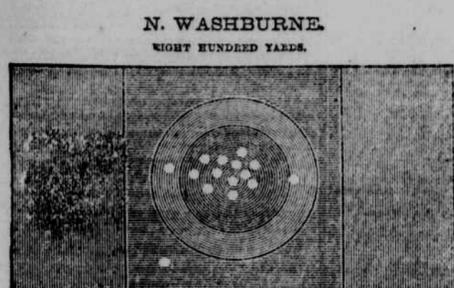
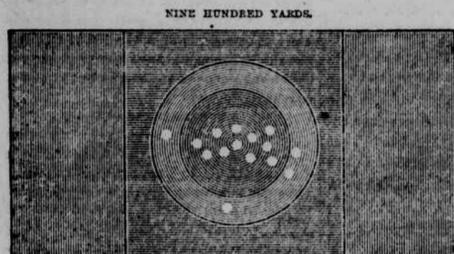


THE LONG RANGE CHAMPIONSHIP.

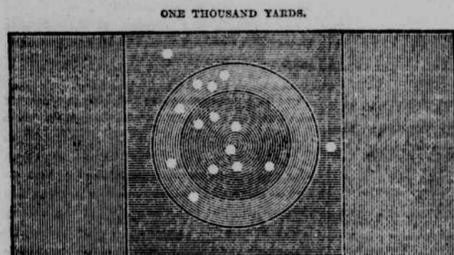
Target Diagrams of the Shooting at Creedmoor Yesterday by the Five Highest Competitors, Showing the Exact Location of Each Shot That Struck the Target.



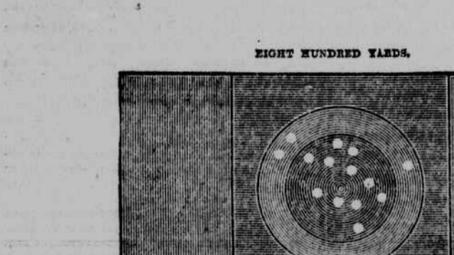
N. WASHBURNE. EIGHT HUNDRED YARDS.



NINE HUNDRED YARDS.



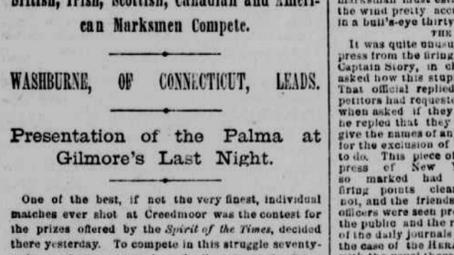
ONE THOUSAND YARDS.



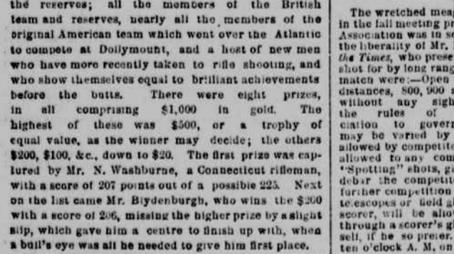
EIGHT HUNDRED YARDS.



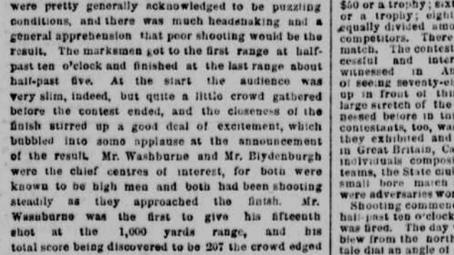
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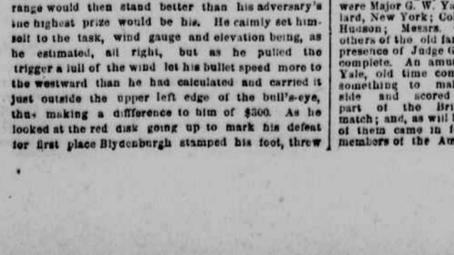
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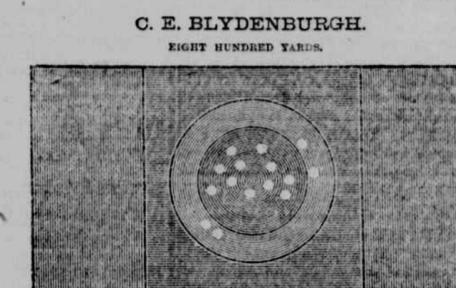
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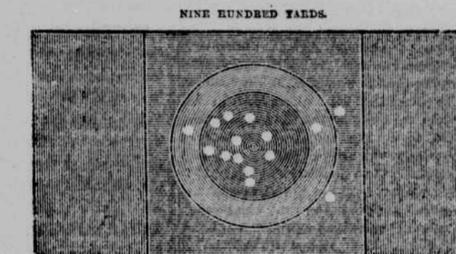
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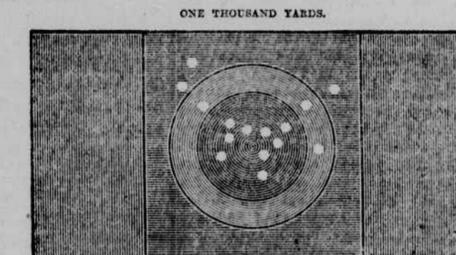
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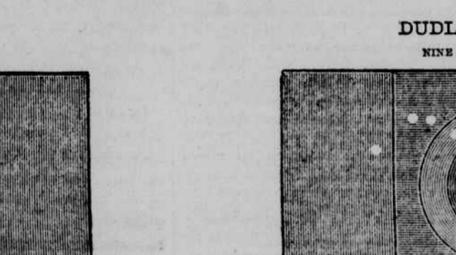
C. E. BLYDENBURGH. EIGHT HUNDRED YARDS.



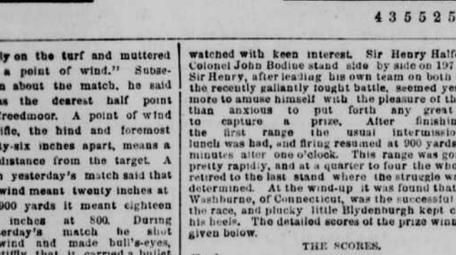
NINE HUNDRED YARDS.



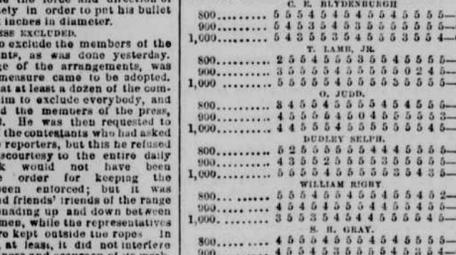
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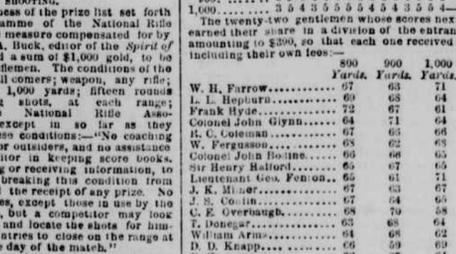
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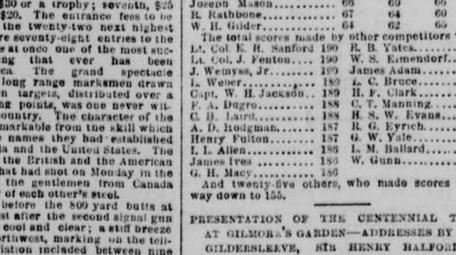
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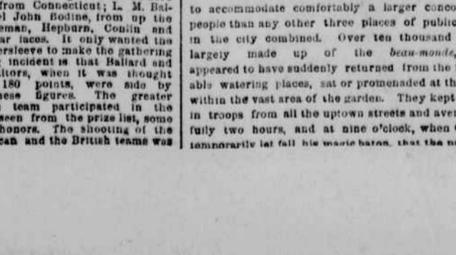
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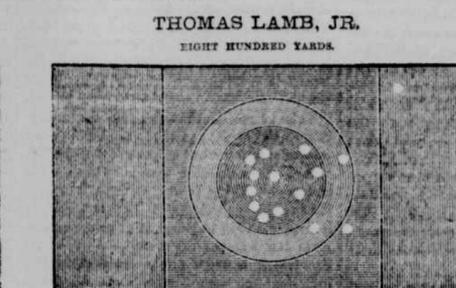
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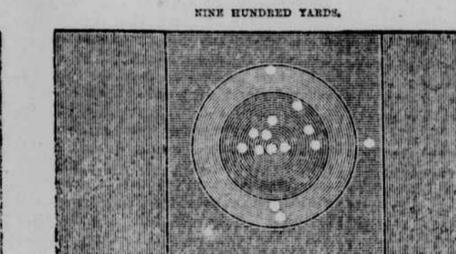
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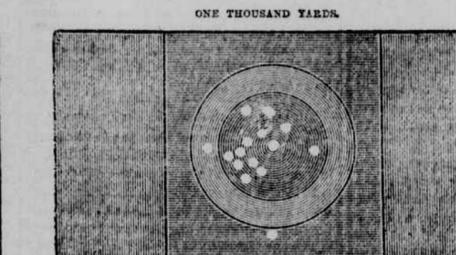
ONE THOUSAND YARDS.



THOMAS LAMB, JR. EIGHT HUNDRED YARDS.



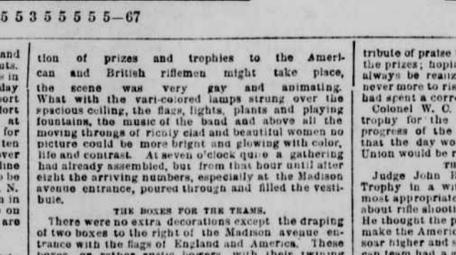
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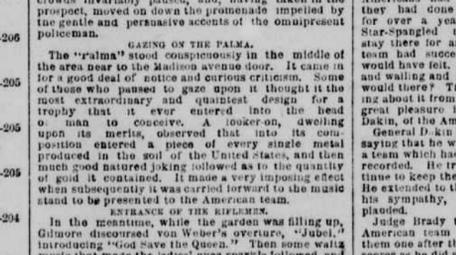
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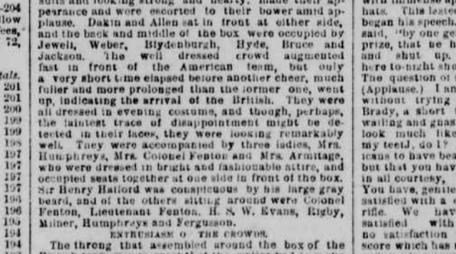
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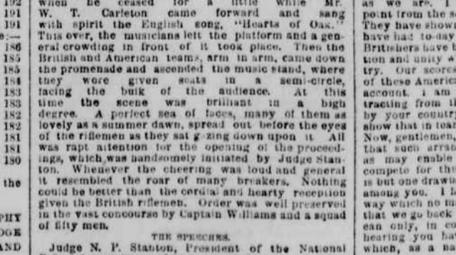
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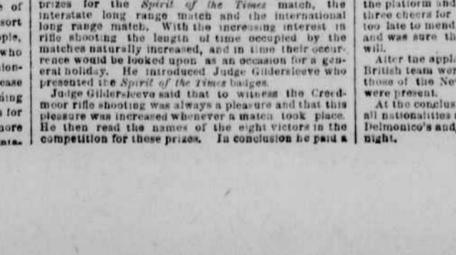
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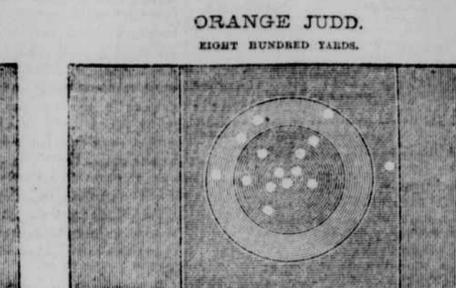
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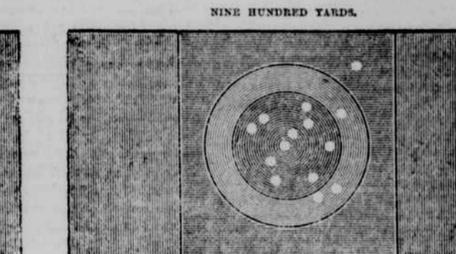
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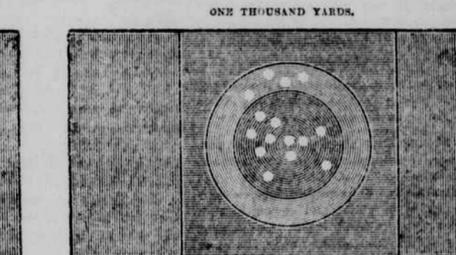
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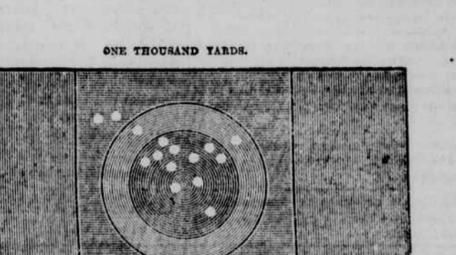
ORANGE JUDD. EIGHT HUNDRED YARDS.



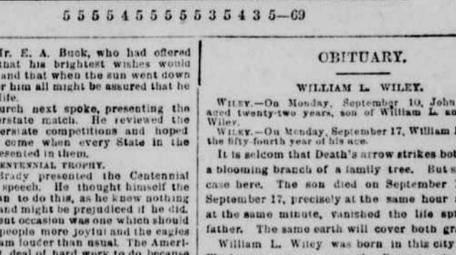
NINE HUNDRED YARDS.



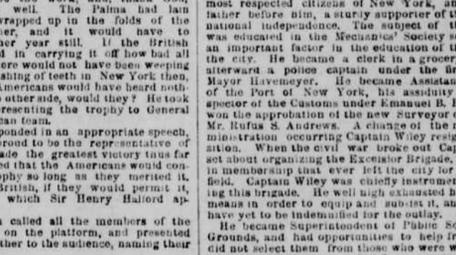
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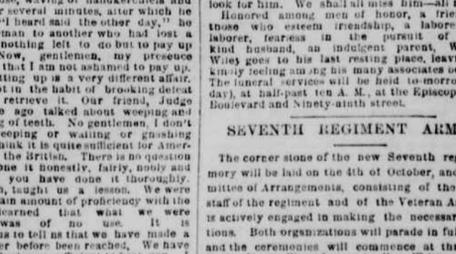
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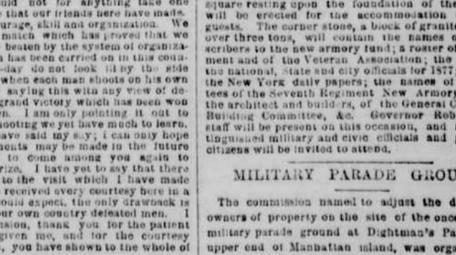
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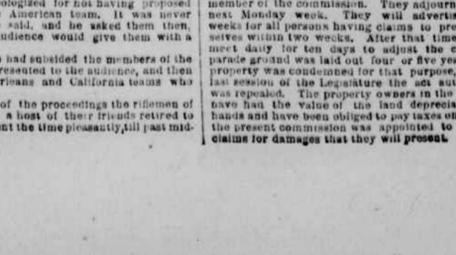
ONE THOUSAND YARDS.



ONE THOUSAND YARDS.



ONE THOUSAND YARDS.



ONE THOUSAND YARDS.

THE CLOSING RIFLE BATTLE

Match for the Individual Long Range Championship.

A HIGHLY INTERESTING STRUGGLE.

British, Irish, Scottish, Canadian and American Marksmen Compete.

Washburne, of Connecticut, Leads.

Presentation of the Palma at Gilmore's Last Night.

One of the best, if not the very best, individual matches ever shot at Creedmoor was the contest for the prizes offered by the Spirit of the Times, decided yesterday. To compete in this struggle seventy-eight marksmen entered, and all came to the firing point. Among these were all the members of the lately victorious American team and the reserve; all the members of the British team and reserve, nearly all the members of the original American team which went over the Atlantic to compete at Dollymount, and a host of new men who have more recently taken to rifle shooting, and who show themselves equal to brilliant achievements before the bats. There were eight prizes, in all comprising \$1,000 in gold. The highest of these was \$500, or a trophy of equal value, as the winner may decide; the others \$200, \$100, &c., down to \$20. The first prize was captured by Mr. N. Washburne, a Connecticut rifleman, with a score of 207 points out of a possible 225. Next on the list came Mr. Blydenburgh, who wins the \$200 with a score of 206, missing the higher prize by a slight slip, which gave him a centre to finish up with, when a bull's eye was all he needed to give him first place.

down his hat impatiently on the turf and muttered something about "had a point of wind." Subsequently, in conversation about the match, he said he believed that was the dearest half-point of wind ever known at Creedmoor. A point of wind on the windage of a rifle, the hind and foremost sights of which are thirty-six inches apart, means a good deal at 1,000 yards distance from the target. A marksman who shot in yesterday's match said that with his gun a point of wind meant twenty inches at the longest range. At 900 yards it meant eighteen inches and sixteen inches at 800. During a portion of yesterday's match he said that the breeze blowing so stiffly that it carried a bullet sixteen feet eight inches out of its course during the few seconds it took to go from the muzzle of a gun at the 1,000 yards range to the target. So the successful marksman must estimate the force and direction of the wind very accurately in order to put his bullet in a bull's-eye thirty-six inches in diameter.

watched with keen interest. Sir Henry Halford and Colonel John Budge stand side by side on 1st point. Sir Henry, after leading his own team on both days in the recently gained trophy, seemed yesterday more to amuse himself with the pleasure of the sport than anxious to put forth any great effort to capture a prize. After finishing at the first range the usual intermission for lunch was had, and firing resumed at 900 yards by ten minutes after one o'clock. This range was gone over pretty rapidly, and at a quarter to four the whole line retired to the last stand, where the struggle was to be determined. At the wind-up it was found that Mr. N. Washburne, of Connecticut, was the successful man in the race, and plucky little Blydenburgh kept close on his heels. The detailed scores of the prize winners are given below.

Table with columns for Name, 800, 900, 1000, Total, and Remarks. Includes names like N. Washburne, C. E. Blydenburgh, Thomas Lamb, Jr., Orange Judd, and Dudley Selph.

tion of prizes and trophies to the American and British riflemen might take place, the scene was very gay and animating. What with the variegated lamps strung over the spacious ceiling, the flags, plants and playing fountains, the music of the band and above all the moving throngs of richly clad and beautiful women no picture could be more bright and glowing with color, life and contrast. At seven o'clock quite a gathering had already assembled, but from that hour until after eight the arriving numbers, especially at the Madison avenue entrance, poured through and filled the vestibule.

trials of praise to Mr. E. A. Book, who had offered the prizes; hoping that his brightest wishes would always be realized and that when the sun went down never more to rise for him all might be assured that he had spent a correct life.

OBITUARY. WILLIAM L. WILEY. Wiley.—On Monday, September 10, John D. Wiley, an elderly man, son of William L. and Mary C. Wiley, died at his residence, 17, Madison street, New York, at the age of fifty-four years.