WAS raining, and the half dozen policemen who had gathered at the station for the change of watch were bantering back and forth as only big boys with good digestion can joke, when one of the officers suddenly said to another:

"Say, Jim, what's ever become of that [illegible] who used to live out Prospect [illegible]? You know who I mean, that [illegible] that's always looking for his [illegible]."

"Oh, he's there yet. Out every night [illegible] watching for us and asking [illegible] old question, 'Have you seen [illegible]?' Poor, old chap, can't last much [illegible]. Daffy as a windmill and harmless as a child." Then he told the story, [illegible] it is one of the many stories that [illegible] know but seldom tell, for be [illegible] known that policemen between midnight and morning see stranger things than are dreamt of in our philosophy." The best of all know how true it is that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives.

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"HE was a saddler, I think," said [illegible] the officer, "a sober, industrious [illegible], with a wife and one child. When

BEGGING FOR NEWS OF HIS MISSING GIRL.

the child was about 10 years of age the wife died, and for a while the old man lived on alone with the girl, and then he took in a woman to sorter keep house for him, and ended up by marrying her. Then trouble began, and the stepmother and daughter used to fight until the dishes rattled on the roof. The old man seemed afraid to interfere, but he loved his girl, and more than once he got into trouble with his second wife who caught him petting his daughter after she had driven her out of doors.

"Anyhow, things went along this way until the girl was about fifteen, and all of a sudden one night he came up to the station and said his daughter had skipped out. That was about four years ago. It was a long time before I saw the old man again, and then I met him one night sitting on the curb at the street corner.

"'Ah, ha,' says I to myself, 'she's gone him out, too,' thinking of the way the stepmother had treated the girl. But I was wrong. She—that is, the stepmother—had nothing to do with it; in fact, I found out she was afraid of him, quiet as he was. Anyhow, this night I first met him he says to me before I had a chance to speak, 'Have you seen her?'

"'Who?' says I.

"'My darter,' he says. 'I'm expecting her home and I'm waiting for her.'

"He talked all right, and I thought he was expecting the girl, but as I met him night after night in the same place and he said the same thing, I soon concluded he had gone daft."

And he has. Every night he waits out there until the policeman comes by and every night he asks the same question and makes the same explanation. To others than the policeman he has nothing to say, and the neighbors who know him and his trouble let him alone. He is getting old and seems feeble. His watch is about over, but it is his only comfort, the thought that his runaway girl is coming home and that he will be there to meet her.

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"POOR, old chap," said another officer, and then, laughing, added, "but I've got a regular on my beat, too. He is also

WAITING FOR HIS REGULAR ESCORT HOME.

a tenderfoot customer and we call him Sundays and Fridays because as sure as fate those two nights the policeman on that beat will find him waiting for him on the corner around after midnight. Everybody in the neighborhood knows him and he is well known down town, as he fills a responsible position in one of the large business houses, but rain or shine on Tuesday and Friday nights of each week he comes home gloriously drunk, not noisy, but simply chock full. He gets as far on his homeward way as the corner of the street on which his house is situated, about half a block below. Here he sits down and waits for the policeman. Friends plead, coax and threaten in vain. Tuesdays and Fridays will go home with no other escort than the officer on the beat. Where he goes to get drunk so regularly I've never been able to find out, although I've taken him home fifty times, I guess. I've asked him, but this is the way he generally answers me:

"'Ello, officer; glash to shee you. Glash you come roun'. Bin havin' bully time, bet yer life. Got to go home now. Hain't been nowhersh. Jush down town, thash's all. Goin' home now, come 'long. Drunk? Besh your life I'm drunk, awful drunk. Never mind, stay sober 'til Friday, besh your life. Come 'long.'

"I pilot him to the gate and he reels in, but never makes an attempt to open the door while I'm in sight. Once or twice I've stood at the gate, and every time he's waved his hand good night and sat down on the steps until I went away.

"Several times I've happened to meet him when he was duly sober, and, by the by, I've never seen him take a drink, go in or come out of a saloon in my life, and when he was sober I've joshed him. All the satisfaction I ever got was a frank laugh accompanied by 'accidents will happen, you know.'

"He isn't noisy or quarrelsome or meddlesome. He seems to have a method in his madness and on Tuesday and Friday nights he gets drunk. If I missed him on his corner on my second round on either of the nights mentioned it would worry me now, I'm so used to him. If I missed him I swear I believe I'd go up to his house to find out if anything was the matter. He's surely an odd case."

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"WELL, I don't believe there's a queerer character on any beat in this town than is 'Old Revelations,' as the boys call him. He's an expressman at Second avenue and Columbia street, on my beat, and he is certainly an oddity," said a third officer.

"Instead of commencing at the front of the Bible and going through it in his teachings, for religion is his hobby, he commences at the very tail end and works backward. When it comes down to business 'Revelations' don't take a back seat for any of the men in his line. And he is pretty well fixed. I'm told, but he's surely a cracker jack on religion. Why, you fellows must have seen his slate hanging up on his wagon.

"It's a big slate and he writes messages on it for the unregenerate to read. Most people glance at the slate and think the writing on it has reference to his business, but the fellow who stops to read will be surprised, if not startled. He writes some of the wildest, craziest things on that slate you ever read. One day he jumps on the Methodists, the next on the Catholics, then the Presbyterians get a dose, and so on down the line and he bases his scoldings on seven-headed beasts with ten tails and crowns and claws, and the Lord only knows what else.

"One day I thought I'd tackle him and find out just what he did believe, so I asked him. Well, he started off like a quarter horse with a rigamarole about the great seals and the ram's horn, and was just getting to going, I doing my best not to laugh, when up comes a man about moving some furniture. Old Revelations dropped his menagerie instanter and let a possible convert (that was me, of course) go to perdition, for all he knew or cared. He wanted that job and got it, and when he came back he rubbed everything off the slate and started a new one. Stop and read that slate some day when you haven't had a drink. It's enough to give a sober man delirium tremens, let alone a fellow that drinks."

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"DO any of you fellows know Mother Murphy?" said the policeman sometimes on the market beat. "Bet I do." "She alive yet?" "The old fraud," came

MOTHER MURPHY TAKES UP A COLLECTION.

from first one, then another, and finally somebody asked, "What's she been doing now?"

"Oh, nothing startling," said the officer, "but I was just thinking that any one who would do what Mother Murphy does and has done every day but Sundays so long as I've been on the force would get their head broke in a dozen places.

"She was just ahead of me the other day, going down the line," he continued, "and I followed her to see what she would do. She had her big basket on her arm, and the first stop she made was before a pile of nutmeg melons in front of a wholesale house. Nutmegs had just come into market and were worth from 20 to 50 cents apiece. Surveying the pile, Mother Murphy picked up a fair sized melon, and as she did so the clerk said, warningly, 'Look out now, Mother Murphy, look out.'

"'An' shure it's lookin' out I am,' she says, 'an' bad luck to yez and yer little green warts o' melons. I was just heftin' it, an' I doan tink it's ripe. Shure an' it's a long time since I've set me tooth in a melon, ripe or not, an' by the same power I think you'd niver miss this at all, at all. If green it is, 'twill do for the pig, an' if ripe, which I misdoubt, by the same token, 'twill be a faste for an' ould woman what has sint you more custhumers than a kyart load of warty melons 'ud pay for' and with that she dropped the melon into her basket and started off. The clerk was about to interfere—must have been a new man—but one of the bosses called him back. 'Let her go,' he said. 'I'd rather give her a dozen melons, or let her take them, which amounts to the same thing, than have the rasp of her tongue in front of the place for half an hour. They say she's crazy,' he added, 'but if she isn't more knave than fool there's none of 'em made.'

"Her next stop was before a row of freshly opened boxes of cherries, and selecting the biggest and best cherries she reached down and took just four from the top layer. 'Here, mother,' called out a clerk, 'don't break that box. Here this is a broken box and you can have a handful.'

"'An' is that the manners yer mother taught ye, ye sphindle-shanked spalpeen? It's offer yer friends second chice you'd be afther doin', more shame to you. No,' and she dropped the cherries in the basket, 'tis but little Mother Murphy wants, but that little must be qualithy,' and on she marched.

"I rounded her up on Madison street and said, 'Well, mother, what's in your basket today?' 'Shure, an' there's more than was iver in that numskull on your two shoulders. Let be, let be; 'tis contributions I hev, an' not from the likes of yez, but on me sowl, I'd give yez this cowcumber if I thought it 'ud twist the buttons off'n that uniform. It's easy yez polices are gettin', and its many of yez I've seen drunk as Davy's cow on a frosty night, by the same token. The divil fly away wid yez and put a hump on yer back for bodherin' a poor, lone woman,' and away she went.

"Oh, she's a case," said the officer, and the others sighed in sympathy as they recalled other days.

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"ANY you fellows ever run across Toodles?" spoke up a down-town officer.

"Don't know him." "Who is he?" "Is he a regular?" etc., from the squad.

"He bobbed up on my beat about three months ago. Pulled him out of a hallway one rainy night, where he was sleeping. He may be 10 and he may be 20, but he knows enough to be 40. Regular ragamuffin; come here from New York; been to the Klondike and has settled down here on his way back. Sharp as tacks and tricky as a fox. Won't sell papers or black shoes, but I've never caught him begging. Don't know how he lives, but he gets along somehow. He took a fancy to me, and once or twice he's given me pointers on little things that I appreciated. The other morning, about 1, I came along the street and from force of habit looked for Toodles somewhere around his accustomed corner. He was there and greeted me with: 'Bloomin' nice weather this, I don't think. Say, cap, de Klondike's 'bout played out, I tinks. I woz wid five fellers wot come right from where I was, an' all dey giv me wuz a lonesome dollar. Bet de geesers wuz busted demselves. But say, wot I wuz goin' to say is dis: See dat jay stan'in' over dere? Well, you wanter pipe him, see? You get shady and rubber and you'll see somethin' in er minit er two. Put you next? Well, 'tis dis yere way. Deyse two kid gals wots been comin' down town to see him, an' I hears 'em say de odder night as how dey couldn't fly de coop so often 'cause de old folks was liable to wake up an' find 'em gone. Now, he don't mean no good, he don't, an' dem girl kids is jest fools. I'se been here long enough to know.'

"I took Toodles' advice and stayed 'steady' and 'rubbered,' with the result that I took two weeping school girls home and woke up their parents, telling them where I had found the girls. Toodles looked after the man for me while I was gone, and I had a short chat with him that convinced him there was too much rain in this climate for the good of his health. Odd, wasn't it, a little vagabond like that interesting himself in two girls for whom he had the utmost contempt and didn't even know."

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"I'VE lost most of my regulars," said a water front officer; "had to drive them out. About the only one I've got left is that big darky that is always after fish heads. He turns up regular, but only comes down, gets his fish head or two, and goes away. A fellow gave him a big salmon the other day, a really fine fish, and what does the darky do but take it up town and sell it, but hung on to his fish heads. One day some men going out fishing wanted to buy a fish head from the darky for bait. He refused to sell it, and I asked him why, telling him that with the money he would have got for the head he could have bought a fish.

"'No, sah,' he said, 'I kain't see my way clear to sellin' dese fish heads what's guv to me. You all knows dat fishes makes brains ef you all eats 'em. Dat bein' so, de head ob de fish, whar hit's brains shorely am, mus' shorely be more powerful dan de fish. No, suh; no, suh; I hain't eatin' 'em fur brains, but my wife's a mysticism woman, suh. Done tells pas' present an' future fo' de white folks. Hit's pow'rful exhaustin' on de head. My wife's de darter ob a voodoo man. She's a 'markable woman, suh. I'se feared ob her, suh, fo' de Lawd, I is. I comes home nights, an' she, all hid in de dark, says "Abr'm, Abr'm!" I see "Yes, marm," and den she says "Fishes' heads; fishes' heads, wid de eyes in," an groans, an' den I comes right down yere arter 'em. Steal 'em? No, suh; oh, no, suh. Sometimes,' with a child-like smile,. 'I fines one, but mostlike dey is guv to me. Hear'd I wuz stealin'? No, suh; dat am re wrongfulest 'cusation whut could be made, suh. 'Co'se 'dey doan' 'low me roun' de fish house, I knows dat, but dey never cotch me, suh; dey just 'spicioned, an' when a black man is 'spicionated, it done goes pow'rful hard wuf him. But I'se innercent, Mr. Officer, I is, sure. I'll let my wife tell my pas', present an' future anytime, an' you can see fur yourse'f.'

"I asked Abe if his 'mysticism wife' wasn't fond of chickens, but he insisted fish heads were her steady diet. However, since our talk Abe has become an occasional, instead of a regular, and generally manages, when he makes his visits, to see me first."

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"I'VE lost my regular, too," said a hill officer. "Poor chap; he was crazy as a loon, and harmless, except for his imagining he smelled fire. He'd pop his head into a store and say, 'Don't you smell fire? Don't you smell something burning?' and even if the people knew him, which most of them on the hill did, it made them uneasy, while if he happened to strike a stranger it meant the search of the whole premises from garret to cellar. They've sent him to the asylum or poor farm.

"I was told he went crazy from seeing his wife burn to death. Her clothes caught fire and he was sick in bed and couldn't help her. Enough to get a man rattled, eh? Well, it's a queer world we see between sunset and dawn, ain't it?"

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"FALL in," said the sergeant, and the relief went its way to meet the regulars.

### Made a Fortune in Three Years.

At the Hotel Imperial is a man who has become rich in mining speculations in Washington within the last three years. His name is James Clark. To a Tribune reporter he told the story of how he did it. "A little more than three years ago," said Mr. Clark, "I was the manager of the War Eagle mine, near Rolin, British Columbia. I had always had the idea that there was plenty of gold in the Coupeville reservation, in Washington state, and one day I decided to make an investigation. I gave two of my workmen $50 each and started them out prospecting. A hundred dollars was a large sum with me then, but it made me a rich man, and it made the prospectors rich men, too. They discovered gold in large quantities, and I immediately organized the Republic Gold Mining Company. There were 1,000,000 shares of stock. The two prospectors and I had a fourth interest each. The remainder of the shares we disposed of at 10 cents a share, although we had a hard time doing it. When operations were finally begun we had splendid success. Three months ago we sold 600,000 shares of the stock to a Montreal syndicate for $3,500,000. We now have a cyanide plant and all the modern improvements, and the stock is worth $4.50 a share. In addition to the Republic, that $100 investment gave me a fourth interest in the Lone Pine, Surprise and Peril mines, in the same district, all of which pay very well and have glorious futures.

"That $100 was the best investment I ever made or ever expect to make. Mining is a fine thing when you have luck. It is literally 'finding money,' and you usually find it in large hunks, too, when you find it at all. There are mighty few businesses nowadays which will enable a man to make a fortune in three years. Beyond all doubt Washington state is fabulously rich in mineral deposits. Mining has become the mainstay of the state, and agriculture has been compelled to take a back seat."—New York Tribune.

### Pyrotechnic Birds.

Pyrotechnic birds are made in Nagasaki, Japan. When a light is applied to them they sail through the air, fluttering their wings and performing other birdlike antics.

# GREAT RUN FOR FUTURITY.

**FAVORITE WINS HANDILY BY OVER HALF A LENGTH.**

**Chacornac, the Winner, Was Bought the Day Before the Race for $25,000 and Carried Keene's Colors for the First Time—Field of 20.**

NEW YORK, Aug. 26.—Chacornac, owned by James R. Keene, won the Futurity race at Sheepshead Bay today in the fast time of 1:10 2-5. J. J. Hyland's Brigadier was second and Bromly & Co.'s Windmere third.

It was the twelfth running of the richest stake in this country and the second time that the Keene colors have been in front. The Futurity today was worth $42,000. It was won by the favorite and was altogether the most satisfactory Futurity ever run. Twenty horses went to the post with the Keene trio, Chacornac, Virginia Earle and Doublet ruling favorites at 8 to 5. They were sent on with but a few minutes' delay, and were seen in the distance coming down the shoot in a straight line through the cloud of dust. Moderine was first away, with Doublet and Chacornac right behind him. It was work with hands and knees to get first into the stretch, and Spencer had Chacornac in front as they rounded the long turn. As they neared the judges' stand Brigadier came through from sixth place with a rush, cutting down Windmere, St. Finnan and Moderine and being beaten only by a scant length at the end.

The attendance was very large, in spite of the threatening weather.

It was exactly 4:30 when the lot of youngsters reached the post and their noses were turned toward the barrier. Inside of five minutes Fitzgerald caught them in line and yelled "Come on!" Every one of the score jumped at once, the white webbing swished into the air and they flashed past the starter in an almost perfect line. Down went the red flag and they were off on their journey in the shortest time ever seen at a big race. Moderine had a trifle the best of it, but Doublet, Virginia Earle and Chacornac were close up, and Windmere and Plucky and Brigadier were lapped on them. In the first start all were driving hard, for there was that wicked turn in the main track only a short distance away, and every boy knew that the first horse around the corner would not have to take any chance of being crowded out, and would be better straightened for the run home. Bullman on Moderine was at work with hands and heels in the effort to stay in the lead. As they neared the main track Moderine began to fall back, and as they straightened out, the bay gelding Chacornac tipped his white nose in front, Spencer's red cap and blue-and-white spotted jacket showing up plainly now, for he was clear of the bunch on the outside. The race was by no means over, however, for Brigadier was coming with a rush, and in front of him shone the bright yellow jacket of O'Connor on Windmere. The last furlong pole was reached in safety without jostling or crowding. It was apparent that it was over, for Charcornac was going easily, Spencer having a bit up his sleeve in case of accident, while everybody was driving hard behind him.

The pace was a little too hot for Windmere, and he began to drop back for Burns, who was working hard on Brigadier and wearing him down fast, till a sixteenth from home the son of Rayon d'Or got his head in front and was sure of second place. Spencer was still going easily on Chacornac and as they went over the finish line the latter had something more than a half a length the best of it, though he might have made more had he been inclined. Brigadier was second place clear, while Windmere staggered home a scant head in front of St. Finnan, and there was little daylight between the others. Moderine, who had made the pace, had to be content with fifth place.

Only yesterday James R. Keene purchased Chacornac from James Rowe for a sum announced to be $25,000.

In the fall handicap Previous, at light weight and at a long price, made a driving finish, with Batten, winning in the fast time of 1:13 2-5 for the six furlongs. Results:

First race, seven furlongs, selling—St. Clair won, Peep O'Day second, Lady Lindsey third. Time, 1:28 1-5.

Second race, five furlongs, selling—Smoke won, Lady Massey second, Ola third. Time, 1:01 4-5.

Third race, fall handicap, six furlongs—Previous won, Batten second, Imp third. Time, 1:13 2-5.

Fourth race, the Futurity, Futurity course. Chacornac, 114 (Spencer), 8 to 5 and 3 to 1, won by a neck; Brigadier, 109 (Burns), 6 to 1 and 2 to 1, second by one length; Windmere, 112 (O'Connor), 15 to 1 and 6 to 1, third. Time, 1:10 2-5. St. Finnan, Moderine, Okette, David Garrick, Iroquois Belle, Doublett, King Bramble, Waterking, Prestidigitator the Scotchman, Gullien, Knight of Rhodesia, Virginia Earle, Tenderloin, Plucky, Murette and Irwin finished as named.

Fifth race, inaugural steeplechase, short course—Article won, Wood Pigeon second, Tentore third. Time, 4:11.

Sixth race, one and a sixteenth miles on turf—Race Perfume won, Flax Spinner second, Myth third. Time, 1:43.

### St. Louis Races.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 26.—Results:

Six furlongs—Belle of Memphis won, Barriso second, Miss Bramble third. Time, 1:18.

One mile—Leo Planter won, Triaditza second, Lula W. third. Time, 1:43¼.

Mile and seventy yards, Swing-Loving Cup won, Macy second, Forlius third. Time, 1:48½.

One mile, Chrysanthemum stakes for two-year-olds, purse $1,500—John Millin won, Sid Bow second, Duke of Melbourne third. Time, 1:46.

Six furlongs, handicap—Aunt Mary won, Applejack second, Gibraltar third. Time, 1:15.

Mile and a sixteenth, handicap—Carl C. won, Forget Not second, Sir Rolla third. Time, 1:49½.

One mile, selling—Ethelin won, Annie Oldfield second, Rushfields third. Time, 1:42½.

### Readville Races.

READVILLE, Mass., Aug. 26.—Summary:

Free-for-all trotting, purse $3,000, best two in three—The Abbott won in straight heats, Eagle Flanagan second, Ringen third. Time, 2:08¼, 2:08¾.

2:04 pace, purse $3,000, best two in three—Anaconda won in straight heats, Roan Wilkes second, Searchlight third. Time, 2:06¼, 2:08¼.

2:14 class trotting, purse $1,500, best two in three—Celibate won second and third heats; time, 2:14¾, 2:12¾. Timbrel won first heat in 2:11¾ and was second. Norvette third.

2:23 class trotting, purse $1,500, best two in three—Fleetwood won third and fourth heats; time, 2:13¼, 2:18¼. Vole Maid won second heat in 2:13¼ and was second. Cello won first heat in 2:17¼ and was third.

### Harlem Races.

CHICAGO, Aug. 26.—Results at Harlem:

Six furlongs, selling—Tenole won, Georgie second, Mocorito third. Time, 1:13¾.

Seven furlongs—Thrive won, Rosa Diah second, Floriar third. Time, 1:27¾.

Seven furlongs—May Beach won, Mirpah second, Andes third. Time, 1:28¾.

Mile and 100 yards—Serrano won, Crocket second, Rafaello third. Time, 1:49¾.

Mile and a quarter, selling—Jim McCloyy won, Cocoanut second, Plantain third. Time, 2:07¾.

One mile, selling—Imp, Bitter Root won, Simond second, Ed Tipton third. Time, 1:41.

### National Bicycle Races.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Aug. 26.—At the national races at the Button Wood track today the attendance was 3,000. Summary:

Two-mile handicap—Final heat won by Archie Rollins, New Bedford, scratch; Earl Peabody second, Harry Swift third. Time, 5:47 3-5.

Mile national championship, professional—Final heat won by Watson Coleman, Boston; E. Llewellyn, Chicago, second, Nat Butler, Boston, third. Time, 2:02 3-5.

Five-mile handicap, professional—Won by Nat Butler, Boston, scratch; Ben Munroe, Memphis, 125 yards, second; J. B. Bowler, Chicago, seventy-five yards, third. Time, 11:18.

Mile scratch race between Earl Peabody, of Chicago, and Archie Rollins, of New Bedford—Rollins won first heat in 2:18 1-5. The second was a dead heat. Third heat won by Rollins. Time, 2:20.

One mile open, amateur—Final heat won by Albert Tallandier, Paris; Peabody, Chicago, second; Archie Rollins, New Bedford, third. Time, 2:30 4-5.

### Philadelphia Bicycle Races.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 26.—Harry D. Elkes, of Boston, the champion middle distance bicycle rider of the world, today broke the records for eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen and fifteen miles at the Woodside park track.

The new records were made in what was to have been a thirty-five mile race between Elkes, Burns Pierce, of Boston; Archie McEachern, the Canadian, and William Stenson, of Cambridgeport, Mass., but owing to a heavy rain storm only twenty-four miles were ridden. The contests were paced by motor cycles. McEachern lost whatever chance he might have had owing to the breaking down of his pacing machine. He continued the race, riding twenty-one miles. Elkes took the lead at the start, and was never headed, finishing the twenty-four miles in 41:16 1-5. His time for eleven miles was 18:40, previous record 18:46; twelve miles, 20:22 1-5, previous record, 20:28 1-5; thirteen miles, 21:03, previous record 22:20; fourteen miles, 23:46 2-5, previous record 23:51 1-5; fifteen miles, 25:20 3-5, previous record 25:33 2-5. Pierce rode twenty-three miles and two laps and Stenson rode twenty-three miles.

### NATIONAL LEAGUE GAMES.

**Brooklyn, 10; Chicago, 6.**

CHICAGO, Aug. 26.—Brooklyn played a loose fielding game today, but won easily, as the locals could do nothing with McJames. Callahan pitched four innings, and then retired, after having been pounded for thirteen hits and nine runs. Garvin allowed but three scattered hits in his five innings. Attendance, 4,800. Score:

| | R. | H. | E. | | R. | H. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Chicago | 6 | 6 | 3 | Brooklyn | 10 | 15 | 6 |

Batteries—Callahan, Garvin and Donahue; McJames and McGuire. Umpires—Snyder and Connolly.

**Philadelphia, 5; St. Louis, 4.**

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 26.—The Perfectos went at Bernhard with a vengeance in the first inning today, and hammered in three runs. Orth then relieved Bernhard, and was invincible. The Quakers won out by timely batting and Donlon's fumble of Delehanty's fly in the fifth. Attendance, 7,000. Score:

| | R. | H. | E. | | R. | H. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| St. Louis | 4 | 10 | 1 | Philadelphia | 5 | 9 | 4 |

Batteries—Powell and Schreon; Bernhard and McFarland. Umpires—Emslie and McDonald.

**New York, 2; Cleveland, 1.**

CLEVELAND, Aug. 26.—New York won a short game today in a drizzling rain. After the home team had finished the fifth inning play was stopped on account of wet grounds. Attendance, 200. Score:

| | R. | H. | E. | | R. | H. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cleveland | 1 | 4 | 1 | New York | 2 | 6 | 0 |

Batteries—Schmidt and McIntosh. Umpires—Manassau and McGarr.

**Game Postponed; Rain.**

PITTSBURG, Aug. 26.—Pittsburg-Boston game postponed; rain.

**Cincinnati, 11; Washington, 4.**

CINCINNATI, Aug. 26.—Today's exhibition was a miserable one. The Reds won without effort. Attendance, 2,310. Score:

| | R. | H. | E. | | R. | H. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cincinnati | 11 | 12 | 4 | Washington | 4 | 9 | 5 |

Batteries—Hahn and Peitz; Weyhing and Rich. Umpires—Swartwood and Dwyer.

**Louisville, 5; Baltimore, 1.**

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 26.—Today's game was close and exciting until the seventh, when the Colonels clinched a victory by batting Kitson for three runs. McGraw was put out in the eighth for kicking. Attendance, 2,300. Score:

| | R. | H. | E. | | R. | H. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Louisville | 5 | 5 | 0 | Baltimore | 1 | 16 | 2 |

Batteries—Woods and Zimmer; Kitson and Robinson. Umpires—O'Day and Hunt.

### Standing of the Clubs.

| Club— | W. | L. | P.C. | Club— | W. | L. | P.C. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Brooklyn | 71 | 35 | .670 | Chicago | 56 | 54 | .509 |
| Boston | 66 | 41 | .617 | Pittsburg | 55 | 55 | .500 |
| Philadelphia | 69 | 44 | .610 | Louisville | 46 | 58 | .453 |
| Baltimore | 64 | 43 | .594 | New York | 47 | 59 | .443 |
| St. Louis | 42 | 50 | .457 | Washington | 38 | 72 | .333 |
| Cincinnati | 38 | 60 | .388 | Cleveland | 30 | 68 | .370 |

### Prizefighters Not Indicted.

SIOUX CITY, Aug. 26.—The grand jury today failed to indict "Australian" Billy Murphy and Patsy Magner, prizefighters and seconds and backers, who were under arrest for engaging in a fight here.

### He Made the Fifth.

When the late Lord Cairns was lord chancellor he was an ex-officio visitor of lunatic asylums. He went down one Wednesday, when the peers do not sit, to Hanwell, knocked at the door, and asked to be admitted. "Can't let you in," said the janitor; "days for visitors Tuesdays and Fridays." "But I have a right to go inside," said his lordship; "I insist on doing so." "Read the regulations," and the janitor pointed to them. "Do you know who I am?" asked Lord Cairns. "Don't know, and don't care," said the menial. "I am entitled to admission at any and every hour; I am lord chancellor of England!" "Ah! ah!" laughed the janitor, as he shut the entrance gates in the noble lord's face, "we've got four of 'em inside already!"—Public Opinion.

A building permit was issued yesterday to C. H. Chamberlain for a story and a half frame house at 823 Twelfth avenue, to cost $800.


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AUGUST 29
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ENGAGEMENT OF MISS
JESSIE SHIRLEY
And Her Excellent Company in a Repertoire of Comedies and Dramas.
Sunday and Monday.....“Trilby”
Tuesday.....“Child of the Regiment”
Wednesday and Thursday.....“Doris”
Friday.....“Daughter of the Empire”
Saturday Matinee.....“Trilby”
Saturday Evening.....“A Clever Fool”
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