

THE RETURN.

By Guy de Maupassant.

The sea lashed the shore with short, monotonous waves. Small white clouds passed quickly athwart the great blue vault like birds borne upon the wind. The village in the fold of the valley, which slopes down toward the ocean, basked in the sun.

At the entrance to the village, close to the highway, stood the house of the Martin-Levesques. It was a small fisherman's dwelling, with a thatched roof bearing tufts of blue iris. Before the door was a rectangular garden, big as a pocket handkerchief, in which grew cabbages, a few cabbages, some parsley and a little shrub.

The man was away at the fishing, and the wife in front of the abode was repairing the meshes of a great brown net, which was hanging against the wall like an enormous spider's web. A little girl of 14 years, at the entrance to the garden, seated upon a straw bottomed chair, which was placed for support with its back against the gate, was mending linen, such linen as the poor may have, pieced together and already much darned. Another urchin, her sister, younger by a year, cradled in her arms a tiny infant, which as yet, could neither talk nor move its limbs; and two boys, two and three years old, sitting face to face upon the ground, were digging in the garden with their clumsy little fists and throwing handfuls of dirt into each other's eyes.

No one spoke. Only the babe, whose sister was trying to soothe it to clump, cried continuously, with a shrill, frail little voice. A cat slept on the window-sill; and a whole people of flies were buzzing about the round cluster of full blown gilly-flowers, at the foot of the wall.

"The little girl who was sewing at the gate suddenly called out:

"Mamma!"

The mother answered: "What is it?"

"There he is again!"

"They had been disturbed since the morning by a man who had been growing around the house—an old man with an air of deep poverty. They had seen him when they accompanied their father to the moat as he started forth for his day's fishing. The man sat upon the edge of the ditch before their door. When they returned from the beach, they had found him still there, gazing at the house. He seemed to be ill and very wretched. For more than an hour he did not move; then, seeing that they thought him a malefactor, he had risen and gone away, limping on one leg.

But soon they saw him again, returning with his slow and stiff pace, he again sat down to watch them, but this time farther away. The mother and her little daughter, who were especially interested in the man, went to the edge of the ditch, and there, as he was about to rise, they saw him again, limping on one leg.

Her husband's name was Levesque, she herself was called Martin, the neighbors had baptized them "the Martin-Levesques." The reason is this: The woman's first marriage was to a sailor of the name of Martin, who went every summer to Newfoundland to the cod fisheries. After two years of marriage, a daughter had been born to him, and then a few months after the vessel, the Two Sisters, on which he had sailed, was wrecked.

There had been no news whatever of the Two Sisters since then; hence of her crew was seen again, and she considered as absolutely lost, with all on board.

Mrs. Martin waited two years for her man, reaching her children with great hardship; then, as she was a good, valiant woman, a fisherman of the country, Levesque, a widower with one boy, had asked for her hand. She was married to him and in three years two children came to the world. They lived laboriously. Bread was dear, and meat in their house was almost unknown. In winter, during the tempestuous months, they sometimes ran in debt at the baker's. It was said of the Martin-Levesques folk: The Martin can stand no end of toil and Levesque hasn't his equal at fishing." The little girl, who was watching the old man at the gate continued: "He acts as if he knew us. Maybe it is some poor devil from Brezille or Aushbon."

But the mother knew better. No, no, it was nobody of these parts, she was sure. As she was still there, in- movable as a post, his gaze fixed on the house, the Martin at last grew furious, and, frowning, he went out, he seized a shovel and went out in front of the gate.

"What are you doing there?" she cried to the vagabond.

"He answered in a hoarse voice: "making the air. Am I doing any wrong?"

She returned: "Why are you before my house, as if you spy upon us?"

The man replied: "I am hearing no one. Haven't I a right to sit by the wayside?"

Being unable to answer this, she returned to the house.

The day went slowly. Toward noon the man disappeared. But he re- passed the house toward 5 o'clock. They did not so him again that evening. Levesque returned at dark. They told him what had happened.

"It was some fisherman or busy-body," he concluded.

He went to bed without inquietude. Not so his companion. She was beset with thoughts of the wanderer who had looked upon her with such strange eyes. When daylight came there was a high wind; the fisherman, finding that he could not go to sea, aided his wife to repair his nets. Toward nine o'clock the eldest daughter, a Martin, who had gone for bread, came running back with astonished looks, crying: "Mamma, he's there again!"

The mother, pale with emotion, said to her man: "Go and speak to him, Levesque, so he will not watch us like that. It's upsetting me entirely, that is."

And Levesque, tall, with brick-colored face, a thick red beard and black hair in the center of it, short of neck and wrapped always in woolen garb because of the winds and the dampness at sea, went out calmly and approached the stranger. And they began to talk. The mother and the children watched from afar, anxious and trembling. Suddenly the un-

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THE RING.

REMINISCENCE OF OLD TIME BATTLE.

Whenever the lovers of the manly art of self-defence become gossips and the great fights of ring history are on the carpet, there is always one battle that outranks all the rest, writes Dr. Left Hook. It is the international will between John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers. What Cressy, Agincourt, Waterloo, Gettysburg and Sedan were to the destinies of nations this fist fight was to ring history. It changed the pugilistic map from England to America.

Heenan and Sayers fought at Farnborough, England, April 15, 1880, for the championship of the world. Heenan won, although the referee, intimidated by the English mob, declared the fight a draw.

The "Beneca Boy," as Heenan was called, was a famous American character. He was a particularly handsome man, a reputable gambler, and in his days was the most popular man in his class. In 1852-53 John Morrissey was then at the head of American pugilism. He had established a reputation of being a veritable bulldog in the prize ring, and succeeded Tom Hyer as champion of America. Morrissey's style was really of the rough-and-tumble for the express purpose of fighting Morrissey. After considerable talk the men were matched to fight for \$5,000 a side, to take place October 29, 1858, and they were compelled to go to Long Point, Canada, to bring off the affair. It was claimed that Heenan was not in perfect condition, and although he had the better of the fight in the early stages, the bulldog courage of Morrissey enabled him to pull through, and Morrissey was hailed the victor.

Heenan begged and pleaded for another match, and when the Beneca boy pressed his claim upon his quondam conqueror the latter replied: "Go and fight Tom Sayers for the championship of the world. If you win, then I will fight you for \$10,000, and it was this remark, which Morrissey's first put into Heenan's head the idea of sending a challenge to the champion of England.

154. And I'll tell you something else. I can make 133 pounds, ringside, and beat any lightweight in the world."

This was a new one.

"That's what I can do," repeated Bob. "And I'll bet \$10,000 on it. Let any one put up \$10,000 that I can't get down to the lightweight mark, and still be strong enough to whip the champion, and I'll show you something."

It's certainly true that Fitz was always very light for his size, and that he was a freak in pounds, but 133 looks like a joke.

Fitz wasn't joking, though, when he made that statement.

SHARKEY NOT A HUMORIST.

Tom Sharkey, the burly sailor, and now passe heavyweight fighter, has probably offered the scribbles more fun than any other body who has posed before the limelight in the last ten years. Tom's stingsiness is one unfailing source of diversion, and a fountain whence can be dipped innumerable jokes, and his desperate attempts to learn the ways of polite society have furnished material for yards and libraries.

Sharkey is notoriously close-fisted, and hence personally unpopular—but with what result? The sailor, who if now perhaps 32 years old, may be all in a fighter, but he has plenty of money stored up to keep him from want the balance of his days, and still a young man, he can enjoy the future as he wishes. Furthermore, the stingy Sharkey, never known to loosen up and blow himself in a giddy crowd, provides for his aged parents and his sisters in royal fashion. There is nothing too good for his people, and that, at least, do not call Tom a miser.

Sharkey, it is said, is extremely sensitive to newspaper jokes, which is one reason why his photographers delight to tease him. The one joke which made him maddest was the following, printed in a New York paper: "Assuredly, the respondent—No, Tom Sharkey does not eat soup with a fork. He prefers a sponge."—Buffalo Inquirer.

BASEBALL.

CHANCE OFFER DECIDES FATE OF BASEBALL STARS.

Manager Maloney, of the Browns, was present at Baltimore the afternoon Jimmy Collins, the king of all third-sackers, made his debut in the position, says the St. Louis Star.

Catcher Mike Kahoe, of the same organization, played against the old Cleveland team the afternoon "Fatsy" Tebeau gave "Rhody" Wallace, the star shortstop, his initial workout as an infielder.

The stories about professionals: all make the best reading. The two tales follow:

"I was with Cleveland, and back somewhere in '98—I think that was the year—we had an off day in Baltimore," says Jimmy Maloney.

"Most of us took in the ball game between the Orioles and the Louisville Colonels."

McCloskey was managing the Louisville team, and that afternoon was playing a mischief by the name of Preston at the third corner. If Preston made one error in the first three innings, he made it.

"His bat play was the worst I ever gazed upon. The saddest afternoon Barry McCormick ever experienced for his dog days of 100 w. a dream compared to the stunt Preston pulled off."

"It became so bad that for one of the few times on record the manager had to chase an infielder out of the fray. McCloskey, after getting rid of Preston was in doubt who to send to third."

"Collins was a member of the Colonels, but he was an outfielder and had no experience as an infielder. Anyhow he was the nominee for the vacated pillow."

"Wow, but the game he put up. He poked up slow ones, but gathered in the hard ones as though he had been holding them down third all his life."

"Collins' success was certainly instantaneous, and from that day to this he has been the star of the third base."

Boston has secured Collins from Buffalo. He filled an outfield position with the Blues.

"Boston wanted him for right when he traded him. Seale also had Jimmy Collins. It was a matter of Seale and Collins and Boston for the far meadow."

"Bannon, though never considered a good hitter, was lining up for Collins. Seale placed him in preference to Collins. Louisville was now going for help and Seale farmed Collins out to that club."

"When Jimmy blossomed out as a third baseman Seale yanked him back to Boston. He made room for Collins by trading 'Billy' Nash to Philadelphia in exchange for 'Billy' Hamilton."

"That trade, in the line of events, was a hummer for Boston, as Collins became even a brighter star than Nash, who all the 'fans' know. The brilliant ball Hamilton played for Boston through many campaigns."

"It was playing with Cincinnati the afternoon 'Fatsy' Tebeau and his 'triflers' came along with 'Chippy' McGarr on the sick list," said Mike Kahoe.

"Wallace was with the club. He was a member of its pitching crew, and I don't believe that ten minutes before the game started Tebeau knew just what player he was going to send to third."

"Anyhow, his post selection was Wallace."

"We knew 'Rhody' as a pitcher, and appreciated his thinness of size and the fact that he had had no previous experience as a third baseman, we started out to put the ball down his way."

"One another sensational stop, followed by a lightning-like pass to first, did Wallace make."

"We had Charley Irvin, then in the heyday of his prime, and didn't think it possible for any third sacker to out-field him. Wallace, though, made him look like a plater."

"Right through the game, and the series, too, without a skip, did Wallace keep on playing his wonderful game at third."

"It was a fixture in a day."

"McGarr—poor fellow, he's dead now—was passed up for 'Rhody.' 'Chippy' was a good old warden, but in a single afternoon the youthful Wallace showed Tebeau that he could out in the state infinitely better than the aged McGarr."

"And so Wallace, substitute pitcher, became Wallace, regular shortstop."

FITTING JOKE.

I saw Bob Fitzsimmons on the scales Friday, writes Left-hook in the New York Telegraph. He weighed, in his pelt, 176 pounds.

"I've taken off six pounds in the little work I've done today," he said. It was in McCoy's gymnasium.

"Can you make 158, the middle-weight limit?" I asked.

The question started the grand old man talking. In fact, he became indignant.

"I can make 158 like breaking sticks," he blurted. "I never weighed more than that, not so much when I fought. I beat Corbett, Ruhlman and Sharkey at