blanket occasionally, but otherwise the leading man has a fine time and a bed of roses.

We are threatened with an invasion of cafe chantant



"BENNETT GIVES ME A PAIN."

singers this season. A couple of years ago we had a plague of Gaiety dancers and Spanish dancers. Now we shall probably have a surfeit of recent Parisian warblers. A month or so ago Fougere came over and

is now cavorting, distorting and disporting at Koster and Bial's. The other day Valti, another singer and dancer, landed at the Eden Musee, and Frank Reynolds says she's the greatest on earth. How much longer will New York, the virtuous and clean, be thus tempted by pettecoated sirens?

Clara Morris did a big business in "Odette" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. Jack Bennett, with ridiculous booming, doesn't draw a dollar to "Jane" at the Madison Square. There is a lesson in this contrast between genius and gall. Genius, even when coupled with nerves and medicine bottles, wins. Gall, though robed in men's silk underwear and tinged with a sickly smile, makes no hit. Daily newspaper puffery is transparent. Its fulsomefulness is regulated by the managerial purse.

Here's some trivial town talk, as I pick it up on the street.

Frank David, Fannie Rice, George Marion, Sadie Scaulau and Rosabel Morrison are among the dubious stars this season.

Harry Dixey hasn't developed much draught in "The Solicitor" at Herrmann's, and Mrs. Dion Boucicault continues nightly to exhibit her fine bony neck and catching lack of comedy talent.

I hear "Niobe," at the Bijou, is a financial fizzle in spite of the managerial posters. The balcony and gallery don't care for the trifle. On the road Eleanor Carey plays the part of the statue admirably. I think she ought to, because she is rather antique.

Eastlake, with her wheezy voice, has arrived among us, and Frolliat Paget, with her superabundant rouge, and Perdita Hudspeth, with her queer name, and still our native comedienne thrive.

Loto Fuller came over from the other side also, but didn't create as much of a stir as she thought she would. I always liked Fuller, and I am sorry she is about to link fortunes with such a bad comedian as Louis de Lange. Even Mark Murphy would have been better than that.

Roland Reed isn't doing as well as his friends expected with "The Club Friend" at the Star. Isadore Rush, his leading woman, isn't an actress, she is a fine dresser.

I learn that "The Hustler," supposed to have been written by Lew Rosen, got a roast from the papers in "Frisco. They said John Kernell was a variety actor, whose jokes were often coarse, and they compared the voice of Mollie Thompson to a fishhorn.

I tell you it's no fun fathering farce comedies.
LEW ROSEN.

A VERY POINTED AFFAIR, OTTO!

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Otto Kramer of Philadelphia, Pa., was riding in a local traction car, one day recently, with his best girl. After seeing the young lady comfortably seated, he sat down himself, but was up again the next instant. "Ouch," cried Otto, at the same time clapping his hand upon that portion of his anatomy, which, in a small boy, is usually spanked. When Kramer sat down he had failed to notice an innocent looking little tack lying upon the car seat, with its business end pointed skyward. Otto in his hurry had planked himself upon the little piece of metal. This is what had caused Otto to so suddenly rise, the tack had become attached to Kramer and was sticking to him through thick and thin. Kramer is now suing the railroad company for \$2,000 damages.

KISSED HIS PATIENT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Considerable excitement exists in Arkadelphia, Ark., over an alleged act of Dr. J. A. McCallum, a prominent physician of that town. During the absence of J. K. Marberry, Mrs. Marberry was taken suddenly ill, and summoned Dr. McCallum. Before leaving his patient, it is said, he kissed her. The following day the lady arose and dressed herself to prevent a recurrence of the act. McCallum called, placed his arm around the woman and repeated his actions of the day previous. When Marberry learned of what had occurred he sought out the doctor and belabored him with a wheel spoke. Marberry's friends swear they will kill McCallum on sight.

DENVER SPORTS AT WAR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A quarrel over a game of cards in a private club-room on Champa street, Denver, Col., recently, resulted in the instant death of C. D. Robinson, a dry goods clerk. He and one F. Lochbaum were playing poker, and a dispute arose over the opening of a jack pot, when Robinson knocked his companion down and hammered him with a chair. Lochbaum fired while lying on the floor, the ball passing through Robinson's breast, causing death in a few minutes. Lochbaum and the proprietors of the house are under arrest.

THREE WERE WOUNDED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

One night recently five tramps called at the house of Engineer Finch in Owosso, Mich., and insisted that Mrs. Finch should buy a ring they offered for sale. Her husband came in answer to her call for help, but was compelled to retreat before one of the tramps' revolver. Going to his bedroom Mr. Finch secured a revolver, and from a window opened fire upon the gang. They returned the shots, wounding Finch in the arm. He fired five shots, three of which took effect. Two of the tramps were seriously and a third severely wounded. All five are now in jail.

AN UNDERGROUND WEDDING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Dilman cave, near English, Ind., was recently the scene of a very pretty wedding. Arthur L. Betzinger and Miss Cora Montague were the happy couple. Notice had been given two days before that the ceremony would be performed, and nearly 500 guests were present to witness the wedding. After the ceremony, cloths were spread and an abundant lunch was set for the visitors, who did justice to the occasion.

ROUNDSMAN TAYLOR.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsewhere we reproduce a portrait of Roundsman Taylor, of the Fifth Precinct, this city. Taylor did excellent work at the recent Park Place disaster. It was due to his efforts that sixteen more victims were not added to the long list of death. He is an efficient and capable officer.

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EDWARD G. GEISENHEIMER.

A Good-looking Sport and Boniface of Port Jervis, N. Y.

THE HOFFMAN CAFE HIS STAND.

Edward G. Geisenheimer, whose portrait appears in this column, is the leading sporting man and boniface of Port Jervis, N. Y. He is the proprietor of the Hoffman House cafe, one of the finest resorts in the town, a place well patronized by the ditto and sporting fraternity. Geisenheimer is not only a D. D. (doctor of drinks) but also a promoter of all manly sports. He speculates on the turf events and plunges on the results of flat encounters. He started in life as clerk in the Delaware House. Before he reached his ma-



Fority he became proprietor of the Clarendon Hotel, which under his management grew to be the most popular and best patronized place in town. Socially Ed is one of the most genial of companions, and it is not to be wondered at that fortune has smiled upon him so favorably. His friends, who are legion, all wish him good luck.

WILLIE PHELPS TO THE RESCUE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The other morning while on her way to her school in the village of Burnside, five miles from Hartford, Conn., Miss Ruth McDougall, a pretty schoolm'am, stopped to pluck a bouquet of wild flowers. While hunting the blossoms she placed her lunch basket, containing her noonday luncheon, at the foot of an old tree. After gathering the wild flowers Miss McDougall picked up her basket and proceeded to the schoolhouse. The morning session being over she prepared to eat her lunch. As she reached into her basket the pupils were startled by a loud scream, and looking up, saw that a large rattlesnake was coiled about their teacher's arm. Willie Phelps, who is credited with being the best fighter and speller in the class, jumped up and with a mighty effort tore the reptile from off Miss McDougall and stamped it to death. He then went to the aid of the young woman, who was lying on the floor in a faint. He dashed water in her face, and seeing a drop of blood oozing from a wound in her arm, where the snake had buried its fangs, he sucked at it vigorously. A schoolmate was hurried off to a neighboring drug store for a pint of whiskey, which young Phelps forced down Miss McDougall's throat. Shortly afterward Dr. Childs arrived at the schoolhouse and ordered the teacher removed home. Willie's prompt action had saved her life.

A WEEDSPORT, N. Y., WOMAN'S NERVE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Fred N. Burritt, of Weedport, N. Y., cashier in the bank of Burritt & Henderson, has been paying more attention to Miss Emma Silsby, of Seneca Falls, a visitor there for some time past, than was agreeable to his wife.

Matters came to a climax recently, when Mrs. Burritt entered the room of Miss Silsby at her hotel, and at the muzzle of a revolver demanded the letters her husband had written her. After getting them, it is said, she beat the girl over the head with the weapon until the clerk, attracted by her screams, interfered.

As soon as she was able Miss Silsby left for Seneca Falls again. When Burritt heard what had happened he also left the place.

ANXIOUS FOR A FUNERAL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Joseph Biberich, a San Francisco, Cal., man, was arrested the other night for disturbing the peace. Biberich has been married only six months, and his wife lies on her deathbed, cared for by a nurse and attended by kind-hearted neighbors. Biberich got drunk and tried to drive the nurse from the bedside. Then the police interfered.

The nurse says he has openly threatened to poison his wife, and has pinched and beaten her while she lay powerless in bed. He called in an undertaker and had his wife measured for a coffin. Then he purchased a burial lot and made arrangements for the funeral. His wife has some property which, the nurse says, Biberich wants to get hold of.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The wife of a Sioux Falls, S. D., contractor named Neprosich recently drowned her two children and then herself by jumping from the Great Northern bridge. Workmen saw the woman seize the eldest child, a boy, and throw him into the water. She gazed for an instant as she saw him strike the water, and then, having buried the babe after him, plunged in herself. The three bodies were recovered.



A STAGE FAVORITE.

MISS HATTIE DOLANO, A BEAUTIFUL AND CHARMING ACTRESS WITH ENTICING WAYS, POSSESSING UNDENIABLE TALENT AND MERIT.



EFFIE LA TOUR,

AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADY WITH PRETTY FACE AND GRACEFUL FORM WELL-KNOWN ON THE AMERICAN STAGE.



A BRIGHT YOUNG STAGE FAVORITE.

MISS CAMILLE TOWNSEND, ONE OF THE MOST CLEVER, VERSATILE, INTELLIGENT AND HANDSOMEST ACTRESSES ON THE AMERICAN STAGE.



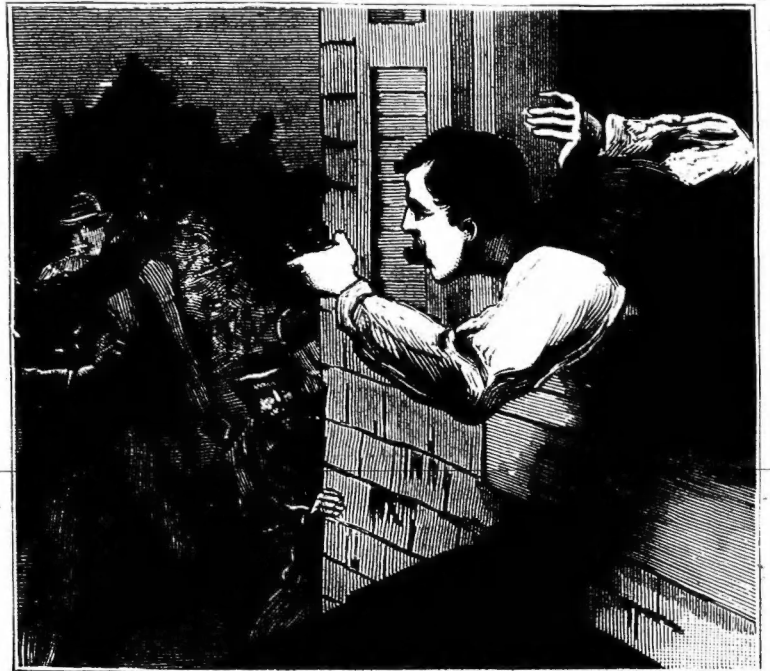
A CHILD WONDER.

"TIDDLEWINKS," A BRIGHT YOUNGSTER WHO IS MAKING A GOOD-SIZED POT OF GOLD ON THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE.



AN INHUMAN PARENT.

PRETTY FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD MAGGIE CAMPBELL SAID TO HAVE BEEN MURDERED BY HER FATHER NEAR RITCHIE, MO.



THREE WERE WOUNDED.

FIVE UGLY TRAMPS TACKLE PLUCKY ENGINEER FINCH OF OWOSSO, MICH., BUT GET BADLY WORSTED IN THE BATTLE.



ABE BURROWS.

ARRESTED RECENTLY FOR ATTEMPTING TO WRECK A PASSENGER TRAIN NEAR LUMPKIN, GA.



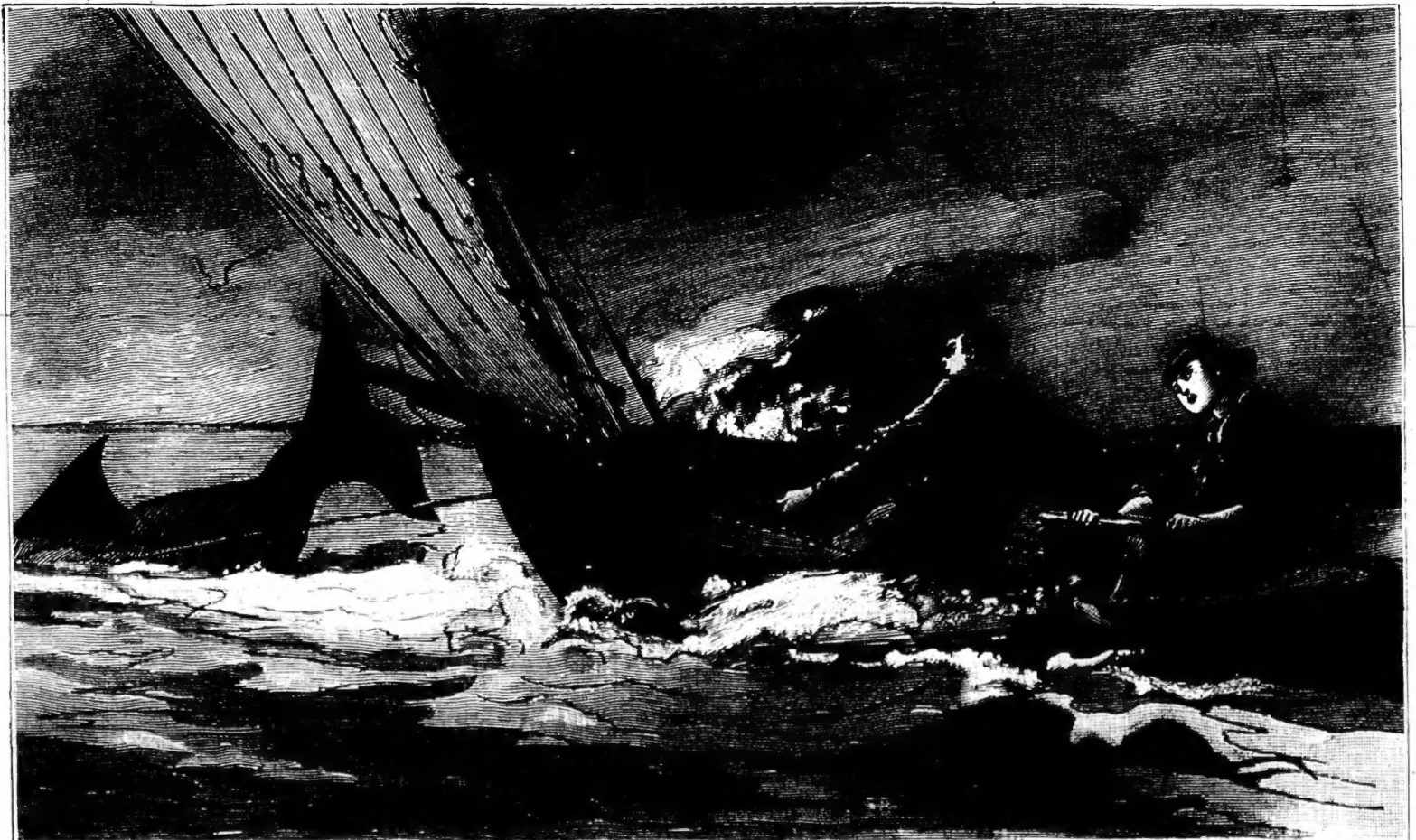
ROUNDSMAN TAYLOR.

A NEW YORK OFFICER WHO IS CREDITED WITH SAVING THE LIVES OF SIXTEEN PERSONS AT THE FARE PLACE DISASTER.



WILLIAM HEFFRON,

A BRAVE AND POPULAR FIRE LADDIE AND ALL ROUND SPORTING MAN OF FORT WORTH, TEXAS.



TOWED BY A MANEATER.

EUGENE POST AND CHARLES BAILEY GO FOR FISH BUT CAPTURE A SHARK OFF STANNARD BEACH, CONN.

SINBAD THORNTON'S TALE.

How He and Eva Disappeared from Coney Island.

CARRIED OUT TO SEA.

Rescued by a Bark and Landed in Florida.

BUT THERE'S ANOTHER STORY.

The remarkable story of adventure related by Samuel W. Thornton and Eva Jewell, his pretty sister-in-law, rivals the tale of Sinbad, the Sailor. This couple went bathing at Coney Island, disappeared only to reappear at Jacksonville, Fla., where they had been landed by a strange vessel, which had picked them up at sea. Their relatives believe the story, but a skeptical public declares it to be a fake.



LAST SEEN AT CONEY ISLAND.

weeds. The police made a thorough search for the pair, but they discovered no clue, nor were the bodies washed up on the beach.

Naturally Mrs. Thornton and her brother-in-law were astonished when they received the following telegram on Sept. 20:

"JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Sept. 20, 1891.

"To W. J. THORNTON, No. 227 Cumberland street, Brooklyn, N. Y.:

"We are both safe. Was picked up at sea. Had a narrow escape. Send me by Western Union Telegraph Company \$50 for some clothes and to get home with and how all are. (Signed) S. W. THORNTON."

Thornton and Miss Jewell had reached Jacksonville after having, as they said, walked twenty miles from the Atlantic coast, where they declared they had been put ashore from a sailing vessel. Thornton, when interviewed, told this remarkable story:

"Miss Jewell and I went to Coney Island together on the afternoon of Thursday, August 27, my wife and child having gone to the country, and Miss Jewell keeping house for me. I took her to the island for a little outing, as she had been confined to the house for some time. We bought bath tickets at one of the houses not far from the Iron Pier and went into the surf. This was about 2 o'clock.

"We paddled about in shallow water for a while, and finally ventured out further. I can swim, but Eva cannot, although she is accustomed to the water. Suddenly a big wave took us off our feet and swept us far out into deep water as it receded. The girl clutched me frantically and hampered my movements so that I could not swim to shore with her. The current seemed to be setting us further and further from the shore, but I managed to keep her head above water. She was so frightened that she could not speak or make any noise except by her coughing, for she had swallowed large quantities of salt water.

"I shouted in vain for help. The roar of the surf completely drowned my voice. Nobody heard me, although I could see the bathers far in shore. As I recollect it, there was nobody within a hundred feet of us when we entered the surf. I suppose we had been twenty minutes or half an hour drifting out to sea when I felt my strength failing. I shouted constantly, but my voice had grown weaker and weaker.

"Just then I spied a log floating by and made for it. The wind or the current turned it toward us and I grasped it. Then I lifted Eva on to it and told her to cling to it for her life. She did so, but seemed all the while in a dazed condition. I couldn't get her to speak, she was chilled through and through, her teeth chattered and she appeared to be stupefied. In this condition we kept above water until nearly six o'clock, when a vessel saw us, lowered a boat and took us aboard. She was a Spanish bark bound for South America. The captain, his wife and all the crew were Spanish. Some of them could understand a little English, but none of them could talk it.

"As soon as Eva was taken into the captain's room she fainted. The captain, his wife and myself all took turns in rubbing her and applying restoratives. It was ten o'clock at night when she recovered consciousness. Then she went into hysterics and afterward in-

to a high fever. We thought she would die. In the morning we were far out of sight of land and no vessels in sight."

"'Couldn't the captain have set you ashore that night?'"

"'No. All our attention was taken up with the sick girl, and in the morning we were too far from land. When the bark picked us up she had just pulled through the narrows and was heading out to sea.'"

"'I can't even recall the name of the vessel. She had a general cargo from New York for some South American port.'"

"'Were you treated well by the captain and crew?'"

"'Oh, yes; they did everything for us. The captain's wife nursed Miss Jewell constantly while she was abed



HOW THEY WERE RESCUED.

and when she was able to sit up gave her an outfit of underclothing and an old dress. Among the men I got a pair of trousers, a woollen shirt and an old jacket. Miss Jewell and I were left to ourselves a good deal, for there was nobody who could talk to us. I had a bunk in the forecabin with the sailors. She had a room in the after cabin."

"'Didn't you meet any vessels bound into New York or northern ports to which you could have been transferred?'"

"'Yes; during the first two or three days, but Miss Jewell was too sick to be moved then. She was in a high fever and delirious for three or four days. She didn't even recognize me when I spoke to her. After the third or fourth day we hardly saw a sail, and none near enough to be hailed. We were on this vessel sailing rapidly southward for thirteen days. It seemed like thirteen years. I went nearly crazy. I knew that my wife and brother would be frantic about us with grief, and I hardly slept any, day or night.

"'Finally, on the 9th day of September, we spied a sail coming toward us. Our hearts fairly leaped with joy, but our spirits drooped again when we learned that the vessel was bound for Yucatan. However, her captain said that he would take us aboard. He was going to make the passage through the Florida Straits and agreed to set us ashore on the east coast of Florida. A boat was lowered and we were transferred. Before we left the first vessel the crew made up a purse for us amounting to about sixteen dollars.

"'The new vessel was also a Spaniard. None of the crew could speak English, but the captain of the first one had told them our story. Nothing of importance occurred on this voyage until yesterday (Sunday) morning, when we sighted the Florida coast. Two of the crew set us ashore in a boat. This was on the beach near the mouth of the St. John's river, half way between Pablo and Mayport.

"'We got breakfast at a house in the woods and then started to walk to Jacksonville. About 10 o'clock in the forenoon we were overtaken by a man with a team, whom we hired to drive us to the city. We reached South Jacksonville about noon and took the ferry across the river to the city. I went at once to the telegraph office and wired my brother to send me some money by telegraph. Then we went to the St. Johns House and have kept very quietly in our rooms ever since, awaiting developments.'"

When brother Will received Thornton's telegram he was suspicious. He said:

"'There are too many discrepancies in the telegram from Florida for me to believe that it is from my missing brother, of whose death I am satisfied. I think that some one down there is trying to work me for the \$50. We never believed that Sam and Eva had eloped. If they were picked up by a coasting schooner, why have they not notified me before? If the telegram is legitimate they can have all the money they want.'"

He, however, sent the following telegram in reply:



SAID THEY TRAMPED TO JACKSONVILLE.

"'We are advised to go slow. Some people think that an impostor is trying to work you for money. Wire the combination of your safe or some circumstance by

YOU NEED ONE OF OUR NEW POKER CATALOGUES OF Sporting Goods.—Send a two cent stamp to cover postage for catalogue of sporting goods, portraits and all articles used by sportsmen. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

which we may be sure that you are Samuel W. Thornton."

Thornton immediately wired the combination and the \$50 was sent him.

It now began to look as if the story Thornton and his sister-in-law told was concocted in order to save their reputations, as they desired to return home. Conductor Barr, of the Pullman car Rincon, which left New Orleans for Jacksonville on the night of Sept. 18, says that Thornton and Miss Jewell were passengers on his car throughout the entire journey. Editor Carter, of the Jacksonville Evening Metropolis, was also a passenger, and he swears he saw the couple on the train. They occupied berth No. 7 as man and wife. Carter, in order to make sure of the identification, called at the St. Johns House, where the romancing couple were stopping in Jacksonville. He was accompanied by Conductor Barr. Miss Jewell entered the parlor to meet them.

She moment she entered and met the conductor face to face, a peculiar, startled exclamation escaped her. She sank nervously on a seat and became deathly pale.

"'I have come to ask for some particulars about this thrilling tale of the sea,'" said Mr. Carter.

"'Oh, I don't know what to say,'" Miss Jewell replied, clasping her hands nervously.

Then, apparently collecting her thoughts as she saw she was recognized, she continued: "'I won't talk to you. See Mr. Thornton and he will tell you all.'"

With this remark she fled to her room across the corridor.

They could not see Thornton, and decided to call at the hotel again in half an hour. While returning at the end of that time they saw Thornton and Miss Jewell descending the hotel steps. The moment they saw the two men their faces flushed. They were evidently disconcerted, and wanted to avoid the meeting.

Conductor Barr introduced himself.

"'I never saw you before in my life,'" exclaimed Thornton, looking at Barr. "'You are entirely mistaken, sir.'"

"'Nor I, either,'" Miss Jewell added.

"'And I,'" returned the conductor, "'am just as positive that you were both on my car from New Orleans to this city, and I can prove it by two passengers in the same car, one a lady here in Jacksonville, the other W. R. Carter, editor of the Metropolis.'"

"'I am satisfied if you are,'" Thornton said. But he didn't look satisfied. All the color had left his face and his hands trembled perceptibly. Miss Jewell was much more collected.

"'Didn't I see you in the New Orleans sleeper last Saturday?'" asked Carter, addressing himself to the young lady. "'Don't you recognize me?'"

"'Yes, I saw you a few minutes ago when you called at my room,'" was the reply, "'but before that I never saw you in my life.'"

The little woman looked the editor in the eye as she said this, and a half contemptuous smile played about her lips.

Mr. Carter bowed and said: "'Madam, you are too much for me.'"



IN THE PULLMAN CAR.

Thornton was in trouble all during this conversation. He kept edging away from the visitors at every opportunity, and when he succeeded in catching Miss Jewell's eye he made a hasty signal for her to leave. The two walked down the street as fast as they could, handicapped as they were with their bundles.

This is the story Paul D. Barr, the Pullman car conductor, tells:

"'I came in from Montgomery early this morning and had gone to my room when I thought I would read the newspapers before I went to sleep. I read the story of Thornton and his companion and when I came to the description of them it struck me that this was the couple I had seen. I said to myself that story of theirs is a fake. They were both in my sleeper from New Orleans Friday night. The description tallied exactly with that of the two passengers. That man and woman were in my car without the shadow of a doubt. I should have recognized them in darkest Africa. They got into the car at the station in New Orleans. They had no sleeper tickets and I asked them to get these before they took seats. The man went back to the Pullman office and bought one berth, lower 7. They were in the car from Friday night till Saturday night—about twenty-four hours.'"

W. R. Carter says: "'I got on the train at Pensacola Saturday morning and took a seat in the Pullman car. Thornton and his companion occupied seats directly opposite me. They appeared like man and wife. I rode as far as Milton, Fla., and I watched them quite a good deal, as there were few people in the car. I would swear on a stack of Bibles that these self-styled castaways are the same couple that were in that sleeper.'"

Thornton, when seen later, denied the Pullman car story. He said:

"'This is a cruel lie that they tell about us. We reached Jacksonville just exactly as I have narrated before. I admit the story is a strange one and that it makes some people suspicious of us. Why, even my own brother could not believe me at first. But he sent the money just the same. He wouldn't have done that if I had run away with my wife's sister, would he? Besides, we are going right back to Brooklyn to meet them all. I tell you, it's cruel. If you could see the dear wife and child whom I have been separated from for nearly a month, you would never believe the story of those two men, the conductor and editor. No, I'm not so contemptible a sneak as to break my wife's heart and ruin my home and all my prospects in life. We will be cleared of this cowardly charge as soon as we get among our friends again.'"

Thornton and Miss Jewell immediately left Jacksonville on the steamship City of Birmingham bound for this city. They arrived on September 25th.

In Brooklyn Thornton's story is not believed except by his wife and brother. Brother Will says he would take Sam's word against a thousand witnesses. Mrs.



CONFRONTED BY CONDUCTOR BARR.

Thornton showed her confidence in her husband by giving the following statement to newspaper reporters:

"'This is to certify that everything my husband has told in Jacksonville I believe to be perfectly true, and I have never had any idea for a moment there was any elopement. Mrs. S. W. THORNTON.'"

A BRIGHT YOUNG STAGE FAVORITE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Miss Camille Townsend, the subject of this sketch, is one of the handsomest and cleverest of our young actresses. Although she has never courted notice on that score, Miss Townsend is eminently qualified to rank with the most celebrated of "professional beauties." She has been on the stage but a few seasons, but has proved herself to be a success far above the average. During the past three years she has appeared successfully in a remarkably wide range of parts, embracing nearly everything from lively farce comedy to exacting emotional roles.

Her power, combined with her beauty, grace, youth, ambition and intelligence, warrant the prediction that she has a bright future in store. This season, under the management of Wilcox and Folsom, she appears in a repertoire of selected plays. The young lady's portrait appears on our dramatic page.

TOWED BY A MANEATER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Two Connecticut Valley boys, Eugene A. Post, of Deep River, and Charles Bailey, of Cromwell, were trolling for bluish off Stannard Beach, in the Sound, a mile from the shore, when a big shark suddenly rolled up alongside their boat, turned himself over, opened his enormous jaws and appeared to be about ready to swallow the craft. The lads acted promptly. Seizing a boat hook, one of them drove it down the monster's throat and fastened it in the shark's gullet. The hook was attached to the boat with a long, stout rope, and away darted the fish, dragging the little craft and its crew at high speed. The boys finally mastered the big fish and towed it ashore. It was ten feet long and weighed 200 pounds.

COMEDIAN PUNCHES DRUMMER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A lively little set-to occurred the other day at the Cooper House, Dayton, Ohio, between Pete Baker, the well-known comedian, and H. T. Jenkins, a traveling agent for a Henderson, N. C., tobacco house. Jenkins had sought to get up a flirtation with Baker's pretty daughter, who is known on the stage as Viva Waters. The comedian encountered the drummer at the Cooper House and gave him a sound thrashing. Jenkins was knocked through a plate glass window. A number of ladies added to the excitement by screaming and brandishing their parasols.

MIKE HALEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mike Haley, the well known sporting man and retired pugilist, whose portrait appears in this issue, was Tommy Warren's backer, trainer and second, when the Los Angeles pugilist was defeated by Cal McCarthy, in the Olympic Club, at New Orleans, La. Haley keeps the Merchants' Cafe, on Water Street, Norfolk, Va. He is very popular and has a host of friends in all parts of the United States. He has, since he retired from the arena, figured as a backer of pugilists, athletes, etc.

AN INHUMAN PARENT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Terrence Campbell, who lives near Ritchie, Mo., was arrested the other night charged with the murder of his beautiful daughter, aged fourteen, near Ritchie, in June last.

Maggie Campbell went to Ritchie to buy some groceries and get the mail, and on her way home was brutally murdered. Several arrests were made, but all the suspects managed to prove alibis.

The evidence against Campbell is said to be complete.

FRED JOHNSTON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The portrait of Fred Johnston, the pugilist, which appears in this issue, was taken specially for this paper. Johnston is the feather-weight pugilist who wants to fight Geo. Dixon, the colored phenomenon, for £500 or £1,000. He is considered the best man in his class in the world, but until he meets Dixon this question will be in doubt. Johnston is, however, the champion in his class in England, and has backing for any amount.

CROSSMAN'S SPECIFIC MIXTURE

Cures Gonorrhoea. For sale by all druggists.

ELEGANT COLORED FRENCH LITHOGRAPHS of female boxers. Size, 4x4 1/4 inches. In sets of six, all different, 50 cents per set. Must be seen to be appreciated. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

SPARKS FROM THE DIAMOND

The Baseball Season Drawing to a Close.

ANSON AND THE PENNANT.

Foolish Rumors Concerning the Bridegrooms Denied.

VON DER AHE IN A BAD BOX.

As the baseball season draws to a close the chances of Chicago winning the championship improve. The prospective pennant winners were handled pretty roughly in this city by the Giants, however, and for a time the Western players appeared a trifle fearful. Now, however, they are on their native heath, and in all probability they will come out ahead.

Appropos of the championship it may be well to say a few words in reference to a rumor that has started somewhere in the East. Some sorcerers in Boston have come out openly and said that the reason of Anson's success is due to a deal entered into by all the League clubs to fix things so that Chicago could have



HAPPY ANSON.

the championship for the World's Fair. This is unfair as it is untrue. If the Chicagoans win this year it is because they have played the best ball. Rumors of this character have a bad effect on any sport. The imaginative genius who started them probably thinks that he knows it all. He ought to get in his hole, draw it in after him and forever hold his peace.

If the fool-killer is around he ought to find plenty of subjects to work on. The latest rumor is that Brooklyn intends to join the American Association. This is the veriest rot. The Bridegrooms have just as much idea of giving up their valuable League franchise as they have of committing suicide. I learn that my distinguished friend, J. Pittsburg O'Neill, is responsible for the Brooklyn sensation. His effervescent solution of wit and gall took umbrage at the work of Charley Byrne in trying to secure a place for St. Louis in the League, and in order to get even with Byrne he started this report to send abroad the impression that the officials of the club across the Bridge are treacherous. Emanating, as it does, from the very worst authority, it is more than likely that few will give any credence to the silly report.

J. Palmer O'Neill, president of the Pittsburg club, showed himself in his true colors, this week, in his treatment of Pitcher Charley King. During the late Players' League troubles both the new and old organizations used a cipher code, in which the different



VON DER AHE KNOCKING FOR ADMISSION.

magistrates were designated as animals. In this code Spalding was called Fox; Rogers, Hare; Day, Deer; O'Neill, Wolf, etc. This was the Players' League code, and that the players had a good idea of the eternal fitness of things is shown by recent developments. King was coaxed away from the American Association

this year. He was signed for a salary of \$4,750 for the balance of the season, and while he was not reserved, he was given to understand that the Pittsburg club would be only too glad to re-sign him for 1892 at the same figure. This week, however, King was offered a contract calling for \$3,750 salary for 1892, and when he refused to sign this he was promptly notified of his release.

King thus loses one month's salary from the Pittsburg club, but unless I am greatly mistaken the ball



GIANTS MAKE A SPURT.

players will fight shy of the Pittsburg club in the future, and when they do sign it will only be to lead-pipe cinch contracts.

Third baseman Charley Reilly, of the Pittsburg club, furnishes another instance of the Gastown club's generosity. Reilly was coaxed away from the Columbus club; was promised full protection from the courts, and a situation for years to come. For his jump from the American Association to the League he was expelled from the Columbus lodge of Elks, and now the Pittsburg club not only want him to pay the expenses of his legal battle with the Association people, but the club calmly says, we don't want you for next season.

His whiskerless O'Neill could retire independently rich at the end of one season were he allowed to make a book at one of the winter race tracks—provided he could get enough foolish people to go against his air-tight odds.

Poor Von der Ahe is in a bad box. He wants to get in the League and he doesn't know how to do it. To his brethren of the Association he is anxious to make them believe that he is true as steel, but away down in the depths of that Teutonic heart he is League to the core. Don't be surprised any day if you hear that St. Louis has been taken into the League fold in place of Cincinnati. The latter has been a source of annoyance and expense to the League, and the League wants to get hold of a club in the west that is willing to stand on its own bottom. The best club obtainable is the St. Louis team, and the chances are that the League men will respond to Von der Ahe's knock for admission.

TATTLER TOMMY THUMPED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Thomas Allen, employed as a night hand in the switch tower in Garden City, L. I., was attacked by a number of women the other day and roughly handled. Allen is charged with circulating stories detrimental to Mrs. Teresa Daly's character. The women assembled at Mrs. Daly's house with a determined purpose to make Allen retract the stories he was alleged to have circulated or else submit to the consequences. Armed with missiles, they marched in a body to the switch tower to meet Allen. In the company were Mrs. Daly, Mrs. M. A. S. rector, Mrs. F. Mohr, Mrs. M. Moore, Mrs. Donner, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Giles, Mrs. Hempstead, Mrs. J. Riley and Miss Lizzie Johnson, while in the rear paraded Hans Johnson and Peter Peterson. When Allen was seen approaching the tower the women called down the day hand, Albert Carr, and the two men faced each other. Then it was that Mrs. Daly opened upon Allen by asking him:

"What do you mean by reporting such falsehoods about me and Mr. Carr?"

"I have nothing to deny," said Allen.

"If you mean to infer that these reports are true, sir, you are a liar, and I am here to defend my innocence," retorted Mrs. Daly.

Hardly had the words escaped the woman's lips before Allen rushed at her. She did not flinch but banged him over the head with an umbrella, while the others assisted her in pounding him. Retreating hastily from amid the throng of women he escaped in the darkness, yelling back as he ran that if Mrs. Daly was not careful he would raise a big rumpus about her conduct. This created a laugh among the women, who returned to their homes satisfied that Mrs. Daly's honor had been vindicated.

But Mrs. Daly is not entirely satisfied. She has instructed Judge A. N. Weller to either procure a public apology from Allen or else sue for libel, laying damages at \$5,000. In the event that suit is brought the neighbors promise to subscribe liberally towards the expenses of the proceedings.

A CHILD WONDER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On our dramatic page this week we reproduce the portrait of "Tiddewinks," a five-year-old boy who has, by his talent, created such a sensation in vaudeville circles. This bright youngster is under the care of Ike Rose, of the Gus Hill company. He has appeared in some of the best houses in the country, and is always well received.

ABE BURROWS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page we reproduce a portrait of Abe Burrows, alias Geits, a section hand on the S. A. & M. railroad, who was recently arrested on a charge of attempting to wreck a passenger train near Lumpkin, Ga., by placing a cross-tie upon the track. Burrows was arrested by Detective Ike Gimbel.

EFFIE LA TOUR.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Effie La Tour, whose pretty face and form is reproduced on our dramatic page this week, is a well-known stage favorite.

FOOTBALLS, RUGBY OR ASSOCIATION, NO. 3, \$2.50; NO. 4, \$3.25; NO. 5, \$4.00; NO. 6, \$4.50; NO. 7, \$5.00. BIRD: Here for above \$20.00; \$1.00; \$1.50 and \$1.75 each. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

PULLED STRAWS TO DIE.

And a Young Husband Fired the Fatal Shots.

A CALIFORNIA TRAGEDY.

The Sad Outcome of a Secret Marriage.

LOVE LEADS TO THE GRAVE.

A gloom has been cast over Woodland, Cal., by a most shocking tragedy, the victims being two of Woodland's most prominent young people, J. Warren Montgomery, a law student and newspaper correspondent, and son of W. S. Montgomery, a veteran lawyer residing in Stockton, was the chief actor, while the other was Miss Mae Adams, eldest daughter of ex-Assemblyman Levi B. Adams, a wealthy citizen of Woodland.

On the morning of Sept. 23, at 10 o'clock, J. B. Errington, a lineman in the employ of the electric light company, entered the yard of a vacant dwelling on College street, owned by Mr. Adams, to procure a bucket of water. He was startled by the discovery of two bodies, both lying with their heads to the north and in a pool of blood. The coroner was soon on hand, and an examination revealed a horrible sight.

Miss Adams was lying dead with a bullet hole in her left temple, while to her left, and in a similar position,



THEY MET FREQUENTLY.

was Warren Montgomery's remains. He was shot in the right temple, and in his right hand was clasped a 38-calibre Smith & Wesson revolver with two chambers empty. This told the awful story of the double suicide. It is supposed that Montgomery shot the young lady and then himself.

Montgomery and Miss Adams have been constant companions for years, but going together against the wishes of Miss Adams's parents. They were very odd over the way matters stood, and this, in connection with the existence of a secret marriage contract, led up to the tragedy: Two letters were found, one on Montgomery addressed to the public and one on Miss Adams addressed to her mother. The remains were removed to their respective homes.

At the coroner's inquest the evidence introduced showed that the fatal shots were fired about 8 o'clock on the night previous. They were heard by neighbors, but were unheeded, as shooting is nothing unusual in that vicinity. From the nature of the wounds Montgomery shot the young lady first and then himself, death being instantaneous in each case. Montgomery's letter read as follows:

"TO THE PUBLIC, MY FATHER AND MOTHER—This is a will and also a public statement. By force of cir-



THEY DREW STRAWS.

cumstances I am compelled to commit two acts of violence, one against myself and one against my wife, generally known as Mae Adams. It may be *ricie versa*, as we pull straws to-night to determine who shall do the act. I hope I am the one. Enclosed is our marriage contract. Please advertise in the newspapers to

have those whom I owe present their bills to my father for payment. Outside of my debts, all my money shall go to my mother.

"J. WARREN MONTGOMERY."
Miss Adams's letter was as follows:
TO MY MOTHER: Warren and I are married. We have not been happy for the reason that others interfered. He has the contract. Give my ring he gave me to Daisy and the other to Carrie. Mother, this act was all my fault. Love to you and Daisy. Good-by.
M.A.E."

The marriage contract was dated March 15, 1890, and recites the usual provisions of a private marriage.



FINDING THE BODIES.

No one was aware of this but a few intimate friends. The coroner's jury returned a verdict in accordance with the above facts.

Miss Mae Adams was born and raised in Woodland, and was the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Adams. She was a young lady of excellent address and stood high in society. Her friends are everywhere, all over the county, and no one could say a word against her. She was kind to a fault and was loved by all who knew her. She had an idea that she could reform Montgomery, and as she had almost grown up together she naturally had considerable affection for him.

The idea that she ever contemplated suicide, or that she ever agreed to die with her lover, is hard for her friends to believe. She has been in the best of spirits lately, and on the day before the tragedy was talking to a friend about the new house her father was going to build, and was telling what she was going to do and how she was going to beautify it.

Montgomery was as well known in Woodland as Miss Adams. He has been a law student in the office of C. W. Thomas for a number of years. He was above the ordinary from an intellectual standpoint, and there was nothing particularly bad about him except that he would drink rather heavily whenever the opportunity presented itself.

He was not very studious, but was rather inclined to outside sports. He was well liked as a rule, although he had made some enemies, but there was no one who would wish him harm. He was a true friend, and what has caused him to commit this rash act is something his friends cannot explain.

A NEW ENGLISH ROW-BOAT.

A new rowing-boat has been introduced in England, and W. Talland Smith, in reference to the boat, writes as follows to the *Sporting Life*:

"Ellis claims the following advantages for his boat: Greatest ability, speed and buoyancy, and after a personal inspection of the two before-mentioned boats I should consider what he claims highly probable. They appear to be admirable specimens of racing craft, particularly as their build suggests traveling over instead of through the water, to say nothing of the stability of construction. Moreover, Ellis appears to have made a decided improvement in the rudder, which is of brass, and quite 80 per cent. smaller than the ordinary one, and is placed underneath the boat about 6 or 7 feet from the stern post, which should cause less friction, consequently give greater speed; in fact, it is a part of the fin which every racing boat carries.

"As a further great advantage, it is applicable to every class of craft, from a torpedo boat to a canal barge or pleasure boat, the latter being a craft used, as a rule, by inexperienced persons; and anything that would ensure extra safety would naturally be much appreciated, and would prove a great boon to the thousands that crowd our rivers. As a fact, I am assured that it would be almost impossible for this class of boat to capsize without using great force.

"Now, it suggests itself to me, seeing that Mr. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, of New York, is giving a World's Champion Regatta in America next year, and in the interest of our old country, which was once famous in the aquatic world, that our best crew should row in a boat built upon Ellis's lines, and as a sportsman and oarsman, I shall be pleased to assist in defraying the expenses of building such a boat."

EDWARD C. MOORE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Edward C. Moore, of Oil City, Pa., is the well-known six-day go-as-you-please pedestrian. Moore has been in numerous six day races in all parts of the United States. Last Christmas he finished second to Dan Herty. He calculates going to England to compete in the proposed international six day race.

WILLIAM HEFFRON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

William Heffron, whose portrait appears on another page, is a noted sport of Fort Worth, Tex. Heffron, who is known to his more intimate friends as "Canada Bill," is a member of the M. T. Johnson Hook and Ladder Company No. 1.

A STAGE FAVORITE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A portrait of Miss Hattie Dolaro, the charming young actress, is reproduced on the dramatic page of this issue. Miss Dolaro is a graceful young lady possessing undeniable talents.

"POLICE GAZETTE" RUNNING SHOES, SIX Spikes, finest calf, hand-made, \$4.00 per pair; good quality, hand-made, \$4.00 per pair. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.



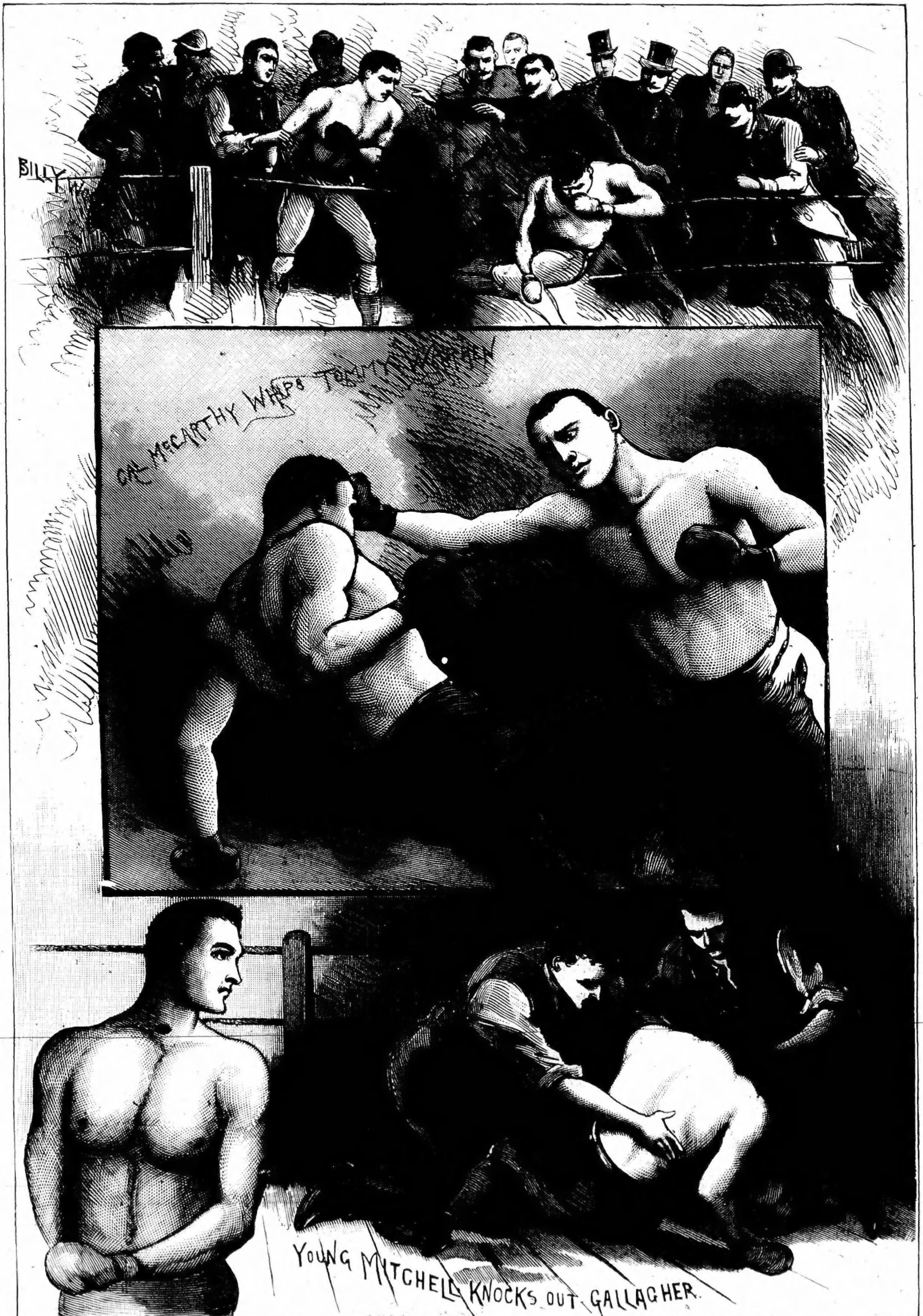
ANXIOUS FOR A FUNERAL.

JOSEPH BIBERICH, OF SAN FRANCISCO, HAS HIS WIFE MEASURED FOR A COFFIN BEFORE SHE IS DEAD.



COMEDIAN PUNCHES DRUMMER.

PETE BAKER THRASHES H. J. JENKINS FOR TRYING TO FLIRT WITH THE ACTOR'S DAUGHTER IN DAYTON, O.



BATTLES IN THE RING.

SOME OF THE IMPORTANT AND EXCITING FISTIC ENCOUNTERS THAT HAVE BEEN DECIDED DURING THE PAST WEEK IN THE SOUTH AND WEST.

CAL MCCARTHY A WINNER.

He Knocks Out Tommy Warren in Twenty-one Rounds.

OTHER INTERESTING CONTESTS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The feather-weight battle for a purse of \$1,500, divided, with \$120 to the winner and \$30 to the loser, between Cal McCarthy, of New York, and Tommy Warren, of Norfolk, Va., was decided in the Olympic Athletic Club, New Orleans, on Sept. 22, and McCarthy won, after a desperate contest, in which twenty-one rounds were fought in 1 hour 23 minutes.

Ever since the match was arranged there has been considerable discussion and heavy speculation on the result, and Warren was a big favorite, owing to the fact that he had been longer in training than McCarthy and because it was considered he had more experience in the prize ring and had met a better class of pugilists than his opponent.

About 5,000 spectators assembled around the arena in which Jack Dempsey fought Bob Fitzsimmons for \$12,000, the "Police Gazette" belt and the middle-weight championship of the world, which contest ended in Dempsey's downfall and made a new middle-weight champion. McCarthy weighed 115 1/2 pounds and Warren 118 1/2 pounds. McCarthy's seconds were John O'Mara and Andy Bowen, while Mike Holey, of Norfolk, Va., and Jack Robinson and John Brookman attended to Warren. Prof. John Duffy, the light-weight champion of New Orleans, was referee.

It was apprehended that on account of the Grand Jury indictment against the principals the match would not come off, but the Olympic Club is averse to its quarterly boxing match, inasmuch as the State law allows contests with five-ounce gloves in regularly chartered organizations. Hence, when Acting Mayor Clark received an opinion from City Attorney Hunt that the city officials could not refuse the permit of the club, there was general rejoicing by the sporting fraternity.

The Olympic spectators appreciate the fact that they enjoy the confidence of the State and city officials, and consequently they were more cautious than ever with the entertainment. McCarthy and Warren were instructed by the referee that a decision would be made when it became apparent that one of the other's chance to win had passed.

McCarthy trained for this match at Carrollton, La., and Warren trained at Bay St. Louis, Miss. Both men weighed in at the club rooms at 8 o'clock under the 118-pound limit.

The indictment of the men by the Grand Jury for violating the State law, and the reference of the permit question to the City Attorney by Acting Mayor Clark, served to complicate matters, but City Attorney Hunt held that the act defining prize fights, as a crime exempt from the intent of the enactment giving contests which may take place within the rooms of any regular chartered athletic organization. The ordinance based on this law and passed by the City Council provides that for every fight a donation of \$50 be made to public charity and a bond of \$600 be furnished, forfeitable in case of violation of the law. A later city ordinance vests the Mayor with power to increase the donation to \$500, which increase is the only discretionary power given that official. In view of this opinion Mr. Clark issued the permit and fixed the donation at \$500. The fight was allowed to take place, but Acting Mayor Clark contended that it was under restrictions which he would not disclose.

At the call of time for the first round the usual preliminary sparring took place and the men went for each other with a vim. Warren's dodging abilities were shown to advantage, and for a time it looked as though his prowess in this respect would prove a severe handicap to his opponent.

In the second, third and fourth rounds Warren showed signs of the exertion which he underwent in keeping out of reach of McCarthy's body blows. In the latter part of the fifth round McCarthy landed heavily on Warren's nose and drew the blood. In the next round Warren rallied and went for McCarthy with a rush.

In the sixth round McCarthy began upper-cutting his opponent in the face whenever a clinch occurred. Just before the round ended he landed heavily on Warren's left eye, from which the blood spurted. The 3,000 people present yelled themselves hoarse at this and Warren's friends began to doubt the chances of their man to win.

In the succeeding rounds McCarthy began to play for Warren's stomach, and by the twelfth round Warren showed signs of the thumping which he had received. He fought on gamely, however, but could not get away from McCarthy's heavy counters on the left eye and mouth.

In the seventeenth round he staggered somewhat and gave evidence of not being possessed of very much more staying power. He was bleeding profusely from the mouth, eye and nostrils, and when the eighteenth round opened was in a bad way.

In the twentieth round McCarthy forced the fighting and struck Warren numerous severe blows in the face and neck, also countering with effect on Warren's stomach. The little fellow stood up gamely and took his blows like a man. At length he went down from a right-hand swing on the jaw. He rallied just in time, and the bell saved him from a knockout.

In the last round McCarthy went for his man with a rush, and after landing a hard straight arm blow on Warren's mouth, followed it up with a punch in the ribs. Warren rolled around and fell to the ground, retaining his hold upon McCarthy's left arm and dragging him down with him. He struggled to his feet, was again knocked down, and after a vain attempt to get up, was counted out.

McCarthy did not have a scratch about his face or body, while Warren was badly used up.

Contrary to expectations, McCarthy won handsily and proved himself an excellent boxer, and as cool and clever a ring general as ever donned a glove in New Orleans.

Throughout the twenty-one rounds of the fight he had a shade the better of the wind, and towards the finish showed his ability in taking all precautions when his opponent was inclined to fall about him or to clinch. He gave no chance whatever for a protest from his opponent's friends.

Considerable money, the amount of which will probably reach \$30,000, changed hands on the result. As the outcome of the contest was contrary to general expectations the "talent" but barely, the odds during the day having been 2 to 1 against Warren and 6 to 1 against McCarthy.

BILLY WOODS BEATS JACK DAVIS.

The long pending glove fight between Billy Woods of Denver, Col., and Jack Davis of Omaha, Neb., was decided in the new Pacific Athletic Club at San Francisco, Cal., on Sept. 21st. The men fought for a purse of \$1,000, offered by the club, according to "Police Gazette" rules. Both pugilists had been specially trained for the encounter, and came to the scratch in first class condition. Considerable interest was manifested in the affair, and the Omaha pugilist, on account of the great display he made with Joe Choynski, was backed liberally. The club's gymnasium was packed with sporting men from Denver, Omaha, Kansas City and Seattle.

Davis was seconded by Bob Fitzsimmons and Danny Needham, and Woods by Bat Masterson, Martin Murphy and Paddy Gorman. Jack Dempsey was referee.

Both men were weighed before entering the ring and scaled 170 pounds.

The fight was not of long duration, and after the third round it was evident Woods, who appeared the strongest and hardest hitter, would, barring an accident or a foul, win. Davis made a great effort to win and gamely stood the terrible punishment he received until twelve pounds had been fought, when Woods' powerful blows had told their tale and Davis began to stagger from weakness. Woods, urged by Bat Masterson to finish his man, fought Davis to the ropes and knocked him out. Woods was declared the winner amid loud cheering. Davis was fairly beaten but not disgraced. The battle lasted 41 minutes, and was well worth witnessing.

Bat Masterson, the king sporting man of Denver; John Murphy and the Leadville and Denver sports, won heavily on Woods' victory.

Bob Fitzsimmons, in the last round, entered the ring. Just what were the intentions of the lanky Australian no one but himself knows, of course.

It may have been that he wished to save Davis from a clean knock-out; it may have been that he desired to hurt Woods; it may have been that he sought to precipitate a row and have the police interfere and "bulldoze" for a draw. Whatever he meant, however, did not prevent the referee awarding the battle to Woods.

YOUNG MITCHELL'S VICTORY.

The great middle-weight glove fight between Patrick, better known as Reddy Gallagher of Cleveland, Ohio, and Peter L. Herget, better known as Young Mitchell, was decided in the Occidental Club at San Francisco, Cal., on Sept. 23d.

The fight was for a \$5,000 purse, of which \$150 went to the loser.

Mitchell's weight was announced as 154. His seconds were Jack Dempsey and Sam Fitzpatrick. Gallagher weighed 153 pounds, and was seconded by Bat Masterson, Bob Fitzsimmons and Jimmie Carroll. Peter Jackson was referee.

It was estimated that during the day and night more than \$50,000 were wagered on the result. Mitchell was the favorite during the day at \$100 to \$90, but just before the men entered the ring many bets were made at even money.

The men entered the ring at 8:55. The fight commenced with sparring for an opening. Gallagher on the aggressive, exchange of light blows and clinch. Gallagher landed right swing, then landed body blows with left and right. Gallagher missed terrible right swinging blow. Hard hitting by both and clinched as bell rang. Mitchell's friends claimed foul.

ROUND 2—Gallagher forced the fighting and missed twice with swinging left-handers. Gallagher then landed a hard left-hand on the face. Mitchell fell short with his right, and both landed hard lefts on the jaw. Gallagher again landed his left on the jaw twice. There was fighting and clinching as the going sounded.

ROUND 3—Both went to work more cautiously. The "Frisco" boy dodged prettily and a murderous clinch followed. Mitchell landed right on the jaw, but inflicted no damage. Then came more clinching and Gallagher landed a left job on the shoulder, and Mitchell retaliated with a rib roaster. Hard fighting ended the round with honors aye.

ROUND 4—Both missed and clinched. Then Gallagher landed a hard left-hand on the face. Mitchell countered and landed his right on Red's face, following with his right on the ribs and Gallagher's left eye was swelling. Mitchell landed a terrible left on Gallagher's nose, bringing the claret. The round was slightly in Mitchell's favor.

ROUND 5—Mitchell landed his left on the ribs. Fighting at close quarters ensued, with more clinching. Gallagher got in hard on Mitchell's mouth and took some body blows in return. There was some clever ducking by Mitchell, and Gallagher began to get desperate.

ROUND 6—Gallagher landed lightly at the start and followed with a hard left-hand on the ear. Mitchell landed on the ribs again, and Gallagher got in a straight left-hand on the jaw. He then hit Mitchell a terrible blow in the mouth. Hot fighting followed on both sides. It was clearly Gallagher's round.

ROUND 7—Mitchell opened the aggressive. In an exchange of short-arm blows Gallagher landed on the body, neck, and wind, with his left. Mitchell retaliated with body blows and landed heavily twice on Gallagher's face. Gallagher was bleeding at nose and mouth. He was evidently weakening at end of round.

ROUND 8—Cautious sparring marked the opening of the round. Gallagher landed his left on his opponent's wind, and Mitchell got one in on Gallagher's face, but did no damage. Mitchell fell short and the men clinched again. Gallagher landed a straight left in exchange for a left on the chin. Gallagher was groggy as sound of gong.

ROUND 9—Gallagher landed three straight left-handers and an exchange of hard blows followed. Mitchell landed two terrible lefts on the jaw. Gallagher countering on the breast. Both men were tired, but Mitchell was the stronger.

ROUND 10—New tactics were tried by both. Gallagher landed a straight left and Mitchell came back at him with a right-hand on the body. Gallagher got in his terrible left again on Mitchell's wind. Mitchell stopped his rushes, but got the worst of the round.

ROUND 11—Mitchell fell short again at the start of an exchange of lefts on the jaw and wind. Mitchell landed on the ribs with his right. Toward the close of the round Gallagher landed a straight left again. Honors were easy at the end of the round.

ROUND 12—Reddy landed his left again and Mitchell countered. Hard fighting followed. Gallagher's eye was bleeding terribly. Mitchell had much the best of the round. Gallagher was groggy in his corner.

ROUND 13—Reddy came up weak. He landed once or twice with a straight left. They were feeble blows, however, and when Mitchell landed a swinging right on Gallagher's jaw he staggered over against the ropes. It was evident the fight was about over and Gallagher beaten. The Cleveland pugilist, however, tried to rally. Young Mitchell allowed Gallagher to rush and met him with a straight left-hand on the nose and a swinging right-hand blow on the jaw. The latter blow ended the fight, for Gallagher fell like a log and was unable to rise when ten seconds, as called, and the battle was awarded to Young Mitchell. Gallagher made a game fight but he was not clocked.

Mitchell demonstrated that he was a wonderfully hard hitter, a first-class general, and he has no equal at his weight unless it be Bob Fitzsimmons, the middle-weight champion.

Young Mitchell stands 5 feet 4 1/2 inches in height, and fights at 154 pounds. He was born in San Francisco, Cal., on January 11, 1887. Patrick Gallagher was born at Rockville, Tenn., stands 5 feet 1 1/2 inches in height, and fights at 154 pounds.

Pate McCoy says of him: "I have fought La Blanca twice and Jack Dempsey once, and I have had a go with Gallagher. Give me my choice and I'll take either the Marine or Dempsey for another fight before I will Gallagher."

SEND FOR YOUR LETTERS.

Letters are at this office addressed to the following persons:

- Aachmer, Morris; Achmer, D. J.; Acker, A. R.; Benton, Jack; Behrman, Harry; Boyer, Frank; Boyle, Stephen; Bristol, W. H.; Brown, Wm. C.; Butler, George H.; Caffron, Peter; Carlock, Jack; Casey, W. H.; Cartwright, James A.; Cole, Benj. O.; Connolly, M. J.; Clark, Miss Leo; Clare, Francis J.; Cole, W. W. (2); Connolly, M. J.; Connor, Jack; Connors, Tom; Corbett, Jim; Corbett, J. Franklin; Davenport, F. A.; David, Chas.; Davis, Fred E.; Dear, F.; Donohue, Mike; Egan, M. J.; Fagan, John H.; Fintsch, Carl A.; Gebhardt, Fred; Gibbs, H. (2); Gosselin, Anthony B.; Gorman, Paddy; Griffin, J. W.; Hammond, D.; Heigelman, Peter; Hill, Wm. (2); Holden, Tommy; Hook, Mike; Hyatt, Miss Hattie; Johnson, H. M.; Johnson, Peter; Katsenmeyer, Louis; Kavaney, Michael; Kelly, James E.; Kinney, James; King, Prof. Alphonse; Larkin, Prof. Dan; Leonard, John F.; Little, Mrs. Hattie; MacFarland, Wm. (2); Lynch, Capt. Ben's; Lyons, James B.; Mackey, Frank; MacDuff, J. W.; McCarthy, Charles; McCreary, John; McPherson, John D.; McRichard, Henry; Melville, W. D. (2); Miller, Wm. (2); Miller, Sebastian; Moore, C. R.; Murray, Prof. M. J.; Nelt, Ed. H.; O'Fallon, Paddy; O'Gorman, Dick; O'Neil, Dick; Quinn, John J.; Reed, Prof. R.; Reilly, John F.; Roberts, Diamond; Rodd, Walter; Rosenthal, A.; Row, George M.; Ryan, Alf; Schenck, Fred M.; Schow, John P.; Sorens, Miss Alice; Spitts, Abe; Swain, Sam; Swamy, Andy; Taylor, Henry; Terrell, C. W.; Thier, L.; Thomas, R.; Turner, S. W.; Vint, Robert; Watson, J. W.; Weiss, Jacob; Wetmore, Joseph A.; White, Frank; Wilkins, Chas.; Williams, T. J.; Williamson, H. C. (3)

O'CONNOR WINS THE SINGLE SCULL RACE.

The International single scull race between the Australian oarsmen, Stevenson, Dutch, Hanlan and O'Connor, was rowed at West Westminster, B. C., on Sept. 24. A tremendous crowd was present. Wm. O'Connor, the American champion, won. Edward Hanlan was second, Dutch, fourth.

SPLENDIDLY FINISHED PHOTOGRAPHS OF Jack McCalliffe. Size, 4 1/2 x 6 inches. 10 cents. 1 1/2 x 2 1/2 inches, 30 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

RECENT SPORTING EVENTS.

THE LATEST NOVELTY. THE MAGICAL TRICK BANK.

A handsome dove-tailed box with small drawer on top. You pull out the drawer, ask some one to put penny, nickel or dime in slot, push drawer in and then pull it out quick, when money has disappeared and no way of getting it out. Secret only known to owner of bank. Fun, pleasure and profit combined. Price by mail, to any address, 15 cents each. Liberal discount to the trade. Address all orders to RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

The Twin City Athletic Club, of Minneapolis, is in the hands of the sheriff.

Jim Pilkington and Jack Nagle will row double under the cherry diamonds colors next season.

Jimmy Larkins is going out of the ring into politics. He wants to be an Assemblyman in Jersey City.

Jack McCalliffe began his \$10,000 forty-week engagement with Manager Hyde, at Philadelphia, on Sept. 23.

James Wakely is slowly recovering from the effects of an accident which nearly ruined the sight of his eye.

The date fixed for the billiard match between Geo. Slosson and Jake Schaefer is Oct. 25. It will be played at Chickering Hall.

Mr. Patrick Walsh, captain of the Richard K. Fox club boat, has lost his father, Edward Walsh, who died at the age of 61 years.

Richard Ganley is trying to arrange for a race from the Battery to and around Bedloe's Island, New York, for 18-foot yachts.

Tom Kelly, of Union Hill, N. J., knocked Jim Williams, a colored pugilist, out in three rounds, at Hoboken, N. J., on Sept. 24.

Jack Williams, the 140-pound champion pugilist of Pennsylvania, is now in Norfolk, Va., trying to meet any of the Virginia pugilists.

Pat Cahill, the champion amateur middle-weight, announces that he will not compete in any of the boxing tournaments this year.

Senator Morgan, the famous bicyclist rider of Portland, Ore., has arrived in this city. Morgan at one time held the long-distance championship of Canada.

E. C. Cook writes from Cleveland, Ohio, that he is prepared to run any man in America one mile for \$500. If Cook will forward a forfeit to this office he can be accommodated with a match.

At Independence, on Sept. 21, Allerton made another mile on the kite-shaped track in 2:09 1/2, thus putting an end to all dispute as to the stailion championship. The quarters were rated at 1:25 1/2, 1:24 1/2, 1:23 1/2, 1:22 1/2.

George Godfrey, the colored heavy-weight, has retired from the ring. He has been fighting for eleven years, and during this time managed to earn considerable money. Godfrey owns a good deal of real estate in Boston.

At Amherst, Mass., on Sept. 21, Frederick L. Thompson, of Augusta, Me., was unanimously elected president and manager of the football association, in place of W. F. McClelland, who was elected last fall and who has left college.

The benefit tendered to Miss Alice Williams, the "Police Gazette" female champion wrestler, at Nelson Hall, New York, on Sept. 25, was a big success. The rifle shooting of Prof. Loria on the occasion exceeded everything ever done with rifle or revolver.

Mike Leonard, who is acknowledged to be the champion bowler—"Irish style"—in Great Britain, is now located in Boston. He offers to bowl any man in New England from one ten miles with 14-pound ball on any road in Massachusetts, for \$100 to \$1,000 a side.

The Independence Driving Park Association made a proposition to match Nancy Hanks, Nelson and Allerton for a purse of \$10,000, no entrance fee, the money to be divided as Doble and Nelson may agree, the race to take place over that track between Oct. 19 and Nov. 14.

At Peoria, Ill., on Sept. 31, C. W. Dornage, of Buffalo, established the record for 10 and 20 miles on a bicycle with a peched-up tire. He lowered the 10 mile record from 28 minutes 37 1/2 seconds to 26 minutes 43 1/2 seconds, and the 20 miles from 58 minutes 20 seconds to 55 minutes 54 1/2 seconds.

Stoval, the colored jockey, who has been ruled off the numerous race courses time and again, is now in a tight place. At Gloucester, N. J., on Sept. 20th he shot Alexander Robinson. Stoval was in the company of two white women and Robinson made a sneering comment. Stoval retaliated by shooting Robinson in the left breast. He was arrested.

A glove fight, "Police Gazette" rules, with four-ounce gloves, between Charles Johnson, champion light-weight of the Northwest, and John Bow Thomas, colored, middle-weight of Texas, was decided at Dallas, Tex., on Sept. 30, in which Johnson won in the eighth round. The fight was for a purse of \$100 a side and 75 per cent. of the gate receipts to the winner.

Billy Dacey, the well-known light-weight pugilist, is going to open a boxing school in New York. He wants about twenty-five pupils to teach the science and art of boxing. In the meantime if there are any 133 pound men wanting to fight in any of the clubs Dacey will be ready to fill one side of the bargain, and he says he don't care who may be selected to fight him.

Nancy Hanks, driven by Budd Doble, trotted one mile in 1:09 1/2, at Cambridge City, Ind. She was accompanied by a running mate, but he bolted at half a mile and jumped a fence, breaking his neck. If he had kept on Nancy Hanks would have equaled Maud S's record, 1:08 1/2. As it was, Nancy Hanks was only half a minute behind the fastest one mile trotting record.

At Golden, Col., on Sept. 18, there was a wrestling match. The contestants were Benny Jones, champion light-weight of the world, and Scotty Gordon, of Omaha. The wrestling match was won by Benny Jones after a hard struggle. Jones won the first fall in 3 1/2 minutes. Gordon won the second fall in 7 minutes. The last fall was won by Jones in 3 minutes 45 seconds.

The following special was received at this office: RICHARD K. FOX—In reply to Sam Grant's challenge of the 25th inst., I will say that I will fight Grant for any amount up to \$5,000 that may be named, London prize ring rules to govern, at 170 pounds. To be fought in the Cherokee strip, and if Grant will post forfeit it will be immediately covered by my backers. PADDY SHEA.

Stack, Ned Harvey and Dan Smith competed for it. Kingston and Stack fought a draw. So did Harvey and Smith. Stack and Smith withdrew, and then Harvey and Kingston made a draw, dividing the money. Harry Munsey, the Melrose Kid, and Billy Moore gave a very good exhibition, calling out lots of applause. When Cal Jordan came on the stage, he said that he had a few words to say. He noticed that Fred Reid was in the hall, and as he (Reid) had been talking a good deal lately, he would give him a chance. He offered Reid \$10 if he could stand up before him one round.

Charles Currie, of Toronto, the champion shot putter of Canada, whom John McPherson, champion of America, defeated at Toronto in a contest at shot-putting for the "Police Gazette" trophy and the championship of America, sends the following for publication: CHAS. CURRIE, Mich., Sept. 23, 1931.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: I see by the press that John D. McPherson has returned from Scotland, and has again commenced to issue challenges to any man, but so far I have failed to see where he has posted any forfeit to substantiate any of said challenges. Now, I am no newspaper talker, but if Mr. McPherson or any other man is desirous of making a match at putting five shots, from 14 to 25 pounds in weight, let them post a forfeit with you and I will be only too willing to cover same and sign articles for from \$50 to \$1,000 a side. I remain, yours, etc., CHAS. CURRIE, Park Hill, Ontario, Canada.

JOHNSON KNOCKS OUT HICKS.

Our correspondent at Indianapolis sends the following particulars of the glove fight between Jim Johnson and Jack Hicks, the colored pugilist, who fought for a purse at McCoy's road house, Indianapolis, on Sept. 13:

About three hundred spectators witnessed the colored championship fight. The men fought in a 16-foot ring. Jim Anderson and Bud Cook acted as seconds for Hicks, while Johnson was backed by Sam Carter and Billy Toller. "Judge" Bill, the colored lawyer of "Dodgebury Row," and Charlie Shafer, the Indiana avenue saloonist, were chosen as timekeepers. Harry Murphy was the unanimous choice of the crowd and the seconds for referee.

ROUND 1—Both men sparred cautiously for an opening, Johnson forcing the fighting. He succeeded in landing several hard body blows on his antagonist, but his vicious reaches for Hicks' face fell short.

ROUND 2—Hicks landed his right on Johnson's jaw, and staggered him for a moment, but the latter recovering his equilibrium came back at the little fellow with an upper cut that almost sent him to grass. The round closed with both men sparring for an opening.

ROUND 3—This round was characterized by some very clever sparring, and wound up with honors about even.

ROUND 4—Johnson apparently started in with the determination to win, and he rained blow after blow upon the face of his opponent, the latter retiring to his corner at the end of the round with blood flowing freely from his mouth.

ROUND 5—Hicks looked vicious when he came to the scratch and lunged for Johnson's heart, finally succeeding in knocking him down. The yellow boy was on his feet in an instant, however, and the men clinched. The cry of "break away" went up from the referee, but neither showed any disposition to obey the order, and Murphy made an effort to separate them by bodily force without avail. At this juncture Capt. Quixley jumped over the ropes and pulled the men apart. He declared that the contest should proceed no further, but upon the assurance of the principals and their seconds that this would not occur again, he permitted them to return to the ring, much to the satisfaction of the crowd.

ROUND 6—Johnson hit Hicks when and wherever he pleased, knocking him down twice. Hicks did not attempt to do any fighting, his sole object being to keep out of range of his opponent's powerful right. The greater portion of the round he was trotting around the ring endeavoring to avoid the yellow boy's reaches.

ROUND 7—Hicks looked very groggy when he left his corner. He made two or three ineffectual passes at Johnson, but it was clear to be seen that he would not last much longer. Johnson landed a heavy one on Hicks' breast and followed it up with an upper-cut that sent him to grass like a log. The vanquished middle-weight champion made a feeble effort to get on his feet only to fall back again, and a minute later the referee announced that it was Johnson's fight.

PUGILISTIC NEWS FROM 'FRISCO.

The following special was received at this office: SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 22.

Pugilism and glove fighting is all the rage in this city. Billy Woods, since he defeated Jack Davis, believes he owns the town. Efforts are being made to bring Jake Kilrain out here to fight him by the Pacific Athletic Club directors. Bob Fitzsimmons, who seconded Jack Davis against Woods, and tried his best to make Davis win, has had a tilt with Woods, which ended in Fitzsimmons stating he would fight Woods, no matter if he weighed a ton, in either the Pacific or California clubs, if they would put up a purse big enough.

Woods is a heavy-weight, while Fitzsimmons is a middle-weight, and the champion made a host of admirers by his plucky offer.

Ed Smith, the well known middle-weight, has notified the clubs here that he will meet either Fitzsimmons or Woods for a reasonable purse.

Reddy Gallagher has replied to the offer of Jack Dempsey to fight him if he defeats Young Mitchell, by agreeing to fight Dempsey no matter whether he wins or loses. Gallagher says even if Young Mitchell defeats him his reputation will be just as good as Dempsey's, because he fought Dempsey to a draw at Cleveland. Sporting men here claim Gallagher's argument is good, and they believe Dempsey should fight him even if Young Mitchell should win.

TALK OF A FIGHT.

A few weeks ago Paddy Shea, backed by Mahan Bros., of Wichita, Kan., issued a challenge to fight Jake Kilrain, George Godfrey, Ed Smith or Jim Corbett for \$1,000 to \$2,000 a side. Neither one of the fighters mentioned has yet accepted the challenge, but Sam Grant, of Lafayette, Ind., having noticed it, penned a challenge for \$500 up. Paddy Shea penned the following reply: RICHARD K. FOX—In reply to Sam Grant's challenge of the 25th inst., I will say that I will fight Grant for any amount up to \$5,000 that may be named, London prize ring rules to govern, at 170 pounds. To be fought in the Cherokee strip, and if Grant will post forfeit it will be immediately covered by my backers. PADDY SHEA.

ZIMMERMAN IS A FLYER.

At Lakeview Park, Peoria, Ill., on Sept. 21st, A. A. Zimmerman, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who represents the New York Athletic Club, accomplished several wonderful feats on the bicycle. He made a successful attempt to beat the five mile bicycle record. He rode the first mile in 5:23 1/2, two miles in 5:13 1/2, three miles in 5:09 1/2, four miles in 5:07 1/2, and five miles in 5:03 1/2. This performance breaks the records for three, four and five miles. The previous record for five miles was 5:14 1/2. Zimmerman and W. F. Murphy also reduced the world's mile tandem record from 1:17 to 1:14 1/2. In the invitation mile race Zimmerman ended first, Berio second and Taylor third.

LORD HAWKE'S CRICKETERS HERE.

Lord Hawke's English team of cricketers arrived on the City of New York on Sept. 22. The team is captained by Lord Hawke, and while here will be the guests of the Germantown cricketers. The names of the eleven visitors are: Lord Hawke, G. W. Rick, C. W. Brown, Vlocant Thewley, H. M. Hewitt, H. H. Hayward, S. B. J. Woods and Charles H. Wright. Lord Hawke's sister, Hon. Mary Hawke, and Mrs. Key, the wife of Mr. H. J. Key, were also on the steamer.

FULL LENGTH COTTON TIGHTS AND SHIRTS in black, flesh, white, navy blue, scarlet, royal blue, green, maroon and green, \$1.25 each. Send all orders to RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.



WILLIE PHELPS TO THE RESCUE.

MISS RUTH M'DOUGALL, A PRETTY SCHOOLMA'AM, ATTACKED BY A BIG SNAKE IN HER CLASS-ROOM IN BURNSIDE, CONN.



DENVER SPORTS AT WAR.

F. LOCHBAUM SHOTS AND KILLS C. D. ROBINSON IN A QUARREL OVER THE OPENING OF A JACK POT IN A GAME OF POKER.



MURDER AND SUICIDE

THE WIFE OF CONTRACTOR NEPROSICH DROWNS HER TWO CHILDREN AND THEN HERSELF, FROM A BRIDGE IN SIOUX FALLS, S. D.



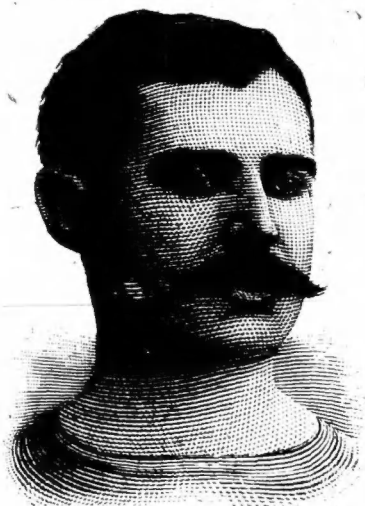
A VERY POINTED AFFAIR, OTTO!

"OUCH" CRIED YOUNG KRAMER AS HE SAT ON THE BUSINESS END OF AN UN-OBTRUSIVE LITTLE TACK IN A PHILADELPHIA CAR

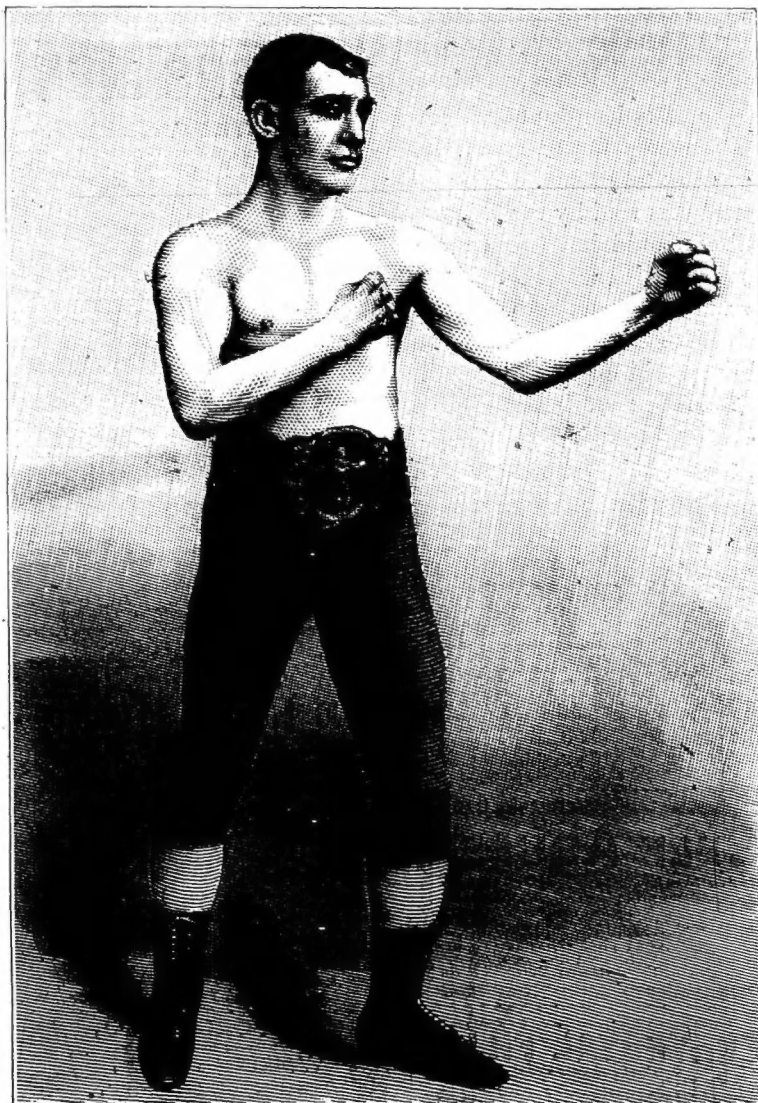


KISSED HIS PATIENT.

DR. M'CALLUM, AN ARKADELPHIA, ARK., PHYSICIAN, IS CHARGED WITH ENDEAV-ORING TO MAKE LOVE TO PRETTY MRS. MARBERRY.



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A LIVELY YOUNG SIX-DAY GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE
PEDESTRIAN OF OIL CITY, PA.



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THE FEATHER-WEIGHT CHAMPION PUGILIST OF ENGLAND, WHO, AT ONE TIME,
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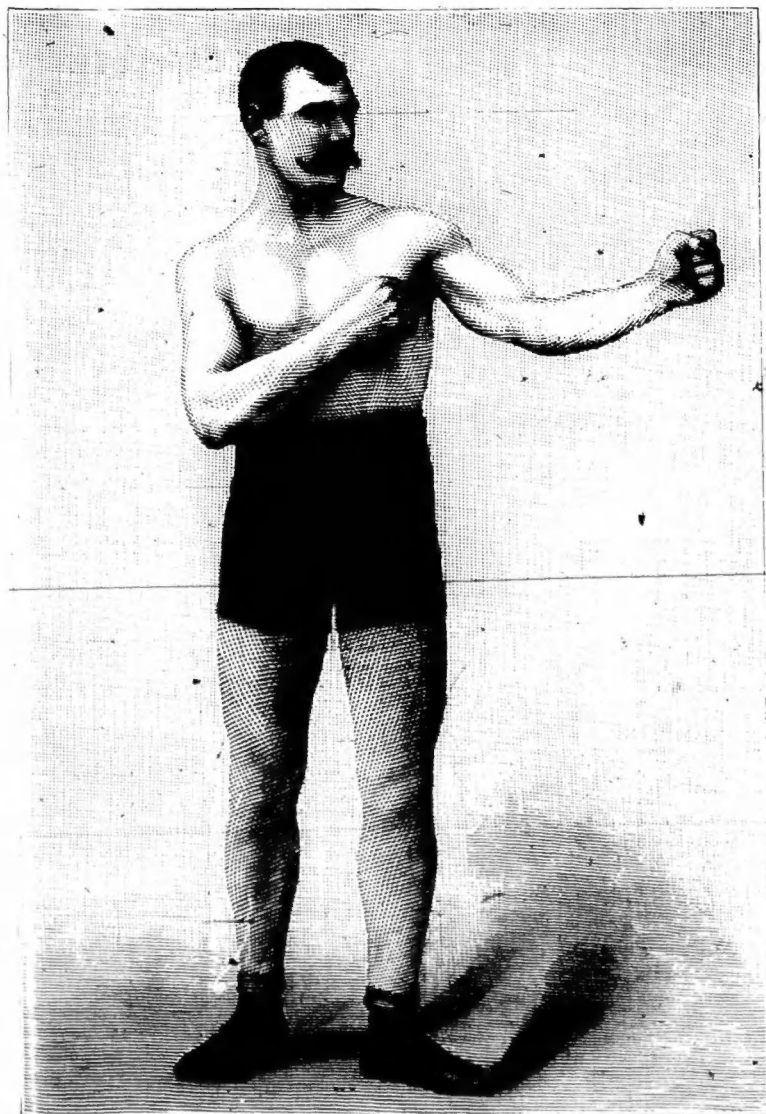
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THE YOUNG NEW YORK BICYCLE RIDER WHO HAS
BROKEN SO MANY RECORDS OF LATE.



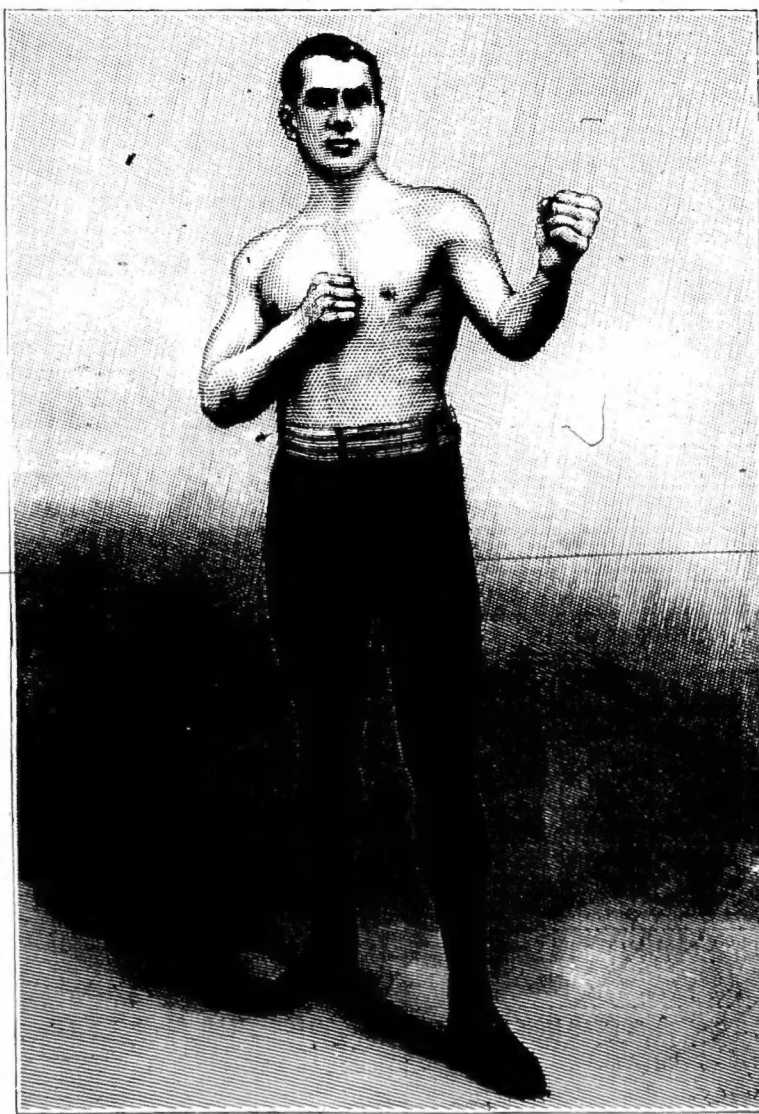
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A YOUNG SPORTING MAN OF BOWLING GREEN,
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THE OMAHA HEAVY-WEIGHT PUGILIST WHO RECENTLY MET DEFEAT AT THE
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BILLY WOODS,
THE LIVELY YOUNG FIGHTER OF DENVER, COLO., WHO RECENTLY DEFEATED JACK
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