LIKE QUANTRELL'S WAY.

OUR TACTICS DISCUSSED BY AN OLD CONFEDERATE.

Gen. De Wet's Escape From the British Compared to Guerrilla Exploits in Missouri During the Civil War—Why the British Regular Troops Are at a Disadvantage.

The old rebel had just read an account of the escape of Gen. DeWet, the Boer leader, from a trap which the British had set for him and he was gloating over it as the daring exploit of a skilful man.

"That's the kind of fighting that kept the Civil War going long after the South had no chance," he said. "It's just pure nerve, but it is magnificent, and it makes my heart bound for those fellows over there. They are as fine a set of free fighters as the world has produced since Quantrell and his guerrillas went roaming through the State of Missouri, spreading death and destruction in their pathway. The Boers remind me very much of Quantrell and his band in the methods they employ and in the spirit which actuates them in their unequal fight.

"Now I'm not going to put up a defence of Quantrell. It's too late for that sort of thing. There will always be people who think they were a lot of murderers and there will always be people who will think they were heroes. The opinion on this point depends largely on what were the sympathies of the person passing judgment at the time of the Civil War. I'm free to confess that I was a Southerner in my views and hence I believe that Quantrell and his men were justified in most of what they did. But let that go. Suppose we make our comparison between the Missouri guerrillas and the Boers now fighting in the field purely as fighters. If we do that, I'm sure the resemblance will be plain to all and some light will be thrown on the causes of Boer success in the face of overwhelming odds.

"The Boers are fighting for their country. They believe implicitly in the justice of their cause and they are willing to die for it if they can but win freedom for their country. They are all born horsemen. From the days of their childhood they have been taught to ride and shoot. They have lived active, outdoor lives and they are hardened to the exertions consequent to days and nights in the saddle. Furthermore, they know every inch of the ground over which they are fighting, and that is the most important point of all. It was in this particular that the Missouri guerrillas had an immense advantage over their Federal opponents. Then, too, they have the active assistance and sympathy of practically all the people in the country in which they are fighting. This is an immense advantage. How great it is was shown by the remnant of Quantrell's band when, after the war, they were pursued by both Federal and State officers for years and successfully eluded capture.

"The Boer guerrillas are all on horseback. They can move with surprising swiftness and this factor, coupled with their knowledge of the country, and their sources of information through the friendship of the people, make it possible for them to evade a fight except when they have a fair chance to win. This was exactly what Quantrell did. Persons who have not followed the career of that remarkable man and his lieutenants, have no idea of the tremendous odds against which they fought with almost unvarying success. Leaving out of consideration the tales of bloodshed, which true or false have been circulated about these men, and looking at them merely as fighters without fear their record is almost beyond belief and really for deeds of daring surpasses that of the heroic Boers. There was not so much of military science in what Quantrell did. He was undoubtedly the inferior of De Wet as a leader of large bodies of men. He had no aptitude for that sort of thing. What he loved was a small band of picked men who would follow him to death or capture or ignominy, regardless of consequences to themselves. And that is just the kind of crowd he had around him. His force rarely exceeded 150 or 200 men. They could all ride and shoot. They knew no fear. Most of them had a personal motive for taking the field, at least they said they did, although their modes belied that they followed Quantrell for love of blood-letting and loot.

"But, as I said before, leaving that out of consideration, they were all brave men, willing to go anywhere their leader took them. One of their chief merits as fighters was their unerring aim. Like the Boers, they could hit anything they shot at, but they loved close quarters better than the Transvaaler or the Free Stater. In those days, the modern rifle was unknown. The old-fashioned musket meant that men could get close enough together to make a charge effective and that is just what the guerrillas wanted. They loved a charge above everything else and one of their charges was a thing to be remembered forever, if a man on the opposite side lived to have any memory about it at all. Each soldier in the band went into battle carrying with him five or six and sometimes as many as eight Colt's navy revolvers. They were great heavy things throwing balls big enough to tear a man to pieces when one of their missiles hit him. In those days the revolvers were for close shooters. If they remember correctly, and they were bad things to meddle with. If a man had five of them with him when he went into a fight, this would give him a magazine of twenty-five rounds. The guerrillas were such expert shots that they could shoot with either right or left hand and you can imagine the damage they would do in a very few minutes when they rushed on the enemy. The Federal forces were armed in the customary manner. Many of the infantry regiments which the guerrillas attacked were stationed in towns as garrisons and were composed of good soldiers anyway. What chance had they, armed with a lot of old muskets and on foot, against such a gang of devils as Quantrell would turn loose on them? None in the world. Why those fellows would rush into a fight of that sort with the numerical odds against them of 5 to 1 and think it was play. Each rider would have a pistol in each hand and his reins in his teeth. With a yell the whole band would sweep down on the Federals, firing with both hands, and the others could stand before them. Time and again, they did just what DeWet did against the British the other day and often their losses would not be more than two or three men. After a while their reputation for bloodthirsty daring and marvellous shooting became such that the Union soldiers often were panic stricken on hearing that Quantrell's men were in the vicinity.

"There were times when overwhelming forces well mounted and well armed got after Quantrell and a retreat at top speed was the only thing to be done to save the force. Then came in the knowledge of the country and the sympathy of the people. Most of the Missourians in the parts where the guerrillas made their headquarters were Southern in their sympathies and they did all they could to keep pursuing forces off the track and to warn their champions of the approach of the enemy. Despite this, they were sometimes cornered and surrounded and the only thing left to be done was to cut their way out. On one occasion, I remember, seventeen of Quantrell's men, including Frank James, were asleep in a country hotel and they were quietly surrounded by a Federal force of several hundred. They were summoned to surrender, but knowing that this meant death, and it being a little out of their style anyhow, they refused. The Federals then started in to capture them. A long fight took place, but such was the skill of the rebels that it was dangerous for one of the Yankees to show himself. The old tavern in which the guerrillas were was a pretty good fort, and despairing of capturing it, the Federal commander decided to burn it. By great bravery and good luck, one of the Yankee soldiers succeeded in getting close enough to an outhouse to set it on fire. The direction of the wind was such that the main building was sure to go in a short time and there was nothing left for the guerrillas to do but to make a run for it. Frank James was in command of this little detachment and he told his men that they must run out their horses, which were hidden in the barn on the other side of the house away from the burning shed, and charge right through the Federals.

"The path to the stable was at such an angle that it could be crossed without danger from the Federals' fire and at the given word the seventeen men made a dash for their horses. They all reached the barn in safety and in a jiffy they were in their saddles and charging like devils on the surprised Yankees. The Yankees had expected them to come out and surrender and they were not prepared for such an exhibition of nerve. They began to give way, and before they could be rallied by their officers the rebels were right on them shooting with both hands and dropping a man at every shot. It didn't take long to cut a path through and almost before the Federals realized what had happened, James and his little band were flying down the road in safety. They lost two men killed and one wounded, but the wounded man was saved and carried to a safe place by his friends. Pursuit was attempted, but there were no better horses in Missouri than those stolen by the guerrillas and James succeeded in joining the main body before he was overtaken.

"Now that is the sort of thing that happened again and again. No trained troops could cope with such a force. Their methods were too different, to say nothing of their superior fighting capacity, for it must be constantly kept in mind that all of Quantrell's force was composed of men picked for this very kind of work and desperate to a degree that is hard to imagine in these days of peace. That knowledge of the country and the people was a great factor in the success of these men, is shown by the fact that when they made their famous raid into Kentucky they did not meet with the success which had been theirs in Missouri, where they were raised. Infact, they had a mighty hard time of it down that way and they were glad enough to get back to Missouri. I have heard Frank James say that lack of knowledge of the country was the principal cause for the failure of that raid. James, himself, narrowly escaped death, for he got a Yankee bullet in his mouth. He carried the battered tooth in his head until a few years ago, when it began to ache and he had it pulled by a dentist. He carried the tooth with him for some time and was accustomed to show it to his friends, pointing with great pride to a streak of Yankee lead that was still plainly visible on one side of the molar.

"It was on this trip that Frank James made one of his most famous pistol shots. He was on one side of the Kentucky River and a force of Federals was on the other side. A fight was in progress and James, with a navy revolver, knocked one of the Yankees over, clear across the stream. At this point it was over half a mile wide and that is pretty good shooting on horseback with a revolver.

"Now that is the kind of man that is giving John Bull all the trouble in South Africa, leaving out, as I said once or twice before, the personal equation so far as it refers to moral character. The Boers are like the Missouri guerrillas in all the factors that go to render irregular and undisciplined forces able to cope with any trained troops. And to my mind the finest regulars in Europe would have met the same fate, whether German, French or Russian. It's in the very nature of things, and the sooner the haters of England quit basking on her apparent inability to lick the Boers as an evidence of her military weakness, in case she has trouble with any other people, the sooner they will get down to the true state of affairs."

BURGHER PEARSON REPLIES.

Not an Envoy, but a Patriotic Boer—About Boer Relief Supplies.

The following letter was sent to THE SUN last night:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Having had a conversation with a gentleman employed upon your paper, which you thought of sufficient interest to publish in your edition of the 23d, the interview was introduced with a heading as follows: "A New Boer Envoy Here," and this the public would suppose referred to me, a position I never claimed nor pretended to. Nor am I here to solicit money for their assistance; nor do the Boers need any money. We want peace with independence. When they need supplies or ammunition, they take them from the British storehouses and trains.

This erroneous statement that I was an envoy seems to have excited Mr. Charles D. Pierce and Mr. P. Louter Wessels, neither of whom are burghers of the Transvaal, nor do they represent the Transvaal to write a communication to you which appears in your edition of Sunday stating that I am not an envoy, not a person of any consideration whatever. They further state that I came to this country with "other Boer refugees, Messrs. Snyman and son, Villoen, and Leydenberg, who are British subjects, which I never was."

I am a burgher of the Transvaal, holding the office of assistant head Commissary-General and as such had charge of the entire commissary department from July 19 to Sept. 24, when I received a furlough, and I am awaiting orders whenever my services may be further required. I am the only burgher in this country, I believe. Mr. Montagne White, diplomatic agent for the Transvaal, having his office at 522 Temple Court, on Beekman street, knows what my relations to my Government were. As far as Snyman and Leydenberg are concerned, they never were in the service of the Transvaal. I have no relations with them whatever, neither did I know them except that they happened to be passengers on the same steamer on which I arrived in New York. I am, sincerely,

SAUL PEARSON,
Assistant Head Commissary-General for South African Republic.

Mr. Pearson showed a SUN reporter last night many well-thumbed documents showing that he was a man of influence in the South African Republic. His certificate of appointment as Assistant Head of the Commissary Department was issued on July 19 by F. W. Reitz, State Secretary of the South African Republic.

"I can't imagine why I have been attacked," said Mr. Pearson, "unless it is because of a statement I made soon after my arrival here. I attended a Boer relief meeting that day and one of the gentlemen present asked me how much money had been subscribed for the relief of the women and children of the South African Republic had reached them up to the time I left on Sept. 24. As I had handled all the supplies from July 19, when I was appointed to the office, I thought I knew, and I mentioned the fact that not a cent had reached them. Maybe this reply has caused some one's displeasure.

"I am a burgher of the South African Republic, have held many responsible positions under my country and I deem it proud to have my name dragged in the mud in this."

MR. VAN WANKENDEN'S EFFECT.

A Friend of Col. Calliper's Who Is Slow About Answering Letters.

"My old friend, Reuben N. Van Wankenden, still living in Storkville Centre, Vt.," said Col. Calliper, "has always hated to write letters. Some men shy at one thing, some at another; Reuben shies at writing letters. But he is a conscientious man, Reuben, and he answers all in the course of time. He keeps at hand letters he receives where he sees them frequently, and every now and then he says to himself as he picks up this or that one, 'Now, really, I must answer that,' and then he puts it off for another week, only a brief delay, but, as every one knows, little drops of water, little grains of sand, make the mighty ocean and the beauteous land. And so likewise do weeks make months and months make years, but no lapse of time can unmake or dull my friend Reuben's conscientiousness, and sooner or later he feels compelled actually to answer a letter. And when he does write it is with a painfully scrupulous regard for every detail.

"All this is brought to my mind by a letter received only day before yesterday, bearing the Storkville Centre postmark, and superscribed in Reuben's not often seen but yet familiar hand. Opening this letter I read:

"STORKVILLE CENTRE, Vt., Dec. 23, 1900.

"MY DEAR JASON: Yours of Dec. 29, 1872, came duly to hand. I was sorry to hear that you were suffering from a cold, but I hope that by this time you have entirely recovered from it. As to what you say regarding the question of whether—

"And so on, taking up and answering in detail every point in my letter, omitting none, and then going on with some little news about the Centre, and signed at the end, 'Yours truly, R. N. Van Wankenden.'

"This in answer, you will bear in mind, to a letter of mine written, lacking a scant week, twenty-eight years ago. If I should write to Reuben to-morrow, and if, happily, we should, as I trust we may, both live so long, I suppose I might expect an answer to that letter some time along into 1929.

"Poor old Reuben. But I don't know. I suppose we all of us have our little peculiarities of one sort and another; that there are few, if any, of us, but what fight shy of something, and what irks Reuben is writing letters."

FREE TO ALL CATARRH SUFFERERS.

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Peruna is the only internal systemic catarrh remedy ever devised. It not only cures catarrh of the head and nose, but it cures catarrh wherever it happens to be located in the human body—catarrh of the stomach, catarrh of the liver, catarrh of the kidneys, catarrh of the lungs, catarrh of the pelvic organs.

"Peruna cures Catarrh wherever located," is an axiom which very few people have not heard repeated many times. As a catarrh cure Peruna has been tested in a thousand ways. It has been tested and recommended by renowned chemists and doctors; it has been used in hospital and private practice. Everywhere it gives the same results.

So sure are we that Peruna will recommend itself to any one who will make a trial of it that we are proposing to send absolutely free of all charges a trial bottle of Peruna to the readers of the NEW YORK MORNING SUN.

Send your order at once for free sample bottle. Express charges prepaid. Address Department "A," Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.—*Adv.*

COLOR IN RACEHORSES.

BAYS AND CHESTNUTS AHEAD HERE, BAYS AND BROWNS IN ENGLAND.

Belief in the Relation of Color and Certain Qualities in Horses—Deductions From Races Here and Abroad—Pre-eminence of Bays—American Thoroughbreds All Right.

Many people have an idea that the colors of horses bear some relation to their capacity for work, speed or endurance. In England the great bulk of the stage or omnibus horses are gray, and it is a statement often made that, day or night, London Bridge is never seen without a gray horse crossing it. A well-known English veterinary surgeon has stated that the gray horse is less liable to illness than any other color, and a Lincolnshire gentleman cites in illustration the case of a roan cob with a silver tail, now 35 years of age, that never had a dose of medicine in his life, and the other day kicked up his heels and ran away with a light load of earth he was dragging to the garden, he being practically an honored pensioner. Virgil favored the bay in these lines:

> Choose with like care the courser's generous breed
> And from his birth prepare the patient steed;
> His color mark; select the glossy bay,
> And to the white or dun, prefer the gray.

It is said that the original color of the horse was dun, or mouse color, which was calculated to blend with the surroundings of the wild animal, and gave him the security from observation granted birds by their plumage. To strengthen this view is cited the case of the "Dun Arabian," but this is another point regarding which the importance of the Arabian influence on the thoroughbred horse is overrated, as history proves that Arabia was practically one of the last countries to be supplied with horses. In the earliest days the white horse was most in favor, and the historian Kitto refers to the white (gray?) horses found in Persia in his day, big, speedy, handsome animals. Cilicia in Cappadocia was also famous for its magnificent gray horses, and Sir Robert Wilson in 1810 traced the fine Russian cavalry mounts of gray horses to that stock. Gray horses were for years fashionable at weddings, as the sombre black horse is for funerals, but this style has to a great extent passed away.

It is curious to note that the bay horse predominates in Asia to-day, and that the leading color of American thoroughbreds is bay and the chestnut, which in England is comparatively rare, to grade rather to the bay and brown, the chestnut being away down in the scale. This is to be explained to some extent by the habit in certain districts of breeding to color. For instance, the West Riding of Yorkshire in England is very prolific of high class grays, which do much to keep the gray horse on the English turf. This is due to the birth and stud services in that district of Gray Orville, winner of the St. Leger, who sired Voltor, Emilius, Miley and other high class animals. In the East Riding of Yorkshire are brown horses with white locks at the tail, the distinctive marks of the third, fourth and fifth generations of Woodpecker. Around Doncaster, where the St. Leger is run for, and many well-bred blacks descended direct from Smolensko in South Yorkshire chestnuts point to that beautiful horse Comus, and in the North Riding very dark browns are still reminders of the strong attachment of breeders for that racer and sire of racers, Lottery, formerly Tinker, by Tramp out of Madame. All of these are stud names to conjure by, even at this late date. The same thing is found in the black cart horses of Lincolnshire.

Taking the classic events in this country, the Brooklyn Handicap, the Suburban Handicap and the Realization Stakes, some interesting data are found along this line of investigation. The following table shows the colors of the winners of the Brooklyn Handicap for the last ten years:

1891	Tenny	Brown.
1892	Judge Morrow	Bay.
1893	Diablo	Bay.
1894	Dr. Rice	Chestnut.
1895	Montague	Bay.
1896	Sir Walter	Bay.
1897	Howard Mann	Bay.
1898	Ornament	Chestnut.
1899	Blazes	Chestnut.
1900	Kinley Mack	Bay.

Here are six bays, three chestnuts and one brown, and this proportion of colors is held through the remaining events, with slight variation. The Suburban list is as follows:

1891	Leantaka	Black.
1892	Montana	Bay.
1893	Lookout	Brown.
1894	Ramapo	Chestnut.
1895	Lazarone	Chestnut.
1896	Henry of Navarre	Chestnut.
1897	Ben Brush	Bay.
1898	Tillo	Bay.
1899	Imp	Black.
1900	Kinley Mack	Bay.

Here are four bays, three chestnuts, two browns and a black. For the Realization Stakes the list is:

1891	Potomac	Chestnut.
1892	Germany	Chestnut.
1893	Daily America	Brown.
1894	Dobbins	Chestnut.
1895	Bright Thorbus	Bay.
1896	Regent	Bay.
1897	The Friar	Chestnut.
1898	Hamburg	Brown.
1899	Blue Bird	Bay.
1900	Princess Melbourne	Chestnut.

Here are five chestnuts, that color appearing in the lead for the first time, three bays and two browns. Thus, in the three popular events of the American turf for ten years, the table stands thirteen bay winners, or 43 per cent.; eleven chestnut winners, or 37 per cent.; four brown winners, or 13 per cent., and two black winners, or 7 per cent.

Comparing these figures with the records of the English turf for thirty years, the Two Thousand Guineas shows bay and brown winners 70 per cent., while the chestnut only has 30 per cent. In the Derby there are twenty bays and browns won, and eight chestnuts. In the Oaks bays and browns won twenty-five and chestnuts only three times; in the St. Leger twenty-five wins were scored by bays and browns and only five for chestnut. Thus the three popular events in England show 75 per cent. of bays and browns against 25 per cent. of bays and chestnuts in this country. England's third color shows 25 per cent. of chestnuts, and of browns, our third prominent color, we have only 13 per cent. In England a black does not appear to have been a classic color.

Turning to the American records of 1900 at the metropolitan tracks the same run of colors continues. At the Morris Park spring meeting thirty-one bays won, or 36 per cent., including Sweet Lavender, Ethelbert, Firearm and others; chestnuts tied this record with thirty-one wins, or 36 per cent., and included Voter, Indian Fairy, Tommy Atkins, Van Ship and Native. There were nineteen winning browns, or 22 per cent., including Unmasked, First Whip, Kilmarnock, Brunhild, Queen of Song, and there appears only five blacks, or 6 per cent. of winners, these including Imp, Ashes, Black Fox and Idrina.

At the Brooklyn spring meeting fifty-one bays won, or 49 per cent., including those mentioned above, Dr. Rice, Mark, Dolly, Dolly Varden and Jean Beraud. The Puritan, Hindus, eight winning on May 26-27. There were twenty-nine winning chestnuts, or 28 per cent., with Foncum, Standing, Sarmatian, Prince of Melbourne on the list. Twenty-two browns won, or 21 per cent., with Prince Charles, Pulaxi, Trapset, Petrichio, Kamaraz and among the six blacks to win, or 5 per cent., were Imp, Pincher, Screach, Watercolor.

The Sheepshead spring meeting showed fifty-one winning bays, or 43 per cent., with Flower of Hades, Charagrace, Commando, Holstein, Lily of the Valley, The Parader. Chestnuts had twenty-eight wins, or 30 per cent., with Hizzoner, M. Inglesiee, Glenmillie, Alabanda, Dr. Leffler and Ben Brush. Twenty-one browns, or 15 per cent., with Dobbin, Pink Domo, Admiration, Jack Point, Onslordis, Elkhorn. Black had four winners, or 4 per cent., with Pitcairn, Imp and Watercolor.

At the Brighton Beach long meeting seventy-seven bays won, or 46 per cent., Jones, M. Meekins, &c., then coming in prominence as additions to the list. Chestnut had fifty-seven winners, or 34 per cent., with Native, Prince Pepper, Janice. Brown had twenty-two winners, or 14 per cent., with Jack Point, Handicapper, &c. Black had nine winners, or 14 per cent., with Kitchener added to those already mentioned. Gray appears with the two wins of Motley.

The Sheepshead fall meeting had thirty-five bays winners, or 44 per cent., Waring, Lorenzo, David Garrick, Lady Maxwell. Chestnut had thirty victories, or 34 per cent., with Vulcain, Beaurrer, Bellario, Noonday, Conroy; browns had ten, or 11 per cent., with Ballchoo Boy, Beau Gallant, and black had five, or 2 per cent., with Col. Padden winning both, the gray Motley again appearing.

At Gravesend the bays accounted for thirty-eight wins, or 39 per cent., including Lady Schorr and Rockton; the chestnuts scored thirty-five wins, or 36 per cent., bringing out Lieber Karl and Redpath; brown had seventeen or 18 per cent., with Big Gun, Pink Coat and Greenock prominent, and the six blacks included Criterion, Col. Padden and Ashes, Ashes won on Sept. 11, and five bays won on Sept. 29.

The Morris Park fall meeting had forty winning bays, or 47 per cent., with Templeton, Hinnious and Maid of Harlem prominent. Chestnut had thirty winners, or 35 per cent., with Miss Rife, Silverdale, Modrina and Confusion. Brown won thirteen times, or 15 per cent., with Oread and Garry Herrmann among the new ones, and Radford and Ward Schock accounted for the two wins of the blacks.

Taking the season from May to the close of October the record stands for the 680 races: Bays 323 wins, or 47 per cent.; chestnuts 240 wins, or 35 per cent.; browns 113 wins, or 16 per cent., and blacks 24 wins, or 5 per cent. Thus bays and chestnuts had 82 per cent. as against the 75 per cent. of the leading colors of bays and browns in England for the past thirty years. Bays and browns in this country during 1900 won only 64 per cent. of the races.

The great argument this color record appears to suggest is that we have not slavishly followed along English lines, and the successes of our horses abroad and also a comparison of their home work with the European work demonstrate that with breeders here striking out along somewhat new lines the American thoroughbred has certainly not deteriorated, but rather the reverse.

REFEREE PRATT MOBBED.

Policemen Draw Their Pistols and Threaten to Shoot.

TRENTON, Dec. 25.—A mob of 500 men and boys, including several young women, mobbed L. P. Pratt of Philadelphia, a basketball referee, to-night in the streets of Trenton despite the interference of the police and citizens.

For fifteen minutes pandemonium reigned on State street. The feeling was so much against Pratt that the officers had to draw their revolvers and threaten to shoot unless the mob dispersed. With the first glistening of the pistols the crowd ran, but soon closed up again around the officers and the referee. These were trying to get Pratt safely to the Pennsylvania Railroad station. They were unable to protect him, however, and Pratt received several hard blows.

Cries of all kinds were hurled at him and threats were made to form a rush to get him from the officers. "Kill him! Kill him!" was frequently heard above the roar of the mob.

The trouble started in the basketball hall, where the Trenton team contested with the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club. The referee had a tooth knocked out and received many hard blows before he reached the street.

Those against Pratt said that in his decisions he favored the visiting team. On the other hand, there are a large number who say that he acted impartially. During the first half Stout of the Trenton team called Pratt hard names on account of a decision. The referee disqualified the player. The Trenton management refused to abide by the decision. Then Pratt declared the game forfeited to the Philadelphia team by the score of 4 to 0.

Dixon Refuses to Fight Davenport.

BOSTON, Dec. 25.—George Dixon, who was scheduled to box fifteen rounds with Jimmy Davenport at the Esoteric Club to-night, did not fight. Andy Daley was substituted. Referee John A. Sheehan announced that Davenport weighed in at 135 pounds and that Dixon, who weighed twenty pounds less, refused to go against his man with such odds in weight. Long before Davenport showed at the club it was said among the "knowing ones" that Tom O'Rourke, Dixon's manager, refused to allow the latter to go on. The manager of the club, William A. Pierce, and O'Rourke are bitter enemies and it is said that is the reason that O'Rourke cancelled the engagement for George.

There was quite a crowd present to give Dixon a good send-off and his non-appearance was a great disappointment. Davenport is only a third-rater in these parts and everybody conceded an easy win for the colored lad had they met.

The fifteen rounds Daley and Davenport was a tame affair. The men agreed that if both were on their feet at the finish no decision should be made. Daley did all the fighting and would have been an easy winner only for the argument made before they went into the ring.

Attorney-General of Ohio Believes Big Fight Will Not Take Place.

COLUMBUS, Dec. 25.—Attorney-General Sheets when asked to-day what opinion he had formed as to the Governor's power to stop the proposed prizefight at Sandgerfest Hall said:

"It is my opinion that the fight will not take place. People down in Cincinnati are arranging to have the whole thing fired out. The authority lodged in the hands of the local officials. If they do their duty they will not permit the fight. I understand that they are being jacked up to do their duty. What the outcome will be I cannot say."

Gossip of the Ring.

Champion Jim Jeffries has decided to quit his theatrical company and begin training for his coming mill with Gus Ruhlin. Jeffries is undecided just yet as to where he will get into condition.

Spike Sullivan has posted a forfeit in Louisville to meet Joe Gans, Bob Gray's matchmaker of the Southern A. C. of that city, is willing to give a purse and is ready to hold the mill during the second week of next month.

It is not likely that Billy Delaney will train Jim Jeffries for the champion's battle with Gus Ruhlin. Delaney, who is in this city, is far from being well. He is suffering from sciatic rheumatism and is under a doctor's treatment.

Sam Fitzpatrick still has confidence in Bill Hanrahan, the local middleweight, despite the attrition of years of late. Hanrahan made a good showing with Joe Walcott recently and Sam is ready to match him against Kid McCoy or Jack Root.

A club in Hartford has offered a purse for a 20-round bout between Jimmy Handler and Joe Walcott. Handler says he is ready to meet the "Black Prince," but declares that he cannot meet Walcott until some time in February as he has several engagements in the road.

Charlie Goff, Billy Madden's middleweight, is now working on a farm near Los Angeles. Goff is certainly really "run down" and is trying to build up. As soon as he gets well he will be ready to clash with any good 158-pounder. Madden says there is no truth in the report that Goff is suffering from consumption.

Peter Maher says that he has received word that his proposed match with Tom Sharkey will be decided at Cincinnati. Peter, in anticipation of the "go," is getting into shape in Westchester. Maher says that he was not in the best of form when he faced Ruhlin at Philadelphia recently. Otherwise, he thinks, he would have knocked the "Akron Giant" out.

According to the *London Mirror of Life* a match between Terry McGovern and Ben Jordan is soon to be made. It is said that McGovern has notified the club that the conditions in the articles of agreement, which Jordan has already signed and which have arrived here, are satisfactory and that he will affix his signature to the papers as soon as he attends to some private business which is at present taking up his time. An effort has been made to bring Terry McGovern and Jordan meet in Cincinnati the night before the mill between Jeffries and Ruhlin, but such a battle is out of the question, as Jordan refuses to tackle the "Brooklyn Terror" at any club other than the National Sporting Club, London.

Basketball Notes.

The St. James A. C. has a few open dates for basket ball and would be pleased to hear from good teams, the average weight of the players being 150 pounds. Address James A. Wiley, secretary, Red Bank, N. J.

At the Battery A armory in Philadelphia on Saturday night the Bay Ridge A. C. five of Brooklyn played a game with the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club team of the National League. The latter won by 42 points against 2 for Bay Ridge.

Thoroughly Aroused.

From the London Tit-Bits.

The "boots" of a hotel in Leeds has invented a new system of calling sleepy guests. Its very simplicity is its supreme attraction.

The other night a newspaper man went to the hotel, and, being desirous of being called at an early hour, left instructions with "boots." Satisfied that everything would be all right, the scribe retired and slept. Early next morning the newspaper man was disturbed by a lively tattoo upon the door.

"Who's there?" he demanded sharply.

"I've got an important message for you, sir," said the boy in buttons outside.

Yawning until he sprained his face, the scribe jumped out of bed, toddled across the floor and unlocked the door. "Buttons" handed him an envelope and then went away. The newspaper man opened the envelope and found therein a slip of paper bearing the following legend:

"Why don't you get up?"

"Club Cocktails"

$500.00 Reward

We have advertised for nine years that a cocktail made of the same materials and proportions and aged is better than one that is made as wanted. To more strongly impress the public with our statement and to remove such little, unjust prejudices as may exist against the "Club Cocktails," we now offer $500.00 to any party who will prove our assertion to be untrue.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
29 Broadway, N. Y., Hartford, Conn.

HONTAS CROOKE IN FORM.

MR. BILLINGS'S PACER TOO FAST FOR SPHINX S. AND MOTH MILLER.

Dr. Gill Starts Jack Against the Son of Rud Crooke, but the Former Is Unsteady and Is Pulled Up—Bloomfield Pacers Defeat James Murphy's Team After Hot Brushes.

Fine weather attracted a large crowd to the Speedway yesterday, and there were matches galore for the entertainment of the sidewalk brigade. Hontas Crooke carried off the honors in the morning and paced in grand form. One of the first to try his mettle against Mr. Billings's horse was E. E. Smathers's pacer Sphinx S., with George Spear holding the reins. The first brush was a rattling one. Hontas took the lead at the start, but could not get far away from Sphinx S. A few yards from the finish Spear called for an effort and the pair were on even terms.

Hontas was equal to the occasion, however, and responding to the call of his owner drew away far enough to win by a head. They tried again, but Sphinx S. failed to turn the tables.

The greatest victory scored by Hontas Crooke was against Moth Miller. They had three brushes. In the first the horses raced on even terms to the quarter, when Hontas took the lead and held it to the finish. The second "go" was spoiled as Hontas broke soon after the start, and Mr. Billings pulled up rather than indulge in a stern chase, allowing Moth Miller to jog in alone.

The deciding brush was a fair test of the speed of both horses and Hontas Crooke had the better of it. Mr. Billings's pacer drew away after the first quarter and finished in front. Hontas Crooke also started with Jack, but the latter was so unsteady that Dr. Gill pulled up soon after the horses got away.

Mr. Billings's bay trotter Franker, driven by Trainer F. Gibbons, also did good work. He defeated J. P. Baiter's Fairview in a series of close races. Gretchen, driven by C. Masseth, tackled Silvermaker, handled by Clarence Ware. The pair put up a warm argument, Silvermaker leading at the finish. Gretchen was then sent against Kitty Stoner, but again had to accept the losing end, as Kitty, driven by L. Giesman, had the better of a good finish.

De Witt Flanagan was out behind Kingwood and defeated several of the crack steppers, including George Grote's sorrel gelding Mike. Kingwood, however, finished second against Dark Secret, driven by Lee Lynch. The latter drove the bay trotter Royalto. He was looking for a brush with Charley Weiland, who had signified his willingness to meet any green horse for $100. Weiland was not on hand and De La Mar started in a three-cornered contest with King Rene, driven by Mr. Weiland, and C. F. Mapes, behind the green trotter Bachelor Boy. They had two fast brushes, with Bachelor Boy in the lead both times. Royalto and King Rene finished in the order named.

George Coleman drove Hattie Waters against his own roan gelding Edward W., that he intrusted to a friend. To Mr. Coleman's great surprise Edward W. finished in front. Jack Curry, driving De La Mar's trotter Azote, 2:04¾, had a brush with Royalto, driven by Mr. De La Mar, and won easily. Mr. De La Mar was again defeated when he drove Teto against Bicycle Girl.

The old favorite, Cobwebs, was out for an airing in the hands of his owner, Nathan Straus. The horse was quickly recognized and was the idol of the crowd, although he did not enter in any of the brushes.

One of the most interesting brushes of the day was between pacing teams. The drivers were Theodore T. Maxfield, the Bloomfield horse owner, and James A. Murphy, the Chicago millionaire and former owner of the great pacer, Joe Patchen, 2:01¾. Mr. Maxfield had Monopole, 2:08¾, by Leicester, 2:17¾, and Amokin, 2:14¾, by Ambassador, 2:21¾, while Mr. Murphy handled the ribbons over Tom, 2:18¾, and Lotus, 2:24¼. The latter were to have raced David Lamar's pacers, Nettie B., 2:16¾, and Edward D., 2:17¾, on last Friday afternoon, and Mr. Maxfield was on hand to challenge the winner. The brush was not held, for Nettie B. threw a shoe. The Bloomfield driver at once made the match with Mr. Murphy decided yesterday afternoon.

There was little space to spare among the crush of roadsters, but the precedence was accorded to the match. The lower part of the Speedway, where the start was made, was hard and the going good, but the footing was sloppy on the upper stretch to the macadam road, where the horses were pulled up. The men were in speeding wagons. Mr. Murphy's being somewhat the lightest in weight. Tom was the leader and got first of the best two out of three brushes. Mr. Murphy was off with the lead, but he waited until Mr. Maxfield ranged up alongside. Then the teams raced neck and neck, without a skip or break, until near the macadam, where Monopole and Amokin drew away and won by half a length, jogging slowly together back to the starting point. Mr. Murphy got off with the lead of a length after the turn. This time he did not wait and Tom and Lotus went along at a slashing gait. Mr. Maxfield had a stern chase, but he caught the leaders in an eighth of a mile. The teams were so close together that the whiffletrees overlapped, and the four horses speeding along head and head made a bloodstirring sight. Tom held the lead to the nip and were driving for all they knew how. The horses paced as steady as could be, in spite of the hot speed. The Bloomfield pair again had a shade the better of it at the end. This last brush was pronounced to be a 2:10 speed by the experts.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

MINIATURE ALMANAC—THIS DAY.

Sun rises.....7:23 | Sun sets.....4:39 | Moon sets.....10:05

HIGH WATER—THIS DAY.

Sandy Hook.....10:30 | Gov. Isl.....11:02 | Hell Gate.....12:55

Arrived—TUESDAY, Dec. 25.

Ss Amsterdam, Brunsma, Rotterdam, Dec. 13.
Ss Peninsular, Bettencourt, Lisbon, Dec. 9.
Ss Tauric, Clarke, Liverpool, Dec. 14.
Ss Caracas, Woodrix, San Juan, Dec. 20.
Ss Horos, Fraser, St. Croix, Dec. 17.
Ss Mexico, Stevens, Havana, Dec. 22.
Ss Betty, Bleecker, Bermuda, Dec. 21.
Ss Ydun, Christensen, Progreso, Dec. 18.
Ss Alps, Kirkby, Kingston, Dec. 19.
Ss Permier, McDonald, Samana, Dec. 10.
Ss El Paso, Boyd, New Orleans, Dec. 20.
Ss Lampasas, Barstow, Galveston, Dec. 18.
Ss Princess Anne, Davis, Norfolk, Dec. 24.
Ss Alsenborn, Curry, Edinburgh, Dec. 24.
Bark Lovisa, Burgess, Montevideo, Nov. 1.
Bark Edith Sheraton, Michelson, Rio Grande do Sul, Oct. 26.

OUTGOING STEAMSHIPS.

Sail To-day.

	Mails Close	Vessel Sails.
St. Louis, Southampton	6 30 A M	10 00 A M
Vaderland, Antwerp	10 00 A M	12 00 M
Trinidad, Bermuda	8 00 A M	10 00 A M
Silvia, Newfoundland	9 00 A M	11 00 A M
Advance, Colon	9 30 A M	1 00 P M
Kansaborg, Hull	9 30 A M	12 00 M
Vizcaya, Havana	12 30 P M	3 00 P M
Alamo, Galveston	.....	3 00 P M
Princess Anne, Norfolk	.....	3 00 P M

Sail To-morrow.

Trojan Prince, Azores	10 00 A M	12 00 M
Cyrene, Brazil	10 00 A M	11 00 A M
Grecian Prince, Santos	1 00 P M	3 00 P M
Hermodius, Argentina	12 00 M	2 00 P M
Santiago de Cuba, Santiago	12 30 P M	3 00 P M
Rhaka, Nassau	12 30 P M	3 00 P M
Hiner, New Orleans	.....	3 00 P M
Jamestown, Norfolk	.....	3 00 P M

Sail Friday, Dec. 28.

Dagny, Progreso	12