

ALASKA.



We are very busy putting up "Alaska outfits" and as there will be a big rush on the next steamer (leaving here March 25th) would request all miners and prospectors who intend favoring us to leave their orders as early as possible.

COOPER & LEVY WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS 104-106 FIRST AVE. SOUTH, ONE DOOR SOUTH OF YESLER AVE.

FITZSIMMONS, CONQUEROR OF CORBETT, CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

AS SCHULTZ SAW IT.

Fitz Plays His Old Trick of Feigning to Be Groggy.

LEADS JIM TO THE SLAUGHTER.

The Champion, Covered With His Laurels, Tells the Post-Intelligencer Correspondent How the Blow Was Struck—Senator Ingalls Mourns for the Fallen—Muldoon Tersely Summarizes the Great Battle—Dick Bradford, of Butte, Shot and Fatally Wounded by "Windy" Smith.

Special to the Post-Intelligencer. CARSON, Nev., March 17.—The beautiful weather of this morning made glad every heart in Carson and insured the success of the kitescope people. As early as 8 o'clock the crowds began to gather at the entrance to the fair grounds, and by 10 the arena was a third filled.

The first incident of any note occurred at 10:25, when Frank Jordan, of Boston, crawled through the ropes and made an announcement for John L. Sullivan, challenging the winner of the fight for \$5,000, \$1,000 of which was deposited with the New York World by Frank H. Bunn. Cries for Sullivan brought the big fellow, fat, stilted and grisly, to the ring, where he delivered a short speech. He said: "Gentlemen, there is no necessity for me to say more than Mr. Jordan has said. I mean what I say. I will fight one more battle, for I believe I have one more fight left in me yet."

This set the crowd wild, and order was scarcely restored when Billy Madden made his appearance in the ring and challenged the winner, first for Joe Goddard, saying that \$2,500 was deposited with Warren Lewis, of New York, and then for Sharkey, whose deposit was made with the New York Journal.

Calls for Sharkey brought the sailor through the ropes, and he spoke as follows: "I have met these two men and would like to have the first chance. I don't think they have anything on me."

Loud cries of "Foul" and shouts of derision covered the retreat of the sailor. At 11:30 Billy Madden made the following announcement: "After the Corbett and Fitzsimmons fight for the heavyweight championship the arena will be cleared, and at 3 o'clock the double event will take place between Green and Smith and Flaherty and Hawkins. The price of admission will be \$5, \$3 and \$1."

Mrs. Fitzsimmons was conducted to a box seat near Bob's corner at 11:30, and sat down in the same box with ex-Senator John J. Ingalls, who has turned sporting reporter for a comfortable consideration. "One-eyed" Connolly, of Chicago, attempted to make a speech at 11:45, but the sheriff of Storey county and several attaches of the ring dragged him over the ropes, and all Jim could say was: "This is no time to make a speech."

Contestants in the Ring. Fitzsimmons came out of his dressing room at 11:57, accompanied by Julian Roebber, Steiner and Hickey. Corbett a minute after appeared. His men were Woods, McVey, White and Delaney.

The last act of Fitz before entering the ring was to kiss his wife as he passed her on his way to the ropes. Fitz wore a light blue and pink dressing gown, and Corbett a brown check.

Billy Madden announced the officials, George Siler, referee, and William Muldoon, official timekeeper; Corbett's timekeeper, Jimmy Colville, and for Fitz, Louis Houseman.

The principals were then introduced and received a hearty welcome. The excitement while the two big fellows put on their gloves was intense. Fitz, by Julian, refused to shake hands.

This riled the champion, and the men stepped to the front. Jim ducked a hot swing from Bob's left, and the next led from Bob he clinched. A second clinch from Corbett was followed by three more and no harm done. The leading was all done by Fitz, and Corbett's only swing was neatly stopped by the Antipodean. The hitting of Corbett was light.

Round 2—Corbett was rushed to the ropes, but landed three strong left swings on Fitz's wind. The round was decidedly in favor of Corbett, and he seemed to regain confidence.

Round 3—The first thing to happen was a left hook from Corbett, which landed fair in Bob's wind. A mix-up ensued, and it ended in a clinch. Corbett with one arm free hooked Bob three times, once in the ribs. The round closed with both men in a clinch, breaking away and both apparently in the best of humor.

Round 4—Clinch after clinch, with as many clean breaks, and two swings from Jim's right landing fair on Bob's head. Bob negotiated a hard left hook on Jim's ribs which was soon returned by the other. Corbett still had the best of the game, when the gong broke a clinch.

Round 5—Corbett clinched and effectively stopped Fitz's rush. When they broke away Fitz swung a hard right on Corbett's neck, but later it was handed back, which gave first blood to the Californian. However, Fitz evaded things up, and the game looks more two-sided than four minutes ago.

Round 6—Corbett mixed it up, opening the flood gates in Fitz's nose and mouth, and all but had his man out. Once in a hot exchange Fitz slipped to his knee, and took his full time to get to his feet. The bell apparently saved him.

Round 7—Fitz freshened up and seemed to be vastly improved, having it not an even show, an improvement over the last two rounds.

Round 8—A still better showing was made by Fitz in this round, but his nose and mouth suffered many hard jabs from Corbett, and the bell was welcomed by the Australian. A couple of savage swings were cleverly dodged by Corbett, and the round ended with both men sparring for an opening.

Round 9—A strong left swing of Bob's partially offset the steady left jabbing which Corbett had maintained from the start, varying the spot from Fitz's face to the stomach. Fitz showed an improvement, but was hardly strong, and was more punished than his opponent.

Fitz Sets the Trap. Round 10—This round the honors evened up, Fitz fighting with strength and forcing the game more than his man. The second wind seemed to have come to Fitz, and he made a strong rally, mixing it all through.

Round 11—Corbett, though lacking steam in his blows, maintained his speed of leg, and a blow on Corbett's mouth brought the claret to his lips. Fitz rushed the fight, trying his famous swings unsuccessfully, but held his own in the mix-up.

Round 12—After several mix-ups, Corbett landed a left full-arm swing on Fitz's jaw, but the blow lacked the weight for a knockout. Corbett missed a savage uppercut just before the bell.

Round 13—Fitz opened up with a hard left hook, which seemed to bother Jim, who answered with a fierce rally in which no harm was done. Every move of Bob's indicated his waiting for his knockout, and although distressed he was far from weak or gone.

Round 14—The left jabs from Corbett were continued and brought forth a number of swift left swings and right full-arm smashes which seemed to worry Corbett. In a mix-up, Fitz feinted twice, and as Corbett led out Bob led drive a square left hook, landing fair over Jim's head. The big fellow went down on one knee and dragged himself to the ropes and made a noble effort to rise inside of the limit. It was too much for him, and as the seconds were counted by Siler Fitz threw his hands over his head and smiled with the satisfaction of a known winner.

White and Delaney picked Corbett up, supporting him to the center of the ring, and by this time he came back to earth. He tried to get at Fitz and seemed to have lost all control of himself. Deputy sheriffs, constables, seconds and spectators crowded into the ring and the two fighters were kept apart.

Corbett was out for about thirty seconds. There is no doubt that Fitz was leading his opponent along by feigning to be groggy, for he developed wonderful hitting powers at the opening of the last round.



WITH A TERRIBLE LEFT. Fearful Hook Under the Heart Breaks Pompadour Jim. HE SINKS DOWN TO DEFEAT.

THE AUSTRALIAN TAKES ALL MANNER OF PUNISHMENT, AND AT ONE TIME SEEMS TO BE GOING—IN THE FOURTEENTH HE DEALS THE BLOW THAT SETTLES THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD—THE PROSTRATE GLADIATOR WRITHES UNDER EXERCUCIATING PAIN AND IS COUNTED OUT—BITTER TEARS AT HIS DEFEAT.

CARSON, Nev., March 17.—Under a clear sky and in a vast, 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, circled by snow-capped mountains which glistened in the bright sunlight, making a picture such as was never seen before on an occasion of the kind, James J. Corbett went down to defeat today before Robert Fitzsimmons, who became the champion heavyweight pugilist of the world.

The victory was not gained without a struggle; in fact, victory did not seem possible for Fitzsimmons until the last moment of the battle, when the Australian, who was giving every indication of slowly going to pieces, delivered a blow in a vital part and followed it with two others which sent the Californian to the floor with the agony of pain and despair imprinted on his face and making him unable to rise within the limit which would save him.

When the defeated champion finally arose, with the assistance of his attendants and regained sufficiently from his dazed condition to realize the calamity that had befallen him, he broke out with all the fury of an enraged animal, and discharging all the rules which govern the art of which he is a disciple, rushed at his victorious opponent and made a vain struggle to beat him over the ropes, only desisting when his own seconds and friends forced him away.

And then the new champion was borne to his dressing room amid the cheers of the 5,000 people who were in the arena, accompanied by his seconds and trainers, and also by his wife, who had watched the contest from a position within a few feet of the ring-side, and who had taken in every detail of the fight, and who seemed that her husband would be knocked insensible at her feet.

It was a great contest, but notwithstanding the cheers for the victor, the majority of those who witnessed it could not feel a sense of disappointment at the result, believing as they did that victory was taken from Corbett at a moment when he seemed sure of getting the better of the fight.

The contest was accompanied by the usual delays which attend such affairs, due largely to a wait for the hour when the sunlight would be the brightest so that the new electrical device, the veriscope, which was located at the ring-side, would be able to obtain the best results in taking an actual living picture of the contest.

Two hours before the men entered the ring, the crowds gathered in the arena, a temporary structure of vast dimensions, having the canvas-covered ring in the center, with rows of plain board seats rising from each side, and with no cover but the clear blue sky.

It was a moment after the noon hour when the principals and their seconds appeared and were received with great cheering. George Siler, the referee, arranged the few preliminary matters in a short time, and about 12:10 the battle commenced.

Little was accomplished by either of the men in the first round, but in the next round the contest for the first time assumed a serious character. In the fifth round he punished Fitzsimmons severely, battering him on the body and the face until the blood streamed from him, and he was forced to wear a mouth guard to avoid further punishment, remaining there until nearly all the allotted time had expired, when he arose and succeeded in continuing the battle for the few remaining seconds of the round. Nearly all the spectators thought that the end was at hand then, but the Australian rallied and fought a game battle for the nearly eight rounds more, though there were several occasions during that time when Corbett seemed to have him going. Fitzsimmons did land a number of blows on Corbett, and they were hard blows, too, but they seemed to have but little effect on the Californian.

At the opening of the fourteenth and last round Corbett looked the winner. Though it seemed that he was still strong and was displaying more science and continued to pound the Australian and keep up the flow of the stream of blood from the latter's mouth.

And then came the final blow and the end. The blow which ended the fight was a left-hand punch delivered just below the heart. It was the most effective blow of the contest, and it was the reason that Corbett was leaning backward when it came. It caught him on the tense, drawn muscles just over the spleen, and must have caused the most intense agony. Corbett was more unconscious from pain than from the force of the blow. As he was writhing and groveling upon the floor his face pressed and warm words were spoken to him by the most ghastly appearance imaginable.

No man in a last death struggle could have horrified the spectators more, and as agonizing as the most intense agony above the cheers for the victor.

And then followed the wildest scene of the day, when he arose to his feet and with all the strength he had left rushed at his opponent and tried to resume the contest. Those nearest the ring jumped over the ropes, notwithstanding the efforts of the police to prevent them, and in a moment the small enclosure was filled with a howling, shouting mob, and the noise and confusion were so great that the referee was hardly able to announce his decision awarding the battle to Fitzsimmons.

In the midst of it all Corbett, who had been forced to his corner by his friends, broke away from them and rushed at Fitzsimmons a second time, but this time instead of attempting to renew the fight he implored his victor to give him another chance and to accept a challenge from him. This demand was warmly and bravely followed. Fitzsimmons was borne away with all the glory of his new-won victory, and Corbett was left to return to his home in San Francisco, carrying with him the despair of defeat.

San Francisco Races. SAN FRANCISCO, March 17.—The weather was fine and track fast at Oakland. Results: Three-quarters of a mile—Cavallo won. Time, 1:14. Three-quarters of a mile—Montgomery won. Time, 1:14. Three-quarters of a mile—Dunboy won. Time, 1:14. Fifteen-sixteenths of a mile, Golden Gate handicap, purse \$1,000—Candelaria won. Time, 1:34. One mile—Ray Del Tierra won. Time, 1:42. Mile and one-half, hurdle handicap—Fislight won. Time, 2:19.

A discolored, faded or gray beard does not appear tidy, but may be made so by Buckingham's Dye for the Whites, which colors an even brown or black.

It was like this, and there is no right-hand hook about it."

I was requested to assume a position and Fitz squared off in front of me, swinging with his right, at which I stepped back a bit, when Fitz shifted his right foot forward of the left and straightened out his left arm. It landed his big fist just to the left of the pit of my stomach. The blow as I felt it was not hard, but it was easy to see how Corbett was open to the whirlwind punch which settled the contest. If this blow falls to put your man out, you are wide open, but, as Fitz said: "When I drove my left into that spot it was all over but the shouting, and the hook on the jaw was only sent in for interest."

Fitz left me to walk through an armful of congratulatory telegrams, some of which he read to me. The only marks he bears are a few red spots on the face, a cut on the under lip and the bad thumb on his right hand. I asked him about this thumb, and he said it was broken in the first round and at the first blow he landed.

Ingalls' Glimpse of the Death. Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls had an original opinion of the fight. He seemed willing to talk freely on the subject, and although acknowledging the novelty of his experience, he enjoyed it the most.

"The most tragic thing I ever witnessed," he said, "was Corbett's pose as a dying gladiator, and I cannot banish from my mind the expression of that handsome athlete as he struggled to regain his feet. Oh, it was a tragic scene."

"If You Bother Me, I'll Kill You." It was hard to get a sight of Corbett, but just after the big row which followed the fight your correspondent had a word or two with the ex-champion. He said that he was fairly defeated, and that Fitzsimmons was the best man he had ever met. This and no more I got from the fair-featured, broken-hearted pugilist-actor. Jim cried like a baby and waxed wild and sorrowful by turns.

The little dialogue between the two principals after the fight was short and to the point. Corbett said he would be friends with Fitz if he would fight him again, to which an uncompromising answer was returned. This was Jim's head again, for he said: "If you won't fight, I'll knock hell out of you when I meet you on the street."

Fitz did not get rattled, but quietly replied: "If you bother me or try that sort of game, I'll kill you," and he meant it, too. Then the men were taken in tow by their seconds and to the public were lost to view. Bill Brady made a grand-stand play at the Virginia & Truckee depot this evening. He said: "There is \$20,000 of Corbett money in the Bullion and Exchange bank for another fight with Fitzsimmons."

No takers were in sight, and from a hint dropped me by Fitz. I don't believe he will be a victim of any such trick. Julian the suspicious was radiant tonight. He was so changed and happy at the outcome that all he could find time to tell me was: "What did I tell you, my boy? You did not see me looking worried this morning, did you?" But for all that Martin was far from easy street when things looked so uncertain in the sixth round. But these patrons of the ring have a way of acknowledging only the hindsight.

The weights of the two men make Fitz's victory all the more remarkable. He scaled but 156½ pounds, against Corbett's 181, a big factor to concede, but this was offset by the wonderful strength and cool-headed cunning of the hero of the ring.

William Muldoon was the best prophet of the event and his opinion of the men, although tinged with charity to Corbett, was true nearly to the letter. I met him at the postoffice just after I had filed a hurried account of the fight, and asked him what he thought of the mill. He said: "It was the greatest battle I have ever seen, and was fought by the cleverest boxer and the best fighter living."

A short interview, but to the point and true.

Specials are leaving here as fast as trains can be made up and handled in the yards. At this time, 9 o'clock, seven trains have been sent out, and ten more will follow before daylight.

Fatal Shooting Affray. At 9:15 the first serious fight of the fistic carnival took place in Rosenbrook's gambling place, over the Magnolia saloon, just opposite the capitol. Dick Bradford, who is from Butte, Mont., has been dealing faro for several days at this resort, and this evening he was standing at the bar joking with the hangers-on at the place. The barkeeper says that the first intimation he had of a fracas, Bradford was swinging right and left at "Windy" Smith, of Denver, finally forcing him through the swinging doors and out on the sidewalk. The two men were outside, when a shot was heard, and Bradford staggered into the saloon, exclaiming: "The ——— has murdered me."

Bradford was laid out on a sofa, and a physician summoned. The wound, which is through the abdomen, piercing the bladder, is pronounced fatal. Smith was immediately arrested, and is now in charge of the sheriff, and an ante-mortem statement is now being taken from the wounded man. The two came here from Randsburg, Cal., the new mining camp in Kern county, thirty miles from Mojave station on the Southern Pacific.

The Carsonites are deploring this winding of an otherwise happy function, and expressions of regret are heard on all sides that a shooting affair should figure in Carson's carnival.

B. V. H. SCHULTZ.

STUART READY TO QUIT. Fight Promoter Willing to Leave the Business.

CARSON, Nev., March 17.—In front of the Arlington hotel office this morning stood Dan Stuart, as cool in the climax of his work as he had been in pushing that work to a conclusion. "This is my one chance to get even," he said, "after three years of hard work that I have been through with all these fighters. It marks the beginning of the end with me, and I rather think that when this thing is over I will be out of the fighting business for good. I am not making any predictions regarding what I may do hereafter, but I do not think that I will undertake any more fights."

Stuart expressed himself as being somewhat disappointed at the attendance, which is smaller than he has been expecting, but he viewed the matter in the stoical manner in which he takes all his troubles.

"There are not more than 3,000 here, are there?" he said with a smile; "but it is the best we can do, and there is no use of making any fuss. Carson is a long way for lots of the boys to come, and the hard times have made it impossible for lots of men to spend \$30 to come here to see the fight and get home again."

Corbett Was the Favorite. CARSON, Nev., March 17.—The pool room of Corbett & Coleman, across the street from the Arlington hotel, was filled with men this morning anxious to put their money on the fight. Outside the pool room many bets were made, with Corbett the favorite at odds of 2 to 1. The mass of the sportsmen were with Corbett, many because they like him and many because they dislike Fitz and would be pleased to see his head punched into mince-meat.

Even Money in London. LONDON, March 17.—The greatest interest is taken in sporting circles here in the prizefight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons. Even money is the rule here.

San Francisco Races. SAN FRANCISCO, March 17.—The weather was fine and track fast at Oakland. Results: Three-quarters of a mile—Cavallo won. Time, 1:14. Three-quarters of a mile—Montgomery won. Time, 1:14. Three-quarters of a mile—Dunboy won. Time, 1:14. Fifteen-sixteenths of a mile, Golden Gate handicap, purse \$1,000—Candelaria won. Time, 1:34. One mile—Ray Del Tierra won. Time, 1:42. Mile and one-half, hurdle handicap—Fislight won. Time, 2:19.

A discolored, faded or gray beard does not appear tidy, but may be made so by Buckingham's Dye for the Whites, which colors an even brown or black.

WITH A TERRIBLE LEFT.

Fearful Hook Under the Heart Breaks Pompadour Jim.

HE SINKS DOWN TO DEFEAT.

THE AUSTRALIAN TAKES ALL MANNER OF PUNISHMENT, AND AT ONE TIME SEEMS TO BE GOING—IN THE FOURTEENTH HE DEALS THE BLOW THAT SETTLES THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD—THE PROSTRATE GLADIATOR WRITHES UNDER EXERCUCIATING PAIN AND IS COUNTED OUT—BITTER TEARS AT HIS DEFEAT.

CARSON, Nev., March 17.—Under a clear sky and in a vast, 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, circled by snow-capped mountains which glistened in the bright sunlight, making a picture such as was never seen before on an occasion of the kind, James J. Corbett went down to defeat today before Robert Fitzsimmons, who became the champion heavyweight pugilist of the world.

The victory was not gained without a struggle; in fact, victory did not seem possible for Fitzsimmons until the last moment of the battle, when the Australian, who was giving every indication of slowly going to pieces, delivered a blow in a vital part and followed it with two others which sent the Californian to the floor with the agony of pain and despair imprinted on his face and making him unable to rise within the limit which would save him.

When the defeated champion finally arose, with the assistance of his attendants and regained sufficiently from his dazed condition to realize the calamity that had befallen him, he broke out with all the fury of an enraged animal, and discharging all the rules which govern the art of which he is a disciple, rushed at his victorious opponent and made a vain struggle to beat him over the ropes, only desisting when his own seconds and friends forced him away.

And then the new champion was borne to his dressing room amid the cheers of the 5,000 people who were in the arena, accompanied by his seconds and trainers, and also by his wife, who had watched the contest from a position within a few feet of the ring-side, and who had taken in every detail of the fight, and who seemed that her husband would be knocked insensible at her feet.

It was a great contest, but notwithstanding the cheers for the victor, the majority of those who witnessed it could not feel a sense of disappointment at the result, believing as they did that victory was taken from Corbett at a moment when he seemed sure of getting the better of the fight.

The contest was accompanied by the usual delays which attend such affairs, due largely to a wait for the hour when the sunlight would be the brightest so that the new electrical device, the veriscope, which was located at the ring-side, would be able to obtain the best results in taking an actual living picture of the contest.

Two hours before the men entered the ring, the crowds gathered in the arena, a temporary structure of vast dimensions, having the canvas-covered ring in the center, with rows of plain board seats rising from each side, and with no cover but the clear blue sky.

It was a moment after the noon hour when the principals and their seconds appeared and were received with great cheering. George Siler, the referee, arranged the few preliminary matters in a short time, and about 12:10 the battle commenced.

Little was accomplished by either of the men in the first round, but in the next round the contest for the first time assumed a serious character. In the fifth round he punished Fitzsimmons severely, battering him on the body and the face until the blood streamed from him, and he was forced to wear a mouth guard to avoid further punishment, remaining there until nearly all the allotted time had expired, when he arose and succeeded in continuing the battle for the few remaining seconds of the round. Nearly all the spectators thought that the end was at hand then, but the Australian rallied and fought a game battle for the nearly eight rounds more, though there were several occasions during that time when Corbett seemed to have him going. Fitzsimmons did land a number of blows on Corbett, and they were hard blows, too, but they seemed to have but little effect on the Californian.

At the opening of the fourteenth and last round Corbett looked the winner. Though it seemed that he was still strong and was displaying more science and continued to pound the Australian and keep up the flow of the stream of blood from the latter's mouth.

And then came the final blow and the end. The blow which ended the fight was a left-hand punch delivered just below the heart. It was the most effective blow of the contest, and it was the reason that Corbett was leaning backward when it came. It caught him on the tense, drawn muscles just over the spleen, and must have caused the most intense agony. Corbett was more unconscious from pain than from the force of the blow. As he was writhing and groveling upon the floor his face pressed and warm words were spoken to him by the most ghastly appearance imaginable.

No man in a last death struggle could have horrified the spectators more, and as agonizing as the most intense agony above the cheers for the victor.

And then followed the wildest scene of the day, when he arose to his feet and with all the strength he had left rushed at his opponent and tried to resume the contest. Those nearest the ring jumped over the ropes, notwithstanding the efforts of the police to prevent them, and in a moment the small enclosure was filled with a howling, shouting mob, and the noise and confusion were so great that the referee was hardly able to announce his decision awarding the battle to Fitzsimmons.

In the midst of it all Corbett, who had been forced to his corner by his friends, broke away from them and rushed at Fitzsimmons a second time, but this time instead of attempting to renew the fight he implored his victor to give him another chance and to accept a challenge from him. This demand was warmly and bravely followed. Fitzsimmons was borne away with all the glory of his new-won victory, and Corbett was left to return to his home in San Francisco, carrying with him the despair of defeat.

San Francisco Races. SAN FRANCISCO, March 17.—The weather was fine and track fast at Oakland. Results: Three-quarters of a mile—Cavallo won. Time, 1:14. Three-quarters of a mile—Montgomery won. Time, 1:14. Three-quarters of a mile—Dunboy won. Time, 1:14. Fifteen-sixteenths of a mile, Golden Gate handicap, purse \$1,000—Candelaria won. Time, 1:34. One mile—Ray Del Tierra won. Time, 1:42. Mile and one-half, hurdle handicap—Fislight won. Time, 2:19.

A discolored, faded or gray beard does not appear tidy, but may be made so by Buckingham's Dye for the Whites, which colors an even brown or black.

Fresh Ranch Eggs

12 CENTS PER DOZEN.

COOPER & LEVY WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS 104-106 FIRST AVE. SOUTH, ONE DOOR SOUTH OF YESLER AVE.



For Miners' and Prospectors' Footwear

Go to the Receiver's Cash Discount Sale

L. A. Treen & Co.

707 FIRST AVE.

We carry a full stock of A. A. Cutter's, Eau Claire, Wis., celebrated French kip hand-made Miners' and Prospectors' Boots and Shoes. We can sell you our home product in a high cut oil grain Lace Shoe for \$3.00

A better one for \$3.50, and a genuine hand-made French kip Shoe for \$4.50

A receiver's cash discount on all the Leather Goods in the store. Great values in Ladies' sizes on our

50c, 75c and \$1 Bargain Counters

CHAS. G. SCOTT, Receiver.

DIAMOND DRIPS SYRUP

Is the finest Syrup on the market. It is in full gallon cans.

LOUCH, AUGUSTINE & CO., 815-817 First Av.

A DOLLAR

spent for Washington Packing House Products cannot get out of the state. A portion goes to pay Washington laboring men, the greater portion goes direct to Washington farmers and the whole eventually returns to the dealer who realizes that loyalty to his state is a paying proposition, and for this reason ask your grocerman for IMPERIAL HAMS, BACON AND L.A.C.D.

THE OREGON FURNITURE MANUFACTURING CO.,

Have just received their first car load of fine Eastern furniture. Everything known to the European and American designers can be found in this stock. You will be welcome to call and inspect goods whether you wish to purchase or not.

Have You Seen Our \$19 Dining Room Suit? Office and Salesrooms, 1022, 1024 First Avenue, Corner Spring Street.

FRISCH BROS.

Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry, 720 FIRST AVE.

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS.

STOCK MUST BE SOLD IMMEDIATELY. Elegant Cut Glassware, Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, etc., at cost and less than cost. Do not fail to attend this sale. W. W. HOUGHTON, Jeweler, 704 First Av.

LEANDER BUTT, WATCHMAKER AND OPTICIAN, FORMERLY OF THE RIALTO Try our American Resilient Mainsprings, warranted two years, only \$1. Spectacles and eyeglasses scientifically adjusted. Eyes examined free of charge. 804 Second Avenue.

J. H. WISE, MINING ENGINEER. Reports on Mines, Engineers Development, Advice on Concentration and Milling of Ores. P. O. Box 357, Rooms 56-57 Bepier Block. Take elevator McDonald Block.