

Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis. BIG 4 ROUTE.

NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT G. A. R. AT WASHINGTON, D. C. SEPT. 19, 20 and 21, 1892.

\$13.50 FOR THE ROUND TRIP FROM INDIANAPOLIS.

The Big Four and C. & O. having been selected as the OFFICIAL ROUTE... THE BIG FOUR and C. & O. having been selected as the OFFICIAL ROUTE...

Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis. BIG 4 ROUTE.

TO PUT-IN-BAY

Thursday, Sept. 8, 1892

\$4-ROUND TRIP-\$4

Trains will leave Indianapolis... 4:40 a. m., 8:30 p. m. and 7 p. m.

G. A. R. NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT.

\$13.50

WASHINGTON, D. C. AND RETURN.

C., H. & D.

B. & O. R. R.

For the accommodation of the Indianapolis Comrades and their friends...

INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY, SEPT. 18, 10 a. m., reaching Washington Monday, 10 a. m.

Special Excursion \$12.50—Montreal and Return—\$12.50

\$15—Quebec and Return—\$15

C., H. & D.

CANADIAN PACIFIC R. R.

Thursday, Sept. 8, 1892.

LEAVE INDIANAPOLIS 10:45 A. M.

Tickets good to return until Sept. 23. Reserve seats in through sleeper at once.

LAST OF THE SEASON \$5 TO NIAGARA FALLS

AND RETURN: C., H. & D.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL R. R. WEDNESDAY, Sept. 14. GOING VIA DETROIT.

Reserve sleeping and chair-car space immediately.

COLUMBIA PLACE.

Are lots, just the thing for subdivision, on the line of the Fairview electric road...

JNO. S. SPANN & CO 86 East Market St.

The Weekly Journal, \$1 Per Annum

COLUMBIA FLOUR. BEST IN THE WORLD. ASK YOUR GROCER.

70° FOR WAGON WHEAT

showers; slightly warmer; south winds. SCHOOL

Will soon commence. Vacation follies have, of course, as usual, made serious inroads on your boy's apparel.

SUITS

Are a wonderful impetus in this direction, and we want mothers to know that we have the largest assortment and the smallest prices always.

FREE

A Boy's School Companion, with combination lock, with every suit.

THE: WHEN

TO THE TRADE—

To find a Woman's Double Button Shoe of quality to insure wear and of design to insure style and of price to be cheap, is the desire of many in purchasing shoes for every day use.

MCKEE & CO., 93 & 95 South Meridian Street, Indianapolis

YOU CAN BUY YOUR DISINFECTANTS

AT SLOAN'S, 22 WEST WASHINGTON STREET.

SAYING IT.

The paragraph now scratches his head, and catches his brain like everything.

SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Fracture Splints, Special Trusses, Crutches, Elastic Hose, Deformity Braces and Surgical Appliances.

Princess Flour, Made by Banton, Watson & Co.

INDIANA AND ILLINOIS NEWS

Muncie Women Set an Example That May Be Well Worth Following.

An Improvement Society, with Women Committees in Each Ward to Inspect Streets and Alleys and Have the Filth Removed.

INDIANA. Women of Muncie Take the Sanitary Condition in Their Own Hands.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. Muncie, Sept. 7.—A number of representative women of the city of Muncie met at the home of Mrs. Sue H. Neely this afternoon and organized the Women's Improvement Society.

Indiana. The Board of Health in the improvement of the sanitary condition of the city.

Indiana. A special election for water works was held in North Manchester and was carried by a majority of five to one.

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Hurled from the High Place He Held in the Pugilistic World so Many Years, And Forced to Surrender the Title of Champion of the World to James J. Corbett, of California, a Much Better Man.

It Was in the Twenty-First Round That John Tasted the Wormwood of Defeat

And Saw His Crown Transferred to the Head of One He Sneeringly Pointed Out as "That Young Fellow."

The Young Fellow, However, Demonstrated His Ability as a Fighter,

For He Did with Sullivan Much as He Pleased, Seemingly Raining Blows on the Stomach and Head at Will.

He Came Out Without a Scratch, While John Was Badly Bruised.

Bloody from His Wounds and So Nearly Unconscious that He Failed to Rally Until Long After He Was Counted Out.

JOHN'S BITTER HOUR

He Sees Himself Dethroned as King of Pugilists and Corbett Installed.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 7.—It had come at last—the bitterest hour of John L. Sullivan's life.

How often he had heard those maddened howls of men frantic with joy over a great triumph and had raised his head proudly to acknowledge the homage thus paid him.

But now he could not raise his head; the flaming, dazzling lights whirled wildly about him and he seemed to be in the vortex of a vast whirlpool lined with shrieking humanity and streaked and spangled with blinding lights, dazzling and blinding as the sun at noonday.

And those deafening shouts that smote upon his ear as though they would drown the roar of Niagara—why were they so harsh, hateful and discordant? Why could he not stand up and at least wave his hand to his thousands of worshippers as he had done so often? He turns to raise his head. What is that touches his hot, steaming face? Blood-stained sand. The sand of the ring soaked with blood and he, the winner of a hundred battles, lying prone and helpless upon it. Close beside him, in spite of the shrieking and howling crowd outside, he hears the words "seven, eight, nine—out." And then the loud twang of the gong tells that the battle is over; and as his dazzled, blinded senses are gradually restored, John L. Sullivan tastes for the first time in his long and brilliant career the wormwood and gall of defeat.

To the old-time gladiators defeat brought death, and the nearest approach to their modern prototype may have wished it had been so with him. Who shall tell the bitterness that came to Sullivan during those few moments of returning consciousness, when he awoke from that blinding, troubled dream, in which the smallest fractions of seconds dragged themselves into his brief moments all that he had prized in life? His unexalted reputation as a boxer had been all the world to him. He was vain of it; nay, he gloried in it. This one fight was to have been his last. He knew well that he could not go on forever knocking out the strongest and most skillful of boxers; his reputation after he had defeated Kilrain was all that he had desired to make it, but the chance of winning such a splendid purse had tempted him to enter the ring once more; not for glory, for he was acknowledged champion of champions, but his princely extravagance in squandering money upon his friends had left him in such a condition financially that the chance of winning \$35,000 by one fight was one which he could ill-afford to disregard. It was only the torture of training that had made him hesitate. The thought of defeat had never for a moment entered his head. He had never recognized such a possibility.

HIS NAME IS DENNIS NOW.

What then could have been the feeling of utter desolation and hopeless ruin that came to him when returning consciousness brought to him a realization of his position? The long, and to him terrible, martyrdom he had endured in training had been all for nothing and worse than nothing. That princely sum he had hoped to win was now forever beyond his reach, and with it had gone his name and fame as the champion of champions. Little boys as they played in the street would no longer speak of him as the greatest of men; all the thousands and one little tributes that had been wont to tickle his vanity were for Sullivan no more. There would be no household word from Maine to California, and from Puget sound to the most southern point of Florida, and that word would be "Corbett." Even men to whom he had squandered hundreds and thousands when he was in his glory would now forget him and fawn upon Corbett. Even his business schemes would be marred or ruined, for who would care for J. L. S. in a new play when J. L. was no longer the champion, but a defeated pugilist in the decadence of his career; and this was to be the end of a career that John L. Sullivan had always looked upon as the brightest of the century. From being the man whose name had been the chief attraction for an audience, which it had cost more than a quarter of a million to assemble, he had suddenly fallen to the place of a defeated pugilist. In the bright days that were gone the newspapers had exasperated him by exaggerating his feats of dissipation; now the newspapers would pay no attention to his excesses—they would leave him to the police and the patrol wagon, should he drink too much.

And yet, what was Sullivan that he should escape the fate that had overtaken nearly all of the great prize-fighters, John

Morrissy being the most notable exception? In England, the nursery of pugilism, scores who had been famous in the ring had died paupers, and few even of the lucky ones had ended their days far above the reach of want. Sullivan, still strong and in his prime as far as anything outside of pugilism is concerned, will doubtless make his way in the world, but if he would do so he must devote his attention to business and let intoxicants alone. Otherwise he can hardly hope to escape the melancholy fate that has overtaken other great prize-fighters who have drawn once too often upon their seemingly inexhaustible powers.

HOW AND WHY IT HAPPENED.

Sullivan's Strength Sapped by Excess—At No Time in the Path of Success.

The laurel had shifted, John L. Sullivan has had some new sensations. So has James J. Corbett. He has been knocked off the pedestal of pugilistic championship, and the other has climbed up into his place.

The California heavy-weight, Corbett, has knocked out champion John L. Sullivan, and won, besides, some thirty-five thousand dollars.

And how did it appear to the spectator? Truth to tell, it seems as though Corbett won easily. The impression left by the rapid spectacle is that Sullivan was at no moment in the path of success. And the physical evidences of this, as apparent at the finish, what were they? Corbett, the winner, at the moment of his victory, was keen, quick, alert in every nerve, unmarked by bruise or blood. His face was aglow with steady interest, wearing a half smile, and he was ready to attack his foe with ferocious force had his foe been able to rise.

These were the conditions of the victory: Sullivan was reeking with blood, mashed, bruised, jellied and nearly, if not quite, knocked senseless. These were the evi-

dences of defeat, and it was when these had been established that the laurels shifted and a new man had been born into pugilism.

Why was Sullivan dethroned? He himself had contributed to the causes of his own downfall. Had his life had no excesses, Sullivan would have been able to fight to struggle more effectively to retain his prestige. He is not relatively so good a man at thirty-four as he was at twenty-eight at that age. His face is furrowed, not alone by years, but by the methods of his living. His ponderous body, too, bore the weight of starting with eight years less of life's inevitable wear. He had conserved his powers, perfected the methods of his use, surcharging his heart meanwhile with confidence that he would become the king of the ring. He was a fine capital of brawn and muscle upon which to build up the fortune of victory and reputation. It must not be carelessly said that Corbett, at twenty-six years of age, is a better man than Sullivan was at that age; but, assuming the older man being victor must not have added his own methods of depletion to those which the silent years so surely employ.

IN HIS LAST HOUR OF GLORY.

Sullivan came forward into the glare of twenty electric lights, his senses fed by the shouts of those who will flout him now. Adulation from his kind had for years been his. The majority believed in him—why should not the champion believe in himself. So, while they yelled with worshiping plaudits, he sat down in his corner, and with easy interest scanned the powerful fellow opposite. Somewhere there lay the home of the eager and ambitious trainers bestow upon their champion, and to-night, while Sullivan enjoyed this, his heavy form sagged down

wind-mill, bunched with little, driving muscles with the blood and nerve of youth. The champion behind him, who had been in the ring had died paupers, and few even of the lucky ones had ended their days far above the reach of want.

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as he sat waiting the preliminaries. Those who scanned him closely saw veils of flesh on his abdomen roll in folds over the edge of his firmly-drawn belt. It should not have been the obesity of age, for the man to-night should be in the prime of his years. Was it the distention surely following wine and supper and rich food? Who shall say? And those who scanned the man narrowly saw, too, about the mouth and eyes the lines that, when he is yet young, tell how the man will appear when he is old.

While sitting thus under the eyes of hundreds whose scrutiny was sharpened by hazard of money on the result, Sullivan was in turn studying his foe. And what did he see? In the opposite corner, out of which all victors in the Olympic Club save one have gone to victory, there sat a beautiful specimen of human flesh and bone. Sullivan saw a smiling and confident face. He saw a neck that had poise and strength. He saw a chest deep enough to hold a blow. He saw a pair of broad shoulders where piled up muscles crept and glided beneath the skin. He saw a powerful movement. He beheld outstretched upon the ropes, while trainers did their service, a pair of arms, long as those of a

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