GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

I Learn by Accident Who it Was that Stole Mr. Williams's Money.

One of the hardest things in detective life is for the officer to be obliged to report on family matters. No matter how long he has been in the business, or how fireproof he has become, the detective who can make a report which he knows will break up a family and bring wretchedness to half a dozen persons, is a scarce article. That is, he will report to his chief verbally or by letter, and thus let the information get to those who hunger for it and yet dread to hear the truth. To face a husband when the horror of dishonor is upon him—to report to a wife that her husband long since ceased to love her, and that her only remedy is the scandal of a divorce suit, is a position no one in the service wants to fill a second time.

A fair share of the detective business of every city in the land hinges upon family matters, and the work done seldom appears in print, or if the newspaper reporters get hold of the circumstance, the particulars are kept away from them. For a long term of years my assignments as a detective connected with the force of one of our large cities, were entirely of this character, and some of the incidents can be related without injury to any one's feelings. I did not associate with the criminal detectives at all, and the majority of them did not know me by name.

One morning I was sent for by the Chief to take up a new case, and when I entered his office I found a lady present. She was a woman not over 25 years of age, handsome, educated, and a society ornament. She was the second wife of a rich old wholesale merchant whom I will call Williams. They had been married about a year and a half, and it was said that it was a love match. She had come to headquarters in her own carriage in broad daylight to tell her story to the Chief and seek the services of a detective. I may tell you that I was prejudiced in her favor from the very first glance. She was one of those women whose every word is of interest, and whose every gesture has a touch of artlessness in it. And she could shed big tears, and catch little sobs, and put such a look into her brown eyes as would make even an old detective almost want to die for her. When her story had been simmered down, it amounted to this: For some time past she had been missing jewelry and sums of money. A private detective had been employed, but had met with no success in discovering the thief. One robbery included a valuable diamond ring; another a pair of earrings; a third the sum of $400 in gold; a fourth the sum of $300 in greenbacks. About ten days previous to her visit a package of $12,000 had been taken from her husband's secretary, and at the same time she had missed a diamond brooch from her dressing case. One of the regular detectives had been working on this last steal for over a week, and was still at it, although he had thus far been unable to secure a clue.

It was not only natural that Mrs. Williams should be interested in the recovery of the property, but that her great interest should lead her to call at headquarters to consult with the Chief. In fact, her husband was confined to his room by an attack of gout, and, for all we knew to the contrary, it was by his advice that she came. It would appear sharper in me to say that I suspected something wrong from the very start, but honesty compels me to say that I didn't. When she had departed the Chief said to me:

"This looks like a very simple case, and I can't see why Taylor has not picked up some clue. The robberies have been perpetrated by some of the servants, and I'll give you a fortnight to trap the guilty party."

I was at liberty to consult Taylor. The only servants who had access to the bedroom were the chambermaid and the butler. This last personage had no right there, of course, but having the run of the house he could slip into the room. Taylor had suspected him, rather than the chambermaid, and had devoted his whole time to watching the man. Nothing but disappointments had turned up. The butler had the best of recommendations, was without vices of any sort, and a search of his effects had brought nothing to light which could implicate him. It was agreed that I should look out for the chambermaid, and I put in a week on the case to find out that she also had the best of recommendations, and that the probabilities were all in her favor. If it was true that either of the servants had committed the robberies, it was likewise true that they had covered their tracks so well that we had no hopes of making an arrest. I worked on the case three weeks, and then abandoned it. Mrs. Williams seemed much more disappointed than her husband over my failure, and she shed tears of vexation when informed that I was to drop the case, or at least cease active work. I meant to keep the butler and chambermaid under surveillance for a time longer, but I could not promise that anything would come of it.

The third day after this, Fate played me a curious trick. I had dropped into a family restaurant for a plate of oysters, and not caring to have comers and goers study my face, I went up stairs to be served in one of the little rooms or stalls. I had just favored my oysters and drunk my coffee when a lady and gentleman entered the next stall on the right, and it wasn't ten seconds before I recognized Mrs. Williams's voice. The man's identity I also soon established by his tones. He was a handsome, dissipated chap named Raynor, known in all the clubs as a great spendthrift, and reported to the police as a reckless gambler. The pair were scarcely seated in the stall when the lady said:

"Will, I can do no more for you. I have robbed myself, stolen from my husband, and perjured myself to the extent of twice that over my troubles. You are no sooner out of one trouble than you bring another upon yourself."

"Softly, sister Nell, softly!" chided the man. "I have always been kind to you. I have always been the best brother in the world. Give me a chance. I was horribly in debt. You have come to my aid in a grand way, and God will bless you for it."

"Hush, Will! God cannot bless me for stealing from my husband to pay your gambling debts. Do you know the value of that package I gave you the night you came and threatened to commit suicide?"

"About $12,000, I believe, and it helped me out of three or four bad scrapes."

"And I thought it was only $200! Oh, brother, I am afraid you are down to ruin."

"Pooh! pooh! Nell, I am no worse than hundreds of others who are sowing their wild oats. Make a raise of a couple of thousand for me this week and I'll go to Europe and remain away until I can steady down."

"I cannot do it. I can't even raise $50."

"But you must. It's either Europe for me or a bullet through my head."

With that I walked in on the pair. A few words had made the case as plain as day. While it was "all in the family," as the saying is, and while there was no probability that the dissolute brother would be punished, I did not rest until he had been taken into Williams's presence and made to confess all. The victim had no desire to resort to the courts, but he was a man of considerable temper, and his remarks were anything but complimentary. I left the house in company with the brother, and as we gained the walk he asked:

"Do you think the old man would shell out a couple of thousand for me?"

"You must be crazy." I replied.

"Then the game is up, and here's good-by to you!" he exclaimed, and before I could lift a hand he had pulled a pistol and sent a bullet into his head.

All But Hanged.

The story of a man who is reprieved while standing on the scaffold with the noose about his neck, must always thrill. The fact of any one standing in the presence of death for a moment has a strange fascination about it, and his fellow men are anxious to know what his thoughts and feelings were as he expected to be ushered into eternity. It has been my lot to look squarely into the eyes of grim death on several occasions, and my good luck to preserve my life against the fate which seemed to hunger for it; and some of the incidents may prove interesting to the general reader.

During the siege of Yorktown by McClellan I was detailed for duty in company with my own work. While my reports no doubt went to the commander himself, I reported directly to a division commander, whom I never met without being forced to notice the fact that he was the worse for liquor. Later on in the war there was a chief of scouts, but at the time there were but a dozen of us taking orders direct from this General and reporting back to him in person. On my third trip I was very nearly captured by the rebels, and in the squeeze I got rid of all my papers, including the pass which gave me entrance and exit to the Federal lines. Therefore, when I finally reached the Federal picket post I had nothing by which to identify myself. The officer in command of the reserve picket post was a smart Aleck, who thought to add to his importance by refusing to believe my story and sending me to the headquarters of the regiment. There I was regarded as a veritable rebel spy, and the General in command was extremely pompous in his demeanor toward me. I can remember the conversation as vividly as if it took place yesterday. By the time I reached his tent my arms had been strapped to my sides. I was looked upon as a very dangerous fellow.

"So you are the d——d spy captured down there at the picket!" shouted the General as I stood before him.

"I am no spy, sir," I replied.

"Oh, no, of course not; but don't you talk back to me, you dirty rebel traitor! Who sent you spying into our camp?"

"I am a Union soldier, sir, and belong to——"

"Shut up, you scoundrel! Don't think that you can stand there and lie to me. What rebel command do you belong to?"

"None, sir. I am a Union scout, and was detailed——"

"Stop!" he shouted, while his face grew crimson. "While the truth may not help you, I hate to see you stand in the presence of death with a lie upon your lips. Guard, remove him!"

I was taken away and confined in a guard house. It did not last long. In about an hour I was taken to another tent in the same encampment, and I entered it to find four or five general officers present. It was to be a drumhead court martial. As I afterward learned, a report of my capture had been sent to headquarters, and McClellan had replied: "Try him by drum-head court martial, and if found guilty hang him at sunrise." A drum-head court martial is a dignified farce. It is convened to convict. The idea is that the victim is guilty, but must be disposed of according to the regulations of the War Department. The fact that I openly and boldly approached the Union picket, and that I was coming from the rebel lines, carried no weight in my favor. The officer of the picket said I was certainly a spy, and that settled it. When they finally condescended to hear my explanation I gave my name, and stated that the General to whom I made my report would identify me. I stood in neither awe nor fear, knowing how easily I could be identified. Some of the members of the court were opposed to giving me this chance for my life, but it was finally decided to despatch an orderly and adjourn the court for an hour. I was conducted back to the guard house to wait, and when again taken before the officers I expected to be discharged without delay. You can therefore imagine my feelings when I was informed that Gen. —— utterly repudiated me. My regiment and company were a dozen miles away, and I felt that it would be useless to ask further delay. In ten minutes I was found guilty, and sentenced to execution at sunrise, and before midnight a scaffold had been prepared.

Why had Gen. —— denied my identity? The only excuse I could offer for him was that he was drunk when the messenger reached him, and such proved to be the case. Roused from his stupid sleep, he had winked and blinked at the communication and made out a portion of it, and then flung it down with the assertion that he knew no one of my name. The gallows was erected within a few rods of where I was confined. Cross beams and boards were taken from an abandoned house, and the structure was a very rude affair. I could plainly hear every blow struck, and the fellows engaged in putting it up seemed to want me to overhear their unfeeling remarks. About an hour before daylight a curious change took place in me. I began to wonder if I was really the man I claimed to be, and it wasn't fifteen minutes before I had come to the conclusion that I was some one else—in fact, a rebel spy, as they declared. This idea took such firm lodgment in my mind that I would have honestly denied my real identity. I felt that I had been fairly tried and honestly convicted, and that I ought to suffer death. There was no particular terror in the idea. The only thought about hanging which made me cringe was the fall through the trap. It seemed to me as I reflected on it that the pain would be something awful, but I was conscious at the same time with the reflection that it would soon be over.

Half an hour before sunrise I was brought out and escorted to the foot of the gallows. If I remember right there was about half a company of infantry on the ground. Only a few of the soldiers in camp were out to witness the proceedings. They had graciously provided me with spiritual consolation in the presence of a chaplain, but, though the good man talked to me for ten minutes, I did not hear one word in twenty he uttered. I was all the time wondering how long before it would be over, and every minute of delay made me impatient. When the time came for me to mount the scaffold I was really glad of it. There was nothing in the sight of the dangling rope to chill me. I took my place on the trap, the chaplain uttered a prayer, and then a soldier quickly tied my elbows and ankles and pulled a cap over my head. It was a matter of seconds now, and I said to myself:

"It is coming now—good-by to all—it will soon be over."

They had to cut a rope underneath to spring the trap. My sense of hearing was so acute that I located the man who stood with an axe ready to do this service at a given signal, and I heard him whisper to himself:

"Why, in God's name, do they keep the man so long in suspense?"

"Then I began to count one—two—three, and so on, and had got up to nine, when I heard a shouting not far away, and mingled with it the sounds of horses coming at a gallop.

"Don't cut that rope!" commanded the officer in charge, and I said to myself:

"Something has gone wrong, and there will be a further delay. Perhaps I am to be shot. That would be an easier way to die."

There was some loud talk around me, two or three people came up the ladder to the platform, and directly a hand pulled the cap off my head and a voice said:

"Captain, there is some terrible mistake here. This is Roberts, one of my scouts."

"But you did not know him last night?"

"I know him now, and you will release him at once."

It was Gen. —— As he awoke from his drunken sleep at an early hour a dim remembrance of the message crept into his mind, and he rolled out of bed and found the inquiry sent by the court martial. He could not remember what word he had sent in reply, but he jumped into his clothes and then into the saddle, and he came just in time to prevent a military murder. But what was the effect of this close call? Well, I went to the hospital for two weeks with a fever, and it was a full month before I was positively certain of my identity.

COL. AND MRS. DAN RICE.

A Touching Account of the Marriage of the Famous Showman.

From the Galveston News.

SCHULENBURG, Texas, June 7.—Married at 8 o'clock A. M. to-day, by the Rev. A. Forrest of Hallettsville, Dan Rice of world-renowned fame and Mrs. M. C. Robinson, Lavaca county's wealthiest ranch woman.

This important event has been the talk of the people of both Lavaca and Fayette counties for the last two months, and powerful influences have been brought to bear by personal friends of the lady to change her intentions. Many of these were honest in their convictions, and a few had an eye to their interests.

Col. Dan Rice of Cincinnati arrived a few days ago and met his affianced bride at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Leightner, and secured his prize, much to the chagrin and disappointment of those who apparently were so much interested in her welfare.

The marriage ceremonies were solemn, and the sanctity of the occasion was of a highly intellectual character, worthy to be remembered by those who were present.

Mrs. M. C. Robinson, a widow for several years, was one among the wealthiest ranch widows in Texas, possessing one of the finest ranches in Lavaca county, as well as possessions in Archer and other counties. She is one of the most intellectual women in Texas, if not in the whole country, and has never been out of the State since she came here at 12 years of age. Her first husband was the celebrated Capt. Greathouse, who started the first stock ranch in Texas. She was richly attired, but not gaudily, her attire becoming both her age and station, not being a society woman. Her age is 45, and she is queenly in all her ways. She is Roman Catholic in religion, a strong pillar in her church at Hallettsville, and dearly beloved for her large charities.

Col. Dan Rice was looking more youthful in his bridal robes than ever before, and appropriately attired as to attract the favorable comments of those who were in the habit of looking at him years ago on his lecture tours. He seems in robust health, and moves with an alacrity of limb which bespeaks many years yet on the journey of life. Those who are in possession of the household secrets say this is purely a love match.

Col. and Mrs. Dan Rice will leave in about two weeks on their wedding tour, and in their trip will visit Galveston.

KAWEAH WAS SURPRISED.

So Were his Squaws, and They All Incontinently Skedaddled.

From the Los Angeles Herald.

Bank Commissioner Potts of Los Angeles had an amusing experience in the gold times of California. The story, as told to a *Herald* reporter, runs as follows:

In the early days of the gold excitement, before many of the young men of the present day were born, Mr. Potts and his partner, both miners, put their heads together and decided that there was probably gold at the head waters of the San Joaquin. They thought it would be well to investigate the matter, and accordingly they set out. In due time they arrived.

They discovered a deep hole in the bed of one of the forks, and they concluded that if there was gold anywhere in the bed of the stream it was in that hole. They tried diving to reach the bottom, but the water was too deep, and they found themselves in a dilemma. Mr. Potts's partner bethought him of a diving suit at San Francisco that he could procure, and the decision was reached that he go and bring it. This he did, arriving with it after a time.

Those who have seen a diving suit are aware of the frightful appearance of a man arrayed in it. The front of the headpiece is a large circular pane of glass that gives the wearer the appearance of a hideous Cyclops. From the top of the head runs a rubber tube for supplying air to the diver, and there is also a rope attached for hauling him up.

Mr. Potts's partner arrayed himself in the suit, lifted the front of the headpiece to a fallen tree, and Mr. Potts and his partner walked out upon the log, and the partner slipped down into the water and was instantly out of sight. Mr. Potts holding the rope by which to hold him up. The agreed signal was a jerk on the rope.

While Mr. Potts was sitting out on the log and holding the rope he appeared to be fishing with a stout line for big fish. He was thus engaged when Chief Kaweah and his squaws came down from the mountains, where they had been gathering nuts. He stopped and thus addressed Mr. Potts:

"You kee-ach fish?"

"No, not yet," was the reply, "but I expect a bite pretty soon."

The old chief was evidently much interested in the scene, and without more ado he squatted on the bank and awaited developments, his squaws following his wise example.

Pretty soon there came a jerk on the rope that rippled the surface of the water. Kaweah became greatly excited when he saw Mr. Potts pulling heavily on the line, and the old chief got to his feet and watched the procedure with the deepest interest. Presently the monster of the deep came to the surface, with its hideous Cyclopean eye turned in Kaweah's direction.

"Ugh!" shouted the old warrior, and then he and his harem turned tail and fled panic stricken over the plains.

THE PITCHERS' CURVES.

The Phenomenon of Modern Base Ball Pitching Discussed and Explained Scientifically by Professor Richard A. Proctor.

From Longman's Magazine.

Late in September, 1866, certain English cricketers of renown watched the close of a great game at base ball in Philadelphia. The Englishmen began to form a somewhat poor opinion of the batting qualities of the base ball players. Cricketers are apt to despise what is called a full-pitched ball, that is, one which does not touch the ground before it reaches the bat. The cricketer can have but a poor eye who cannot hit such a ball. Now the English cricketers saw none but full-pitched balls thrown in the base ball game they were watching, and yet to their astonishment quite a considerable proportion of these balls were missed. Here were the members of two trained teams missing again and again a kind of ball which an English schoolboy would be ashamed to miss once in a score of trials.

When the game was over the English cricketers were asked their opinion of the play, and were obliged to admit that as far as they could judge the batting seemed very weak. Every ball was full pitched, and any one can hit a full-pitched ball; yet your fellows often missed them. A smile passed round among the ball players and their friends. "Any one can hit a full-pitched ball, can he? What do you say to that, Fothergill? Can any one hit one of your curves?" Fothergill rather thought not; and considering that an income about ten times as large as an Archbishop's is said to be paid to a first-class pitcher in America, it will be readily understood that if any one could knock their pitching about at pleasure they would be rather costly at the price. The Englishmen, however, could not but maintain their opinion that even with base ball bats, the timing, or throwing, of the best pitcher ought to be easily met.

Naturally the idea was suggested that the matter might very readily be put to the test. Accordingly Fothergill was called forth to send in a ball or two for whomsoever among the Englishmen might care to wield the club. One among the cricketers, he whose batting average in their American tour was highest, and well known alike for staunch defence and brilliant batting on many an English field, stepped forth, and grasped that strange weapon which base ball players call a bat. He had seen the base ball men at work, and he knew how to hold and wield the club as they did. His skill as a cricketer, and plenty of practice also at lawn tennis, would enable him, he felt sure, to sight the ball quite readily and to strike it every time. Taking his stand by the "plate," he faced the pitcher. Fothergill smilingly sent in the ball after the customary steps within the pitcher's ground, steps which seem meaningless to the cricketer, but every one of which has its effect in securing the right delivery according to the pitcher's own particular style. The ball rushed toward the batsman precisely like a swift, full-pitched ball at cricket, though thrown, not bowled. Nothing could seem simpler than to hit a ball so delivered.

Yet, to the batsman's amazement, his stroke passed nearly a foot above the ball. He had not only missed it, but missed it badly!

The ball is returned to Fothergill, who sends it in again, but this time with a slightly different action. Again the cricketer makes his stroke, but again he misses the ball, which somehow passes several inches to the right of the place where he expected to strike it!

Again and yet again these easy full-pitched balls were delivered; but again and again the skilful cricketer, who would probably not miss one out of a hundred full-pitched balls at cricket, and then only when wearied till he became careless, missed the full-pitched base ball, and missed it badly. Not till the eleventh ball he sent in did he succeed in striking the ball, and then only by aiming where he expected the ball not to be. By aiming at the ball he found he was bound to miss, so he tried aiming a little on one side of it, and by a mere fluke made his first successful stroke.

By this time the cricketer and his friends had recognized that there was something more in base ball pitching than met the eye. Skilled as the well-trained eye the bat must have met the ball. The bowlers who were standing by were especially interested. It was obvious that the base ball was missed so persistently because it did not fly straight. Like one of their own twisters from off or from leg, the base ball had curved in flight. But how the break could be obtained without any contact with the ground, was a mystery not readily solved. Still more mysterious did the matter appear when the course of the ball was watched from behind the "pitcher." For the bowler found, when so watching the ball, than it went straight, or at any rate only curved in response to the law of gravity, until it had traversed the greater part of its course, and then curved off either up or down or right or left, as if it had cushioned at an obtuse but quite recognizable angle against some palpable surface, where no surface appeared.

As a matter of fact, every ball which Fothergill sent in had cushioned against the air. But that served as no explanation to the perplexed cricketers. For as there was as much air above as below and to the right as to the left of the ball, it was difficult to understand why in one case the ball should be deflected upward, in another downward, in one case toward the right, in another toward the left. It was easy to guess that the deflection resulted from the spin given to the ball by the pitcher at the moment of delivery, but a spin cannot, it should seem, make an aerial cushion against which the ball would rebound, twisting from it as the cricket ball "breaks" from the ground at the moment when it touches the surface while swiftly spinning.

As a matter of fact, the curving of the ball at base ball is entirely different from the break at cricket. If it resembles anything in the course of a ball bowled in the usual way at cricket, it is the rebound from the ground, not the break to right or left. The problem, indeed, of a curving base ball is by no means simple. Let us first consider what the pitcher who wants to make a ball curve does with the ball at the moment of delivery, and then inquire what is the effect on the ball.

Imagine a horizontal straight line drawn from the pitcher's hand at the moment of delivery to the middle of the bat. Then, while there are many ways in which the pitcher may make the ball spin, it is essential for effective curving that the axis on which the ball spins shall be square to this imaginary line. The ball may be made to spin about a vertical axis by a sharp retraction of either right side or its left side (as viewed by the pitcher), or it may be made to spin on a horizontal axis square to the proposed trajectory by retracting either the top or the bottom of the ball, or it may be made to turn on an axis lying between these two and at an angle to either; in every such case the ball will curve in flight. But to make the ball spin on a horizontal axis coinciding with the course along which the ball is to be sent would be useless, though this is precisely the kind of spin which the bowler at cricket gives to the ball as most effective for a break either from leg or from off according to the spin's direction.

It is tolerably obvious that while such a spin as is given to a rifle bullet could only make a missile fly more steadily, whether it be bullet or ball, any other kind of spin may be expected to cause the missile to follow a more or less erratic course. It is also clear enough that since an axis of spin coinciding with the missile's course is the most favorable for steady flight, an axis square to that course must be worst—that is, must make the course followed by the missile as erratic as, on account of a given rate of spin communicated to it, it can possibly be. But it is by no means quite so easy to recognize how the deviation from a straight path under conditions is brought about, or in what direction it will take place. Nay, so unlikely did the power of curving a base ball's course seem antecedently that many, even of those who might be expected to have mastered thoroughly all problems of the kind, denied confidently that any deviation could take place. Nine or twelve years ago one of the ablest students of science in America, seeing it stated in a sporting paper that ice yachts will sail faster than the wind, and that a baseball can be thrown so as to curve in the air (beyond the curving due to gravity) took it upon him to deny both statements on scientific grounds, and to ridicule—which was not scientific—those who could be so foolish as to believe either. Yet both propositions are not only true, but might have been established independently of experiment by mathematical reasoning. It can be shown quite easily that when an ice yacht is running forty miles an hour with a forty mile beam wind, the sails may be so set that the wind will still have driving power in the direction of the yacht's course; and, indeed, that no matter what her speed on such a wind, there is no limit to the theoretical power of getting more driving out of the wind except the practical difficulties of overcoming frictional resistance and making the sails flat enough. And in like manner it can be shown, though not so easily, that a base ball thrown with suitable spin may be made to deviate markedly from its course, so much so that the batsman who treats it as an ordinary full-pitched ball will assuredly come to grief.

Suppose a ball rapidly advancing, while rotating so rapidly that on account of the rotation alone a point on the ball's surface midway between the ends of the axis of spin would move just as fast the ball advances. Then, if the axis of spin be square to the ball's course, it is clear that on one side the friction against the air will be just double what it would be if the ball were advancing without spin, while on the other side the friction against the air will be nought. It is only at two points that these extreme differences of friction are attained, the mean value for either of one-half of the spinning ball's advancing face encounters a friction greater than if there were no spin, while the whole of the other half encounters less friction.

Hence, said Mr. Chadwick (and many were he many times deceived by the reasoning), one side of the ball will be less resisted than the other; and the side least resisted will advance more rapidly, so that the ball will be deflected toward the other side where the frictional resistance is greatest. We may, on this view of matters, compare the two faces of the ball to two persons, and, in walking, one arm along a road; if they walk at the same rate they go straight, but if A walks faster than B there must result a wheeling movement toward B's side of the road; while if B walks faster than A the wheel will be toward A's side.

This seemed very close and satisfactory until certain baseball pitchers who had chanced to read the explanation in the *Scientific American* pointed out that as a matter of fact deviation is in the other direction; a shot detail, perhaps, but sufficient to throw some doubt on Mr. Chadwick's explanation.

A little consideration will show where the explanation fails. It is true that one side of the ball is freed to some degree from atmospheric resistance, and would tend to advance more rapidly than the other. But the supposed deflection toward the other side would have to take place in the very direction where resistance is greatest. Our friends A and B walking arm in arm along a road illustrate the rest of the conditions, perhaps fairly well; but this particular condition they fail altogether to illustrate. Hence we must set them on one side altogether; for this condition is the most important part of the problem.

Taking the matter of atmospheric resistance properly into account, we find the observed deviation of the ball fully accounted for:

When a ball (or in fact any missile) is advancing rapidly through the air, there is formed in front of it a small aggregation of compressed air. (In passing we may remark that the compressed air in front of an advancing cannon ball has been rendered discernible—we can hardly say visible—by instantaneous photography.) In shape the cushion of air is conical or rather conoidal. If the ball is advancing without spin; and therefore it resists the progress of the ball equally on all sides, and only affects the ball's velocity. The same is the case if the ball is spinning on an axis lying along its course. But in this case we have to consider, where the ball is spinning on an axis square to its course, the cushion of compressed air formed by the advancing ball has no longer this symmetrical shape. On the advancing side of the spinning surface the air cannot escape so readily as it would if there were no spin; on the other side it escapes more readily than it would but for the spin. Hence the cushion of air is thrown toward that side of the ball where the spin is forwards, and removed from the other side. The same thing then must happen as where a ball encounters a cushion aslant. A ball driven squarely against a very soft cushion plunges straight into it, turning neither to the right nor to the left, or, if deflected at all (as against a billiard cushion) comes straight back on its course; but if driven aslant against the cushion, it is deflected from the region of resistance. So with the baseball. As the cushion of air against which it is advancing is not opposed squarely to it, but is stronger on one side than on the other, the ball is deflected from the region of greatest resistance.

There is another peculiarity about the curve in base ball which renders it very difficult to meet. From the beginning of the ball's course the curve might be expected to strengthen, so that the batsman would have abundant opportunity to determine whether it was an up curve or a down curve, a curve to the right or a curve to the left, and to act accordingly. But as a matter of fact, the curving does not begin at once. The ball flies onward till within three or four feet of the batsman, and then changes its direction, not, of course, quite sharply, but still so quickly as to leave the batsman scant time to take the change into account. Nothing but great skill and constant practice enables even the best batsman in the States to strike a well-pitched ball.

To return to the question of the relative scientific qualities of base ball and cricket. I note that so far as the actual contest between ball and bat is concerned, the two games seem fairly equal. Though in base ball pitching a more difficult scientific problem is involved, it cannot be said that the play is more difficult cricket. In base ball curves there is no room for chance to come in; at least we may neglect such slight differences as may arise from local peculiarities of atmospheric density. It would be perhaps worth inquiring how far the effectiveness of a pitcher's curving would be affected by the barometric pressure. Imagine the captain of a base ball team warning his men before play began that they must allow a little more than usual for X's curves because the barometer was unusually high! Yet undoubtedly the air must more effectively deflect a spinning ball when the barometer is at thirty inches than when it is at twenty-nine inches. At cricket, even with the most perfect wickets, the break must be notably affected by accidental peculiarities of the ground.

R. A. PROCTOR.

FAIR EYES FOR SPORT.

The Girls' Way of Getting Excited Over a Game of Base Ball.

More girls have the base-ball crase this season than ever before. At some of the games on the Polo grounds there have been upward of 1,500 in attendance. They make the grand stand picturesque, with their colored sunshades and bright gowns, and nearly all of them display an active interest in the game. Of course there are here and there in the crowd ladies who do not understand the game: they are the wives, sisters, or sweethearts of men who sacrifice business and the privileges of vacation to the sport. In one case, at least, an enthusiast had brought his mother to the grounds to see the game he so much admired, and with splendid patience he explained the various points in the play as they occurred, informed her when she ought to be pleased, taught her to despise the umpire, and actually came near making the old lady believe that she was enjoying herself. But most of the girls who attend go so from choice, and some can keep an intelligible score. They are constant in their attendance, and whenever one of them misses a game she borrows a friend's score card in order to make up her own record.

A SUN reporter went down to the St. George grounds on Staten Island to see a game. On the same boat were, among others, two girls on the same errand. One was with an escort, and, instead of having been induced to go to the game by him, it was she who had done the persuading. The other girl was alone. She wore a narrow-rimmed straw hat and a plain blue dress. She looked as trim as the typical yachtswoman, and her face preserved a thoughtful expression as she gazed over the bay at the distant grand stand. The one with the escort wanted to keep score, but he pleaded with her in a low voice not to do so, as if he saw something unladylike in such a course. She pouted, protested, and yielded. The other in a businesslike way took out a neatly bound book with "Season of 1887" in gilt letters on the cover, and proceeded to copy the names of the players in the order in which they came to bat from the official card sold by the ushers. She watched the play throughout with hardly a motion other than was required for the propelling of her stylograph pen as she recorded the various plays.

The gentleman who played the umpire was very unpopular and the crowd hooted him derisively many times. Once, when one of his rulings was unusually disagreeable to the partisans of the home club, and it seemed as if every man of the 6,000 present was either hooting, groaning, or hissing, the young lady scorer shut her lips together sternly, closed her book with a snap, and seemed to freeze. She did it in her lap, folded her hands upon it, and looked hard at the umpire, her gray eyes opening wide, as if with astonishment and indignation. It was the picture of perfectly suppressed emotion.

The other girl throughout the game was all action. She gave a little scream of delight when the ball went flying away up into the air beyond anybody's reach, and when a player failed to catch a ball or to throw it as he should she expressed her astonishment and disappointment in "ohs" and the unconscious wringing of her hands. At the point where the umpire roused such a storm of criticism she turned to her amused and somewhat embarrassed escort and exclaimed, "Oh! I wish I were a man! Wouldn't I hiss, or call that umpire names, or something!" This conveyed a terrible threat, but it was not equal, technically considered, to her previous comments on the game. They were all in the patois of base ball and alive with the slang of the day. Her best was an aspirate exclamation when the umpire called a strike on a ball that went somewhat over the striker's head: "Why doesn't he provide a step ladder?"

DID SHE FORGIVE HIM?

The Remarkable Sequel to the Elopement of W. S. Seavey and Mrs. Paddock.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

The story of W. S. Seavey, formerly City Marshal of Santa Barbara, who left his wife and eloped in 1880 with Mrs. Charles Paddock, a bosom friend of his wife, is well known. Seavey recently turned up as Chief of Police of Omaha. Seavey's wife resided in Santa Barbara. The eloping couple went to Honolulu, and all trace of them was lost until Seavey's election in Omaha recently was announced. The rest of the story has hitherto been unknown. The following story is derived from a lady in Los Angeles of the highest respectability and unquestioned veracity. She said:

"Mr. and Mrs. Seavey, as I shall call them, soon tired of Honolulu, and took a steamer for Australia. Arriving at Auckland, they concluded to make their future home there, and opened a toy shop and did a thriving business. They were a most devoted couple, the wife a fair, fragile woman, and appeared very sad. Her health was delicate. They removed to Dunedin, where Seavey entered into partnership with another man, and took a contract away up in a sparsely settled part of the north of the island. Their wives went with them. They built huts and lived like the Australian pioneers. Before long the country was visited by one of those long rains so frequent in that part of the world, and the rivers rose rapidly. The bridge near where the party lived was washed away. The floods did great damage, and many lives had been lost. No word was ever heard of the Seavey party. This cut off the power of Mrs. Paddock to give alimony until Mrs. Langworthy proved the Antwerp ceremony. This was finally done. Then Messrs. Bircham & Co. said Mr. L. was outside the jurisdiction of the court, that he was in the Argentine Republic. Mrs. Langworthy knew Bircham & Co. London, and later this was proved to have been the case. Bircham were either in league with their client or they were very gullible fools; but their false affidavit had the effect of protecting their client's pocket and defeating justice. The sole defence was that the marriage was not legal according to Belgian law. This, unhappily, proved true; but, according to English law, since Dr. Potts and Mrs. Langworthy regarded the ceremony as binding, she is looked upon as a divorced wife, and the child must be supported as if legitimate.

The decree freeing Langworthy from the marriage was not so easily obtained. Absolute until the alimony due should be paid up in full. Not one penny has ever been paid, and Mr. Langworthy coolly defies the courts of Great Britain. In April, 1886, Mrs. Langworthy heard that her husband was in England, making purchases *incog.* She was soon on his track. She made preparations for the seizure of the gentleman and his goods. There she stood on the Southampton docks alongside the steamer by which he was to sail. In came the train from London and the confiscation began. Dock hands and steamer agents at first interfered, and a row threatened at one time, but the plucky little lady stood her ground and opposition soon succumbed. Thoroughbred cattle were put right about face and driven off by Mrs. Langworthy's agents; pigs, sheep, game, ducks, and chickens were sent grunting, baaing, cackling and quacking about their business; bales of clothing, crates of groceries and much of the personal property of the Argentine nabob were seized, but the biggest bit of game was not bagged. The villain of the tragedy received news of the doings of his doughty lady, and skulked over to the continent to join the steamer at some Spanish port.

And now upon the scene appeared Mr. Langworthy, junior. She put in a claim for the goods and brought a suit against her daughter-in-law for seizure of her property. She swore that all the goods seized were hers, but when asked by the Judge when she began to wear trousers, she withdrew her claim to the unmentionables but redoubled her grasp on the rest of the confiscated goods. The case was decided in her favor, the Judge saying he had no other course, as the lady had declared on oath that the things were hers; he hoped she had not been guilty of perjury. So, in lieu of the thousands of dollars due to Mrs. Langworthy, junior, from these millionaires she seems to have received a coat of trousers and that is all. The last suit that Mrs. Langworthy, junior, has brought is for breach of promise to marry, and her damage is set at $100,000. That case is still on because Mrs. Langworthy, senior, declares on oath that her son owns nothing in England and that some time ago she sent a power of attorney out to the Agentine Republic so that property there could be transferred to her. It was when Mrs. Langworthy, junior, was driven almost to desperation by neglect and poverty that she won the advocacy of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The chivalrous editor has told the pathetic story. has showed how the metropolitan press has been choked off from reporting the case, has pointed out that though such men as Baron Huddlestone, Sir James Hannen, Mr. Justice Butt, Lords Justices Cotton, Bowen, Fry, and Lindley have all given decisions against the claims of Mrs. M. Langworthy, this millionaire has been able to successfully defy the decrees of his country. The facts of this suit have at last been made public property, and now whenever the case is up, every daily paper reports it fully, but better still, so deeply has public sympathy been aroused that a large fund is being subscribed to enable Mrs. Langworthy, junior, to prosecute her case either in England or in the Argentine Republic, as may seem best.

A LUCKY MULE.

Pensioned by the Government for Distinguished Services in Several Wars.

There lives in this country—to be more particular, at Mount Vernon, Alabama—a unique animal. This distinguished creature is a mule. It might be supposed that its uniqueness lies in its kicking, but this is not the case. It is unique because it has been regularly pensioned by the United States Government. This lucky mule's name is Mexique. He has had a long and useful career. He has certainly served his country in two wars, and it is believed that he enlisted in the army even as early as the war of 1812. When application was made for

THE PENSIONED MULE.

a pension for Mexique, his record was transmitted to the War Department, the facts being obtained from the special books in which the careers of army horses and mules are recorded. Mexique is now a white mule, but he was a sorrel when, according to the records, he entered the service during the Mexican war. A part of the army when on its homeward march in 1849 left him at Tampa, Florida.

When the civil war broke out he was still at Tampa, and during the war he served throughout the region between that place and Key West. In 1862 the post at Tampa was abandoned, and Mexique about Christmas time arrived with Battery L, Third Artillery, at the barracks, Mount Vernon, Ala. He was not in good condition, for, shortly before leaving Tampa, he got a severe kicking from a mare for attacking her colt.

Soon afterward the officer in command at Mount Vernon barracks was ordered to sell all unserviceable draught animals at auction. This would have included Mexique. In consideration of the distinguished services of this mule the commandant petitioned the Quartermaster-General that Mexique be allowed to remain in the service, the officers of the post were willing to raise a fund for that purpose. The petition, going up through various departments, reached Gen. Sherman, who, in referring the matter to the War Department, wrote:

> I have seen that mule, and whether the story be true or false, the soldiers believe he was left at Key West in the spring, where Mount Vernon barracks now are, at the time Gen. Jackson encamped there about 1819 to 1820. Tradition says it was once a sorrel, but now it is white from age. The Quartermaster's Department will be inexcusable with ingratitude if that mule is sold, or the care or maintenance of it thrown on the charitable officers of the post. I advise that it be kept in the department, fed and maintained till death. I think the mule was at Fort Morgan when I was there in 1842.

Upon this the Secretary of War issued the following order:

> Let this mule be well cared for as long as he lives.

Mexique is now feeble. According to Gen. Sherman he is nearly 70 years old. He has never recovered from the mare's kick. He has the liberty of the reservation and many distinguished strangers have called on him. He is a very lucky mule.

JAY GOULD'S NEW CAR.

The Largest and Heaviest Ever Turned Out of the Pullman Shops.

Until three weeks ago Millionaire Jay Gould has not had the luxury of having a private railway car as his own individual property. Heretofore he had used the old Union Pacific car Convoy, the property of the railway company, and reserved for the use of the President and directors, but as a matter of fact used almost exclusively by Mr. Gould in his long flying leaps from one end of the continent to the other.

But the Convoy has been assigned to a back seat now, and in its place has come fresh from the Pullman shops and resplendent in all the glory of polished woods and glittering mirrors, the beautiful car Atalanta named for Mr. Gould's fleet-footed yacht, and, like the yacht, Mr. Gould's private property. The Atalanta was turned out of the Pullman shops in Chicago three weeks ago, and brought to the Pennsylvania Railway station in Jersey City, where it now stands. Mr. Gould has not yet seen his new purchase. It was completed just after he set out on his recent yacht voyage, and its owner has not had opportunity to inspect it.

The Atalanta is remarkable in that it is by half a foot the longest car ever turned out of the Pullman shops. It is 70 feet long