THE NEWS OF SPORTDOM

J. LAW AS A MILLER

He'll Act as Captain of the Minneapolis Team.

WHITTRIDGE COMES ALONG, TOO

He Is a Promising Pitcher Who Comes From Colorado Springs in Exchange for Parvin.

In his search for a captain who can play the game, direct the players with skill and keep them "gingered up," President Beall has finally picked John Law as his man. Law was formerly a Denver grizzly, but figured in a deal by which he became a Colorado Springs millionaire. Now he makes his third jump. He will of course cover first base, displacing young Lee Tannehill for whom he has been exchanged. Law has much more experience on the bag than Tannehill, having played that position in the Interstate league last season. While not a sensational performer, he is steady and watchful to such an extent that his general excellence has attracted the attention of President Beall. With Captain Law comes Pitcher Whittridge, one of the young twirlers in Billy Hulen's company. He figures in a swap between Minneapolis and Colorado Springs "Bones" Parvin being given in exchange. Parvin is strong as an ox this season, but has been very unfortunate all along, losing more games than he has won. He has all the appearance of being a good twirler, but probably only needs change of climate to become a winner. Billy Hulen thinks he can bring out Parvin's good points and is wholly satisfied with the trade. So is Mr. Beall and the fans have no cause for complaining.

Although the millers have dropped toward the rear in the pennant race the .300 class of hitters has been increased. At the present time seven of the regular players are in the strong company—Brashear, Belden and Rohe, who are all batting at .333; Congalton, .322; McCreedie, .319; Donahue, .310 and Cockman, .306. The new first baseman, John Law, ought to step into this class right at the start placing every member of the team except pitchers in among the "sluggers." It is not weak hitting therefore, which is losing games for the millers. Neither is it the fielding, although at times the errors have been very costly.

Inside team work and baserunning of the school of Walter Wilmot and Jimmy Ryan will enable the millers to run away from the Kansas City cowboys. It is gratifying to note that the lads are improving in these two important particulars right along.

No game was played at Nicollet park yesterday. There were hardly any people in the grand stand as it was plain that a big storm was coming and the fans saved themselves from possible discomforts by remaining at home. A few ladies, who arrived early were badly frightened by the storm and the display of electricity on the wires and the ball players had to assist in quelling little panics. Some of the grizzlies responded nobly and earned the gratitude of several timorous ones.

The wind raised such a cloud of dust in the baseball park at Omaha yesterday that the players could hardly find the ball, and errors were more numerous than any other plays. The cowboys excelled in error-making and thereby lost the game. The score:

insert box score

Omaha.	r	h	p	e	Kan. Cy.	r	h	p	e
Fleming lf	0	0	2	0	Ketcham cf	0	1	2	1
Toman ss	0	1	2	2	Hartman 2b	1	0	6	2
Genins 2b	1	1	3	1	Miller lf	0	1	1	0
Letcher rf	2	0	2	0	Brashear 1b	0	0	8	1
M'A'd'ws 3b	0	0	2	1	Robinson 3b	1	3	2	1
Calhoun 1b	1	2	10	0	Lewee ss	0	0	2	2
Reid cf	1	1	0	0	Beville rf	1	1	0	1
Gonding c	0	0	6	1	Messitt c	0	0	3	1
Coons p	0	0	0	1	Weimer p	0	0	0	0
Totals	5	5	27	6	Totals	3	6	24	9

Omaha .....0 1 0 2 2 0 0 0 *— 5
Kansas City .....0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 2— 3

Two-base hit, Beville; double plays, Genins to Gonding, Gonding to Calhoun to Calhoun, Gonding to McAndrews; bases on balls, off Coons 1, off Weimer 1; hit by pitched ball, by Coons 1; struck out, by Coons 4, by Weimer 2; stolen bases, Toman, Reid.

Three umpires figured in the game at Des Moines and the wrangling was the worst ever seen. The midgets played after the second inning under protest. The score:

insert score

D. Moin.	r	h	p	e	St. Joe.	r	h	p	e
Thiel lf	1	0	1	1	Honyman cf	0	1	3	0
O'Leary ss	0	2	3	0	Hall 3b	1	0	2	0
Warner rf	1	3	0	1	Hulswitt ss	1	2	3	1
M'Vicker cf	2	2	1	0	Schrall rf	0	1	2	0
Werden 1b	1	2	12	0	M'Kibben lf	1	0	0	0
Hines 2b	0	0	0	0	Davis 1b	1	1	9	0
O'Conell 3b	0	1	0	0	Flood 2b	1	1	5	0
Cate c	0	1	9	0	Doolin c	1	2	4	0
Schmidt p	0	2	1	0	M'Donald p	0	1	0	0
Totals	5	13	27	2	Totals	6	9	27	1

Des Moines .....0 2 1 0 0 0 2 0 0— 5
St. Joseph .....0 3 0 0 2 1 0 0 0— 6

Two-base hits, Davis, Hall, Hulswitt, O'Leary; bases on balls, McDonald 3, Schmidt 2; hit by pitched ball, McDonald 1; struck out, by McDonald 4, by Schmidt 5; time of game, 2:20; attendance, 1,200; umpires, McFadden and Cates.

How They Stand.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Kansas City	52	34	18	.654
St. Joseph	51	28	23	.549
Omaha	50	27	23	.540
Minneapolis	49	25	24	.511
St. Paul	50	25	25	.500
Colorado Springs	45	21	24	.467
Denver	46	18	28	.391
Des Moines	49	18	31	.367

Where They Play.

Denver at Minneapolis.
Colorado Springs at St. Paul.
Kansas City at Omaha.
St. Joseph at Des Moines.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

"Deacon" Phillippi of Ashton, S. D., gave an exhibition of what a star can do when he is good. He held the champions down to seven hits and also drove in four runs of the five runs captured by the pirates. The score:

									R	H	E
Pittsburg	1	0	0	2	0	2	0	0—	5	13	0
Brooklyn	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0—	3	7	1

Batteries—Phillippe and Zimmer; Hughes and McGuire.

A tiresome game was won from the Chicago remnants by the phillies yesterday by reason of better stick work. The score:

									R	H	E
Chicago	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—	2	7	2
Philadelphia	2	0	0	2	0	0	0	*—	4	9	2

Batteries—Hughes and Kling; White and Douglass.

After the two were out in the ninth inning, Steinfeldt made an error and the giants made a shower of hits, winning the game from the red legs by a narrow margin. The score:

									R	H	E
New York	0	0	0	2	2	1	1	0 5—	11	16	5
Cincinnati	2	0	0	1	0	0	2	0 5—	10	11	3

Batteries—Phyle and Warner; Newton and Bergen.

St. Louis took an easy game at Boston yesterday, owing to the failure of the beaneaters to determine the radius of Harper's principal curve. The score:

									R	H	E
Boston	1	0	1	0	0	1	0	1 0—	4	10	5
St. Louis	2	0	0	0	0	2	1	1 4—	10	9	3

Batteries—Willis and Kittridge; Harper and Nichols.

National Standings.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Pittsburg	55	32	23	.580
New York	47	26	21	.553
Philadelphia	55	30	25	.545
Brooklyn	54	29	25	.537
St. Louis	56	30	26	.536
Boston	49	25	24	.511
Cincinnati	52	22	30	.423
Chicago	58	19	39	.328

To-day's Games.

Chicago at New York.
Cincinnati at Boston.
St. Louis at Brooklyn.
Pittsburg at Philadelphia.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Chick Frazer become disconcerted in the eighth inning and the orioles touched him up for three singles, a double and two triples and the athletics' chances were gone. The score:

									R	H	E
Baltimore	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	5 *—	6	10	0
Philadelphia	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	1 0—	3	8	2

Batteries—Robinson and Howell; Powers and Fraser.

Virgil Garvin, the most chronic loser of the steady losing Milwaukee team, dropped another game for the brewers yesterday, by departing for the clouds in the eighth inning. The score:

									R	H	E
Detroit	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3 *—	4	7	3
Milwaukee	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0 0—	0	3	2

Batteries—Buelow and Miller; Friel, Maloney and Garvin.

Parent's home run in the eighth inning gave the Boston Americans four runs and pulled them one tally ahead of the senators. The score:

									R	H	E
Washington	0	3	0	0	0	0	2	0 0—	5	7	2
Boston	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	4 0—	6	10	4

Batteries—Clarke and Carrick; Criger and Winters.

Eleven errors were made at the meeting between the white sox and the Cleveland spiders. Comiskey's men had the best of the mix-up, which was at least close even if it was bad. The score:

									R	H	E
Chicago	1	1	2	0	0	2	0	0 1—	7	14	5
Cleveland	0	0	0	2	4	0	0	0 0—	6	10	6

Batteries—Sugden and Patterson; Dowling, Hart and Wood.

American Standings.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Chicago	55	35	20	.636
Boston	49	30	19	.612
Baltimore	46	26	20	.565
Washington	46	25	21	.543
Detroit	54	29	25	.537
Philadelphia	52	21	31	.404
Milwaukee	53	19	34	.358
Cleveland	51	18	33	.353

To-day's Schedule.

Boston at Washington.
Philadelphia at Baltimore.
Cleveland at Chicago.
Milwaukee at Detroit.

Hillsboro's Crack Nine.

Special to The Journal.

Hillsboro, N. D., June 29.—The Hillsboro baseball management has added a number of able players, including the crack battery of the Grand Forks club and several others. Only two men are now on the team who were here for the first league games this season.

Talk of the Diamond.

The Washington Star gives currency to the report that the Brooklyn baseball team of the National league is to be transferrred to Washington at an early date.

"Pap" Thomas appeared at the Lexington park yesterday in a Colorado Springs uniform, having signed with that team after he was released from St. Paul. He is slated to pitch one game against the saints.

The millers apparently got the best of the bargain. Tannehill is no "great shakes" at first base and Parvin has been a steady loser on the slab. Whitridge has been known to win a game, and Law plays first base fairly well.—Pioneer Press.

Hernon was fined $10 over in St. Paul yesterday, and then the rain came or Tim Donahue would also have been soaked.

AMATEURS' COLUMN

In Minnesota.

Specials to The Journal.

Park Rapids, Minn., June 29.—In a game of baseball at the fair grounds Wednesday between the Park Rapids and Akeley teams, the victory went to the locals; score, 4 to 1.

Waseca, Minn., June 29.—The baseball game yesterday at Owatonna resulted: Waseca 4, Nebraska Indians 2.

In Minneapolis.

Tooze's team will go to Stillwater to-morrow to play the fast Wolff Brewing company team of that town. Ford and Brown will be Tooze's battery, while Murnane and Johnson will be at the points for Stillwater.

The J. W. Williams team defeated the Twin Cities by a score of 17 to 9 this morning.

The Minneapolis Threshing Machine company's ball team will meet the Gemnymedes ball team of this place at Hopkins Sunday afternoon. The thresher battery will be Odegard and Seiberlich.

The Metropolitan baseball team would like a game with some good team out of the city for the Fourth of July. Address George H. Hemperley, courthouse, Minneapolis, Minn.

The John Drews defeated the Ninth Avenue Stars by a score of 7 to 6. The batteries were Dickerson and Storer; Pelican and Stormberg.

The Javas will leave Western and Lyndale avenue N for Excelsior at 12:30 sharp Sunday. They play the town team. Henning will pitch for the Javas and Mann will do the same for Excelsior.

The Noerenbergs and Hennepin county Foresters will play at Sandy Lake at 2:30 p. m. to-morrow.

The Minneapolis Greys will cross bats with the Belanger Clothing company team at the Bryn Mawr grounds to-morrow afternoon at 2:30. The battery of the Minneapolis Greys will be Brisbone and Jacobson.

Shakopee Shakes Hands.

Members of the Shakopee Cycle Path Association, with Mayor Sullivan at their head, were entertained by the Flour City Cyclists, at the clubhouse, 601 Second avenue S, last evening. L. T. Lincoln presided and welcomed the visitors. Short addresses were made by Mayor Sullivan, Hugo C. Heinsch, C. G. Dowdish, editor of the Shakopee Tribune; E. J. Afolter, editor of the Scott County Argus, all of Shakopee; W. G. Minnemeyer, Pittsburg, first vice-president of the Century road Club of America; W. P. McCormick, the oldest rider in Minnesota, and J. C. Haynes. Music was furnished by Miss Louise Boucher, Miss McBride and Cora Lincoln.

A CRITIC ON READERS.
London Mail.

In the course of a paper on "Fiction and the Public" Frederick Wedmore, the well known literary critic, says:

"Although the novel reading public of one kind and another must now be infinitely larger than in the days of Dickens, Thackeray and Trollope, I doubt if it is as good a public. The better part of that good public of old days exists still, but it is swamped, its tastes are overruled; it is to some extent itself led away by that larger, more superficially educated and more thoughtless public which insures the commercial success of work which, if not by any means always vulgar or unworthy, is, at all events, inferior."

HYOMEI

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The Remedy That Cures CATARRH AND BRONCHITIS by inhaling it four times daily.

The Remedy That Cures CONSUMPTION by breathing it for ten minutes every hour.

IT IS GUARANTEED.

Sold by all druggists or sent by mail. Price, Outfit Complete, $1.00. Trial Outfit, 25c. Send for five days' treatment and medical advice free.

THE R. T. BOOTH CO., Ithaca, N. Y.

YACHTS WILL BE OUT

Old Time "Fourth" Regatta to Be Held at Minnetonka.

IT WILL BE A FREE-FOR-ALL

Those Who Wish to Enter Should Communicate With F. Fayram at Once.

Minnetonka's white-winged flotilla will be out in force July 4. The Minnetonka Yacht club is busy with arrangements for one of the most interesting regattas ever held at the lake. Judging from the interest being taken in the event at this time, there will be a large turn-out of sailing craft. It will be a grand free-for-all.

Although participants will not have to qualify in any way before entering, the race will be sailed under conditions which will insure a "fair deal" all around. The regatta committee, of which F. Fayram is chairman, has arranged to handicap the entries on a fair basis.

The yachts will be divided into large and small classes and the starting will be on time which will give all an equal advantage.

The race will be sailed over the regular triangular course, the different legsl of which are from the Minnetonka Yacht Club house in St. Louis bay to Lookout point and thence to the Crystal Bay buoy. The race will be started promptly at 11 o'clock.

The power launch race from Wyzata around the Minnetonka Yacht Club house will add another attraction at the lake July 4. The launch race will be run a little in advance of the sailing regatta, which will enable the spectators who will crowd the handsome island home of the club to witness both events. The regatta committee extends a hearty invitation to the double bill to the members of the club aind their friends. All additional information as to the regatta can be had by telephoning Mr. Fayram. His 'phone number is 1591.

The sailing weather of late has been admirable, and if it holds good Thursday, some fine sport is in store for Minnetonka skippers. It will be the first formal regatta of the season and all the old salts are anxious for a try-out against their ancient enemies.

Among the yachts which will probably be entered in the smaller are the sloops Nightingale, Frank Plait, skiper; Water Witch, F. Fayram; Sally, Arthur Rand; Pyxie, W. Hillman. In the larger class will be seen Charlotte, Dixie, Hazzard, Alfreda, Fremad. Two or three prizes will be awarded in each class. Any yacht owner desiring to enter should telephone Mr. Fayram as soon as possible.

GAME WAS POSTPONED

Deephaven Golf Links Formally Opened Next Week.

Notwithstanding two morning papers' positive announcements that the Deephaven links would be formally opened this afternoon, The Journal's statement to the contrary yesterday was the correct one. The opening game was to have been played this afternoon, but the Lafayette club was unable to get together and asked to be excused. The game was, accordingly, postponed until next Saturday.

The regular weekly handicap was played over the Bryn Mawr course this afternoon. At the Minikahda club there was a qualifying round for the C. H. Hood cup. The team will play the Town and Country club, July 4, on the river links.

The Town and Country club held a medal handicap qualifying round this afternoon for the C. W. Gordon cup. There were sixteen competitors. A prize was awarded the player making the best net score.

THE DECLINE OF SPORTS

A London Paper Bewails Conditions in Great Britain.

London, June 29.—The Sporting Times in to-day's issue again bewails the decline of British sports in several directions. It says:

There can be little doubt that for a considerable number of years horse racing in England has been going to the bad, but this decay, we believe, is being arrested. Our system had degenerated into the theory that the race horse is a rare exotic. We had got into the bad system with our racers that we seem to be drifting into with our yachts. Lipton may bet getting a good advertisement with the Shamrock, but whether he is doing yachting any good is another matter. The vessels are unfit for any use or purpose whatever and while they are capable of doing a great rate of speed over short, easy courses, they cannot carry their own rigging over a long one. They are equal to the five furlong brutes that for so many years we pandered to in horse racing. The art of training and riding a horse in a long distance race was almost lost and everything on the English turf had become artificial. The result of all this treatment is that we can now barely hold our own against the foreigner. We ought to endeavor to produce more horses of the American stamp, that are not exhausted for months by a single effort.

LONG LINE VS. SHORT LINE

The Latter Favored by Authorities on Fly-Casting.

"We customarily supposed," writes an angling authority in the London Fishing Gazette, "that our ancestors used heavy, unwieldy rods twelve feet or more in length for their fly fishing. Yet in 1857 Stewart wrote: 'A light, stiff, single-handed rod about ten feet long will be amply sufficient for most waters.'

"These are words full of gold. A fly rod more than ten feet in length is a by-word and a reproach. It will perhaps lay out a longer line, but it is most inconvenient in getting about the tangled streams wherein most of our western trout are found. Stewart, a skilful fly fisherman himself, had discovered a half century ago what some of our expert fly fishermen have not yet mentally asimilated—the fact that long distance casting cuts but little figure in catching trout with a fly. 'We advise the angler,' says he, 'never to use a long line when a short one will, by any possibility, answer the same purpose.' The long line may, theoretically, sound nice or even look pretty. Yet, as actually seen upon the water by the fish, it is a splashing, wrinkling and even obvious sort of affair, which is worth about as much to a fly fisher as a brass band is in still hunting deer. The short line, well delivered, keeps the splash back of the leader knot and the flies well ahead out of the danger belt. It is this sort of casting which kills the fish.' Stewart advocated fishing up stream."

Haggin Bought Them.

New York, June 29.—The owner of Water Color and several other horses recently sold by C. Littlefield, Jr., is J. B. Haggin. Davey Johnson, a bookmaker, bought the horses at the sale, but it has become known that J. B. Haggin was the purchaser, and that he will race them in the future. Water Color brought $23,000. He was the star of the sale, and was bred by Mr. Haggin.

It's All in the Draw.

Rowing enthusiasts at Henley yesterday were wondering if Pennsylvania would manage to break the hoodoo which has hung over every American team which has yet competed in the international rowing regattas. Both Yale and Cornell successively drew against Leander, the strongest crew on the river, in the first round. As each, in turn, succumbed to the champions, the subsequent proceedings naturally were far less interesting than they would have been had the Americans stayed another day.

Dissolved Harlem Injunction.

In dissolving the order restraining betting and pool selling at Harlem track, Chicago, yesterday, Judge Stein ruled that the remedy sought lay entirely within the domain of the criminal court. Where a remedy already existed, he held, the court of chancery should not exercise its right of injunction.

Home First at Tracks.

Detroit (Highland Park)—Ocie Brooke, Orla, Waneda, Tritsram, Warranted, Young Henry.

New York (Sheepshead Bay)—Man o' War, Wax Taper, Peninsular, Herbert, Sweet Tooth, Nones.

Cincinnati (Newport)—Free Admission, B. G. Fox, Poison, Pine Chip, Piramo, Nelse Morris.

Chicago (Washington Park)—Alan a Dale, Jiminez, George Arnold, Hylo, Isla, Scotch Plyaid.

St. Louis (Fair Grounds)—Ethylene, Maximus, Huntress, Mr. Rose, Staff, Orris.

No Favorites at Poughkeepsie.

Inability to pick a winner is the distinguishing feature of the situation at Poughkeepsie, where six college crews are about to battle for supremacy. Each crew seems to be in the pink of condition and there is apparently no room for speculation as to their respective merits. The uncertainty is particularly marked in the four-oared class. The Pennsylvania enthusiasts are very confident that their men will go to the front. The Georgetown crew has pulled over the course in very fast time, so fast as to suggest that both Pennsylvania and Cornell will not be in a class by themselves, and will have a hard three-cornered fight on.

For Wisconsin, O'Dea says there can be but one result. Georgetown got the best of the course drawing last evening, drawing the outside of the line, where the current flows a trifle stronger.

Sporting Extras.

Archie Graham, of the North Jersey Golf Club, who won the championship of New Jersey last year, was defeated yesterday by W. L. Glenney, of the Hillside Golf Club, by two up and one to play, in the tournament for the New Jersey championship, at the Englewood Golf Club links yesterday.

"Jack" Roberts, the English "pug," who killed "American Billy Smith, April 22, at the National Sporting Club, London, was acquitted at the second trial yesterday.

D. Davis and H. Ward, the Americans, beat Gamble and Davis, the English players, in the semifinal round of the all-comers' doubles yesterday, at Wimbleton, London. In the semifinals of the singles, A. W. Gore beat Barrett, and C. P. Dixon beat H. S. Mahoney.

Miss Marion Jones, of Nevada, was beaten yesterday in the women's championship tennis tournament, at Philadelphia, by Miss Bessie Moore, of Ridgeway, N. J. Miss Moore got three sets to Miss Jones' two. Miss Moore played Miss Myrtle McAtee, of Pittsburg, national champion, to-day.

The Canadian Cricket Club defeated the Belmont Cricket Club, at Philadelphia, yesterday, by a score of 185 to 131 for seven wickets. The contest is the first of four arranged for the Canadians.

Driscoll, a 3-year-old colt, by Sir Dixon-Merry Maiden, valued by its owner, Woodford Clay, at $10,000, died yesterday at the Harlem track, Chicago, of laryngitis. Driscoll ran third in the Kentucky derby.

MR. KRUGER'S FATE

A Cub Bear That by This Time Has Perished.

ESCAPED WITH A COLLAR ON

As He Was Growing Rapidly There Is Little Doubt as to His End.

Our flotilla of canoes bound for James bay reached Brunswick Point, a Hudson Bay company's station, seventy miles north of the Canadian Pacific line, at the headwaters of the Moose river, early in June. The Ojibway Indian hunters were just coming in from the winter's chase for fur-bearing animals.

We spent half a day at the post before proceeding on down the Moose river for 425 miles to James Bay. Brunswick was the last post which we would see before reaching the inland sea, and we were making the most of semi-civilization before plunging into that unbroken wilderness.

We landed at Brunswick at noon after a hard twenty-mile paddle against a stiff wind down Missinabi lake. Our sharpened appetites, born of such violent exercise, did full justice to a hearty meal, and then we visited the Indian village.

As we approached, the bashful squaws made haste to get under cover and, diving head foremost into their abodes, closed the entrances against possible intrusion.

We squared ourselves with the male members of the tribe with "Boo-shoo (bon jour) nitchie," an extension of the "glad hand" and a pipe of tobacco all around.

Then the antics of two baby black bears roped to a stake attracted our attention. Old Nee-San-dow-in now approached, surrounded by a dozen more braves, all grinning at our interest in the bears' performance, explained through one of our guides that he had shot mama bear two weeks before and that she had made a hard fight for her little ones..

The cubs were born comedians, about a foot high and twice as long. They frisked and frolicked, clawed and bit like young kittens, and the idea of domesticating one of them appealed so strongly to "Kentucky," a Kootenai miner who hadn't seen the blue grass state since his boyhood, that he suddenly exclaimed:

"How much?"

The query being addressed to Nee-San-dow-in, that worthy hemmed and hawed and fixed the purchase price at $2. Kentucky cheerfully gave up the coin and walked off with bruin in tow. The other cub set up a pitiful outcry at his brother's departure.

The Cub Is Named.

As it was rumored when we left the line that the president of the Boer republic had been captured, Kentucky deemed it appropriate to dub our captive Kruger. He was promptly made an honorary member of the party and by the time we got a fresh start in the afternoon he had begun to avail himself of all the privileges of membership. It was surprising the way he readily adapted himself to his new surroundings. He fought for position in the canoe in which he took passage, and if denied the softest berth on board, he soon gained his point by snarling and scratching in a most distressing manner.

Before sundown he got a line on all the sugary substances on board and had taken liberal samples from each. That night when we camped by a roaring rapid, and took a general inventory, bruin again broke into the commissary department. Besides tipping a molasses keg upside down and appropriating half its contents to himself and getting all "stuck up," he succeeded in eating a side of bacon.

His predilection for high life again manifested itself when, not content with sleeping under the starry canopy, he invaded the tent and curled himself up comfortly on the blankets, to which he was glued fast with molasses in the morning.

After that we kept a closer watch on him, but he was always nosing around and helping himself, especially at dinner time.

All the way down the Moose there is a never-ending succession of portages, and when we would strike the trail and lug our freight around the break in the river, Kruger proved no laggard. Fearful that he might be left behind if he didn't look out for himself, the sly rascal would be the first of the party to get over the trail, and when we were all ready to embark again he would be found sunning himself on his favorite cushion. We got so used to his dependence on self-preservation that we thought we couldn't lose him and allowed him to shift for himself.

Mr. Kruger Is Lost.

But one day, after we had cleared Sharp Rock portage a hundred miles down stream, Kruger was missing. One of the Indians swore that he had seen Kruger shambling along the trail soon after we landed. He must have taken a nap and woke up too late. At any rate, we failed to find him when we paddled back and retraced the trail.

Kentucky had fashioned a stout leather collar around his neck and as he was growing very rapidly at the time of his mysterious disappearance, it is my opinion that Kruger has choked to death before this.

—H. L. K.

A BROKEN PLEDGE

Two Men Go After Trout and Get Business.

SOME TROUT THROWN IN

How a Mower Agent and a Life Insurance Man Did Mr. Krinkle.

Special to The Journal.

Prior Lake, Minn., June 22.—When John Van Slyke and Bill Hendricks went over to Credit river the other day after trout, they resolved to leave business cares behind, to forget there is such a maxim as "Blessed be drudgery," and to be just jolly good fellows.

Both had been working hard all the week and felt that they deserved some recreation. John is an agent for farm machinery. Never mind the firm—that would be advertising. He is a "cracker-jack." The farmers hereabouts share this opinion, and consequently take to the bush when they see John coming behind that team of bronchos, recently acquired in a trade with A. Smokle, who, it is said, succumbed to John's magnetic eye and was worsted in a horse trade for the first time in his life.

As for Bill Hendricks, suffice it to say that he is of John's school, knows the power of the magnettc eye and exercises it in an expert manner as a vender of life insurance policies..

The ponies were in fine trim and stepped out in a spirited trot. A light shower the night before had laid the dust; a quail whistled in a near-by copse; a partridge whirred across the road right in front of the bay's nose, and the meadow larks and robins were caroling their sweetest.

"Great day to sell mowers," ejaculated the machine agent, sniffing the air, "smells like haying time."

"Poor day for my business," laughed Bill, "too bright, too fine altogether; never could make a fellow believe that he was going to die on a day like this, even if he was in the last stages of consumption."

With the brake scraping the caked mud off the wheels with a jarring grit, the ponies half slid, half galloped down a steep hill. At the bottom they emerged from between the cuts onto a level stretch of road, and there, not a hundred yards away, swirled the clear, cold water of Credit river. Under the shade of some friendly willows the ponies were unhitched and a temporary camp made.

On the forbidden bend in the river the trout struck viciously, and before long our anglers' baskets were beginning to show evidences of bottoms.

Krinkle Appears.

John had just landed a "pound and a quarter" beauty when he felt a hand laid heavily on his shoulder. It was old Krinkle, the owner of the preserves, dressed in his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes.

"Good day, Krinkle," cried John, dropping his rod and turning with outstretched hand.

"Howdy," returned Krinkle, gruffly. "Reckon yous know yous a'int got no right to fish here."

"Oh, that's all right. Bill and me knew you wouldn't care, so what did we care for the club. It's you we want to please, you see."

Krinkle eyed John suspiciously. "See here, Mr. Van Slyke, I ain't buying any mowers to-day nor life insurance policies either," he added with emphasis, turning on Bill.

"Of course not, Mr. Krinkle. We just came down to make you a little friendly call; no business, mind you," rejoined Bill, fixing an eye filled with brotherly love and good spirits on Krinkle.

Now if Krinkle hadn't been fresh from church he might have succumbed to Bill's will, but bolstered as he was with precepts straight from the pulpit, he found no difficulty in holding to his first intention regarding the two trespassers.

"I'm sure I'm much obleeged to yous gents and I'm sorter sorry to make yous any trouble; but I git paid a fair price for looking after this stretch of river and I reckon yous better come along down to Shakopee with me this afternoon and fix the matter up the best way you ken. That lets me out, you see, and I hopes yous gets off as easy."

John looked at Bill, and Bill looked at John. Here was a pretty predicament and one evidently not to be avoided. Bill thought of the jug in the wagon and invited Krinkle down to have a drink. Of course Krinkle accepted with alacrity. After they reached the wagon he became less eager, having seen the jug. Finally he said in answer to the many hearty invitations to drink:

"Reckon I will jest to please yous fellers. I allus likes to be accommodating."

Krinkle Obstinate.

How many times the jug went around is not definitely known. Anyway, the three dined together at Krinkle's house but throughout the meal Krinkle turned a deaf ear to their appeals to let the matter about trout stand as it was.

"After dinner John passed around the cigars and they went out to sit under a grape vine arbor until the boy fed and watered the ponies.

Not far from the arbor stood a dismantled mower of an old patent. John remembered when he sold that machine to Krinkle fifteen years before. It was a happy thought and he referred to it; then Krinkle grew reminiscent. He spoke of his brother long since dead, who used to be a handy man with all kinds of machinery, whereupon Bill suddenly recollected that he had insured that brother's life and after death the full amount of the policy had been paid. Here Krinkle recalle dthat they had received a thousand-dollar check from his brother's insurance. Another drink and the trout were forgotten.

Business Resumed.

"You're getting to be a pretty old man, Mr. Krinkle, nearly as old as your brother when he died, ain't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Hendricks, I'm getting along in years."

Bill shook his head. "Got a pretty big family, too—nice boys, nice girls; ought to be educated and sent out in the world prepared for the battle of life."

Krinkle grew thoughtful. "That's right; I ain't doing very well by 'em. Say, Mr. Hendricks, yous has always been a good friend of mine, and I've been thinking lately of having you insure my life."

Bill grabbed the old man's hand. "I knew a man of your sense would come to it after a while. Get right in with us and we'll have that policy drawn up before 4 o'clock. When I have a customer like you I want to give him the best accommodations possible."

John began to look uneasy. Bill was breaking the agreement under which they started out. "I've got to get into line or I'll never hear the last of it," he thought.

On the road to Prior Lake Krinkle pointed out his level acres of meadow land. "Thet's the finest hay land in the country, and I'll be hanged if I ken git a mower that will run even over it. I've heard a pile about the mower yous sells, Mr. Van Slyke, and when we gits to town I'd like to have a look at one of 'em."

It was 8 o'clock in the evening when Krinkle left town. He reached home in safety and his wife met him at the door. "How much were they fined?" was her first question. Krinkle drew back. "Fined?" he cried. "I'll be dog-goned if I didn't fergit all about it, but I've had my life insured and bought a new mower."

Sunday Trains to Lake

Leave Minneapolis & St. Louis depot at 9:50 a. m., and 2 p. m. Leave Tonke Bay 4:50 and 8 p. m. Get new time card.

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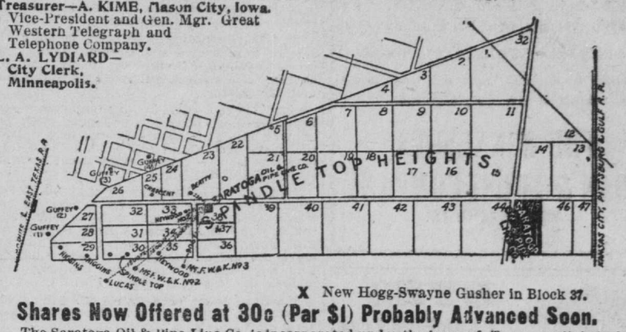

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OUTING OF THE McSWATS AND ITS TRIBULATIONS

Chicago Tribune.

They had made arrangements to spend the day in a suburb, miles and miles away, at the other end of the city.

The first stage of the journey had been accomplished with comparative ease. They had made their way safely down town.

There was a stretch of half a mile to be covered before they could reach the station where they were to take the train for the distant suburb, and the only way to get there was either to hire a cab or walk.

"We will walk, Billiger," decisively announced Mrs. McSwat, with that praiseworthy economy which woman—bless her heart!—so often manifests when the masculine appendage of the household is ready to yield weakly to a seeming necessity for getting rid of money.

"We will walk, Billiger," she repeated.

"All right, Lobelia," he replied, looking at his watch. "There will be time enough if we don't stop to swap horses on the way."

Half the distance had been traversed, when Billiger, hampered by the umbrella and the wraps, was unlucky enough to step on his wife's dress and tear the bottom flounce loose.

There was no time to stop and pin it up, owing to the unforseen delays consequent upon the crowded condition of the streets and the necessity of yielding the right of way to processions of horses at every cross