PIRATES DEFEATED

REMNANTS TAKE SIXTH PLACE BY BEATING THE PITTSBURG TEAM

GIANTS ARE BEATEN TWICE

Close the Season by Dropping a Double-Header at Brooklyn—Boston Wins Final at Philadelphia.

National League.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	PerC.
Pittsburg	138	89	49	.645
Philadelphia	140	83	57	.593
Brooklyn	136	79	57	.581
St. Louis	138	75	63	.543
Boston	135	69	69	.500
Chicago	138	53	85	.384
New York	137	52	85	.380
Cincinnati	137	51	86	.372

CHICAGO, Oct. 5.—The visitors were outplayed and defeated in a close game today. A double steal and Yeager's muff at the plate gave Dexter the winning run. Attendance, 3,000. Score:

Chicago—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Hartsel, lf	2	1	1	4	0	0
Green, cf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Dexter, 1b	3	1	1	10	1	0
McCormick, ss	4	0	1	2	4	0
Raymer, 2b	4	0	2	3	2	0
Gannon, rf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Schaeffer, 3b	2	0	2	3	3	0
Chance, c	2	0	0	3	1	0
Eason, p	2	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	26	2	8	27	12	0

Pittsburg—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Davis, rf	4	1	1	1	1	0
Clarke, lf	3	0	1	1	1	0
Beaumont, cf	2	0	1	0	0	0
Wagner, ss	3	0	1	4	5	1
Bransfield, 1b	4	0	0	6	0	0
Ritchey, 2b	3	0	2	3	3	0
Burke, 3b	3	0	0	1	0	0
Yeager, c	3	0	0	7	3	1
Poole, p	3	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	29	1	6	*23	16	2

Chicago ....1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 *—2
Pittsburg ....0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—1

*Gannon out, hit by batted ball.

Left on bases, Chicago 7, Pittsburg 5; two-base hits, Hartsel, Schaefer, Davis; sacrifice hits, Eason, Beaumont; stolen bases, Dexter, McCormick, Raymer; double play, McCormick to Dexter; struck out, by Eason 3, by Poole 5; bases on balls, off Eason 3, off Poole 5; wild pitch, Eason; hit with ball, Burke, Chance; time, 1:55; umpire, O'Day.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 5.—The Brooklyns wound up the season today with a double victory over the New Yorks. The first was a shut out game, in which Donovan let the victors down with three hits, not a runner getting past first base. Taylor was hit hard and was poorly supported.

In the second game Clarence Wright, recently drafted from Dayton, Ohio, pitched for Brooklyn and had the New Yorks shut out up to the ninth inning, when three hits and an error by Kelley saved them from another whitewash. Mathewson, who had a sore arm, was relieved by Felix in the sixth. Gochnaur, the new Brooklyn short stop, did good work. Jimmy Sheckard signed a Brooklyn contract today. Scores:

First Game—

New York—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Jones, rf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Van Haltren, cf	4	0	0	2	0	1
Davis, ss	3	0	0	2	3	0
Smith, 2b	3	0	0	5	4	2
Ganzel, 1b	3	0	0	9	0	0
Strang, 3b	2	0	0	3	4	1
Murphy, lf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Warner, c	3	0	1	2	2	0
Taylor, p	3	0	1	0	4	1
Totals	28	0	3	24	17	5

Brooklyn—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Keeler, rf	5	2	4	1	0	0
Sheckard, lf	5	2	2	4	0	0
Dolan, cf	2	1	1	2	0	0
Kelley, 1b	4	0	0	9	1	0
Gochnaur, ss	4	0	2	2	4	0
Dahlen, 2b	4	1	2	2	3	0
Irwin, 3b	4	1	0	3	0	0
Farrell, c	3	1	0	4	2	0
Donovan, p	4	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	35	8	11	27	11	0

New York ....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
Brooklyn ....1 0 0 0 2 5 0 0 *—8

Earned runs, Brooklyn 3; two-base hit, Dolan; three-base hit, Sheckard; stolen bases, Sheckard, Dolan, Dahlen, Irwin; first base on errors, Brooklyn 1; left on bases, New York 3, Brooklyn 7; double plays, Strang to Smith to Ganzel, Warner to Smith; first base on balls, by Donovan 2, by Taylor 2; hit by pitched ball, by Taylor 1; struck out, by Donovan 3, by Taylor 1; umpires, Daly and Mathewson.

Second Game—

New York—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Jones, rf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Van Haltren, cf	4	1	2	1	0	0
Davis, ss	4	1	1	2	3	0
Smith, 2b	3	0	0	3	4	0
Ganzel, 1b	4	0	0	9	0	0
Strang, 3b	4	0	2	0	0	1
Murphy, lf	4	0	0	2	1	0
Warner, c	2	0	0	6	1	0
Wall, c	1	0	1	0	0	0
Mathewson, p	2	0	0	0	1	0
Felix, p	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	33	2	6	24	10	1

Brooklyn—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Keeler, rf	4	3	2	2	0	0
Sheckard, lf	3	0	3	0	0	0
Dolan, cf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Kelley, 1b	4	1	1	13	1	1
Gochnaur, ss	3	0	0	0	4	0
Dahlen, 2b	4	0	1	1	4	0
Irwin, 3b	4	0	1	2	4	0
Farrell, c	4	0	1	8	1	0
Wright, p	3	0	1	0	1	0
Totals	33	4	11	27	15	1

New York ....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2—2
Brooklyn ....2 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 *—4

Earned runs, Brooklyn 3; three-base hit, Sheckard; home run, Kelley; stolen bases, Smith Dolan; first base on errors, Brooklyn 1; left on bases, New York 5, Brooklyn 6; double plays, Warner to Ganzel, Smith to Ganzel, Davis to Smith to Ganzel; first base on balls, by Wright 1, by Mathewson 2; struck out, by Wright 6, by Mathewson 4; wild pitches, Wright 1, Mathewson 1; umpires, Daly and Wall; time, 1:24; attendance, 2,600.

QUAKERS BEATEN.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct 5.—The National league season closed here today with a game between Philadelphia and Boston. The visitors won without difficulty. Townsend was batted out of the box, and the fielding of the locals was poor. Attendance, 1,852. Score:

Boston—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Rickert, lf	3	0	1	3	1	0
Tenney, 1b	3	1	0	12	0	0
Demont, 2b	5	2	2	0	2	0
Lush, cf	3	1	2	4	0	0
Carney, rf	5	1	2	0	0	1
Lowe, 3b	5	0	2	1	2	1
Long, ss	4	2	1	2	3	0
Moran, c	4	0	1	5	1	0
Willis, p	4	0	1	0	2	0
Totals	36	7	12	27	11	2

Philadelphia—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Thomas, cf	3	0	0	2	0	2
Barry, 2b	4	0	1	2	3	0
White, lf & p	3	0	1	1	2	0
Delehanty, 1b	3	0	0	11	0	0
McFarland, c	4	0	1	3	2	1
Brown, rf	4	0	0	3	0	0
Hallman, 3b	3	2	1	1	0	0
Cross, ss	4	1	1	3	2	0
Townsend, p & lf	4	0	1	1	2	0
Totals	32	3	6	27	11	3

Boston ....2 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 1—7
Philadelphia ....0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 1—3

Earned runs—Boston, 5; Philadelphia, 1. Two-base hits—Dement, Lush, Carney, Lowe, Long, Cross, Townsend. Three-base hits—Rickert. Sacrifice hits—Moran, White. Stolen bases—Richert, Demont. Struck out—By Willis, 5; by Townsend, 2; by White, 2. Left on bases—Boston, 10; Philadelphia, 6. First base on balls—Off Willis, 2; off Townsend, 3; off White, 2. Hit by pitched ball—Hallman. Wild pitch—Townsend. Time, 1:35. Umpire, Nash.

All Americans Lose.

DETROIT, Oct. 5.—Baseball: Chicago, 9; All Americans, 7.

NO RECORDS BROKEN

In Second Day of A. A. U. Meet at Louisville, Ky.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 5.—No records were broken today by the athletes who participated in the games under sanction of the Amateur Athletic union at Churchill Downs, but the one hundred-yard record—:09 4-5—was equaled by A. T. Duffy, the crack sprinter of Georgetown university. Duffy was two feet ahead of his nearest competitor, H. Hargrave, of Yale, at the tape.

Flanagan, after breaking the world's record for sixteen-pound hammer throw and discus throw yesterday, threw the hammer from the circle today only far enough to beat his competitors. He also won the sixteen-pound shot throw today. Five thousand people saw the events. Summaries:

One hundred-yard dash—A. T. Duffy, of Georgetown university, first; H. Hargrave, of Yale, finished second, and William Hunter, of Louisville, third. Time, :09 4-5.

Running broad jump—F. G. Maloney, University of Chicago, 20 feet 5 inches, first; H. Hoeckheck, 20 feet 2½ inches, Chicago, second; J. B. Pettet, University of Chicago, 20 feet 1⅛ inches, third.

Four hundred and forty-yard dash—R. R. Barrett, Chicago, first; R. J. Holand, Georgetown university, second; F. M. Horton, University of Chicago, third. Time, :40 3-5.

One hundred and twenty-yard hurdle—F. G. Maloney, University of Chicago, first; H. Arnold, New York, second; H. Friend, University of Chicago, third. Time, :15 2-5.

Sixteen-pound shot—John Flanagan, Irish-American Athletic club, New York, 39 feet ½ inch; J. R. Pettet, University of Chicago, 35 feet 7¾ inches; M. Sheridan, New York, 34 feet 8 inches.

Two hundred and twenty-yard dash—H. Hargrave, Yale, first; G. Senn, University of Chicago, second; C. I. Applegate, Lexington, Ky., third. Time, :22 1-5.

Sixteen-pound hammer throw — John Flanagan, Irish-American Athletic club, New York, first, with 169 feet 8½ inches; C Leue, Cincinnati Y. M. C. A., second; M. Sheridan, Pastime Athletic club, New York, third.

Discus throw—John Flanagan, Irish-American Athletic club, New York, first, with 114 feet 10½ inches; M Sheridan, Pastime Athletic club, second, with 110 feet 5½ inches; F. A. Martin, First Regiment Athletic club, Chicago, third, with 87 feet ½ inch.

Running high jump—O. H. Koecke, First Regiment Athletic club, Chicago, first, with 5 feet 9¾ inches; E. Freymark, St. Louis, second, with 5 feet 6 inches; C. Clapper, Central Y. M. C. A., Chicago, third.

220-Yard hurdle—E. G. Maloney, University of Chicago, first; H. Arnold, New York, second; R. H. Wellington, University of Chicago, third. Time, :24 2-5.

Pole vault—R. Albertson, Y. M. C. A., Chicago, 11 feet, first; T. A. Martin, Chicago, 10 feet 8 inches, second; E. Quantrell, University of Chicago, 10 feet 4 inches, third.

Mile run—F. M. Horton, University of Chicago, first; J. H. Barlow, Indianapolis, second; W. D. Erskine, Louisville Y. M. C. A., third. Time, 5:34.

WEST WHIST GAME.

Koempel and Francis Made High Scores Last Night.

The West Publishing ompany's Whist club, organized last season, has now a membership of over forty, which includes some of the finest players in the city. The Officers of the club are: E. C. Ives, president; E. A. Oakey, secretary, and W. L. Strong treasurer. The whist committee is F. C. Nelson, W. H. Stutsman, E. A Oakey Games are played every Saturday night in the West club rooms

Games last night resulted as follows: Oleson and J. H. Francis won the high with 11 1-5 above the average:

East and West—
Chandler and Strong 140
Morey and Hajicek 139
Murray and Cochran 149
Oleson and J. H. Francis.................. 154
Borscht and Corcoran 134

Totals 714
Average, 142 4-5.

North and South—
F. C. Nelson and Brouillett 188
Oakey and C. E. Nelson 174
Hart and McKernan 184
Koempel and J. M. Francis 190
Ives and Blodgett 175

Totals 911
Average, 182 1-5.

Canadians Win at Golf.

MONTREAL, Oct. 5.—The annual match between the Country club, of Brookline, Mass., and the Royal Montreal Golf club was played today on the links at Dixie, and for the first time in five years the Canadians won, beating Brookline 26 holes up.

Golf at Fargo.

FARGO, N. D., Oct. 5.—(Special.)—On the golf links this afternoon the Wheeler cup was captured by President Montgomery; the Barnes cup by C. E. Wheeler, and the Cameron cup for ladies by Mrs. E. E. Cole. The contests marked the close of the season's play.

BET ON DARK HORSE

PLUNGER WHO FAILED TO WIN £7,000,000 ON MELBOURNE CUP

THOUGHT HE HAD SURE THING

Tip on Hellbent Would Have Been Like Getting Money From Home Only for Owner's Oversight.

New York Sun.

"Ever been to the Melbourne races?" inquired the man with the dull, roving eye, pouring out four fingers of raw absinthe with no more outward evidence of shock than if the liquor had been so much blushful hippocrene.

"What Melbourne?" asked the quiet-looking man who happened to be on the other side of the table in the alcove, sipping a stein of malt.

"Down below," replied the man with the roving eye, kicking the floor with his heel. "Other side o' this."

"Oh. Melbourne, Australia," put in the quiet-looking man, regarding w— an absent gaze the other who was again, already, fumbling the absinthe nagon. "Nope. Never saw Melbourne. Worst of it is," he added with a grin, "I don't want to. Little old——"

"Uh-huh; little old Noo Yawk'll do you; never mind saying that; gets tiresome," broke in the man with the roving eye again, regaling himself with a drink of the green fluid that would make a Minnesota lumberman bite holes out of all the foremen and timekeepers of the outfit, and yet he never batted an eye over it. "If you haven't been to Melbourne y'ought to 've been. And if you haven't seen the race for the Melbourne cup, y'ought to be ashamed to say so. Hey?"

"G'wan," said the quiet-looking man, sipping from his stein, and making rings on the table with the bottom of it. "Your linchpin's loose."

The man with the roving eye smiled greasily and leaned over the table.

"Let us have peace," he said amiably. "Don't you feel so bad just because I saw the race for the Melbourne cup and you didn't. Don't be jealous. You're all right, anyhow."

G'way," said the quiet-looking man. "You've got katydids in your loft. What d'ye think I'd go to Australia to see a race for, when I can slink over the way to Long Island and drop me coin without taking a wet and foggy ride on a boat for a couple o' years?"

"I'll tell you why," replied the man of the green cordial. "Because the Melbourne Cup's a race, a race-race, a race-race-race-race-race-race. Real thing, you know. Time I saw it run off the race was supernatural."

"Git out," said the quiet looking man.

"Honest," said the unsteady-eyed one, leaning over the table confidentially. "Supernatural. Most amazing piece of—well, d'ye want to hear about it?"

"Oh, I'll listen to any old thing, to the music of the choo-choo cars, any old thing," answered the man with the stein. "It's my watch off, and listening's where I shine bigger'n a big red moon over a mist swamp. Git ap, if you want to."

Thus invited the man with the dull, roving eyes once more refreshed himself with enough of the raw green product of wormwood to paralyze a dozen French boulevardiers in a row, took three long inhalations from a rank yellow Cuban cigarette, and began:

"It behooveth me not to lay before you what I was doing in Melbourne in the year '87, nor whom I was doing; but I was there bigger'n a salt water turtle in the bottom of a Kanaka canoe, and I was there just to see the Melbourne races. I saw 'em, and they saw me coming, saw me coming so effectually that, demme, it looked for a time as if I'd have to go to work. However," and he took three more long inhalations, "a bit of luck eventually obiated that gruesome necessity, and so I was on big on the dark one that was to go out for the Melbourne cup.

"Got tipped off on that dark horse in a peculiar way, too. Was walking aimlessly on the outskirts of Melbourne one night, wondering why it was that they couldn't make anything to cause me to be less thirsty, when in passing by a shed I heard the low pitched voices of two men inside the shed.

" 'It's not a gamble,' one of 'em was saying earnestly to the other. 'It's a steal. It's a cinch. My horse Hellbent can run away from any field of horses that ever went on iron. He can go around any track on earth twice to their once.'

" 'Oh, the devil,' growled the other man in the shed, 'Who ever heard of this Hellbent? Lemme have a look at the horse, and maybe I'll think over putting up the money.'

" 'But that's just what I cannot do,' said Hellbent's owner. 'The horse won't be shown to mortal man besides myself until he walks to the post for the cup. I've got reasons for this. You know I'm no sundowner or crook. Take my word for it and put up the £20,000 at the long price, and you'll go back to old England with millions.'

" 'You must take me for a tidy ass,' grumbled the other man. 'I won't go a farthing on this pig in a poke of yours, not a farthing. Good-night,' and I heard him coming out of the shed.

"I stepped to one side and watched him stride off down the dark street, and then I stepped into the shed. A queer-looking, tall, angular fellow, with a stubbly, grayish beard, that I'd never clapped an eye on before, was just picking up a lantern and preparing to come out.

" 'Hello, chum,' said I, stepping right before him. 'If Hellbent's as good as you say, I'm your man. I've got ten thousand pound that'll stand for my word on it. Where'd you get him? What's his pedigree? Has he run before? Is he a ringer from the old country? Why are you so confident of him?

"The man raised his lantern so that its rays struck my face, and for fully three minutes he regarded me earnestly and without a word.

" 'You ask a lot of questions,' said he, 'for a man whose money I haven't seen the color of.'

"I pulled out a stray handful of one hundred-pound bank notes. He held the lantern to them and nodded his head.

" 'All right,' said he slowly. 'That looks tidy enough. I'm to get half of the winning you understand, when Hellbent strolls in all alone?'

" 'Strolls in, sounds great,' said I, 'but are you fully aware of the make-up of the field of twenty-three horses that goes to the post for the cup?'

"He smiled grimly at me then.

" 'If you're a bounder,' said he shortly, 'out with it! I've got a thing on four hoofs that wins the cup as sure as the sun rose this morning. If you've sportin' blood, give me a bond for your ten thousand that you'll put it up. If not be good enough to keep your tongue between your teeth and play the favorite, anything—but you'll lose,' he added, his teeth clicking together sharply. 'You'll lose.'

"The man nettled me a bit. I didn't like that term bounder. And ten thousand pound wasn't much more than a bag o' shells to me in those days.

" 'Sporting blood?' says I, pulling out the main roll. 'Race down the street after the man you've just been talking with, and I'll hand the money over to him to be put on your nag on the day of the race for the cup, come Tuesday a fortnight. How's that?'

"The queer-looking man gave me a cordial grip of the hand.

" 'You are of the right sort,' said he. 'Come away, and we'll find him.'

"We found him in a pub up the town, and the queer-looking man told him that he'd found a backer for Hellbent to the tune of ten thousand.

" 'The more bally ass he,' said the man who had turned down the Hellbent proposition in the shed, and yet he looked ruminative. He was a well known owner of horses, whose work wasn't always on the square with his animals.

" 'Why are you going in for that bundle?' he asked me after a pause.

" 'Because,' said I, I hail from the United States, where we're even willing to be blooming fools to get a jolt of dead game excitement out of it.' And because,' I added more sedately, 'I am of the opinion that this man has got the goods. He looks it.'

"The man, who had been a doubting Tomasio hopped up.

" 'We're just as dead game out here, pal,' said he, handing me his mitt, 'as they were ever made in the States. And to show it, I'm in for the other ten thousand. Shake.'

"Well, that's the way we made it up on the Hellbent thing. We were a bit gone with the drink, perhaps, but that's the way. And we stuck to it. There was no morning after business. The cup race was still two weeks off, but we didn't nag at the owner of Hellbent to have a look at the horse. We saw him every night in his shed—which was an odd-looking place, full of strange tools and bellows and electrical contrivances—but we never asked for a sight of Hellbent. He was silently grateful to us for this, and every time we saw him he told us, in that queerly confident manner of his, that the race was as good as in for Hellbent, if not better.

"We took the future book by storm on Hellbent three days before the race. The horse had never been heard of. He had been entered as by an obscure English sire and as a six-year-old that had never before faced the starter. Consequently he was the very rankest outsider of the bunch. There was 500 to 1 against him everywhere on tap in the futures, and we knocked it down to 100 to 1 by spreading our twenty thousand pound from the alpha to the omega of the future line. When we got through betting the bundle, we stood to win just precisely seven millions of pounds sterling.

"Never saw the race for the Melbourne cup, you say? Well, y'ought to be—but anyhow, there must ha' been 200,000 people on the grounds—easily that. They mortgage their property down there to be on that race. Sheep men come in from stations 2,000 miles distant to see the run-off. Melbourne is full of thousands and tens of thousands of wagon campers for days before the cup. The town is boiling drunk for a week before and for a fortnight after the race. As for me——' and devoting himself once more to the green amphora, the man with the roving eye waved his hand deprecatingly—"far be it from me not to have shared the holiday spirit of that great throng on that great day. I, too, even I, was just merrily joyous enough to have an enhanced appreciation of the spectacle of the flashing colors of the jockeys in the sunlight, the grandstand like a flower garden with the women's superb dresses—say, the turf writers always say that, don't they?—and the—

"However," went on the unsteady eyed man, pulling up short, "you may conceive the agitation of mind with which my friend who had gone in with me on Hellbent, and I, awaited the calling of the horses to the post for the great race. We had not seen Hellbent's owner on the previous evening, he having informed us that he would be extremely busy. But on the day antedating that he reiterated his statement that Hellbent was the greatest pipe that ever was smoked on the globe.

"At last the trumpet sounded, and from our position off the rail near the judge's stand, we saw the twenty-three animals filing out of the paddock to parade. There was Sir Galahad, Tubbins, Mildred, Jersey Lily, Fortunatus, Iron Duke, James II., McCrea, Red Heather, Grapejuice, Hyderabad—all the great ones, an array of animals that had won fame and fortune for their owners on the English as well as on the colonial turf. And last—Hellbent.

"Hellbent! But there's no use trying to describe that brute. He was the most magnificent thing that ever stood on iron, fully 17 hands high, blacker'n the under side of a raven's wing, muscled like a gladiator, a thing of beauty from his muzzle to his final fetlock. He made 'em gasp. They raced into the ring to bet on this unknown dark one, and then our craftiness in getting on in the futures was made manifest; for simply on the magnificent looks of the beast the crowd played him down to 10 to 1 before the field got to the post. And we had got 500 to 1 for most of ours.

"The horse walked by in the procession with a slow, measured tread, with none of the prancing of the other horses. We strained our gaze to get a look at the jockey's face, but he had pulled his cap down over his eyes, and we got nothing but a momentary view of one of his rosy cheeks, and so we concluded that he was a stable lad that had been put up to get the price—for his name was unknown to the Australian turf.

"Er—did I understand you to say that you never saw the race for the Melbourne cup? Oh, yes. Well, it's two miles and a quarter, you'll remember—out of a chute, and then twice around the track. There was a long delay at the post, during which, as we could see from our point of vantage on a little knoll near the judge's stand, Hellbent stood on the outside rail just like a statue, with nary the flicker of his tail even, and we knew that he wasn't wearing himself out at the post. Then, after the rest of the field had been chopping around the field for exactly fifty-four minutes and nine seconds, whish! down went the starter's flag, and they were off!

"What was that black streak that leaped out to the front like a meteor?" demanded the man with the roving eye, leaning over the table and glaring at the unostentations necktie of the quiet-looking man. "Why, Hellbent! Nothing but Hellbent! Nothing to it at the half but Hellbent! At the half, however, it began to be a farce. The boy on Hellbent suddenly leaned over and the horse shot out like a rocket. He strode sixty feet where the other horses had a stride of only thirty, and he made five strides to their one! Just figure that out for yourself with a pad and pencil. When the other horses had gone a quarter of a mile, Hellbent was passing the stand and finishing his first mile.

"Then the strange, rosy-cheeked boy on Hellbent's back leaned over again, and the black rocket jumped out once more, and if he didn't catch that field before they'd gone a mile and a quarter, and he'd gone the whole distance, demme! He shot right through the bunch and, presto! before the dumbfounded, awed crowd could rub their eyes, he was half a mile beyond the field again, and going like a comet on a toot. The men who were holding watches turned around and looked at each other with pale faces. Hellbent had done the first mile in twenty-eight seconds, the two miles in fifty-two seconds, the whole distance of the race in fifty-eight seconds, and there he was going around again faster'n a frigate bird ever flew South.

"When the other twenty-two horses had done the distance and pulled up staggering at the stand after their perfectly idiotic efforts to overtake Hellbent, Hellbent was charging around the great track again and again, and finally the owners of the other horses shouted to the boys to ride the animals right into the paddock, for fear the terrific black would run over some of them, for it seemed as if Hellbent never intended to stop making the circuit of that race course.

"Before the boys, with pallid, frightened countenances, had prodded their weary horses into the paddock, Hellbent had covered twenty-two miles, and his speed was becoming greater with every jump. The boy on his back was sitting as quietly on the brute's back as if the animal were only taking a morning breather, and around and around went Hellbent! The crowd shouted every time the horse and boy passed, but it was no use. Finally Hellbent got to going so fast that he was only a black streak, such as a projectile from a great gun makes, and still he went!

"My friend and I looked at each other gleefully when we saw the ease with which Hellbent won, but when he had finished his fourteenth mile around the course we got pretty sober over it. We feared that there was something prenatural about it all. No horse had ever run that way before, and we feared a disqualification. We should have preferred to have seen Hellbent win by a nose, but he won by a mile and three-quarters.

"We, with the crowd, were still hushed into awe, when we saw the tall, angular figure of Hellbent's owner rushing across the infield. Like madmen we hopped the rails and went after him. We were right on top of him when he reached the back stretch, and he was paler than a ghost. He had a heavy bulldog revilver in his hand.

"What are you about, man?" we demanded of him.

" 'That was one thing I overlooked—stopping him,' said the horse's owner, with a pallid smile. 'He'll never stop!'

"We heard the whistling noise of Hellbent coming along toward us faster'n light half a mile back, and at that instant Hellbent's owner raised his pistol and fired down the track for general results. Whirr-rr!—whish-sh!—br-rr-rr—rattle-tl-tl—clap—and there was Hellbent lying right in front of our eyes, on his back, in the middle of the track, with the millions and millions of wheels and dynamos and wires and springs inside of him whanging and banging and going off all at once.

"The bullet had struck Hellbent, this triumph of electricity and the art of the taxidermist, this horse that had never breathed nor swished tail at a fly, this marvelous exemplification of the genius of machinery and manipulated lightning—the bullet had hit Hellbent right in the breast, and knocked his works to smithereens, and there he was like a salt mackerel right before our eyes, the springs and things popping out of his wound like coil out of an old hair sofa, and his bisque boy, an automatic jockey, a dummy, too, like Hellbent, lying with a doll-like, idiotic leer underneath the thing—and my friend and I out just seven millions of pounds. Say, wouldn't that turn you 'round?"

"Well, I'll be damned," gasped the quiet-looking man, picking up his long-neglected stein as if to defend himself, and then the man with the dull, roving eye took one more hack at the green jar, smiled jovially, and drifted through the swinging door.

EXCITEMENT AT TAMPA, FLA.

Situation Over Cigarmakers' Strike Is Decidedly Strained.

TAMPA, Fla., Oct. 5.—The labor situation today was one of intense excitement, although there were no developments of a sensational character. More than 100 strikers who have been forced to work on the streets in pursuance of the vagrancy crusade asked today to be allowed to return to work in the factories. Nothing is known of the whereabouts of the strike leader, who was spirited away from the city last night. Since last night's riot the Italians have been in a sullen mood, but they attempted no further demonstration.

Suing the United States.

OMAHA, Neb., Oct. 5.—Margaret R. Margrave, an Indian girl, and a member of the Sac and Fox tribe, has brought suit against the United States in the federal court to get possession of a tract of land in Richardson county, this state. She claims the land was alloted by the government to her aunt in 1890. The aunt has since died, Miss Margrave being her only heir.

Crushed to Death.

ALPENA, Mich., Oct. 5.—Two men were killed and three injured by being crushed under heavy coils of wire at the Page Fence company warehouse today. The dead: Thomas Bee, Wilard Bowen. The injured: Michael Fraley, John Mattix, leg broken; Frank Wickham. The men were piling wire when one tier of coils topplied over upon them.

"INCURABLE" HEART DISEASE SOON CURED!

By The Great Specialist in Treating Weak and Diseased Hearts, Franklin Miles M. D., LL. B.

Will Send $2.50 Worth of His Special Treatment Free as a Trial.

To demonstrate the unusual curative powers of his new and complete special treatments by mail for heart disease, short breath, pain in the side, oppression in the chest, irregular pulse, palpitation, smothering spells, puffing of the ankles or dropsy, Dr. Miles will send two dollars and a half worth free as a trial to all who mention this paper.

His treatments are the result of twenty-five years of careful study, extensive research, and remarkable experience in treating the various ailments of the heart, stomach and nerves, which so often complicate each case. So astonishing are the results o. his complete special treatments that he does not hesitate to offer all persons a trial free.

Nothing could be more generous. Few physicians have such confidence in their remedies. There is no reason why every afflicted person should not avail themselves of this exceedingly liberal offer, as they may never have another such opportunity. No death comes as suddenly as that from heart disease.

Mrs. A. Kronck, of Huntington, Ind., was cured after thirty physicians failed; Mrs. Flora Graetor, of Bristolville, O., after twenty-two; James R. Waite, the noted actor, after a score had pronounced him incurable; Mrs. Frank Smith, of Chicago, after five leading physicians had given her up; Mr. Julius Keister, of Chicago, after ten; Mrs. R. Parker, after sixteen failed.

A thousand references to, and testimonials from bishops, clergymen, bankers, farmers, and their wives, will be sent free upon request.

Send at once to Franklin Miles, M. D., LL. B., 209 State street, Chicago, Ill., for free examination blank, pamphlets and free treatment before it is too late.

One Idea

UPPERMOST to make this store the central point from which Home Furnishers can purchase everything pertaining to **Perfect Home Furnishing.**

Mahogany is King

of Furniture, yet in order to make room for carloads of New Goods now arriving, we will sell all our samples of **Three-piece Bedroom Suits** at—

20% OFF all Mahogany THREE-PIECE BEDROOM SUITS.

Viz. $125 3-pc Suits only...**$100**
$100 3-pc Suits only.....**$80**
$75 3-pc Suits only.....**$60**
$65 3-pc Suits only..**$48.75**
$90 3-pc Suits only...**$67.50**
Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

Office Desks, Chairs and Tables.

A carload of **Rand & Leopold** Office Desks just received, to which we invite your inspection.

By Our Plan, you can afford it now, if you can afford it later. We give you easy—very easy payments

NOTICE.

To make it interesting and gain more room, we will include all of our—

OAK Three-Piece Bedroom Suits **10% Off** of our Regular low prices

Special Bargains Our No. 102—3-piece Suit, Ash, Golden Oak finish, former price **$24.00**
Grand Rapids make, moulding, carved and bead trimming. This sale, ONLY **$18.75**

Our No. 105—3-piece Suit. Golden Oak finish, large Bed and Wash Stand. Former price **$18.50**
Serpentine fronts to tops. This sale, ONLY **$14.85**

Best of all Our No. 670—only one in stock—heavy Ash Suit, Golden Oak finish, 24x30 French plate mirror, former price.... **$25.00**
Beveled edges, heavy curved trimmings; this is a beauty; take it quick. ONLY...... **$16.85**

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ST PAUL'S LEADING HOUSEFURNISHERS. SIXTH AND MINNESOTA STREETS.

WILL BE OF INTEREST

FORTHCOMING REPORT ON IRRIGATION IN CALIFORNIA

SITUATION IS FULLY OUTLINED

Report Embodies First Attempt by the Government in Solution of Problems Underlying Irrigated Agriculture.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 28.—(Special.)—The United States department of agriculture will soon issue a comprehensive report on irrigation in California, which embodies the first attempt at co-operation by the federal government with any individual state in the solution of intricate legal and economic problems underlying irrigated agriculture.

The investigations chronicled by the report, and upon which the conclusions and recommendations of the engineers in charge are based, were made in co-operation with the California Water and Forest association during the summer of 1900, under the direction of Elwood Mead, expert in charge of the irrigation investigations of the department of agriculture, assisted by eight specialists in irrigation engineering and irrigation economics. In addition to a general review of the agricultural situation in California by the expert in charge, the report covers the local conditions of irrigation and water rights on nine typical streams, and brings to light astonishing facts about California irrigation, the nature and extent of which have never been appreciated by the people of that state. It shows that in many of the principal portions of the state agricultural development is greatly hindered because through the inadequacy of California laws the waters which could and should make of them highly developed and valuable agricultural districts are flowing unused to the sea.

The report holds the chief obstacles to agricultural development in California to be an unremitting production of cereal crops in the great interior valley and a lack of more diversified farming; opposition to irrigation in districts which the census shows to be measurably decreasing in wealth and population; a too great zeal on the part of advocates of the Wright district law, followed by unwise investments which have led to loss and disappointment and a consequent opposition to irrigation laws of whatever nature; overappropriation of streams, resulting in confusing uncertainty as to the number and extent of valid appropriations; the conflicting nature of the water laws, and the existence, side by side, of the two opposing doctrines of appropriation and riparian rights; absolute private ownership of water in face of the fact that all leading countries where irrigation is necessary recognize only the rights of use and attach them not to the owner of land or to canal companies, but to the land itself, from which they are inseparable; and finally, and most important of all, the absence of any state control of streams or of any state administration of rights to their use.

CONTROL OF WATERS.

The conclusions of the special agents and experts who made the investigations are that the state should ascertain the volume of available irrigation water, define all rights to its use, whether already acquired or to be acquired hereafter, and provide an efficient system of water administration. The definite recommendations for attaining these ends are far-reaching, embodying among other measures the creation of a state board of control of waters, the making of unappropriated waters state property, the limitation of all appropriations to actual beneficial use and the attachment of all rights to water to the land irrigated. If carried out, they believe these recommendations would put an end to the conflicts and controversies which now harass irrigators in California, and would place its irrigation law and development on a sound and permanent basis.

The special agents who carried on the investigations under the direction of Expert Mead and the streams to which they were assigned were as follows: W. E. Smythe, Susan river; Marsden Manson, Yuba river; J. M. Wilson, agent and expert in irrigation investigations, Cache creek; Prof. Frank Soule, of the University of California, San Joaquin river; Prof. Charles D. Marx, of Stanford university, Salinas river; C. E. Grunsky, city engineer of San Francisco, King's river; Edward M. Boggs, Los Angeles river; James D. Schuyler, Sweetwater river.

The general agricultural review of California by Elwood Mead, the expert in charge, which opens the report, is also a summary of the work of the others. One of the most striking portions of this review deals with the value of irrigation water and the effect of irrigation on California land values. Land in Southern California, which without water for irrigation was not worth $5 an acre, is shown to have sold, when irrigated and planted to orange trees, for $1,700 an acre, and instances are given where a water right of fifty miner's inches recently sold for $50,000, and where $3.50 an inch was paid last year for a twenty-four hours' flow.

IS SECOND EGYPT.

Speaking of the great interior valley of California, Mr. Mead declares that the water supply available there for irrigation without injury to navigation ought to make of it the Egypt of the Western Hemisphere. "Within a radius of five miles," he says, "I saw every product of the temperate and semi-tropical zones which I could call to mind," and continuing, he observes that there are more acres of irrigable land in the San Joaquin valley than are now watered in Egypt from the Nile, where agriculture alone supports over 5,000,000 people. The irrigated lands along the Nile, he says, support 543 persons to the square mile, while on a thirty-five-mile drive in the Sacramento valley, over what is potentially one of the most fertile and productive agricultural districts on this continent, he saw only two school houses, attending which were only fifteen children. Just before taking this ride he had been for a distance of fifteen miles through an irrigated district in Utah, where there was not a farm of over thirty acres. The average population of the Utah district is over 300 to the square mile, that of the advantage is with California," he continues, "but the Utah district is irrigated, the other is not."

The laxity of the California irrigation laws could not be shown more forcibly than by the working of the law of appropriation, by which water may be diverted from its natural channel and used for irrigation on lands away from the streams. This is fully covered in the report. The law places absolutely no limit upon the amount of water that any individual may claim, and as a result more water is claimed from the nine streams studied than could be found in all the streams of the entire arid West. In Honey Lake Basin, where the ordinary spring flow of all the streams is only about 10,000 inches, the enormous amount of 28,000,000 inches is claimed, which, on the present duty of water in this region, is enough to irrigate over 200,000,000 acres of land. On Cache creek, where the summer flow is under 10,000 inches, in addition to one claim of over 4,000,000,000 cubic feet and others aggregating 2,000,000 unintelligible units, over 7,000,000 inches are claimed. The filings on San Joaquin river amount to over eight times its greatest flood flow and those on the Sweetwater river call for 5,000 times the existing supply. Yet, with all this multiplicity of claims, the law provides no way for their adjudication other than appeals to the ordinary courts of law, which the history of California irrigation as set forth in these reports shows, ends only too often in even greater complication and uncertainty than existed before the courts were appealed to. "The whole system is wrong," declares the report. "It is wrong in principle as well as faulty in procedure. It assumes that the establishment of titles to the snows on the mountains and the rains falling on the public lands and the waters collected in lakes and rivers, on the use of which the development of the state must in a great measure depend, is a private matter. It ignores public interests in a resource upon which the enduring prosperity of communities must rest. It is like A suing B for control of property which belongs to C."

RIPARIAN RIGHTS TROUBLESOME.

No law or institution has given so much trouble to California irrigators as the English common law doctrine of riparian rights, which was adopted by the first legislature of the state. In spite of having been supposedly abrogated by a later legislature, it has complicated almost every attempt to settle titles in the state, because it is diametrically opposed to the California law of appropriation and wholly irreconcilable with the use of water in irrigation.

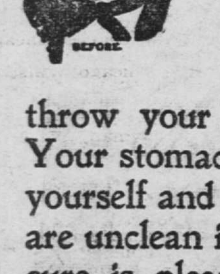
In closing the review of the situation, the expert in charge declares that "the reform of the irrigation laws of California involves the future of a great commonwealth. The possibilities which wait on success and the evils which will surely attend failure ought to enlist the efforts and intellects of the ablest and best men in the state. It is an opportunity for the exercise of constructive statesmanship which rarely appears in the life of any commonwealth. The task is not to piece together the discordant fragments of laws and decisions which now control, but to create an irrigation code worthy of an enlightened and self-governing people. Success will mark the beginning of an economic revolution whose influence will be felt throughout the West. If the creation of institutions worthy of the time and place can come as a part of the world-wide movement of trade and population toward the Pacific coast, and of material development of arid America by public and private aid, which is now being so strenously urged, the opening years of the twentieth century will witness a new era of home making in the West."

THE END OF SUMMER.

Pods are the poppies, and slim spires of pods
The hollyhocks; the balsam's pearly bredes
Of rose-stained snow are little sacs of seeds.
Collapsing at a touch; the lote, that sods
The pond with green, has changed its flowers to rods
That balance cell-pierced disks; and all the weeds,
Around the sleepy water and its reeds,
Are one white smoke of seeded silk that nods.
Summer is dead, ay me! sweet summer's dead!
The sunset clouds have built her funeral pyre,
Through which, e'en now, runs subterranean fire;
While from the east, as from a garden bed,
Mist-vined, the dusk lifts her broad moon, like some
Great golden melon, saying, "Fall has come."
—Madison Cawein in September Century.

Wet in Nicaragua.

MANAGUA, Nicaragua, Oct. 5, (via Galveston)—Religious services are being held and prayers are being offered for the cessation of the excessive rains now falling, and that there may not be a repetition of the great flood of twenty-five years ago in Western Nicaragua.



A CASE OF BAD BOWELS

Are you happy? Not if your liver and bowels don't work. Happiness depends on the bowels. Every time you eat, you put into your body not only good material for repairs and fuel, but a mass of useless stuff that has to be removed promptly or it will clog your machinery, poison your blood, throw your liver out of gear, and make you act mean to those you love. Your stomach is sour, your skin yellow, your breath offensive, and you hate yourself and all mankind. Winter or summer it's all the same, when you are unclean inside, you are unhappy and so is everybody near you. The cure is pleasant, quick, easy, cheap, never fails. Cascarets, the world's greatest bowel cleaner and liver tonic. Cascarets are guaranteed to cure constipation, lazy liver, bad blood, bad breath, sour stomach, biliousness, and all summer and winter bowel troubles. Don't be unhappy—buy a box today. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c. Write for health booklet and free sample. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

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