"It is, Mr. Hardy," groaned Wellman.

"P'r'aps," went on the torturer, "p'r'aps you may be able to sell those fictishyous 2,000 shares to a somebody for suthin', but I don't keer for 'em. Lemme see, I think you clever people, you with the eddicated intellecks, calls this arrangement a corner. I believe you used that word to me once. Didn't you?"

Wellman's answer was a convulsive shudder. There was silence for a moment, and then Hardy fairly shouted:

"Look up, Mr. Wellman!"

Startled, the broken speculator raised his head. Hardy stood up, and looked down at him for a full minute. Then he said slowly:

"I've been lookin' for'ard to this a long time, an' now you've got to settle, an' you can't, you can't do it."

"For God's sake, Daniel Hardy," cried Wellman, "do not continue this useless cruelty. I am in your power. You have ruined me; it will take much more than I possess to satisfy your claim, but name your figure and let me do my best."

"Cruelty, is it? Huh, I s'pose 'tis. That's what I've cornered ye fer. I could ha' thrown you over the falls at Posket. Now I've licked you at your own game."

Wellman was completely broken by the sudden blow, morally as well as financially. His nerve and dignity left him, and for an hour Daniel Hardy kept him fawning, begging and crying in abject misery. Then other ruined men were admitted and a settlement was arranged on terms that need not be detailed here. Some of the unfortunates have not yet recovered. Wellman's apparent failure was the worst of all, but to everybody's surprise he secured credit somewhere that enabled him to slowly pick himself up.

The fact is that Daniel Hardy, having glutted himself with revenge, felt something as near as revulsion of feeling as his hard nature would admit; and within twenty-four hours of the scene in Brown's private room he had secretly supplied the credit that his enemy's house needed.

The Shawnee deal was his first great operation, and his last of any kind in Wall street.

* * * * * * *

Except in names, this recital is one of facts. The man and the woman, the hero and the heroine, still live. Many men in Wall street today will recognize them, even under the filmy mask I have given to their identity.

THE END.

BABY.

One little head of golden hair,
Two little cheeks so round and fair,
Two little lips with fragrant sighs,
One little nose, and two blue eyes,
Two little hands as soft as a peach,
Two little feet with five toes each,
Two little smiles and two little tears,
Two little legs and two little ears,
Two little elbows and two little knees,
One little grunt and one little sneeze,
One little heart, but no little sins,
Plenty of skirts and lots o' pins,
One little cloak and plenty of frocks,
One little hood and two little socks,
A big disposition to haul and to pull,
One little stomach that's never full,
One little mouth of the rose's tint,
One little bottle of peppermint,
Plenty to eat and lots to wear—
And yet this baby is as cross as a bear.
—Chicago Saturday Herald.

How Stamps Are Sold.

Now, to sell them, they make up packages of all sorts of stamps, a greater or less number in each package, at prices running all the way from ten cents to $150 perhaps. A seventy-five cent package, maybe, will contain sixty foreign stamps of different countries, and will be an attractive investment for a person just beginning to collect. In fact, these packages are intended chiefly for beginners, because collectors of long standing would get too many duplicates by purchasing them. The dealer advertises the packages and other stock on hand, particularly rare specimens, in the stamp magazines and elsewhere.

Likewise he issues catalogues and price lists. Approval sheets he always has ready to send out. These are sheets of paper on which a certain number of select stamps of the rarer sort are stuck. An application for approval sheets reaches the dealer from a collector and, if he has reason to entertain confidence in the applicant, he sends several of the sheets to him by registered mail.

The collector looks over the sheets and detaches from them such of the stamps as he wants to buy, sending the rest back to the dealer, together with the money for those taken off, the price of each stamp being marked on the sheet alongside of it. It often happens that collectors whose enthusiasm is greater than their honesty don't send back the sheets at all or money for them, and the dealer has to bring suit to recover his property.—Washington Star.

Legal Impertinence.

Honest witnesses anxious to tell the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth, do not receive from the bench the protection to which they are entitled. They are badgered, browbeaten and sometimes made to commit involuntary perjury by "smart" lawyers, "the court" smiling the while and seeming to enjoy the overbearing insolence of the bar. It is a disgrace to the dignity of justice that such things are permitted and even tacitly encouraged.

Why should a respectable citizen be brought into court to be made a butt for the stale wit and libelous innuendoes of so called professional gentlemen? Why do judges allow the ordinary courtesies of life to be violated every day in the tribunals, where, if anywhere, the rules of decency and decorum should be rigidly enforced? Why should a port attorney be permitted to imply by his mode of examination that a gentleman and a man of honor, whom he knows to be such, has appeared on the witness stand for the express purpose of perjuring himself, and is, upon the whole, a suspicious character?

Is it not enough that an honest man should be taken from his business without compensation to testify in a case in which he has no personal interest, but he must also have his reputation assailed and his feelings wrung by a lawyer who is paid for the job?—New York Ledger.

One of Shakespeare's Aphorisms.

No one has contributed more to the aphoristic treasures of his country than Shakespeare. In at least one instance he has supplied a saying upon what, though noticed elsewhere, had never received due notice in English. The saying occurs in "Romeo and Juliet," where we are told that "He jests at scars who never felt a wound." This goes to the very foundation of human sympathy as described by Aristotle, showing that it is only those who have suffered who can really feel for the suffering of others. Our countryman, as a race, have not been of sufficiently tender mood to trouble themselves over this question enough to make it into a proverb; it was left for gentle Shakespeare to find them a household word on sympathy and its true source.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Did His Best.

Miss Diana Taylermayde—Tom, you are entirely too effeminate. Do try to act and dress in a more manly way.

Brother Tom—Cawnt do any bettah. Don't I get myself to look as much like you as pawsible!—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Point of View.

Miss C.—Didn't that young lady have a pretty face?

Miss B.—I do not know; but she had a pretty hat on.—West Shore.

PHILADELPHIA'S PET.

John T. Pickett, Who Covers Infield in the City of Brotherly Love.

John T. Pickett is the young man who covers a large portion of the infield for the

JOHN T. PICKETT.

Philadelphia club of the Players' league. He is also the lively young man that made things very interesting in baseball circles during the winter months. It will be remembered that he signed a three years' contract with the Philadelphia club at that time, thereby, it is alleged, jumping his contract with the Kansas City team and preventing President Speas from selling him to the National league.

For a while the baseball cranks had plenty to talk about, and when the Philadelphia court of common pleas granted an injunction restraining him from playing with or selling his services to any club other than that of Kansas City they fairly howled with excitement. Inasmuch as the Kansas City management had paid St. Paul $4,000 for Pickett it is not to be wondered at that they did not want to lose him. However everything is all right at last. Pickett is playing with the team of his choice and the Kansas City management have relinquished all claim to his services.

Pickett is one of the best players in the country. He is an average batter, his fielding is pretty, rapid and accurate, and on bases he has few peers.

A Promising Two-Year-Old.

Annie Brown made her debut as a 2-year-old at the New Orleans winter meeting. On the second day of the New Louisiana

ANNIE BROWN.

Jockey club's spring meeting she again appeared, winning the Hurstbourne stake by a nose from Ida Pickwick. She ran the half mile in 54 seconds. The following week while carrying seven pounds overweight she was beaten by Monte Rosa in the Boston club stakes. At the close of the New Orleans meeting she was shipped with the balance of the Lone Star stable to Memphis, where, on the fifth day of the meeting, she won a half in 50¾ seconds, carrying 115 pounds up. She also won the Trial stake, running the five furlongs in 1:04. Annie Brown is a bright chestnut, with a star and both hind feet white.

A Famous Irish Athlete.

William McCarthy, the famous Irish athlete of the Manhattan A. C., was born in Macroom, County Cork, Ireland, in the year 1868. He has been a runner since the age of 14. In 1888 he won the Gaelic championship of Ireland for 1 mile in 4m. 36s. on a heavy grass track. He afterward was matched to run against Blundell for the championship of Ireland, at Ballsbridge, Dublin. Blundell was credited with a record of 4m. 32s. He defeated Blundell by 20 yards, his time being 4m.

WILLIAM M'CARTHY.

28s. Shortly afterward he ran a race with McCabe at Dundalk, and defeated him handily. McCabe is well known from the fact that he defeated Conneff in England, in two match races, at 880 yards and 1 mile respectively. McCarthy has been in America about two years, but has not done much running until this season. He stands 6 feet and weighs 152 pounds when in condition.

Capt. F. W. Robinson, of the Athletic association of Yale university, has entered a protest with the Intercollegiate association against the result of the two mile bicycle race in the recent intercollegiate games. He claims that Davis, of Harvard, capsized Clark, of Yale, and so won the race. Robinson charges Davis with foul riding for three successive years. If the protest is allowed the race will be ridden over again, and if Clark wins the Intercollegiate cup will go to Yale in place of Harvard as the score now stands.

Why It Is Called "Thimble."

Shaped somewhat like a bell and worn upon the thumb, it was called at first a thumb bell, afterward a thumble, and finally a thimble, changing as many a word had changed before it, and as many a word will change in time to come.—Harper's Young People.

Pauline Marie Elizabeth Wedda, a Thuringian giantess, is good looking and of a handsome, well proportioned figure. She measures about 8 feet 4 inches in height.

WOMAN AND HOME.

REV. E. E. HALE'S OBSERVATIONS ON THE BOSTON WOMAN.

Why Women Are Vain—Camping on the Veranda—Neat Ways of Mending. Matching the Complexion—How to Save the Boys—Never Whip the Baby.

This time, Miss Reader, we will not try a spinner; there are no spinners in front of the Vendome. Let us take the more decorous and slower horse car. And will you tell me, Miss Reader, how the ladies behave whom you meet in horse cars in Fort Wrangle? There is rather a curious observation made as to the breeding of Boston women. Just read these lines, which I received yesterday from one of the most charming women whom I have the pleasure of knowing: "My experiences with Boston women to whom I have been introduced have been very charming in most cases; but my experiences in shops, cars and streets have been otherwise, and would fill a volume. I have been a stranger in New York, San Francisco and Boston, and have lived in the three cities. In the first two I have asked for information, and offered small courtesies to total strangers—women—with the pleasantest results, in no case meeting with discourtesy. But in Boston my experience has taught me never to ask a question, or try to help a well dressed woman, even when I know her to belong to 'one of the best families!'"

I have these lines in my pocket, as you see, and I read them to you because the last time I was on this line an interesting thing happened. A young woman, a little over dressed, if you please, stopped the car that she might leave it. She dropped the parcel that she had been downtown to buy. I saw it fall and touched her and told her that she had dropped her parcel. But, unfortunately, I had never been presented to her; we had not danced together at Papanti's, nor were we members of the same club. She, therefore, looked at me with the vigorous manner to which our friend alludes in the letter, a good deal as if I had struck her in the face, and in this way expressed her indignation that any man should have addressed her who had not the honor of her acquaintance. I am, however, 68 years old, and I stand such things better than a boy does. So I said, very pleasantly, "You have dropped your parcel, and it is under your feet." Again she resented the insult with a look—not with a word, observe—and swung out of the car, dragging the parcel after her by her dress, so that it fell in the mud in the street. There the next horse that came along trod upon it, I suppose, and I suppose what is left of it is there now. I am free to say I think it was good enough for her.—Rev. E. E. Hale in New England Magazine.

Camping on the Veranda.

One of the most delightful reminiscences of my last summer in the country was the summer room which my friend fashioned on the wide veranda of her cottage. She painted the floor a dark drab, which is better than any deeper color for the floor of the porch or veranda, because it does not show the dust, and dust is one of the delights of a summer day. A breadth of fancy straw matting was fastened up against the wall of the house and along the railings for a dado. Above this against the house, hung a few sketches in black and white and water colors in plain oak bands, bark and rustic frames to harmonize with the surroundings. This cottage, by the way, was painted the new shade known as "Eiffel Tower," which has almost a silvery cast in some lights, and made an admirable background.

A hammock was hung across one corner; a bamboo couch, one or two wicker chairs, a rocker and a couple of hassocks promised luxury either sitting or lying. The hammock and couch were furnished with pine needle and rose leaf pillows covered with bright chintz, and these, with the breath of the woods and spring upon them, made repose a delight. A paper rack and a set of bamboo book shelves served to hold such papers and books as were used from time to time. As this was a mosquito region the veranda was inclosed with wire netting. There were adjustable awnings to protect this "room" from sun or rain. Rugs were brought out and placed about, and it was here, in preference to any other part of the house, that the gentlemen lounged or smoked or read aloud and the ladies sewed or made rickrack all through that memorable summer.—Cor. New York Herald.

Why Women Are Vain.

"I am one of the women," said a woman the other day, "who willingly confess that our sex is vain. And you may be sure that we do not like to have our vanity wounded. When I see a pretty ribbon which becomes my complexion, or a bit of lace which I know will catch the eye of my husband when he comes home from the office, I always feel that I have gained a victory in advance. If you think, you bachelor (and the bachelor tried to look miserable), that I wear pretty gowns and bright ribbons and dainty bonnets for my self gratification alone you are very much mistaken. I wear them because I know that my husband will admire them, or that when men see me and meet me they will find them attractive.

"That is the whole secret of a woman's desire to be well dressed. And do you know that the more cheaply I can get one of my gewgaws or baubles the more I am pleased? You must not think and believe with the ignorant majority of men that a woman spends money without an idea of what she is doing. When I get a 'bargain,' something that I am sure will call forth the admiration of you men, I must wait for my husband to say after he has admired it, 'Well, I suppose we shall have to dismiss two of our servants to pay for our extravagance in dress.' Then I laugh when I tell him that the expensive luxury cost just sixty-five cents."—New York Tribune.

Matching the Complexion.

For years it was thought that yellow of any shade was peculiarly the color for brunettes, and that blondes should never wear it. This has now been shown to be a great mistake.

A woman of the deadest white skin, with light blue eyes and pale blond hair, becomes a poem when she dons a yellow gown.

A yellow frock and a yellow fan have been known to transform a rather plain blonde into a vision of almost perfect loveliness. How could it fail to be so? All the lines of blond beauty are fair and sunny. Why, then, should it not follow that they are set off to the best advantage and brought into more admirable prominence by similar tints? To my mind like has as much attraction for like in the law of beauty as in that of love, for I am not one of those who believe in the doctrine that people are attracted by their opposites.

But it must not be supposed that precisely the same shade of yellow will suit every blonde. There are many types of blonde beauty—as many as there are shades of scarlet—each wholly different and distinct from all the others. In dressing a blonde to bring her beauty, which needs the aid of color, to its highest, it is necessary to study her own rich warmth of color, who may be a queen of the blonds, or the pale, cold, lily type, which, however, seems cold only when contrasted with a warm color. It is the brunette, with its warmth, that is the queen of the sky to clothe in yellow, and not those of the earth and sky to which it is akin. Now, we are remarking to the fact that blue is undoubtedly the most becoming color for blondes. Now, the color par excellence for blondes, which needs no blond beauty, which needs the aid of color to make her beauty complete, is yellow. Her own rich warmth of color, who may be a queen of the blonds, or the pale, cold, lily type, which, however, seems cold only when contrasted with a warm color. It is the brunette, with its warmth, that is the queen of the sky to clothe in yellow, and not those of the earth and sky to which it is akin.

It used to be thought that light blue was the color par excellence for blondes. Now, we are remarking to the fact that blue is undoubtedly the most becoming color for blondes. In dressing a blonde in blue shade which shall harmonize perfectly with it.

The Advantage of Roller Towels.

There are few housekeepers who do not know the advantage of roller towels at one or more places in their houses where frequent washing is done. There should at least be one in the kitchen and bath room, or wherever else the family "flock" to wash. In the "children's room" it presents great advantages. It is hung up, and not on the floor; it is always "there," and does not have to be hunted for while wet hands are dripping, perhaps; it rolls along from wet spots to dry, in a way very accommodating to a hurried boy or girl; and it is not easy to use it for a wash cloth. And here let me say in connection with all towels they are not wash cloths, not even the corners of them, as many people seem to suppose.—Mrs. Stafford, in Good Housekeeping.

What a Pretty Arm Is Like.

The smoke of the fight about the decollette bodice has never enveloped the arm. Annie Jenness Miller says that if a woman's arm is pretty she should give its shapeliness frankly to the world; if it is not pretty she should study sleeves. The ideal arm has a beauty of a wholesome, almost of a pastoral order; it bears showing. It is clear skinned and rounded, and there is a gracious dimple just at the side of the elbow. The skin is soft, but the flesh is firm. Beneath its smooth contour it is instinct with the strength that supports a tired child. It is a blemish if the lines are so full as to suggest the seraglio rather than the green fields.—Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Pretty House Dress.

A pretty house dress is a princesse in pompadour stripes, with an overdress precisely like a pattern of apron dear to housekeepers, falling to the feet in front, with wide straps over the shoulders, crossing at the back, while the apron itself covers the hips, meeting in the back. The effect is good, whether in summer brocade with apron of plain silk, or the striped challies with plain wool or bataline overdress, or the striped gingham with plain aprons. The costume is finished by a long five inch sash round the waist, tied once in front, with ends hanging nearly to the feet.—New York Star.

How to Wash Flannels.

"After my laundress has had my underwear under her care for two or three weeks," said some one the other day, "they are harsh and stiff and shrunken out of all fit. It is very discouraging to pay a high price for undergarments and have them ruined in one or two washings."

Let the laundress put flannels in hot suds and rub them well between her hands, rinse and dry as quickly as possible, and they will retain their soft texture to the end. To rub them on the washboard is to full and stiffen them, and to rub soap on them is to ruin them.—Cor. New York World.

Old Maid's Mascot.

I have heard of a lady on the west side who has a room to let that is in great demand by old maids. Within a few years four women who have occupied the room have been married while living there, or have left it to be married. The room is now vacant, and an excellent opportunity presents itself for some maiden lady matrimonially inclined.—Bangor News.

Belva Lockwood has a law practice that brings her in more money than a congressman's salary; has property in Washington worth $20,000, and a country place worth $5,000, all acquired in a comparatively short time from her legal business. This is more than she would have had if she had stuck to school teaching.

There is an old lady living in Polk county, Fla., who is quite a genius. She can write poetry and set it to music and has written two books. She hunts phosphate, plants trees, clears land, works in an orange grove, can knit dresses, make neat shoes, plait hats of palmetto and make flowers out of shucks.

To wash hair brushes—One quart of tepid water, half a teaspoonful of spirits of ammonia, wash the brushes quickly, rinse well in cold water, lay them in the air to drain and dry. Frequent cleansing does not injure, but prevents the bristles from becoming soft. Feather dusters are improved by same treatment.

To remove white spots from polished furniture—Half an ounce each of raw linseed oil and spirits of turpentine, mixed with forty drops of spirits of ammonia. Apply with a soft cloth. A gentle rubbing will remove stains in a few minutes. This preparation gives a fine polish to any hard wood.

To remove iron rust stains from linen, cover the stains with salts of lemon, moisten with cold water and expose to strong sunlight; when dry moisten again. A few applications will remove the stains without injury to delicate fabrics.

SHE LIKED ADMIRATION.

A Woman's Vanity the Cause of a Murder and Suicide.

MR. AND MRS. FLADING.

Mrs. May Flading's third matrimonial venture was her last. After being divorced from a Mr. Amy and then from a Mr. Lawrence she married a year ago Edward Flading, a San Francisco contractor of some wealth. The wife's handsome figure and fine features attracted the general admiration which her vanity coveted and, naturally, her husband after a while thought it proper to resent her companionship with men he did not know. Mrs. Flading chose to "do as she pleased," and accentuated her desinretion of independence the other day by abandoning her home for apartments on another street.

In the evening her husband called. What followed after the two met will never be known, for when the alarm of two pistol shots brought people to the door they found Mrs. Flading dead and Mr. Flading nearly so. Before losing consciousness he declared that the woman shot him, but it is the opinion of the San Francisco police that he was the one who so murderously handled the pistol.

An Electric Headlight.

The electric headlight, which has been tested on railway engines, is declared a perfect success. It throws the light from half to three-quarters of a mile ahead—far enough to stop a train running sixty miles an hour in time to prevent an accident. Another advantage the light has is that it is thrown directly in front of the locomotive, and does not illuminate the side of the track to any extent.—New Orleans Picayune.

Length of a Degree.

The length of a degree of longitude at the equator is 69 1-10 statute miles. At the 30th deg. of latitude it is 69 1-3 miles. At the 50th deg. of latitude it is 44½ miles. At the 70th deg. it is hardly 23 miles. At the 80th deg. of latitude it lacks .47 of a mile of being 10 miles. At the 89th deg. it is but 1 1-5 miles, and gradually draws to a point as the line nears the pole.—St. Louis Republic.

Neat Ways of Mending.

An ugly tear in a prominent spot on a good dress is not at all an uncommon misfortune. First mend it. Do this, not with silk, cotton or linen spool thread, but with threads raveled from a piece of the dress goods. If there are no pieces of the cloth in existence ravel off threads enough from a long seam. Darn the tear upon the right side in stocking fashion, darning over, not under, the raw edges, and press upon the wrong side. Often a rearrangement of the drapery will hide a hole in the skirt; sometimes if well repaired it will not be noticeable, though in sight, but if it chances to be in plain view, say in the middle of the box plait down the front of one's skirt, it is still not a crying matter.

Replait the front, turning the plaits in the opposite direction, or put a row of silk or velvet ribbon down the center of each plait, or applied ornaments of gimps or beads, etc., or have ribbon loops and ends fall from the bodice over the offending spot; one loop can be tacked at some distance from the end, so it will not look stiff, to keep it in place over the mended place.—Boston Globe.

Feeding the Baby.

When a baby is to be fed from a bottle, choose a common round one, with a black rubber nipple. Bottles with feeding tubes are an abomination. They cannot be kept clean without more care than is likely to be given to them, and if the tube is not clean it is a fruitful source of disease. Keep the nipple in cold water when not in use, and in summer add a pinch of baking soda to the water to prevent any suspicion of sourness, rinsing the nipple in clear water before using.

Warm the food by setting the bottle in hot water. Remember that it needs to be only warm, not hot—about the temperature that the mother's milk would be if the baby were being nursed.

When the child is satisfied pour out the remainder of the food, if any is left, rinse the bottle in cold water, wash thoroughly in warm water and scald with hot water. The mother or nurse cannot be too particular in the care of the bottle, if she wishes to keep her charge healthy.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Men to Avoid.

Don't marry a man whose friends smile at each other when his name is mentioned and say, "Well, we hope he'll come out all right, but he's sowing a few wild oats just now." Remember that what is sown before marriage is reaped after marriage. It will be very awkward for you to be obliged to reap that crop one of these days, and if you marry him you will have the most of it to gather in.

Don't marry a man whose linen is more spotless than his character, whose shirt collar is more inflexible than his integrity, and whose necktie is the only immaculate thing about him. Collars and cuffs and neckties are all very well, but they do not make up a good husband, though they do very well on a tailor's dummy. Integrity of character is as much more important than these things as a man is of more importance in the world than a dude.—Detroit Free Press.

Women Looking for Work.

Every morning from 9 to half-past 9 the ladies' reading room of the Cooper institute is besieged with a dozen or more of these seekers after place. They are always looking for work, and, unlike the countess in "Olivette," if they can't get what they want they won't take what they can get. They come to the reading room to look through the advertising columns of the morning papers. Some of them look hungry, some of them look cold, and all of them have reached that puzzling period in a woman's life when she is neither young, old nor middle aged. They afford one a curious study as they peruse the columns. After jotting down a few addresses they throw the paper on the table, and, with painful weariness, leave the room.—New York Press.

A Good Health Drink.

A very nice medicine for the skin and for imparting liveliness to the limbs is this: True sarsaparilla root, cut in slices, four ounces; sassafras root, rasped, two ounces; dandelion root, four ounces, and one ounce of liquorice root infused in two quarts of water for twenty-four hours. The water should be filtered, if possible, and be just boiling when poured over the roots, and kept in a warm place just below the boiling point, closely covered. Boiling for the length of time required to reduce the ordinary preparations often renders the extract totally inert. This recipe is especially valuable from the sarsaparilla, which has a particular action on the skin, without producing dangerous perspiration. But medicines for the blood should never be taken without careful bathing and diet, or the immediate effect will be an eruption, which may be weeks in disappearing.—Shirley Dare in Philadelphia Press.

ADRIAN C. ANSON.

W. I. Harris Writes of the Famous Captain.

HE KICKS HARD, BUT PLAYS WELL.

As a Hard Hitter and Able Manager Chicago's "Old Man" Is Hard to Beat—His Wonderful Record at the Bat—Peculiarities of His Play.

The greatest general of the ball field, the best trainer of young talent and the greatest batsman the League has now, ever has had and probably as good as it ever will have, is Adrian C. Anson, a member of the Chicago League team since 1876, and its captain and manager since 1877. Somebody asked Gus Schmelz once whom he considered the best batter in America, and his reply was: "Well, for a good, reliable every day batter, year in and year out, big Captain Anson, of the Chicagos, comes pretty near filling the bill."

Mr. Schmelz did not exaggerate one whit. Anson is the terror of all pitchers, and if they can help it few of them will let him hit the ball if there are men on bases and a hit means a victory for Chicago. He is not a batsman of the Brouthers stripe, depending on a good eye and great strength, although he is liberally endowed with both. Anson is a scientific place hitter, and generally knows where the ball will go when he hits it. He is a perfect specimen of physical manhood, is six feet two inches in height, weighs about 220 pounds, and when he hits the ball the fur flies. His forte is his great reliability in time of need, his steady nerve and rare good judgment when the game is trembling in the balance. In that respect he is head and shoulders above any other player in the League. Capt. Anson stands with his feet rather closely together, his left leg slightly in the lead. Tightly grasping his bat—and he uses one so heavy that few of the boys can swing it—he taps the home plate twice from force of habit, hoists it up to his shoulder, but does not permit it to sink over his back, and then coolly and calmly waits for the ball he has determined to hit. His favorite ball is just at the shoulder, and the way he can rip the cover off a ball at that height is a terror to his opponents, but he can hit any kind of a ball, either low or high.

Anson's batting position and average since the organization of the league are: In 1876, fifth, .384; 1877, fourth, .335; 1878, fifth, .336; 1879, first, .407; 1880, second, .338; 1881, first, .399; 1882, second, .348; 1883, second, .413; 1884, fourth, .337; 1885, sixth, .310; 1886, second, .371; 1887, first, .421; 1888, first, .343; 1889, third, .341. In fourteen seasons Anson has played 1,307 games; has been to the bat 5,422 times, and has made 1,998 base hits, with a grand percentage of fourteen years' work of .356. The only man who excels this record is "Dan" Brouthers, and he has only played ten seasons. Since Anson has been connected with the Chicago club it has won the championship six times.

ADRIAN C. ANSON.

Although the subject of this sketch, by reason of his length of service, and because he has had such complete control of the Chicago team, is generally known as "Old Man Anson," he is far from being an old man. He was born thirty-five years ago, in Marshalltown, Iowa. His baseball career began with amateur nines of his native city in 1869. He remained an amateur until the end of the season of 1870. His first professional engagement was with the Forest Citys of Rockford, Ill., in 1871. Almost from the start Anson was a brilliant success as an all 'round player. He gained such a reputation while with the Forest Citys that he was engaged in 1872 by the Athletic club, of Philadelphia, Pa., which was at that time the champion organization, and played with that nine when "Dick" McBride was the ideal pitcher of the baseball world and "Fergy" Malone hardly less celebrated as a catcher. In 1875 he went to Europe with the Athletics, and there astonished some of the English cricketers by the way he handled the willow. In the match with the "All Ireland" eleven he made the highest individual score. In 1876 Anson joined the Chicago club.

As a fielder "Anse" is a little worse than most of the first basemen in the league, according to the record, but according to the chances he grabs at he will take a back seat for none of them. President Spalding reposes implicit confidence in the long headed captain, and between them they are a pair that has more than once beaten threes.

On the field Anson, in spite of his "kicking" and his bulldozing of umpires, which is quite as notorious as that of Ewing, and oftentimes more to the purpose, is universally popular. His value as a player, captain and manager cannot be overestimated, as may readily be judged by the able way in which he has, during the past three years, brought his almost experimental teams to the front. His methods are more of the driving than the persuasive kind, and the rigor with which he holds players up to their duty does not make him overpopular with them. And yet few men who ever worked for Anson have other feelings toward him than intense admiration and respect.

In private life Anson is one of the most interesting and pleasant companions one can ask for. He is a great talker. There are four subjects on which he will argue with anybody: baseball, politics, billiards and his trip around the world. He is a fine story teller and can spin yarns as long as he can keep awake. He has been called "the Rider Haggard of baseball," and so far as the ability to tell an interesting narrative goes the appellation is correct.

Anson has been the source of great inspiration to baseball writers for a decade. He loves to talk to the scribes, and nothing that is written about him worries him in the least so long as he is not lied about. "I like it," he tells the writer once time before left the field on sick leave. He volunteered for the emergency, reported to Nelson and was intrusted with the organization of volunteer soldiers to defend Louisville. It was a critical time, Buell's army being still further away than the Confederates, and Louisville at the mercy of invading hordes. Some days after Davis had been installed in his work Nelson said to him:

"Well, Davis, how are you getting on with your command?"

"I don't know!" answered Davis.

"How many regiments have you organized?" continued N

flippant manner of his subordinate.

"I don't know," repeated Davis.

"How many companies have you?" asked Nelson, to which Davis replied in the same heedless tone, "I don't know."

"But you should know," said Nelson rising from his seat. "I am disappointed in you, Gen. Davis; I selected you for the work because you are an officer of the regular army, but I see I have made a mistake."

Davis now arose excitedly and said: "Gen. Nelson, I am a regular soldier and I demand the treatment due to me as a general officer."

After summoning a witness from an adjoining room Davis continued: "I demand from you the courtesy due my rank."

"I will treat you as you deserve," replied Nelson. "You have disappointed me; you have been unfaithful to the trust which I imposed in you and I shall relieve you at once." In a few seconds he added: "You are relieved from duty here and will proceed to Cincinnati and report to Gen. Wright."

"You have no authority to order me," said Davis. Pushed beyond endurance Nelson turned to his adjutant general and said: "Captain, if Gen. Davis does not leave the city by 9 o'clock to-night give instructions to the provost marshal to see that he is put across the Ohio."

This was taking the bull by the horns with a vengeance. Nelson's training had been on the deck of a man-o'-war, where discipline is the first law and insubordination a crime to be met with instant snuffing out by the most heroic methods. If ever this daring sailor and conscientious patriot had seen a time when the formalities of the service and the considerations due to rank should wait on greater things this was one. The value of an hour was simply incalculable, and many times twenty-four hours had passed since Davis entered upon his duties, and he had nothing to report in the way of progress. There was something, too, behind his conduct which doubtless Nelson surmised, for it was evident that Davis had stood all along on the ground that not Nelson but Wright was his superior officer.

Gen. Wright gave a new assignment to Davis and he left Louisville again. In a few days Gen. Buell arrived in the city in person, thus superseding Nelson, and Gen. Wright ordered Davis to return at once to Louisville and report to the new chief. But for this circumstance, very unfortunate, and it would seem uncalled for, the

THE TRAGIC END OF GEN. NELSON.

venturesome sailor soldier might have lived to round out his career by brilliant leadership during the country's perils.

The headquarters at Louisville were in the Galt house, and there Davis and Nelson would be certain to come into collision. On the morning of Sept. 29 Nelson passed from the breakfast room to the main hall of the hotel, stepped to the clerk's desk and asked a question and turned about and leaned upon the railing of the counter to await the arrival of Gen. Buell. In turning he faced an assembly of people, military and civilians, among them Governor O. P. Morton, of Indiana, and Gen. Davis, who was in Morton's company. Davis went toward Nelson and charged him with having insulted him at their last meeting. Nelson told him to go away, but instead, evidently counting upon the moral support of his friend Morton, he pressed up and renewed the demand for satisfaction. Nelson, using an epithet of contempt, again ordered him away, adding, "I don't want anything to do with you." During this excitement Davis had been nervously twisting and rolling one of the hotel cards in his hand, and drawing near to Nelson he shot it into his face with a sharp snap of the thumb. This was met by a back handed slap on the face by Nelson with the demand addressed to Morton, "Did you come here, sir, to see me insulted?"

"No, sir," replied Morton, and Nelson walked away toward his room on the office floor.

Davis turned to one of his companions and asked for a pistol. His friend had none, but soon borrowed one and handed it to Davis. Nelson, meanwhile had gone as far as the door of his room, but failing to enter had turned back along a corridor running off from the main hall, and was distant a few feet from the latter at the foot of a staircase leading to Gen. Buell's room on the second floor. He did not live to explain his motive, but it is probable that he had determined not to fight with Davis and was on his way to report the circumstance to his chief. He reached the staircase, approaching it from the opposite direction, and was about to turn and ascend when Davis came rushing into the corridor from the main hall, pistol in hand, and stood face to face with Nelson at the foot of the stairs. The latter made no hostile movement, but Davis fired a shot and Nelson kept on upstairs. He reached the second floor, and about half way between the landing and Buell's room he fell. Several spectators who saw the shooting followed Nelson up stairs, and when he fell they lifted him to the nearest room. Among these was the well known Kentuckian, Gen. Thomas L. Crittenden, who knelt over the stricken soldier and said: "Nelson, are you badly hurt?"

"Tom, I am murdered," was the answer. Subsequently he asked to be baptized, and within an hour after the shooting the lion-hearted soldier was dead. The ball had pierced the heart, or very near it, and, though small had done a fatal work.

So passed away in his prime—he was 37—an American who might have fairly rivaled his great English namesake in winning the highest martial glory.

CHAUNCEY L. KILMER.

Senator Brown's $10,000,000.

There are few better lawyers in the country today than old Senator Joe Brown, of Georgia. Brown is a self made man from the ground up. He owns a pair of steers to the South Carolina academy where he was educated and got the master to take the steers in payment for his board and tuition. It was here that he got the rudiments that enabled him to begin the study of the law and he bought school after this and studied law at the same time. He borrowed enough money to give him a year at the Yale Law school and improved his time so well that he was able to make $1,000 during the first year of his practice. He pushed his earnings steadily up until they reached $5,000, and he invested all his savings well. The first $500 he made went into a piece of land with a copper mine on it and he sold the half interest for this later on for $25,000, which he invested in farms and which formed the basis of the immense fortune which he now owns. He is worth $6,000,000.—Frank G. Carpenter's Letter.

A London firm received an order for two dozen collars measuring twenty-three and one-half inches—much larger than many