FLY ROD CROSBY OF MAINE.

A CHAT WITH THE MOST EXPERT OF WOMEN FLY CASTERS.

Some of Her Wonderful Records at Catching Trout in the Maine Woods—Other Women Taught by Her to Love the Woods—A Place for Women in the Hunting Camps.

They call her Fly Rod, but her real name is Cornelia T. Crosby. She was a big drawing card at the Sportsmen's Exhibition that closed at the Madison Square Garden last night. Every old Rangeley sojourner who visited the show felt it his pleasant duty to call on her and her escort of guides at the Maine camp, and she had a lot of fresh fish stories to tell them.

Miss Crosby is the most expert woman fly caster in the world. She hails from the woods of Maine, and she is proud of it. She says that she is glad that she was born in the country and always stayed there. One more week of the show would have about finished her; and yet she thinks nothing of tramping twenty miles in a day through her native wilds in the hope of finding an undiscovered pond or bring down a deer with her rifle. When it comes to interviewing her, her friend the trout isn't in it with her as regards elusiveness. She rather brings to mind the slippery eel. She is here and there and yonder speaking to this person and that and the other, and if the interviewer catches her at all it has to be on the fly.

"Did I catch many big fish last summer?" she said, in her quick, snappy way, as she actually sat down for a few minutes. "Well, I had a very successful summer, though I did not fish as usual. Truth to tell, I don't go in so much for big fish as for big numbers. I made some tremendous records last summer. No, no, now, I shan't tell them, because people would only laugh and say, 'Something fishy about those yarns.' Only to-day a wealthy New Yorker called here at the camp and said:

"'Miss Fly Rod, I want to take my hat off to you.'

"'What for?' said I.

"'Oh, you don't remember me,' he answered, but I was at Loon Lake Camp on the Rangeleys last summer and early one morning you came in with a guide carrying thirty-two trout that you had taken in thirty-two minutes, all on the fly. I helped to eat 'em.'

"'Of course I took 'em on the fly, for I wouldn't fish with anything else but a fly,' I retorted, and he laughed and passed on.

"The largest trout I took last season weighed five pounds and two ounces. Size, however, has nothing to do with the sport," she added scornfully. "It's yanking a fish as fast as you can cast a fly that makes angling the greatest sport in the world. Excuse me a minute," she exclaimed, and was off like a shy rocket to arrange some fishing with some of her guides.

"Where did I leave off?" she asked, when she returned. "Oh, yes, I know, I was going to say that some people say fishing isn't so good in Maine as it used to be. It's all tommyrot. Fishing is increasing. We have a very fine Board of Fish Commissioners in our State and they have been making a specialty of fish culture. As a result the waters of Maine are increasing their supply of trout and salmon to a very great extent through protection and restocking. This is proved by the fact that where five years ago lakes Maranacook and Cobosseconta and many other ponds had almost no trout, they are now said by the Commissioners to offer trout fishing as good as can be found anywhere in the State.

"Many private hatcheries are maintained by owners of camps, sporting clubs, and individuals, and all these are working in harmony with the Commissioners for the general promotion of Maine as the game fish region of the world. Then again, in Aroostook county, which is larger than the State of Massachusetts, there are many ponds and lakes abounding in fish where a fly has never yet been cast. I'm the only woman who have ever angled in many of our ponds and lakes in the wilds, and I know about these things. Nobody need have any fear but what we'll keep our fishing up to the present top notch."

"Has your example caused many other women to learn to cast a fly?" asked the interviewer, as Miss Crosby began to look around once more restlessly.

"Oh, hundreds," she answered and then modified it by saying, "I mean many, a great many. I've taken lots of women to the woods and taught them the art. Some of my pupils are wealthy New York women. I saw a great many more women fishing last summer than I ever saw before. The men all say that if it hadn't been for me they would never have taken to it. Lots of men got me to persuade their wives to go into the woods. The men want the women there. Women are welcome. The men hail them with delight and meet them on the footing of chums. Do you know, I find that the woods have a refining effect on men and women. A true sportsman—not a sporting man, mind you—is always a gentleman, I find. My acquaintance among the former is large, but I don't know many sporting women. The sportsmen are glad that women are becoming interested in fly casting. I met many women from Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, and Mount Holyoke last summer, and all were enthusiastic over trout fishing.

"Do women make as good anglers as men? I think when a woman loves the woods she is even more devoted to the life than a man, because it is her nature to feel more. Another thing: If a woman is a real angler she never tires, and she can catch just as many fish as a man. I'll modify that statement by saying that she never tires if she is dressed properly. The trouble about sport women is that they don't dress properly. They should never wear corsets. I wear thick underflannels summer and winter, black tights, a short skirt, high-laced boots with thick soles and low, broad heels, and a shirt waist or sweater, generally the latter. I believe in comfort, solid comfort. Now most sport women are silly about their feet. I'm six feet tall, and am not ashamed of my number six boot. Pride doesn't affect a real sportswoman. Do you know what I think? Common sense is the rarest sense in the world. Women sportsmen, or sportswomen, or whatever you call 'em, are rapidly increasing in number. Now, why don't they dress right in and dress appropriately and comfortably? I hate society. It's false. That's the reason I love the woods. The people you meet in the woods don't say 'I'm charmed to see you' when they wish you were at home. If they don't want you around they tell you to make yourself scarce. There all affectation is laid aside, and people get near to nature's heart and are sincere and honest."

"Can the average woman keep cool and exhibit the necessary nerve when she hooks a big trout?" asked the interviewer as Miss Crosby returned from another business expedition that took her clear across the Garden.

"Indeed she can," answered the expert indignantly. "It doesn't take any nerve to begin with, and its a rare thing to see a woman sportsman who isn't level-headed and cool when casting flies. Women have more perseverence and patience than men. Women used to shout and act like fools in the woods. There was a time when they thought it was horrid, and said I was crazy and ought to go to an asylum, but now they have concluded that I'm just spoiling some doctor's practice.

"I had great sport with some women in the woods last year. The women went on, laughing merrily at the thought of it. "I was at Moose Head Lake. There was a gentleman there from this city who had been very kind to me. One day he came up and said:

"'Fly Rod, I want you to do me a big favor.'

"'What is it?' I asked. 'Turn about is fair play.'

"'I want you to get my wife into the woods,' he confided. 'I'm crazy for her to become a good sportsman. It's so much jollier for a fellow to have his wife in the game, too. Now you persuade her and her two friends to go with us into the woods for a day or two.'

"Well, I promised to try, and I did. All three women were very wealthy and very cranky. First they would go, then they wouldn't, and finally they agreed that they would, and the time for our departure was fixed. Of course, they had never spent a night in the woods in their lives. They came down to make the start togged out in long, silk-lined skirts, French kid boots, silk stockings, and lace underwear. I was afraid to say anything for fear they would back out of going. I happened to remark that I would take my rifle.

"'Oh, mercy, no. I won't go a foot if you do,' screamed one of the women. 'I won't go anywhere with a rifle.'

"'But suppose we should meet a big bear or want to give a signal?' said I, trying to scare her. 'We would need a rifle.'

"'I won't go a foot if you take it,' she reiterated firmly, and I knew she meant business; so off we started without it.

"As soon as we got on the steamer one of the others spoke up and said:

"'Where's your rifle?'

"I told her her friend wouldn't let me bring it, and she began to vow that she wouldn't go without it; so back one of the guides had to go for that rifle. Finally we got off, and after a while we got to a place where we had to make a carry—that is, walk for about a mile and a half, while the guides dragged the boat. If you could have heard those women! They were scared to death, and got indignant because I wouldn't let one of the guides lead the way. He would have had to walk six miles, and just for their silly whims. I'd never been over the trail before, but I can follow any trail. After talking and talking and talking, they agreed to go on if I would take the rifle and go ahead. They followed, perfectly satisfied, and didn't find out until we were safe back in the hotel that I didn't have a cartridge. I had forgot to get any from the guides. When we got to the camp I took 103 fish for supper and breakfast, and our party saw fifteen deer, a fox, a moose, and a woodchuck on the trip. The three women had all the crankiness completely knocked out of them and were carried away with their experience. They are all preparing to spend several weeks in the woods this summer, and are going to adopt my style of costume.

"Life in the woods broadens women and makes them more companionable to men. Women are jealous and spiteful, I'm afraid, and the woods will cure them of this. I never knew that I had an enemy until I made some reputation as an angler. Human nature might well take a lesson from nature. She tries to cover up all defects. Even a decaying old tree is covered with moss in the summer, and in the winter the snow comes to hide the things that aren't perfect. Women sportsmen never gossip; neither do true sportsmen. It's a great life, and women are beginning to find it out. The Maine woods will be full of 'em this year."

If the Maine woods are not full of sportsmen and their wives and daughters and sisters during the coming season, it won't be Miss Crosby's fault. She never fails to tell anybody what great times are to be had up there, and she has travelled nearly 4,000 miles since the 1st of January, getting up the main exhibit for the Sportsmen's Show. She holds no office from the State, and the exhibit was a private enterprise worked out mainly through her individual effort and that of her many influential friends in her State.

SUES HER SAMOAN UNCLE.

The Daughter of a Princess Seeks to Compel the Payment of $4,000.

On next Tuesday the testimony of Mrs. Edward Bourdois will be taken in the United States Circuit Court in Brooklyn in a suit which she brought against her uncle, David S. Parker, a prominent American resident of Apia, Samoa, before the United States Consul there nearly a year ago.

Mrs. Bourdois sues for the recovery of about $4,000, represented by two promissory notes for £400 each, indorsed to her by the defendant. An interesting story is back of the action.

Parker and a German overseer named Von Raffard married sisters who were nearly enough related to the King of the Samoan Islands to be called Princesses. Von Raffard was lost on a voyage of a trading schooner of which he was in command, and when his widow died a little later, their daughter Harriet, then an infant, was adopted by Parker, her uncle.

Parker, whose business ventures had proved successful, devoted large sums to his ward's education, which was completed by sending her to Europe and the United States.

While abroad Miss Von Raffard, or Miss Raffard, as she was best known, met Edward Bourdois, at present of the firm of Bourdois Brothers, men's outfitters, 1 Park place, and became engaged to him before her return to Apia, in 1894.

It was arranged that the young man should follow as soon as he could and claim her as his bride.

Shortly after Miss Raffard returned to Apia, her uncle's house was burned and she lost her jewels and wardrobe. Parker, as is alleged in the suit now pending, gave her the two notes at that time, with a memorandum stating that he transferred them "for and in consideration of his love and affection for her." She afterward, it is further alleged, intrusted the notes to Parker for safekeeping and collection, but has received no return from him since.

In the meantime Bourdois followed Miss Raffard to Samoa, and their marriage was celebrated with a native feast. Bourdois, who, the lawyers for Mrs. Bourdois say, is the son of a French Count, was regarded as a social lion in Apia, and his wife's uncle spent a large sum on the marriage festivities. This was in July, 1895, and the young couple left for this country soon after and made their home in Brooklyn.

The suit which has brought these facts to light was begun through the Samoan representatives of Arnow & Cryer, lawyers, 150 Nassau street. Parker, in his defence, denied the claim entirely, and instituted a counter suit for $10,000 damages for libel.

AFRAID TO TELL HIS NAME.

Says He's a City Official and Might Get Into Trouble—In Hospital After Drinking.

A well-dressed man, who weighed about 200 pounds, went into the Colonial Hotel, at 125th street and Eighth avenue, yesterday morning and, after eating breakfast, went to the barroom, where he called for a glass of brandy. After drinking the brandy he fell to the floor unconscious. An ambulance was called and he was removed to the Manhattan Hospital.

When he recovered consciousness, at 7 o'clock last night, he told the hospital doctors that he was employed in the City Government, and might lose his job if his name got into print. Consequently, he refused to give it. He said that he believed he had been drugged, and claimed to have been robbed of $40. The police said it was an ordinary case of drunkenness.

THE OPERA.

"Lohengrin" Repeated at the Matinee Performance of the Damrosch Troupe.

"Lohengrin" was repeated yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan with the same cast as on last Monday evening, save for the substitution of Herr Behrens for Stehmann in the role of *King Henry*.

Herr Krauss was again announced to sing the title part in the opera, and was a second time withdrawn on account of continued indisposition. Herr Kalisch once more threw himself into the breach, therefore, and, though his voice showed very pardonable signs of overwork, he acquitted himself admirably, singing with less force than on the previous occasion, but, on the other hand, with more repose and less sentimentality. Kalisch performed a herculean task last week, singing in four performances of heavy Wagner opera.

Mme. Nordica was in better condition than on last Monday, using her beautiful voice with much more of ease and freedom. Mme. Lehmann, on the contrary, had evidently not entirely recovered from the effects of *Isolde*. Her voice sounded distinctly weary, and the effects which she produced with it were consequently less electrifying than before.

Herr Schmer was also laboring under difficulties yesterday, and some of his part was cut out. He did not appear on the church steps yesterday to forbid the banns, so that the wedding of *Elsa* and *Lohengrin* was celebrated under less than the usual stress, and fully ten minutes ahead of time. The chorus did its best to sing its worst, and succeeded painfully well.

John McClay Hurt.

While John McClay, 66 years old, of 140 West 103d street was boarding an elevated train at the uptown station at Fifty-ninth street and Ninth avenue last night his foot caught between the station and the car platform and was severely crushed. He was removed to Roosevelt Hospital, where it was found that he had sustained a broken leg, contusions of the face and scalp, and was suffering from shock. Mr. McClay is the editor of the *Household Companion*. At 11 o'clock he was resting easily, and the doctors said that his injuries were not very serious.

A Member of Parliament Whether or No.

That a man could be elected to represent a constituency in Parliament without any knowledge of the fact seems impossible; yet such has been the case of Mr. Alfred Pease, now M. P. for Cleveland. Mr. Pease was travelling abroad when a vacancy occurred and he was nominated and afterward elected by a good majority. Sir Joseph Pease received a telegram from his son from Arden in these terms: "News of candidature and election received. I will try and merit the honor my friends and neighbors have conferred." Such an occurrence could hardly take place in this country.

Arrested for Performing a Criminal Operation.

Mrs. Annie Vetter, a midwife, of 419 East Fifth street, was locked up in the West Forty-seventh street station house at midnight last night charged with performing a criminal operation.

Mrs. Fannie Bloom, a young married woman, 25 years old, lies dying at her home, 162 West Fiftieth street, and in an ante-mortem statement made to Coroner Hoeber last night she charged Mrs. Vetter with being responsible for her condition.

Diamond Robbery in West 113th Street.

The house of Robert Hartmann, at 254 West 113th street, was robbed on St. Patrick's day, while the family were at dinner, of $1,800 worth of jewelry. The thieves got in through the scuttle.

Among the plunder were a large fly-shaped diamond pin, a lady's ring with a 1¼-karat diamond, a marquise ring, a man's scarfpin with four diamonds, and a pair of diamond earrings with four stones.

Populists Get No Encouragement from Speaker Reed.

WASHINGTON, March 20.—The Populist members of the Senate and House held a joint caucus to-night to hear the report of the committee appointed to confer with Speaker Reed about representation on the Committee on Ways and Means and other committees. The committee reported that they got no encouragement from the Speaker, and the caucus directed that the communication to him, which stated their reasons for their demand, be published.

Coal Wagon Breaks Down; Driver Hurt.

A coal wagon broke down on the down cable car track at the Brooklyn Bridge entrance yesterday afternoon. The front axle snapped at the hub, and when the wagon box dropped Louis Dinstorf, the driver, was landed on the pavement left hip down, fracturing the left femur. The coal and wagon, which belong to Hencken & Co., blocked up the cable road for a while, and caused a crowd to gather. Dinstorf is 28 years old, is married, and lives at 435 East Twelfth street.

PLATT DOESN'T SEE BLACK.

TALKS WITH HIM BY TELEPHONE ABOUT VARIOUS MATTERS.

It Is Believed That the Metropolitan Police Bill Will Be Laid Aside—A Final Conference on the Subject To-Day—Supt. Payn Coming Down—More Talk of Early Adjournment.

Senator Platt talked with Gov. Black over the long-distance telephone yesterday and explained that it would be somewhat inconvenient to accept the Governor's invitation to come to Albany and visit him on this trip. He said that he was crowded with business affairs and that it would be necessary for him to get back to Washington as soon as possible, to participate in important matters which are just now confronting the Republican party. On his next visit to New York Mr. Platt will endeavor to accept the Governor's invitation.

Gov. Black wanted to talk with Senator Platt about prospective legislation affecting the Republican party in the State, but after the talk over the long-distance telephone they agreed that it would be time enough later on.

Superintendent Payn in the mean time left Albany and with other Republicans will discuss to-day with Senator Platt the fate of the Lauterbach Metropolitan Police bill. Superintendent Payn enjoys to the highest degree the confidence of Gov. Black, and he will, it was said, convey the Governor's impressions about the bill.

Senator Platt and Gov. Black understood each other fully in their talk over the 'phone, but it was considered to be advisable for all the Republicans who participate in the consultation to-day to learn in detail Gov. Black's views concerning the bill.

The impression prevailed last night that, while all hands believe the Lauterbach bill to be a just measure, it is considered somewhat impolitic to introduce it at this time, especially since Mayor Strong has taken the initiative to remove Police Commissioner Andrew D. Parker.

Indeed, some Republicans asserted openly that the majority of the Republicans who were to get together at the Fifth Avenue Hotel to-day would decide not to introduce the Lauterbach bill at this time. After the consultation to-day this idea may be changed, but it was not believed to be likely.

There is a strong disposition to get through the work of legislation at Albany as quickly as possible and adjourn. It is considered that it will be good politics if the Legislature can be adjourned not later than April 22, and there were Republicans at the Fifth Avenue Hotel yesterday, members of the Assembly and the Senate, who believed that the Legislature should adjourn on the very day that the Greater New York charter is passed and sent to Gov. Black. The Raines amendment will not continue to cut a figure in the deliberations of the Republicans. It is said to be decided that they are to be pushed through at Albany, although, in view of the objection of some of the city members, it may become necessary to make the amendments the subject for caucus action.

A number of Republicans of more or less eminence in both country and city districts have not fathomed the reason why Mayor Strong decided to take action against Commissioner Parker just at this time. Mayor Strong, it was conceded, has undoubtedly undertaken to remove Parker on the advice of the Republican leaders in Albany, and the Republicans not in the confidence of Mayor Strong and his associates believe it wise to go a little slow until the motive, political or otherwise, for Mayor Strong's action at this time is thoroughly understood. It is also suggested by Republicans not in the confidence of Mayor Strong and his friends that if Mayor Strong and Police Commissioners are Mayor Strong's appointees, that the Mayor "has the Commissioners on his hands," and that it would do no harm to continue to allow Mayor Strong to wrestle with the problem which he framed for himself. This was considered to be a sort of home rule doctrine which his Honor the Mayor should be inclined to appreciate.

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State Superintendent of Insurance Louis F. Payn and State Superintendent of Public Works George W. Aldridge, as well as Senator John Raines, took up a good deal of the Governor's time in private consultation.

HIS APOLOGY WASTED.

Entirely Unnecessary Lengths to Which a Polite Passenger Went.

From the Chicago Daily Tribune.

An incident which happened on a northbound Wabash avenue car yesterday brought a smile to the faces of the few passengers who were privileged to witness it. As the ridiculous features of the case developed the smile gave way to a hearty laugh.

Among the passengers who boarded the car long before it reached Twelfth street was an old gentleman who rode on the front platform, smoking a cigar. The old man carried a cane in one hand, although there was nothing in his personal appearance to indicate that he needed it as an aid in walking.

The platform on which the old gentleman stood contained half a dozen other passengers, who were also indulging in the luxury of a smoke. One of them was crowded over against the wire guard which the company considerately provides on the side of the platform next the track on which cars are going in an opposite direction, to prevent passengers falling off and being run over before the conductor can collect the fare.

As the car neared Van Buren street the young man who had been leaning against the guard started to leave the car. He crowded past the man who had kicked the handle bar, and in doing so accidentally trod on the old gentleman's toes. Everybody who saw the occurrence thought, of course, it hurt, but the old man never winced.

The younger passenger was in the very act of jumping off the car when a realization of his discourtesy seemed to dawn upon him. He thereupon stepped back on the platform and, accosting the old gentleman, began a profuse and elaborate apology.

While this amende honorable was being made the car had covered half a block of ground. The old gentleman listened patiently to all the explanations the young man had to offer; then he said:

"Stepped on my foot, did you? Well, well, well! I wish I'd known it at the time! But it's all right, young man. You may walk on that foot all you want to. It's been a cork foot for a matter of a dozen years now. It's inconvenient sometimes, but, thank heaven, there are no corns on it."

FEATHERS VS. FUR.

A Novel Battle Between a Roadrunner and a Cat in California.

From the San Diego Tribune.

Recently a singular fight between a bird and a beast was witnessed at Chula Vista, in San Diego county. While Mr. Henderson of Iowa was visiting his brother, G. L. Henderson, and was being shown about the country, they were treated to the novel spectacle.

It was the first roadrunner Mr. and Mrs. Henderson had ever seen. It came running gracefully down the gravelled avenue to meet its friend and owner, Mr. Dalton. A favorite kitten also claimed special attention and proved a general favorite. The pugnacious bird wheeled upon its feline competitor, and a battle ensued that terminated in the routing of the cat, which spat and scratched and lashed its tail with tiger-like fury. The roadrunner took good care to keep out of the clutches of its enemy. It struck with its beak and jumped with an agility that was most amazing. No acrobat or pugilist could jump better or strike more effectively. The victorious bird stepped forward with a proud, elastic step to receive the caresses of its owner. It seemed to be as proud of the applause of the onlookers as it had been jealous of the competition of the cat.

The domestic tiger had not given up the desire to redeem his reputation and wreak his wrath on his pitiless antagonist. He reappeared, taking care to keep in the shelter, and jumped at his adversary. The feathered warrior used every device to drive the cat from its stronghold. The roadrunner seemed cautious at first, but soon began a most vigorous assault by a succession of leaps over the cat, each time dealing it a terrible blow, while in every instance it eluded the teeth and claws with a dexterity that defies description. At last the cat could stand these attacks no longer. It darted down the steps to escape, but its tormentor caught it by the tail and held on like a devilfish till both disappeared from sight behind the woodshed. The roadrunner soon returned, and manifested by every motion all the pride of the conqueror. The vanquished cat came back no more.

Mr. Henderson declared that it was the most ably conducted war between feathers and fur that he had ever seen, and that he would never forget the most beautiful and the most pugnacious bird of California.

A Brooklyn Laborer Killed by a Fall.

Michael Maloney, 45 years old of 250 Wythe avenue, Brooklyn, a laborer on the Polhemus Memorial building, which is to be an extension to the Long Island College Hospital, at Amity and Henry streets, fell yesterday from a scaffolding on the top floor to the extension, a distance of fifty feet, and was instantly killed.

Where Yesterday's Fires Were.

A. M.—1:10, 141 Bowery, damage slight; 6:45, 103 West Sixty-fourth street, Charles Bouche, damage slight; 7:10, 765 Lexington avenue, F. Fenouillet, no damage; 7:15, 808 East Ninety-fifth street, New York Carpet Lining Company, damage trifling; 9:45, 325 East Seventieth street, J. Sperro, damage $25; 11:30, 703 Morris avenue, August Knobloch, damage $100.

P. M.—3:50, 438 West Fifty-eighth street, Adolph Cleiglimer, trifling.

TWO YEARS IN OILDOM.

A Romantic Era with Phenomenal Development.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

It is now about two years since the phenomenal advance in oil, occasioned by what was thought to be the extinction of the stocks in the winter of 1894-5. During that two years one of the most exciting chapters of oil region history has been written, and the epoch passes away to find conditions but little changed in any respect. The market is a few cents lower, with a hope of an upward tendency, just as existed at the opening of March, 1895. The stocks have increased considerable, yet not enough to create any excitement. The number of new wells has been unprecedented in the two years, more having been drilled since the opening of 1895 than in the best three years previously and nearly as many as in the five years just preceding.

Two years ago oil men became imbued with the fear that the oil territory was reaching its limit. The notion spread as the stocks fell rapidly, and in March such a panic took possession of the market as even the oldest operators had never seen, and which, as subsequent experiences have shown, was wholly groundless. In a few days after the price of crude started upward it ran away, and from the edge of the dollar mark it bounded upward until the price reached $2.60, a figure never dreamed of by anybody. It could not long hold that unnatural lodgement, and almost as quickly as it went up the high figures were shaded off. But the market held above a dollar until just before the holidays, or nearly two years.

The experience of the two phenomenal years in the oil field has developed two things beyond doubt. The American oil regions are not in danger of exhaustion. Nor are the American fields likely to depend right away again on the big and enduring pools that began with Pithole and reached the climax in the great black-sand stayer at Bradford. Since the excitement began in 1895 the drill has been uncommonly busy. The number of new wells each year has exceeded 7,000, the total for the two years being almost 15,000. In new territory the scout and wildcatter have prosecuted their work, and in fields already run over the drill has been made to do duty. Strangely enough, it is not in new country that the prizes have been met that reward the efforts of the operator. The best pools have been in country thought to have been thoroughly explored, and in its day abandoned. Among the best producers were the Chipmunk and the Watsonville pools, in the Bradford field, and every foot of the ground has been as familiar to the driller for years as the best leases in the neighborhood. The Bingham lot was the beginning of the Bradford renaissance. Then Watsonville followed, and a region that had been drilled and drilled until the notion that oil would ultimately be found there furnished a theme for a joke. Chipmunk was pretty nearly as decisively condemned. Yet the two of them have been producing oil enough to stay the decline in stocks and to add materially to the quantity on hand. In Washington county the Cecil pool was one of the most evanescent ever known. In a year it ceased to cut a figure in the calculations of the Republicans. It said to be decided that they are to be pushed through at Albany, although, in view of the objection of some of the city members, it may become necessary to make the amendments the subject for caucus action.

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LYONS A LUCKY BOXER.

HE MEETS JOHNNY LAVACK AND WINS IN THE LAST ROUND.

The Clevelander Has the Better of the Contest Until His Collapse—Rotchford Beats Zimpher—Callahan and Farragher Fight a Draw—The Belmont A. C.'s First Show a Success.

Dolly Lyons of this city scored an unexpected victory over Johnny Lavack of Cleveland in the last round of their twenty-round bout at the first show of the Belmont A. C., 124th street and Eighth avenue, last night.

About 2,500 persons were present. Jimmy Carroll of Brooklyn was referee, while Fred Taral, the jockey, was timekeeper. Just before the show began the management announced that the club would in the future be known as the National Sporting Club, owing to the fact that several clubs have been chartered in this city under the name of Belmont.

Billy Rotchford of Chicago, Tommy White's pupil, and Frank Zimpher of Buffalo opened the sport with a ten-round bout at 118 pounds. The boxers were equally matched in point of cleverness, but Zimpher seemed to be the harder hitter. Rotchford led off with a straight left, finding Zimpher's face, and then brought his right across. Zimpher, however, ducked cleverly, and put his right clean into the stomach.

Rotchford's left leads were much in evidence in the second, third, and part of the fourth round, and made the Buffalo boxer a bit weary. Frank, however, in the fourth roused himself and drove in his left into the body with telling effect. Rotchford began to tire under the blows and was forced to embrace.

Zimpher began the fifth round quite strong, but suddenly weakened after getting some more stiff left-handers on the face and neck. Rotchford failed to take advantage of his antagonist's plight and allowed him to come around in good shape.

There was very little fighting in the sixth round, but in the seventh, eighth, and ninth rounds the boxers came together in lively style and swung and countered with much force. Rotchford still played havoc with Zimpher's face through the medium of his left, but could not bring his man down. Zimpher began the tenth with a determined rush, landing full swings with both hands on Rotchford's head and jaw. Rotchford was very groggy, and looked as if he would fall at any minute. He recovered, however, and nailed Zimpher hard until the gong sounded. A draw was expected, but Rotchford received the award.

Sammy Callahan of Buffalo and Mike Farragher of Youngstown, O., figured in the next "go," limited to ten rounds at 135 pounds. Farragher was substituted for Jim Holmes, who was unable to appear owing to illness. Farragher's pretensions as a pugilist are his ability to swing wildly and take unlimited punishment.

Callahan, who had never before boxed in public in this city, showed up in fair form, but demonstrated that he had only a right hand. In the first and second rounds Callahan drove in his right with pile-driving force into the ribs, and sent Farragher back a few paces. The latter, when he came close to his man, swung wildly and caught him on the neck just as he was about to duck. The blow nearly sent Callahan off his pins.

Farragher seemed greatly refreshed in the third round, and punched away for the body. This seemed to be Sammy's weak spot, and he began to show signs of collapse. In the fourth, fifth, and sixth rounds Callahan recovered sufficiently to smash the Ohio boxer stiffly in the face and in the ribs.

The more punishment Farragher received, however, the better he seemed to like it, for he returned still eager to fight and mix it up. Callahan began the seventh round with a vicious upper cut, but missed it by nearly a yard. Callahan tried again and hit Farragher in the stomach. In the eighth and ninth rounds Callahan had the better of the exchanges. In the last round Farragher scored heavily, and sent Callahan to the floor twice. The latter was much exhausted when the round ended, and the referee was compelled to call the bout a draw.

The principals in the final bout of twenty rounds at 121 pounds, Lavack and Dolly Lyons, entered the ring at about 9:27 o'clock. Both were far from being in shape, and looked as though they were over weight. Lavack led for Dolly's jaw in the first round, but Lyons evaded the blow by pushing his head to one side. Lyons then swung and missed. Lavack forced him to the ropes with a rush, and in the clinch got home his right in the ribs. In the second round Lavack played for the stomach. Two blows in this spot from his left made Lyons stagger, but the latter was full of fight and returned with a jab on the mouth. Then they mixed it up, each doing good work. Near the close of the round Lavack sent Lyons half way across the stage with a heavy jolt on the vital spot.

Lyons put several left short-arm uppercuts on Lavack's chin in the third round, but they did not seem to hurt. Lavack then stopped a vicious lead with his right and countered hard with his left. Lyons mixed it up near the end, but did not get out of the way of Lavack's corking left. Lavack forced matters in the fourth round, and kept Lyons on the defensive. Both boys exchanged some damaging knocks at close quarters, but managed to keep aloof from well-intended swings. Lavack had Dolly's jaw twice, but the blows were only glancing ones. In the fifth round Johnny with a right swing as the bell sounded, Lavack rushed for the most part of the fifth round, and raised a mouse over Lyons's right eye with his left hand.

Lavack rushed Lyons to the ropes at the beginning of the sixth round, but couldn't land. Lyons seemed to be a better judge of distance and kept the Clevelander in check with rights on the neck and ear. The boxers only fiddled in the seventh round, but in the eighth Lavack kept swinging his left glove on Dolly's jaw. The blows had considerable ginger behind them, and made Dolly wince. He tried to use a left for the stomach and a right hook for the jaw in the ninth round, but Lyons got out of harm's way. Then Lavack used different tacti s, and nearly put his man through the ropes with a clean right on the cheek.

Lavack missed many wicked leads in the tenth round and overreached himself trying to put Lyons to sleep. The misses seemed to take a good deal of his strength away. Lavack was the aggressor in the eleventh round and put his left into the stomach twice. He tried to land the same hand on the jaw, but Lyons protected this spot admirably The latter sent Lavack's head back with his left in the twelfth round and pressed him to the ropes. He repeated the dose a moment later and again forced Lavack back. Lavack ran into the same hand trying to deliver a right swing, and was nearly floored.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth rounds Lavack kept aiming for Lyon's body, but Dolly stalled him off cleverly. The Cleveland man put a stiff right on Dolly's ear in the fourteenth round, but missed a left swing. Just as Lyons came up, however, he punched him on the jaw with the same hand and made Lyons reel toward the ropes.

Lyons scored two jabs in a pretty mix-up which followed. Honors were easy in the fifteenth and sixteenth rounds. In the seventeenth round both pugilists got in some hard blows. Lyons staggered Lavack twice with lefts on the mouth and jaw, but was careless in evading the returns.

The eighteenth round was tame. Lavack opened the nineteenth with a terrific left swing on the mark, causing Dolly to bite his lips. Lyons made an ineffectual attempt to upper cut and was caught with another left, which shook him up. Lyons kept dancing about Lavack in the last round, leading at intervals.

Lavack sidestepped and swung for the jaw, but Lyons ducked. Lavack made another lead, but Lyons anticipated the punch and lowered his head. As he did so both lads came together with a thump, and Lavack fell groggy to the floor.

It did not seem as if a blow was struck. Lavack tried to arise, but collapsed as soon as Lyons rushed. Lavack was nearly out. At this juncture Capt. Devery stepped into the ring and stopped further hostilities. Referee Carroll gave the decision to Lyons.

RIFLE AND REVOLVER SHOOTING.

Clever Exhibitions on the Ranges of the Seventh Regiment.

The Seventh Regiment Armory was thronged last evening when the Revolver and Adjutant's trophy matches, open to revolver shots, and the Smith trophy match for rifle experts were decided on the ranges. In the Revolver match, open to all commissioned officers of the regiment and to the non-commissioned staff, five shots at ten yards, Lieut. G. M. Carnochan, on the staff, won with a perfect score of 25. Sergeant G. M. Kalloch of the non-commissioned staff was second with a score of 24, and Lieut. H. C. Du Val of Company I third with 23.

In the Adjutants' trophy match, the three officers of the same company making the highest score on the first entry were declared the winners. The competition was won by Company I's team, with a total of sixty points, and Lieut. H. C. Du Val made the top score of twenty-three. The Smith trophy match, a volley competition open to teams of twenty-four men, seven shots, standing, at the word of command, was won by Company B, with a score of 650, just Callahan's the company's last year's total. Summaries follow:

ADJUTANT'S TROPHY.

Company I.—Capt. F. G. Landon, 21; First Lieut. B. C. Du Val, 23; Second Lieut. J. W. Cleveland, 16. Total 60.

Company H.—Capt. C. E. Lydecker, 17; First Lieut. J. R. Holland, 17; Second Lieut. W. J. Underwood, 22. Total, 56.

Company K—Capt. R. McLean, 21; First Lieut. A. E. White, 17; Second Lieut. J. J. White, Jr., 15. Total, 53.

Company E—Capt. W. V. Fiske, 19; First Lieut. H. M. Nesbitt, 14; Second Lieut. J. S. Schuyler, 20. Total, 53.

Company F—Capt. G. W. Rand, 22; First Lieut. M. B. Stelle, 18; Second Lieut. C. W. Nichols, 19. Total, 49.

Company B—Capt. W. C. Park, 22; First Lieut. R. Mazet, 3; Second Lieut. G. S. Towle, 22. Total, 50.

REVOLVER MATCH.

Lieut. G. M. Carnochan, staff, 25; Sergeant R. M. Kalloch, N. C. S., 24; Lieut. H. C. Du Val, Company I, 23; Lieut. W. J. Underwood, Company H, 23; Sergeant H. Groesbeck, N. C. S., 23; Capt. W. H. Palmer, staff, 22; Capt. R. Fiske, Company K, 22; Capt. G. W. Rand, Company F, 22; Lieut. G. S. Towle, Company D, 22.

SMITH TROPHY MATCH.

Company H—Private S. W. Ford, 31; Private R. W. Butler, 31; Private M. B. Atkinson, 30; Private G. S. McAdin, 30; Sergeant J. J. Gaynor, 30; Sergeant J. S. Worthersoon, 30; Private G. R. Storm, 29; Private A. R. Bunnell, 29; Lieut. W. J. Underwood, 29; Corporal G. R. Martin, 28; Private G. F. Pelhata, 28; Private M. K. Miller, 28; Private A. E. Drake, 27; Corporal E. W. Lamson, 27; Private W. A. Brooks, 27; Private J. A. Kill, 27; Private H. O. Dean, 26; Sergeant W. B. Miles, 26; Private S. M. Richardson, 26; Corporal A. R. Angell, 25; Corporal J. H. Ford, 25; Sergeant J. A. Davidson, 24; Corporal A. M. Pressenger, 22; Lieut. J. Stollanz, 20. Total, 650.

Other companies' scores were:

Company I, 648; Company F, 648; Company G, 627; Company R, 621; Company D, 609; Company C, 594; Company K, 586; Company A (21 men), 549; Company E (18 men), 473.

Football.

PATERSON, March 20.—The semi-final game for the cup championship of the American Football Association took place at Willard Park this afternoon between the Kearney Athletics of Newark and the Champion True Blues of this city. The grounds were in rather poor condition owing to the weather, but the fast forward work of the Blues enabled them to score seven goals to their opponent's four. To-day's victory entitles the True Blues to meet the Manx team of Philadelphia for the championship of the United States, and the chances of the trophy again coming to this city are excellent, as the local team is stronger than ever.

A GOOD MEMORY FOR FACES.

**The Remarkable Faculty of a Roadside Innkeeper on the Boul