CHAPTER XXIX.

He has great suggestive powers, that orch-enemy, who for so many centuries has studied the habits of mis prey. Doth not the angler's cunning skillfully adapt his devices to the appetites of his hungry victims. For the fastidious trout a delicious paimer; the lob-worm for greedy gudgeons; and to enthrall the stately salmon, who but gaudy "meg-in-herbraws?" So, brother, my bait may be a snug sinecure; yours a white shoulder or a twinkling ankle. Orpheus goes down the broad road willingly, because Eurydice beckons him from the far end. John Smith has no objection in life to the same journey for half a crown a day and his beer. Each is promised his price, and save wise Lord Soulis, who reserved a right to his own soul, if his body should be neither in a church nor out of a church, and who did in effect cause himself to be burled beneath the church wall, I have never heard of one who could cozen the great cozener of the human race. Many shapes and aspects, too, are his-from the serpent crawling on his belly, to the bright splendor of the morning star; perhaps the most dangerous of all the forms he can assume is that in which he fell. We may do battle with the fiend, but who shall say to the radiant angel, "Avoid thee, and tempt me no more!" Many instruments has he also in his workshop, keen and polished, and ready for immediate use. He will place them in your hand at a moment's notice. Ere you have time to CHAPTER XXIX. has he also in his workshop, keen and polished, and ready for immediate use. He will place them in your hand at a moment's notice. Ere you have time to think, you may have cut away the cord forever that moors you to your haven. Last night, full of bread, and hot with wine, you longed for the breath of beauty to cool your brow, and lo! she was there, smiling, and fragrant, and lively; so you beld cut your wrists for the shackles, and bound yourself hand and foot, and did homage to her you had adjured, and became a vassal and a slave once more. Next Sunday, going humbly to your prayers, a thousand little annoyances and irritations will spring up like weeds and netties in your path, to draw your eyes and thoughts to earth from heaven. Your servants will mutiny at sunrise, your woman-kind will vex you at breakfast, the friend of your boyhood will illuse you about a deed. Irritated and impatient, you will curse the crossing-tweeper who splashes you, even at the church door. In great matters and in little, one furnishes the opportunity and the means. It is the same hand that rumples the rose-leaf to spoil a potentate is temper for the day, and that profthe means. It is the same hand that rumples the rose-leaf to spoil a potentate's temper for the day and that profers a ready noose in which a maddened mother strangles the child of shame. Only you be willing to do his work, and take care that you shall never

Latimer slept heavily once more. The Latimer slept heavily once more. In fatigue of many successive days of severe labor had told even on his hardened frame. Notwithstanding his previous night's rest, he lay like a man who was thoroughly in want of repose, ever limb relaxed and helpless, while his deep. relaxed and helpless, while his deep, regular breathing attested a slumber disturbed neither by dreams nor anxieties. His companion sat motionless by his side, it might have been for hours—he never knew. Suddenly he started and Locked down at the sleeper. It seemed down at the sleeper. It seemed to Gilbert that any man could lie so still unless he was dead! He kept repeating the words unmeaning. repeating the words unmeaning-uself, now with slow, monotonous distinctness now in a sort of wild chant they set themselves unbidden. was dead! And what was this which men make such a bug-ich many affronted knowingly bear-which many affronted knowingly and willingly, which all men must often and willingly, which all men must often unconsciously approach? This man—this Latimer! O God! that he should bear that name! How it tore him to think of it! this Latimer, then, must have been pear it very often. In the course of his wild adventurous career he must have learned to look upon it without terror, careely with aversion; must have preared many a time for the shock—nav, it was but one of the chances and caspalties to which all were liable pone nore so than those who were traveling

winding creek, and hide all evidence of the crime! A bushranger would do it for the value of his powder-horn. So different with different men is the standard of crime; and the bushranger would camp at night with but little additional remorse that he had one more murder on his conscience. Suppose such a thing were to happen? Suppose some merciles ruffian were to come upon him now in his sleep, and there were none to help, and the bedy were taken away and hid-den! Then would today be as if it had never been. Then would he Gilbert Orme, never been. Then would he, Gilbert Orme, be once more as he was when he awoke this morning, a time that seemed to be centuries ago. There would still be a fair world for him, and a laughing sky, and a hopeful future, and heaven at the end. Who was this man that he should seemed between him and his sensible, unimaginative sort of person, there have come between him and his thus have come between him and his happiness?—a happiness the man himself had voluntarily resigned and abandoned. What right had he to the rose he had thrown willfully away, the gem of which he never knew never could have known, the value? Then he thought of the brightness of the gem, the sweetness of the flower; thought of her as he saw her the first time they ever met; the last time, when she blessed him while they parted; and his brain reeled and "his inishment was greater than he could bear."
Unless he was dead! Gilbert Ornie felt

the edge and point of his gleaming knife

how cold and bright it was! He thought
of the quick turn of John's wrist as his
blade crossed the poor kangaroo's
throat, and the smoking blood leaping so freely from the wound. It was a hor-rible fascination to think how easily such things could be done. It was a relief from the crushing effects of the blow from the crushing effects of the blow he had sustained, to reflect on any other subject in the world, most of all on this. If he had not been an educated man and a gentleman; nay, if he had even been inured to scenes of blood and violence, it would not seem so impracticable to get rid of that sleeping man. Not while he slept—oh, no! that would be cowardice added to crime; but a brave, unscrupulous spirit might surely wake his enemy, and so, giving him an equal chance prapple with him to the death. When was it, then, but a life taken in fair fight, after all? It would be easy to tall him a bushranger, and talk about an attempt at violence and a resolute call him a bushranger, and talk about an attempt at violence and a resolute defense. If it went the other way, and he were himself a victim? Ah! better so, better any death, than to live without Ada! The very name softened him. Again his fancy wandered and his brain feeled; his hand closed tight on the hunting-knife, but his eyes were fixed on fair victure neinted in givening solute. a fair picture painted in glowing colors, such as human artist never yet could

grind.

He saw the pretty breakfast-room in the old house at West Acres, with his father's portrait on the wall, and windows opening to the park, where the old trees were bursting into a tender green, and the deer leaping among the fern the fair spring sunshine. He saw a gent lady sweeping in with her own grace and caim, matronly smile, to take her rightful place opposite his chair, where the light rippled off her shining where the light rippled off her shining tresses, and the deep, soft eyes grew deeper and softer in the shade. He saw little children with the dear mother's face playing around her, clinging to the soft hand, or helding by the muslin folds of that simple morning-dress. He saw the neatness, the order, and the sacred beauty of a home; far off he saw the gradual descent into the vale of tears, and the gates of heaven shining yonder on the mountain, and the long pathway they would travel hand in hand. Then he looked down and saw Latimer sleepne looked down and saw Latimer sleeping, more stilly, more heavily than ever man slept yet, unless he were dead. He put the knife back into its sheath. He put the knife back into its sheath.

A new thought struck him—he was mad—he knew he was mad; and yet he could reason now calmly, logically, and by consequence. The revolver was the more efficient weapon; one touch to its trigger and the thing was done. He possessed himself of Latimer's pistol and examined it carefully. All five chambers were readed; one of them would be sufficient.

but the purpose; he would be no murder-

er-not he! but this man and himself should have an equal chance for life. Thus he argued: they could not both live and be happy; one must give way; fate should determine the victim. He would draw lots, his own life against this man's-a murder or a suicide—and abide by the issue! Ha, ha! Was that mocking laugh from heaven or hell? Did it come from the bush behind him, or the sleeper at his feet? Surely not from his own lips? Again it was repeated harshly, distinctly. Laugh on, good devil, laugh on! We are busy about your work; we will come to you for our wages by-and-bye.

That laugh of Gilbert's must have disturbed him, for the sleeper stirred and turned, and muttered indistinctly. Even, and though his finger was on the trigger latter.

turned, and muttered indistinctly. Even then his enemy hoped it was a prayer, and though his finger was on the trigger he stooped down to listen. Latimer must have been dreaming, for he said, "Ada, Ada," twice over, and, breathing heavily, was immediately asleep again.

The words acted on Gilbert like a spell.

was immediately asleep again.
The words acted on Gilbert like a spell.
His whole frame shook and shivered; he laid the pistol on the ground quite gently and sat down confused and breathless. It is the felt faint and sick at heart. The man belonged to Ada, after all, and he would have killed him—killed Ada's husband!—one whom she at least had cherished and valued, who had loved her, who perhaps loved her even now. Killed him! oh, no! He must have been mad; he, who would prize a dog for Ada's sake. He felt kindly now toward the very man against whom he had well-nigh lifted a "murderer's hand but one short minute back. For Ada's sake! Never till that moment had he known how much he loved her. Does the brightness of heaven, think ye, glow with half such splendor to the exulting seraphim as to the poor lost spirit, turning sadly from the light to its own pertion of darkness for evermore?

Then the reaction came on, and he fled into the bush and threw blosself or the cartely greetings had been ex-

the light to its own portion of darkness for evermore?

Then the reaction came on, and he fled into the bush and threw himself on his face in the long grass and wept tears of blood. God help him! had he fallen on his knees and thanked his Maker for his deliverance from the guilt of murder, crying aloud for mercy, that the rod might be spared, the burden lightened, if ever such a little—I think even then it had been the saving of my boy.

John Gordon came back with the fresh horses, as he had promised, and day after day the three men journey on together in brotherly kindness and goodfellowship through the bush; but when Gilbert arrived at Sydney there were white hairs in the soft brown beard, and white hairs in the soft brown beard, and a wistful look in the worn, anxious face that had never been there before and that never left it afterward.

CHAPTER XXX.

Happiness is a wondrous beautifier. No cordial or cosmetic has ever yet been invented to impart such a luster to the eyes, such a brilliancy to the skin. Uneyes, such a brilliancy to the skin. Under its influence even the withered branch seems to blossom into leaf; how much more, then does it enhance the bloom of

seems to blossom into leaf; how much more, then, does it enhance the bloom of a flower glowing in its summer prime! As Ada walked along the streets, people turned round to look at her. There was a buoyancy in her gait, a brightness in her glance, a color in her cheek, that betrayed a heart overflowing with its own deep sense of joy. And well might she be happy. Was she not a woman, and had she not won the treasure which is a woman's most coveted possession? They can do very well without it. I have not lived to the age at which "grizzling hair the brain doth clear," to subscribe to the aphorisms of poets and romancers, who affirm that love is the essence of female existence. Not a bit of it. I know hundreds, and so do you, who tread the daily path contentedly enough, unscathed by the arrows of the mischievous boy, and scarcely even brushed by his wings, just as I have seen many a sweet flower reared in a dark, close chamber, watered from a broken jug, and screened by envious chimney-pots from the genial rays of the morning sun. But, of course, if you transplant the flower into a garden, if you place her where she can bask in the smiles of the day-god, and open her petals to the showers of heaven, she will out-bloom her former self in her new prosperity, even as bleak, barren March is out-bloomed by the merry month of June.

Ada was no longer young. I mean

June.

Ada was no longer young. I mean that her heart and intellect were mathat her heart and intellect were ma-tione through this trackless Australian vilderness. He himself ran the same tide of her womanhood. As a girl her vilderness. He himself ran the same risk. Truly in such a country a man may be said to carry his life in his hand. Was it really so valuable a possession? Could one more or less, indeed, make so much difference in the great scheme?

Unless he was dead! If he was dead he would hardly look different, lying there so still. How easy it would be for a bushranger, or such lawless brigand to rob him as he slept! How easy if he woke to quiet him forever; how simple to dig a hole down yonder in the mud by the winding creek, and hide all evidence of the crime! A bushranger would do it for lieve. Alas! that in such endeavors the success is seldom in proportion to the effort! Alas! that the hot-house flower should be difficult to force, while the corresponding weed we would fain eradi-

> the more for all our labor to cut it down and tear it out and trample it to the ground!
> When Ada's husband left her she felt alone in the world, and the sensation was rather a relief. When she heard of his death at Sydney, the few natural tears she dropped were soon dried, and it seemed to her no novel nor altogether unwelcome situation to be isolated and self-dependent. She had no near relatives sensible, unimaginative sort of person, for whom the matter-of-fact and the practical were all in all—she, with her father's warm, generous heart, and her mother's dreamy German temperament, and her own soft, kindly disposition! How little we know ourselves! Why, at one time of her life, when she began giving lessons to Lady Gertrude, she was actually distrustful of her own beauty, thought she was losing her caller and thought she was losing her color and growing old, pondered on the effect a few years would have, and wished her out-ward appearance as different as possible, like a fool as she was.
> [To be Continued.]

cate spreads and germinates and thrives

# JUSTICE

Is portrayed as a woman, yet her sex might complain that they get scant benefit of her powers. There is little justice, it would seem, in the suffering that many women undergo month after month

Justice acts upon the legal maxim that ignorance of the law cannot be pleaded in mitigation of punishment. It is ignorance which causes so much womanly suffering. Ignorance of the requirements of womanly health: ignorance on the part of those who attempt to cure and fail, and ignorance of the fact that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures womanly diseases. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains. heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.
"When I first wrote to Doctor

"When I first wrote to Doctor
Pierce concerning my health,"
says Mrs. Mollie E. Carpenter, of
Linaria, Cumberland Co., Tenn., "I was so weak
I could only write a few words until I would
have to rest; was so weak I could hardly
walk. Words cannot express my sufferings;
dimness of sight, palpitation, shortness of have to rest; was so weak I could hardly walk. Words cannot express my sufferings; dimness of sight, palpitation, shortness of breath, black spots or else shining lights before my eyes, terrible headache, numbness in my arms and hands and tongue, also my jaws would get numb; constipation, falling of the uterus, disagreeable drains, soreness through my bowels; in fact I was diseased from head to foot. Now I can do my own washing and cooking. I can take a ten quart pail in one hand and a six guart pail in the other (fall of water).

and a six quart pail in the other (fall of water), and carry both one-fourth of a mile and never stop to rest. I am as heavy as I was at 19 years (125 pounds). I used thirty bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery' and twenty-five vials of 'Pleasant Pellets.'" Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only.
Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

# LONDON BOWLERS DEFEATED BY THE RAILROAD CITY RINKS

Moore's Men.

Forest Cricket Team Won From Wolseley Barracks.

Rank Selling Plater Won the Classic

After hearty greetings had been exchanged, play commenced. Twenty-one ends were bowled, and it was a tugof-war from start to finish. The score see-sawed, and the winner could not be picked until the last end was played. The Carletons bowled with as much seriousness as though they were still mindful of their poor showing at the London tournament, and were determined to even up matters with the Londoners, even though they could not get at any of the other clubs against whom they were pitted at the tourney. With the beautiful weather and the sportsmanlike good-feeling of the players, the game was watched with real When the last end had been pleasure. played at 6:10, St. Thomas had wen

by 5 shots. The score tells the story: London St. Thomas. H. Tallman, W. E. Collins, Dr. English, J. B. Covne J. S. McDougall, skip...... L. Glassey, Dr. Wood, E. A. Horton, G. R. McColl. R. Jackson, A. Wilson, Thrasher E. Weld, skip...

— Miller, M. Glenn, skip...19 F. Lewis, G. Anderson, — Fox, J. Carrie, — Lochead, N. W. Moore, skip.19 H. Finchamp, sk..19

Total .. Majority for St. Thomas, 5. TIMES' COMMENT ON THE GAME. It was a bowled game on the part of both teams. Glenn, Horton and the governor

skipped the St. Thomas rinks. Glenn took the winning shot on his rink by a "wick" of Dr. Wood. Three cheers and a tiger were given for Governor Moore before the teams separated Dr. "Jeff" Wood is the southpaw

bowler of the London club, and he generally pulls up near the "kitty." At half-time refreshments were partaken of. The crackers and cheese and the lemonade-and so forth-were much relished. Our lengthy police magistrate is a good skip, and with his long and strong

right put several of Wood's left-hand shots out of business. Every time a ball rolled off the west someone was sure to suggest that it was showing the way to the brewery. George McColl played a steady game and was never far away from the "kitty." He was leading for Glenn's rink and had a strong opponent.

How aggravating it was when Horton was just getting ready to count on one "end" a half-dozen shots, to have the last ball of the opposing skip come "kitty" close to along and knock the

a bunch of London bowls. No. 2 rink, with Horton as skip, made more noise than the other two rinks combined. Of course, they had more to shout about, for Horton's rink was 4 up, while Glenn had the government majority of 1, and the governor had nothing to crow about except that he kept the other fellows from beating

On No. 1 rink the St. Thomas four started the last end with the score one against them. So it remained until the last ball was delivered by the governor, and that ball was a winner, although it was such a close thing that the measuring string was necessary to decide it. The score on that rink was 19

## CRICKET.

FOREST TOOK REVENGE. Smarting under their recent defeat at the hands of the Wolseley Barracks eleven, the Forest Cricket Club came to London yesterday determined to have revenge. And revenge they had, although, owing to the rain, it was not as complete and triumphant as they had planned. Only one inning could be played, the result of which

is told in the following score: Forest-Ionroe, l.b.w., b Hopkirk ...... Gordon, b Dunlevy 4
Brown, b Hopkirk 0
Karr, run out 24
Pepper, b Hopkirk 1
Van Valkenburg, l.b.w., b Dunlevy 6 cott, b Hopkirk .....

Extras ..... R. R. C. I.— Beales, c Brown, b Bluett ...... McIntyre, b Maylor 0
Labatt, c Van Valkenburg, b Pepper. 38
Hopkirk, b Bluett 1
Dunlevy b Maylor 5 Dunlevy b Maylor
Tutt, c Van Valkenburg, b Maylor....
Seguss, b Pepper
Ardlel, b Pepper
McFadden, b Pepper
Keliy, b Van Valkenburg
Hobson, not out Total ..... 71

#### THE TURF AT SARATOGA.

Saratoga, N. Y., Aug. 6.-Par Excelence, quoted at 40 to 1, a selling plater of only ordinary class, won the Classic Alabama stakes for 3-year-old fillies in a hard drive by a neck from the 30 to 1 shot, Lux Casta. The result was one of the greatest upsets of the present racing year. Whitney's Gunfire was an odds-on favorite, but she, together with Hatasoon, was raced into the ground before the head of the stretch was reached, and both were badly beaten at the end, Josepha finishing third. The start of the race at the clubhouse stand caused a lot of crowding. Par Excellence and Femesole coming together, the latter being thrown out of her stride. The California owned and bred two-year-old Alsono gave a great exhibition of speed in the opening dash, making up a gap of 20 lengths and winning by a eck from Boutonoirle. The track was fast, Zoroaster running a mile in 1:39%, establishing a new record for the course. The attendance numbered over 4.000. Three favorites won. Sum-

Locals Taken Into Camp by Gov. longs—Alsono, 112 (Odom), 9 to 5 and 7 to 10, 1; Boutonoirie, 103 (Wonderly), 8 to 1 and even, 2; Lady Albercraft, 112 (Brennan), 8 to 1 and 3 to 1, 3. Time, 1:07. Second race, selling, for 3-year-olds

second race, sening, for 3-year-olds and upward, 1 mile — Zoroaster, 110 (Redfern), 5 to 2 and 3 to 5, 1; Conundrum, 102 (Lyne), 7 to 10 and 3 to 10, 2; Mosketo, 101 (H. Michaels), 10 to 1 and 2 to 1, 3. Time, 1:39%.

Third race, maiden 2-year-olds, apprentice tookers, 514 (hydroxys, 7) prentice jockeys, 5½ furlongs—Yardarm, 112 (Snyder), 5 to 1 and 2 to 1, 1; Parisienne, 109 (Hughes), 9 to 5 and 3

Parisienne, 109 (Hughes), 9 to 5 and 3 to 5, 2; Flying Jib, 112 (Ely), 5 to 2 and even, 3. Time, 1:08.

Fourth race, the Alabama, for fillies, 3-year-olds, 1 1-16 miles—Par Excellence, 116 (Redfern), 40 to 1 and 7 to 1, 11 Livy Costa, 116 (Wonderly), 20 to 1 1; Lux Casta, 116 (Wonderly), 30 to 1 and 7 to 1, 2; Josepha, 116 (Odom), 5 to 2 and 4 to 5, 3. Time, 1:47%. Fifth race, selling, 3-year-olds and up, 6 furlongs—The Musketeer, 111 (J. Martin), 10 to 2 and out, 1; Belvino, 112 (Odom), 20 to 1 and 5 to 1, 2; Saddu-

cee, 108 (O'Connor), 5 to 1 and even, 3. Time, 1:13. Time, 1:13.
Sixth race, handicap, for all ages, 1½
miles—Morningside, 110 (T. Burns), 8
to 5 and 3 to 5-1; Himself, 110 (Odom),
8 to 1 and 5 to 2, 2; Chaughnawaga, 107 (Wade), 100 to 1 and 30 to 1, 3. Time, 1:15%.

AT HARLEM.

Chicago, Aug. 6.—McChesney, the much-touted colt backed from even money to 4 to 5 was badly beaten in the third race at Harlem yesterday, a six furlong sprint. McChesney, who was recently sold for \$15,000, met with a bad fall at the former meeting at Harlem, and this was his first start since then. The accident prevented him starting in the American derby, in which he was one of the ante-post favorites. The colt was reported, to have fully recovered from the accident and was played yesterday to the exclusion of everything else in the race. The race went to Huachuca at 9 to 1, with Corrigan, at 15 to 1, second, and Herodiade third. At the head team. but came strong and finished fourth. Dodona was made the medium of a heavy play in the first race, which she won easily, being backed from 25 to 1 and 15 to 1. Albert Enright, backed from 100 to 10 and 60 to 1, captured the fourth event. Weather perfect; track slow.

First race, 5 furlongs-Dodona. 106 (Buchanan), 15 to 1, 1; Vestry, 106 (Beauchamp), 7 to 2, 2; Versifier, 106 (Birkenruth), 40 to 1, 3. Time, 1:04%. Shea, 107 (Prior), 12 to 1. 1; Golden Glitter, 98 (J. Walsh), 6 to 1, 2; Zyra, 102 (Ransch), 4 to 1, 3. Time, 1:16%. Third race, 6 furlongs—Huachuca, 108 (T. Knight), 9 to 1, 1; Corrigan, 119 (Ransch), 15 to 1, 2; Herodiade, 107 (Coburn), 8 to 1, 3. Time, 1:14%. Fourth race, 1 mile and 70 yards— Albert Enright, 97 (W. Waldo), 6 to 1, 1: Dewey, 98 (Ransch), 4 to 1, 2; Silburian, 102 (J. Walsh), 9 to 1, 3. Time,

Fifth race, 5½ furlongs—Lampoon, 103 (Helgeson), 4 to 1, 1; Miss Manners 107 (Coburn), 3 to 1, 2; Goodman, 105 (Hoar), 21/2 to 1, 3. Time, 1:08%. Sixth race, 1 mile and 100 yards— Bab, 103 (Hoar), 6 to 5, 1; Guy H., 110 (Buchanan), 15 to 1, 2; Chorus Boy, 107 (Coburn), 5 to 1, 3. Time, 1:49%.

AT DETROIT. Detroit, Mich., Aug. 8.—Results at Highland Park yesterday: First race, 6 furlongs, for 3-yearolds and upwards, selling-Lady Kent, 100 (C. Kelly), 4 to 1, won by three lengths; Miss Chapman, 93 (D. Gilbertson), 7 to 5, 3. Time, 1:11%. Second race, 5 furlongs, for 2-year- broke into the conversation. olds—Lorina, 102 (Castro), 2½ to 1, "I've heard you spinning your hard won by half a length; Sly Boots, 98 luck tales," said he, "but you don't (Hopkins), 30 to 1, 2; Sir Gallant, 113 (McClusky), 4 to 1, 8. Time, 1:01½. Third race, 1 mile, for 3-year-olds, and up — Bill Massie, 104 (R. Steele), crowd of 25,000 people and a maniac to 1, won by a head; Uledi, (Adams), 6 to 10, 2; Brief, 105 (Minder), 7 to 5, 3. Time, 1:41. Fourth race, 41/2 furlongs, for 2-yearolds—Optima, 102 (Wainwright), 4 to , won by three lengths; Gerda, 17

D. Gilmore), 5 to 1, 2; Gaelanea, 102 R. Steele), 6 to 1, 3. Time, :5514. Fifth race, 14 miles, for 3-year-olds and up, selling—Belcourt, 101 (Groghan), 80 to 1, won by a head; Secundus, 104 (McQuade), 2; Obstinate Simon, 114 (R. Steele), 7 to 5, 3. Time,

Sixth race, steeplechase, short course, for 3-year-olds and up, selling—McManus, 138 (Gilmore), 15 to 1, won by three lengths; Sauber, (Slater), 5 to 1, 2; Irish, 142 (Brazil), 8 to 5, 8. Time, 3:41.

AT. ST. LOUIS.

St. Louis, Aug. 6 .- Weather clear; rack good. First race, 6 furlongs, selling-Joe Lesser, 102 (Fauntleroy), 13 to 5, 1; Claude Walton, 98 (T. Dean), 8 to 1, 2; Little Dutch, 98 (Scully), 20 to 1, 3. Time, 1:16%. Second race, 5½ furlongs, selling—

Fime, 1:101/4. Time. 1:16. Fourth race, 6 furlongs-Miss Go-

lightly, 109 (T. Walsh), 8 to 1, 1; Erema, 109 (J. Miller), 8 to 5, 2; Elastic, 100 (T. Dean), 15 to 1, 3. Time, Fifth race, 1 mile and 20 yards, selling—Bengal, 109 (Dale), 13 to 5, 1; Navarino, 103 (T. Dean), 12 to 1, 2;

Hucena, 94 (Scully), 7 to 2, 3. Time, Sixth race, 1 1-16 miles, selling -Josie, F., 97 (C. Bonner), 6 to 5, 1; Lenja, 95 (Booker), 8 to 1, 2; Bacchusa, 102 (T. Dean), 4 to 1, 3. Time, 1:51.

GEN. JACKSON TO RETIRE. Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 5.-Because of advancing years and feeble health, Gen. W. H. Jackson, the master of the famous Belle Meade, has decided to quit the breeding of thoroughbreds. On Oct. 22 and 23 next at that noted nursery some 250 stallions, brood mares, horses in training and youngsters, will be sold at auction. Among the stallions are the Commoner, Inspector B., Imp, Loyalist, Imp. Tithonus, Imp. Cyclonis, Luke Blackburn and Clarendon, while the brood mares are none the less

TROTTING AT FORT ERIE. Fort Erie, Ont., Aug 6.-The Buffalo Driving Park Club was again favored with a fast track, fine weather and very large crowd. There were some very good fields, including the unbeaten Direct Hal, 2:06%. In the Frontier stakes, 2:24 pace, value \$5,000. Direct Hal nosed it out, with Junius second, in the first heat. In this heat Grasshopper and King Charles collided at the eighth-mile, both riders being thrown, but not injured. The second heat was also closely contested, Direct Hal again winning from Junius by a narrow margin. The third heat was o'l for Direct Hal. In the second event. Queen City stakes, a 2:18 trot, value \$2,000, the first heat went to The Roman, who came to the front at the First race, for 2-year-olds, 5% furlast moment. The second heat was easy

for The Baron, as was also the third. In the third and last event, fhe 2:30 pace, value \$1,200, there was a small pace, value \$1,200, there was a small field, only three horses facing the starter. Gold Brick looked the good thing all the way and finished first in all three heats. Summaries: First race, Frontier stake, 2:24 pace; Direct Hal ..... ree Advice ..... Beauseant ......International Queen ..... Third race, 2:30 pace; value, \$1,200: Gold Brick 1 Funston 3 Orin B. Time-2:111/2, 2:093/4, 2:113/4.

# THROUGH OTHER ===SPECTACLES===

SIEVER'S RIVAL. [Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Billy Dineen, the clever pitcher of the Boston American Club, can lay claim to being the star hardluck twirler on the diamond today. For several seasons he has been unfortunate in losing games by one run, and this year has been no exception. Many baseball students consider Dineen the best pitcher in the business today, and it is seldom that a club's hits reach two figures when Dineen is in the box. He was born at Syracuse, N. Y., April 5, 1876, and began his professional career with Toronto in 1895. In 1898 he went to Washington and was sold to the Boston National League Club and jumped to the American from that

# COWAN IN GERMANTOWN.

[Berlin Telegraph.] Joe Cowan, who was the popular center fielder of last year's DeBarons, and who has been railroading since the close of the season last year, has quit his job and will reside in Berlin in 106 future. He has secured a position at London and the Riverside Juniors. It Birkenruth), 40 to 1, 3. Time, 1:04%.

Second race, 6 furlongs—Inspector hea, 107 (Prior), 12 to 1, 1; Golden will captain the local team as well as little and the Riverside Jumors. It resulted in a score of 7 to 5 in favor set into the baseball game again, and of the Riversides. Batteries—Riversides, 107 (Prior), 12 to 1, 1; Golden will captain the local team as well as Torce, 2015 (Indion and the Riverside Jumors, 11 to 1, 2015). hold down the center bag, which has Tozer and Stevison. thus far been a weak spot in Berlin's line-up. With Joe Cowan on the team home runs will be the order of the day, and Berlin should begin to climb the ladder in the C. A. B. L. standing. We are glad to see Joe back again. once wore a Cockney uniform when

## SIMON PURE HARD LUCK.

local diamond.

Pete Lohman was the king-pin of the

[Cincinnati Enquirer.] Hard luck stories are part of the exhaustless chronicles of the diamond. play a more important role than in baseball. The other day Hugh Nicol had his Rockford charges about him, and he was lamenting the loss of a game that went the wrong way when more), 50 to-1, 2; Himtime, 110 (Ro- a fan listener with a bunch of fringe on his chin like a cotton-tail's button

"I've heard you spinning your hard know what the real simon pure, blown-in-the-bottle brand of hard luck crowd of 25,000 people and a maniac comes along and throws a brick. Who got it? Any of the other 24,999 other guys? Nix. It hit me! That was hard luck!"

#### YE GAME OF BOWLS. [Woodstock Express.]

We take the following in praise of bowling from the London Advertiser: "One virtue about lawn bowling is that it has no deadline. It is somewhat different with other sports. The majority of the leading citizens of London played baseball in their youth, but stealing bases and chasing flys in the outfield ceased to be fun, and they now prefer it from the grand stand. Lacrosse is no game for mature years. Lawn tennis requires a high degree of mobility and good wind. Ping-pong is indoors, and warm work in summer. Bicycling has lost its charm. Curling has its veterans, but the season is short. Even cricket has an age limit, But a man may go on lawn bowling Jack Young, 103 (Donegan), 4 to 5, 1; as long as he has the use of his legs Baracle, 100 (R. Murphy), 20 to 1, 2; and arms, and can see the "kitty." Lazarre, 101 (T. Dean), 10 to 1, 3. Professor Goldwin Smith, at 82, is one of the most ardent bowlers in Canada. Third race, 6 furlongs, selling-Tenny | Not that it is an old man's game. The Bell, 104 (Scully), 12 to 1, 1; Santa ages of the players in the tournament Ventura, 100 (Fauntleroy), 9 to 2, 2; here ranged from 17 to 73. The juniors Clonsilla, 105 (T. O'Brien), 7 to 2, 8. are just as enthusiastic as the seniors. The wonder is not that bowling is so popular, but that it is not more popular. It is a glorious pastime for sage or cub. It is almost a specific against dyspepsia and bad temper, which are inseparable companions. The gentle outdoor exercise which it calls

### A. B.'S HERCULEAN TASK. [St. Thomas Times.]

for, the healthy companionship and

the mildly stimulating excitement of

the game make it the ideal pastime for

those who are not built on strenuous

lines. It is an invaluable corrective

of the tendencies of this age of pessim-

The grass on the golf links of the Elgin Country Club grows so fast that the sheep and cattle cannot eat it all They confine themselves to the off. tender grass, leaving the tall coarse fodder to try the temper of the players Secretary A. B. Patterson has decided to gather the harvest, and failing to secure enough farm laborers for the job, may have to tackle it himself. THE WOOD TRINITY.

## [St. Thomas Times.]

Dr. "Pete" Wood, of Hamilton, who has just come from hospital after an operation for appendicitis, was in the city yesterday, having come down which his brother, Dr. "Jeff" Wood, is a member. Dr. Fred Wood was also men who were at the ringside, and while it was agreed that Sullivary on the court house lawn. Back in the seventies and eighties the three bro-thers were star baseball players. Fred was a first rate catcher, lightning pitcher and Jeff held down first bag in National League style. All three played in the same team in Hamilton, and Pete played in both the Eastern and National Leagues before settling down to practice his profes- and was knocked out by Fitz's cele- lic can see was the fake story about

# What is

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The second secon

## BASEBALL.

RIVERSIDES 7, MINTOS 5. was played on the Riversides' between the Mintos of West

ST. JOHN'S JUNIORS WON. An interesting game of ball was played on St. John's A. C. grounds on Saturday between the fast team of London South Maple Leafs and the re glad to see Joe back again.

Cowan is well known in London. He

St. John's Juniors. The game was close and exciting, and both teams showed up well, but the Juniors won out by hard batting off Wilson in the seventh. Score:

satisfactory umpiring.

NATIONAL LEAGUE. In no other sport save the great American card game—poker—does fortune play a more important role than in Batteries-Willis and Kittredge; Pear- for anything. Dixon is a British subson and Ryan. At New York-Batteries-Tannehill and H. Smith;

At Brooklyn-Batteries-Hahn and Bergen; Kitson and Farrell. At Philadelphia-

Chicago .......003000323-11 10 Philadelphia .....000000001-1 5 Batteries-Lundgren and Kling; Frazer and Jacklitz. AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Batteries-Mercer and Buelow; Sparks and Criger. At Cleveland-

At Chicago-

At St. Louis-St. Louis .......1110200201—8 17 1 Baltimore .......1003100020—7 14 3 Batteries-Sudhoff, Harper and Kahoe; Butler, Shields and Smith and Yeager. EASTERN LEAGUE. At Buffalo-

Batteries-Laroy and Shaw; Moriarity and Thackera. Umpire, Egan. At Montrea!-At Montrea!— Worcester ......001002500—8 9 Montreal ......0000010000—1 10 Batteries-Merritt and Steelman; Blewitt and Stroh. Umpire, Sharkey.

At Rochester— Rochester .......0000400004 Jersey City ......200000012-5 Batteries - McAleese and Phelps; Fertsch, Woods and Butler. Umpires, McNamara and Rinn. Toronto-Providence game postponed;

# Gossip of the Boxers.

Already the feather-weight aspirants are after the winner of the Corbett-McGovern bout for the championship. Abe Attell, the clever little San Francisco bantam, says he will post a forfeit in a few days to meet the victor. Dave Sullivan also wishes to fight the

ist of the Pacific coast, has just dig- more rugged antagonist, and for eight covered that in his recent fight with rounds cut or bruised him with almost Kid Lavigne in Sar Francisco he dis- every punch. On the other hand, the located one of the bones in his left giant boilermaker stood up bravely hand and also sustained a fracture. before the terrific volley of blows from There are many pugilists throughout the fists of his formidable opponent the country who are anxious to get a and although the spectators all along fight with Britt, but the westerner thought that Fitz's blows were fast says they will have to wait for a taking the steam out of the chamwhile.

brated solar-plexis punch, he was not the fight being a fake.

unconscious, although unable to get to his feet. While the referee was tolling off the fateful ten Corbett struggled Last Monday a friendly game of ball to the ropes, but did not have strength enough to pull himself up.

After years of success in America, George Dixon, once the premier feather-weight boxer of the world, is about to try his luck in old England. The Britishers have read and heard a good deal about Dixon, and perhaps he will strike it lucky while abroad, comments a Philadelphia writer. If he takes care of himself it may be possible for him to train and get back into something like his old-time form, If he can do this there is a chance for him to get good money before he returns home. Dixon has appeared in a number of international champion-St. J. A. C. Juniors ... 8 9 3 | a number of international champions ship battles in this country and lost a decision to one of England's best son and Mines. Umpire W. Hyslop. ship battles in this country and lost a One of the happy features was the has always been regarded as a wonder by the Englishmen, and they will not overlook this opportunity to help the ject, having been born in Halifax N. S., in 1870. He was working if. photograph gallery at Boston when Tom O'Rourke discovered him. though possessed of a fortune at one time during his career, he is now penniless.

"Rube" Ferns has been playing the hero act out at Eureka Springs, near St. Louis, by saving a young woman's life. The Rube adopted a novel but effective way of stopping a runaway, and a writer in the St. Louis Post describes it this way:

"'Rube' (James) Ferns may have been deposed from the championship of the welter-weights of the country when he met Joe Walcott at Fort Erie. but it certainly was not for the want

"Yesterday at Eureka Springs Ferns Batteries-Hess and Wood; Patten and and saved the life of a young girl who was being whirled through the streets of the Springs village in a wagon

is to take place at that city Friday night. Yesterday while standing with a group of friends at the basin spring, a team attached to a wagon in which was seated a young girl dashed up Spring street. "Ferns sprang over the coping to

the street below and seized the nearest horse by the bit. After being dragged several yards, finding that he could not stop the frightened animals by mere holding, as soon as he found opportunity hit with all his force on the jugular of the brute and felled

"Ferns was complimented for his bravery by the relatives of the young lady.

An attempt to overshadow the magnificent battle between Jim Jeffries and Bob Fitzsimmons by the cry of fake proved a dismal failure, and the public at large is now willing to bow to the champion and compliment Fitz for his wonderful fight, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. Perhaps no contest that has ever taken place at San Francisco was more satisfactory than the one between Jeff and Fitz. From the beginning to the very end the mer were constantly in action, and no attempt was made by either contestant to lay back and do any fancy work Fitz, despite his many natural disad-Jimmy Britt, the light-weight pugil- vantages, waded into his heavier and pion, he did not falter for an instant, but when he saw an opportunity to Several sporting men were discuss- get in a telling punch he did so, and ing recent pugilistic events one night in the eighth round, when Fitz led and last week, says a sporting paper, when missed, Jeff quickly grasped the openthe question came up as to whether ing he had long been waiting for, and John L. Sullivan was knocked com- sent in his terrible right to the solar pletely out or only dazed when he plexis, and Fitzsimmons, who up until fought Jim Corbett for the champion- that time looked a sure winner was not knocked unconscious, he was so men should be put down as a fake by far gone from a right-hander to the a man who had seen Jim Corbett and jaw that he could not rise to his feet perhaps a half dozen of others put before the count of ten. Then he came away by the same blow. It was really to and made his famous speech, saying an injustice to call the fight a fake that he was glad the championship re-mained in America. When Corbett show that no such a thing was atfought Fitzsimmons at Carson City, tempted. The only fake that the pub-