

# McCoy

## Wins the Big Fight at New York.

Defeated Maher in the Fifth Round—The Details.

New York, Jan. 2.—"Kid" McCoy defeated Peter Maher before the Coney Island Athletic club. The fight was scheduled to last 26 rounds, and the purse was to have been \$30,000, but the attendance was not as large as had been expected, and before the fight was begun the principals agreed that the winner should receive the gross gate receipts.

In the first round McCoy floored the Irishman with a left hook on the jaw. At one point in this round Maher forced McCoy to the ropes, landing a hard right but the Kid got away and sent in a hard left to the stomach before the round ended.

In the second round McCoy knocked Maher to his hands and knees, where the Irishman remained about four seconds. When he got up he seemed to lose his head and rushed McCoy and they exchanged blows.

In the third round at one point McCoy fainted and Maher came forward, but was sent back with two lefts on the



"KID" MCCOY.

jaw. He also got in other blows during the round and got away once when forced to the ropes.

In the fourth round, at one point Maher forced McCoy into a neutral corner, planting a terrible left on the face, which jarred McCoy's head. McCoy sidestepped in an unusual direction and Peter tried another left, which fell short. In a mixup which followed Maher was again on the ropes, and McCoy was cautioned by the referee for holding. Maher outpointed the Kid by 50 per cent in this round, sending rights and lefts to the head, while the Kid retaliated with lefts on the wind. Toward the close of the round Maher was cautioned for holding, and coming from a low crouch he sent a left hook to McCoy's jaw.

In the fifth round McCoy tapped Maher with a left lightly in the face, and then shifted to the left side, which landed lefts to the head. Peter sent a hard left to the head which the Kid countered. Then he sent to the throat and tried to cross with his right, but the Kid ducked and then McCoy landed left and right on the jaw. Peter wavered and McCoy sent another right which fell a bit short, and then dropping his left to the body, tried a right swing, and as Peter side stepped the Kid met him with a full swinging left, which landed on the point of the jaw, and the Irishman went down, resting on his right elbow, and was counted out in this position.

For some days Maher had been the favorite, as good as 100 to 80 being put on his chances. One hundred to 70 on Maher was the ruling price when the club house opened, and in the different sporting centers this price was maintained until within an hour of the beginning of the contest. When the men got into the ring the Kid was the favorite.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup never disappoints those who use it for obstinate coughs, colds and irritations of the throat and lungs. It stands unrivaled as a remedy for throat and lung disease. Sold by all druggists for 25 cts.

# IN ONE YEAR

## Church of Christ Will be Out of Debt.

### Annual Reports Evidence a State of Prosperity and Progress.

The annual meeting of the First Church of Christ was held Monday evening. It was well attended. Following the business meeting, a social was held, and light refreshments were served.

Richard Bradbeer was elected to the board of trustees for a term of five years. He takes the place of Alexander Adamson, whose term was expired.

Reports read of the various committees gave evidence of prosperity and progressiveness in church work. The treasurer's report on current expenses gave the total as \$3,894.43. Receipts were exactly the same. There yet remains in the treasury \$500. Within three weeks this sum will be applied to the church debt, which is \$3,500. It is estimated that the church property is worth \$35,000, and by the end of the year 1900, the congregation hopes to have the church entirely free of debt.

The pastor, Rev. C. J. Tannar, reported the total addition to membership during the past year 192; there were but 15 deaths; the pastor attended 27 funerals and performed 10 marriages. Total gain in church membership, 108; total number of pupils enrolled in the Sunday school, 480; average attendance exceeds 300.

A female quartette—Miss Adeline Sirdfield, first soprano; Mrs. Ida E. Hunsbaker, second soprano; Miss Lena Wilson, first contralto; and Mrs. M. E. Baker, second contralto—sang several selections, as did also a male quartette—A. G. Sirdfield, first tenor; Edward Wakelin, second tenor; Wm. Spanton, first bass and Earl E. Tannar, second. A double quartette selection was also sung by the same singers.

### FRIED ONIONS

#### Indirectly Caused the Death of the World's Greatest General.

It is a matter of history that Napoleon was a gourmand, an inordinate lover of the good things of the table, and history further record that his favorite dish was fried onions; his death from cancer of stomach it is claimed also, was probably caused from his excessive indulgence of this fondness for the odoriferous vegetable.

The onion is undoubtedly a wholesome article of food, in fact has many medicinal qualities of value, but it would be difficult to find a more indigestible article than fried onions, and to many people they are simply poison, but the onion does not stand alone in this respect. Any article of food that is not thoroughly digested becomes a source of disease and discomfort whether it be fried onions or beef steak.

The reason why any wholesome food is not promptly digested is because the stomach lacks some important element of digestion, some stomachs lack pepsine, others are deficient in gastric juice, still others lack Hydrochloric acid.

The one thing necessary to do in any case of poor digestion is to supply those elements of digestion which the stomach lacks, and nothing does this so thoroughly and safely as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Dr. Richardson in writing a thesis on treatment of dyspepsia and digestion, closes his remarks by saying, "for those suffering from acid dyspepsia, shown by sour, watery risings, on treatment of dyspepsia and indigestion on stomach, causing heart trouble and difficult breathing, as well as for all other forms of stomach trouble, the safest treatment is to take one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal. I advise them because they contain no harmful drugs, but are composed of valuable digestives, which act promptly upon the food eaten. I never knew a case of indigestion or even chronic dyspepsia which Stuart's Tablets would not reach."

Cheap cathartic medicines claiming to cure dyspepsia and indigestion can have no effect whatever in actively digesting the food and to call any cathartic medicine a cure for indigestion is a misnomer.

Every druggist in the United States and Canada sells Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and they are not only the safest and most successful but the most scientific of any treatment for indigestion and stomach troubles.

### Winter Tourist Tickets

Now on sale via C., A. & C. Ry. to the south and southwest. For tickets and full information see C. D. Honold, railroad and steamship agent, Union depot.

**Walsh & Co.**

Is the place to buy

**Climax Stoves, Ranges and House Furnishing Goods.**

**SPECIAL PRICES**

On Guns, Ammunition and Hunting Coats. Be sure to examine the principles of our

**Hot Air Furnace**

You will say, like others have said: "It is the BEST in the market."

No. 1050 South Main St. Near Hanksy Lumber Co. Phone 1644.

# THE FORAY OF THE HENDRIK HUDSON.



## CHAPTER IX.

THE AWAKENING OF PAUL PROEBESLAR.

The sentry in the courtyard kept his ceaseless tramping. His thoughts were in the guardroom at the far corner of the buildings, where a fire made light and warmth. He shivered in the cold moonlight and longed for the appointed end of his vigil, yet a two good hours away. He envied furiously his comrades stretched at length on the truckle beds, among warm layers of straw.

Suddenly out of the emptiness of the barn behind him resounded a clatter and the ring of iron. He stopped, swung upon his heel and looked across at the building gappingly. He swore with great exasperation. "The devil take all cats," he muttered, "and burn all kittens! But I suppose I must examine."

He strode across to the door, fumbling at his keys. He leaned his rifle against the wall and inserted the key in the rusty wards. Slowly he pushed back the nail studded panels. Holding his lantern above his head he entered and looked uncertainly about him. From behind the door a dark figure rose silently and with terrific force dashed an iron bar upon his head. The unfortunate soldier dropped like a stone, a grunt as of a felled bullock issuing from between his half closed lips. The lamp clattered to the stones and was extinguished in a moment. Then silently and carefully the door was closed upon the prostrate victim and his assailant.

For another half hour quiet reigned in the courtyard. Then noiselessly the barn door opened, and a soldier came out. He picked up the rifle which still leaned against the wall and, swinging his keys in his hand, strode steadily up the yard and staid and listened at another door in the end of the same building. He stooped to the keyhole. A sound of measured breathing came from within, and an audible snore here and there broke the silence. He took his keys and tried them one by one at the lock. It was not till the fifth or sixth attempt that one fitted and worked easily through the wards. He pushed the door from him and entered.

His lantern owed a bare, mud floored room, and lying about it in various attitudes of uneasy rest were 30 men, bound, drugged and filthy. With one exception they slept the sleep of hunger and utter exhaustion. Bound hand and foot, leaning his back against the wall, was Colonel Proebeslar, blinking wearily at him in the dim light, his eyes peering out suspiciously from under his shaggy eyebrows.

"Curses be yours, fellow!" he said in Russian. "Can't we get any sleep without being roused up and stared at every half hour of the night?"

The soldier carefully closed the door, set down his lantern and advanced toward him, a knife gleaming in his hand.

"You cursed assassin!" said the colonel, staring up at him fiercely. "Do you mean to murder me?"

The soldier put his fingers warningly to his lips, bent down and with a neat snash or two smote off the lashings that bound the colonel's feet and hands. Proebeslar felt a salt tear drop upon his face as the other bent over him.

He looked up amazedly, then started back and rubbed his eyes, petrified with astonishment. "Desmond!" he exclaimed. "Desmond! Have you risen from the dead?"

The sham soldier laid his finger on his lip. "No noise if you can help, colonel. Everything is yet to do. Hillmar is safe," he whispered, "but we must get these others freed. And then the business is half begun. We must surprise the guard and get their rifles."

The colonel was still staring, staring as one in a dream. "In the name of goodness!" he began.

Desmond held up his hand. "Not now, my dear sir. All in good time. Come with me." And he walked across to where Barr snored heavily in the far corner, his head pillowed on a heap of floor scrapings, his bound limbs huddled into a knotted pose of discomfort.

They cut his cords and passed on. Thus they made the tour of the entire number. Desmond cut, and the colonel staid for a moment beside each half awakened man to convince him of his freedom and to impress the necessity for silence into his sleep dulled brain.

Finally 50 men stood up, awakened, free and burning for what might be done in the matter of revenge for their captivity and despoiling. It took but a few moments to inform the colonel of the manner of his daughter's escape and her share in Desmond's rescue. The old warrior snorted like a war-horse in his delight and stood forward eager for the fray now his devouring anxiety on her account was appeased. He even ventured to smile comically.

"The little vixen!" he said. "To think that our release is due to her disobedience. She will be neither to hold nor bind in future. But what next, my dear fellow?"

"According to old Stefan, the guardroom is in the far corner. There is a guard of a dozen and a sergeant. The first thing is to settle them and get their arms. The rest, he says, sleep in a long dormitory in the west wing. But they can wait till we overpower the others. We must do it in silence if possible."

They opened the door again, and stealthily the line of soldiers crept across the courtyard to where the red glow of a fire shone through an open doorway. A dozen gray uniforms showed patchily through the heaped straw upon some truckle beds, but before the fire sat a single man and nursed his face, groaning eloquently, a sleep murdering case of toothache without a doubt.

There was a hurried consultation. Then Desmond and Williams, a sailor of huge build and strength, stole into the guardroom. They exchanged a look

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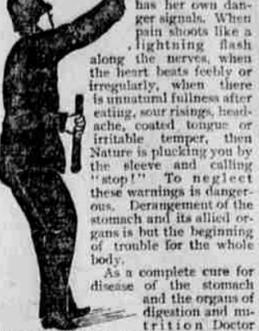
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# There is no policeman to enforce the laws of health and to call 'stop!'



when you are in danger from disease. But Nature has her own danger signals. When pain shoots like a lightning flash along the nerves, when the heart beats feebly or irregularly, when there is unnatural fullness after eating, sour risings, headache, coated tongue or irritable temper, then Nature is plucking you by the sleeve and calling "stop!" To neglect these warnings is dangerous. Derangement of the stomach and its allied organs is but the beginning of trouble for the whole body.

As a complete cure for disease of the stomach and the organs of digestion and nutrition

Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery stands without an equal. It purifies the blood, cleanses the system of poisonous accumulations, nourishes the starved nerves and builds up the entire body, blood and bone, muscle and nerve. It is with pleasure that I refer you to Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pills. I have done so since Mrs. T. M. Palmer of Pease, Kaufman Co., Tenn. Two years ago I was taken with stomach and bowel trouble. Everything I ate would not get me. I lived two weeks on milk and even that gave me pain. I felt as though I would starve to death. Three doctors attended me and I had several operations. Two said catarrh of the stomach and bowels. They attended me one at a time for one year. I stopped eating, sleeping and tried patent medicines not so better, and grew so weak and nervous that I could not flutter. I could not do any kind of work. Now I can do my house work very well, an gaining in flesh and strength, and can eat anything.

had murdered two days back. In the veriest extremity of fear a scream burst from his lips and pealed down the empty passages and across the courtyard.

A hand was placed on his mouth. "No noise," said a fierce voice, and a bayonet point danced before his eyes. "Where does the devil come from?" demanded the same voice imperiously, and the hand was removed.

"My God!" muttered the bound wretch as he recognized the colonel. "How in the name of all the devils!"

"Silence!" said Proebeslar sharply. "Answer only my question."

"Here—beside me—in the next room," stammered the fear stricken portlorn. "But you are not going to?"

"Going to murder him? No, my arch scoundrel," said the colonel, with furious sarcasm, "though no doubt that's the course which would lead itself to your approval." And he turned away, with a gesture of disgust, toward the door that led into the next room.

Before he reached it he opened. A young man stood before him, staring with unutterable amazement. Then like a flash the meaning of the situation broke upon him. The door slammed resoundingly, and the bolt could be heard shooting home.

"Down with it!" bawled Desmond savagely. "Don't let him escape. He'll get word to Osbrog and bring the cavalry upon us." And he swung himself upon the door, hammering at it thunderously. Half a dozen English fists smote beside him, and with a crash the door shot from its hinges and gave crashingly into the room beyond. It was empty, but through another open doorway a long passage showed, and they caught the flutter of a white skirt down the distant corner. With a yell like wolves they layed upon the fugitive's rear and reached the top of a staircase as a door slammed at the top. Up they rushed and snote it to matchwood with their rifle butts. Again the room was empty, but the casement open. It gave upon the leads, and they jostled each other eagerly in the narrow opening to gain the roof. For an instant they stood bewildered. Then from the river below sounded a splash. Down the leads they ran to where a lower roof stretched ten feet below that they were on. Swimming across the stream was their man, snatching his way through the current with long, desperate strokes, straining for the shore which was but ten yards distant.

Half a dozen bullets splattered about him. One alone found a mark, and that struck a finger. Before any one could reload he scrambled to his feet and shook his fist with a yell of defiance to the furious faces that lined the parapet. Then, barefoot and naked but for his shirt, he reared for the padlock, where, tethered to pegs, a dozen horses grazed. Hastily knotting a head rope into a halter, he slipped the bars and led a pony out. He leaped upon its back, smote his hardest with bare heels upon its sides and with one last yell of derision swept down the forest glades and away into the green depths of pine.

"God!" soliloquized Desmond. "It's an infernal nuisance, his getting away."

"A nuisance!" said the colonel quietly. "It's ruin. In an hour the squadron from Osbrog will be upon us."

"Well, then," said Desmond hopefully, "let's make a bolt for it at once. Please God, Stefan's settled the yacht's crew."

A shot rang out from the forest, followed by a woman's cry. Desmond

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Desmond saw with no envy the kiss the daughter placed upon her father's forehead. One as warm and perchance as food had greeted him upon the lips but a minute before.

"My Hillmar, my Hillmar!" the old man kept repeating as he held her to him and stroked her glossy hair. "But the shot, my child—the shot!"

She smiled up at him. "It wasn't aimed at me, father. That man on horseback, with—not much on"—and she smiled irresistibly and gave a little blush—"he snatched at me as he passed and tried to drag me up to his saddle. I didn't want to kill him, so I shot his horse. He was stunned for a moment. Then Mr. Desmond ran up, and he fled barefoot into the forest."

"You shot the horse?" shouted the colonel. "My child, you've saved us. Now we shall reach the yacht safely. Nay, we will take our spoil after all. Paul shall help carry it. My brave girl, my brave girl!"

They hurried back to the castle, and the arrangements for the departure were quickly begun. The mob of soldiers and servants was collected in the courtyard and the whereabouts of the treasure elicited from Paul Proebeslar. The threats used to him by Lars Pladja were not overheard by either the colonel or Desmond, or they might have felt constrained to interfere. They were unconsciously effectual.

The coal bags and their contents were soon arranged anew upon the pavement and distributed among the captives. The share apportioned to Paul was by no means light. Lars saw to this with much pleasure. The doors were thrown open, and with the crowd of carriers in the center and the armed sailors on each side the return march to the sea began.

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"You shot the horse?" shouted the colonel. "My child, you've saved us. Now we shall reach the yacht safely. Nay, we will take our spoil after all. Paul shall help carry it. My brave girl, my brave girl!"

They hurried back to the castle, and the arrangements for the departure were quickly begun. The mob of soldiers and servants was collected in the courtyard and the whereabouts of the treasure elicited from Paul Proebeslar. The threats used to him by Lars Pladja were not overheard by either the colonel or Desmond, or they might have felt constrained to interfere. They were unconsciously effectual.

The coal bags and their contents were soon arranged anew upon the pavement and distributed among the captives. The share apportioned to Paul was by no means light. Lars saw to this with much pleasure. The doors were thrown open, and with the crowd of carriers in the center and the armed sailors on each side the return march to the sea began.

est. The others raced down the state-way, crossed the courtyard, let the drawbridge fall with a reckless crash and scurried out upon his track. They had not far to run. Up the forest trail appeared two figures, a woman and a man. The former leaped upon the other's arm. The colonel was the first to recognize his daughter and ran toward her with a speed his old limbs might well have been proud of.

Desmond saw with no envy the kiss the daughter placed upon her father's forehead. One as warm and perchance as food had greeted him upon the lips but a minute before.

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