Pugilistic Punchings.

The following letter of pugilistic events is from Henry McEnery and appeared in the New Orleans Picayune of last Sunday:

Poor old John Sullivan! He says he is in earnest in his efforts to get on a match with Champion Fitzsimmons, but he isn't. Why, to look at him climbing through the ropes of the ring at Carson City to make a speech and challenge the winner one would imagine he was the circus fat man, let out for an airing, and not the great wonder of twelve years' life in the ring. The former champion looks like he had too much to eat, and to think of him going into the ring again, and with such an out-and-outer as the present champion of the world is, makes one laugh. When Sullivan told me he was a out to challenge the winner at Carson I wondered if he would make good his word, and like the Sullivan of old, he did. "I think there is one fight in me," said the renowned Bostonian, and almost simultaneously 100 men said to themselves, "I think there ain't." But John L. Sullivan was always a self-opinionated somebody, even when out of his cups, and if he is so still, he'll pay a great price for being so when he enters the ring with "Bob" Fitzsimmons, who can whip him with one arm tied behind him.

* * *

The challenge from Choynski to Fitzimmons must not be completely ignored, for the very simple reason that the California fighter has already encountered the champion of the world, and in all seriousness, had him on the floor, and nearly out of the battle with one punch. So it must be admitted that the brave Jew is in line for the championship. But Choynski is not proceeding in the right way with his defi to Fitzsimmons. Joe should post his forfeit money, and then allow the champion three months in which to cover the deposit, and right here it is proper to say that Choynski has already the disadvantage of encountering the Corbett deposit, which was put up for a second fight with Fitzsimmons While Choynski was fooling around, talking of fighting with the champion, Jim Corbett, with his quick sense and appreciation of the adage, "Coming events cast their shadows before," jumped in ahead of his brother Californian, and put up his money for a fresh engagement with the conqueror of Carson. Ain't Jim slick? Corbett knew well that Choynski had a right to fight for the championship, and fearing that the Hebrew fighter would get the first call from the Australian fighter, he put up money quick, and now Corbett must and shall have the first opportunity to try for the world's championship again.

* * *

In justice to Fitzsimmons it must be said that Jim Colville, the time keeper for Corbett, has denied that he said Fitzsimmons was down more than ten seconds at Carson City in the sixth round. I mention this fact this week, because I gave publicity to the statement that Colville was of the opinion that Fitzsimmons lost the fight in the sixth round. Now if the story of the alleged foul in the fourteenth is as unauthentic as the Colville statement has been shown to be, it will be bad for the Corbett people, and the American will not increase his standing in the eyes of the people of his country, for fairness must mark all engagements, whether of a ring character or not. Of course, the pictures will show whether Corbett was fouled or not, but if he wasn't there'll be something in this letter that will displease many Corbett people, for though it sickens me to have to acknowledge the Australian fighter, I'll nail all lies told about him in reference to the Carson City fight. I was sent there as a representative of a great paper to the Carson fight, and I was sent there to give a true version of all I saw. I did so, and though my patriotic ardor was dampened before I came home, my ability to tell the truth and do justice had not been disturbed. "Bob" Fitzsimmons, as far as I could see, won the championship of the world in a manly manner, and he should and will be given credit for his performances and fair fighting, and unless the picture of the fourteenth round shows a foul blow, he'll get a great deal more favorable comment than he has yet met with, for he will then be defended against the outrageous and unfair attacks of the Corbett people who cannot tell the truth. The American party went to Carson to win a fight, and it came back defeated according to the rules of the ring, and that lets the whole business out, so far as the past fight is concerned. It's comforting to know, however, that Corbett himself has never said a word about the alleged fouls.

* * *

Poor Howard Hacket has gone to his long home. Genial and fraternal in life, known as the smartest of the younger newspaper men, full of ambition and promise for the future. It seems but yesterday that he and I clasped hands crossing the American continent, and tonight he has crossed the great divide, verifying the fearful adage, "We are here today and there tomorrow." He was a man, take him all in all. Peace be to his ashes.

* * *

What One Should Not Do.

It is generally agreed that all riders of the bicycle should know as much as possible about their wheels. When some distance out in the country and something breaks upon the machine or gets out of order the rider possessed of no mechanical ability and without any knowledge of the arrangement of the parts of a bicycle is at the mercy of the inanimate steed, with the prospect of a long walk staring him in the face.

On the other hand, it is quite as essential that a rider should not know too much about his wheel and endeavor to improve on the original design.

This is a fault not quite as common as that of ignorance, but sufficiently damaging to make plenty of trouble for the riders. The manufacturer who designed and made the wheel must be given credit for a certain amount of intelligence He had a purpose in mind when he planned each part and then placed the parts together. Without knowing thoroughly the original intentions of the designer the amateur mechanic may do considerable injury to his mount and then wonder why in the world the "old thing doesn't work well."

There are no such things as interchangeable parts of the different makes of bicycles. If one happens to note a particular style of bearing or adjustment that seems a little better than that on his own wheel, the best way to do is to purchase a wheel possessed of the bearing that seems best, and not try to add to a wheel that was never made for such an addition.

Tires, pedals, chains, handle bars and saddles are, of course, to a large extent, interchangeable, but that is about as far as a bicycle will stand tampering with and run well.

Recently there was a bicycle rider who became enamoured of a certain curve in a frame. He didn't see why he couldn't put it in the frame of his wheel, and he started out to accomplish the result with a vise, a pair of very strong pincers, an alcohol lamp and a plain hammer.

By the time he had finished the wheel wouldn't run true, its manufacturer would have denied ever turning out such a homely and uncouth looking thing from his factory, the frame was hopelessly bowed for all time to come, and the wheel looked as though it had been through the Chicago fire.

Fortunately the amateur mechanic had plenty of money to buy other wheels, so he could afford to gratify his inclination for amusement. Nevertheless he was very much put out at his lack of success and disposed to hold the manufacturer of the machine to account because the poor bicycle couldn't stand evrything.

It is a great temptation to amateurs to straighten the spokes of the wheels. It looks like an easy task and all that is necessary to bring the spokes to perfection is to use a wrench made for the purpose. Yet the wheel may be made absolutely untrue if the repairer is ignorant of the way in which to do the work.

The wheel will run after such treatment in a beautiful curved scroll resembling the Spencerian exercises of the writing class at school. The tire will wear irregularly and the bicycle never will recover, until it has been back to the factory. Even then it may not be in its original good state.

A bent crank is another great source of temptation. Of course all that one has to do is to put the bicycle on one side. Then put a large stone or a piece of wood underneath the crank that is out of order, and pound the poor piece of metal with a hammer or another stone. Something will have to give way shortly. It may be the stone, it may be the hammer, but the chances are that it will be the crank. It won't look as well as it did before, and during the course of repair a double twist may have been put into it that makes it worse than ever.

Still there will be some great satisfaction to the amateur in knowing that he did it himself. The wheel, probably, will have to go back to the manufacturer for final adjustment, or for a new crank.

A bend in the frame after a collision cannot be remedied by a copious application of boulder. The bicycle tubing of these days is strong, but it has its limits of endurance. It will bend, become dented, and stand a hard knock on the port side or starboard side, but it will submit to too much granite boulder argument. Then the manufacturer should not be blamed for making tubing that is full of flaws.

It is not a good idea to try to put the iron wheel of a Jones bicycle on a Smith frame, however much the former may have some particular attractiveness of axle or finish There may be the difference of a sixteenth of an inch in width, and just that difference would cause the wheel never to run well again as long as the owner had it.

To sum it all up, if your bicycle doesn't run well, or, in other words, if it doesn't run to suit you, and the dealer who sold it to you cannot make it run to suit you, trade it off. Don't try to improve it by adding some other parts that were never intended for it. There is no question that different persons become enamoured of different styles of bicycles, just as different persons have their favorites in the horse world. A certain pitch, a certain shape of frame, the matter of tread, the adjustment of handle bars, weds a rider to his wheel, and he may try another only to go back to his original mount. If he tries, however, to model the original on ideas thoroughly his own, and not in touch with the theory of the man who built the wheel, there is a splendid possibility that a large amount of scrap iron will speedily be offered for sale in the neighborhood.

Murder Near Roswell.

A Mexican, who has been herding sheep for Jim Turknett, was found dead a short distance west of Miller the other morning. He had about $80 on his person when he left Miller, and the purpose of robbery is thought to have prompted the deed. A large stone lying close to the body seems to have been the thing with which his skull was crushed. The body had been set on fire in an attempt to cover the crime. No clues.—Roswell Register.

It is said that some extraordinary revelations of wife abandonment are being made in New York. Fifteen thousand men are under bonds to support their wives. The magistrates ascribe this state of affairs partly to the hard times, still more to lax morals, but most of all to premature marriages. Fifty per cent of the deserted wives were married while in their teens.

The exhibition of kinetoscope pictures of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight in Pueblo, Col., has been prohibited on a petition to the city authorities from the W. C. T. U. of that city.

Nine-tenths of all human ailments come from the same cause—impurity in the blood. Take almost any disease you please and trace it back to its cause, and it will find it in the blood. Purify and enrich the blood and you remove the cause, and so you cure the disease inevitably and infallibly Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all diseases depending upon poor, impoverished, thin, impure blood.

BREEDING WILD ANIMALS AT HOME.

It Will Not be Necessary After This to Send to Africa for Menagerie Stock.

The difficulty which show men experience in getting wild animals, and the prevailing high prices, has induced five Chicago business men to organize a company for the purpose of breeding rare animals in the Everglades of Florida, says an exchange. Beasts of all kinds suitable for circus menageries and "zoos," cost 60 per cent more than they did 15 years ago, and it is simply impossible to get certain varieties even when a no limit order is given. A few years ago $1,500 would purchase a very fine giraffe, but $5,000 and as high as $9,000 has been offered during the past season without securing the desired animal.

In southern Florida, north of Lake Okechobee and lying between the St John's and Kissimee rivers, is a wild and wide expanse of swamp and jungle known as the Everglades where the conditions are especially favorable to all kinds of undomesticated animal life.

It is the natural home of the venomous reptiles like the moccasin and rattlesnake. In climate and surroundings it closely resembles the foreign regions from which the most valuable wild animals are secured. Few white men have ever penetrated the dense forests where for years the Seminole Indians held out against the efforts of the government to dislodge them, and to all practical purposes the country is the same today as it was when Ponce de Leon explored it in his hunt for the fountain of perpetual youth. It is in this part of Florida that the company mentioned above is to establish its novel farm. Here the lions, tigers, elephants, tapirs, hippopotamii and similar forms of mammalia will be colonized and left to live out their lives unmolested so long as they behave themselves.

Under the natural conditions of a large liberty in a warm country, freed from the irksome restraint of cages and the close personal supervision of keepers, it is expected the animals will flourish and increase rapidly. If the hopes of the owners in this respect are realized the trade with Hamburg will be cut off and there will be a home supply of wild animals easy to obtain and cheap of price. Instead of sending expensive expeditions to Asia or Africa, the man who wants a few lions or elephants will merely have to wire his order to Florida and it will be speedily filled.

Jon Lavake, the only white man in that part of Florida who had title to anything like a tract of decently high, sandy land, has sold his holdings to the new company. The deed transfers 200 acres adjoining a branch of the St. Louis river and commanding access to a limitless range of swamp and jungle. On the Lavake tract men are now at work erecting homes for the superintendent and his assistants and barns for his horses, cows and other domestic animals which may be required. This done, a chunk of about 2,000 acres of the best of the forest and swamp is to be inclosed with a strong fence built of young trees. This fence will be 12 feet high, and from the top a heavy iron grating will project inward to prevent the wild animals of the cat species from climbing over it.

William H. Winner, a handler of wild animals known all over the world by reason of his long connection with circuses and his many exciting adventures, will be the superintendent of the farm.

HOW THE DEAL WAS LOST.

He Wandered Into a Newspaper Office in Disguise and Gave Himself Away.

James Shields is employed exclusively to visit and investigate the merits and possibilities of new discoveries, with a view to their purchase if the indications insure a paying investment Mr. Shields has been in the mining business for years. With him it has been a scientific and practical study, and he is a mineralogical expert of unusual proficiency.

Mr. Shields set out to visit the big copper mines near Yuma, and disguised as a common ordinary every day ranchman waited around town while another expert, also disguised sauntered out to the mines to see what was in it. Meanwhile, Mr. Shield quietly set about feeling the pulse of the community as to the value of the recent discoveries. Correctly judging that a newspaper office is the center of information upon all subjects, he sauntered carelessly into the cramped sanctum of one of the enterprising weeklies. A mild mannered man with a wrong font eye and a flowing beard sat serenely smoking an after dinner cubeb, and waiting for delinquent subscribers to come in. Mr. Shields, careful always to preserve his assumed character of an old rancher who had been attracted by the glittering stories of the rich strikes at Yuma, passed the time of day with the editor and gradually drew him into conversation about the mines. The newspaper man became eloquent as he described the field of riches. He adorned his phrases with the most alluring expressions at his command, and said the half hadn't been told. Mr. Shields the while, in his anxiety to learn all he could from the editor may have disclosed unusual knowledge about mines.

At any rate when the paper appeared next day the first reading matter that attracted his attention was a two-column interview with "James Shields the Montana millionaire mining man," who, the article stated, had come to look at the mines with a view to investing. The disclosure, Mr. Shields claimed, spoiled a prospective deal. He afterward visited the mines and regarded a certain property so favorably that he once offered $750,000 spot cash for it. The owners, who can't go far with the capital at their command, knowing that they were talking to men of great means, swelled up like angry toads and proudly scorned the offer.

Mr. Shields has not yet invested at Yuma, though he is of the opinion that the camp has a grand future.

HOW "BLACK JACK" DIED.

Met His Waterloo at Coal Creek Canyon in Arizona.

A correspondent of the Phoenix Gazette writing from Clifton, says: Word was received at this place Tuesday morning that "Black Jack" and his gang were camped at Coal Creek canyon, fifteen miles east of here, and a posse of five was organized and led by United States Marshal Higgins, taking the trail and reaching Coal Creek before daylight.

They hid themselves at the head of the canyon and waited for the coming of "Black Jack" who the night before had ordered a breakfast prepared for him in the cabin of a goat rancher farther down the canyon. At day break considerable noise was heard coming from the cabin and the posse decided to surround it, thinking their prey was within. However, they had not gone ten steps when one of the posse happening to look around saw "Black Jack" and two others coming in the rear; he gave the alarm and the posse wheeled and fired one volley, but apparently they were too late, as the robbers dodged behind some rocks; a few more shots were exchanged, during which the robbers escaped. The posse fearing an ambush did not follow, but returned to Clifton. Two hours later a man came in and said a wounded man had been found out there and had died a half hour afterward. The remains were brought in this morning and identified as those of "Black Jack."

They had killed him and did not know it. He was shot through the stomach the ball entering the left side and coming out on the right. The remains are being held for further identification. The four men who were personally acquainted with him recognized him to be the long sought for individual.

For the month of March the Santa Fe reports an increase in net earnings as compared with the corresponding month of last year of $8,177, and for the first nine months of the fiscal year ending with March 31, the increase is given as $995,706. The March increase, too, is in the face of an increase in operating expenses of $260,628.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY

Masonic.

El Paso Lodge, No. 130, A. F. & A. M.
Meets every first and third Wednesday at Masonic hall, San Antonio street. Visiting brothers cordially invited.
C. F. SLOCK, W. M.
A. KAPLAN, Secretary

El Paso Chapter, No. 157, R. A. M.
Meets the second Wednesday of each month at Masonic hall. Visiting companions cordially invited. GEO. F. TILTON H. P.
A. KAPLAN, Secretary.

El Paso Commandery, No. 18, K. T.
Meets fourth Wednesday of each month at Masonic hall. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited. GEO F. TILTON, E. C.
W. E. RACE, Recorder.

Alpha Chapter No. 178, ORDER EASTERN STAR.
Regular meeting second Saturday of each month. Sojourning members of the order cordially invited.
MRS. JULIA MAST, Worthy Matron.
J. O. Baugh, Worthy Patron.

I. O. O. F.

El Paso Lodge, No. 284, I. O. O. F.
Meeting Every Monday Night.
C. D. Freeman, N. G.
P. M. MILLSPUGH, Secretary.

Border Lodge 374, I. O. O. F
Meets every Tuesday night.
Quincy Carter, Horace B. Stevens, N. G.
Secretary.

Canton del Paso, No. 4 Patriarchs' Militant.
Night of meeting second and fourth Thursdays in Odd Fellows' hall.
J. R. MONTFORT. Captain.
W. E. SHARP, Clerk.

Mt. Franklin Encampment, I. O. O. F.
Night of meeting first and third Thursdays
J. A Shannon, C. P.
HENRY L. CPELL, Scribe.

Miscellaneous

National Union.
Meets fourth Thursday in each month at Odd Fellows' Hall. J. W. BOWN, Prest.
J. W. WILKINSON, Secretary.

Knights of Honor.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month at Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited
P. M. MILLSPAUGH, Dictator
E. A. SHELTON, Reporter

United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of El Paso.
Meets every Sunday at 10 a. m. at Labor hall. Visiting members welcome.
FRED WEIDENBECK, Rec. and Sec

Woodmen of the World, Tornillo Camp, No. 43.
Meets every second and fourth Tuesday each month at their forest, G. A. R. hall, 7 p. m. sharp. Sovereigns and strangers cordially invited. C. R. HELM, Commander.
TERRY PEARCE, Clerk.

B. P. O. E. El Paso Lodge, No. 187.
Meets first and third Tuesdays in Odd Fellows hall. S. J. GATLIN, E. R.
T. E. SHELTON, Secretary.

A. O. U. W.
Meets in G. A. R. hall on the first and third Tuesdays in each month. Visiting brothers cordially invited.
FRED WIDMAN, M. W.
O. O. KNIPE, Recorder.

Foresters of America. COURT ROBIN HOOD NO. 1
Meets first and third Wednesday night of each month in Odd Fellow's hall.
Wm. Rheinheimer, C. R.
H. Colliander, Secretary.

K. of P.

El Paso Lodge, No 82.
Regular meeting every Friday night at Castle hall, over Beneke's hardware store Sojourning Knights will receive a cordial welcome. GEO. R. HARVEY, C. C.
H. COLLIANDER, K. R. S.

Bliss Lodge No. 221, K. Of P.
Regular meeting every Monday evening at O. R. C. hall. Visiting knights welcome.
W. F. HEMPEL, K. of R. & S. J. J. C. ARMSTRONG, C. C.

Colored Knights of Pythias. Myrtle Lodge, No. 10
Regular meeting every Wednesday evening in Union Labor Hall over Badger's grocery store. Sojourning Knights respectfully invited to attend.
A. C. MURPHY, K. of R. and S.
W. H. SCOTT, C. C.

Knights of Labor, Gate City Assembly (L. A. 3041.)
Meets every Friday evening at the hall corner San Antonio and N. Stanton street, at 8:00 o'clock. JOHN SORRENSON, M. W.
R. J. BAKER, R. S

G. A. R.

Emmett Crawford Post, No. 19, G. A. R.
Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p. m Hall on San Antonio street. All comrades in good standing invited to visit the post.
GEO. M. McCONAUGHEY, Commander
F. E. TUSTEN, Adjutant.

Fire Department.
Board of Fire Directors meets every second Wednesday. General department meeting second Wednesday in March, June, September and December. P. F. Edwards President
J B Payne, Secretary. J J Connors, Chief
P M Millspaugh, Ass't Chief.

Southern Pacific Time Card

El Paso Local Time

ARRIVES.	DAILY TRAINS.	DEPARTS.
1:30 P. M.	No. 19 Eastbound	1:50 P. M
2:45 P. M.	No. 20 Westbound	3:35 P. M

Every effort is made for the comfort of passengers. For further information regarding tickets rates, connections etc. call on or address
H. R. Turner, Ticket Clerk. T. E. Hunt, Com'l Agt.