what in the Corbett-McCoy fake. But Burke did not bet much money at that.

Now, as to Young Corbett. Those who talked with him before he entered the ring were impressed with one thing in particular. The boy showed unusual intelligence for a pugilist. A slick talker, evidently possessing a clear knowledge of the game, and decidedly matured for his years, he convinced many that if hard work and generalship ever amount to anything in a prize fight, he would have a chance.

"There's just one thing I want to say," he remarked to THE SUN man, after dinner. "Many of McGovern's victims have been half frightened to death before getting into the ring with him and consequently have been punched out in quick order, because they lacked nerve. I may be beaten, but I'll not be afraid. That's the surest thing you know. I'm quick, clever and can hit. I'll get going as soon as we shake hands. If Terry is stronger than I am and can get to me, why, he'll win, that's all. It's the toss of a coin. I've got everything in the world to gain and nothing to lose. It's a good gamble and I'll take it!"

In appearance Corbett is not unlike McGovern, especially in build and even in facial expression. He is well knit, has good shoulders, arms and legs and a thick barrel. His hair is long and light and he has the same snub nose that McGovern has. But there is something about the boy that denotes good breeding and an air of refinement that is not often seen in prize ring youngsters. When he shaped up at the first tap of the gong to-day he showed agility both as to hands and feet. He had an eye like a hawk and kept his head with wonderful control in the face of the overwhelming opinion against him, for in the big crowd present there were not more than a hundred men, perhaps, who believed that the Denverite had a chance. It was all McGovern and the ring was surrounded by men who had thousands of dollars in their pockets to back him, yet could not get it down. In short, the crowd felt really sorry for the wise little man who had never been seen in the East before.

After the mill there was one opinion that could be heard on all sides. It was to the effect that McGovern was in no shape and that he was overconfident. On the style displayed by him there was much caustic criticism. He did not adopt the crouching attitude that helped him so materially in his fights with Dixon, Frank Erne, Pedlar Palmer, Joe Gans, Oscar Gardner and other good men. He did nothing with his left hand, which was a most surprising thing to those who know him. Then again his swings with the right were wild and poorly timed. In point of defence McGovern was away off. He was wide open a greater part of the time in his desperate efforts to land a knockout blow and land it quickly. In short, he was led to believe by public opinion that he would win easily, and he wanted to make good.

"McGovern was a stake horse in his best condition," said the sports as they left the Coliseum, "but he was a selling plater to-day. He was forty pounds below his form and overconfident to a fault. His judgment was that of an amateur. Corbett was ready and Terry was not. That's all!"

The mill was one of the fastest ever seen in the East. There was not a moment of sparring from the first sound of the gong. It was fight all the way, the blows flying back and forth so swiftly that they could not be counted. The moment Corbett put up his hands it was seen that he was a far better man than anybody had supposed. When the first round ended, it was regarded as a case of even up and those who had succeeded in getting money down on McGovern felt inclined to hedge. When McGovern was knocked down, it seemed to be all over with him. That was where Corbett got enough confidence to feel that he had the Brooklynite at his mercy and when Terry lost his head it was 2 to 1 that he would be stopped before the end of the round.

After the battle Jim Kennedy, on behalf of the Twentieth Century A. C. of San Francisco, offered a purse of $10,000 for another battle between the men. To-day's fight was slated to go twenty rounds at 126 pounds, weigh in at 10 o'clock in the morning, both pugilists scaling at that time under the required limit. They fought for 50 per cent. of the gross gate receipts, amounting to about $20,000, the winner to receive 65 per cent. and the loser 35 per cent.

Corbett has been challenged by both Dave Sullivan of Boston and Jack Frazier, the so-called featherweight champion of England. The new champion says that he will take a short rest and then defend his title against all comers, including McGovern. Terry is liable to take his defeat very much to heart. He was heartbroken in his corner after he had been carried there from the floor of the ring and was in tears when he left it. His manager, Harris, was dazed, and so were all of Terry's seconds and immediate friends. It was one of the biggest upheavals on record, but those who saw it were convinced that the fight was honestly won.

The crowd of out-of-town sports began to arrive here this morning on early trains. The hotels were soon crowded and the restaurants were so well filled that lots of people could not eat at all. At the quarters of the two fighters there was no activity. Both boys took a walk before weighing in at 10 o'clock. When they got on the scales McGovern tipped the beam at 124½, while Corbett scaled at 125½. Then they went back to their quarters and rested. Through the principal streets walked a crowd that gradually increased in numbers toward noon. In it were seen many men who never miss a contest of this kind, even though they have to travel across the continent. The wise ones were talking McGovern on all sides. Sam Harris told everybody that Terry could not lose.

"Terry in a half a round," said one of McGovern's seconds.

"McGovern will win in two rounds," declared Fitzsimmons. "He's like me and has the punch!"

Men went to the various sporting resorts looking for Corbett money in vain. While there were a few local men who felt it in their bones that Corbett would win they were not ready to back him with their dollars. They were satisfied to see the fight and then perhaps say "I told you so!"

Corbett, by the way, came here a month ago, weighing about 138 pounds. He was hog fat, but he went to work diligently and soon trained himself so that he was in superb condition. He did some road work, but his greatest labor was in boxing and roughing with his trainers. When he went to the Coliseum to weigh in this morning the Denver fighter was, therefore, perfectly fit. He could not have been in better shape. His wind was sound, his legs were springy and yet powerful enough to stand a long fight and his confidence was so pronounced that those who heard him talk went away convinced that Corbett was either underrated or was laboring under a delusion.

McGovern, who arrived here last night, was sure of victory. So sure was he that he would not listen to stories of Corbett's prowess at all. He said he was as fit as he ever had been in his life. But he looked just a trifle drawn. [illegible]

[illegible] ... the Coliseum. They were watching for notables. Every carriage and cab that stopped at the curb was besieged by open-mouthed individuals who wanted to see the "pugs," big and little, as they arrived. Though it was freezing cold outside, the crowd did not mind it, because frequent visits to a couple of saloons warmed the cockles of the heart. The doors were opened at 1 o'clock and the cheaper seats were gobbled up with a rush that resembled a football assault. An hour later Robert Fitzsimmons, wearing a high silk tile, walked into the arena and the moment the crowd caught sight of the Cornishman there was a cheer.

"Hooray for Fitz!" the crowd yelled, as the lanky man sat down at the ring side. Then somebody touched Fitzsimmons on the shoulder and said:

"Fitz, shake hands with George F. Bill, Hartford's Chief of Police." The fighter jumped up and confronted a handsome man with a military mustache of gray and a pleasant countenance. Chief Bill was resplendent in blue and gold. He shook hands cordially with Fitz and then began issuing orders to forty bluecoats who were placed in different parts of the building.

"I have seen many boxing bouts," said the Chief to THE SUN man, "and they are not so inhuman as some persons say they are. In this fight there is bound to be some fast work. There will be some sharp blows, too, but I will not interfere unless I feel convinced that one of the men is overmatched and in danger of receiving serious injury."

Tom Sharkey, who was instantly recognized, was the next prominent arrival, and he got a rousing welcome. Like Fitzsimmons, the Sailor believed that Terry could not lose. Then the New York sports came in in a bunch, their diamonds having been thoroughly polished. They included Bookmakers Eddie Burke, George Considine, Mattie Corbett, Dave Johnson and Joe Vendig, all of whom, except Burke and Considine, were McGovern adherents. Then Paddy Sullivan, a brother of Senator T. D. Sullivan, who by the way was not there, was prominent, together with John Considine, Joe Dunn, Jack Manahan, Barney Reich, Honest John Kelly, Teddy Foley, Al Smith, Billy Murray of Providence, Charley Sagel, Bob Hilliard, Jim Kennedy, Pat Keenan, Denny Sullivan, Dick Bernard, Dave Sullivan, Andy Walsh and many others.

Manager William Crowley of the Nutmeg club opened the afternoon's ceremonies at 3 o'clock, when he entered the ring and in a short speech informed the crowd that if order was not maintained the fight would be stopped by the authorities. When Crowley left the ring Master of Ceremonies Joe Humphreys got through the ropes with a set of gloves and a box of resin, with which to cover the floor.

The preliminary was put on the boards at 3:45 o'clock. It was a 15-round go at 145 pounds, the principals being white boys, Young Starr of Philadelphia and Jim Burke of New York. Charley White of New York, was introduced by Joseph Humphreys as the referee. There were two timers.

As soon as the bell sounded Young Starr rushed in pell mell with heavy swings. With a right clean on the jaw he scored a knockdown, but Burke, who got up slowly, was not in great distress. Starr, however, cut loose with such a fast attack that Burke was soon in a corner, bewildered. Starr rained the blows in until Burke's nose and mouth were bleeding freely and he was hanging on in the clinches. Burke rallied once with a straight left on the chin but Starr was still coming and after two minutes and twenty-one seconds of one-sided work Burke deliberately quit. He had two teeth knocked out. Starr was declared the winner, some of the spectators hooting.

The California bantam, Abe Attel, who says he is open to meet any boy in the world at 110 pounds, was then introduced. Then Tom Sharkey was introduced and in response to cries for a speech he said:

"I thank you for this kind reception. I am still open to meet any man in the world, bar a colored gentleman!"

When Fitzsimmons got into the ring there was a storm of cheers. He had left his tall hat in his chair and his bald head glistened under the cluster of dazzling electric lights hanging over the ring. When order had been restored Fitz said:

"I can assure you that this outburst of enthusiasm is more than I expected and I am very grateful. I have fought 327 battles and have been only defeated once. That was by Mr. Jeffries. I retired then, but they got me back in the ring, and I made matches with Mr. Sharkey and Mr. Ruhlin, both of which I won, as you know. Then I tried to make a match with Mr. Jeffries, but he flunked. I even offered to knock him out in six rounds and bet him $20,000 on the side, but again Mr. Brady and Mr. Jeffries flunked. That disgusted me, so that I concluded to die with the Horton law. I will never enter the ring again, I hope. In future I shall devote my time to instructing the youth of America how to box and learn physical culture."

Fitz bowed low and was again cheered to the echo. The building was so full of tobacco smoke that the crowd was requested to put the cigars and cigarettes out, while the ventilators were opened in the roof. Both McGovern and Corbett were in the building, making ready. Terry was as confident and as cool as ever and his seconds were sure that it would not take long to end the battle. Corbett, on the other hand, was a bit nervous, though he said that he was not afraid of the result.

About 4 o'clock Mayor Harbison came through the portals. The crowd began to applaud loudly as soon as he reached the ring side. Chief Bill escorted the Mayor to a private box and then the Mayor sent for Referee White. The latter jumped down into the box where his Honor was without putting on his coat and together they chatted for several moments. The Mayor informed the referee that if the battle became a "brutal slugging match" it would be stopped, unless the referee stepped in himself. The Mayor and the chief then sat down together to await hostilities. By this time the Coliseum was jammed to the doors, the aisles being crowded. There were men sitting on the steel girders up above the heads of people while a number of small boys, on the roof, were peeking in through the skylights.

It was 4:20 o'clock when a craning of necks followed by a cheer announced the approach of the two stars. Corbett came first. He ran lightly through the aisle to the ring and jumped quickly through the ropes. He wore a red and black sweater and long black trousers covering his legs from the cool draughts that were coming from the open windows. His hands were incased in bandages of adhesive plaster. Following Corbett were his seconds, Bob Armstrong, the colored heavyweight, Patsy Sweeney, the Irish lightweight, and John Corbett of Denver, the boy's mentor and manager. As Corbett took his chair there was just a trace of nervousness depicted in his face. But it disappeared quickly as he began to rub his feet in the rosin. [illegible]

[illegible]

twist the mitts up that the hair in them would be removed from above the pugilist's knuckles, thereby making his blows all the more effective. Referee White interrupted the wrangle and Armstrong was forced to desist. At 4:30 the men stripped and came to the centre of the ring for instructions. The crowd than had an excellent chance to size the fighters up.

Terry was an inch taller and looked more powerful, as far as muscular display went, but as a matter of fact Corbett was heavier, probably by a couple of pounds. The referee instructed them as to the meaning of the rules, telling them that the strict Queensberry code would prevail and that they must protect themselves on the breakaways. McGovern wore pink worsted trunks with a green belt, and black fighting shoes. He looked strong in body and limbs but his face seemed pinched. Corbett looked him over critically from head to foot and then they shook hands. McGovern went back to his seconds, Sam Harris, Danny Dougherty, Terry Lee and Charley Kelly, who were all laughing. The champion was in high spirits and bowed to a couple of friends in the crowd. J. D. Smith was Corbett's timekeeper and Paddy Sullivan was watch holder for McGovern. The official timekeepers for the club were Tom Fahey of Hartford and Joe Dunn of New York. The gong rang at exactly 4:35 o'clock.

FIRST ROUND.

McGovern was the personification of confidence as he leaped out of his corner, while Corbett was still nervous. The latter's eyes were blinking as if he expected a crushing blow between them and he was constantly moistening his lips with his tongue. Just a few seconds of light sparring and then they were at it. McGovern was the first to lead. He sent in a sharp left for Corbett's face and as he did so the Denverite countered solidly on the body. Again Terry led for the head, getting a hard right around to the back of the neck. Corbett was stepping in as this blow was delivered and clinched as he escaped the full force of it. They broke cleanly and before Terry knew what was up, Corbett shot in a stiff, jolting left flush to the jaw. With wonderful speed he followed with the right to the neck, McGovern in a half clinch pounding the ribs for all he was worth. In a jiffy Corbett's nervous look disappeared. He had found that he could reach the champion and that he had a royal chance to land a knock-out providing he did not become careless. McGovern, however, did not lose any of his confidence and rushed into an exchange of swings that made the big crowd jump out of the seats and yell. But Corbett came out of the rally with a whole skin and increased confidence. Stepping in as McGovern rushed again, Corbett caught him on the side of the head with a heavy right. Then he missed a double swing for the jaw and Terry ripped in a couple of great body blows that brought a clinch. They fought in a half clinch, McGovern roughing it until the crowd yelled "Foul!" and the referee warned him to stop. Another fierce rush by Terry sent Corbett to the ropes, the latter receiving such a hard wallop on the eye that he clinched. But as they broke away Corbett showed his nerve by letting his right go over to the neck with enough power to make the champion back away. Again Terry rushed and this time he put in a right-hand smash on the nose and mouth that drew the blood. Corbett clinched and McGovern fought himself free with rapid jolts on the head and heart. They were wild then, both missing terrific swings. Terry kept on with his rushing, but most of his blows this time were either blocked or avoided by magnificent foot work. Then quick as a cat, Corbett turned and slashed in a right swing to the mouth and once more McGovern backed off, clearly puzzled. In another mix McGovern came within an inch of ending the battle then and there. He cut loose a right-hand upper cut which grazed Corbett's chin while the crowd yelled "Oh! Oh!" It was Corbett's turn to rush, for he was not at all worried, it seemed, and McGovern, meeting him with a storm of blows that apparently had no effect, clinched as Corbett got to his stomach.

Just then the gong sounded and the men hurried to their corners. The round was about even, with a small advantage in Terry's favor, perhaps, because of his aggressiveness and his leads. The crowd was jumping up and down cheering incessantly. Corbett was the coolest kind of a proposition in his corner. He spoke a few words to his seconds and one of them bathed his nose and mouth with a wet sponge. Over in McGovern's corner there was evident anxiety. Harris was talking excitedly in the champion's ear, while Kelly was holding the belt away from McGovern's stomach, as the latter had bellows to mend. Lee held an ice bag on the back of Terry's neck. McGovern himself looked worried. He was told to sail in and win as quickly as possible.

SECOND ROUND.

Following instructions to the letter McGovern came out of his corner with a rush. Corbett evidently expecting such a move, took a body blow and returned with a solid left on the mouth. Then he whipped another left into Terry's face, which so angered the champion that he began to lose his head. McGovern's rush that followed was so fierce that it seemed as if Corbett would be annihilated. But Corbett held his own in the terrific mix-up, and the crowd set up a roar that was deafening. Corbett was still cool and self-possessed even under this fire, and his confidence increased every moment. Right and left swings were sent in by McGovern without regard to science. Suddenly as he missed a left and was half off his balance Corbett at close quarters saw an opening and hooked his right up clean to the point of the jaw. It was a beautiful blow, well timed and so accurate that it could not have been placed more carefully. It possessed so much steam that McGovern fell flat upon the floor. For the moment every spectator in the house thought that the end had arrived. But McGovern was not out. He was merely dazed and groggy. As he rolled over on his side and groped blindly for the ropes the referee stood over him and began the count. Over in McGovern's corner there was chaos. Harris, as white as a sheet, was speechless. So were the other seconds, who had been stunned as well as Terry. When the referee counted "Seven" Terry got up and clung to the ropes. His eyes were glassy and he seemed to be vainly trying to swallow a big lump in his throat. His back was turned to Corbett, who was standing a few feet away waiting patiently for another chance to go at his antagonist. He would not take a mean advantage, however, and waited for Terry to face him. McGovern was looking blankly at his seconds. He wanted to know what to do, for his brain was befuddled and he was also rattled. There was a faint rattle in Harris's throat. The other seconds gasped. That was all. They could not tell the champion to keep away until he had recuperated, so he had to gather his scattered thoughts as best he could and go on. [illegible] ... Corbett swung his right. The blow carried with it the championship of the world, for it landed squarely on the point of the jaw and McGovern fell over backward. His head struck the floor with a crash and it was all over. Referee White counted off the fateful seconds and when he said "Ten!" McGovern, still out, was breathing heavily on the carpet. He was helped to his feet and carried to his corner, where he was soon brought to with the smelling bottle. The time of the round was 1 minute 44½ seconds.

Harris was in a dead faint and the other seconds were so rattled that they could not move. It was said that Harris lost every dollar he had in the world on his fallen idol. McGovern was too much overcome to say a word. He was sobbing with his head in his hands and many of his friends were overcome.

Corbett, on the other hand, was jubilant. He danced a jig and his manager, rushing out to him, kissed him on the mouth. Men jumped into the ring just as Corbett was shaking hands with Terry and the police followed with their clubs. There was a general scrap for a moment, after which the ring and the building were cleared. Corbett said after he had reached his dressing room:

"I whipped McGovern cleanly and fairly. I found it an easy matter to get to him and I also discovered that he was not so terrible after all. I am the champion now and I think I am entitled to the fruits of victory."

McGovern, though plunged into deepest grief, took his defeat manfully. "I was beaten squarely and honestly," said he. "Corbett is a far better man than I had been led to believe and is entitled to all credit. I have no excuses to make, but I would like to fight him again."

The battle over, the out-of-town visitors made a rush to the railroad depot, where they took early trains. Most of them were thanking their stars that they could not get their money down on the Brooklyn pugilist, while others kicked themselves that they did not take a flyer on Corbett when the odds were juiciest. Neither man showed marks of the fight. Both were around town to-night, though McGovern left for New York on a late train. Referee White said of the fight:

"Corbett was a surprise. He is a great little fighter, but I think Terry was too confident. He did not think that Corbett had a chance with him."

Timekeeper Dunn, who used to officiate at the Broadway A. C. said: "McGovern was not fit and put up the worst fight I ever saw. Had Bernstein or Oscar Gardner been in the ring instead of Corbett, either could have beaten Terry. He was stale and that's all there is to it."

But just the same all the sporting men were willing to admit that Young Corbett is a sterling featherweight who is bound to improve, because of this triumph and who will be a hard man for even McGovern to beat if the latter, in his best shape, secures another match.

KEEN INTEREST IN TOWN.

How the News of the Result Was Received by the Sports—Betting Lively.

Local interest in the outcome of the fight was exceptionally keen. At the Imperial Hotel, Gilsey House and Hoffman House the cafés were jammed throughout the afternoon. Those who were unable to witness the fight and had any money to speculate did not have much trouble in placing it. Corbett's friends seemed to spring up on all sides as the afternoon waned. Then the odds were alluring, 2½ to 1 and in some instances 3 to 1 being offered on McGovern.

When the news flashed in town announcing Corbett's victory every one seemed to be dubious as to the authenticity of the report. On the street, before the afternoon extras had printed the result, total strangers stopped each other in the street and invariably said: "What do you think of it? Corbett knocked McGovern out!"

"Stop your kidding," was the general reply. "I guess it's the other way." But when they were convinced that it was so and that McGovern's star had fallen they were amazed.

During the morning most of the out-of-town sports stopped in this city on the way to Hartford. Large delegations from Chicago, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Louisville, Cincinnati and Montreal arrived. Most of the local followers of pugilism left for the ringside at 10 o'clock yesterday morning. The Montreal sports, headed by Alderman Dennis Tousey, Billy Kennedy, Tip O'Neil, E. Carrington and Jack Humphreys got here at 7 o'clock. The party was all for McGovern and backed him heavily. Eddie Kennedy handled about $2,000 of the money. At Wakely's Charley White, Sammy Kelly's manager, was kept busy chronicling wagers. He had $4,500 which he placed on McGovern at 2 to 1. It is said that this money was part of a commission left by Jim Wakely, who went to the scrap.

Betting was very brisk at the Hoffman House. Charlie Mahoney did not come on duty until nearly 4 o'clock. But as soon as he made his appearance he was besieged by friends who wanted to bet on the result. Mahoney who had a commission of $500 to put on McGovern did not have much trouble in finding takers. He also acted as stakeholder and when the encounter was over he paid out about $3,000 in bets. Most of the money was wagered on the duration of the mill. McGovern was the choice in six rounds and the ruling price on these conditions was even money. At the Gilsey House a Boston sport, who was much under the weather wagered 5 to 1 that McGovern would win in three rounds. He did not have to do very much searching to locate customers and he got rid of nearly $200 before a friend corralled him and and put him to bed. Al Smith who thought McGovern had an iron clad cinch was much surprised when he learned that Corbett had won. "I can't understand it," he said. "I must take my hat off to the Westerner, for he is certainly all right if he can do the little wonder in the way he did. I haven't bet a dollar on the outcome. To me it looked as if McGovern was a 1 to 10 shot."

Eddie Burke stuck to the Westerner to the last. Prior to his departure for Hartford he placed the following bets on the new champion: $500 to $1,000 that Corbett wins; $500 even that the scrap does not last six rounds and $1500 to $2,000 that the battle would not last four rounds. George Considine, who is a great friend of Burke, followed the latter's advice and backed Corbett. He invested $3,500 yesterday. Most of his wagers were made with Dick Bernard. At Martin's early yesterday morning Dan Daly, the actor, bet $300 to $150 twice on Terry and $100 even that the combat would be ended before the fifth round. Jack Oliver and Milton Roblee of the Hotel Bartholdi, are considerable ahead on Corbett's win. Oliver liked Corbett's chances from the start and backed him to the extent of $2,000. Mark Alexander of Denver telegraphed to THE SUN yesterday to the effect that he had sent a commission of $800 to a friend in this city to place on Corbett at ringside odds. Alexander further wired that a lot of money had been speculated on Corbett at Denver.

McGovern Accepts San Francisco Offer.

HARTFORD, Nov. 28.—In regard to the offer of J. C. Kennedy, in behalf of the Twentieth Century A. C. of San Francisco to hang up a purse of $10,000 for another fight between McGovern and Young Corbett, Sam Harris said to-night:

"McGovern accepts this offer and will fight as soon as Corbett is ready. We will agree to any terms." Corbett has not decided yet what action to take. He evidently wants time in which to tour the country and pick up some easy money.

THREE HURT IN FEED SHOP FIRE

One Fireman Feared He Was a Case for the Chaplain—Hard Fight in Icy Gale.

By way of a holiday celebration the firemen downtown on the West Side had plenty of trouble early yesterday at a fire in the hay and feed bag establishment of the Rickettson Williams Company at Franklin and West streets. Pretty much every one downtown knew about this fire because hay and bagging make plenty of smoke. But Martin Runk and Charles Funk and most of the men of Engine 4 had an experience at it for which they would have exchanged a whole lot of smoke.

The feed shop has a permanent awning with a tin roof and glass skylight in it over the sidewalk. The fire spread through the two buildings occupied by the feed house and went straight to the upper floors. The water towers began pouring their streams at the upper windows and soon the roof of the awning had a coating of ice half an inch thick. And the men of Engine 4 clinging to the fire escapes got the full benefit of the icy flood.

Martin Runk started up the ladders to the top of the awning at the head of a detachment of his company, Hook and Ladder 7. He slipped on the ice coating and fell on the roof of the awning where it was made of glass. The glass was shattered and he came through to the street with both hands cut and his face scratched.

A few minutes later a slantwise stream of water from a hose in the hands of the men of Engine 4, who by this time had flames licking at their helmets and their boots and water drenching them from collar to knee, struck Charles Funk of Engine 13. He lost his balance, began to slip and found the hole through which Runk had gone before him. He went through it head foremost to the sidewalk.

They picked Funk up unconscious and carried him into the Weehawken saloon with blood covering his face. Chaplain Smith was one of those who picked him up and Funk came to while Chaplain Smith and a surgeon from the Hudson street hospital were bending over him. Funk turned paler when he saw Father Smith.

"Say, father," he whispered, "I ain't a case for you, am I?"

"I do not believe so, my boy," answered the chaplain.

Funk laughed out loud. He said he guessed he was all right. When the ambulance was starting away with him, he raised himself on his elbow and shook his fist playfully at the chaplain, shouting as strongly as his voice would let him:

"Not this time, chaplain, not this time!"

Michael Phillips was hurt by a piece of tin thrown from the roof by a fireman, but did not have to go to a hospital. But the worst injury done to any one at the fire was done to the feelings of Dick Elfers. When the fire started, Elfers, who works in a stable in Harrison street, pushed into a blacksmith shop next to the burning feed store and began to lead out the horses stabled there. As he was leading the ninth horse out he saw policemen leading the first eight up West street. Elfers started toward his own employer's stable with the ninth horse.

"Take that horse to the Salvator stables on Washington street," a policeman shouted at him.

"No," said Elfers, "I'm going to take it to the boss's."

"What t'ell right have you got to take a horse anywhere?" asked the policeman and reached for the bridle.

Elfers resisted and the policeman hit him under the jaw. When he recovered consciousness he was sitting in the street and the horse and policeman were gone.

At the Salvator stables, it was said that Policemen Higgins, Jones and Arfenbuttel had brought in the horses which came there. Elfers was led up to the three policemen and asked which one hit him. He looked them all over carefully.

"One poke in the jaw is enough," he said judicially and vanished.

The fire loss was about $20,000. The whole property was practically destroyed.

GEORGE M. PULLMAN DEAD.

Oldest Son of Palace Car Builder—Led a Dissipated Life.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 28.—George M. Pullman, oldest son of the late Chicago millionaire palace car builder, died at his home in Menlo Park this morning of acute pneumonia, after an illness of six days, death being due to the rupture of a pulmonary artery.

His system had been so weakened by excessive drinking lately that it could not rally. With him at his death were his wife, whom he married only two months ago; his brother Sanger, and Sanger's wife.

Young Pullman had cut a wide swath in California for several years. After his separation from his first wife he came here, and even in tough San Francisco he made a sensation by his reckless drinking and dissipation. His sister had married Francis Carolan of the fashionable Country Club at Burliname. But Pullman appeared so often drunk at the club that the directors were forced to bar him out.

Sanger came out here and married one of the beautiful West sisters. At Sanger's home George met Mrs. Braziel, the elder sister of Sanger's wife, who was about ten years older than himself. She is still a very beautiful woman, and he became so infatuated with her that the day after his first wife secured a divorce from him he went with Mrs. Braziel to Nevada and was married there on Sept. 30. His wife tried to reform him, but without success.

At the time of his death Pullman was receiving $3,000 a year from his father's estate and $12,000 a year allowance, made him by his mother.

FAR WEST'S GREAT WHEAT CROP.

53,310,000 Bushels Raised on the Pacific Slope—Its Market Is the Orient.

SEATTLE, Nov. 28.—"When the Chinese eat wheat for breakfast the wheat farmers of America will wear diamonds," is the slogan of the wheat industry of the great Northwest.

It is the dream of the wheat producer, dealer and exporter here, that some day all the wheat raised in the Northwest of the Pacific Coast region may be ground into flour in American mills and shipped in that form to feed the swarming millions of the Orient. None of them doubts that some day it will come true. Within the last ten years the growth of the Oriental flour trade has been very rapid.

Last year Portland shipped 192,000 barrels of flour and Puget Sound 1,037,000 in the transpacific trade. In 1890 they sent out 387,000 and only 38,000 barrels respectively.

Several of the largest millers in the State of Washington were encouraged to visit the Orient this summer and investigate conditions there and they returned impressed with the belief that a wonderful opportunities were there to be built up and developed.

This year the golden opportunity seems to have come. Never was there such a wheat crop in the Pacific Northwest as now. The warehouses and elevators of eastern Washington, Oregon and northern Idaho are overflowing with the most phenomenal wheat crop in their history.

The railroads are almost unable to haul the great bulk of wheat bound to the tidewater terminals and hundreds of thousands of bushels are being cleared daily on ocean-going ships bound out of the Puget Sound and Willamette ports.

The three States of Washington, Idaho and Oregon produced this year [illegible] bushels of wheat and [illegible] bushels of other cereals, chiefly oats, barley and rye. Washington takes the lead with [illegible] bushels, [illegible] more than were ever raised in the State before.

[illegible]

If this dream of wealth is to be realized it is there that the great market for our wheat is to be found and there ... show that the demand for American wheat is steadily rising.

BEST & CO
LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

Children's Outfitters.

Not simply a department or side issue in a large store, but a large store with Children's Clothing as its beginning, aim and end.

We study their needs in detail and carry many useful and novel articles that are not kept elsewhere.

From Babies' Wear to Youths' Clothing and Misses' Dresses, our goods are the work of experts who cut, fit and make Children's needs their whole study. Naturally the results are more satisfactory than those attained by the general stores, where children's needs are an unimportant branch of the business.

60-62 West 23d Street.

APOLLO

For Christmas.

Words can no more adequately illustrate the musical powers of the Apollo *Piano-Player* than a tortoise can display the way of the lark as it rises in the Spring sunshine. If you want to fill your room with happy memories you will find this piano-player the only instrument in the world that can do it successfully. Its music is as refreshing as the whispering sigh of the wind, as the singing of the rain through summer leaves, grand as the dash of the sea.

What a wealth of music for so few dollars!

Recitals from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. every business day. All are given a hearty welcome.

The APOLLO Company,
Apollo Building, 101 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
(Bet. 17th & 18th Sts.)

Pencils.
Penholders.

The Mauser Mfg. Co.,
SILVERSMITHS.

15th St., Bet. Broadway & Fifth Ave., NEW YORK.

Correct Dress for Men

Extremely stylish overcoats with bell-shaped skirts of full dimensions.

Ready to wear.

George G. Benjamin
Broadway, Cor. 36th St.

Watch Coffee

Watch Carefully Its Effect on You.

Any brain worker who depends on thought for his success in life, uses up daily, by brain work, a varying amount of the delicate particles of potash and albumen, of which the brain and nerve centers are composed.

This breaking down of the little cells each day, from brain work, is a natural process, and the cells can readily be rebuilt from the right sort of food, if the system is not interfered with by drugs. If brain fag or nervous prostration sets in, the evidence is plain that nature is not rebuilding as fast as work is tearing down. There is some reason. What is it? Look first to the coffee cup, for coffee is known to interfere with and prevent the proper nourishment of the nerves in highly organized people.

Frequently the trouble first shows in dyspepsia, lack of power of the bowels to operate properly or palpitation of the heart or some other lack of vitality and healthy vigor. Then comes brain fag and that tremendous collapse called nervous prostration. There is but one thing for a sensible man or woman to do—quit coffee absolutely. "Hard to do," you say. Take up Postum Food Coffee, use it regularly, have it well made, so it tastes good. You will find a well defined, unmistakable change in your health, and there is a reason for it.

You will have become free from the breaking down force of coffee, and, on the other hand, you will be taking a powerful, nourishing liquid food which quickly rebuilds the new cells. These are facts—profound facts, ready for any one to prove to their own satisfaction by actual use. Postum Food Coffee is made at the famous pure food factories of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., and is used by brain workers all over the world. Don't call it a "substitute" for coffee; leave out the coffee proposition altogether. Postum is a liquid food and a true food drink.