A ROMANCE OF RUSSIA AND SIBERIA,

By Prince Josef Lubomirski, Author of "Safar-Hadji, a Story of Turkistan," etc.

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XIII.—CONTINUED.

The snow was frozen hard and glittered on the fields, reflecting every ray of the sun, in all the colors of the rainbow.

Below on the valley the Volga flowed as though through an enormous, narrow pass. Everywhere all things were white with golden stars. The road, which here faithfully follows the river, looks like another narrow defile, surpassing the former in depth. To the left the horizon is boundless, to the right a dark line of evergreen forests confine the view. This black edge gives to the landscape the appearance of a mourning dress, made for a gigantic woman. Black and white meet, contrasting violently.

Not a cloud on the sky, not a breath of air stirring. The sun shines in full splendor, but the rays are pale and cold. A coach, put upon a sledge, pushing on diligently along the highroad beside the river, looked, at a distance, like a little black insect, creeping busily along upon the snow. The ringing of the horses' bells leave a mournful sadness in the vast solitude.

Far away a dark spot became gradually visible on the white ground. It was the tall booth of Kasan, which the fast-traveling coach soon reached. Here the snow, trod under foot by men and horses, had changed into mud; and all around an unwonted activity became perceptible. Many sleighs, covered with furs, another coach, many open, and a crowd of men were awaiting the raising of the huge beam, which, like a colossal latch, closed the road to Kasan. Men rubbed their hands to warm them, and animals trembled with frost.

Every five minutes the toll-bar rose and every time a sleigh was passed through, but was stopped immediately again before a small house which stood close by the toll-gate. This was a dirty, damp hut, with a very small window that gave it the appearance of a prison, and whenever the door opened vile odors came steaming forth.

In spite of that the hut seemed to be clothed with a certain importance, because every one seemed to enter it with a feeling of anxiety. The driver, who, on the road, had sung so merrily and talked to his horses so amicably, now took off his fur cap, scratched himself behind the ears and looked around shyly. The wealthy merchant, who, during the journey, had with a smile of satisfaction calculated his daily profits, here made a deep and lowly bow, and even the bojar, who had a few minutes before haughtily looked through the windows of his comfortable coach at his humbler fellow-travelers, here took off his sable tolpac with a certain respect.

Only after closing the door of the little hut behind them did the driver recover his usual good humor. The merchant began once more to calculate and the bojar to settle his tolpac, and all mounted their sleighs in a better frame of mind.

This little house was the residence of the police official who inspected the passports and established the identity of the travelers.

Near by stood a picket of Cossacks, ready to be at hand upon a sign of the officer.

The coach upon this sledge stopped at the toll-gate; the postillion got down and walked about to warm his feet. One window of the coach was lowered, and a man of fifty with pleasant and gentle features asked:

"Is this the toll-house?"

"Yes," replied the postillon, "we are near Kasan."

The man who had put his head out of the window drew back and said to the ladies within:

"We are stopping at the toll-house and will have to show our passports."

In the coach there were four travelers—three ladies and one man. The person whom the latter addressed was a woman in the bloom of youth and of extraordinary beauty. The splendid furs in which she was wrapped from head to foot spoke of princely wealth. An old woman who sat by her was decently but modestly dressed. On the other seat, by the gentleman, sat, plump, the very type of a maid. A snub nose, lively eyes and a sharp look gave to her features an expression of gayety, which contrasted strangely with the sadness impressed upon the faces of the travelers by the bleak landscape without. The young lady who looked like a queen among her subjects asked in a melodious voice:

"Dear doctor, Kasan is surely the last half European city which we shall have to visit."

"Certainly, Countess; but we have still 800 versts to the Siberian frontier and we leave only the easiest part of our journey behind us."

"Ah, my dear friend, how anxious I am to reach the end! You cannot imagine what I have suffered since that catastrophe! Poor Vladimir. How unhappy he must be. Every first brings me nearer to him and I count each one impatiently, knowing how he waits and longs for me. This exile has cut him off entirely from the world. He receives no news from home and yet I knew he expects me and this hope keeps him alive. Since that fearful night I have not heard a word about his fate. Is not such uncertainty agonizing?"

"I suffer the same pain for my son," said the old woman. "He also has disappeared and I do not know what has become of him and yet I hope certainly to meet with him in Siberia! If in our empire a man disappears, there is nothing for it but to start on one's way eastward; every unfortunate man is to be found somewhere there. It is this hope, Countess, which has made me and this poor girl join you on your journey. Perhaps we shall there find our poor Nicholas!"

"My dear Lina," said the young lady, "I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you that you have not left me. All the little influence I may still possess shall be employed to help you. That is my sacred duty."

"As it is our duty to serve you with self-sacrifice and devoted respect, I always tell Helen we must devote every moment of our lives to the happiness of the Countess, anticipating every wish of hers, serve her on our knees, weep when she weeps, as never a single day passes where her lips, we also must never smile. Is it not so, doctor?"

"You are perfectly right, Lina," said the doctor. "I have shown Lina full my old experience at the feet of our Countess and devoted myself, body and soul, to her cause? Since you have been kind enough to engage my services, Countess, I am only the first of your servants and agree with Lina that we ought to do you homage on our knees."

Jana offered him her hand.

"Alas! It is my fate! All who surround me spoil me! I have sometimes actually to fight against such warm attachments. Would you believe it, that my dear father, who at first would not let me go at all, afterward insisted on accompanying me? It was only when I solemnly promised to be back in two years that he let me go. If you do not return, he said, I shall follow you!"

"Why would you not let him accompany you?"

"How would that have been possible at his age? He has to remain moreover, in order to prove Vladimir's innocence. As it is my duty to comfort my husband by caring for his exile, it is my father's duty to watch over our fate at St. Petersburg."

Just then the coach moved forward. They passed the tollgate and stopped before the policeman's hut.

Two Cossacks came up to open the door.

"Doctor," said Jana, "will you have the kindness to get out and show our passports?"

One of the Cossacks said:

"All must get out."

Jana obeyed, and on the doctor's arm entered the lowly hut.

The official, who was throwing about some papers on a dirty table, rose, filled with surprise and admiration. The unwonted appearance of such a beautiful and noble-looking being in this dark and dirty hut impressed him deeply. He actually removed his cap, and said in a milder tone than usual:

"May I ask for your passports?"

The doctor handed him the papers, which he perused, shaking his head.

"This is not enough," he said at last. "the passport says merely, 'Dr. Hass is traveling with three persons, and has the right to demand four horses at every station.' That was enough till Kasan, but at the gates of this city we demand more detailed statements. Have your companions passports? Pray, let us see them."

Jana approached him, proudly, saying:

"I am the Countess Lanin, and am going to Irkutsk to share my husband's exile. I have the special permission of his Majesty the Emperor."

The officer bowed.

"We expected your arrival for some time, having been notified. The Governor wishes to see you. Please go to him," and without waiting for her answer he beckoned to one of the gendarmes.

"What does this mean?" asked Jana, troubled.

"We have strict orders," was the only reply.

"I think," said the doctor, "as the Countess has the express permission of the Emperor, she ought not be delayed on her journey."

"Nor do I detain her; I only obey orders. You can discuss that with the Governor." Then turning to the soldier he added: "You will go with these travelers to the Governor's palace."

The Governor of Kasan was engaged in a conversation with our old friend, Colonel Palkin.

"You have but few prisoners," he said, "as I see here."

"Only twelve, but there is one among them who is dangerous."

"And who is that?"

"Popoff, a former clerk in the Ministry of the Interior. He is pointed out to us by the Minister, Count Perowski himself, as a very dangerous character. He is to be gotten out of the way. In the meantime he lies in solitary confinement."

If the Governor had watched his friend's face he would have seen how the Colonel's eyes flashed out when he heard this. Still, he asked very quietly:

"Could I see the man, perhaps?"

"Of course," replied the Governor, "the mission in which you are engaged opens you the doors of all prisons."

"Yes, in Siberia, but here I am virtually only a guest. But as I know the whole affair of this man Popoff, whom I consider a very dangerous man, I should like to see him and to take him with me so as to make sure of his disappearing."

The Governor understood that Palkin begged where he might have commanded and at once bowed saying:

"As you desire."

At the same moment the officer on duty entered and whispered a few words to the Governor.

"I pray they will," was the reply.

As the man left he said to Palkin:

"The Countess Lanin, the wife of the exiled man, will appear directly. You know, of course, the whole affair?"

"Of course; but why does she stop here?"

"She is on her way to Irkutsk, where she hopes to meet her husband. Mr. Schelm has sent me the most detailed instructions concerning her. I am to detain her here, to prevent her journey to Siberia, as she has said to have formed treasonable plots against the Emperor. She claims to possess a permission of the Emperor, but the Minister of the Interior informs me that she has obtained this permission by an abuse of the Emperor's kindness."

"I should like to meet the Countess," said Palkin. "I know her slightly, as I have just arrested her husband."

"Nothing is easier. If you will remain here you will see her in a moment. Here she is."

The door opened, Jana and the doctor entered. The Countess seemed to anticipate misfortune. She was deadly pale, but her innate pride did not abandon her for a moment. The mild face of the doctor, on the other hand, had changed very strangely; usually quiet and placid, it now shone with resolute determination. He entered the room, saying:

"Your Excellency, the officers here—"

Jana interrupted him.

"Never mind, doctor, I will speak with his Excellency the Governor myself."

The doctor was silent.

"Your Excellency," said the Countess, turning to the Governor, "the Emperor has been graciously pleased to grant me leave to share my husband's exile. Here are papers confirming it. I do not know by what right your subordinates drag me into your presence. This is a want of respect for the Emperor's will which I cannot comprehend. You will please, therefore, examine the papers and in no way prevent my continuing my journey—"

Here Jana broke down under the pressure of sudden fright and consternation. When she entered she had not noticed Palkin, who had purposely concealed himself behind a desk. Now the Governor arose to take the papers and in so doing revealed his guest. At once the memory of that fearful night came back to her and the ominous figure of the officer of the gendarmes had left its impress upon the poor woman's heart. She recognized him instantly and this meeting with one of her persecutors, who, she thought, must have pursued her even to the frontier lines of the empire, filled her with unspeakable anguish. She fell almost lifeless into a chair, saying to herself:

"Lost!"

Palkin, however, approached her and said, trying to give a milder tone to his rough voice:

"I understand, Countess, that my presence here cannot be pleasant to you. I had a most painful duty to perform at your house. I only fulfil my duty. I pray you will not imagine that, therefore, I am your enemy. Very far from it. If I can be in any way of service to you I pray you will command me."

The Governor, who had been wondering at Jana's haughty carriage at first and her discomfiture so soon after, now said:

"I regret very much, Countess, that I must disappoint your hopes. I knew that this document was in your hands. I had, however, received orders to prevent your journey and send you back to St. Petersburg."

The Countess was so unnerved that she could not answer; she seemed to be unable to see or to hear. The doctor, however, protested.

"Your Excellency has no right to detain us. Perhaps you have not read the document very carefully. It contains the express words: 'Upon his Majesty the Emperor's special order,' and below is the Emperor's own signature."

The Governor turned round quickly, surprised at the tone in which the doctor spoke to him.

"Who are you?" he exclaimed. "What right have you to interfere in this affair?"

"I am Dr. Hass, and accompany the Countess Lanin as her medical adviser. I am one of the persons to whom his Majesty has given leave to go with her to Irutska. I have, therefore, the right to continue the journey and no one dare prevent me."

"No one prevents you," said the Governor. "My orders concern the Countess alone!"

"Since I have offered my services to the Countess I am no longer my own master. I speak, therefore, in claiming my rights only of those of the Countess."

Now the Colonel also began to take a part in the discussion, after having asked permission to examine the documents and papers. Having read them he said:

"The papers of the Countess are in perfect order and nobody has a right to stop her."

Jana raised her beautiful eyes with a ray of hope in them, astonished at the courtesy of one whom she considered her bitterest enemy.

"You see, Governor, I was right," said Dr. Haas.

The Governor shrugged his shoulders, replying:

"I have already stated that I have received precise orders to pay no regard to that permission of his Majesty. These orders came from the Minister of the Interior, whom I am bound to obey."

"I did not see that," said Palkin. "In no case can a man like Schelm nullify an imperial order. I am of the doctor's opinion: Nobody has a right to stop the Countess."

"What?" said the Governor, amazed.

"I not only advise you, I urge you—remember that a single order given by the Emperor supersedes all other orders."

"But my responsibility to Mr. Schelm?"

"Cannot be greater than that to the Czar."

The Governor hung his head.

"I can, however, relieve your mind," continued Palkin. "You know that as superior officer of the gendarmes I have the duty to see to it that his Majesty's orders are faithfully carried out. The Countess has never intended to remain here"—with a profound bow to Jana—"ask the Countess if she would rather comply with Mr. Schelm's demand, in which case I do not oppose."

The doctor, full of joy, seized both of Palkin's hands and said:

"I thank you, Colonel. You are sent by Providence!"

Jana had suffered so terribly from treason and deception that she dared not hope. Besides, she mistrusted Palkin, whose lowering face and ugly features had never had an impression upon her. A secret aversion besides warned her not to intrust herself to his hands.

She said, therefore, only a few words of cool gratitude, thanking him for having assisted her.

The indifference of these words wounded Palkin, but he did not show his discontent.

"Well, then!" he said to the Governor. "You let the Countess continue her journey, without making any difficulties about it, and as I am going also to Irkutsk I can be some protection, perhaps."

When he said this Jana took the doctor's hands and whispered:

"Nothing in the world could induce me to travel with him. I am frightened!"

"Accept his offer!" whispered the doctor in return; "it is your salvation. Shall I not always be near you?"

She bowed, and thus consented. In the meantime Palkin had removed the Governor's last scruples, and turning to Jana he said:

"Countess, I shall leave Kasan to-day, as soon as some important business which I was sent to transact shall be finished. I have been appointed chief of the gendarmes in East Siberia and this will explain to you why I got to Irkutsk. If you will, therefore, have the kindness to wait till evening, I shall have the honor to accompany you to the end of your journey and remove every difficulty from your way."

"Very well, as you order it," said Jana haughtily.

"The question is not to obey me," replied Palkin, rather hurt, "but whether you will accept my protection."

"The Countess accepts it gratefully," said the doctor, and the Colonel had to be contented with Jana's silent consent.

As Jana and the doctor rose to go Palkin detained them a moment, saying:

"Pray wait for me at the Postoffice. We travel together. My sleigh will follow your coach and I promise you I shall do everything in my power to make the long journey pleasant and easy."

He spoke with such respect that Jana was conquered. She offered him her hand, but only said:

"Very well, we shall wait for you."

When the chief of the gendarmes was alone in the Governor's room he rubbed his hands joyously, and said to himself:

"Hol ho! Mr. Schelm, you have not won the game yet! The trumps are all in my hand!"

To be continued next Sunday.

NOW IS THE CHERRY IN BLOSSOM.

NOW is the cherry in blossom, Love,
Love of my heart, with the apple to follow;
Over the village at nightfall now
Merrily veers and darts the swallow.

At nightfall now in the dark marsh grass
Awakes the charming that sings old sorrow;
The evening star is dim for the dew,
And the apple and lilac will bloom to-morrow.

The honeysuckle is red on the rock;
The willow floats over the brook like a feather;
In every shadow some love lies hid—
And you and I in the world together.

MARY E. WILKINS, in Harper's Magazine for May.

He Was a Stranger.

"Here's yer nice hot lunches. Fri' chicken 'n' biskits, fresh an' hot," cried the well-known darky lunch-vender, as the train stopped at Salt Springs.

"Is the chicken tender?" queried a portly gentlemen as he poked his head out of the window.

"Yes-sah. Young 'n' tender, and des es sweet an' fat."

"Where do you get your chickens?"

"See here, boss, wha' you fum?" asked the old darky, staring hard at the stranger.

"I'm from Michigan."

"I'ought you was strange in dese diggins."

"Why do you think so?"

"Ca'se, boss, er w'ite gen'lemen w'ot b'en borned down South here never axes er culled person wey dey git dey chickens."—Atlanta Constitution.

Birth of a Giraffe in England.

A correspondent at March, Cambridgeshire, states that an occurrence without precedent in England occurred yesterday at March. A llama, or Peruvian giraffe, in Messrs. Bostock's menagerie gave birth to a giraffe during the morning, greatly to the surprise of the attendants. The father is at present with the other portion of the menagerie at Runcorn. The baby giraffe was able to see a few hours after birth, and the manager fully expects to be able shortly to exhibit it as the first giraffe born in England.—London Daily News.

Use SOZODONT when you have eaten;
Use SOZODONT your breath to sweeten;
Use SOZODONT to aid digestion;
Use SOZODONT and ask no question.
Preserve your molars and you won't
Regret the use of SOZODONT.

SUNDAY SPORTS.

Alpine Club's Field Day at the Bay District.

Foot-Racing at Central Park—Pigeon-Shooting Contest in South San Francisco. Davis Arrives.

There was a good attendance at the Bay District track yesterday afternoon to witness the field sports of the Alpine Amateur Athletic Club. A fine programme had been arranged for the occasion and the day was simply perfect. The track was good and a light breeze tempered the atmosphere sufficiently to prevent a feeling of oppression, but not so as to chill the athletes. In the grand stand was quite a sprinkling of ladies. A special medal had been offered to any athlete breaking a Pacific Coast record, and this, it was evident from the start, had a tendency to place the contestants on their mettle.

The first event was a 100-yard run for novices, open only to members of the club, and this was won in 11 3-5 seconds by J. W. Creagh, with R. C. Staats second.

A large field, made up like that in the first event, of members of Alpine Club, contested for first place in the 120-yard run handicap. The finish was close, but J. D. Garrison, who ran from the scratch, breasted the string first in thirteen seconds, with E. P. Moody, who was given five yards, second.

PUTTING THE SHOT.

P. J. Sheedy was awarded the medal for putting the 16-pound shot. Each man was allowed three trials, and the referee was compelled to warn the contestants a number of times for throwing. On his third trial Sheedy was named as the victor, he having covered with the shot a distance of 32 feet 9½ inches.

BREAKING THE RECORD.

The most important and the most interesting event so far as the result was concerned was the three-mile walk handicap between P. N. Gafney (A. A. A. C.), A. Cooke (A. A. A. C.) and F. C. Phillips (A. A. A. C.), Gafney allowing Cooke 45 seconds and Phillips 1 minute and 15 seconds. It was announced that the former would attempt to lower the following Pacific Coast records: One and a half miles, 12 minutes 7 seconds; two miles, 16 minutes 57 seconds; three miles, 25 minutes 51¼ seconds. At the end of the first mile Cooke was well in the lead, and Phillips retired from the contest. In the first half of the second mile, however, the pace began to tell on Cooke, who let down in his gait and was overhauled by Gafney. The two men passed the judges' stand at the end of the second mile side by side, but Gafney showed signs of distress, and left the track. He was encouraged by his friends to continue, and making a grand rally overhauled Cooke and led him home by about two feet, finishing in 3 minutes and 9 seconds, beating the Pacific Coast record for three miles by 42¼ seconds. In casting up this result it was found that he had also beaten the one and a half mile-record by 1 minute and 4 seconds, and the two-mile record by 1 minute and 44 seconds. His time for the various distances was: One mile, 7 minutes 7 seconds; one and a half miles, 11 minutes 3 seconds; two miles, 15 minutes 13 seconds; three miles, 25 minutes 9 seconds.

MORE RUNNING.

J. D. Garrison of the Alpine Club, who was given a handicap of eight yards by A. S. Henderson of the Olympic Club, won the 440-yard run handicap in 53 1-5 seconds, with Henderson a close second.

The sixth event, which was an 880-yard run handicap for members of the Alpine Club, was one of the best on the programme. It was anybody's race from the start almost to the instant of finish, but Charles Little by hard work breasted the string first in 2 minutes and 7¼ seconds, with E. P. Moody almost neck and neck with him. Moody had the advantage of a 40-yard handicap.

In the running high jump handicap J. T. O'Connor, scratch, captured the prize with a jump of 5 feet 6 inches.

OVER THE HURDLES.

It was clearly evident in the 220-yard hurdle handicap that J. D. Garrison, who had taken first place in two previous events, was at his best, for he won again with comparative ease in 24½ seconds, beating J. W. Creagh, who ran a fair second.

The three-mile run handicap, open to all amateurs, showed a good field of starters, but the time was only fair, with C. Little of the Alpine's home first, followed by F. L. Cooley of the Olympic.

J. D. Garrison secured his fourth prize for the day in the tenth event, 100-yard run handicap, coming in at the finish in 10¾ seconds, while A. S. Henderson of the Olympic Club, who started from the same mark, was third in the shuffle.

The day's sport closed with a steeplechase handicap, and H. C. Casidy, scratch, took first prize, the second going to A. Cooke, both of the Alpine Club.

CRACK SHOTS.

They Enjoy a Day's Pigeon Popping at the Old Bay View Track.

The first of a series of pigeon-shooting matches to be held in South San Francisco about once a month during the summer, and arranged by J. S. Fanning and T. Sweeney, came off at the old Bay View track yesterday. A large number of expert marksmen from various gun clubs took part in the contest.

Among those present none exhibited as clever, quick and accurate workmanship as C. H. Cate. His work with the blue rocks was a pretty performance. The other contestants were also no youthful graduates with the shotgun, and they scored exceptionally well all day.

A stiff land breeze favored the sportsmen, and the rapid-winged game rarely escaped beyond the boundary line. Outside the traps were arranged small groups of sportsmen, among whom were a number of Italians, who had left their vegetable gardens under the guardianship of the small army of Chinese windmills, and sallied forth to secure a share of the sport.

The first match was between T. T. Fanning and E. Pegullian, for a purse of $50, with twenty-five live birds each. The latter won by a score of 19 to 18.

Three matches followed, with six live birds to each contestant, and an entrance fee of $2 50. In the first the money was divided between C. H. Cate, T. Parks, J. Bruns, J. Rice and J. Fanning.

The fifth contest brought the marksmen over to the pit from which the blue rocks were sprung. Ten rocks were allowed to each contestant, and the entrance was $2 50. The prize money was shared by C. H. Cate, C. Brown and T. Parks.

The last match, with the same entrance fee and number of rocks as the previous one, introduced a "freeze out." C. Mellish won first money and J. Fanning second. T. Parkes, S. Scovern and J. Karney had another rock each to decide the winner of third money, and J. Karney won.

The prize money did not run very high in the double figures, but the spirit of rivalry and sport gave a zest to the sport contests which made the proceedings very enjoyable.

DAVIS ARRIVES IN TOWN.

He Blames an Omaha Newspaper Man for His Long Delay.

Davis, "The Omaha Cyclone," who is to battle with Choynski at the Occidental Club probably about the 26th of the present month, has arrived in town at last. He seems to make light of the fun which has been indulged in at his expense over his failure to show up sooner, and lays the blame for his tardy appearance on the sporting editor of the Omaha Bee. That gentleman, he claims, impressed him with the idea that it would be unwise to start until the articles had been signed, and it was for that reason that he delayed his departure from the East.

No one seems to know just who Davis is, or what he has done, but he claims that he has fought thirty battles and has never suffered a defeat. He seems a little averse to saying who the thirty unfortunates were who succumbed to his prowess, but that is probably in keeping with the general mystery which has thus far surrounded him.

He is a likely looking fellow, and his appearance indicates that he is in good condition. Just how much this will stand him in hand when he faces Choynski remains to be seen.

In company with his manager, Dr. Weatherly, he was seen by a CALL reporter yesterday, and stated that two weeks' work would put him in fine form. When asked what he thought of Choyuski and of the outcome of the fight, he pleasantly referred to the fact that he had never seen the other man, and could of course give no opinion of him. He stated, however, that he hoped to make a good showing.

He will go into training at the Neptune Baths, in Alameda, but expects to fight at his present weight of 172 pounds.

"I do not believe in severe training," he said. "I try to keep myself in good condition at all times, and at my age, which is 33, a man does not, if he takes care of himself, need to work so hard to get into trim."

FOOT-RACING.

T. Kendall the Winner of the Second Sheffield Handicap.

The second series of Sheffield handicaps arranged by the California Foot-racing Association at Central Park, was but fairly attended yesterday afternoon. The association offers $100 in cash to be competed for, divided into $50 for first, $20 for second, $10 for third, $5 for fourth, and $15 divided between the heat winners.

Yesterday's heats were run at 135 yards. E. T. Dobbins, 5½ yards handicap, walked over for the first heat.

J. P. Hounghun, 8 yards, won the second heat by 3 feet from F. Leighton, 18; J. Bartels, 16, third. Time, 13 2-5 seconds. A Brennan was disqualified for breaking away three times.

The third heat went to C. A. Clinton, 17; B. Campbell, 14, second; E. Tiers, 7½, third. Won by 3 feet in 14 1-5 seconds.

J. W. Geogan, 19, walked over for the fourth heat.

C. Gibson, 5½, defeated D. E. Fletcher, 11, by a foot in 13 3-5 seconds for the fifth heat, with W. Trine, 6, third.

The sixth heat went to T. Kendall, 15, J. F. Heenan, 16, second. Time, 13 4-5 seconds.

T. J. Riley, 15, won the seventh heat, H. M. Johnson, 3½, second; C. Morrow, 14, third. Time, 14 1-5 seconds.

The eighth heat went to W. A. Kendrick, 21, by 8 feet from A. la Grande, 11; W. Ross, 10, third. Time, 13 4-5 seconds.

The ninth heat was between previous winners and went to Clinton, 17; Kendrick, 21, second; Gibson, 5½, third; Dobbins, 5½, fourth.

Kendall, 15, won the tenth heat, Riley, 15, second. Time, 13 2-5 seconds. This was a close run, Kendall only winning by about 6 inches.

The first and second in the ninth and tenth heats then came up for the final run off. It was won very easily by Kendall, 15, with Riley, 15, second; Clinton, 17, third, and Kendrick, 21, fourth. Time, 13 2-5 seconds.

The money was accordingly divided as the men thus finished. Betting on the heats and final result was not very heavy. Gibson and Clinton were the most fancied at the beginning at 3 to 1, while 5 to 1 was laid against the winner, Kendal. For the first heat the betting was even money Clinton, 2 to 1 Kendal, 3 to 1 Kendrick and 4 to 1 Riley.

W. Jordan and J. F. Carroll acted as judges. Joe Acton started the men.

SCHUETZEN CLUB.

Thirty-Eighth Annual Celebration at Shell Mound.

The thirty-eighth annual festival of the San Francisco Schuetzen Club was held yesterday at Shell Mound Park. The weather was good, and fully 3000 people were in attendance. The committee having the affair in charge had arranged an interesting programme, and everything passed off pleasantly.

The most interesting feature of the exercises for the male element was the rifle contest. There are many crack shots in the club, and they did themselves great credit at the range yesterday. About $250 in cash prizes was given to aspiring sharpshooters, who made the following scores:

George Helm 96, J. Etschig 95, H. R. Brown 94, W. Glinderman 92, W. McLaughlin 92, Captain F. Kuhne 91, A. Johnson 91, A. Stricker 91, Dr. T. Rodgers 91, Captain Klein 91, Nat Smith 90, C. Meyer 88, F. Schultz 88, H. Heath 88, K. Wertheimer 88, O. Burmister 87, R. Faeking 86, H. Fiori 85, R. Vamael 85, M. Marlone 85, F. Altinger 84, J. Strout 84, J. Hecht 83, F. Beder 82, Philo Jacoby 82, A. Utschig 81, F. Miller 81, F. Beckman 81, F. Kehrlein 81, J. Kellog 76.

Prizes were awarded for first and last bull's-eyes as follows:

The first bull's-eye in the morning, W. Glinderman; last bull's-eye in the morning, J. Atcher. First and last bull's-eye in the afternoon, George Helm.

The five highest tickets for the day were shot by George Helm.

The shooting for the company honorary prizes was very fair, though it did not come up to the scores in the contest for cash. Following are the best six scores:

H. R. Brown	86
Captain C. K. Zimer	67
R. Finking	64
George Helm	64
J. Utschig	62
F. C. Miller	55

The cash prizes in the bowling contest were distributed as follows:

M. Ringer $10, L. Hooke $7 50, Dr. Costleman $6, F. Attinger $5, F. Glinderman $3 50, H. Scholtz $2, M. Herman $1.

COURSING AT NEWARK.

A Day of Good Sport With Hare and Hounds at the Park.

A capital day's coursing was had yesterday at Newark Park. The attendance was not large, but the sport was good.

The four-dog match between Tipperary Clipper, Pippen Jr., Tipperary Girl and Wolf Tone resulting in a divide, the two Tipperaries beating their opponents, Pippin Jr. and Wolfe Tone with ease. This was due to the fact that the hares that jumped up to these dogs were the poorest runners of the day.

Matches between general dogs for $5 and $10 a side were run off in quick succession, and in one of these, between Barry's Trip the Daisy and Smith's Oakland Maid, an unfortunate accident befel the former. A rattling hare was started and in crossing a drain in the field both dogs fell heavily, Trip the Daisy breaking one of her forelegs, Oakland Maid continuing after her game and handling it in fine style, but the judges decided it no "course."

A Santa Clara dog named Gold Dust was beaten by Cronin's Dan Bafter a close and exciting struggle.

Smith's Oakland Maid and M. Hinds' Lily Hinds were next in slips and were sent after a good hare, which made an escape.

Sam Vash and a Santa Clara dog had a great spin, Vash getting the verdict.

T. T. Brady's young dog—yet unnamed—in a run with Hinds' Lily Hinds showed very fast work and won the match.

There were several other runs of minor importance.

YACHTING NOTES.

The San Francisco Club Fleet Sails Round the Bay.

The festivities of the San Francisco Yacht Club, celebrating its opening day on Saturday, did not conclude until a late hour in the evening. At 8 o'clock the tug Relief went over to Sausalito with a large party who were entertained at the club-house with dancing and vocal and instrumental music. At midnight the tug returned with a happy and tired party, and the yachtsmen sought their berths in their yachts.

The yachtsmen were up bright and early yesterday morning and at sunrise hoisted colors. At 9 o'clock, at a signal from Commodore Gutte's flag-ship, the Chispa, sails were hoisted and the fleet started for a cruise around the bay. There was hardly enough wind to keep the sails full during the forenoon, but the breeze came to temper the heat of the sun. In the afternoon the sea-breeze set in and the yachts had a good sail, returning to the anchorage before dusk. On the 30th inst. the club fleet will go on a cruise to Mare Island.

The Corinthian Yacht Club fleet went on a moonlight cruise to Vallejo on Saturday evening. The Molly Wiggin, Captain Turner's new boat, went with them. The boats left Vallejo at noon yesterday, and had a good run down to the anchorage at Tiburon.

THE RIFLE.

An Interesting Match for Old Marksmen on the Tapis.

An interesting Creedmore match between Colonels John R. Dickinson and S. E. Beaver on one side and Corporal Townsend and P. D. Linville on the other is talked of to take place shortly at Shell Mound Park. It is a long time since some of these first-class marksmen have competed at the military target, and it seems like old times to hear their names mentioned in connection with match shots.

Paul Walter, the Secretary of the German Bundes shooting festival, has forwarded to Philo Jacoby copies of all the targets to be used at the festival, and any interested can examine them by calling at the office of Philo Jacoby, 612 Commercial street.

The San Francisco Schuetzen Verein will hold its thirty-third annual public shoot at Shell Mound Park on Sunday next.

MILITARY MARKSMEN.

Monthly Shoot of National Guard Regiments at Shell Mound.

Company B, First Regiment, N. G. C., held its monthly medal shoot at Shell Mound Park yesterday afternoon. The winners of medals in the different classes are as follows:

Championship class—Captain Burdick, 46.
First class—Corporal Goetzen, 42.
Second class—Corporal Bluxome, 39.
Third class—Private Dorhman, 34.

Company B of the Third Regiment also held its monthly medal shoot yesterday. The winners are as follows:

Championship class—Brown, 46.
First class—Pritchard, 42
Second class—Rithers, 41.
Third class—Brusher, 37.
Fourth class—Robertson, 35.

Oakland Canoe Club.

The Oakland Canoe Club sailed its fourth race for the trophy yesterday afternoon on the Alameda estuary. The race was over the regular three-mile course and was sailed under a steady westerly wind, with the following result: Mystic 55 minutes, Dart 64, Gypsy 57, Whisper 62, Bonita 66, Pittle 69, Sample 84.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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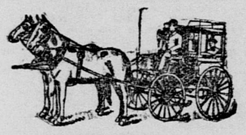

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