

STRANGE ROMANCE OF OLD AGE AND YOUTH

Octogenarian Takes Bride of Twenty-Four Despite Objections of Relatives.

LOVE FLAME STILL BURNS BRIGHTLY AT 81

Columbus Huling of North Bennington, Vt., Wins Pretty Jennie Bissell with Aid of His Comfortable Fortune—Mercenary Kin Use Every Means Available to Prevent Marriage, But Without Avail.

Boston.—Although Columbus Huling, of North Bennington, Vt., is an octogenarian, he is amply able to manage his own affairs. This fact he proved to his mercenary relatives when he successfully overcame the numerous obstacles placed in his way by them and wedded the young maiden of his choice.

Columbus Huling is at present in his eighty-first year, while his pretty bride, Miss Jennie Bissell, a blooming lass, has but just recently celebrated her twenty-fourth birthday. Huling's neighbors are applauding him for his sturdy defiance of almost every form of opposition and carrying out his object.

When the aged bridegroom, a widower for several years, decided a short time ago that he needed another partner to complete his happiness, he cast his eyes around for a suitable girl. Instead of youthful charms to attract her he offered to share his fortune, estimated at \$200,000, with any young maiden who was willing to accept him, and of whom he approved.

Octogenarian Meets His Bride. In his quest he had become acquainted with Miss Bissell, and two months ago he received the joyous news that she was willing to take him.

While a working girl, she has much grace and charm of manner, and in face and figure is good for masculine eyes to gaze upon. Not a whisper ever has been heard against her character, and many of the young men of the town had cast sheepish eyes in her direction long before the octogenarian dangled his glittering gold before her vision.

Yet the devoted swain who won her consent found that much was before him besides the trembling "yes" he so ardently petitioned for.

The law must sanction the contract the couple were willing to enter into, and, while nothing in the statutes could bar the union the preliminary red tape proceedings involved more or less publicity which might give designing relatives an opportunity to wreck the old gentleman's gayly bedecked bark of happiness.

Attempt to Prevent Wedding. Still, bravely and defiantly, he went before the town clerk with his prom-

ised bride and secured the document which told the world that the community placed no restrictions on the marital union of the man and woman. Then the wedding day was set. Great secrecy was observed; the town official who issued the document was sworn to silence, and the minister was urged to divulge to no one that the ceremony was to take place. The day came, and then the old gentleman's manner and air of importance, coupled with his announced intention of clothing himself in his best attire, as the afternoon wore on, aroused the deepest suspicions of his housekeeper—the aged widowed sister-in-law. He skillfully evaded her sharp questioning, but she was not satisfied with his replies, and posthaste sent a message for one of the interested relatives.

An examination of the town clerk's records disclosed the whole situation; the truth was laid bare. Apparently the old man and his fiancée had outwitted the entire array of relatives—the license was issued, the minister engaged, and the groom-elect only awaited the coming of the would-be bride, for the final part of the amorous chapter.

How best to prevent the dreaded event was the question uppermost in the minds of the distracted relatives. They had before them only two or three hours at the utmost, and whatever was to be done must be done quickly. Right

at this point one of the laws of the state of Vermont came to their aid. It is that on complaint a warrant charging intoxication may issue, and a police officer is empowered to serve this at any time or place within the jurisdiction where he has authority.

Relatives Get Out Warrant. Without delay the opposing relative hurried to the office of a magistrate and there made oath that on such and such a date Columbus Huling, of North Bennington, had been intoxicated on the streets of Bennington. A warrant was made out and given to a police officer, who went in the relative's carriage to the octogenarian's residence. While intoxication is a misdemeanor, and an officer cannot forcibly enter a man's house with a warrant for such a minor crime, the Vermont law makes an exception in regard to drunkenness, and the Bennington policeman went directly into Mr. Huling's dwelling and asserted his authority.

Entreaty was of no avail, expostulation was useless. The police officer insisted that Columbus Huling should accompany him, and he did, pathetically glancing back at the little house where he had anticipated so much happiness as he climbed into the carriage before the door. In imagination one could almost observe Cupid waving him a tearful farewell. Into Bennington rode the sad but wrathful prisoner and his captor and dismounted at the Putnam house, where, in comfortable confinement, the disheartened groom-elect was kept over night.

Bride Finds Overgrown Missing. An hour after his departure the expectant young woman who was to become Mrs. Huling, clad in garments of snowy white and accompanied by her sister and a girl friend, climbed the hill on which the Huling dwelling is located. The trio was the observed of all observers, and seemed not unwilling to let the populace know that a most momentous event was to occur. At the house the party was ushered into the parlor, and in a few minutes was joined by the pastor of the Baptist church, who was to perform the ceremony.

Where was the groom? The housekeeper could only say that he had gone to Bennington a short time previously in the carriage of one of the opposing

relatives, but neglected to state that he had been taken by force and that he had been given no opportunity to explain his predicament to his fiancée. She could not understand the painful situation created by his absence. He had promised to send a carriage for the wedding party, and none having come, rather than delay the ceremony, she, in all her wedding finery, had walked to find it a place of desolation for her. The minister did his best to comfort her, but his words were unavailing, and, sorrowfully, with the wedding finery painfully incongruous on North Bennington streets, she, still a maid, with her sister and friend, tramped back to her boarding place.

Public Sides with Old Man. The next day Bennington and North Bennington awoke to the marital tragedy which was being enacted in their midst and the citizens witnessed the efforts of Octogenarian Huling to attain his heart's fondest desire. First amused, then angered, the residents eventually took sides with the old gentleman and applauded his determination to maintain his rights.

The charge of intoxication was submitted without difficulty, there being no evidence to substantiate the allegation, but an application was immediately made for the appointment of a

guardian on the ground that he was incapable of managing his own affairs. Probate Judge Carney selecting S. N. Hall, cashier of the North Bennington national bank, for the position. Mr. Huling, not unreasonably, made a decided objection, claiming he was perfectly competent to manage his business and insisting that if he wanted to get married it was his own affair and did not concern anyone else. Nevertheless, his contention was ineffectual and Mr. Hall took charge of his estate. The old gentleman then sought an opportunity to see his attorney, but even this privilege was denied him, and all one afternoon the citizens of Bennington witnessed the edifying spectacle of the old gentleman being restrained from consulting with a lawyer.

His Rights Restored Him. Such a condition of affairs could not exist for long, and within a few days, by the aid of Miss Bissell, Mr. Huling was enabled to see his counsel, who promptly called the attention of the probate judge to the situation and peremptorily insisted that the old gentleman's rights be granted to him. To relieve the pressure Miss Bissell was advised to bring a writ of habeas corpus, which she did, and after the hearing the judge decided to dissolve the guardianship, a physician testify-

ing that Mr. Huling was not insane and showed ability to manage his own affairs.

"We'll get married now," said the old gentleman determinedly, immediately after the conclusion of the court proceedings.

"But I haven't any clothes," blushing said Miss Bissell, as the gathering in the law office exchanged glances of amusement.

"Clothes or no clothes," vehemently insisted the old gentleman, "we'll have the whole thing settled right here and now for good, and we won't have any more arrests or guardians or anything of that sort."

"Just think of the pretty white dress I made and wore up to the house the other night solely for the wedding," half-protestingly declared the young woman.

Are Made Man and Wife. "Oh, that's all over now," firmly declared Mr. Huling. "I've got the license right here in my pocket, and I guess we can find a minister who will fix us up all right. We won't take any chances on going out, for they might have some other writ or summons against me, but we'll be married right here in this office, and then they can see where they land."

Miss Bissell could but assent to the demand of the old gentleman, and a messenger was dispatched for a minister. Rev. C. W. Rowley, Ph. D., pastor of the Bennington Methodist church, who lives around the corner, about a block away, was at home and said he would gladly call at the lawyer's office and do as requested, and in half an hour he was on hand. In the presence of the lawyer and two or three sincere friends Mr. Huling therefore secured his bride.

Then the rooster of victory perched on the Huling banner and has been crowing lustily ever since.

Young Wife Is Pretty. Miss Bissell lived at the time of her marriage with a Mrs. Shepard, but previous to that she occupied rooms in the house of one of Mr. Huling's tenants, and it was there that the old gentleman met and learned to admire her. Perhaps the enthusiastic praise of the young woman's landlady attracted him as much as anything else, but the principal reason was supposedly her good looks. However, meetings were arranged and the couple were occasionally seen on the streets of North Bennington. This aroused no particular comment.

Indeed, until after the surprised housekeeper, the night Mr. Huling was arrested on the charge of intoxication, notified the opposing relatives that there was evidently a wedding on the tapis for that evening only a very few persons had knowledge that the old gentleman really seriously contemplated matrimony. So the whole affair was actually a sort of connubial ambush.

Wealth of Bridegroom. Columbus Huling, the bridegroom, is said to be worth about \$200,000. That is not believed to be an exaggeration. One of his brothers left an estate estimated at \$600,000, which grew from a division of the western real estate in which Columbus had an equal part, so it is considered that one-third that amount is a very conservative figure of his wealth. Besides, he has been in receipt of one or more legacies since. He has always been possessed of sufficient means not to have to work for a living, but he has nevertheless been very shrewd and careful in the management of his property and under his fostering care it has constantly increased in value.

Mr. Huling's first wife died about ten years ago and shortly afterward his one child, a son, Frank, passed away. His only relatives are three or four nieces and nephews, and it was among them it was confidently felt, that his wealth would be divided, as there has been a sort of tradition in the Huling family not to devote any large sums to public benefactions. Under the Vermont laws the surviving member of a married couple receives from the estate \$2,000 and one-half the remainder absolutely. This means, of course, \$2,000 more than one-half. Consequently Columbus Huling's nephews and nieces will receive less than one-half what they would if he had remained in single blessedness, and if his wealth is correctly placed at \$200,000 this indicates a loss of over \$100,000 to them.

IS A MILLIONAIRE AGAIN.

"Swiftwater Bill," Noted Montana Character, Once More Finds Himself on "Easy Street."

Butte, Mont.—"Swiftwater Bill," at one time a well-known character in Montana, is on his feet again, and will probably become a millionaire for the second time in his meteoric career," said E. F. Willis of Fairbanks, Alaska.

"Yes, 'Swiftwater Bill' has struck it

again, this time at Fairbanks," he added. "When I left he had some properties that were paying handsomely and the indications are that he will quit \$2,000,000 to the good."

"Some years ago Bill cleaned up \$845,000 in Alaska, but like many others who made fortunes quickly, he let the money slip through his fingers."

"In about one year after he became an accredited millionaire, 'Swiftwater Bill' was a tramp. Wine, women and cards brought his downfall."

"But he was game, and went back to work again, and for the second time Fame Fortune smiled in his direction. He is on an easy street now and will doubtless leave the north before long with a gripful of dust."

Many Butte men remember "Swiftwater Bill" as the man who gained notoriety in this country through his reported marriage to all of the four La More sisters.

The La More sisters at one time appeared at the Casino in this city, and rumor had it that "Swiftwater Bill" married all four.

He persistently denied the rumor, but the story was spread broadcast throughout the United States.

Marks of a Grilse. Some of Recreation's sporting contemporaries have published letters of correspondents who desire to know the marks by which a grilse may be distinguished from a salmon. To an old fisherman the problem presents no difficulty, while that of the salmon, even when the fish is small, is more nearly square. In the case of an aged fish, the tail is actually convex. Again, the scales of the grilse are detached with great facility; you cannot handle a grilse without the scales becoming detached in quantities, while with an adult salmon the scales are comparatively firmly attached. Then there is an indescribable something about the shape of the grilse that distinguishes it at once to an experienced eye. It is slighly, with a smaller, sharper head. The body is less flexible. Size is no guide to the grilse, as on some rivers grilse are fully as heavy as the small salmon, though this is contrary to the general rule in Canadian streams.—J. Perley, in Recreation.

Black Bats Fill Woods. The woods in the vicinity of Lancaster, Ill., are thick with strange winged creatures like bats. They are of various sizes, specimens killed weighing from two ounces to a pound and a half. They subsist on squirrels and other prey. They are of nocturnal habits, very few being seen in the daytime. As they fly at night their eyes emit a strange light, and, when coming toward one, resemble balls of fire. Several persons have been badly frightened by them.

His Turn to Cut. Hewitt—Why did you cut that fellow who just bowed to you? Jewett—I was getting back at him; he performed an operation on me awhile ago.

The Rivals. Mr. Richfello—Miss De Slimm is evidently a woman of many fine points. Rival Belle—I should say so. Did you see her elbows?—N. Y. Weekly.

weight champion, and kept himself in as good condition as a pen artist. On the night before an election \$50,000 would be put in Billy's hands in bets with no security but a memorandum. The Hoffman house used to be democratic headquarters. All that business has gone uptown. The prize fighters now gather about the Metropole and other "joints" in Loiacre square, where they get out and smirk when the Seeling New York wagons go past. Campaign headquarters no longer seek sporty hotels. Even Tom Platt has left the Fifth Avenue hotel to live in one a mile farther up the avenue.

NEW YORK.—Why should people make a fuss because Charles Gibson has given up drawing in pen and ink to go to Paris and study art? Why does an action that would have been natural when he was 22 years old and poor cause surprise now that he is 38 years old and rich? Is it because most people cannot quite see themselves giving up an income of \$65,000 a year? I'm afraid so.

There's nothing more in pen work for Gibson, but money, and he doesn't need that. His range is narrow; there are a few subjects that his admirers expect him to draw over and over again, just as J. G. Brown is expected to paint bootblacks. Brown gets tired of drawing unintelligent looking girls seven feet tall, such girls as, fortunately, never grow on sea or land. Such a specialty attracts rivals. The Christy girl, the Clarke girl, the Schroeder girl, the typical girl of a dozen other fellows, do well in the picture mart. There is only one publication that would give \$1,000 for every drawing Gibson makes. Taste may change suddenly. It does in the case of popular novelists. Gibson stops at the top of the wave.

There is nothing new in the fact that illustrators make money. A newspaper artist of the highest quality may earn \$6,000 a year; not a cartoonist—the leaders in that specialty do much better; but the man who draws really striking illustrations with a sure, firm touch, for the Sunday "yellows."

Some of these men save money, just as Gibson has done with a similar idea. There are many magazine artists who do no better, though widely known. From \$5,000 a year up to \$50,000 is about the range of the good illustrator. Abbey could earn much more than that with his pen if he did not prefer greater work in color. A recent newspaper story gave the earnings of Fred Remington at \$30,000; Howard Pyle, \$35,000; Jessie Wilcox Smith, \$18,000, and so on. I wonder how the newspaper man knew. I don't. In the case of Gibson, we have facts. We know that he got \$65,000 in "real money."

Clean Money, Cleanly Earned. AND it was clean money, cleanly earned. Did you ever see a Gibson drawing, the actual handiwork? It is a huge sheet of rough whatman, more than twice the printed size. It is patched in places where the artist was disgraced and redrew part of the design. The old maxim is never to throw away a drawing. Gibson obeys it. The pen strokes are literally huge, each several inches long, and of great width at times. Examine one with a microscope if you get a chance. The line is clean and sharp. It was swiftly done. No man could draw a single one of those strokes without long practice, and without the steady nerves that come with sane living.

With a rather well-known illustrator, a man of real genius, I came one day to see a simple obstacle as a flight of stairs. I started to go up two steps at a time and at a run. My companion, some years younger and a perfect man physically, laid his hand on my arm reprovingly: "Not that way," he said. "One step at a time and slowly." The hand stroke made me steady, unshuffled. In a wash drawing a man may mess up a picture into some kind of shape with shaky hands, if he knows the game. That is one reason why artists like the pen just as they used to like to draw on wood direct for the engraver.

The successful pen artist is a good specimen physically. Gibson could pose for one of his own tall young men, only he'd need a wig. Fred Remington used to be a Yale football player. Frost is a golfer. The bohemian idea don't answer these days. Any more than it does with the newspaper men of the front rank.

Famous in New York before the hotel came. There was a Mayor Hoffman long before McClellan's days. The richest clergyman in the world is the famous Dean Hoffman, head of the General Theological seminary in Chelsea. It is supposed that he has been a part owner of the hotel that won fame because of its supposed wickedness.

"Ex-wicked" the Hoffman house now. When it was new the manager had the bright idea of putting upon the wall of the cafe two famous Bouguereau paintings of wine, the other of female leanness. Press agent work was easy. Women used to go in the early morning when trade was light to look at the pictures. The management welcomed them with smiles.

For years the Hoffman house was the resort of sporting men. "Billy," the most famous chucker-out in New York, reigned there. He was an ex-light-

TOP OF THE WAVE

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STEADY NERVES NEEDED

The Old Hoffman House—Once Democratic Headquarters—People of New York Amusement Crazy —A Long Opera Season.

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

The Aspirations of Al Kaufmann to the Heavyweight Championship were Rudely Shocked Recently by Jack O'Brien.

KAUFMANN.

The aspirations of Al Kaufmann to the heavyweight championship were rudely shocked recently by Jack O'Brien. Kaufmann was a strong young man, a graduate from the amateur ranks discovered by Billy Delaney, the veteran handler of prize fighters, but he was no match for the crafty Philadelphia. It took O'Brien 17 rounds to stab Kaufmann into temporary oblivion. The fight showed that Kaufmann is nothing if not game and aggressive, two points that Delaney claimed for him. But against a finished master of the art he was as a handful of putty. O'Brien made him do things he knew better than to do. Like a master hand at pitching in a baseball game, O'Brien compelled Kaufmann to hit at throws he knew he could get no results from. Thus through 17 rounds of wild misses and tiring swings Kaufmann was picked to a pulp and when the right moment came O'Brien threw his right fist on the defensive jaw of the young blacksmith and the end was at hand. The crafty O'Brien may and may not be entitled to great credit for tackling this young Hercules, heralded by the more or less good judges of California as suitable material for the reception of James J. Jeffries' discarded toga. O'Brien went into the fight with many pounds the worst of the weights and against a man whose only record has been one of exceptionally quick knockouts. Every man he has faced he has been able to hit on the jaw up to O'Brien. And every man he hit on the jaw went to sleep. But O'Brien feinted him into nothingness before ten rounds had been fought and the poor German had sniffing painfully through the bloody and clogged up nose for a breath of air and blind on one side and blind the better on the other, tried vainly to find a landing place for his gloves on the elusive fellow in front of him. O'Brien had the proposition figured out to a nicety. "He does not know enough for me," was the way Jack sized up the situation. He was perfectly correct. Kaufmann has been used to the usual lumbering heavyweight, who stands in one spot long enough to be hit solidly. O'Brien is not lumbering and the exhibition of speed and footwork that he gave the other night took the breath away from the spectators. They had never seen anything like it before in San Francisco. Kaufmann undoubtedly will recover from the pang of his first defeat. Used carefully and nursed along, if Delaney has the patience, he will yet be a factor in the ring. He is but 19 years old and was begged by his friends to proceed slowly and not pick out any tough game for a starter. How badly he was mistaken in his own estimate of himself was left for O'Brien to demonstrate.

The Fitzsimmons-O'Brien match, which was clinched several days ago, should cause much interest. "Old Bob" is the grand old man of the prize ring and O'Brien is admitted to be the cleverest middleweight in America. Fitz still claims the middleweight championship, arguing that he had never been defeated for the title which he won by defeating Jack Dempsey at New Orleans on January 14, 1891, and which he defended against Dan Creedon on September 26, 1894. Knocking out Dan in the second round. This was Fitzsimmons' last fight for the middleweight championship, as thereafter he drifted into the heavyweight class and won the championship of that division by defeating Peter Maher in Mexico on February 21, 1896.

Albert L. Corey, the Marathon runner who has won renown through his performances in the Olympic events in St. Louis last year and at Chicago, is looking for long-distance walks or runs with any and all competitors. The Frenchman says that he believes the sport of long-distance running and walking, heel and toe, has been given a strong impetus by the Marathon run of the Illinois Athletic club at Chicago in September, and that it will not be long before the sport becomes as popular here in America as it has been for years in France and especially Paris. Corey is anxious to meet George Stokes, the long-distance walker, in a 100-mile walking race, and says that he is confident his training received abroad before he came to America will go far toward helping him to defeat Stokes. "France at present is paying great attention to long-distance running and walking, and it was only recently that one of the largest even Marathon runs in the history of the sport was given in Paris," said Corey recently. "Pietro Dorando was the winner of the event and finished the run as fresh almost as he was at the start. He ran 30 kilometers in 1:55:00, which is pretty good, as 30 kilometers amounts to about 18 1/2 English miles. I have no doubt," added Corey, "that we will also have races here before long somewhat in the nature of the long-distance events held in Paris for the clerks and other trade employees where women take part along with the men. Such races would be popular here and would draw large crowds." Corey says that if he can secure a match with Stokes he will go south to train.

J. Scott Leary, crack swimmer of the Olympic club of San Francisco, has received word from J. E. Sullivan, secretary of the Amateur Athletic union, that the world's swimming record for 100 yards of 1:00 flat, which he made at Portland, July 18, has been allowed. Dan Patch, the pacing champion, in an exhibition mile on the track of the Memphis Trotting association, at Memphis, lowered the world's pacing record without a wind shield by 1 1/2 seconds, covering the mile in 1:58 flat. The former record of 1:59 1/2 was held by Star Pointer, made several years ago at Readville track.

Her Point of View. Husband—When it comes to money matters two heads are better than one. Wife—Yes, they could wear more hats.—N. Y. Sun.

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The aspirations of Al Kaufmann to the heavyweight championship were rudely shocked recently by Jack O'Brien. Kaufmann was a strong young man, a graduate from the amateur ranks discovered by Billy Delaney, the veteran handler of prize fighters, but he was no match for the crafty Philadelphia. It took O'Brien 17 rounds to stab Kaufmann into temporary oblivion. The fight showed that Kaufmann is nothing if not game and aggressive, two points that Delaney claimed for him. But against a finished master of the art he was as a handful of putty. O'Brien made him do things he knew better than to do. Like a master hand at pitching in a baseball game, O'Brien compelled Kaufmann to hit at throws he knew he could get no results from. Thus through 17 rounds of wild misses and tiring swings Kaufmann was picked to a pulp and when the right moment came O'Brien threw his right fist on the defensive jaw of the young blacksmith and the end was at hand. The crafty O'Brien may and may not be entitled to great credit for tackling this young Hercules, heralded by the more or less good judges of California as suitable material for the reception of James J. Jeffries' discarded toga. O'Brien went into the fight with many pounds the worst of the weights and against a man whose only record has been one of exceptionally quick knockouts. Every man he has faced he has been able to hit on the jaw up to O'Brien. And every man he hit on the jaw went to sleep. But O'Brien feinted him into nothingness before ten rounds had been fought and the poor German had sniffing painfully through the bloody and clogged up nose for a breath of air and blind on one side and blind the better on the other, tried vainly to find a landing place for his gloves on the elusive fellow in front of him. O'Brien had the proposition figured out to a nicety. "He does not know enough for me," was the way Jack sized up the situation. He was perfectly correct. Kaufmann has been used to the usual lumbering heavyweight, who stands in one spot long enough to be hit solidly. O'Brien is not lumbering and the exhibition of speed and footwork that he gave the other night took the breath away from the spectators. They had never seen anything like it before in San Francisco. Kaufmann undoubtedly will recover from the pang of his first defeat. Used carefully and nursed along, if Delaney has the patience, he will yet be a factor in the ring. He is but 19 years old and was begged by his friends to proceed slowly and not pick out any tough game for a starter. How badly he was mistaken in his own estimate of himself was left for O'Brien to demonstrate.

The Fitzsimmons-O'Brien match, which was clinched several days ago, should cause much interest. "Old Bob" is the grand old man of the prize ring and O'Brien is admitted to be the cleverest middleweight in America. Fitz still claims the middleweight championship, arguing that he had never been defeated for the title which he won by defeating Jack Dempsey at New Orleans on January 14, 1891, and which he defended against Dan Creedon on September 26, 1894. Knocking out Dan in the second round. This was Fitzsimmons' last fight for the middleweight championship, as thereafter he drifted into the heavyweight class and won the championship of that division by defeating Peter Maher in Mexico on February 21, 1896.

Albert L. Corey, the Marathon runner who has won renown through his performances in the Olympic events in St. Louis last year and at Chicago, is looking for long-distance walks or runs with any and all competitors. The Frenchman says that he believes the sport of long-distance running and walking, heel and toe, has been given a strong impetus by the Marathon run of the Illinois Athletic club at Chicago in September, and that it will not be long before the sport becomes as popular here in America as it has been for years in France and especially Paris. Corey is anxious to meet George Stokes, the long-distance walker, in a 100-mile walking race, and says that he is confident his training received abroad before he came to America will go far toward helping him to defeat Stokes. "France at present is paying great attention to long-distance running and walking, and it was only recently that one of the largest even Marathon runs in the history of the sport was given in Paris," said Corey recently. "Pietro Dorando was the winner of the event and finished the run as fresh almost as he was at the start. He ran 30 kilometers in 1:55:00, which is pretty good, as 30 kilometers amounts to about 18 1/2 English miles. I have no doubt," added Corey, "that we will also have races here before long somewhat in the nature of the long-distance events held in Paris for the clerks and other trade employees where women take part along with the men. Such races would be popular here and would draw large crowds." Corey says that if he can secure a match with Stokes he will go south to train.

J. Scott Leary, crack swimmer of the Olympic club of San Francisco, has received word from J. E. Sullivan, secretary of the Amateur Athletic union, that the world's swimming record for 100 yards of 1:00 flat, which he made at Portland, July 18, has been allowed. Dan Patch, the pacing champion, in an exhibition mile on the track of the Memphis Trotting association, at Memphis, lowered the world's pacing record without a wind shield by 1 1/2 seconds, covering the mile in