DOINGS OF THE SPORTS

Corbett Signs for Match With Jeffries

A Number of Smaller Prize Ring Events — Haudler vs. Rourke.

Hot Springs, Ark., Feb. 4.—Tommy Ryan, middleweight champion of the world, will defend his title against "Cyclone" Kelly, of San Francisco, at the Whittington Park Club tonight. Kelly, though he has made a good showing against several fighters of more or less prominence, is not regarded as anything like the equal of Ryan. For the champion, the contest will serve as good practice work for his coming fight with "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien.

New York, Feb. 3.—James J. Corbett signed articles here today for a twenty-round contest with James Jeffries for the heavyweight championship of the world, the fight to take place at Fort Erie, Canada, on June next. Jeffries was not present, but the articles were forwarded to him. The contest is to be for a purse of $25,000.

Bangor, Me., Feb. 4.—The National Athletic Club expects to draw a good crowd on hand for its boxing show tonight. The attraction arranged to draw the fight followers is a twenty-round bout between Jimmy Handler of Brooklyn and Charley O'Rourke of Boston. The two are considered evenly matched and a live contest is expected to be the outcome.

Montreal, Que., Feb. 4.—Before a local organization tonight Tom Jenkins, the former middle-weight champion, and Jim Parr are to meet in a finish wrestling bout. Both men appear to be in excellent condition and as there is considerable rivalry between them an interesting contest is expected to be the outcome.

Detroit, Mich., Feb. 4.—Mike Ward and Jimmie Duggan are to furnish the windup at tonight's boxing show of the Detroit Athletic Club. The men met once before and Duggan gained the decision. Since then Ward is said to have greatly improved and his followers appear confident of his ability to reverse the decision.

New York, Feb. 3.—Jack Munroe and Tom Sharkey signed articles today for a 20-round contest, to take place some time after four months. Bids for the fight will be opened on March 3. It is provided that the club securing the fight must be satisfactory to both men. The men agree to split the purse, 75 per cent to the winner and 25 per cent. to the loser. The referee is to be agreed upon a month before the fight.

See Mr. H. D. Hulme as "The Pirate King" in the opera "Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18—21.

ON DELIVERY ONLY.

New Rule as to Paying the Fees For Placer Grants.

The statement yesterday in the Nugget that a man need not make a deposit when putting in his application for a mining claim, and that the same has been the ruling of the department for some time, was news to a good many people, and great interest was taken in it. Several men were at the windows this morning asking Placer Recorders Grant and Boyes if this was so, and they were told that it was.

But Mr. Boyes wished to have it stated that the $15 was taken over the counter at the same time with the application in some cases, "but only in such cases as we can deliver the goods," he said. That is to say that when ground has been open for relocation for a full fourteen days, and a grant can therefore be issued at once, the grant is issued and the money collected at the time the grant is issued. Should application be made before the expiration of fourteen days after the ground is open, the application is filed and the applicant notified when the grant will be issued and he then comes and pays his $15 for it.

This is a very small correction, the fact remaining that the government now does not ask for a deposit, and does not make any collection in regard to recording, until it "delivers the goods," as Recorder Boyes so picturesquely puts it.

ALL ONE WAY

Many Klondikers Returning and Very Few Going Out

Neither of the two companies running stages from here to Whitehorse sent out stages today, for the reason that there were no applications for seats. The great bulk of the traffic is now from the other end, and the White Pass has decided that it will run four stages every week, that it has to do this to meet the traffic requirements. The Merchants stage line will also run from three to four a week, and as both companies will carry mail whenever there is any to be carried the public will be well served. There will be mail in Dawson as often as the steamers deliver it in Skagway for the balance of the winter season.

BOUNDARY MATTER.

Commission Not to Meet Until After Parliament Ends.

Ottawa, Feb. 19.—From what was stated by Sir Wilfrid Laurier last night, the meeting of the Alaska boundary commission is not likely to be held until after the session of parliament beginning next month. Senator Faisbanks wrote from mashington suggesting that the commission meet in March, but the Canadian premier is in favor of its meeting being postponed until the end of the session. The text of the convention has been received, and it was stated last evening that in addition to the Hon. Edward Blake other Canadian counsel would be engaged to appear before the commission.

Will care for one or two good dogs for their use during the balance of the winter. Apply Nugget office.

Social Call in Brownville

"Hurroo," exclaimed Long Mike, and fired a shot through the ceiling.

Had there been any antecedent circumstances to explain his outburst, Brownsville would have accepted it as a characteristic and perfectly natural act, but it chanced that nothing whatever had occurred for a full half hour. The usual group had been sitting around the stove in the barroom, and the usual drone of entirely uninteresting conversation had buzzed along. Everybody had said something but nobody knew or cared what anybody else had said.

It was therefore a matter of some surprise that even Long Mike should express himself with such vehemence. No one spoke for a moment or so after the shot, but all looked interested. Presently Sam the bartender inquired with some anxiety if the big man felt well.

"Oi do not," replied Long Mike, as he put away his gun. "There do be nothin' at all, at all, that wears me out loike the dead shtillness o' winter weather, an' Oi'm thinkin' it's toime for a thaw. Ye've hea'rd th' oice in th' river cr-rack whin it's makin' ready to break up. Well, Oi feel like cr-rackin' thot same way. It's toime somthin' was did."

"An' it's right y' are," said Stumpy, "but what? Sure, ivery j'int in me body is blue-mouldin' wid shtiffness from the want of excitement. Oi've a cr-ravin' for tumult, that's no use nor a cr-ravin' for dhrink. Sure, a flood is betther nor bein' froze up loike this."

"It's me, too," said Gallagher. "I have a touch o' the same complaint, but I don't see nothin' ahead till th' ice breaks up, an' the boats run again."

"Oi do," said Long Mike. "Jim Bixby was tellin me yesterday that some o' thim shports in La Crosse was goin' dead, loike us, f'r th' lack o' things to do, an' Oi told him to tell them to come over to Brownsville, the next trip o' the stage. An' the stage is due now. Oi do be thinkin' there'll be some comin' the day."

The event proved that the big man had not miscalculated, for even as he spoke the jingle of sleighbells came up from the frozen surface of the river, and as they all looked out they saw Bixby driving, not the usual span, but a team of four horses over the thick ice and bringing a big stage load of men wrapped in furs and smoking furiously to keep the keen, cold air from their lungs.

It was one of the community visits with which men broke the monotony of the long winters in what was then called the great northwest, and because of the habits of the two communities, it seemed more than likely that there would be excitement enough before the La Crosse contingent should be ready to return.

Of the visiting delegation there were ten in all, but the most conspicuous among them, as Long Mike was the principal figure in Brownsville, was one Tom Krags, a man of more than local fame, who had amassed a competence on the Mississippi boats by his success at the card table, and had settled in La Crosse as the proprietor of what he called the "only first class second rate hotel in Wisconsin." It was a flourishing hostelry with a large card room adjoining the barroom.

Krags was a quiet man, usually, with pleasant manners and a large chest measurement. At least a foot shorter than the big man of Brownsville, he was, in all his other dimensions, a worthy match, and one of the dreams of delight among the river men was the thought that some time there might be a physical encounter between the two.

No set programme having been arranged for the festivities, the first ceremony was the usual tender of liquid hospitality. Sam became busy without special instructions, and for a long half-hour exerted himself manfully in response to the demands that came in rapid succession from this one and that who felt eager to uphold his part of the burden of hospitality or the tax of reciprocity.

A temporary lull in this exercise was filled with conversation, in which the dearth of news in both communities was duly discussed, and the day wore on toward a close with no special outbreak of excitement. It appeared, however, that three of the guests had brought certain pet game cocks with them, so a series of cock fights was arranged after a long discussion of terms, and by evening the floor of the barroom was sadly in need of a thorough cleansing. Then, after the lamps were lighted, and a hearty supper had been discussed, a game of draw poker was proposed.

This, it was felt, was, after all, the main event of the day. Brownsville was not especially addicted to poker, except on occasions when outside talent appeared, but there was enough local pride to justify a contest when a challenge was issued. And there was an overweening confidence in Brownsville in Long Mike's luck.

The two leaders arranged the terms and virtually chose the players, so that the game was table stakes, each man to buy a hundred dollars' worth of chips for a starter, and six men to constitute the party. Long Mike took Stumpy and Hennessy, and Krags named Smithers, a beetle-browed Swede in his party, and Jack Bains, a capable looking lumberman from the upper river, to represent the visiting talent. Sam set out the chips and cards and served a preliminary drink, and the game was on.

For the first half dozen hands there was little doing. The ante was a dime calling a quarter, no one caring to hurry the game, and all realizing that a hundred dollars was enough to give him a considerable run unless his luck was phenomenally bad. Presently, however, Hennessy saw what looked like an excellent opening and he opened a jack pot.

To his intense joy he got three stayers, for he had three tens and a lot of confidence. It was Stumpy's deal, and he and Smithers had stayed out. In the draw Bains took three cards, Long Mike one, Hennessy one, holding up an ace to his tens, and Krags called for two.

It was hard to figure chances on a draw like that, but Hennessy reckoned they would size him up for two pairs and he threw in ten dollars, thinking that he would call any raise he might get. He hadn't looked at his draw, but did not count on having bettered.

Krags saw the ten, having three sevens which he had not bettered, and a proper respect for Long Mike's one-card draw. Bains surrendered and Long Mike raised it ten, having bettered his hand with a six spot that made a small straight.

Hennessy investigated and found he had caught another ace, which was, of course, enough to go back on; but Long Mike was not the player he was after, so he simply saw the raise, hoping for nothing more than a call from Krags. That gentleman, however, folded his cards. He had the name of knowing extremely well how to lie down when he was beaten. So nobody was badly hurt.

The next chance fell to Smithers on Long Mike's deal, there being another jack pot, and he opened for $1.50, there being that amount in the pot. The struggle was longer this time, for everybody stayed and three men bettered. He threw a white chip for a feeler and Hennessy raised it five dollars on three queens. Krags stayed, having aces up, and Stumpy raised again with a flush. Bains made good, having filled a straight, and Long Mike lay down. He had three little ones, but a double raise scared him out.

Smithers looked at his hand doubtfully. He had opened it on kings and fours and had caught a seven in the draw, but deciding whether it was good poker or not, to make a bluff, he came back with twenty dollars more. It was almost good, too, for it looked as if he had made a full house, and Hennessy dropped his three queens without a whimper, though he would have called if Stumpy had not raised him on the round before.

Krags lay down, and Stumpy did some thinking. It took nerve to call even with a flush, but finally he said, "Ye may have it, I don't know, but o'ill see it anny how," and threw in his chips.

"That's good," said Bains, and Smithers had to show his two pairs.

"Tried to blow me, hey?" said Stumpy, tauntingly, as he raked in the chips. "Ye may do that in La Crosse, but it don't go here." And Smithers had nothing to say.

The next two deals were uneventful and then Krags took the deck. His thick muscular fingers were well kept and white, after the usual rule as touching the hands of professional gamesters, and one who looked closely would have seen that they were singularly deft as well. As it happened there were three men at the table who were looking closely, and when he passed the cards over to Hennessy for the cut, that player riffled them three times before cutting them, whereat Stumpy grinned with glee and Long Mike looked serene and satisfied.

Krags could say nothing, for Hennessy was within his rights, but he leaned a little over toward the left side as he dealt, leaving his right hand hip pocket a little easier to get at. It was only a slight indication of the possibilities, but there was not a man at the table who failed to notice it.

From that moment on the tension increased. After Krags' deal Stumpy called for a new deck of another color and when that had been used twice Long Mike ran over it carefully, and called for still another deck. "There's an ace o' hearts here," he said, "that a man can tell across the room." No charge of crooked play had been made but the visitors saw that they were suspected, and they were well prepared for the row that was coming.

Long Mike it was that precipitated it. He was watching Krags intently, and suddenly, as that player was discarding after serving the others with the draw in his own deal, Long Mike reached over and seized both his wrists with a lightning like movement.

"Ye have six cards in yer hand, ye spalpeen, an' two in yer sleeve," and twisting Krags' hands remorselessly, he proved that he was right.

Instantly the room was in an uproar, and every one of the ten visitors had his gun out, excepting Krags, who was struggling violently but ineffectually to free his hands. The Brownsville men were as quick as the strangers, and although three or four shots were heard, none reached a mark. And after a little time Long Mike's voice commanded attention.

"Av we did the roight thing," he shouted, "we'd chop holes in th' oice, an' send yez ahl shwimmin' down th' river. But Oi'm thinkin' we can have more fun nor that. Yez'll ahl give yer guns to Sam, an' Oi'll take this omadhaun out o' doors an' woipe th' grround up wid him. An' Bixby'll hitch up an' carry what's left back to La Crosse th' noight widout waitin' f'r sun-up."

No one dissented, for Krags and his followers were as confident as the Brownsville men, and moreover counted themselves lucky to get off as they did after the expose. And then Smithers gave a new turn to the situation by saying, "I'll bet even money that Krags 'll lick him."

In about three minutes all the available cash in the party was staked on the contest and the two gladiators stripped for the fray.

Then was Brownsville glorified within three minutes more, for Long Mike stood with his hands down, waiting the other's onslaught. It came with a fury that would have demolished an ordinary man, but he took two blows that seemed enough to break his bones, and then wrapped his arms around Krags in such fashion as to hold him helpless. For a moment he stood thus, tightening his grip slowly, and then said, coolly

"Ye'll tell me when ye have enough."

The other made no answer, but struggled like a wildcat, while Long Mike stood smiling and slowly tightening his awful grip. Not until the bones began to crack did the defeated man give up, but presently he gasped "Enough," and fell, half dead, to the ground as the other released his hold.

"Oi'm thinkin', belike," said Stumpy, as they watched the stage start off, "thot we might gave a party up here from Dubuque next week, I don't know. Thim social visits is foine diversion."

See Mr. A. M Thornburgh as "Samuel" in the opera "Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18—21.

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Bible School Lesson for Feb. 22

Title—Christian love. I. Corinthians 13, 1-13.

Golden text—Now abideth faith, hope and charity, but the greatest of these is charity. I. Corinthians 13:13.

The crowning grace, the highest virtue, the most essential element of the Christian life is love.

This chapter follows a discussion of spiritual gifts, the acquiring of which might fit the Christian for better service on behalf of God and humanity. After exhorting the Corinthian Christians to seek these gifts, Paul closes the preceding chapter with, "And yet show I you a more excellent way." The excellent and most excellent way is presented in the lesson.

The word "charity" is translated "love" in the Revised Version. The original translation of the Greek word "agape" by "charity" is due, doubtless, to the fact that the thought contained was not understood by the heathen mind, and the word "love" was considered too significant of a mere fleshly affection. "Charity," a word not found in Greek philosophy," says Dr. Joseph Cook, "but born in the bosom of Christianity, denotes brotherly love, which seeks the good of one's neighbor in a self-denying way."

In the first three verses, Paul contrasts the relative value of certain much-prized gifts, with love. The Pentecostal gift of tongues, the prophetic power of prophesy, were nothing compared with it. The highest and strongest faith would be deficient if its possessor had not as well this chiefest virtue.

The world's idea of charity or benevolence might only illustrate the vanity of the giver, unless the true spirit of unselfish love prompted the gift. Even the offering of one's life, martyr-like, might grow out of a selfish motive, such a motive as leads people to say, "I want to get to heaven," and yet without concern whether others get there or not.

True Christian love is constant and its kindness knows no limit. It knows neither envy nor jealousy.

"The man who has a high conceit of himself is apt to be boastful and desirous of praise. Love, on the other hand, is modest and humble."—Hodge.

True Christian love is courteous and kind; is thoughtful of others and the interests of others; is not fretful or hot-tempered, and puts the best construction possible upon the actions of others. As some one has said, "Faults are thick where love is thin."

Love takes no pleasure in the downfall of others, but rejoices in their evident good intentions and good qualities.

Love is patient, never wearies in well doing, has an abiding faith in humanity, is never pessimistic, always looks on the bright side, and is not easily discouraged.

The time will come when the much-sought gifts and blessings of life will have filled their purpose, and either have ceased to be, or be swallowed up in the perfection of eternity. The perfect perceptions of earth, the imperfect perceptions of earth, the imperfect endowmentt of this life, will give place to the fuller, completer life of heaven.

Here, we play and work like children; our perceptions are immature. Here, the vision we have of life is hazy as the image in a burnished silver mirror.

But, There, we shall secure immediate development, the clouds will have vanished, the vision will have changed for the reality. And There, it will be discovered that love, with her sister graces of faith and hope, abides with love as the crowning jewel, the supremest gift.

"This is ideal," you say. Why not endeavor to reach the ideal?

W.H.B.

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