

## Sporting

Baseball.  
The Ring

## LATE BASEBALL GOSSIP

All the baseball fans are now talking about the Boston-Pittsburgh series and its world's championship.

In 1904, what is now termed the world's championship was never completed for as the pennant winners of the National league were the undisputed champions.

The American association was organized in 1888 as a rival of the National league, Cincinnati winning the championship of the new organization. Boston won the honors that season in the National.

In 1884 the Metropolitan of New York won the pennant in the American association, and Providence in the big league.

In October of that year the Providence club went to New York, and played three games on the Polo grounds with the association champions, defeating them easily in three straight games, with a total of 31 runs to three, and the friends of the young organization were very much disappointed.

About this time Charlie Comiskey was looking up with new ideas and an aggressive ball club in St. Louis, while Capt. Anson had a bunch of world beaters in Chicago, and when St. Louis and Chicago won the championships in their respective leagues there was a general demand that these two great teams play a series of games.

St. Louis vs. Chicago.

They played for a prize of \$1,000. The first game in Chicago resulted in a tie at five all. Then each club won three games, the series resulting in a tie with its total runs Chicago 41, St. Louis, 41.

The outcome of this series was a big surprise to the baseball public, which figured that Chicago had by far the best club in the business, it being made up of Anson, Mike Kelley, Ed. Williams, Pfeffer, Tom Burns, Flint and other fine players. Comiskey did some grand stunts with a lot of youngsters, including Latham, Robinson, Carruthers, Evers, Eubank, Welch, King, Lyons and Foutz.

As both Chicago and St. Louis pulled off the championship the next season, another series was arranged, the winners to take all the prize money. Six games were played, three in St. Louis and three in Chicago, St. Louis winning four out of six.

DETROIT WON IN 1887.

In 1887 the heavy hitting Detroit club won the National league championship, after a fine race with Anson's Chicago team. A series of 15 games was arranged with St. Louis, who again won the association pennant. These games were played at St. Louis, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Detroit proved an easy winner, taking 10 of the 15 games played, and making 73 runs to 54 for St. Louis.

In 1888 New York and St. Louis won the honors in their respective leagues, but no world's series was played.

NEW YORK VS. BROOKLYN.

In 1888 New York won the championship for the second time, while Brooklyn nosed out Comiskey's St. Louis boys. A series of 15 games was arranged with St. Louis, who again won the association pennant. These games were played at St. Louis, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Detroit proved an easy winner, taking 10 of the 15 games played, and making 73 runs to 54 for St. Louis.

In 1889 New York and St. Louis won the honors in their respective leagues, but no world's series was played.

NEW YORK VS. BROOKLYN.

In 1889 New York won the championship for the second time, while Brooklyn nosed out Comiskey's St. Louis boys. A series of 15 games was arranged with St. Louis, who again won the association pennant. These games were played at St. Louis, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Detroit proved an easy winner, taking 10 of the 15 games played, and making 73 runs to 54 for St. Louis.

In 1890 the Players' league pennant came to Boston. Brooklyn won the National league prize, and Louisville won the Association honors.

Brooklyn and Louisville played a few games and after a tie decided to finish the series the next season, but the games were never played and never should have been started as the Players' league champions were head and shoulders above either of them.

In 1891 Boston had the pleasure of bringing home two championships, the National league and American association.

The league team refused to play the Americans for the world's championship and after the amalgamation in 1892 there was no chance for genuine contests until three years ago, when the American league expanded and rivaled the National league in popularity as well as strength.

Peace between the two big leagues had made it possible to see fall games between the leaders of the two leagues, and the coming series between Boston and Pittsburgh should be the most interesting games of the season.

THE STORY OF MCGINNITY, THE BASE BALL "IRON MAN."

Joseph Jerome McGinnity, the "Iron Man" of base ball, is so called because of his time and again demonstrated, since he has been playing professional base ball, that he not only possesses an arm of iron and a heart of steel,

but remarkable powers of endurance as well. These, combined with an alert mind, enable him at all times to grasp the situations that come up suddenly in a game of ball and to devise plays to protect himself in tight places, make McGinnity capable of doing entire justice to the pitcher's position.

McGinnity worked for years to be able to control the ball, use a change of pace, and still give it a slight curve. In the opinion of experts, the underhand raised ball is more effective than a drop from the overhand style, and not near as wearing on the pitcher. More pop flies are batted from the Iron Man's delivery than from that of any other pitcher in the league.

McGinnity attributes his success to the fact that he continually tries to put the ball over the plate, depending on the fielders behind him to do their share of the work. He can do more work than most pitchers, because he pitches fewer balls. He is continually scheming to protect himself. He will move the fielders around like men on a checkerboard, and then, depending on his marvelous control, feed the batter with a certain ball that will almost invariably be hit to where the Iron Man figures it will hit, at all. He has perfected the "Sacrifice Killer," so that with men of the opposing side on first and second base, an attempt to advance the runners by means of a bunt generally results in a force out at third base.

McGinnity is modest and unassuming. Speaking of his pitching, he says, "I cannot say that my pitching is always a success. I have had my bumps, and many of them, and doubtless shall get them again."

## THE RING.

JOHN L. SAYS JEFF IS IT.

That John L. Sullivan is still popular was shown last week at a theatre in Boston, where he was playing, doing his monologue turn.

The theatre was packed and the reception he received when he appeared on the stage reminded one of the enthusiasm that was accorded him when he held the championship. So great was the applause that it was several minutes before he was able to speak.

He is the same old John L. when talking with friends. In talking with him in his dressing room, he said: "I knew what was the matter with me when I was in the ring, and I hope that the young fellows will keep the game out of the mire from which I brought it."

"Jeffries is one of the greatest heavyweights this world ever saw, and there is no one today that has any show with him. They have got to get a bigger man than he to down him, but I do not see any one at present that is good enough to meet him. I don't see how he can draw the color line, however. He has met colored boxers before now, and I cannot see how we can bar them now. I do not believe in white men meeting colored men, but the boxers never followed my example."

"There is a great boxer in Bob Fitzsimmons, and people may call him an old man, but in my opinion, he can defeat any one in the world, bar Jeffries. 'I saw this man Gardner box only once, and while personally he is a good fellow, he would have no show with Fitzsimmons."

"There is one thing that amuses me, and that is the talk by some of these boxers who say they have invented new blows. It is ridiculous. The blows nowadays are the same as those used years ago."

"Another point that is causing considerable argument now, is comparing the boxers of old times with the present day crowd. There were as good boxers then as there are now, and the old fellows did more boxing than most of the present knights of the mits, and for less compensation."

"There are some good boxers now, and the game is in good, flourishing condition. So long as they keep going on the level, so long will the game continue."

"This continental cry of fake is tiresome, for I don't believe there have been many fakes pulled off."

"If they continue to make that howl about crookedness, it will have a tendency to hurt the sport, which is the best in the world."

In referring to his unusual heaviness the big fellow said that he had been gaining steadily since last April, but this week he intends to start reducing his weight.

CORBETT STILL POPULAR.

Jim Corbett, the ex-champion, opened his engagement at the old Howard, Boston, Monday afternoon, and he received a great reception from the large crowd present. Instead of doing his monologue act, he illustrated with Frank Kenny how Jim Jeffries defeated him in their recent contest at San Francisco. After that he said, Kenny, who is a clever boxer, boxed three lively rounds.

In speaking of his last bout with Jeffries the ex-champion said: "I was not in it after the second round. He hit me a left hand punch on the floating ribs and I was not able to stand up straight after that. It was painful for me to sit in my chair, and I thought he had fractured all of my ribs. I knew then that my only chance was to go in and slug with him, but I was not in it with him even at that style of boxing. He has improved greatly and there is no one in the world that has a chance against him."

"I thought when I made the match with him that I was fast enough on my feet to keep away from him and jab him, but after getting that punch in the ribs my foot-work was no good."

"I have not retired from the ring by any means, and I want another chance at Fitzsimmons. I am not looking for a match at present, but after he gets through with George Gardner I will issue a challenge to him. It is my sole ambition to have another meeting with Fitzsimmons, for I want to wipe out that victory he got over me at Carson City."

"I am feeling as well as I ever did, and believe that I am as clever and hit harder. I have no excuses to offer for my defeat by Jeffries."

"I never saw Gardner perform, but I think he has taken on hard game when he matches with Fitzsimmons. They may knock Pitts as an old man, but he is still a great fighter."

Corbett looks in fine shape. He has received an invitation to attend the dinner to be given to the Honorable Artillery company of London by the Ancients of Boston.

## A BLACK TRAGEDY.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

The woman with four children who had come through from Denver was nearing Detroit. The porter had finished brushing them, each one of whom had demanded attention every fifteen minutes, when the mother turned and said:

"You have been very attentive to us during the trip and I wish to reward you."

"Yes, um."

"What is your name?" she asked, as she took out a pencil and notebook.

"William White, mum."

She wrote for a minute on one of the leaves of her book and then tore it out, and handed it to him with the remark:

"A colored man who is ambitious to get along will always find friends."

A passenger caught him in the vestibule two minutes later and asked to see the paper. It read:

"Mr. Pullman: Your man, William White, has been very attentive to me and my children, and I would recommend that you raise his salary, and let him know that you fully appreciate his efforts. Mrs. B. B."

It was read aloud to the porter and then the passenger looked at him. He turned a sort of gray and gasped for breath, and it was a long minute before he could ejaculate:

"Befo' de Lawd! but I dun thought dat was a fifteen-dollar check on some bank in Colorado. But Shoel Wall, of all de deleterious obnoxiousness, I eber did dun meet up wid in all my life dis captivates de pinnacle!"

## SETTING TOUGAL RIGHT.

Two Scottish Highlanders, in Glasgow for the first time, were having a walk through the city. Turning a corner, they were much surprised to see a water cart wetting the street.

Not having seen anything of the kind before, Tougal, under a mistaken idea, ran after the cart and cried to the driver:

"Hey, man! hey, man! ye're losin' a' yer water!"

His friend, annoyed at Tougal's want of knowledge, ran after him, caught him by the arm, and said, rather testily:

"Tougal, man, dinna be showin' yer ignorance. D'yer no see it's the keep the laddies off the back o' the cart!"

## SAFE WEATHER PREDICTIONS.

(New York Times.)

Sinkins—How is it you are always dressed to suit the weather and carry an umbrella at the right time? I read the government indications carefully, but I get lost.

Timkins—Oh, I don't bother with the forecasts. Got a better scheme than that.

Sinkins—What is it?

Timkins—My wife. Always get her opinion and do just the reverse.

## GREAT SLAUGHTER OF MOOSE.

Startling Reports to Reach Chairman Carlson From Wardens on Canadian Border.

(Cincinnati Journal.)

A letter just received by Chairman Carlson, of the fish and game commission, from the two wardens, Benjamin J. Woodward and A. H. Bartlett, whom he sent up to patrol the Canadian border and St. John River waters, shows the advisability of keeping wardens in that section. It tells of the work which the men have done in detail and of the great number of moose slaughtered which they have made. Not only does it give the details of the killing of a great number of moose, but it tells of beaver and deer which have been slain. In one place alone, these wardens found where at least 20 moose had been killed last year, but one at least had fallen during the present summer.

In the opinion of the letter the wardens state, with detail, how and where they have travelled, which occupies a considerable amount of space and which is not very interesting to the average reader. From St. Camell, they went to Seven Islands, to Conners, and down the St. John passed the middle branch, without seeing any moose signs. They then took the stream leading up to Depot lake. This trip occupied two days and was hard work. They saw many moose tracks and signs and found the remains of four large moose. Of these two were killed this summer, the others last year, probably.

Along this stream they also found a lot of beaver houses and dams, but the beaver had all been killed.

At Depot lake, which is a marshy body of water, about three miles long, they found more moose bones scattered along the shore. At one point they found the head and antlers of a very large moose. This indicated that the animal had been killed when about half grown, but the antlers had a spread of five feet.

On a small point at the head of the lake they found where there had been a fearful slaughter of moose. The bones were so scattered about that it was almost impossible to count the number of animals which had been killed there. They counted 20 under jaws. Many of the parts of these moose had been carried away by beavers, for they found a large set of antlers which had been carried back into the woods for a distance of half a mile.

From this point, as they went along the lake, they found the remains of 20 moose, one and two in a place, and but one of these looked as though it had been killed this year. At one place, the head and antlers of the moose, only, had been taken away.

At the end of the second deadwater below Depot lake, they were very close to the boundary line and found where Canadian hunters camp on that side of the boundary, steal across into the Maine, slay a moose and get back before the officers can reach them.

From Depot lake they went up the Northwest branch of the St. John river. There they found the carcasses of four moose, from which only the hides had been removed.

At the head of Little Mosquito brook, which is in Maine, they found a party encamped, having with them a Canadian guide. The members of the party, as well as the guide, claimed that they supposed that they were on Canadian territory. They found that this party had killed a deer and collected the usual fine of \$40 and costs (which they forwarded to Augusta, with the letter) and drove the party across the border.

From the talk they had with these people they are inclined to think that the four moose seen on the northwest branch were killed by the notorious Pete Fountain, as he was in that region about the time the moose were killed.

In closing their letters the wardens say that near English lake, they found two camps where deer poachers come in the winter and stay, stealing into Maine and killing deer by the wholesale. Around these camps they found much evidence of illegal killing in the shape of deer feet.

## IT NEVER FAILS.

(Mount Morris, Ont., Index.)

It was a little social gathering the other evening when one of the men present made a laughing remark about the vanity of women. One of the women took up the defense. "Of course," she said, "I admit that all women are vain. The men are not. But by the way," she broke off, "the necktie of the man in the room is creeping up under his ear." She worked it. Every man present put his hand up to his neck.

## SCRAP ON PAYMENT WAS DEATH MISERVE.

Fred Hoefert Learned of the Loss of an Abovent Friend in Mysterious Way.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 26.—Through a card picked up in front of the Commercial Building, Fred Hoefert, a mining man, was informed of the death of his associate, Wallace J. Evans, of Denver. The circumstances under which the revelation was made borders on the marvellous.

Not only did the little piece of cardboard convey the news of the death to Mr. Hoefert, but a series of numerals printed on the card gave the exact day and hour.

On the afternoon of the remarkable incident, Mr. Hoefert left his office and started up the street. Glancing at the sidewalk, a printed card met his eye bearing the name and numerals, "Evans, 3 11 24." Contrary to custom, Mr. Hoefert picked up the card, and upon examining it was much impressed.

"For some unknown reason," said Mr. Hoefert this afternoon, "as soon as the card reached my hand I was convinced that Evans was dead. I am not superstitious, and this is the first time I ever received an impression of that kind."

"I was, however, so impressed by the incident that I preserved the card and placed it in full view on my desk, and when, on the following day, a telegram arrived, informing me of Evans' death, I was not at all surprised, for my mind was settled on the fact."

With Dr. F. G. Zenk, of Troy, Ill., and W. M. Lucas, president of the Big Creek Coal Mining Company, Mr. Evans, who was from Terre Haute, left St. Louis July 27, for Idaho to inspect mining property. On August 23, Mr. Evans, accompanied by Dr. Zenk, started on the return trip to St. Louis.

While on the Union Pacific train, near Medicine Bow, Wyo., Mr. Evans was taken ill. Dr. Zenk hurried with him to Denver, where he was taken to a hospital. The following Monday, August 24, the day Mr. Hoefert found the card, Mr. Evans died.

"Of course I considered the possibility of the serious illness of Mr. Evans," said Mr. Hoefert, "but the Monday afternoon the message of his death was so mysteriously conveyed to me I do not believe the thought of him had entered my mind. It is easy to explain why the name Evans on the card should attract my attention, but why I picked the card up or thought what process the significance of the numerals was fixed upon my mind, I cannot explain."

"The card was left upon my desk until the return of Dr. Zenk. As soon as he entered my office I inquired the hour of the day that Evans passed away."

"It was eleven o'clock in the morning of the 24th," answered the doctor.

"You will therefore see that the figure 8 represented August, 11 the hour of the day, while 24 designated the day of the month. But why the card should convey to me the message is beyond my understanding. It is a coincidence, of course, but a very uncanny one."

## ONLY A PIPE.

"Only a pipe!" I hear you say. Yet this bit of battered, blackened clay has shared my sorrows for many a day and joys as well.

Only a pipe! Blackened and old. Yet I can laugh at lack of gold. At unkind fate, at friends grown cold—Under its spell.

Only a pipe! Had I red wine To warm my heart; and riment fine, Would I forsake this pipe of mine? I cannot tell.

Only a pipe! There are loftier things To love—like gold—that oft grows wings. And gives not peace—which my pipe brings—

I love thee well. —Maitland Lorrig Osborne for the National Magazine.

HOW COPE SOMETIMES COMES.

Here is an advertisement which the Portland, Me., Argus published just as it was sent into the office. It is so much out of the usual order of such advertisements, says the Danbury News, that we gladly reproduce it and hope "Joe" will not fail to recover his dog.

STOLE OR RUND AWAY — BEEN loose him bout two tree weeks, hees almost black and white dog him tail cut off pretty close to my body somebody find her keep it I belong to him. JOE BORDEAM.

190,000 Victims  
Of the Turks.

## Daring Correspondent Tells of Horrible Conditions in Macedonia During the Past Month.

(By George Lynch, special commissioner in the Balkans for the New York American and Journal.)

MONASTIR, Macedonia (just across the Bulgarian frontier), Sept. 26.—Impelled by a personal desire to see the army of the sultan in the field, and realizing the interest of all Christian peoples in the profound tragedy being played on the Macedonian stage, I have just crossed the frontier at Barikovo.

It was necessary, in order to avert suspicion on the part of the Turkish soldiery, to assume a slight-seeming attitude, and to this end, smoking a cigarette and with my hands in my pockets, I strolled into forbidden Macedonia.

Several times truculent sentries interposed and demanded my credentials. Scanning the pass which the Turkish commandant in Bulgarian territory had furnished, they reluctantly permitted me to penetrate further into the forbidden land.

Reaching the Turkish camp, or rather coming in view of it from the brow of a hill, I was amazed to observe the perfect military discipline apparent among the immense encampment. Sentinels were posted at distances of 20 yards, so as to render surprise by the enemy well high impossible. Cannon were posted on various elevations commanding the surrounding country, and cannon, as well as rifle practice, is the daily routine of the Turkish commandant, who received me politely and provided coffee, after the Turkish custom. During a discussion of the situation he informed me as to the impossibility of preventing Bulgarians from crossing the frontier into Macedonia on account of the lack of troops. Dropping into figurative language, he said:

"It is customary in killing out of a spawn of fishes to drain the body of the prey, but this is impossible in this instance, because the frontier is too extended and the Bulgarians evade our net. I am frank to confess that the present insurrection would have been suppressed long ago if we had punished the villages properly and decisively. This was a fatal oversight on our part."

We did, it is true, adopt drastic measures where we found the men of villages absent upon warlike missions, but they were prevented pursuing their courses by European outcry."

ALL PUNISHED ALIKE.

I asked the general if he meant that men, women and children ought to be punished. He replied, without hesitation, in the affirmative.

These Turkish soldiers are prepared for and expecting war. Their officers are eager for a conflict, but in this are merely emulating the insurgents. I learn here that the latter have abandoned the defensive and taken up the offensive. There has been severe fighting in the Monastir vilayet—the last engagement being day before yesterday, when the streets of the vilayet were strewn with corpses of women and children. Runners, who have visited the vilayet, have described the scene to me, and it is unparalleled in sanguinary features.

Scores of bodies with limbs literally torn away as if by wild horses, block the narrow streets, while the weeping and wailing of mourners make the day and night hideous.

It is impossible for me to estimate with accuracy the number of dead and injured, but from all accounts it must run between 5,000 and 10,000. Within a day or two, at the outside, I hope to proceed to Monastir and verify these figures by scanning the terrible death roll.

It also is impossible to fix the number of Turkish losses during the recent skirmishes. Refugees are succumbing from lack of food and water, many of them literally starving, rather than surrender.

On the way here I saw women and children in a nearly dying condition, and in a state of shocking destitution. Emaciated forms lurked like skeletons along the road and begged fearfully for nourishment.

Many of them, if not all, have been living lives of the hunted for five weeks, wandering through forests and always evading the approaches to habitations.

One poor fellow had had both legs broken in order to force him to disclose the hiding place of some small arms which he was supposed to have concealed in the woods.

DAILY EXPECT AN ATTACK.

Until the sultan hurries more troops to the Macedonian border the present situation cannot be relieved. Only by practising unparalleled ferocity can the Turks now maintain themselves, and they are in daily expectation of an attack which may mean their total annihilation.

A scattered army of between 200,000 and 300,000 insurgents is lurking within a radius of five or six miles from here, and if they can be gathered into a semblance of order by a leader there will soon be a concerted movement against the Turkish encampment. This is being predicted by both sides.

Rumors have reached here during the past twelve hours of additional massacres in the districts of Ohrida and Leren by Alban troops. Fearful descriptions are given by couriers of the scenes in the disaffected districts, the soldiers showing mercy to none and displaying a fiendish barbarism never before witnessed.

Steps are being consummated by the Bulgarian government to order the immediate mobilization of the army, as soon as that is accomplished the Bulgarian frontier will be controlled, and any advances made by the insurgents or Turk will be met with determined resistance.

All this region for two hundred miles around resembles a scattered waste awaiting the match to blaze into an international holocaust.

According to the most available statistics, 190,000 men, women and children around resembles a scattered waste awaiting the match to blaze into an international holocaust.

LOOKING FOR GENERAL WAR.

Turkey, as well as Bulgaria and Macedonia, is expecting a general war, and is preparing for even more general hostilities. While the sultan has a splendid army in this immediate vicinity it is not large enough to quell the insurrection. This is known to the insurgents and it is inspiring them with more confidence to hasten a combined attack upon their hated prosecutor, as the sultan is termed with mingled horror and fear.

Word reached here by courier today that the Turkish government had requested the withdrawal of the American warships from Turkish waters. Beyond his expressed hope that the request would be complied with, in order that Turko-American differences arising in the Beirut episode could be settled, the Turkish commandant declined to either criticize or discuss the American intervention.

Unusual to even the more intelligent Turkish officers this one has a profound respect for the United States, and earnestly desires peace between the two countries. He exhibited considerable curiosity about certain American naval and military commanders, and seemed fairly well versed in the Spanish-American War history.

It seems unlikely that any steps will be taken to eject me from Macedonia soil for the present, and every opportunity will be given me to explore this tragic battle ground in every direction.

## OUR

## Great Annual Sale!

AT PRICES TRULY SENSATIONAL—SALE IS NOW ON.

We Want to Make Special Features in all Departments! SATURDAY our Banner Day!

Our entire stock at prices which will ensure a complete closing out of many articles—ALL BRIGHT, FRESH, NEW GOODS—bought direct of the manufacturers, make this sale of special interest. A complete catalogue is impossible, and only a few of the more notable offerings from a limited number of departments. We say to you in all sincerity—BUY NOW! Any article purchased, can be put aside, if Cash Deposit is left for coming Weddings, Anniversaries or Xmas Presents. No goods on approval or exchanged at sale prices.

C. FLOOD & SONS, 31 and 33 King Street