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Our Electro-Chemic Method of treatment is the only positive and permanent cure for Varicocele, outside a dangerous, wide-open, surgical operation. The treatment is entirely painless and devoid of danger; no unpleasantness. Most aggravated cases are cured in from two to three days under written guarantee. Over 1,000 cures and no failures. Neglected Varicocele leads to all the horrors of Impotency and Lost Manhood. It unmans you, unfits you for married life, undermines your health and vitality and shortens your existence. Health, Strength and Manhood should be your first consideration—once gone they are almost forever. Throw Away Your Suspensory and consult us to-day. You need expert medical attention. We can positively assure you the quickest, safest and most scientific cure obtainable. Medicines, electric belts, etc., will never cure Varicocele. We can refer you to reliable citizens whom we have cured.

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We also treat successfully all Chronic, Nervous and Special Diseases of Men.

Write if unable to call. Consultation and Examination Free. Hours, 9 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sundays, 10 a. m. to 1 p. m. Strictly private to eighth floor.

Drs. FRANCIS & FRANCIS, 814 Holland Bldg., 211 N. 7th St., Near Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

HOT SPRINGS IS THE AMERICAN MONTE CARLO.

TREMENDOUS PLAY AT THE GAMING TABLES LAST WEEK—RYAN AND JEFFRIES HAVE SETTLED THEIR TROUBLES—BIG TRAP SHOOT.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Hot Springs, Ark., Feb. 3.—As every reader of The Republic's sporting pages is aware, Tommy Ryan has resolved an offer from Jim Corbett to appear as the latter's chief adviser during his coming attempt to again attain the position on the pedestal of pugilistic fame from which he was so unceremoniously knocked by Fitzsimmons's awful punch "on de solar."

After a talk with Ryan last night, I am convinced that he will again superintend the training of Jeffries, and will appear in the bullmaker's corner when he meets Corbett in March—that is, if the two do battle. Jeffries has given out the statement that he has "nothin' agin' Ryan," and in spite of the newspaper controversy of a few weeks ago, the clever Syracusan now says "Jeff is a mighty good fellow."

Ryan went further and said: "I've received a letter from Corbett, asking me to spend the last week in his training quarters; also to appear in his corner. I have neither accepted nor declined. The proposition is still open. Jeffries now admits that I taught him most of his cleverness. Virtually, I made him champion. After he beat Sharkey there were many times when a good place of money could be pointed my way. This was not done, but I blame Brady and not Jeffries. I, too, am a champion as well as the big fellow, and as Jeff wants me there must be a mighty strong financial inducement. I have an engagement to meet Jack Hammond of Detroit at Milwaukee on the 6th and to meet Billy Stift at Chicago on the 8th. I am in as good trim now as I ever was in my life."

Arrival of Jim Jeffries.

Jeffries, who appeared at a Little Rock theater Thursday night, arrived here on the noon train yesterday. There were hundreds of people at the depot, and the big champion was greeted with cheers.

Ryan and Jeffries are, apparently, as good friends as ever, and, in case Ryan accepts the other invitation by the champion, it will do much to quiet the feeling that Corbett and Jeffries go will either never be pulled off or that it will be a friendly meeting for what coin there is in it, Corbett to take the title after outpointing the preacher's son and the latter to take the money.

When asked regarding Fitz's claim that he was drugged, Jeffries said:

"I suppose that I will be compelled to do the trick for Fitz over again, now that he raises such a doubt as to his condition in the third round of our contest. I have no doubt but that I can again make him forget "where he is at," but my present plans must be carried out before I can talk intelligently of another go with Fitzsimmons."

As for the story of poisoning, Tom Ryan said: "If there was any poison given to Fitz, it was in the blows administered by Jeffries in the second round. At the close of that round Jim came back to his corner and was anxious to go right in for the third round. I told him to crouch and stay back. Fitz was fighting all the time, even in the eighth and ninth rounds. He was not poisoned. It's all bosh, that talk of his."

Monte Carlo of the West.

There have been "great goings on" during the last week in this famous Spa, this undoubted Monte Carlo of the West. Big money has been won and lost at the gaming tables and in the poolrooms, some idea being given by the fact that Friday one of the poolrooms handled $23,000. Numerous parties of ladies, with their gentlemen escorts, daily visit the "women's parlors" at the clubs and play the ponies. The female contingent take as kindly to the roulette wheels as do their European sisters at the rouge-et-noir layouts at Monte Carlo. Many of them play with an abandon possible only when one is playing "another fellow's money."

Steve L'Hommedieu still maintains his prestige as the King of plungers. A popular sportsman of national reputation, while spending of L'Hommedieu last Tuesday night, said:

"The magnitude of his bets is astonishing and scarcely to be credited by those who do not know. During his career he has, from a comparatively small initial capital, handled a million or more dollars. He is simply a sensation. It is possible that 'Pittsburg Phil' will wager more money on an individual race, but L'Hommedieu plays every race on the boards, winners, maidens, and all, and each for thousands of dollars. Of course he does not beat them all, but his judament is good and he is way ahead of the game. Steve is a student who gives intelligent study to the condition of the horses. He has been selecting the successful ponies with rare judgment and much profit until to-day his bank roll is a veritable 'whopper.' Thursday he went down to the line and placed the limit on Sunstine at New Orleans in each of the rooms at 6 to 5, and Sunstine got the ring by a length."

Lost $18,000 at One Sitting.

L'Hommedieu does not confine his play altogether to the horses, but takes a shy now and then at the bank and roulette. Last Saturday after the races the plunger went upstairs and seated himself at the wheel. He called for $1,000 worth of ivory and commenced to play his system, placing $25 on the line taking the numbers 29-36 and $100 at the foot of the middle column, which represents the zero numbers. If any number in that column wins the bank pays four for one. In case the little ball stops on either the 29 or 36 the player receives 31 for one. Either 29 or 36 came up seven times out of the first 19 times. In an hour the plunger was $4,20 to the good. At 10:30 o'clock he called for a stop of only a short time for a midnight lunch. L'Hommedieu drew a check payable to the club for $18,000. The system fool, at least for once, failed to work.

The week opened with several new faces among losers. The "tenderfoot and greenhorn" were backed in strong and generally "cleaned" in their work. The army of tools, these positively numerous, took their cue and commenced to buttonhole every man that looked to be the best like currency. Mayor George P. Belding stood them up for a short time and then called his officers into conference. In a short time the games that are as sure for the gambler who conducts them as the forbidden sheets were closed. The doors of the jail were opened and a steady stream of sure thing men, from cappers, touts and sluggers, were locked behind the bolts. Mayor Belding has no patience with such classes who inevitably swarm wherever money is known to be plentiful and the speculative fever runs high. They were given heavy fines and escorted out of town. The departing trains Tuesday and Wednesday were loaded with them, and the streets of Hot Springs and Malvern was black with the retreating forms of those who were compelled by lack of money to walk.

Desmond Declared Himself.

A local paper published a "dope story" to the effect that Chief of Detectives Desmond of St. Louis, who is spending his vacation here, is interested in exploiting the underworld element their first show on their journey out of town. Mr. Desmond took such vigorous exceptions that the paper hastened to retract.

Speaking of plungers, there are, while not perhaps to be catalogued under that head, several heavy players here who are well known on the prominent tracks of the country. Julius Bauer, trainer for Arthur Featherstone, and who won a deserved reputation for his handling of the famous horse Mosmeda, arrived during the early part of the week. Among the others are Jake Markheim and Home Respass of Cincinnati, Joe Rhinock of Covington and Sam Jackson of New York. Sam Wagner has returned from Chicago, where he completed arrangements for a new race track to be built at Worth, Ill., a town just outside the bailiwick of Cook County. Associated with Mr. Wagner are Messrs. Powers and O'Brien of Chicago. Already contracts have been let for the grading of the track and the erection of buildings.

Trap shooters have commenced to arrive in anticipation of the juicy prizes to be awarded at the national shoot, to open at Wichita, Kan., on the 14th. J. R. Graham has come from Denver, where he has won new laurels by his skill, and he is expectorating to get on a special match before the big event. Mike Dwyer, Steve L'Hommedieu and others practice every afternoon at the grounds. The veteran, Captain Bogardus, who, for eighteen years held the world's championship, before the butts with the rifle and pistol, and before the trap at flying targets, will also enter the tournament.

BOB CAPLES.

George Considine,
Matchmaker Broadway Athletic Club.

American Academy in Paris.

An application has been before the Paris Municipal Council with a view to obtaining from that body a plot of ground for the construction thereon of an American Academy, wherein young persons of both sexes from the United States could terminate their literary, artistic and scientific studies. The proposed foundation is to be organized on lines similar to those of the French school in Rome and Athens, says the London Telegraph. The initiative in the matter is due to the American National Institute. It is affirmed that a sum of $1,000,000 has been pledged by the Institute mentioned for the construction of what will no doubt be the American School in Paris, just as the French talk of their "Ecole de Rome" or "Ecole d'Athens." The Paris Municipal Council has granted a site with a long lease for the new institution.

LITTLE CROOKEDNESS IN THE BOXING GAME.

FEW JOBS PERPETRATED IN THE ROPED ARENA SINCE THE HORTON LAW WENT INTO EFFECT—NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE RING.

BY MAGNUS McCORMICK.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

New York, Feb. 2.—The Marquis of Queensberry is dead. He will be known principally as the author of the rules at present governing boxing, though in reality his father was the man who devised them and he merely revised them for the use of his fellow noblemen. He visited this country some dozen years ago and acted as the starter of a six-day go-as-you-please race, which took place in Madison Square Garden. I had a talk with him that night of over an hour's duration, principally about boxing and boxers, and I know that his ideas of the interpretation of his rules differed very materially from those of some of the present-day referees, who interpret them to suit themselves or their betting friends.

I have from time to time in these columns intimated that there was a good deal of politics in the boxing forces of this city and State. There is also a good deal of newspaper rivalry at the bottom of the covert opposition to the Horton boxing law, between the political and newspaper influence it seems to look as though the law was doomed. Those who have been most influential in the management of boxing matters in this vicinity have not been as diplomatic or as politic as they might have been. However, that is neither here nor there. The faults have been committed, the blunders have been made, and it looks as though those who had possession of the goose which laid the golden boxing eggs have well-nigh cooked her. It was ever thus with sporting men. Whenever they get hold of a good thing they are not content with reasonable profits, but they aim to at once get everything in sight. The result is they eventually come to grief. A few men have made big money, very big money, through the privileges accorded by the Horton law, but the law, or rather the privileges granted by the law were appropriated and taken possession of by a few men who have political "pulls," raised a determined opposition to the law, even in sporting circles, and if Representative Lewis is successful in having the Horton law repealed, his efforts will be very materially aided by sporting men who have been barred out of the boxing game by those who took especial charge of it.

There is one thing that can be said, however, and that is, despite all the talk of "crookedness," there was more good, fair, square, honest boxing seen in New York last year than was ever before witnessed anywhere else in the world. No attempt was made to evade or bend, much less to peal the law which permits boxing in this State, and yet I assert without fear of successful contradiction, that for one job that has gone through in the ring, a dozen have been successfully perpetrated on the turf. I will refer to this subject again and probably very interestingly.

FINNEGAN EASY FOR RUHLIN.

Gus Ruhlin found big Jack Finnegan of Pittsburg very easy game when he met him for a few, Wednesday night. The big Pittsburger was game and willing, but he lacked neither the skill nor the experience of the Akron Giant. In other words, he is a big, strong, rough novice, who is far from being dangerous to any first-class man. Ruhlin hammered and smashed him terribly the four rounds, repeatedly flooring him, and had him almost out when the bell saved Jack McCormick saved him from that disgrace and the police intervening, by pushing into the ring and dragging him to his corner. Tim Hurst, who was the referee, could only decide in favor of Ruhlin. The Akron boy, though far from being as fast or as speedy as Corbett or Kid Mcfoy, is rapidly forging to the front, and appears to be a much improved man. His manager, Billy Madden, declares that he will yet land the championship belt about his waist. Perhaps he may, but as the Scotchman says, "I have my doubts."

Everybody but Fitzsimmons in Chicago, broke away from Martin Julian's managerial restraint and came East, there have been frequent indications that there was wind on his stomach. He has belched it up, and it proves to be a ridiculous statement that some one got at his water bottles and drugged them when he met with such disastrous results to himself from big Jim Jeffries down in the ring of the Coney Island by-the-sea Athletic Club.

Fitz's claim has excited only a sneer of derision from the sporting world. Martin Julian, his brother-in-law, who was his manager and second at the time of the fight, is dead. He will be known principally as the author of the rules at present governing boxing, though in reality his father was the man who devised them and he merely revised them for the use of his fellow noblemen. He visited this country some dozen years ago and acted as the starter of a six-day go-as-you-please race, which took place in Madison Square Garden. I had a talk with him that night of over an hour's duration, principally about boxing and boxers, and I know that his ideas of the interpretation of his rules differed very materially from those of some of the present-day referees, who interpret them to suit themselves or their betting friends.

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Fitz's Talk Injures Boxing.

If Fitzsimmons had especially chosen the time when his claim that he was drugged would best serve the interests of boxing, he could not have selected a better time than at present. I wonder if he imagined what was the object he had in making it and that he wished to effect a certain purpose. Fitz is doing boxing in New York for quite a little money, and if the game with which he is trying to make a little money for himself should be spoiled, of course he will be out of a job. Fitz is a good boxer, but he is not a wonder, by any means, and he knows it. He knows that he can earn a good living at boxing, if he wants to, but he is not in a position to dictate terms to the promoters of the game. Fitz knows that he is not a great drawing card, and he knows that he is not a great boxer, and he knows that he is not a great fighter. He knows that he is not a great boxer, and he knows that he is not a great fighter. He knows that he is not a great boxer, and he knows that he is not a great fighter. He