READ OUR AD. ON PAGE 21. READ OUR AD. ON PAGE 21.

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!

The Big Store is going to do away with their Carpet stock in order to add new departments, and everything in the way of Carpets, Mattings, Oilcloths, Rugs, Art Squares, etc., is going at a sacrifice. Last Sunday's Post contained the first announcement of our intentions of going out of the Carpet business, and we had the busiest week that we ever witnessed in a dry goods house. The closest buyers laid in their supply of Mattings for the coming spring, and those who had not the least intentions of buying a Carpet for the holidays bought one for the simple reason that the low prices induced them to buy one. If you intend fixing up your house for the holidays, remember that a better opportunity to buy a Carpet for little money will never be within such easy reach. Husbands contemplating making their families a nice Christmas present could not think of a more appropriate present than having a new Carpet for the holidays. We have gladdened the hearts of many new housekeepers last week by furnishing their houses with Fine Carpets at a very little expense, and those who have not yet seen our great reduction would do well in giving us a call before the stock is broken up. Customers from the country who did not get to see our cut prices last week, and are interested in Carpets, will please ask for prices, and a printed price list will be sent to them.

Please Note: Only 10 cents a yard will be charged for making, laying and lining.

We are also closing out our line of Willow Ware, Easels, Music Racks, Screens, Medicine Chests, Window Shades, Lace Curtains, Portieres, Curtain Poles and Trimmings, etc. Carpet Sweepers—Our $3.50 Sweepers for $2.69; our $3.00 Sweepers for $2.39; our $2.50 Sweepers for $1.98.

This sale will last till every yard of Carpets, Mattings, etc., is completely sold out. We do not intend to carry over a single yard.

To Mail Orders: Only 4 cents a yard will be charged for making. Send correct measurements of rooms and your Carpet will reach you ready for the floor.

To Merchants: Merchants handling Carpets would do well in giving us a call. We will sell in small lots at less than manufacturer's prices.

BROWN BROTHERS,

READ OUR AD. ON PAGE 21. 614, 616, 618 and 620 MAIN STREET. READ OUR AD. ON PAGE 21.

REVIEW OF SPORT.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Chicago Record.

This is how it was finally pulled off.

Corbett slept soundly until about 8 o'clock, when he arose and talked three friendly rounds with his manager, Grady. After that he partook of a light breakfast and then spent an hour reading the speeches of Burke and Sheridan.

When seen by a reporter he said: "I never felt better in my life. I believe I could talk all night. You may say to my friends that this report about my not being in condition is all rot. I've gone through the dictionary twice and besides I've got some new words furnished to me by the professor of English at Harvard. I'll bet if I don't make that Australian look sick I miss my guess."

At this moment the trainer interfered, saying that Corbett should retain his strength for the combat. The champion therefore excused himself and returned to his quarters, where he did some light work with a book of synonyms.

In the meanwhile all was activity at the Fitzsimons quarters. The Australian's manager engaged the champion attendant of Covington, Ky., to have a final bout with his man the first thing this morning. After six rounds the aspirant had to feel his way back to the corner. This showing was most encouraging to Manager Boden, who declared that Fitzsimons never seemed a bit during the bout and came out with his wind as good as ever.

During the afternoon both men rested and there was comparative quiet around the training quarters, but at the hotels and resorts the excitement ran high and there was much betting, Corbett being a slight favorite. This was due to a report that Fitzsimons had seriously strained a submaxillary muscle while practicing on the word "pusillanimous." Manager Boden denied the report with great indignation.

"There is absolutely no foundation for the story," said he. "My man is ready to take the nick of his life." It was learned today that Fitzsimons has been taking points on invective from the best performers of a circus. This fact did not apparently disturb Manager Grady, who said that his man was prepared for any emergency.

As an early hour this evening the crowd began to pour into the amphitheater, and by 8:30 the place was packed with eager and expectant men. It was at about this hour that Corbett left his training quarters and started to the scene of battle.

That he was in excellent condition is shown by the fact that just before leaving the house he blew the pounds on a long tester. It is claimed that Fitzsimons has never succeeded in blowing more than $75.

Corbett was the first to enter the arena and was received with loud cheering. Fitzsimons came in a few moments later, followed by his seconds. The muscles in his jaw stood out like whipcords, and it could be seen at a glance that all was as to his lack of condition had been false.

When the men had taken their corners the excitement had subsided. Professor Homer Jackson, A. M., the referee, explained the terms of the contest. He said no would be allowed to use any sticks or shackles words, but there were no restrictions as to grammar or pronunciation. The men would retire promptly to their corners at the end of the going. If either contestant fell and did not rise he would be counted out. If he rose the adversary would be the victor.

"Are you ready?" asked Professor Jackson.

A hush fell on the vast assemblage, and the expert shorthand reporters lifted their pens.

The gong sounded.

Round 1—The men began talking at the same instant, Corbett using 180 words a minute and Fitzsimons surprising his most ardent admirers by doing his best and at the end of the round he had Corbett at a "nonpareil stiff," but he immediately counteracted and called him a "jabbering kangaroo," thereby seeming to have the best of the argument when the sound ended.

Round 2—Both men came briskly to the scratch, but Corbett was on the offensive and called Fitz "coward, hound, freak" no less than forty-two times, each time with a new combination of adjectives. Fitz was worsted in the exchange and also called Corbett a "dude." Both men were applauded at the end of the round.

Round 3—Fitzsimons began this time with a scurrilous denunciation of Corbett's record. Corbett kept his head, and on three different occasions branded Fitz as a "cheap guy," and told him he had been chased out of Australia.

Rounds 4 to 20—Both men showed remarkable versatility and endurance, and although the talking was incessant, and each man delivered strong epithets there was hardly a perceptible advantage until the eighteenth round, when Corbett, changing his tactics suddenly, assailed Fitzsimons with long words, calling his a "hydrocephalous monstrosity, a nebulous lethargosaurus and a downtrodden idiosyncrasy." Fitzsimons was taken by surprise and seemed unable to reply. The referee counted six and then the Australian recovered sufficiently to say "Twist" this saving himself. In the next two rounds he talked gamely, but it was evident that he had not entirely recovered from the "lethgosaurus."

Round 21—Fitzsimons assumed the offensive, calling Corbett "a swell-headed sissy," but the latter proved his wonderful condition by resuming the rate of 180 words a minute, designating the Australian as a "flat-headed, chump sucker, bake, cazabe, tramp, bum, beggar and wind-bag." Fitzsimons stood this off with great difficulty, and when he returned to his corner he was tired and puzzled.

Round 22—Corbett was quick to grasp his advantage. He followed the Australian around the ring, denouncing him as "a long-legged, pot-headed, knock-kneed, double-jointed freak of nature." This as a climax he thundered: "You're nothing but an incomprehensible mass of imbecility, a lingo-incomprehensible of mammalian eccentricities." With a low moan Fitzsimons fell to his knees and then rolled over on his back. His lips moved, but no sound came forth.

"One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten," counted the referee and the battle was ended. The defeated man was carried to his corner, and the referee said: "I declare Mr. Corbett the champion talking pugilist of the world."

The house was in an uproar of excitement. As the champion was being escorted in triumph to his dressing room he said: "I had over 3,000 words that I didn't have to use at all."

THE HORSES.

Up to the present time there are just forty-six horses that have been trotted to records of 2:10 or better. Of this number there are fourteen that were bred in Kentucky, as follows: Nancy Hanks, 2:04, b. m., foaled 1886, by Happy Medium, dam Nancy Lee, by Dictator; bred by Hart Boswell, Lexington, Ky. Arion, 2:06 3-4, ch. m., foaled 1885, by Onward, dam Beulah, by Harold; bred by A. W. Ayers, Duckers station, Ralph Wilkes, 2:06 3-4, ch. s., foaled 1889, by Red Wilkes, dam Mary Mays, by Mambrino Patchen; bred by Dr. W. F. Galbreath, Lexington. Martha Wilkes, 2:08, b. m., foaled 1883, by Alcyone, dam Ella, by Clark Chief; bred by Mrs. Carrie Marders, Pine Grove. Trevilian, 2:08 1-4, b. s., foaled 1889, by Young Jim, dam Miss Kittredge, by Gambetta; bred by R. W. Ford, Lexington. Lockheart, 2:08 1-2, b. s., foaled 1886, by Norwood, dam Rapidan, by Dictator; bred by J. C. McCrean, Louisville. Belle Vara, 2:08 3-4, b. m., foaled 1887, by Vatican, dam Nell, by Extill Eric; bred by R. H. Neale, Richmond. Maud S., 2:08 3-4, ch. m., foaled 1874, by Harold, dam Miss Russell, by Pilot, Jr.; bred by A. J. Alexander, Spring station. David B., 2:09 1-4, ch. g., foaled 1889, by Young Jim, dam Rosa Clay, by American Clay; bred by David B. Tanner, Donerail. Dandy Jim, 2:09 3-4, gr. g., by Young Jim, dam Capriana, by Daniel Lambert; bred by Z. E. Simmons, Lexington. Dan Cupid, 2:09 3-4, b. s., foaled 1888, by Barney Wilkes, dam Asteroxene by Strathmore; bred by O. P. Alford, Lexington. Early Bird, 2:10, b. m., foaled 1883, by Jay Bird, dam Beulah, by Harold; bred by E. W. Ayers, Duckers. Jay-Eye-See, 2:10 bik., foaled 1878, by Dictator, dam Midget, by Pilot, Jr.; bred by R. West, Lexington, Ky. Mosquette, 2:10, b. m., foaled 1888, by Wilton, dam Betsy-and-I, by Ericsson; bred by Mrs. E. E. Eagle, Lexington. E. W. Ayers of Duckers has the distinction of being the only man who bred two of these and both are from his grand old mare, Beulah, who threw them to the cover of different stallions. Seven were bred in Lexington, and two —Martha Wilkes and Mosquette—were bred by women. Eight are by sons of George Wilkes, and Young Jim is the only one that has more than one to his credit, he having three. This is certainly a great showing for the blue-grass region, being equaled by no other State in the Union. The nearest approach to it is California, that has produced ten, with the greatest of all trotting race horses of 1895 to her credit in the bay gelding Arion. Kentucky's fastest is Nancy Hanks, 2:04, against time, and Beautiful Bells, 2:06 3-4, trots records, and Ralph Wilkes, 2:06 3-4, against the watch. Of the forty-six that complete the list fourteen were sired by the sons of George Wilkes.

Famous Palo Alto has undoubtedly produced the greatest filly of the year. She is thus spoken of by the Breeder and Sportsman: "The 2-year-old filly Paoli, by Palo Alto, 2:08 3-4, whose record of 2:16 1-2 stands as the best for a filly of that age this season, has never lost a race of heat. She won at the breeders' meeting, making 2:21 1-2 in the second heat. At Napa, two weeks earlier, she won, trotting in 2:20 3-4 in the last heat. At Woodland she scored another victory in straight heats, reducing her record to 2:19 1-2 in the last heat. At the State fair, Sacramento, she won again and at San Jose she reduced her record to 2:16 1-2."

It is claimed that Granson can beat any horse in training for three miles. Upon what theory any such situation is based were hard to tell. When Henry of Navarre ran a mile and three-quarters, with 130 pounds up, in 3:02 it settled the question of the best long-distance horse in America. Granson won a three-mile race at Oakley and beat a cheap field. In the old days Gutenberg had long-distance mares and the cheapest selling platers did fairly well. Matt Storm demonstrated that Margaret could go four miles close to 7:20. If the claim had been made that Granson had run the best three-mile race of the season there could be no dispute to the statement. The colt is no Maritana or The Bard.

Speaking of Hindoo-cult, Broad Church, in the Spirit of the Times, says: "He was a great performer in his day and I will remember when he was beaten at Sheepshead Bay four or five years ago. He was ridden by Jockey Ray, and the ride looked so bad, coupled with suspicious features in the betting, that the then owners of the horse, the Sloggan brothers, went openly before the judges and complained. What Hindoo-craft had been pulled. The judges took no action, however, but it is worth of note that Ray has been under a cloud since, then, with a license refused at times, and just now he is measurably under ban."

Henry Pointer of Williamson county, Tenn., owns the first young pacer Sky Pointer, brother of Star Pointer, 2:04 1-2. He has been anxious that Geers should handle the horse next year, and some correspondence has passed between them on the subject. While visiting Spring Hill recently Geers had a look at Sky Pointer, and the chances are that he will not only handle him in 1896, but that he will buy a half interest in him.

THE JOCKEY.

"The jockey of today, the successful jockey, stands as good a chance of worldly preferment, income and popularity as the premiers of the United States. He is marked a man who is at once an ardent sportsman and a keen observer of the signs of the times.

"A cultivated intellect counts as much in the equipment of a jockey as in any other profession."

"Besides the requisite physique (the long-legged, muscular, the embryo jockey must have a good seat, a cool head and a firm hand), continued the speaker. "These are all natural endowments, scores of little half-breed colored boys, and street children that loaf around the stables, possess them. What counts most in a jockey's fortunes is a still more potential attribute, he must be a judge of pace and of time reckoned by the second and the half second, and he must ride years before he acquires this judgment."

The trainer says to the boy-jockey who is taking his first lesson in an advanced course of training, "Canter your horse round the track and when you come to that mark yonder, which means the last eighth of the mile, spurt home in thirteen seconds." The boy does this. He has been previously well drilled in ordinary riding and knows that his horse can easily make that speed.

"Now," says the trainer, "go over the course again, and when you come to the eighth pole, let your horse down and come home in twelve seconds, instead of thirteen."

"Again he will practice, making the eighth or quarter mile at an increasing instead of decreasing rate of speed, and each time that he does this it is borne in on him how to time his own movements and those of the animal he strides. In a race everything depends on the jockey. No matter how ambitious, fleet-footed, or mettlesome a racer may be, the human spirit on its back makes or mars his progress."

"Our race tracks are nearly all oval, because Americans want to see the race from beginning to finish," went on the sportsman, "but in England the tracks are nearly straight or bent into a curved angle at one end. The famous Tattenham corners, near Newmarket, is so curved the people who have seats at one end of the track can't possibly see what goes on at the other.

"It is in the matter of this curve at the finish that the grit and superiority of a good jockey tells against his less skilled opponents. It is on such occasions that a cool head, that is, bravery allied with presence of mind, makes a jockey win.

"Three, or four, or five horses are stretching out neck to neck in the race, the shrewd jockey keeps his horse a little behind the others, and when they approach the fateful curve he rides in close against the outmost of the course. The horse on the outer line of a circle or arc is necessarily greater than the inside. The cool-headed jockey who had the nerve to squeeze in between the boundary and other riders wins the day."

"Danger in doing it?"

"Of course there is danger. He may be jammed or crushed to death, or crowded off his horse. He maneuvers for it though, gets his horse in, just at the right crisis, and is successful. It is just in such cases as this and dozens of other emergencies that education, knowledge, brains, count for the jockey. A stupid piloted will take no advantage of physique and pluck and bearing will lose when matched against an intelligent boy possessing a few of these advantages, simply because the jockey with brains will watch the movements of his opponent and learn how to foil him."

"There are no public training schools for jockeys in America," said this authority. "There used to be a most interesting institution of the kind at Gutenberg several years ago. The pupils were compelled to devote a stated number of hours each day to the studies pursued in any ordinary grammar school, and as the daylight hours were spent in horseback exercise and physical training, the literary work was taken up in the evening."

The colored boy Simms, one of the best and most successful jockeys in this country, is an admirable exponent of the force of judgment and good sense over mere physical fitness. He has just returned from England with an improved style. In England they favor the long stirrup and he had to let his knees down. Before he went over there, however, and when he made his most brilliant runs, he looked almost ludicrous in the saddle. He hugged the withers of his horse like grim death and sat hunched upon the animal as if his one idea was not so much to win the race, as to keep from falling off."

"Do negro boys make the best jockeys?"

"Pure blooded ones? No. The pure blooded negro is cowardly. The half-breed, with a strain of white or Indian blood makes a born horseman; courageous, fearless, indomitable and bound to win. Such a rider inspires the animal beneath him."

"Here is a list of seven brilliantly successful jockeys, all of whom have 'gone to the dogs,' so to speak, because of their own folly. This one stole, ruined his owners. This one became too fat and took to whisky as a consolation for his disappointment, another one allowed human vultures to feed on him, to gobble him up bodily. As a set-off to these sad sequels to success, the individual whom this name stands for lives honored and respected in his ripe years, possesses a beautiful country home purchased with money honestly earned in jockeydom, and has a son trained to the same calling. The son, though not the famous turfman his father was, yet has fair abilities.

"Had these jockeys whom I have named been intellectually strong, had their heads been cultivated in proportion to their hands and physique, their ruin would have been averted."

There is a boy jockey noted now, Young Griffin, the protege of Mr. Shields, since engaged by Mr. A. Belmont, who, I truly believe, will prove superior to all temptation. Mr. Shields found him at a public institution and had him well taught in every respect, in the matter of books as well as of horses. The boy now gets $12,000 a year. That is his regular salary. If any one else wishes him to ride for them he is privileged to do so, provided his employer has no horse in the race.

"This privilege is worth many thousands to him annually. Every famous jockey enjoys the same benefits in regard to outside riding. This young Griffin supports his mother and is exemplary in his conduct in every respect."

"What are a jockey's temptations?" They are legion, but stopping or pulling a horse in the interest of the ring is the most seductive.

If a jockey is educated enough to recognize the value of a good name and has an unstained reputation he will spurn the bookmaker bribe. Sometimes he will be doubly dishonest, take the bribe and fail to comply with the terms, claiming that he could not control the horse.

This, in sporting parlance is called the double-cross. An educated, intelligent jockey even if he is not a good boy at heart, will deliberately size up the chances for and against him when a bribe is offered him. He will know at once that the value of his reputation is priceless, far above any mere temporary advantage and he will put his tempters to confusion.

In England it is quite customary for born of respectable, well-to-do parentage to be trained as jockeys and training schools are abundant and accessible.

In this country, however, so far the jockeys are recruited from the ranks of the hoodlum, who either feel a decided bent for the calling or stumble into it by accident when casting around for a means of livelihood. Olive F. Gandy.

THE WHEEL.

"Batch," the official handicapper of the League of American Wheelmen, in a review of the racing season says:

"With the racing season of 1895 very near its conclusion comes the inevitable question: Is Bald, the man of the year, superior to Zimmerman? Of course, the friends of each man will hold that their idol is the champion of champions, and nothing short of a special race would convince the adherents of either. In comparing what the Jerseyman did in 1895, piling up a record of 102 firsts, and what Bald has done this year, the person would have somewhat the best of the argument, in spite of the fact that he has scored only fifty-nine firsts. "Zimmy" did not have as opponents any such array of speed merchants as have been out this season, and there was also no well defined circuit.

"In fact, many of the meets which Zimmy attended would this year have been regarded as being of the pot-hunting variety. During the season Bald has met over fifty men who have been rated as being worth a salary, and he has retaliated many times for defeats at the hands of any one rider. In only four races in which he has started has he run unplaced. The mile is generally regarded as the event on which the most importance is attached and out of thirty-three races on the National circuit at this distance Bald has taken twenty-five. He holds three National championships and the competition record has been his for the greater part of the season.

"And then there are Johnson and Sanger. How about them and Bald? As the big Milwaukeean has not been himself this year and both Johnson and Tyler have led him across the tape on repeated occasions, he can be dismissed with this statement of facts. The little Swede would give Bald a race and the men are in the same class, but the betting on a contest between the two ought to be at least 5 to 3 in favor of the Bison. As it is not all unlikely that some time during the next year Bald will be riding for cash, the opportunity to take on Zimmerman and Johnson will present itself.

"If, after a successful outcome with these two, a voyage across the briny should be followed by defeats of the best that Europe can produce, the Bison will have stamped himself as the most wonderful man who has ever bestrode a wheel. His friends are praying that Zimmerman will be fortunate in Australia, as a race then with the Jerseyman would mean a great deal more than if Arthur Augustus should come home dethroned."

Were "Batch" to give his individual opinion it would be in favor of Bald. The latter is dead game, the gamest man who has yet rode a wheel. He may not have the flight of speed of Johnson, but he does not know what defeat means. He rides to win and it must be admitted that Bald is the coming rival of Zimmerman.

Bald won another record recently at Los Angeles, Cal., riding a wheel on a fast-time track in 2:04. He has many friends who think he is the king of racing wheelmen.

THE FIGHTERS.

The next ring encounter of moment is the match between Joe Walcott, "The Barbadoes Black," and George Lavigne, the Saginaw Kid. They meet December 3, and by the terms of the match both men must scale at 133 pounds maximum at the ringside. This match is puzzling the pugilistic critics, the most of whom are under the impression that Walcott can not draw to the light-weight limit unless he cuts off one of his legs. Tommy O'Rourke, his manager, and one of the most adroit match makers in the country, doubtless knows more about making a match than the critics can tell him. His man, Walcott, is as grotesque an ebon-hued freak as ever shot craps or trifled with an unlicked chicken coop. He is square of build, bulging at the shoulders, almost neckless, and deceptive in weight.

The writer saw him weigh about a year ago, and before he mounted the scales O'Rourke asked every one in the room to guess the lad's weight. Not a guess went under 135 pounds. Walcott weighed exactly 149 pounds. He hasn't trained for two months, and he wore a light overcoat. At this rate he ought surely to be able to come to 133 pounds, and if he does he will knock into smithereens the championship aspirations of Lavigne, who, while a strong puncher, is not sufficiently clever to conquer the awkward cleverness of this wonderful negro.

Walcott is certainly a wonder. He can give forty pounds away, and whip many a formidable heavy weight, and Tommy Ryan, probably the cleverest welterweight ever produced, frankly admitted that he wasn't hustling for a match with the Barbadoes Black. Mick Dunn, the Australian middleweight with a good record, was an easy morsel for little Walcott in eight rounds, and never recovered from the punishment he received. Walcott's force is body punching at short range. He whips his left into the ribs of his victim, and over the kidneys, a blow he accomplishes by a quick, deceptive shift to the left or right, and a feint with the feet.

There is a movement on foot to give Maher a great popular demonstration, oration or reception in Madison Square Garden early next month. He is to set-to with three or four men and then the "old champ," John L. Sullivan, is expected to step into the ring and formally present Peter with the diamond bedecked gold championship belt which was presented to him in Boston several years ago. This presentation is expected to cinch Maher's title to the championship and set all cavillers at it, at least until he has a chance to settle the vexed question for good and all in the ring. The garden has already been secured for the purpose and there will be no difficulty in getting the pick of the best boxers, not only of this city and Brooklyn, but of Boston and Philadelphia, to appear on the occasion. There will be no trouble, either, to packing the big house from ring to dome with enthusiastic admirers of the modest young Irishman. The only difficulty, opined, will be in getting Sullivan to part with his belt. It is the most valuable circlet of the kind ever made. Pat Sheedy, who was Sullivan's manager at the time, was the largest contributor to the fund that purchased it. Others whom Sullivan should remember with gratitude also contributed liberally, but all gave with the announced understanding that the belt was to remain Sullivan's property while he lived and was never to be made part or parcel of the prize of a fight or to be sold or given away. At the time it was said that the trophy cost $8,500, but I am informed on the best of authority that the sum was really several thousands more. Sullivan thinks a good deal of Peter Maher and next to himself he would rather see him champion than any other man alive, but still I think he will hesitate before selling his belt, even though he knows it is for the purpose of decorating adorning and distinguishing his friend's loins with the title of "champion." A week or two will decide the matter.

BISHOP'S BUDGET.

Arthur Valentine, the English light-weight (?) champion, who not long back received a sound thrashing at the hands of a third rater in New York, is authority for the statement that Peter Jackson, owing to dalliance with the festive gin and latters of the "little village," is a complete wreck. "No one, to see Peter stripped," says Valentine, "would recognize in him the man who pouched the pride out of Paddy Slavin at the National Sporting club of London, and matters are fast reaching a stage where the sable warrior of the ring will be unable to put up a hand unless it be to put down a drink. As a matter of fact this same Peter has been wrecked more times since I have known him, the past seven years, than any boxer of note that I have ever heard of. For all that he proves, when occasion demands it, that he has still one more fight left in him, and that he is the liveliest 'has been' in the business, and knowing of his peculiar recuperative powers as well as the big fund of common sense with which he is endowed, Peter's well-wishers are loth to believe that he has allowed himself to become completely stranded on the shores of good fellowship. When this same Jackson was training for his memorable go with Paddy Slavin the know-alls predicted that the one-time brilliant colored boxer was going up against certain defeat. They drew their conclusions from his bleary eyes, his cadaverous mug, and the woe-begone droop of his nether lip, which when Peter grew passive, used to hang like unto that of a motherless foal. That these unbelievers in Jackson had the courage of their convictions was amply shown by the manner in which they made the other man a strong favorite, yet Jackson made the fight of his life. He was as spry and as supple as a panther, and he walloped his old Australian rival in the most artistic manner possible—that's he did either. Remembering all these things it isn't safe to assume that Peter has outlived his usefulness as a thumper of his fellowmen until Valentine's statements are amply corroborated. It is an old sporting adage that a fighter's opinion of a fighter isn't worth the breath it takes to place it on record, and for the present, intending challengers of Jackson had better keep on speculating that some place south of Mason and Dixon's line must be the scene of the battle."

The history of the prize ring does not afford a parallel to the career of the world's champion feather-weight, George Dixon. He has met more good men in his class than any other fighter that has ever figured within the magic square, and successfully, too. Besides the good men he has faced, he has gone up against all kinds of stiffs, who thought they were fighters and tried to windand him for four rounds, when he has been on tours "meeting all comers." His hands most certainly be made of stern stuff to stand the work, yet he has never complained. It is a wonder to me he has a sound knuckle on his hands, but the champion's dukes are all right. His manager, Tom O'Rourke, is a hustler, although it is but a few days since he went up against the "feather," Young Griffo, and was told that he has two other matches on hand.

Houston at the present time has the honor of entertaining Jack Henderson, the clever Philadelphia light-weight. Henderson has been in Texas some six weeks, and brought with him excellent testimonials to his cleverness in the roped arena and his manly bearing in private life. The shifty bruiser from the town of Quakers did not expect to find much for his hands to do in Houston and is simply biding his time here while his application for a match with Young Griffo is being considered by the Eastern boxing clubs.

Reddy Gallagher, a feather-weight boxer of some note, who has been in Houston for the past month, left last Thursday for New Orleans where he expects to get on with some Eastern crack. Reddy is all right and will surely make a good battle with the best men in his class.

I had the very extreme pleasure of seeing Mr. Roach in practice the other day. Mr. Roach is the gentleman who will do the twirling for the Houston base ball team this coming season. This practice game I speak of was at the old grounds out on Travis street. Roach was in the box, Manager Garson doing the back stop work, while Sam Taub held down second. I don't think I have ever seen a prettier worker than this man, Roach. He has perfect command over the ball and if he don't keep a whole lot of these Texas leaguers up "upper street" breaking their backs reaching for the groceries he deals out then I'm very much on the bum in my judgment of a ball player. Our genial manager, Mr. Garson, did some very nice catching too; he has lost none of his old time cleverness in handling the sphere and in practice with Mr. Roach he loomed up like a silver knob on a two story tenement. There is, of course, little necessity of dwelling on the brilliant playing of Sam Taub; he played the second bag for all there was in it, and was never idle a moment—it was either a chase after the ball or a rub at the perspiration which seemed to accumulate in rather large quantities all over Sam's classical countenance. Manager Garson will see to it that Sam has one, or one and a half or two small boys to rub him down at the next practice game.

Biddy Bishop.

ROY'S BUDGET.

And still they come. Friday Charles A. Shaffer, late of Peoria, a fine holder and heavy hitter, having an average of about .388 and the leading batsman of that club, arrived in Houston.

Shaffer began his professional career in 1892, as first baseman for Altoona in Pennsylvania State league, and led that league in base running. In 1893 he was with Jimmy Manning, who then had the Savannah club in the Southern league and after a spell of sickness, disqualifying him for a playing, he finished with Wilksbarre in Eastern league as first baseman and outfielder. During the whole season of 1894 he was with Peoria in the Western association, ranked first as a batsman in his own club and fourth in the league. The past season he was with the Omaha and Denver clubs and after the disbandment finished with Peoria, playing every position except that of pitcher. He is the kind of coaches the Houston people like to see.

Mr. J. C. McNealus of Dallas, ex-president of the Texas Southern league and and owner of the Dallas franchise, writes as follows: "Dallas will have a crack team this year and all honorable methods known in base ball playing will be put forth to win the pennants. I predict a most prosperous season next year, as the people of Texas, especially of the larger cities and towns, regard ball playing as a genuine sport free from all bad features that tend to deteriorate or corrupt. The season of 1895, was a most prosperous one and it would have been more so had the rules been rigidly enforced and business conducted upon the high plane inaugurated at the opening of the season. Let me urge upon The Post the imperative necessity of an eight-team league. We have seven members already and another should be secured. Waco, Denison or some other good town without a team should be admitted to membership. This is important, and I trust the promoters of ball playing and the admirers of the sport will take an interest in the movement and pull for an eight-team league. Another thing, there should be a meeting of the Texas Southern league at the earliest date practicable. Procrastination is a poor rule and it don't work with us. My advices are that the minor league teams of Texas will contain many first class players this year and that for the contest for the pennant will be spirited. Good men will direct affairs and there is no reason why the future of base ball in Texas should not be all the most sanguine of its promoters can paint it. Again, I say, urge the formation of an eight-team league and an early meeting."

Mr. McNealus will give considerable time to promoting the best interests of the game during the coming season, but will not abandon newspaper work. For thirty years he has been a base ball enthusiast and writer on sporting topics and is regarded as one of the best posted and most thoroughly informed man on all matters pertaining to the National game in the country.

Ernest Hodge, catcher and captain of the Dallas team last season, is now sojourning in that city and will play ball in the Lone Star State the season of 1896.

Manager Garson went out to the Base Ball park at the foot of Travis street a few days ago and measured the grounds. He drew up the plan of the grand stands—both for ladies and gentlemen, bleachers, pres's box and other accessories necessary to a well regulated base ball park.

Negotiations are now pending between Mr. Garson and "Napoleon" John J. McCloskey whereby the Louisville club, now containing some twenty-five men will be brought here some time in March for their annual spring practice. If they come a series of games will, no doubt, be played, with the Houston club, who will assemble in Houston about that time, and the people of this city will be enabled to see how their team will "stock up" against the Louisville boys.

"Scrappy" Joyce, who at one time played in Houston, will captain the Washington club next year.

R. M. E.

PASSING PLEASANTRIES.

The open fields lie shivering in the breeze;
Rude winter's hand at autumn's chamber door has knocked;
Denuded limbs stand bare on naked trees.—
What wonder is it, then, the corn is shocked?

—Rochester Post Express.

Elder Berry—What is your idea of faith? Jobiots—Putting a nickel on the plate and expecting a crown of pure gold.—New York Herald.

Beatrice writes: "My husband won't learn to dance. Can you tell me how I can make him?"

Yes; Beatrice; we truly can. Place a dozen tacks, with their penetrating ends up, on the front stairs when he attempts to come up at 2 a. m. in his stocking feet.—Yonkers Statesman.

Tommy—Papa, there is a large black bug on the ceiling.

Professor (very busy)—Step on it and leave me alone.—Figende Blaetter.

Gillback—Is it true that you don't spend as much money now as you did before you were married?

Packett—It is. I wish I could say the same thing of my wife.—Gloucester Breeze.

"You know, George," she was explaining, "I was brought up without any care."

"Marry me, darling," said George, "and you shall have nothing but care."—Westchester Globe.

She—Did you ever encounter a sea serpent?

Old Soak—No; I am always particular about my drinking when on a cruise.—New York Herald.