THE COMING BATTLE.

Corbett and Mitchell to Fight for the Championship.

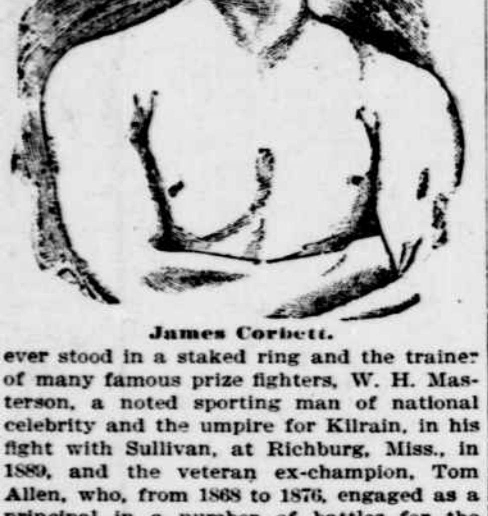
THE CHANCES OF THE TWO MEN.

Discussed by Experts who Ought to Know.

WHAT THEY HAVE TO SAY

Written for The Evening Star.

UPON WHOSE BROW will rest the laurels of the world's championship in the coming fight between James Corbett and Charles Mitchell, typical representatives of American and English fistic prowess? This is the all-absorbing question among the sporting men of both countries at the present moment. Below are presented the opinions of the leaders in pugilism, concerning the probabilities of the battle, and they will be found interesting reading. Ex-Champion Sullivan gives a modest and manly word in behalf of the American, but clearly believes it probable that Mitchell may outgeneral him. Peter Jackson, who is matched to fight Corbett in the spring, is very naturally "on the fence," and contents himself with saying simply that Mitchell will give Corbett a close run for the purse. Billy Madden, discoverer of champions, whose fortune it was to place both Sullivan and Mitchell in the international pugilistic arena, Billy Edwards, the erstwhile famous boxer and pugilist, Mike Donovan, himself one of the best men that



James Corbett.

ever stood in a staked ring and the trainer of many famous prize fighters, W. H. Masterson, a noted sporting man of national celebrity and the umpire for Kilrain, in his fight with Sullivan, at Richburg, Miss., in 1889, and the veteran ex-champion, Tom Allen, who, from 1868 to 1876, engaged as a principal in a number of battles for the championship—each and all have something of interest to contribute on the subject of the approaching battle. W. E. HARDING.

Sullivan Compares the Men.

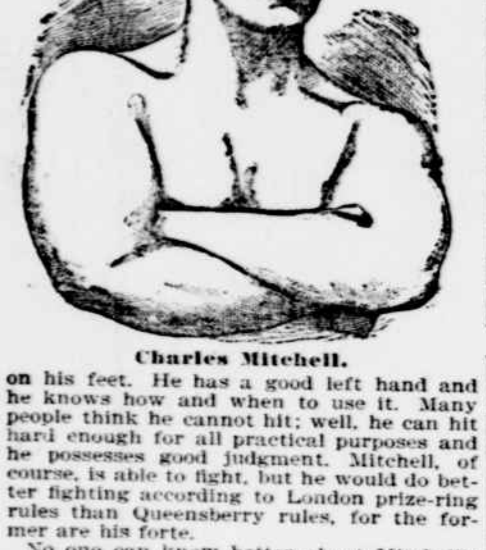
It should be a great fight. Corbett is a first-class boxer, very strong, and he will be in good condition. It is an important consideration, in any contest, to be in condition, and it is my candid opinion, if I had paid attention to training, I should have been the champion yet. Corbett defeated me, or at least I defeated myself; but it is too late in the day to talk about my only defeat in ten years.

I must say Corbett is a first-class fighter; he is very active on his feet. You must have good legs and hips as well as strong arms and muscular shoulders, to be a success in the prize ring, for without active legs, you cannot escape your opponent's leads, neither can you spring in to land a blow when opportunity presents itself. I had no legs when I fought Corbett. I was tied up and he should have defeated me in a few rounds, if he is the wonderful fighter they claim him to be. What his chances are of winning the coming fight I cannot say. I am sure he will have his hands full, for he has to meet a man who is tricky and cunning, up to every dodge known in either Queensberry or London prize ring rules, one who can hit harder than Corbett can and who can fight like a demon and not tire quickly. When I fought Mitchell in France, I was in better condition than when I fought Corbett. I should have defeated Mitchell, but I caught a chill and that affected me more than any one could imagine.

Mitchell must have improved since he fought me in France. He is in his prime and has not abused himself as much as many suppose. I should judge he will fight at 170 pounds, which weight will stand to him if the fight is a long one, and I think he will give Corbett all he can do to win, for he can hit hard, he is just as clever as Corbett and he has had more experience in prize-ring matters. I do not think the betting should be any better than even money. Those who are betting 2 to 1 that Corbett will win are risking big odds. Sporting men were betting 4 to 1 that I would defeat Corbett, but there was no sense in such betting, for accidents are always liable to happen in a glove fight. An arm may be sprained or broken, sickness may attack a boxer in the ring, and no matter how great a boxer he might be he would have to give up or be beaten. I am not going to say whether Corbett will win or Mitchell will defeat Corbett, but my sympathy is naturally with Corbett, because he is an American. I am sure the fight will be a close one, no matter who wins, and the victor will not have much to boast about.

Billy Madden Says Corbett.

What do I think of the Mitchell and Corbett fight? I think Corbett will certainly win and that he is a two-to-one, yes, a three-to-one shot. He has the advantage in height, weight, youth, length of reach and he is a clever boxer and light as a cricket



Charles Mitchell.

on his feet. He has a good left hand and he knows how and when to use it. Many people think he cannot hit; well, he can hit hard enough for all practical purposes and he possesses good judgment. Mitchell, of course, is able to fight, but he would do better fighting according to London prize-ring rules than Queensberry rules, for the former are his forte.

No one can know better about Mitchell's fighting qualities than I. I found him in 1883 in England, when I went over to find a man to meet Sullivan. It is prize-ring history the sensation Mitchell made when he first arrived in America, and I put him against Mike Cleary and then against Sullivan. I think Mitchell was a better fighter at that time than he is now. He was younger, could hit harder and his hands were not broken, as they are now. Even if Mitchell's hands were good, I do not think he could defeat Corbett; but still I may be mistaken. I did not think Bob Fitzsimmons could defeat Peter Maher or Ed Smith defeat Joe Goddard, but I was mistaken.

I think the Corbett-Mitchell fight will be a hot one while it lasts, and, while I am going to back Corbett to win, I expect Mitchell will fight from start to finish like a gladiator, for there is no denying that he can fight; but he is handicapped in more ways than one, and his hands may give out.

Trainer Donovan's Forecast.

I regard Corbett as the greatest pugilist the world has ever seeen in my time. I know him "like a book;" for when he was a bank clerk in San Francisco and boxing instructor in the Olympic Club my friends in that city wrote me about him. After he boxed with Kilrain in the Southern Athletic Club in New Orleans my friend, Pat Kendrick, wrote me that Corbett was a first-class boxer, but that he lacked several points necessary to make him a champion.

On Corbett's arrival in New York, I introduced him to the members of the New York Athletic Club and showed him several wrinkles in boxing. I was also his adviser when he was matched to fight John L. Sullivan. When I seconded Kilrain with Charley Mitchell, when Kilrain was matched to fight Sullivan for $10,000 a side and the championship of the world, I studied Sullivan's style and noted his weak points, so that I was in a position to give Corbett information which he profited by when he fought Sullivan in the Olympic Club, New Orleans, for $45,000, the largest stake ever battled for. Corbett did not use me kindly afterward, although I stood in his corner when he was facing a man who was looked upon as invincible, and it was by my instructions he fought and won.

Since that time there has been a flag of truce between us, but that does not interfere with my opinion of Corbett as a fighter. I think he should defeat Mitchell as easily as he did Sullivan. Mitchell, of course, will be in splendid shape. He is a sturdy and aggressive boxer, and that he can hit hard there is no denying. He is thoroughly game, for his contest with Sullivan in France proved that he was not only game, but a stayer. Corbett has every advantage over Mitchell, and, besides, he is a better boxer. I think Corbett is today the cleverest boxer living.

The fight will be a more protracted struggle than many suppose. If Corbett forces the fighting, it will not last over fifteen rounds, but if he fights on the defensive and waits for Mitchell to lead, trusting to counter him heavily, the fight may last for two hours. If it is a short fight, science will have won the day. If it is a long one, stamina will win. Corbett has proved that he can stay; his sixty-one rounds with Peter Jackson proved it; while Mitchell's long battle with Sullivan at Apremont, France, proved he could fight for hours.

I expect Corbett will win, and I have instructed my friends to bet on him.

Billy Edwards Favors the Champion.

Although I never saw Jim Corbett fight, I have seen him box, and feel that he should defeat Charley Mitchell. I think he is one of the cleverest big men since Ned O'Baldwin and Joe Wormald's time. Few of our present sporting men ever saw Wormald and O'Baldwin. Mitchell has now been fighting over eleven years. I think it is ten years since he won the boxing championship of England and was brought to this country by Billy Madden. He was a clever boxer, and an aggressive fighter, in 1883 and 1884, but it is a question whether he can fight at the present time as he could then. I supposed I could fight forever, but I made a mistake. The only mistake I ever made in my prize-ring career was meeting Mitchell, who was taller, heavier, and possessed twice my strength. Mitchell is one of the new school of boxers, he is very clever, and he will give Corbett more trouble to defeat him than Sullivan did, and the fight will be a better one. I think the men will fight about one hour. You know, if both men are in earnest, they can do plenty of fighting and end the contest in that time. Corbett should win beyond a doubt, for he is taller and heavier than his rival and has a longer reach. Height and weight, of

Mike Donovan.

course, make a considerable difference in men fighting, though some claim that weight cuts no figure when big men contend, but length of reach does, and Corbett, having this great advantage, backed up with good driving power, he should win.

Tom Allen for Mitchell.

Corbett is a very clever boxer, but I do not think him an aggressive pugilist. Mitchell is just the size and build for a champion. He can hit hard, has splendid legs and grand physical development. Mitchell is now matured. When he fought Sullivan in France, he only weighed 165 pounds, while in the coming contest he will at least have ten pounds more weight, and he is nearly six years older. Mitchell knows more about fighting than Corbett; he can hit harder, while he knows every foot of the ring, and how to fight, and where to land. Any first-class middleweight, in my opinion, could have defeated Sullivan in half the time that Corbett did. Corbett will have to show up to better advantage at Jacksonville in January than he did when he met Sullivan at New Orleans.

The talk about Corbett having the advantage in height, weight and length of reach amounts to nothing; Jem Mace defeated Sam Hurst, who was over six feet in height and weighed over two hundred pounds. Tom Sayers defeated Bill Perry, the "Tipton Slasher," who was several inches taller, had a longer reach than Sayers and was fully two stone heavier. Sayers also stood off John C. Heenan, who was over forty pounds heavier and several inches taller, and had the advantage in reach and science. Heenan was as clever and scientific a boxer as Corbett, while Sayers could not box nor even make a first-class set-to with gloves.

What Umpire Masterson Thinks.

Corbett is not going to meet a pugilist who has abused himself, but a sturdy gladiator, a man who possesses pluck, a first-class ring general, who is thoroughly posted in fighting according to any rules, and has had far more experience in the prize ring than Corbett, and who "knows the game from A to Z." Corbett, it must be admitted, has the advantage in height, weight and length of reach. There is no doubt about his stamina, for his protracted battle of sixty-one rounds, according to Queensberry rules, in San Francisco, clearly proved he could stay, while his courage cannot be questioned. In regard to science, neither has any advantage. Corbett is a skillful boxer, so is Mitchell. I think they are the two most scientific boxers in the world. I backed Corbett at 4 to 1 when he fought John L. Sullivan, because I was aware Sullivan's day had gone by. I did not think he stood the ghost of a show to defeat Corbett.

Mitchell is the greatest prize fighter in the world according to London rules, and if the latter, instead of Queensberry rules, were to govern the coming contest, I should not hesitate to back Mitchell. If he is in first-class condition, my friends and myself will back him, because I have an idea he will be a surprise party if Corbett is not on edge.

A Growing Improvement.

From Puck.

Foster.—"Old Popleigh dresses much better than he used to."

Felton.—"Yes; his boys are now large enough for him to wear their cast-off clothes."

THE MOST notable of many notable dinings in Zion Settlement sixty years ago was Aunt Betsy's quilting. Aunt Betsy was the best housekeeper in all the neighborhood. She was a stately lady, who had been a widow for many years, yet had unmarried sons and daughters who kept a social atmosphere about her. An entertainment at her house was never an ordinary affair. Her farm was rich, her orchards large, and every variety of farm products stood upon her pantry shelves. Her wheat loaf was the best of the neighborhood; her turkeys were the largest and the fattest of their kind; her rice, the product of her own farm, had been declared again and again to be superior to anything of the sort this side the swamps of South Carolina, from which state Aunt Betsy had emigrated when a young wife into the wilderness of Tennessee. Her apples, jellies, preserved fruits were the envy of her neighbors.

Zion Settlement was a Presbyterian neighborhood, and made up largely of kinspeople; therefore, invitations were not limited. The entire neighborhood was considered invited on the simple announcement of the quilting.

On this particular occasion, Dr. Tyndale, the old pastor, and young Mr. Fairchild, who had been recently called to assist him, arrived quite early, yet found themselves preceded by a goodly company. The married men sat upon the long piazza in front of Aunt Betsy's well-built, hewed-log farm house. The two preachers and the elders naturally fell into one group; the others slightly apart. The young men and the boys appropriated the shade of the oaks which stood in the yard, the girls and the mothers busily plied needle and thread over the box quilt which was attached to four wooden frames, set up on the backs of four chairs, in the center of the long sitting room. A ripple of talk like the hum of bees ran through the group.

On the piazza, the crops, the improvements and theology were discussed; the clearings and the sicknesses were chatted about, until Dr. Mayfield, the neighborhood physician, was craftily drawn by some of the young men into reminiscences of his old home in South Carolina and of the revolutionary war. The doctor and the old pastor had borne honorable part in that struggle. They had suffered taunts and ill-treatment from tory and British; had been held prisoners at "Ninety-six," and taken part in the battle of King's Mountain. The doctor possessed a fund of army anecdotes of which his neighbors never grew weary.

The boys under the trees enjoyed pranks and fun, and slyly telegraphed messages to the girls through the open windows, satisfied with even this mode of communication, as they could do no better.

Around the box-quilt the chatter of voices discussed weavings, quiltings, marriages and sickness, gardens and poultry, and—the young minister. Mr. Fairchild had recently arrived, in obedience to a "call," and was unmarried: hence the girls felt at liberty to take part in this discussion. The mothers expressed the opinion that Dr. Tyndale and the elders had been fortunate in their selection. Aunt Betsy, who was good authority on a sermon as well as on a good dinner, declared she had never heard anything better than Mr. Fairchild's sermons, in any Presbyterian synod of South Carolina; and Cousin Polly Skipworth, especially commended his "Talks to the Young Folks."

Rose Madden, the belle of the neighborhood, archly broke in with the information, "he had found the road over to Dr. Mayfield's," directing the point of her needle and a meaning glance to the doctor's daughter Jean, who sat at the farther end of the quilting line. The suddenness of the thrust caused Jean to quicken her fingers over the line she was quilting, but remained silent. "Why not?" responded several voices, who came to Jean's rescue, "it would be a pretty state of things if the young minister was not allowed to visit in his congregation."

"True," said Rose, with the slightest tone of malice in her voice, "but they do say that his horse is in the habit of walking out of Dr. Tyndale's stable, and is often found at the back of Dr. Mayfield's woods, two miles off."

"I'll tell you what's the matter," said sharp, cunning, black-eyed Rebecca Witherspoon, "that horse didn't stop in Mr. Madden's front lot, as he ought to have done, on his way to Dr. Mayfield's woods!"

There was an explosure of laughter about the quilting frames.

Promptly at 12 o'clock dinner was announced. And such a dinner! It was afterward confidently asserted, "no such dinner ever before had been spread in Zion Settlement." Aunt Peggy solemnly declared that "it banged" anything she had ever seen.

Late in the afternoon the box quilt was finished.

The tall wooden clock that stood in the corner of the sitting room noiselessly turned about its hands, and the young, smiling face that the old clock maker had painted on the dial seemed to grow happier as the day grew longer. But a still older timekeeper on the outside had his more positive way of marking the passing day.

The sun had dropped into the tree tops, the quilt was clipped out of the frames and declared to be satisfactory in every respect. The heads of families prepared to go home. There was bustling and running about, horses were saddled and gates were opened. The two ministers, after expressing warm thanks to Aunt Betsy for her hospitable entertainment, took their departure; but there was a perceptible flutter of excitement among the young people that indicated there was something still to come. Smiles and significant tableaux were interchanged. The meaning soon came out. Aunt Betsy, in reward for their nimble fingers and the extra "stitching in" of her own name into the quilt, had invited the girls to stay and have a "candy-pulling" after night; the boys, of course, were necessary to see the girls home, therefore were expected to remain.

Sixty years ago manners were simple, enjoyment real, and coming pleasure sweet and fresh as the rosebud that rose-fashion breathed itself into the air.

Nimrod Mayfield whispered to John Jones, son of one of the deacons, to mount his mare "Wildfire," ride over to Jack Williams—five miles off—"and tell Jack of the frolic." "Be sure," he said, in a low meaning whisper, "to tell him to bring his 'fiddle,' but to be very quiet about it or the jig will be up." Jack was the neighborhood minstrel, and passionately fond of dancing.

So, confidentially instructed, the willing messenger left to carry out his instructions.

In this rural Presbyterian neighborhood dancing was held to be a veritable invention of the evil one. John Calvin exercised here his lawyer function as well as his priestly office. Indictments, though not so sharp as those he formulated against Servetus, continued to issue from his dead hand. The criminality of dancing, in this particular section, was appalling. Yet, the sin was ever risked for the pleasure by the girls and boys of Zion Settlement. A fitting opportunity and the smallest amount of persuasion upset all scruples. The spice of danger added to the taste of the enjoyment. To snatch from under the very nod of Calvin the forbidden fruit was an additional attraction. Choir meetings were favorite places to do this, as these meetings were held from house to house around the neighborhood. After Saturday night's singing class had rehearsed Sunday music and the older members of the house had dropped out of the singing bee into their beds and left Sabbath melodies in charge of the younger members, the most natural thing in the world was to change from sacred to secular music. The violin, next to the gun and dog, in every new-settled country, was indispensable, therefore, to dance a few sets was a temptation to youthful blood not to be resisted.

The outlook for a dance after the candy-making seemed most propitious. Aunt Betsy was as regular in her habits as the sun and moon. Nine o'clock never found her out of bed. Moreover, she was a good sleeper. Her snore meant sleep so unwaking that the old rooster perched under her window understood it, and slept too. Her room was in the extreme end of the house, separated by a hall and an apartment from the rest of the building. Nimrod, for a consideration, had secured the services of the waiting boy, Toby, a young negro, who had in charge the horses of the guests on this particular night, to watch at her door, and to bring him word when she was fast asleep. The other servants consented to keep the secret, provided they were allowed to see the dance. Watches were set up in all dangerous directions. Instant information was to be conveyed to Nimrod if anything went wrong or looked suspicious. Everybody was ready for the fun. Jack Webster duly arrived with his fiddle, and John Jones had not forgotten to stop at home and bring his flute. After the brown sugar had bubbled and boiled in the great brass kettle, and laughingly had been pulled like young affections, in various lengths and various degrees of whiteness, games were enjoyed. As it neared Aunt Betsy's bedtime she had been asked most innocently to listen to the music Jack Webster had been learning from notes sent him by a Charleston friend. The mere mention of South Carolina was sure to win her favor. Jack's violin did its best; but promptly at 9 o'clock Aunt Betsy retired. With equal promptness the black boy, Toby, went on watch. Nimrod was in his jolliest mood; told his wittiest anecdotes, and shied in his brightest remarks. Fate seemed to favor, when it was ascertained through Toby that Aunt Betsy was actually snoring. Nimrod urged Jack Webster to call for dancers. Jack hesitated, although he had come expressly for this purpose.

"I tell you what it is, Nimrod, I feel that we are going to be caught tonight, and we had better be cautious."

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Nimrod. "I'll take all the consequences. Go ahead! Rebecca Witherspoon and I will lead off." And to make good his word they took their places on the floor.

This was too much for Jack's doubt, so he drew his bow energetically across the violin, and started an old Virginia reel. The contagion spread, and the floor was soon filled with dancers.

"Youth and morn chased the hours with flying feet." Nimrod, as he wheeled through the twelfth set, whispered to his partner: "What do you think Squire Dickey, the parson's watch dog, would say if he knew what was going on here?" "Remember the old adage," was the quick rejoinder; "speak of a certain person and he always appears!" "Gabriel's horn wouldn't wake the old fox at this hour," confidently responded Nimrod.

From time to time it was announced that Aunt Betsy was soundly snoring; even the old rooster in the tree by her window seemed to be overcome with slumber, for he omitted the opportunity to crow at midnight. All seemed well, when suddenly a shadow appeared at the window and beckoned to Nimrod, who led his partner to a seat, and went out. Toby informed him that he heard the sound of horses' feet along the road, and communicated the further fact that Squire Dickey had passed by on his way to town that morning, and had not been seen to return. Nimrod then recalled the fact he had forgotten that this justice of the peace and regulator of the young folks of Zion had set for trial that very day a knotty road case, in conjunction with another magisterial brother, and, possibly belated, he was now on his homeward journey. Aunt Betsy's house sat back from the road, but it was highly probable that he would ride down to the house to see what was going on. Nimrod suggested his fear to Toby. "Yes, massa," said the boy, "I knows him; that's jest what he'll do." Sure enough, they both heard the outer gate gently opening. Somebody was approaching. Word was conveyed at once to the party inside; the music ceased and the candles were extinguished. Nimrod listened, and soon recognized the short trot of the squire's favorite riding animal, well known throughout the neighborhood.

Squire Dickey had seen the light in Aunt Betsy's windows, knew that the quilting was on hand, but it was late in the night and the faint sound of the violin excited his suspicions. The disappearance of the lights convinced him that there was something wrong. However, to clinch the matter, he rode down through the front lot to the yard gate of the house. The horses of the young folks were hitched to the fence. They recognized the fact of the arrival of another horse by a general snort. The squire knew now that every boy in the house was aware of his presence. So he simply consulted the hands of his great silver watch, that kept justice time in the court room and good habits in the neighborhood. The hands pointed to 2 p.m. "Well! Well!" he apostrophised. "Sure enough! a dance had been going on at Aunt Betsy's." To make sure of the fact, he examined the line of horses. There was "Wildfire," Nimrod Mayfield's mare; next, Deacon Jones' sorrel; then Jack Webster's black mare. There could be no doubt of the correctness of his inferences. So, he turned about, rode back, closed the outer gate of the premises with less caution than he had entered, and proceeded on his homeward journey.

"There!" said Jack Webster to Nimrod, as the heavy latch of the gate closed and came down with a snap into the socket, "I told you so, Nim. Old Trot is gone—it's all out. There will be the dickens to pay."

"The sooner we get home," muttered Deacon Jones' boy, "the better." This opinion evidently was general.

Whispered conferences took place, saddling was done in haste, gates gently opened and shut, then with the assurance that Aunt Betsy was still asleep, the young folks separated for their homes.

Next day it was mysteriously noised about that something dreadful had happened. It was noticed that the young people were strangely silent. Not a word did they have to say about the candy pulling, and nobody seemed to know precisely when they reached home. At last the frightful truth came out: "The biggest dance of the season had taken place at Aunt Betsy's, notwithstanding the new minister and Dr. Tyndale had spent the day there. It was simply awful—awful—to know that such an occurrence should take place in a Christian neighborhood; something must be done. The session of the church ought to investigate the matter."

Such was the general talk of the mothers, and of Aunt Betsy in particular. The guilty party must be exposed. No matter who might prove to be the guilty one, it was the unanimous demand that an example must be made of the individual who had brought so much scandal upon the neighborhood.

So the session was convened at the Brick Church, and the young people assembled at Watts Madden's for trial.

Watts lived on a hill a quarter of a mile distant, in front of the Brick Church. A day of doom could not have been more solemn. Like so many criminals, the boys were imprisoned in one end of the house, and the girls in the other. Weeping, loud lamentations and hysterics prevailed in the girls' room. A vague, indefinable sense of something terrible about to happen overshadowed both parties. Nimrod Mayfield was unusually pale and flustered, Jack Webster was sullen and defiant. Jack was older than the others, a man in size, yet he had just entered his twentieth year, and had served six months against the Florida Indians, and brought back considerable fame for his courage. He walked the floor of Mr. Madden's east room, evidently meditating some forcible way out of the difficulty.

When the session was duly assembled in the church, Cousin Joshua Witherspoon, a short, rotund, mild-faced, elderly man, was deputed to bring down the culprits, one by one, from the house to the church, for examination.

The trial commenced with the boys; Nimrod Mayfield headed the list. Nimrod was more nervous than usual as he followed Cousin Joshua to the place of doom. On arriving at the church he found the entire session assembled, his father among them, and Dr. Tyndale at their head. The old preacher, always grave and dignified, looked more grave than usual. He had a sad, perplexed expression in his eyes.

After directing Nimrod to stand and answer the questions as they were propounded, he inquired:

"Nimrod, were you present at your Aunt Betsy's on the night of the candy pulling?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who else were there?"

"All the boys and girls in the neighborhood, sir."

"Were you among the dancers?"

"No, sir."

"What?" said the old man, with a nervous twist, "Nimrod, be careful, this is a very serious matter."

"Yes, sir, it feels so, but Cousin Rebecca Witherspoon and I just looked on."

"Nimrod, my son, truth is a jewel."

"Yes—yes, sir, now that I think about it—I did dance some."

"Yes! Yes!" said the doctor, with evident relief. "Tell us all about it."

"Well, sir, we made candy until we got tired; then Bill Madden told some ghost stories. We played 'blind man's buff' and 'thimble.' After this Jack Webster got out his fiddle and played for Aunt Betsy, 'Oft in the Stilly Night,' 'O' Lang Syne,' and some new tunes. Then Aunt Betsy went to bed, and Jack proposed we should all have a dance. Two or three partners took their places on the floor. About this time some one said Squire Dickey was coming down the road. We blew out the candles and then went home."

"What time of night was this," continued his questioner.

"It was early," replied Nimrod.

"Early?—in the night or early in the morning?" asked the preacher.

"Squire Dickey says it was 2 o'clock—2 o'clock!" repeated Dr. Tyndale, "when he passed your Aunt Betsy's—two hours gone into Sunday. You were breaking the Lord's day, as well as dancing."

"I don't know exactly what time it was," said Nimrod, "but we had not danced long."

"My son, long or short, you know very well it was wrong. You know, too, that there is a place of fire and brimstone for the wicked. Dancing and Sabbath breaking lead to that doleful abode. Better suffer here than there."

"Yes, sir," said Nimrod, very humbly, "I know it, but forgiveness comes in when you ask it, don't it?"

"So it does!" said Dr. Tyndale, emphatically—"so it does!" A pause took place

"I ask pardon, and promise to do better hereafter," mumbled Nimrod. A still longer pause.

"Brethren," said the old preacher, addressing the session, "a word of reproof and exhortation, I think, will be sufficient. Cousin Joshua, take him back and bring down Jack Webster."

Jack Webster was arraigned.

"Jack, were you at the candy pulling?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you dance?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who else danced?"

"All of us," said Jack. "Nimrod and Cousin Sally led the first set."

"Who played the violin?"

"I did, sir." A dead silence for some moments.

"Then you played on into Sunday," said Dr. Tyndale, sadly.

"I don't know what time it was. Squire Dickey knows."

"Did you see Squire Dickey?"

"No, sir; but he was there all the same."

"Are you willing to acknowledge it was wrong and give us your pledge, Jack, not to do so again?"

"I DID, SIR." A DEAD SILENCE.

"No, sir, I shall dance whenever I get a chance." The doctor straightened up in his chair. Another awkward pause followed.

"Jack, you may return to Mr. Madden's."

Jack slowly stalked out of the church. The building was surrounded by a graveyard, and Jack stood a moment on the gravel walk hesitatingly, as if he had half an intention to return and say something, but his eyes wandered over the white tombstones, and he went out.

Cousin Joshua, on his way for another witness, followed. Jack trudged ahead, evidently for the purpose of being overtaken. He was a muscular fellow, and his cold blue eye had an immovable look in it. He put himself squarely across the path of the messenger of the session and blurted out:

"Cousin Joshua, what are you going to do with those girls up at Mr. Madden's? They are crying and going on at a dreadful rate. They are scared to death. They are not to blame. We asked them to dance, and you know it is in the blood of young folks to dance, anyhow. It is a blame shame to treat them so, and I want to tell you right now, plainly, you are not going to take them before the session, if I can help it. You can punish me, if you want to, but I'll not stand by and see them imposed upon."

It was very clear in those steel-blue eyes Jack meant all he had said. Cousin Joshua was not exactly prepared either to answer or for action. A parley suggested itself to the ecclesiastic constable. "Well, Jack," he said, patronizingly, without noticing the threat, "let's talk about it. Now, what would you do about the whole matter?"

"Do! Do about it?" ejaculated Jack. "I'll tell you what I would do. I would stop it. If I was in your place, I would take Cousin Sally, that is crying her eyes out up there, and would go home. That's what I would do!" said Jack, vehemently. "It's a greater sin to keep those girls sobbing and crying, than for them to dance a little when they are asked." The growing fluency of Jack and the steel-blue eyes won the day. Jack was, after all, a favorite, and the neighborhood's pride. A trial of strength with him, if so unseemly a thing should occur, would clearly leave the victory in his hands. Secretly, too, Cousin Joshua was much of Jack's opinion. "Well, boy," he said, "I will consult the session," and turned toward the church. Jack, with quicker step, hastened to Mr. Madden's, and informed the boys. "Good!" said a boy, in his shirt sleeves. "You didn't ask anybody's pardon!" All put on an air of triumph save Nimrod, who was, evidently, dejected.

"What's the matter with you, Nimrod, anyhow?" said Jack. "You look as if your last friend was dead."

"Nothin'," responded Nimrod.

"Yes, there is! you needn't say that, Nim; you had just as well tell it; we'll find it out."

"Well, if I must tell," said the downcast boy, bracing up for an effort, "I told them at the church that I didn't dance any."

"Great Scott! what a lie," uttered a chorus of voices.

"Well, I know it was," continued Nimrod, clearing his throat, "but it seemed so much like the day of judgment, down there, I didn't know what else to say."

"Well! at the day of judgment, the 'old boy' will get you for that whopper, sure!" continued the chorus.

"I'll bet he told on all of us!" interjected the boy in the corner.

"No, I didn't," replied Nimrod, ready to get out at any loop-hole.

"Well, I did," said Jack, "I told them that we all danced. I wa'nt going to tell a lie about it."

"But you didn't give names," continued the interrogator.

"It is all one and the same thing," said Jack.

"Not by a long shot," persisted the corner boy, "there's a heap of difference. The one is a general way of saying nothin'—the other is mean." Nimrod was still more uncomfortable, but silent.

The intelligence of Jack's interference quickly found it's way to the other end of the house. The crying and hysterics at once abated. "That's just like Jack Webster!" said Polly Skipworth, "he ain't afraid of the whole session."

"Nor of dancing, either," said Sally Witherspoon, through her tears. "I don't believe it is wrong, anyhow. There is plenty of dancing in the Bible. My mother said she danced when she was a girl."

Now, what took place in the church when Elder Witherspoon returned was never known; but, after an hour's delay, Cousin Joshua appeared with a smiling face, mounted on "Fancy," called for his daughter Sally, told the rest of the young folks that they were at liberty to go home. Everybody save Nimrod was happy. He was heard to say, "By gum! I'll get even with Squire Dickey, if it takes me the balance of my life."

Jack Webster, next Sunday, sat, as usual, in the choir. His voice was clear and audible. Aunt Peggy said, "It was a right down good voice—strong bass—had stamina in it."

SAMUEL M. ARNELL.

SAW A LIVING MUMMY.

A Woman So Old That Her Muscles Hung Like Shreds on Sticks.

In the Cornhill Magazine a writer thus records a visit to an Egyptian domicile situated upon the Nile: "We went into the hut after some hesitation (the dragoman whispered there were 'ladies' there), and found a vigorous old man telling his Mussulman beads cross-legged on a mud bench, and on the floor bent over the fire the oldest-looking human being I ever saw alive. Mummies I have seen, and wondered not that they were dead, but in what part of her withered, desiccated frame that old woman found space to keep the stern vital energies that lined her grim, carved face I can scarcely guess. She looked no more living than seaweed does dried and stretched on paper.

"Her arms, her legs (thrust almost into the fire) were so shrunken that the long leathern flesh and flaccid muscles hung round them like dangling shreds on sticks. Round her neck were beads of wood and round her wrists leathern bracelets (though, to be sure, I cannot feel certain they were not folds of skin), and on her face lurked not only lines, but gullies and passages, they seemed so deep and fallen. But for the occasional upturned glance of her cold, unquestioning eye I could not have supposed her anything else than one of the earliest and best-preserved of the remotest queens of Egypt.

"The old man gave us lusty welcome, and sent for milk and dates and filled our pockets. He showed us his long spear that hung against the wall, and told me with a proud gesture that he had often killed his man, but more often with a sword, and, taking me by the shoulder, showed me fiercely how he used to do it. He was ninety years old, and had never been farther from home than Assouan, and then only once. All his sons sat and stood around us, and in the background against the mud granary white teeth glimmered and the broad black faces of the women shone. I asked him what present he would like, and he asked for a little rice and a little coffee. All the time he clutched and fingered his Moslem rosary, which, when I admired it, he wanted me to accept. The son came back with us to the dahbeah and carried off the coffee and rice in envelopes, to which I added a handful of cigarettes and a couple of oranges, with particular injunctions that one was to be given to the old gentleman."

INDEFINITE SENTENCES.

Suggestions Made by Prof. Charles A. Collin in His Address.

From the Boston Commonwealth.

A very strong argument for the "indefinite sentence" of criminals, with probationary release on parole, was made by Professor Charles A. Collin at the anniversary meeting of the Massachusetts Prison Association, which we announced last week. Professor Collin regards this system as "the foundation cornerstone of any rational, scientific method of treating prison convicts." "The transformation of the criminal into a serviceable member of society," he said, "is the only effective protection of society against him. The mere temporary caging of the criminal as a wild beast is a protection to society for the time being, it is true. But if, when he is let out of his cage, he is worse than when he went in, he may be more wary and cunning thereafter, but he will be more dangerous to society than before he was caged."

Under the present system the convict is discharged at the end of a fixed term with a new suit of clothes and a few dollars in his pocket. "How many graduates of Harvard University," Professor Collin asks, "dropped upon the world in such a fashion, with all the benefits in character, ability and reputation which Harvard can give them, with no friends except such as beckon them to haunts of vice and criminal ways of earning a living—how many Harvard graduates under such circumstances would get through the next two years without being compelled to beg, borrow, or steal? How, then, can you expect the discharged prison convict, with the firmest of good resolutions, (as many at that moment have,) but with no satisfactory references to previous employment, with no friends of whom he can borrow, intoxicated with the sudden sense of freedom, to avoid the commission of new crimes before he can earn an honest living?"

"FREDDY" GEBHARD'S FIANCEE.

Miss Louise Morris Said to Be One of the Loveliest Women in America.

Miss Louise Morris of Baltimore, whose engagement to Frederick Gebhard has just been announced, has, ever since her society debut three years ago, been a reigning belle. Her portrait at the world's fair attracted much attention. So perfect are her figure and face that she has been written and talked about probably more than any other woman. She is now about twenty-one years old, of medium height, beautifully molded figure, rich chestnut hair, dark

brown eyes and an exquisite complexion. She inherits her beauty from her mother, who is among Baltimore's most lovely matrons. At her home she is known as one of the "big five," a term applied to five of the most beautiful girls in Baltimore. While on a visit to Narragansett Pier in the summer of 1892 she met Mr. Gebhard, whose attentions at once became so marked as to excite comment. She went to Bar Harbor; so did Mr. Gebhard. She went to New York; Mr. Gebhard followed. When the season was at an end Miss Morris returned to her home in Baltimore, and but a very short time had elapsed when Mr. Gebhard found it inconvenient to visit the city of monuments. When Miss Morris left the northern watering places she carried with her Mr. Gebhard's first present, a beautiful little Scotch terrier. She prizes it most highly, and calls it "Dimple." Reports of their engagement have been printed before, but there is believed to be no doubt now that Mr. Gebhard has won the prize. His fortune is believed to be about $750,000.

The Difference.

From Life.

A New York dude traveling in the west was violently kicked by a cowboy, apparently without any provocation.

"Why—ah—did you kick me?"

"Because I done forgot and left my gun at home."

Getting It Through Him.

From Life.

RAILROADS.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
STATION CORNER OF 6TH AND B STREETS.
IN EFFECT JANUARY 10, 1894.

11:05 A.M. PENNSYLVANIA LIMITED.—Pullman Drawing and State Room, Sleeping, Dining, Smoking and Observation Cars Harrisburg to Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Cleveland. Buffet Parlor Car to Harrisburg.
11:05 A.M. FAST LINE.—For Pittsburg. Parlor Cars to Pittsburg.
3:15 P.M. CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS EXPRESS. Pullman Buffet Parlor Car to Harrisburg. Sleeping and Dining Cars, Harrisburg to St. Louis, Cincinnati and Chicago.
7:10 P.M. WESTERN EXPRESS.—Pullman Sleeping Cars to Chicago and Harrisburg to Cleveland. Dining Car to Chicago.
7:10 P.M. SOUTH-WESTERN EXPRESS.—Pullman Sleeping Car to St. Louis and Sleeping and Dining Cars Harrisburg to Cincinnati.
10:40 P.M. PACIFIC EXPRESS.—Pullman Sleeping Car to Pittsburg.
7:50 A.M. for Kane, Canandaigua, Rochester and Niagara Falls daily, except Sunday.
11:05 A.M. for Williamsport and Renovo daily, except Sunday. For Williamsport daily, 3:15 P.M.
7:10 P.M. for Williamsport, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls daily, except Saturday, with Sleeping Car Washington to Buffalo.
10:40 p.m. for Erie, Canandaigua, Rochester and Buffalo daily, and Niagara Falls daily, except Saturday, with Sleeping Car Washington to Rochester.

FOR PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK AND THE EAST.
4:00 P.M. "CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED," all Parlor Cars, with Dining Car from Baltimore, for New York daily, for Philadelphia week days.
7:20, 9:00, 9:40 (Dining Car) and 11:00 A.M., 12:15, 12:47 (except Monday), 2:30 (Dining Car), 3:15, 4:20, 10:00 and 11:35 P.M. On Sunday, 7:20, 9:00, 11:00 A.M., 12:15, 12:47, 2:30 (Dining Car), 3:15, 4:20, 10:00 and 11:35 P.M. For Philadelphia only, Fast Express, 7:50 A.M. week days. Express, 2:01 and 5:40 P.M. daily.
For Boston, without change, 7:50 A.M. week days and 3:15 P.M. daily.
For Baltimore, 6:25, 7:20, 7:50, 9:00, 9:40, 11:00, 11:05 and 11:50 A.M., 12:15, 2:01, 2:30, 3:15 (4:00 Limited), 4:20, 4:36, 5:40, 6:14, 7:10, 10:00, 10:40, 11:15 and 11:35 P.M. On Sunday, 7:20, 9:00, 9:05, 11:00, 11:05 A.M., 12:15, 1:15, 2:01, 2:30, 3:15 (4:00 Limited), 4:20, 5:40, 6:14, 7:10, 10:00, 10:40 and 11:35 P.M.
For Pope's Creek Line, 7:20 A.M. and 4:36 P.M. daily, except Sunday.
For Annapolis, 7:20, 9:00 and 11:50 A.M. and 4:20 P.M. daily, except Sunday. Sundays, 9:00 A.M. and 4:20 P.M.
For Richmond and the South, 4:00 and 10:57 A.M., 3:46 P.M. daily, and 5:55 P.M. week days. For Richmond only, 7:10 P.M. week days.
Accommodation for Quantico, 7:45 A.M. daily and 4:25 P.M. week days.
For Alexandria, 4:00, 6:35, 7:45, 8:40, 9:45, 11:50 A.M., 2:11, 3:28, 4:25, 5:00, 6:15, 8:02, 10:05 and 11:39 P.M. On Sunday at 4:00, 7:45, 9:45 A.M., 2:43, 6:15, 8:02 and 10:05 P.M.
Leave Alexandria for Washington, 6:05, 7:05, 8:00, 9:10, 10:15, 11:44 A.M., 1:20, 3:00, 5:30, 6:13, 7:00, 7:20, 9:15, 10:52 and 11:08 P.M. On Sunday at 9:10 A.M., 1:20, 5:30, 7:00, 7:20, 9:15 and 10:52 P.M.
Ticket offices, northeast corner of 13th street and Pennsylvania avenue and at the station, 6th and B streets, where orders can be left for the checking of baggage to destination from hotels and residences.
J. R. WOOD, General Passenger Agent.
S. M. PREVOST, General Manager. ja10

RICHMOND AND DANVILLE RAILROAD.
SAMUEL SPENCER, F. W. HUIDEKOPER AND REUBEN FOSTER, RECEIVERS.
Schedule in effect December 24, 1893.
All trains arrive and leave at Pennsylvania Passenger Station, Washington, D. C.
8:00 a.m. daily.—Local for Danville and intermediate stations, and connects at Lynchburg with the Norfolk and Western railroad westward, daily, and at Manassas for Strasburg, daily, except Sunday.
11:01 a.m., THE GREAT SOUTHERN FAST MAIL.—Daily, operates Pullman Buffet Sleepers, New York and Washington over the NEW SHORT LINE via Columbia to Savannah and Jacksonville, uniting at Danville with the Pullman Sleeper for Charleston via Columbia and at Greensboro with Sleeper for Augusta, also carries through Pullman Buffet Sleeper New York to Atlanta, where direct connection is made for Birmingham, Montgomery and New Orleans.
4:45 p.m.—Daily for Charlottesville and intermediate stations, and through train for Front Royal and Strasburg, daily, except Sunday.
10:43 p.m.—WASHINGTON AND SOUTHWESTERN VESTIBULED LIMITED, composed entirely of Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers and Dining Cars, runs over the NEW SHORT LINE via Columbia to Augusta, Savannah, Jacksonville and Tampa. Dining Car Charlotte to Jacksonville. Also operates Pullman Sleeper New York to New Orleans via Atlanta and Montgomery, New York to Asheville via Salisbury, and Washington to Memphis via Birmingham. Dining Car Greensboro' to Montgomery.
TRAINS ON WASHINGTON AND OHIO DIVISION leave Washington at 9:10 a.m., 4:35 p.m. daily for Round Hill, and 6:25 p.m., except Sunday, for Herndon and intermediate stations. Returning, arrive Washington 8:30 a.m., 2:45 p.m. daily from Round Hill, and 6:53 a.m. daily, except Sunday, from Herndon only.
Through trains from the south arrive Washington 7:13 a.m., 2:55 p.m. and 8:30 p.m. Manassas Division 8:40 a.m. daily, except Sunday, and 8:40 a.m. daily from Charlottesville.
Tickets, Sleeping Car reservations and information furnished at offices, 511 and 1300 Pennsylvania avenue, and at Passenger Station, Pennsylvania Railroad, Washington, D. C.
W. H. GREEN, Gen. Man.
W. A. TURK, Gen. Pass. Agt.
L. S. BROWN, Gen. Agt., Pass. Dept. d25

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.
SCHEDULE IN EFFECT NOV. 19, 1893.
Leave Washington from station corner of New Jersey avenue and C street.
For Chicago and Northwest, Vestibuled Limited express trains 11:30 a.m., 8:15 p.m.
For Cincinnati, St. Louis and Indianapolis, Vestibuled Limited 3:30 p.m., express 1:50 night.
For Pittsburg and Cleveland, express daily 11:30 a.m. and 8:40 p.m.
For Lexington and Staunton, 11:30 a.m.
For Winchester and Way Stations ‡5:30 p.m.
For Luray, Natural Bridge, Roanoke, Knoxville, Chattanooga, Memphis and New Orleans 11:10 p.m. daily; Sleeping Cars through.
For Luray, 3:30 p.m. daily.
For Baltimore, week days, x3:35, 5:00, 6:35, x7:15 (8:00, 45 minutes), x8:05, 8:30, x9:30 (10:00, 45 minutes) a.m. x12.00, x12:05, 12:15, x2:15 (3:00, 45 minutes), 3:25, x4:28, 4:31, x5:00, x5:30, 5:35, x6:20, 6:30, x8:00, 8:15, x9:00, x9:50, x11:30 and 11:35 p.m. Sundays, x3:35 (8:00, 45 minutes), x8:05, 8:30, x9:30 a.m., x12:00, x12:05, 1:00, x2:15 (3:00, 45 minutes), 3:25, 4:31, x5:00, 6:30, x8:00, x9:00, x9:50, 10:00, x11:30, 11:35 p.m.
For Annapolis, 7:15 and 8:30 a.m., 12:15 and 4:28 p.m. Sundays, 8:30 a.m., 4:31 p.m.
For Frederick, ‡11:30 a.m., ‡1:15, ‡4:30, ‡5:30 p.m.
For Hagerstown, ‡11:30 a.m. and ‡5:30 p.m.
For Boyd and way points, *7:05 p.m.
For Gaithersburg and way points, ‡6:00, ‡8:00, *10:00 a.m., ‡12:45, ‡2:35, ‡4:35, *5:35, *7:05, ‡9:40, ‡11:30 p.m.
For Washington Junction and way points, *10:00 a.m., ‡1:15 p.m. Express trains stopping at principal stations only, ‡4:30, ‡5:30 p.m.
ROYAL BLUE LINE FOR NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.
For Philadelphia, New York, Boston and the East, daily 3:35, 8:00 (10:00 a.m., ex. Sun. Dining Car), (12:00 Dining Car), 3:00 (5:00 Dining Car), 8:00 (11:30 p.m. Sleeping Car, open at 10:00 o'clock).
Buffet Parlor Cars on all day trains.
For Atlantic City, 10:00 a.m. and 12:00 noon. Sundays, 12:00 noon.
‡Except Sunday. *Daily. §Sunday only. xExpress trains.
Baggage called for and checked from hotels and residences by Union Transfer Co. on orders left at ticket offices, 619 and 1351 Pa. ave., and at Depot.
R. B. CAMPBELL, Gen. Manager.
CHAS. O. SCULL, Gen. Pass. Agt. n20

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY.
Schedule in effect November 30, 1893.
Trains leave daily from Union station (B. and P.), 6th and B sts.)
Through the grandest scenery in America with the handsomest and most complete solid train service west from Washington.
2:00 P.M. DAILY—"Cincinnati and St. Louis Special"—Solid Vestibuled, Newly Equipped, Electric-lighted, Steam-heated Train. Pullman's finest sleeping cars Washington to Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis without change. Dining car from Maysville serving breakfast. Arrives Cincinnati, 7:55 a.m.; Indianapolis, 11:30 a.m., and Chicago, 5:45 p.m.; St. Louis, 7:30 p.m.
11:10 P.M. DAILY—The famous "F. F. V. Limited." A solid vestibuled train with dining car and Pullman sleepers for Cincinnati, Lexington and Louisville, without change; arriving at Cincinnati 6:30 p.m.; Lexington, 6:10 p.m.; Louisville, 9:50 p.m.; Indianapolis, 11:20 p.m.; Chicago, 7:30 a.m., and St. Louis, 7:45 a.m., connecting in Union depot for all points.
10:57 A.M. DAILY—For Old Point Comfort and Norfolk. Only rail line.
2:00 P.M. DAILY—Express for Gordonsville, Charlottesville, Waynesboro', Staunton and principal Virginia points; daily, except Sunday, for Richmond.
Pullman locations and tickets at company's offices, 513 and 1421 Pennsylvania avenue.
H. W. FULLER, General Passenger Agent. n20

POTOMAC RIVER BOATS.

WASHINGTON STEAMBOAT CO., "LIMITED."
From 7th st. ferry wharf.
Steamer Wakefield on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 7 a.m., for Nomini creek, Leonardtown and St. Clement's bay and intermediate landings. Returning TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SUNDAYS. (See schedule).
C. W. RIDLEY, Gen'l Manager. d30-tf

NEW PALACE STEAMER HARRY RANDALL. Leaves River View wharf, 7th street, Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday at 7 a.m. Landing at all wharves as far down as Maddox creek. Returning on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 3 p.m. Passenger accommodations first-class. Freight received until hour of sailing. Telephone, 1765.
F. A. REED & CO., Agents, Alexandria.
E. S. RANDALL, Proprietor and Manager. ap27-tr

NORFOLK AND WASHINGTON STEAMBOAT CO.
DAILY LINE BETWEEN WASHINGTON, D. C., FORTRESS MONROE and NORFOLK, VA.
The new and powerful Iron Palace Steamers.
WASHINGTON AND NORFOLK—SOUTH BOUND.
Leave Washington daily at 7 p.m. from foot of 7th st. wharf, arrive at Fortress Monroe at 6:30 a.m. next day. Arrive at Norfolk at 7:30 a.m., where railroad connections are made for all points south and southwest.
NORTH BOUND.
Leave Norfolk daily at 6:10 p.m. Leave Fortress Monroe at 7:10 p.m. Arrive at Washington at 6:30 a.m. next day.
Tickets on sale at 513, 619, 1351 and 1421 Pennsylvania ave. and 615 15th st. n.w.
Ask for tickets via the new line.
Telephone 750.
JNO. CALLAHAN, Gen. Supt. ap14-tf

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Choice berths secured without charge. Sailing plans, &c. Railway tickets all over the United States and Europe, &c. Gaze select parties.
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Drafts in sums to suit.
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