LORD DOUGLASS FREE.

No One Appears to Press the Charge of Insanity.

HE SETS OUT TO GET REVENGE.

Attempts to Assault a Newspaper Man and Is Ejected—Hasn't Married the Variety Girl Yet.

Bakersfield, Cal., April 25.—Lord Sholto Douglass appeared today in the superior court to answer to the charge of insanity. Few people knew the examination was to be held so early, so few were present. Of these, attorneys and reporters made up the greater portion. Only five Englishmen were in the room, and one of these was Burmeister, the complaining witness.

Lord Douglass was brought into court by a deputy sheriff. He wore a light gray suit, with trousers turned up, toothpick shoes, and a wide white hat, with a hammered leather band. These, together with his negligee shirt, made up the typical English costume as worn by the numerous Britishers in the colony here. He took his seat, still wearing his wide hat, which he did not remove at all while in court. The young lord sat at the attorney's desk, in company with physicians called as an examining board. Promptly at 10 o'clock Judge Conklin stepped upon the platform and took his seat. All was expectation. No sooner had he reached his chair than he said: "There being no complaint against this party, he will be discharged," and the famous insanity case was ended. No other word was spoken, and those present opened their mouths in wonder, while his lordship meekly left the room to breathe the air of freedom.

Burmeister had refused to swear to the second complaint necessary for a hearing of an insanity case, so there was no foundation for the action, and the young prisoner's dismissal followed as a matter of course. He hurried to his hotel, then to the bank, where he drew some money, and began a series of hurried visits to different stores. He stopped Constable Seroy and asked: "How much would it cost me to assault a man?" Seroy answered: "Now, look here, young man, you behave yourself like a gentleman. If you have a case against any one, begin suit, but do no fighting." The lord hurried on, his thin, light trousers flapping from the force of his energetic movements. Common mortals stood on the corners, watching and wondering if he was preparing for the aforesaid assault, for a hurried departure to other parts, or to consummate the marriage according to the vow he made his lady love yesterday afternoon.

About 4 o'clock this afternoon the mystery was solved. His lordship was on his muscle. He went to the Californian office and asked George F. Weeks, the editor, if the Chronicle correspondent was employed there. The reply was that that was a professional secret. He left, but soon returned. He was seen to enter the office, and in a remarkably brief space of time he emerged like a shot. After him came Mr. Weeks and the office force, apparently bent on the destruction of the young lord. A few minutes later his lordship, somewhat ruffled in appearance, entered the office of Justice Fox and informed his honor that he had assaulted the Chronicle correspondent. "I hit him three times in the face, when four or five set on me from behind and put me out. I desire to plead guilty." Constable Seroy swore to the complaint, and Douglass was fined $5.30, the exact costs. The justice then read the law, which says he could fine him for battery any sum not exceeding $1,000, or imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both. Douglass said: "Ah, is that so? I thought $5 was the limit. I was informed that that was the case."

Mr. Weeks gives a different version of the encounter. He says Lord Douglass, after saying he had been publishing d—d lies about him, struck at him. The lord missed his aim, and before he could try again was thrown into the street. Douglass left, saying he would return with his crowd and square things. Weeks told him he would shoot the first of his crowd that entered the building. His lordship is at present engaged in hunting for other correspondents.

FLAX GROWING.

The Preparing of the Crop for Market Requires Great Skill.

Country Gentleman.

Flax does best on a rich loam that does not become excessively dry during June and July. Where manuring is necessary, it should be applied to the previous crop, such as corn or potatoes, as the application of manure to the flax itself usually injures the quality of the product. The soil is plowed early in spring as for oats, and is thoroughly harrowed so as to make as good a seed-bed as is practicable. The quantity of seed sown to the acre varies greatly in different countries. In some portions of America three pecks is considered a sufficient quantity, while in Ireland and Belgium (where the best flax is grown) from two to three bushels is preferred. The finest fibre is obtained by a thick growth of tall, slender stalks, and there can be no good reason why we should not sow as thickly as they do in those countries where the crop is most successfully grown.

After sowing broadcast, the soil should be finely harowed and rolled. It is very desirable that it should be as free from the seeds of weeds as possible. To this end the previous year's crop should be very carefully cultivated. If the ground is foul, the weeds must be pulled by hand when the flax plants are three or four inches in height. This is a slow and laborious operation, and should be rendered unnecessary by the cleanest culture and thick seeding.

The crop is ready for harvesting about the time of or a little before the oat harvest. The plants are pulled by hand and laid in small bunches, which are afterward bound into sheaves. They are ready for pulling, to give the best fibre, when the leaves begin to turn a little brown. Where the seed is required for growing, the plants are left to stand longer, but the flax is injured thereby.

The seeds are produced in globular bolls each containing ten, and the first operation in treating the crop is to remove these either by a special threshing machine or by drawing handfuls of the stalks through steel pins resembling a comb. This is called rippling. The seed is cleaned at convenience and marketed for the production of linseed oil and oil cake.

The next operation is to remove the woody substance of the stalk from its fibrous covering. This can only be done after it has passed through a process of fermentation called retting, or rotting. There are various processes of doing this, either by dew-retting (in which the bunches of stalks are spread on clean grass and occasionally turned until the glutinous matter is decomposed and the woody substance becomes very brittle) or by steeping in tanks of water (by which the same result is quickly obtained), or by placing in steam vats (which is the most expeditious). The value of the product is greatly affected by the manner in which the retting is done, and this operation requires the greatest skill. It is probable that the great value of the crop in Ireland and Belgium is largely due to the careful attention given this work.

When the flax has been dried, it is next submitted to the process of breaking and removing the brittle woody substance, for which the previous operation was the preparation. This is called crackling or scutching, and is done by hand, using a sort of wooden sabre, or by machines designed for the purpose.

The next process is that of hatchelling or carding. The fibre is taken in bunches and by hand is drawn through long-toothed steel curls, by which the remnants of the woody "shoon" are removed and the coarse fibre, called tow, is separated from the finer portion that is to be used for spinning. These bunches are now twisted into knots, after being sorted according to fineness, when the product is ready for sale to go into the spinner's hands.

The growing of a crop of flax is an easy matter, but its proper preparation for market requires great labor and care, and a considerable degree of skill. The crops vary greatly in yield. Of seed, we may count upon twelve or fifteen bushels to the acre and from two to three tons of stalks. From these stalks there should be made from 400 to 500 pounds of dressed fibre ready for the spinner, though often the yield would be much less. In Holland this dressed fibre is worth from $750 to $1,000 per ton. The value falls according to the quality, until much is sold for $250 to $300. The Holland flax is more valuable than the Irish and that is better than any American. Samples of of Dutch, Irish and American fibre in the office of the Country Gentleman, clearly show by their relative fineness why this is so. The first almost equals the finest silk. The chief manufacturers of linen goods and thread in this country are in Philadelphia, Pa., and Newark, N. J., and here the dressed flax could be marketed. The large Irish manufacturers at Belfast anticipate a great development of linen manufactures in America.

The cultivation and working of flax is interesting by reason of its great antiquity. In the unknown remoteness of the stone age in Europe it seems to have been general. The writer of this has found, in the remains of a lake-dwellers' village in Switzerland, flaxseed, finely carded flax fibre, and pieces of woven goods. In Egypt he has seen mummies of notables of the time of Moses, taken from the pit where they had remained through the centuries, each wrapped in great lengths of linen fabrics of exquisite fineness.

THE SILVER QUESTION

Discussed by Henry Watterson and Murat Halstead.

Washington City Correspondence New York Sun.

The extremes of politics in the United States were represented on either side of a chafing-dish stew at Chamberlin's last night. The two representatives were those lights of journalism, Col. Henry Watterson, of Louisville, and Mr. Murat Halstead, of Brooklyn.

"I will submit to an interview on one condition," said Col. Watterson to a reporter. "The condition is that you will let me tell a short story first, from which you can draw your own inference. All of Cripple Creek, Col., was assembled at the burial ground in that city one day recently, for one of the leading citizens had suddenly died, and, as he was a leading silver man, his demise was sincerely mourned. The good preacher felt it devolved on him to make a long and impressive service. He talked for an even hour and a half before the final amen. Just as this word left his mouth the corpse rose out of the coffin, pulled savagely at his hair, and said: 'All that talk and not one word about silver.'"

"Watterson, there was no caution to me about talking silver," chimed in Mr. Halstead, "so I'll take this chance to advance my scheme with relation to the silver question. Here is my idea: You know that Japan is about to demand $400,000,000 indemnity from China as a result of the war over on that side of the earth. Why can't we scoop that much from the $513,000,000 we have sunk in our treasury and give it to them for $400,000,000 in gold, for which they can bond themselves to the gold-rich England? That would maintain the parity of the metals and give the United States something sound and solid on which to base further financial legislation. Isn't that a pretty scheme?"

"Not half so good as mine," answered the Kentucky editor. "My idea is to legislate for a commission of silver mining experts and assayers, who shall, within a prescribed time, visit all those portions of the West in which silver is mined. They shall make their tests and place a value on all the hidden silver in that country. For this amount the government shall issue notes. That will save all the trouble and expense of mining and choke off silver talk for at least a long enough time to give us all a deserved rest. That's a much a brighter scheme than yours."

"Bah," said Mr. Halstead. "There you go theorizing again. I was advancing something practical, and you counter by either poking fun at it or springing a theory. You never could be downright serious."

Acetylene, the New Illuminating Gas.

Zion's Herald, Boston.

Acetylene has been known to chemists as the lowest of the hydrocarbons—the lowest in hydrogen and the richest in carbon. Its manufacture has been too costly for utilization for illuminating purposes until a short time ago, when Mr. T. L. Wilson, of Spray, N. C., by merest accident discovered a comparatively inexpensive way of making it. He was trying to form an alloy of calcium, using an electric furnace in his experiments. He had melted some lime and powdered coal together, when, to his disappointment, the mixture fused into a heavy, semi-metallic mass, and, to get rid of it, he threw it into a bucket of water. It was a lucky throw. The water, to his surprise, effervesced violently, and gave out a heavy garlic-smelling gas which Mr. Wilson soon identified as acetylene. The solid proved to be carbide of calcium. Calcium carbide, then, is decomposed in water, the water itself being also decomposed. In recombination the oxygen seizes upon the calcium, forming calcic oxide (lime), and the hydrogen unites with the carbon in the right proportion (C_2H_2) to form acetylene—a gas which far surpasses all other hydrocarbons in illuminating power. Mr. Wilson says that a pound of calcium carbide will yield 5.3 cubic feet of gas. He is now manufacturing calcium carbide on a large scale in North Carolina, and expects to be able to produce it for $5 a ton, which would enable the gas to be sold as low as 5 cents a thousand cubic feet! It can be sold in liquid form in cans for country houses, or even generated on the spot for individual lights. Ordinary burners are too large for this gas. The smaller burner provided for it lets out but one foot an hour and gives a flame of 50 candle power, with only one-half the heating power of common gas.

Engineering and Mining Journal, New York.

At a meeting of the Manchester, England, section of Society of Chemical Industry, Mr. R. F. Carpenter stated that it was thought very likely that Acetylene might displace coal gas, because it could be made more cheaply from the carbide of calcium. In the discussion which took place it was pointed out that there was a certain danger in the use of acetylen, inasmuch as it was easily decomposable by shock, such as the firing of a percussion cap. Therefore it would not do to keep this gas, as had been proposed, in a condensed state in steel cylinders, because if it could be so easily decomposed by shock the danger would be much greater when it was in a condensed state.

No Escape.

New York Weekly.

Mrs. Getthere (enthusiastic worker at church fair)—Now, Mr. Slimpurse, you really must take a chance in this beautiful pipe; you really must. Just think: the pipe is worth $20, and the chances are only $1 each.

Mr. Slimpurse (edging off)—Very sorry, madame, but I don't smoke.

Mrs. Getthere—Oh, but you can learn, you know.

Mr. Slimpurse—Tobacco does not agree with me. I would have no earthly use for a pipe.

Mrs. Getthere (struck with a bright idea)—Well, there isn't the slightest probability of your drawing it, you know.

The Editor and the Burglar.

Atlanta Constitution.

"I caught a burglar in my room last night," said the editor.

"Indeed!"

"Yes; but I only got $5 out of the poor fellow."

Open air concert Sunday afternoon and evening by Rialto orchestra at Laurel Shade, Madison park.

NEW PASTOR CHOSEN.

Plymouth Church Calls Mr. Temple, of South Boston.

HE IS WILLING TO ACCEPT.

Strongly Indorsed, He Is Unanimously Called—He Has the Largest Church in Boston.

The members of the Plymouth Congregational church voted unanimously last evening to extend a call to Rev. W. H. G. Temple, of Phillips church, in South Boston, to come and assume charge of their church, in place of Rev. Wallace Nutting, who severed his connection with it several months ago.

The meeting, in the basement of the church, was attended by about 200 of the prominent men and women of the church, including all the officers of the board of trustees and deacons. F. S. Tucker, chairman of the board of trustees, acted as chairman, with W. D. Comer, clerk of the church, as secretary.

A. P. Burwell, as chairman of the board of deacons, to which had been delegated the duty of making a selection of pastor, made a unanimous report, verbally, in favor of Rev. Mr. Temple. In support of this choice Mr. Burwell read several letters received from various ministers. The first was from the late pastor of the church, Rev. Mr. Nutting, dated from Providence, R. I., in which he spoke of having met Rev. Mr. Temple, and told him of the church and its people. He represented Rev. Mr. Temple as an earnest and sensitive man, clerical in appearance, intellectual and a preacher who spoke without notes. He described him as a man about 45 years of age, of medium height, bald, wearing glasses and a man fully alive to the needs of his people, who would make a stir in the church.

A letter from Father Clark, of the Christian Endeavor Society, the man who first recommended Rev. Mr. Temple to the congregation, endorsed him for the position in a few strong and earnest sentences.

There was also a letter from Rev. D. Alden, of Boston, who endorsed Mr. Temple, saying he would be a splendid man for Seattle, though he, Allen, would not recommend his leaving his church in South Boston. Temple's church in Boston, he said, was the largest there as related to resident members.

A long letter from Mr. Temple to Mr. Burwell was read, in which the reverend gentleman agrees to accept a call if made unanimous, notwithstanding that the salary offered is $1,000 less than he is now receiving. The very boldness of the offer, he saye, attracted his attention and challenged his admiration. He spoke of his interview with Mr. Nutting, and as a result said he felt already in close touch with the people of Seattle. He said he had a holy horror of candidacy; to him it placed a minister in a false position—the position of a man preaching for himself instead of his God.

The question of salary was referred to in Mr. Temple's letter, and he requested that the matter should be left open for settlement after he reached this city, and merely asked for a unanimous call irrespective of the matter of compensation.

From the letter it was also gathered that he was 45 years old, had been a minister of the gospel for seventeen years, his first charge being at Sheffield, Mass. He has been seven years pastor of his present charge, and was a contributor to Golden Days.

Considerable time was consumed by the meeting in shaping a resolution covering a general call to be sent to Mr. Temple, and the many motions, amendments and substitutes to motions and amendments afforded the comedy of the eveing, and kept eveybody in good humor. Finally the following resolution, shaped in keeping with specific instructions given in Mr. Temple's letter, was written out, read and carried unanimously:

"Resolved, That Plymouth church does hereby extend to Rev. W. H. G. Temple, of South Boston, a call to become its pastor, at an annual salary (payable in monthly installments) to be hereafter agreed upon, together with expenses of removal from Boston to Seattle, or such an allowance therefor as shall be hereafter mutually satisfactory."

Mr. Tucker said that $800 would be necessary to defray the new pastor's expenses to this city, and asked for contributions. About $400 was raised in $10, $5 and $3 subscriptions, and the rest will be raised before next Sunday.

FRASER IS DEAD.

The Victim of Page's Pistol Passed Away at 3 O'Clock This Morning.

Harry Fraser died at 3 o'clock this morning.

His condition yesterday morning was favorable, considering the serious nature of his wounds. As the day progressed, however, there was a change for the worse, and the attending physician, H. D. Kline, gave up all hopes of recovery. Fraser's mind was clear, and he was busy between 1 and 2 o'clock in the afternoon with Attorney Robert H. Lindsay making his will. His estate consists principally of his interest in the saloon and his life insurance. Mr. Fraser realized that death was only a matter of time, and under this belief made his ante-mortem statement to Prosecuting Attorney Hastie and Assistant Prosecutor W. W. Wilshire. The statement was brief, and, although the officials refused to allow the reporters to read it or even make an abstract of it, it can be said with certainty that it agreed with what has appeared from time to time in the Post-Intelligencer. Fraser's statement as given to a Post-Intelligencer reporter just after the shooting was almost word for word as he told it later to Peter Burns.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon Fraser's condition was such that it did not seem as if he could live more than three or four hours. His vitality, however, kept him up, and at 7 o'clock he was still conscious, but very low. About two hours later he fell into a sleep. His wife and Dr. Kline were in constant attendance and it was learned at 10 o'clock that it was a grave question whether he would ever arouse from his sleep.

When the condition of Fraser was made known to Page at the county jail yesterday afternoon he replied: "Poor fellow." Page is confined in what Jailer Dick Burkman terms his hospital ward. The change from the close quarters in the city jail has done him good, and he looked much better than at any time since the unfortunate affair. He is still flighty and says that he does not seem to have the power of concentrating his thoughts on any one subject. His attorney, Samuel H. Piles, went to see him Wednesday afternoon, but after a brief talk gave up the matter until Page becomes himself. A peculiar thing about the prisoner's condition is a twitching of the muscles. It was not so prominent yesterday as in the past, but still at intervals the motions of his arms would betray spasmodic contraction of the muscles. Page is gentlemanly both in word and action, and he says openly that he is willing to have his record thoroughly investigated.

"I am not a gambler," he said, "and never have been one. In fact, I know little about cards. I am not a tough and have never been in the habit of using firearms, as would be implied by the statement that I showed great dexterity in drawing my gun and shooting. I am not a drinking man, either, as I think the people at the hotel will say. All I ask is that the people of this city, in which I am a stranger, the press and courts give me a fair and square show in investigating the matter."

Page is not as much of a stranger in a strange place as he may think, for there are a number of people in this city and Ballard, formerly residents of Mitchell, South Dakota, who remember him well. Mitchell is a comparatively small place, containing about 3,000 inhabitants, and everybody knew Paul Page, as he was called. His uncle, Hiram Barbour, was receiver of the United States land office at Mitchell and he and Page were interested in a number of enterprises. Page has a fine ranch at a place called Enemy Creek, about four miles south of Mitchell. Page spent considerable money on the ranch, was known as quite an enterprising young man from 1883 to 1887 or 1888. His credit was good and he used to buy and sell stock. Page has rented his ranch and before coming to the coast arranged his business so that he could be absent for a year and a half.

Page's mother and sister are on their way here from Pasadena, Cal.

FOUGHT TO THE LAST DITCH

Even After Bryant Got a Decision His Enemies Asked a Rehearing.

The latest from Washington City in regard to the case of Inspector Bryant is that he was let off with a mild admonition. A special dispatch to the Post-Intelligencer reads:

Washington City, April 25.—Special.—The enemies of Inspector Bryant made a most determined fight against him and did not fail until the last ditch. Even after the findings of Inspector General Dumont had been approved by Secretary Carlisle and a letter had been written to the supervising inspector at San Francisco, a motion for a rehearing was made. Colonel James Hamilton Lewis, who was in New York city at the time, heard of the renewed attack upon his client and hastened back to Washington City. A hearing was had before the secretary and the motion to review the findings of Gen. Dumont was overruled in the following language:

"Finding nothing in the petition to call for review of the findings of the inspector general, it is hereby approved. And it is the judgment of this department that the charges against W. J. Bryant be dismissed and the local inspector is hereby exonerated."

To this final decision, however, there is appended a suggestion from Dumont as follows: "While we have decided the charges against you to be baseless, it is the desire of the department that you be as courteous as consistent under all the circumstances to applicants and persons dealing with your office."

This decision by Secretary Carlisle is the result of some shrewd work together with the pull of the Southern statesmen that Col. Lewis has exercised during his stay here in behalf of Bryant. This course now prevents any further appeal to the secretary and leaves no further recourse to the prosecutors.

• A NEW INFORMATION FILED.

Farmer Harn Will Now Be Tried for Murder of Nelson.

The case of Anthony Harn, the Kent farmer, who, during a dispute, struck an employe named Peter Nelson with a fork handle, death resulting some time afterwards, was recalled yesterday by the action of Prosecuting Attorney Hastie in filing a complaint charging Harn with murder in the first degree.

At the time of the affair Prosecuting Attorney Miller charged Harn with manslaughter, and at a preliminary examination the defendant was bound over for trial in the superior court in $1,500 bonds. Harn had no trouble in securing bondsmen. The information charging manslaughter was filed in the superior court, but the case was never called for trial. Prosecuting Attorney Hastie says that the statute bars proceeding now under the original information, so a new one has to be filed. The prosecuting attorney thinks that the case calls for a trial, and so has proceeded to file an information charging murder.

Patents for Settlers.

Patents have been received at the local land office for the following settlers: John J. Toplin, John Pekkala, Hendrick Erickson, John A. McMichael, Benjamin A. Ries, Andrew J. Ballinger, Neil Blue, Frank W. Potts, Bridget A. Velleneuve, Asa B. Drew, Clarence J. Whiting, Charles J. Enquist, Olof Swanson, Johannes H. Weppler, Fred Wilson, Daniel O. Linde, James E. Riddle, William M. McKeough, Walter T. Nichol, William R. Emery, Frank B. Barrick, Arthur C. Deuel, Sylvester S. Stevens, Edmund J. Watkins, Ben Oberg, John M. Deuel, Alex T. Strom, Charles H. Lamprey, Joshua Haden, Wiley Blevins, Moses C. Howell, Samuel Miser, George English, Ole P. Solberg, John F. O'Neil, Mary D. McCoy, Freeman Webster, James B. Cooley, Alfonso Snow, John Kay, William N. Prindle, James H. Munn, Otto Dallin, Abraham Dallin, William O. Hawkins, Stener O. Rue.

An Auctioneer Without License.

N. Friedman was arrested yesterday afternoon for auctioneering without a license at the Empire Loan Office on Washington street, between South Second and Third. According to the city ordinances only persons named in a license can sell at auction, and if two persons are named both cannot sell at the same time. Friedman and Joe Rex have a license together, but according to the police information the license is in the possession of Rex, and Friedman is auctioneering at another place.

Brig. Gen. Bliss.

Brig.-Gen. Zenas R. Bliss was promoted over the shoulders of Colonel W. R. Shafter and Colonel H. C. Merriam. Neither of the latter are West Pointers. General Bliss was graduated from West Point in 1854 and has served in the regular army ever since. During the war he was made Colonel of the Tenth Rhode Island infantry and received brevets of major and lieutenant colonel in the regulars for gallant and meritorious services at Fredericksburg and the Wilderness. He retires in 1899.

Jail-Birds Welcome a Barber.

Thomas E. Shoemaker, the barber who is under arrest on the charge of arson in connection with a fire at 126 Rollin street March 22, waived a preliminary examination yesterday afternoon and was committed to the county jail in default of $1,000 bonds. When the prisoners at the county jail heard that a barber was coming among them they held a joy meeting. Jailer Burkman says that good razor-wielders are scarce among his boarders.

For Threatening His Wife.

A. B. Austin was arrested Wednesday afternoon on a complaint sworn to before Justice McElwain by his wife, Mrs. Martha Austin, in which she says he has threatened to kill her. Austin when taken before the justice remarked that he had been married twenty years, and this was the first time he knew anything was wrong. He was released on $300 bonds to appear for an examination this afternoon at 1:30 o'clock.

Waiting to Hear From Gehm's Relatives

The remains of Adam Gehm, who committed suicide at 402 Fifth street Wednesday night, will be held at Butterworth's undertaking rooms until word is received from Akron, O., where a brother of the dead man lives. A man who used to know Gehm called at the morgue yesterday, and said that he understood Gehm had distant relatives at Snohomish.

He Trusted to Bad Memory.

Benjamin Thompson, who was convicted in the municipal court several months ago of stealing a turkey, and who was given time to pay his fine, was arrested yesterday on a bench warrant. Thompson was evidently under the impression that in the rush of business his $25 fine would be forgotten.

In the Barber Shop.

Harper's Weekly.

Barber—Shall I go over the chin once more, sir?

Customer—No; I'd heard it all before you told me.

When the hair begins to fall out or turn gray, the scalp needs doctoring, and we know of no better specific than Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

Open air concert Sunday afternoon and evening by Rialto orchestra at Laurel Shade, Madison park.

All Madison street cars run through to the lake hereafter.

Excursion to Snoqualmie Falls next Sunday. Fare for round trip, $1.

The banks of the Seattle Clearing House Association will be closed today—Arbor day.

BASEBALL.

National League Games.

Baltimore, April 25.—Baltimore 6, Brooklyn 14.

Batteries—Gleason and Robinson; Lucid, Stein and Grim.

New York, April 25.—Boston 2, New York 3.

Batteries—Nichols and Ganzel; Meekin and Farrell.

Cincinnati, April 25.—Cincinnati 4, Pittsburg 7.

Batteries—Foreman and Spies; Hart and Sugden.

St. Louis, April 25.—St. Louis 2, Cleveland 4.

Batteries—Ehret and Peitz; Cuppy and Zimmer.

Louisville, April 25.—Louisville 15, Chicago 4.

Batteries—Cunningham and Cole; Stratton and Moran.

Washington City, April 25.—Washington 1, Philadelphia 15.

Batteries—Malarkey, Mercer and Mahoney; Carsey and Clements.

Following is the standing of the National League clubs:

Club—	Played.	Won.	Per Cent.
Boston	5	4	800
Pittsburg	6	5	830
Baltimore	5	3	600
Cincinnati	6	3	500
Chicago	6	3	500
Brooklyn	5	3	600
Louisville	6	3	500
St. Louis	6	2	333
New York	5	2	400
Philadelphia	5	2	400
Washington City	5	1	200
Cleveland	6	2	333

New Gun Club Organized.

A new gun club was organized at W. J. Fox's, 103 Cherry street, Wednesday evening, at which the following officers were elected: President, A. B. Chamberlain; vice president, A. B. Maple; secretary, S. T. Kelsey. The initiation has been fixed at $1, with small monthly dues. The grounds of the Seattle Field Club have been secured by the club. A meeting will be held next Wednesday evening at the same place to perfect the organization.

Williams and Greene May Fight.

The sporting fraternity is chagrined over the result of the attempt to get on a match for a fight between Pincus and Williams, and now talks of getting up a go between Williams and Prof. Greene, of the Seattle Athletic Club. These two men are probably the best of their class that have ever appeared on the Coast, and should they meet a splendid exhibition of scintific work would be seen.

Want to Measure Skill With Dickey.

Will A. Dickey, of Montesano, is in the city for a day or so. Mr. Dickey is a clever chess player, but there are at least two players in the city and a score or more whist players who accord him only second place in the respective games, and, now that he is in the city again, interesting matches are looked for.

P. I. Juniors Defeat Catholics.

The P.-I. Juniors defeated the Catholic school baseball team yesterday afternoon by a score of 28 to 15, at the Hyde street grounds.

SPORTING NOTES.

At the Nashville races Thursday the winners were: Six furlongs, selling, Necedah, 1:15; four furlongs, Excuse, :49¾; five and a half furlongs, selling, Brownwood, 1:09½; five and a half furlongs, selling, Signora, 1:09½; eight and a half furlongs, Pittsburg, 1:50.

At the Memphis races Thursday the winners were: Six furlongs, Barney Aaron, jr., 1:19¾; four furlongs, Col. Barrett, :51¾; six furlongs, Hancock, 1:19¾; six furlongs, Hodgson, 1:17¾; five furlongs, Siva, 1:04¾; twelve furlongs, Jim Henry, 2:45¾.

At the San Francisco races Thursday the winners were: Six furlongs, maidens, Morgan G, 1:17¼; short six furlongs, selling, Sympathetic's Last, 1:13½; eight furlongs, selling, Jack Richelieu, 1:41½; short six furlongs, match race, $1,000 a side, Seraphim, Ledette filly second, 1:14¾; ten furlongs, hurdle, Mero, 2:22; short six furlongs, selling, Lady Jane, 1:12¾.

A Chance Not to Be Lost.

Indianapolis Journal.

"You look pale," said the sharp-nosed girl.

"I feel pale," sighed the fluffy girl. "But I am happy, anyway. You know that stingy little Chollie Tapetie? Well, he did open his heart enough to take me to the food show, and, of course, I sampled he samples. What are samples for? And after I had eaten this and drunk that and the other till I thought I just couldn't stand any more, we started home. Then he thought he saw his chance. So he asked me to have some ice cream."

"And did you accept?" asked the sharp-nosed girl.

"Accept? I ate three plates. With cake. And lemonade. They had to call the doctor for me, and papa scolded, oh, awfully, but I made that little wretch spend his money, anyway."

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