he refused, a couple of months ago, to fight me, was that he would yet be daring Corbett to get back into the

ring with him. I was only teasing when I shot that at him, but, by jingo, he has done that very same. Of course, he knows, there isn't money enough out of the ground to get the Pompadour Has-

Been into a real fight, and the gentleman promptly told him so. If Fitz would agree to do a turn like that Kid

McCoy frazzle, the gentleman would be willing, but for real busienss, not for

him. Fitz knows all this, and I'm sorry to see a square fighter like him peter-ing out as a long-distance conversa-

Fitz keeps hopping back,

wouldn't surprise me to see him under the management of Billy Brady, giving physical culture lectures to young

ladies' seminaries, with Jeff posing as a terrible example of what too much

place where Fitz wears his toupee Yours truly, JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

Bad Whisky Brings

on Heart Disease

Strengous Living, Strain of

"BAD whirky, rheumatism, mental strain and high living are among

ease," says Dr. Henry P. Loomis, of New

York. "It is easier, however, to admit a

tremendous increase in the number of

'Here, for instance, is a chart sent out

by the Health Board, which illustrates

the steady increase in mortality from

heart disease in this city since 1868, and

it includes a table of figures of deaths

resulting from Bright's disease and heart

This table showed that in 1868 13 per-

sons out of every 10,000 died from the

causes named. In 1901 the proportion had

jumped up to 30 in every 10,000, or more

are not complicated with Bright's disease." continued Dr. Loomis, "but it is

not often that a sufferer from Bright's disease is free from heart trouble. "Many cases of heart disease are di-

rectly traceable to mental strain and high living, the heart being indirectly affected

"In nine cases out of ten-well, no, that's putting it too strongly, perhaps-

I would say rather that the majority of

"Heart disease is not an allment con-

fined to any one class. It is fatal alike

to rich and poor. Persons with a ten-dency to rheumatism, who are subject to

frequent attacks of rheumatism, do much

harm often by fighting the attacks, in-stead of giving up to them."

Says Patient Should Rest.

"How give up to them?" the doctor was

"By going to bed at once and staying

there till the disease yields, by avoiding exposure and remaining in an even tem-perature. Naturally, the shorter the at-tack the less strain there is on the heart, "Certain forms of throat trouble com-

mon to children are indicative of rheu-matism, and they should be treated ac-cordingly—that is, the patient should ob-

the cases of heart disease which come

through other organa.

asked.

There are cases of heart disease which

deaths from heart disease than to point

out any one reason for the increase.

the leading causes of heart dis-

Mind, and Rheumatism Are Also

Contributing Causes.

nestiness will do when it goes to the

John Vance Cheney, Poet and Literateur

NEW VOLUME OF VERSE FROM THE PEN OF THE MAN WHO ANSWERED EDWIN MARQUAM

MONG distinguished Exposition vis. itors of the past week has been John Vance Chency, poet and litterateur of distinction formerly a resident of the Pacific Coast. Mr. Chency came on with the librarians who have been holding their annual conventions here. Although he is now identified with Chicago, being bend of the famous Newberry Library, he was for so long a restdeut of the Pacific Coast, and his attachments lie here so deeply that his many friends in this section like still to think of him as a Westerner. Moreover, Mr. Chency himself plans again to take far distant future.

It is as a post that Mr. Chency has achieved his widest fame. He began writing years ago, when a lad living among the Green Mountains of Vermont. He found time to scribble verse when he taught school in New England. He kept it up when he began the study of law in Massachusetts and later its practice in New York. He was still writing when he came out to the Coast and settled in San Francisco. Here he formed friendships with Josquin Miller, with Edwin Markham, with the great geologist, John Muir; with Keith, the artist, and with other men whose names are famous. These gave to him of the inspiration of their own genius, and in California, Mr. Chener produced some of his best verse. During his residence of 27 years there he pub ed six books, all of which are now out of print

Poet of Optimism.

Mr. Cheney's verse has dealt with a wide range of thought and of feeling. It is thoroughly optimistic in tone and modern in all its sympathies. Nothing better shows this thun his "reply" to Markham's "The Man With the Hoe." As may be remembered by many readers of The Oregonian, "The Man With the Hoe" was first published in a San Francisco daily paper. It was copied all over the country, and its author, from being a humble schoolmaster, soon sprang into fame as a poet. Mr. Chency, with the liberty of long and close friendship, wrote to Markham criticising the sentiment of his poem. At the same time, in contro-version of that sentiment, he inclosed some hastily-written lines of his own which he felt more truly expressed the sentiment with which human toil should be regarded

Writes a Prize Poem.

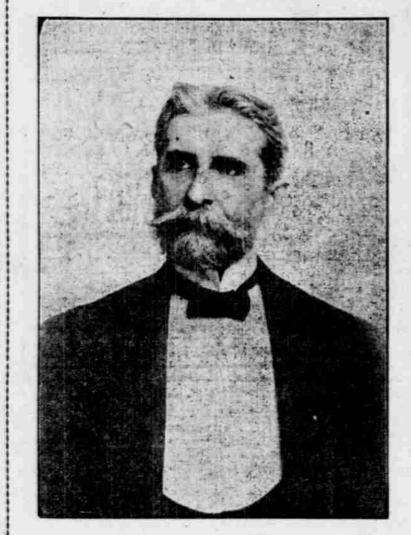
It was not long after this that the inteof the New York Sun, offered a prize of the 1400 for a poem that should controvert erary expression, three short selections both poet and man of affairs. For the true Man With the Hop " Mr. Cheney of verse from the forthcoming volume last seven years he has shaped the growth then wrote to Markham requesting the return of the rough lines, saying he would polish them up and aubmit them in the competition. Later, he went to New York, and, in company with Mr. Mark-am, visited the office of the Sun and gave his poem into the hands of the editor. Edmund Clarence Stedman, Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Mr. Dana, of the Sun, were the committee to decide on the merits of the poems, and they voted the prize to Mr. Chency. This fact is of present interest to Portlanders because Millet's painting which inspired both Markham's masterpiece and Mr. Cheney's reply to it is now hanging in one of the Exposition art galleries.

New Collection.

The 'Reply" will be the leading norm in a volume of verse by Mr. Chency which is to be brought out in the early Fall by a Boston publishing house. This volume into three parts, the first a dressed triology, the second a collection grouped which John Muir had told him a story: under the title. "The Heart of Man," and the third a collection headed "The Heart of Nature." The captions of the triology are; "Freedom," "The Gold of Havilah" (addressed to the rich man), and "The Hyssop in the Wall" (to the poor man).

In these collections are to be found the choicest of the many poems of the author that have appeared in the Atlantic that have appeared in the Atlantic under the title, "The Heart of Man,"

Monthly, Harper's, the Century and other leading magazines. Aside from the stray verses that may be found every



JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

are out of print and the forthcoming vol-ume will be the more neartily welcomed therefor. Mr. Chency contemplates pubsecond volume next year. As are subjoined:

HEST.
When of this Surry thou shalt have thy fill.
The thing thou seekest, it will seek thee then; heavens repeat themselves in waters

And in the faces of contented men-The flowers are loved, the weeds are sparned, But for them both the suns are burned.
And when, at last they fail the day.
The long night folds them all away.

THE LOST SOUL A lone soul came to Heaven's hard gate,

PRIEND OPHIDIAN.

ne, none of Mr. Mr. Chency is a living refutation of the gathered at his fireside.

Cheney's poems are to be bought. All old theory that a man who could write good poetry could do little else of value, and must needs be a flat failure in practical business affairs. Like Steadman, Colis P. Huntington, through the columns showing Mr Cheney's happy combination the banker-poet, like John Hay, the of the New York Sun, offered a prize of of philosophy, ethics and charm of lit-

> of one of the great libraries of this country and directed all its internal organization. For several years he was librarian of the free public library in San Francisco, and it was from that position that he was called to Chicago upon the death of Mr. Poole, first librarian of the Newberry. The founders of this institution planned to make it one of the greatest libraries not only of America but of the world. The present building, beautiful and imposing as it is, though it can it is eafer for a person inclined to rheuwell hold a million volumes, is only one matism to wear finness the year around Low soft the warder's feet she fell, sobbing, she and the had not knocked so late. But for the family roads to Hell.
>
> Straking her howed, unmothered head, I'm collection of books of the family roads to Hell.
>
> Straking her howed, unmothered head, I'm proke the good old warder gray. This child, too fair, high up let her be led, Fast them that never lost the way."
>
> Mr. Cheney can be facetious as well as sorious. Witness the following lines adsorious. Witness the following lines addressed to the 'bashful rattlesnake' of the structure as it will stand when completed. Its collection of books embraces those on all subjects other than pure science, books of this class being found in the John Creara Library in Chicago. The Newberry Library is a reference collection, no books from it being allowed to circulate.
>
> Mr. Cheney goes from Portland to San Francisco, where he will visit Joaquin Miller and other old friends. He will go are the main causes for heart disease.
>
> The strenuous life plus mental anxi-

o Oakland to see his daughter, whose the strenuous life plus mental anxiome is there, and he will take some ety is in these days almost irrevocably horseback rides to revisit his favorchency is a taught music. in drinking among the rich; in fact, I bemusician and in early life taught music. In the midst of his busy life, his working days devoted to his library, his holidays In the midst of his busy life, his working days devoted to his library, his holidays and spare moments to writing verse, he drink good liquor when he drinks at all. the gentle rhythm of a barcarolle, the full played for the appreciative audiences

> "I have known men who thought they must take from ten to 15 drinks of whisky a day to minimize the bad effects of exposure, and who could hardly be per-suaded to the contrary. Now, even if the whisky they drank was of good qual-ity, the results would be bad, very bad, but when a man continues day after day. as many a one does, to pour down his throat the most adulterated stuff in the market, his finish is not far off. His heart is bound to give out

Worry, fret, hurry and rheumatism,

"So far," said he, "the simple life has not become the fashion, and, as a consequence, the hearts of most people have to work overtime. Hurry is bad, but not nearly so fatal as worry and fret to a

to be first considered by the man or woman who wants his or her heart to keep on ticking normally for three score As Nelson is willing to take on the chocolate Gans at 133 pounds, and as Gans is called the champion at this weight, and as Nelson ought to the champion at this weight, and as Nelson ought to the champion at the champion a Gans is called the champion at this hours sieep out of the 24 and some exer-weight, and as Nelson ought to win out, where will Britt be at when the

Like showers of gold dust thrown over the green, And the wind's flying footsteps are traced

Shades of the Fathers at the National Capitol

THE AUTHOR FAILS TO RECOGNIZE WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON AND ADAMS IN MODERN GARB * BY FREDERIDK UPHAM ADAMS

(Copyright, 1905, by McClure, Phillips & Co.) (INTRODUCTION-The Shades of Washington, Jefferson and Samuel Adams are pictured by this gifted imaginative writer as having returned for a period to the country they helped to establish. Late at night they visit the library of Smith, an author, and find him to conversation with his friend Brown. Smith is a conservative, while Brown is a pronounced radical. A series of conferences follow, in which the leading topic is the growth of corporations and the inequality of the distribution of wealth. They then decide to make a four of investigation of the country. the Three Shades agreeing to meet Smith and Brown in Washington at a designated place

nomic topics have sitracted more attention or aroused more comment and criticism than these from the pen of Mr. Adams.)

BROWN and I journeyed to Wash-ington a day in advance of the day set for our meeting with the shades of the three distinguished pat-It seemed a strange quest, but we had no doubt that they would keep ness, if not of dread. While we had met these shades, ghosts or reincarnations-I do not yet know how to designate them properly-and while we had become more or less accustomed to associating with them in the night quiet of my library, it was another and a far different thing to go with them on the proposed tour of investigation, and to present them to the busy, practical, unimaginative and careless world. Brown and I discussed this matter as we sped on our way through Philadelphia and Baltimore and neared the National Capitol. We always referred to them as

"If they appear in the same garb Washington and elsewhere as they did to us in my library," I remarked, "they will create the greatest sensation ever experienced in this country."

"I doubt if they will appear to others as they did to us," said Brown. "I certainly hope not."

"To tell you the truth," I replied, after a moment's hesitation, "my reason is so selfish that it does me small credit. but I may as well confess it. If they make themselves known publicly I shall no longer be the exclusive historian of their sayings and movements. Since we had little difficulty in recognizing them I fail to see why others should not do the same.

"There's no use of worrying about it." laughed Brown. "I imagine that they will have no difficulty in preserving the secret of their identity if they choose to do so, and I will wager that no one in Washington will recognize them. I think we have an entirely erroneous idea about

shades or ghosts. "How so? assume that they wander about only at night and imagine that they are always shadowy and illusive in their ap-pearance," returned Brown. "Now we

know that these shades look as substan-tial as we do. When they get to talking and walking up and down the room I forget that there is anything unreal about them. It is only when they mysteriously appear and disappear that I think of them as not of this world. How about you, Smith?"

Brown had expressed my sensations

with Inusual accuracy, and I told him so, "If shades visit this earth at timesand we know now that they do," ob-served Brown, "why should they prow! about at night." The things which most interest them occur in the daytime. If-"They probably do not care to seen," I interrupted.

"How do you know that they do not care to be seen?" Brown demanded. "We know that we have seen the shades of three men, and we saw them in a light almost as bright as that of noon. How do you know that you have not seen hundreds and perhaps thousands of shades? Every day of your life when you are in the city you meet armies of persons you do not know. How can you tell that all of them are real? How do you know that the stranger who passes you on Broadway is a man of flesh and Because he does not appear and vanish before your eyes, how do yo know that he cannot do so if he chooses? "I cannot disprove it, but I do not be lieve it," I said, smiling at Brown's

"Well, I do." responded Brown, "Even in small villages where every inhabitant knows every other inhabitant strangers will be seen walking up and down the streets and across the pastures. No one sees them come, and no one sees them depart. Who are they?"

earnestness,

I was not in the mood to dispute or even to discuss this strange and rather interesting theory of Brown's, and re-mained slient while he elaborated on it to his heart's content. He insisted that there were bad shades as well as good ones, and declared that he had no doubt that many of the street-car brutes and other offenders against common decency were no more nor less than "shades who had been given a vacation by his satanic majesty." This seemed so much in harmony with the facts that I was forced to admit its possibility. Our appointment with The Three was

at noon of the following day, and we en tered the Capitol Building and proceeded to Statuary Hall several minutes before the hour. There was more than the us-ual throng of visitors, most of whom were evidently from the country districts or the smaller towns. The coolness of this famous hall was refreshing after our long climb from Pennsylvania avecontent to watch those who gazed for the first time, perhaps, at the marble representations of the great historic characters of our republic. The scene was a familiar one to me, and Brown had been there many times before, but the spot now had new interest to us be cause of the fact that the statues of Washington, Jefferson and Samuel Adams occupied conspicuous places. A guide proffered his services, but we declined them and walked slowly around the room, pausing to study the faces of the three great patriots as carved by the sculptors. We were so engrossed in gazing at the majestic figure of Thomas Jefferson that we did not note the speeding of the min-utes. Brown suddenly looked at his

"It is five minutes past twelve!" he exclaimed. "Where are they? Let's look for them."

There were probably 50 persons in the freie. It needed only a glance to conpresent. I was keenly disappointed, and Brown shared in my feelings. We stood near the center of the hall where we could watch all who entered and left. around the room, there were family parties, simpering school girls, farmers veterans with empty

Smith, let's go to the hotel, pay our bill and take the next train back home."

"We may as well," I said, after hes-itating a minute. "I cannot understand this. Is it possible that we can have made a mistake in the date?"
"It was forenoon of today," replied Brown as we walked slowly past the three men I have before mentioned. "Jeffer-son made the appointment, and I heard him as plain as you can hear me now." him as plain as you can hear me now." "You are right, Mr. Brown," said the taller of the three men as he left

his companions and stood in front of us. It was the reincarnated, modernized figure of Thomas Jefferson, but even then I did not recognize him! Brown insists that he did, but I shall

never forget the expression of aston-ishment on his face. "We were here promptly on the stroke of 12," continued Jefferson, his

face lighted with a smile which indicated his enjoyment of the situation. As he spoke the others joined us, and their appointment. I confess that I while I was vageuly conscious that was possessed of a feeling of nervousand Samuel Adams, I found myself struggling with another conviction to the effect that we were the victims of some strange coincidence. As I have already narrated, when these three first presented themselves in my library room late that eventful night I was impressed by the fact that they appeared in the guise of men in the prime of life, not as we are wont to picture the Washington, Jefferson and Adams in their declining years. They were garbed that night in the picturesque and long since discarded apparel of the age in which they lived, and we were so familiar with their faces and figures in that setting that we had no difficulty in recognizing them. I claim to be fairly competent to draw a word painting of a man or a woman. It is a part of my trade, but I despair of describing the three figures which stood before us within the shadow of the dome of the Capitol building. Let me say at the outset that they lost none of their dignity in my eyes, and if anything I shall write concerning their appearance leads to Jefferson to be a prosperous, cultured and brisk man of affairs, a banker, manufacturer or merchant from some such city as Chicago, Pittsburg or New York. His clothes were those worn by men of good taste and ample means, and were adapted to the warm and enervat-Summer season. I noted the blue serge suit of light material, the negliges shirt, the low standing collar, the plain scarf, the straw hat-and mentally contrasted the effect with that of the con-ventional Jefferson or Washington's Cabinet, who on his return from France was accounted the best-dressed man

in the republic. In later years he went to the other extreme, but the reincarnated Jefferson who confronted us dld not look to be more than 35 years of age. The face was that of Jefferson, but there are thousands now liv-ing who have his type of features, and you meet such men frequently without nce thinking of the author of the Declaration of Independence.

Washington looked the well-to-do farmer or plantation owner who has retired to broad acres after a military training. He was dressed in a suit of dark material and wore the soft slouch hat familiar to those who have met the gentleman farmer of the South and Southwest. I should have judged him a man of 40, a man of splendid physique, broad-shouldered, erect and impressive of hearing. Our portraits most wealthy and exclusive club in the of him lead us to believe that his hair world. Membership here costs all the

chase," he said, pulling at my sleeve and disk-brown hair, which was slightly starting for the west exit. "Come on, inclined to curl. Instead of a sword he carried a stout cane, and in place of boots or slik stockings he were a well-fitting pair of modern shoes, I could have guessed that Samuel

Adams was a college professor, or per-

haps a clergyman of some such denomination as Methodist or Baptist. He

had a couple of books under his arm, and a package of papers or documents

protruded from an inner pocket of als gray coat. He looked like a man who and visited the Capitol for the purpose of collecting material for a lecture or a sermon. I did not gather all of these impressions at the moment of our meeting. I was too astounded and dazed to have a clear idea of any-thing, and it was only after several minutes had passed that I took occasion to study the three at my leisure As Jefferson spoke ne extended his hand to me. During all of our preceding intercourse neither Brown nor I had attempted to touch even the gar-ments of our strange visitors, though now that I recall it. Brown in a mo of forgetfoliness was on the of offering to shake agods with Jefferthe signal for their departure, but he checked himself in time, and was careful thereafter not to risk making so glaring a contretemps. As Jefferson held out his hand I hesitated and instinctively stepped back a pace, but the next instant I regained my courage and grasped what I presumed to be merely the illusion of a hand. Possibly it was an illusion, but it had the feel and the muscle of a numan being who enjoying unusual good health. do not pretend to explain it, and can only suggest that since we know that our eyes often deceive us why is it not reasonable to assume that our sense of feeling is equally unreliable? dreams we see illusions, hear them and feel them. I take it that it is no more remarkable to see a shade or a the sensation is real or a figment or the fancy, I do not presume to say, but I know that Brown and I shock hands with all three of these figures, and that if I was the victim of a delu-

any other conclusion such inference is sion, so was Brown, not warranted. I should have taken "You will excuse us if we have amused ourselves for a few minutes at your expense," said Jefferson, his deep blue eyes twinkling with good nature. "We were here ahead of you, and gave you every chance to recognize us, but you refused to do so. We stopped you once and asked you several questions, ing climate of Washington during the all of which you answered politely without giving a sign that you had met us before. This convinces us that

your modern garments are an effectual disguise." "You need not have the slightest uneasiness on that score," declared Brown, was nad entirely regained his normal complacent poise. "Mr. Adams could deliver an address in Fancuil Hall, General Washington could roam over the grounds of Mount Vernon, and you, Mr. Jefferson, could return to Mon-ticello, and none of you would be recog-

nized." "Let us go to the Senate chamber and hold a brief conference and map out a plan of campaign," suggested Samuel Adams. "Your Congress is not in session at present, and it is possible that the traditions of that famous room may give us inspiration."

With Brown and Samuel Adams lead-

ing the way we strolled down the long corridors and entered unchallenged into the sacred gloom and quiet of the de-

serted Senate enamber.
"This," said the unbashed Brown, "Is said to be the headquarters of the was siways gray or white, but the way from \$10,000 to \$100,000, and the Washington who greeted us had red-waiting list is enormous."

Clearing Cobwebs From Brains

doctor, advising him to set his mind steadfastly on one thing or the other.

"You can probably do fairly well both as a doctor and as a writer, but you can become noted in either line if your whole attention is given to it," he said. "If I were you I would take medicine for my career. By the time you are of middle age, or a little past, you can be well enough off to retire, if you wish to, and then you can begin on literature. Meanwhile you will have accumulated such a stock of experience and knowledge of human nature in the profession that you will be exceptionally equipped to write of

Young Mitchell didn't follow this advice completely, for he wrote a few stories and verses when in the 30s, but nobody knows about them now, and he forsook literature entirely for several years. His later 50, have made him known to more people

than his achievements in medicine.
It was after the Civil War, during which he made profound studies of gunshot wounds and nervous shock, that he took up the study of snake poison as a relaxa-In order to do this, of course, he either had to keep venomous snakes at his office or spend some time in a region where they are common. The first these courses not being quite feasible, he gave up two or three of his Summer vacaof Pennsylvania, gathering venom and health at the same time, and returning to his practice in the Fall almost as much refreshed by his experiments with the venom as by his general outdoor life. Dr. Mitchell's vacation diversion is ang-ling in Canadian waters.

Few men have the power of getting practically all of their relaxation out of change of occupation, but Frank H. Smith the builder of seawalls and lighthouses succeeds admirably in doing so. In his line Frank H. Smith is exceedingly well known, though you may not recognize him by that name, but as F. Hopkinson Smith, essayist, fiction writer, lecturer, painter and elocutionist, the whole reading world This man glories in the fact that he can

spend a certain time daily in his business office-in the morning generally-buying supplies, making contracts and so on much of the afternoon at his studio paintings pictures, and, an hour just before dinner, writing in his library at his house, hall, and we looked closely at each of sagement to lecture or to read, and, as them as we walked around the broad gagement to lecture or to read, and, as them as we walked around the broad pagement to lecture or to read, and, as relaxation which other men have to fight for, out of every change of work. Mr. Smith takes his vacations like other men, and in their course has visited most parts of the world worth visiting, but and again we looked searchingly at the he does some of his hardest work while on various persons and groups scattered his vacation traveling, as his published

books indicate. parties, simpering school girls, farmers W. D. Howells clears most of the cobwith bowed shoulders and calloused webs that get into his brain when writing by going out among the people and picksleeves and other types such as one may ling up material for more writing. When expect to see in one of Washington's he lived in New York he used to tramp show places. A few feet from us were miles and miles of metropolitan streets three men, but it was so evident that every day, preferring to walk east and they were modern and real that we paid west across town mostly, because, as he only passing attention to them. Five minutes passed, during which time neither Brown nor I said a word. Then my the avenues which run north and south. Social conditions in New York are ranged This is the end of this wild goose in layers running north and south, and a thought about 17 munths ago.

brisk half-hour's walk across town wilt bisect practically all of them, while it would take much longer to get a similar variety walking in the other direction. Earlier in his career, when Boston in-stead of New York was his headquarters, he cultivated a garden for recreation. It contained many splendid beds of flowers, and he used to work in them personally several hours every day.

FAMOUS MAYOR, MILLION-AIRE SENATOR

JOHN WEAVER, of Philadelphia, whose and Brotherly Love has been strenuous enough the past few years to fill his brain with all sorts of cobwebs, has half a dozen ways of sweeping them out.

One of them is teaching a class in Sunday school every week. Before he became Mayor and began to draw \$12,000 a year he used to take long walks. Some time after his election he hought a saddle horse, and down to the hig row about the gas, he rode regularly with David J. Smyth, the Director of Public Safety, who was bounced out of office in the midst on the row! Smyth detailed one of his mounted policemen to teach the Mayor to ride, and once the latter gave the local newspapers an interesting item and nearly lost his life by getting his foot caught in the stirrup jumping from his horse, and being rescued from his perilous position by mounted policeman. Of late the Mayor has found great and

regular relaxation in his new automobile, with which he drove as many miles as he ould find time to, daily, in the parks and suburbs, while the gas war was in prog-His vacation relaxation is ing. He is an ardent member of the Seaside Park Yacht Club, whose bonts are sailed on Barnegat Bay, and his yacht Fanroy is one of the fastest in the fleet. The Mayor sails Panroy himself, and is counted an exceptionally skillful skipper. Senator Clark, of Montana, is as fond of automobiling as is Mayor Weaver. Alming to take at least one spin every day, he also finds forgetfulness from the cares of legislation and the worries of the hig business affairs to which he devotes serious attention in looking carefully after his household expenses and the study of

costly paintings. No one acquainted with the Senator would term him close or niggardly, but he knows to a cent each month how much his household costs him and why; he inspects his stables almost daily, and notes carefully any deterioration in the harness and lack of attention to his horses, as shown by mane or fetlock, and keeps close watch of the price of oats and hay. When in Washington, during the session, he often does his own mar-keting. He is as good a judge of a steak or turkey as the next one, and, his friends say, is able completely to forget the big affairs of life in attending to the little details mentioned here.

DEXTER MARSHALL. The Heaviest Battalion, Etc.

Pittsburg Despatch. The Kalser chose for the text of his latest sermon "The Lord of Hosts Is With Us." But that is just what the Russians

ager. Pushing my letter at him, I asked gleves and with no bell to save them. I those 20 weary rounds him to help me get an engagement. That owe a good deal to the square men on the Another guess I made

half-breed was imported to give me the lullaby. A gent in New York who was scraping the earth with a fine-tooth comb to get a man to lick me, was the cause of taking Slade from his happy home in Australia and we met in Madison Square Garden, New York, in August,

"This is the time the wind comes out of your salls, and you'll go back to Boston in an icebox," was one of the messages handed to me by the gent referred That was before taking Slade on.

There was a crowd there to make your head swim. Slade looked fit for his part, with 6 feet 1% inches, carrying 206 pounds of beef. He could handle himself well, knew how to box, and entered the ring cock-sure of doing me up. He looked as

In the first round, after sparring a few seconds. I felt for him with a smash full in the face, following it up with another in the neck. Then I floored him with another. When he got up, we met like a couple of bulls, and I handed him a punch that smashed him through the ropes and off the platform, head first into the crowd. In the second round, I walloped him all over the ring. The third round was short and Slade was down and out.

Captain Williams, with his famous sidewhiskers, led his police into the ring to stop the fight, but there wasn't any fight step, the importation being busy saming of home. I afterwards took Slade in my party on a tour of the coun-He stayed with us till we struck, where he joined the Mormons, and

he's there yet, I guess. Why He Broke Jack Hogan's Nose.

Jack Hogan, of Providence, was one of the few-and-far-between men to knock me down in a bout. I have already told how I ran into his fist, but I didn't explain just why Jack got the chance to get me off my guard. It was very early in my cawasn't easy to butt into the game. Hearing that there were besing matches pulled every week in the Theater Comique in Providence, I got Billy Mahoney to give me a letter of introduction to Denis O'Reilly, a man of prominence in that city. Mr. O'Relliy was as good a sport and as fine a gentleman as his namesake. Boyle O'Rellly, of Boston ...

THERE was a great blowing of Her- | evening he took me to the manager of the | Coast, and I don't know any hetter way theater and I was put on through Mr. to even up with them than to give them O'Reilly's influence. That was a real start for me, and I owe a great deal to O'Reilly, for he was a friend when I needed one. He had a better idea of what I could do than any of the others, and al. ogh Hogan was the champion idence and the best man they had down there, O'Rellly asked me to go easy with

Personal Recollections of John L. Sullivan

knocked down, I forgot my promise to O'Reilly and smashed Jack on the nose, sending him into the wings of the stage. O'Reilly came over to me and reminded me that I had promised to be easy, and after that we finished the bout in a light way. We looked at Hogan's none after the bout and found it was broken. I felt sorry that I had been so strenuous, as Jack was a good fellow, and me and O'Reilly took him in a back to Dr. Gardiner's office, where the bum beak was set

crowd was ready to see assault-and-battery, rough-house, explosions, and so
forth.
In the first round, after sparring a few

and put in a plaster cast.

"You've get a terrible punch, young fellow," rough-house, explosions, and so
low," and Mr. O'Reilly, after we had get
forth.

Jack safely at home, "and all you need to be the best fighter living is to learn timore, but when he's on the train West how to deliver it before the other fellow connects. You look to me like a coming I never forgot Denis O'Reilly's kindness and encouragement, and I

Stinging of the Frisco Sports.

The San Francisco sports have been stung oftener than any bunch in the land, but they seem to like it. They got it pushed into them by Britt, who is playing hop-scotch with Nelson, and they seem to get the worst stings from boxers that are native to their soil. In the East, a buttle in San Francisco is expected to be a get-rich-quick job. The sports who pay to see fights on the Coast are the best ever, free spenders, willing to pay for the best there is, yet getting the hinky-dink over and over again.

Between playing politics to get licenses, tying election of forfeits, drawing actions

tying elastics on forfeits, drawing articles can be read any old way, and general joshing of the public, the game in San Francisco is going to the bad, and unless the sport is made right, I'll bet the rings will shut up for good when the present two-year limit is up. Unless things better, I may turn promoter my way for me to exhibit my punch, and it | Coast and I have the chance to set things as they ought to be. John L. Sullivan's name over a fight-shop ought to be a guarantee that only real goods would be delivered. A chap who has made more money than he knows how to spend has offered me a chance to open up such a place if I will settle out here, and after my meeting with Mitchell, I may give the gamble a whirl. If I do there I found Mr. O'Heilly in a big dry goods chalk-line work or the fighters will have store in Providence, where he was man-

New Frame-Up for Battling Nelson. The latest frame-up for the 'Frisco sports is the Britt-Kid Sullivan match. It's a plain duck on the part of Britt to pass up Nelson. Al Herford has plucked When I ran into Hogan's fist and was the Kid from his Baltimore-Washington , incubator, and what do you think will happen when this go comes off on the 18th? As a side-play, Al, when Nelson is on the way West, challenges him on behalf of Gans. They're playing Nelson, going and coming. Gans made the trip from Baltimore with Herford and the

Al is certainly a great general, but this time he may have made a silp that weak heart. will put Britt on the burn. Hereford

will be living in the last house in Bad alley, and instead of Nelson chasing him for a scrap, the California.

Post. have to get a reputation before the Dane needs to look at him.

the public would be a return to finish fights, and all men interested in honest boxing should help this along. In finish fights, my opinion is that the Dane could go right down the line and store away about everything of his weight. Some dope I gave out in these articles about Fitz has come true. The slump of his match with Mike Schreck didn't his match with Mike Schreck didn't as they pass, surprise yours truly, for Pitz may have come to my way of thinking, that the grass. Schreck would be too much for aim. I many. His Freckles thought so, for although you can hear him yelling, "At-tempted robbery," and that it was an-other job to Wyatt Earp him, he hasn't convinced me that the fight promoters

Which hides itself, like a schoolboy's dream, Under the shadow and out of sight,
But laughing still for its own delight. other job to Wyatt Earp him, he hasn't convinced me that the fight promoters at Salt Lake City are a band of pickpockets. There was plenty of room for
Fitz to fight out there if he had the
right kind of wallop along, but the
How many chestnuts will fill his cheeks. honest blacksmith has grown conserva-

tive since George Gardner gave him those 20 weary rounds.

Another guess I made on Fitz when The schoolroom of Nature I love the bast.

heart, but because of the drinking habit, which is often acquired in consequence of this exposure. Exposure and Drinking.

"With the poorer classes it is different. The great army of mechanics drivers and laborers who work out of doors are

more or less a prey to heart disease, not only because of prolonged exposure, which

fosters ills which in turn weaken the

"I am heartily in favor of Bishop Potter's saloon plan to this extent: Give the for as well as the rich man pure liquor, he must and will drink, let him have a brand of whisky which will do him the

is the way Dr. Darlington, of the New York Health Board, checked off the causes for heart disease.

"Don't run' and 'avoid rheumatism' are among the health recipes which ought

Vacation Song.

What a bird Herford is to be able to play horse with the 'Frisco sports the way de does! The thing that would help put an end to all these frosts on the public would be a return to finish.

Omaha Ree.

I have closed my books and hidden my slate, and thrown my satchel across the gate. My school is out for a season of rest, and now for the school room I love the best.

Where clusters of buttercups gild the scene,

anid that if this go was pulled off, it might show that Fitz was an old pitcher that had gone to the well once too many. His Freckles thought so, for al.