

All The Latest News From The World Of Sport

FAST TIME AT SYRACUSE YESTERDAY

Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 1.—Fast time marked the efforts of eleven horses participating in three races constituting today's grand circuit program at the New York state fair. Despite the small fields the racing was keen.

Tomorrow's program includes two of the year's greatest classics, the Empire State, \$10,000 stake for 2 1/4 trotters, and the Syracuse \$5,000 stake for 2 1/4 pacers. The entire card is worth \$15,500.

Summary

The Wagner, 2:05 pace, three in five, value \$2,500.

Del Ray, b.h., by Nutwood, Wilkes-Ramona, (Cox) 2 2 1 1 1 Harry The Ghost, sr. & (Floyd) 1 1 3 4 4 King Daphne, blk. s. (Front) 4 3 2 2 2 Walnut Grove, blk. s. (Ruthven) 3 4 3 3 3 Time—2:06 1/4; 2:05 1/4; 2:05 3/4; 2:05 1/2; 2:07 1/4.

The governor's 2:06 trot, three in five, value \$3,000.

Flawah, b.h., by Al Stanley, Alicia Arion, (Gears) 1 1 1 1 1 Mack, b.m., (Deryder), 2 2 4 Grace ch. m., (McDevitt) 3 3 2 Bon Zolock, b.g., (Garrison) 4 4 3 Time—2:06; 2:05 1/2; 2:05 3/4.

Free-for-all trot, sweepstakes, two in three, \$1,000 added money.

Anvil, b.h., by St. Valien, Vincent-Amy Smith, (Gears) 1 1 1 Peter Scott, b.h., (Cox) 2 2 2 Dudie Archdale, blk. m. (F. G. Jones) 3 3 3 Time—2:06 1/2; 2:04 3/4.

GIANTS' SWELLED HEADS

St. Louis, Aug. 31.—Hub Perdue, the "Gallatin Squash," tells a good one on the New York Giants.

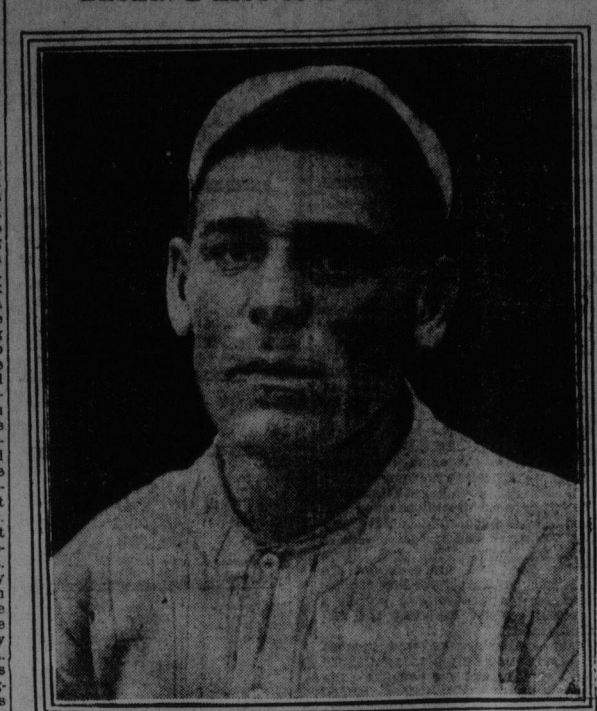
"Those New Yorkers are suffering from enlarged craniums," declared Hub. "Before Stallings took charge of the Boston Braves the team was a joke outfit. I was one of the jokes. Guess that's the reason McGraw's men used to make fun of me. One day, I was passing the Giants' coop in the Polo grounds. Larry Doyle stuck his head out of the concrete cellar and I greeted him thusly: 'Hello, Larry.' 'Who's that big yap?' said Doyle, ignoring me completely, and addressing his remarks to Mike Donlin. 'Oh, he's a buster the Boston club got in some sort of a trade with Chicago,' replied Donlin. 'Last time the Cards called at the Polo grounds, Donlin saw me warming up and handed out a line of chatter something like this: 'Going great guns, eh, Hub? I always knew you were a great pitcher.' 'Funny how these New Yorkers 'cotton' to a winning aggregation. The Cardinals looked dangerous to 'em. I guess Donlin thought it good policy to soft soap me a little. Thought I might go easy with 'em.'"

CENTENNIAL OF BIRTH OF EQUINE HERO

Eclipse, the equine hero of some of the most sensational horse races in the history of the American turf, was born 100 years ago, May 25, 1814, on Long Island. Eclipse came of a fine equine family, his ancestry including Diomed, winner of the first English Derby, and the great Messenger. Eclipse had not been on the track long enough to establish much of a reputation when the New York State legislature passed a law prohibiting horse racing. The colt was sent to the stud and remained there until the ban on the "sport of kings" was lifted in 1821. Eclipse was originally owned by Gen. Nathaniel Coles, but when racing was resumed he carried the colors of Cornelius Van Rensselaer, a famous horseman who had once owned Messenger. In October, 1821, Eclipse proved that he was well named by defeating Lady Lightfoot, the swiftest animal of the day, at four mile heats. Eclipse was heralded as the greatest horse living, but this claim was denied by southern turf followers. There was an almost bitter rivalry between the horsemen of the northern and southern states. In 1822 Eclipse was matched with Sir Charles, the fastest horse in the South, owned by Capt. Harrison of Brunswick, Va. The race was to be four mile heats over the national course at Washington, for \$10,000 a side. Sir Charles met with an accident, but his owner offered to run him in a four-mile dash for \$1,500. Eclipse won easily. This was not considered a fair test as between northern and southern horseflesh, however, and another race was arranged, to be held on the Union course, Long Island, in 1823. The race was to be four mile heats, for \$20,000. When the day for the historic contest arrived one of the greatest assemblages ever attracted by any sporting event occupied every point of vantage along the course. Cities over the East and South poured crowds into New York from Philadelphia. Not less than 50,000 visitors supplemented the great New York crowd, and it is estimated that the wagers ran into the millions of dollars. Many southerners wagered every cent they owned on Sir Henry, the horse chosen to represent the South. The Dixie animal was a four-year-old, and carried 108 pounds, while Eclipse, then nine years old, carried 125 pounds. The first heat was won by Sir Henry, and the Southerners went wild, and offered long odds. Sir Henry led most of the way in the second heat, but in the stretch Eclipse passed the Southern horse and won by two lengths. In the third heat Eclipse led all the way, and his victory was celebrated all over the North.

There is an orchard in Java, the grammaphyllum, all the flowers of which open at once as if by the stroke of a fairy's wand, and they also all wither together.

OLD HIDDEN TREASURE IN GIANTS' RESERVE LIST IS A RUSSIAN TWIRLER



"RUBE" SCHAUER

Among the seldom shown treasures of John McGraw is a young pitcher who in a few turns on the mound as a major leaguer has shown startling ability. He is A. J. Schauer, a right hander, who is always called "Rube" by fellow players. This confusing cognomen has led to reports of McGraw having a left handed phenom in the "Rube," but it's from the starboard side Schauer serves, much to the discomfort of the many strong batters he has faced mostly in exhibition games. "Rube" is six feet tall and weighs 158 pounds.

Schauer is the only native of Russia now enrolled in the big leagues. He was born in Odessa in 1892 and never saw a baseball game until he came to this country with his parents twelve years ago.

CHEAP FARES FOR LABOR DAY EXCURSIONS.

Via the Intercolonial Railway, cheap fares will prevail for Labor Day. Tickets will be issued at single fare for the round trip on September 7th, good for return the day following. Special excursion fares on September 5, 6 and 7. Good for return September 9th.

STEAMER NOTES.

Steamer Sillasia, Capt. Abbott, sailed from Piquash yesterday for Pictou. Steamer Tunisian reached Liverpool from Montreal at 3 p. m. on Monday. Steamer Parthena arrived at Botwood, Nfld., August 26, from Great Britain with coal and general cargo. She also brought twelve passengers.

COULON TELLS HOW HE LOST THE BELT

So much has been written about Coulon as the "little old man of the ring" that one rather expected him to limp in on crutches. As a matter of fact, the venerable little boxer carries his twenty-five years very well, and, although his head is bare on top, his blond toupes would make him look like a sixteen-year-old kid. Twenty-five years old and with a nice little bank roll, Johnny is going to take care of his money and enjoy himself.

"I lost the championship because Williams got me before I could get started," was Coulon's explanation of his poor showing when he lost his title in three rounds several weeks ago. "I don't want to take a thing away from Williams, for he is a good boxer, but I did nothing myself in that bout he had a snap. I weighed only 110 pounds, while he weighed 140. I was out of my mind. I was so early in the bout that I had no chance to find out if I am still 'there' or not. I have announced my retirement, but if, after a period of preparation, I think I can do a comeback, I may ask for another chance. I can't tell about that for sure yet. The only thing I am sure about is that a lot of my friends lost money on me. I thought I was in good shape and told them to bet on me, and they got a very poor run for their money."

Johnny Coulon does not agree with Ad Wolgast when the latter says Willie Ritchie is a good business man, but a poor fighter. Johnny says Willie is good at both trades. "Ad Wolgast does not know what a good boxer is," remarked the little ex-champion. "He is a rough house brawler himself and is no man to judge a clever workman. Take it from me, Ritchie, he showed he was a champion when he stayed ten rounds with White at Milwaukee, for White copped him unexpectedly in the first round and nearly put him out. The way Willie weathered the storm and carried the fight to White right up to the last round, and was against a mighty good boy and was handicapped by that punch on the jaw right in the beginning of the bout."

Coulon is going to Chicago to retire as a real estate dealer.

RESULTS OF THE BIG LEAGUES

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

St. Louis, 5; Boston, 7.

At Boston, first game:

St. Louis . . . 401000010—4 11 1 Boston . . . 111000040—7 11 1 Batteries—Wellman, Leverenz and Jenkins; Agnew, Collins, Bedient, Leonard and Carrigan.

Boston, 4; St. Louis, 2.

Second game:

St. Louis . . . 00002000—2 5 5 Boston . . . 00000010—4 1 1 Batteries—Leverenz and Jenkins; Shore and Thomas.

Detroit, 3; New York, 3.

At Detroit:

New York . . . 01200000—3 7 0 New York . . . 00101000—2 7 1 Batteries—Sneep, Blanding and O'Neill, Egan; Bender and Schang, McAvoy.

Philadelphia, 16; Cleveland, 3.

Cleveland . . . 000001110—3 9 5 Philadelphia . . . 12020010—16 13 1 Batteries—Sneep, Blanding and O'Neill, Egan; Bender and Schang, McAvoy.

Chicago, 5; Washington, 4.

At Washington:

Chicago . . . 10011000100001—5 11 1 Washington 10000000300000—4 8 1 Batteries—Scott and Schalk; Ayers and Williams.

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE.

At Toronto:

Baltimore-Toronto, both games postponed, rain.

Rochester, 2; Jersey City, 0.

At Rochester, first game:

Jersey City . . . 00000000—0 2 0 Rochester . . . 10100000—2 6 1 Batteries—Bruck and Reynolds; Enzman and Williams.

Rochester, 2; Jersey City, 1.

Second game:

Jersey City . . . 00000100—1 6 2 Rochester . . . 00000002—2 8 1 Batteries—Williams and Tyler; Hoff and Williams.

At Buffalo:

Newark-Buffalo, postponed, rain.

Providence, 1; Montreal, 0.

At Montreal:

Providence . . . 00000000—1 7 2 Montreal . . . 00000000—0 5 1 Batteries—Schultz and Onslow; Dale and J. Smith.

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE Standing.

Team	Won	Lost	P.C.
Providence	74	51	.592
Rochester	76	53	.589
Buffalo	72	52	.581
Baltimore	67	55	.549
Toronto	62	58	.517
Newark	58	62	.483
Montreal	48	78	.381
Jersey City	39	87	.319

American League Standing.

Team	Won	Lost	P.C.
Philadelphia	83	38	.686
Boston	68	49	.581
Washington	61	57	.517
Detroit	62	61	.504
Chicago	60	63	.488
New York	56	66	.459
St. Louis	55	65	.458
Cleveland	39	85	.314

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Chicago, 8; Cincinnati, 7.

At Cincinnati:

Chicago . . . 21200300—8 14 2 Cincinnati . . . 22101001—7 10 1 Batteries—Sneep, Blanding and O'Neill, Egan; Bender and Schang, McAvoy.

At St. Louis:

Pittsburgh-St. Louis, postponed, rain. (Only two games scheduled.)

National League Standing.

Team	Won	Lost	P.C.
New York	63	50	.558
Boston	63	51	.553
St. Louis	64	57	.529
Chicago	63	57	.525
Philadelphia	53	61	.465
Brooklyn	54	64	.458
Pittsburgh	53	62	.461
Pittsburgh	52	63	.452

FEDERAL LEAGUE.

Postponed.

At St. Louis:

Kansas City-St. Louis, postponed, rain.

Indianapolis, 4; Chicago, 0.

At Chicago:

Indianapolis . . . 30100000—4 7 1 Chicago . . . 00000000—0 8 1 Batteries—Falkenberg and Rindgen; Prendergast and Wilson, Flak.

Pittsburgh, 2; Baltimore, 1.

At Pittsburgh:

Baltimore . . . 00010000—1 6 1 Pittsburgh . . . 0000010001—2 7 1 Batteries—Suggs and Russell; Dickson and Berry.

Postponed.

At Buffalo:

Brooklyn-Buffalo, postponed, rain.

Federal League Standing.

Team	Won	Lost	P.C.
Indianapolis	67	52	.563
Chicago	66	53	.555
Baltimore	61	54	.530
Brooklyn	58	56	.509
Buffalo	57	57	.500

JEM WARD WAS FIRST RINGER

There have been many "ringers" in the history of the ring, and this form of deception is by no means extinct. The methods of pugilistic "ringers" have changed little since Jem Ward started the game of guile away back in 1832. To be exact, it was 91 years ago today, Sept. 1, 1822, that Jem, who later became champion of England, set the stage for what was probably the first stunt of this kind ever pulled off. Jem found it impossible to get a fight in London, and, as he was short of the needful, he cooked up a little scheme to add to his roll. Jem was an artist and something of an actor when not engaged in polishing off his opponents, and the plan he decided on was certainly artistic. With a couple of companions he tramped to Bath, where the races were to begin on the first of July. On the way they tossed themselves out in the regalia of simple robes, and it was in this disguise that Jem reached Bath, then England's center of fashionable iniquity, on the first day of the race meet. It was the custom, during the race meet at Bath, for the "doffs" or noble sports, to hang up a good purse for the local yokels to fight for, and it was this purse that attracted Jem to Bath. Jem, who called himself Swaney Wilson, and who said he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens, the Somerset champion. Joe was a town lad, and he poked fun at the "rube" and threatened to eat him alive. The bogus countryman, after a few awkward moves, soon tore loose, and the crowd realized that they had been stung and that "Swaney" was not as green as he looked. Jem's friends had put up a lot of money on him at good odds, and he was a farm laborer, looked the part, and he had no trouble in getting a match with Joe Rickens