TOO MUCH HAY IN OUTFIELD

Farmer Boys Couldn't Find the Ball.

LAMPS WERE NOT TRIMMED

LOGAN SCORES TWO HOMERS ON LOST BALLS.

TWO MUCH unplucked hay in the outfield won a game of baseball for the Infants yesterday from Buck Weaver's bunch of Farmers. Stoney's lads proved a better band at playing hide and seek in the meadow surrounding the Lagoon diamond, and never once failed to find the ball when knocked into grass knee deep. On the other hand the farmer boys must have failed to trim their lamps before the game, as nearly every ball sent outside the diamond was good for two or three bases.

Brockhoff and Hahn each made a home run on a dinky hit to McCafferty's part of the field that should not have been better than a base hit. Every time Rabbit Briseno started after a ball back of short stop the rest of the team had to turn out in force and discover the kid, who several times disappeared from view in the tall fodder that is ripe enough to retail in bailed form at $20 a ton. As Billy McCausland said, the gate receipts were not enough to pay for the lost balls, and maybe he was right.

Waterbury did the twirling for the Infants and had the Farmers at his mercy the greater part of the time. They found him in the first inning for three safe hits, but after that he held them down to four safeties for the rest of the game. The single earned run for the Lagoon team was made in the fourth when Plake scored on Starkey's two-bagger.

Starkey, for the Lagoon bunch, was very liberal to the Infants, and sent them a choice lot of curves they had little trouble in losing. He was touched up fourteen times during the game. The Infants had the best of it when it came to muffing flies and booting the ball. Two or three times they were up in the air and succeeded in making a total of eight misplays in the nine innings. Lagoon got off with five, four of which were muffed flies and the other a booted ball by Briseno. The same two teams will meet again today at Lagoon.

The Summary.

LOGAN.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stoney, 2b.	5	1	2	2	3	2
Brockhoff, s. s.	5	1	2	2	7	2
Hoffer, 1b.	5	1	2	13	0	1
Scare, c.	5	2	1	5	0	0
Waterbury, p.	4	1	2	0	3	0
Hahn, c. f.	4	2	1	0	0	0
Margetts, l. f.	5	2	0	2	0	1
Quick, r. f.	5	0	2	1	1	0
Stucke, 3b.	5	0	1	1	2	2
Totals	43	11	14	27	16	8

LAGOON.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Briseno, s. s.	5	1	0	2	6	2
Weaver, 1b.	5	0	0	10	0	0
Bradley, c. f.	3	1	1	4	0	0
Rebsamen, 2b.	5	1	1	2	2	1
King, l. f.	5	0	1	1	0	1
Plake, 3b.	4	1	2	1	0	0
McCausland, c.	4	0	1	4	1	0
Starkey, p.	3	1	1	0	3	0
McCafferty, r. f.	4	1	0	3	0	1
Totals	38	6	7	27	12	5

Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Logan	0	2	0	0	2	2	1	0	4	—11
Hits	1	2	1	0	2	2	1	1	4	—14
Errors	1	0	1	0	1	0	2	0	3	—8
Lagoon	2	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	2	—6
Hits	3	0	0	2	0	1	0	1	0	—7
Errors	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	0	0	—5

Earned runs, Logan 5; Lagoon 1; bases on balls, Stoney, Waterbury, Hahn, Bradley, Starkey; two-base hits, Hoffer, Quick, Starkey; home runs, Brockhoff, Hahn; double plays, Starkey to Briseno to Weaver, Brockhoff to Stoney, Quick to Hoffer; struck out, Bradley, Plake, McCafferty, Stoney, Hoffer, Quick; passed balls, McCausland; wild pitch, Waterbury; left on bases, Logan 8, Lagoon 6; stolen base, Brockhoff. Attendance, 200. Umpire, Leisenring. Time of game, 1:45.

GAME AT OGDEN.

Amateurs Defeat Wesslers By Score of 6 to 8.

(Special to The Herald.)

Ogden, July 27.—A game of baseball at the Glenwood grounds today between the Wessler's Best and the Ogden Amateurs resulted in victory for the latter with a score of 8 to 6, the result being largely due to the clever pitching of Chester Shurtliff, who has been signed by the Amateurs.

The Summary.

AMATEURS.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
McGuire, s. s.	4	1	2	0	3	1
Bloss, 1. f.	0	1	0	0	0	0
Taylor, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Ingebretson, 2b.	5	1	0	2	5	2
Randall, c.	5	0	0	9	5	0
Mortensen, 3b.	5	2	1	1	0	0
Raymond, c. f.	5	0	2	1	0	0
Shurtliff, p.	5	2	2	0	2	0
Clark, 1b.	5	1	3	14	0	2
Laughran, r. f.	5	0	1	0	0	1
Totals	42	8	11	27	10	6

WESSLER'S.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
J. Wessler, c.	5	2	1	5	1	1
Butterfield, 3b.	4	2	2	0	2	2
G. Wessler, p.	5	1	2	1	4	1
Twist, 2b.	5	0	0	3	1	0
Miller, s. s.	4	0	0	0	7	2
Leavitt, 1b.	4	0	1	11	0	0
Thompson, r. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Seaton, l. f.	4	1	0	0	0	0
Heath, c. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	39	6	8	27	15	6

By innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Wessler's	1	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	2	—6
Amateurs	3	3	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	—8

Two-base hits, McGuire, Mortensen, Shurtliff, J. Wessler, Heath; struck out, by Shurtliff 12, by Wessler 4; passed balls, Randall 3, Wessler 3; wild pitches, Wessler 2; hit by pitcher, Butterfield; double play, Shurtliff to Randall to Ingebretson.

CALDER'S, 8; FORT DOUGLAS, 3.

Feature of Game Was a Triple Play By Calder's.

The Calder's team again defeated the soldiers at Walker's field yesterday afternoon. It looked like the soldiers would carry off the honors until the fatal seventh, when the lads from Calder's rallied and hammered Boody all over the lot. Davis was substituted, but the damage had been done. One of the features of the game was the triple play started by Castleton, who caught a fly and then whipping the ball to Smith at second caught a runner off the bag. Smith in turn sent the ball to first, also catching a runner off that base. Tovey and James carried off the hitting honors, both making good in three-baggers. The score by innings and line-up follows:

Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Calder's	0	0	1	0	0	1	6	0	0	—8
Fort Douglas	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—3

Ft. Douglas.		Calder's.
Deems	Catcher	James
Boody and Davis	Pitcher	Romney
Compton	First Base	A. Gunn
Cook	Second Base	Smith
Molcheck	Third Base	Stewart
Davis	Short Stop	Castleton
Grimes	Right Field	Tovey
Hunter	Center Field	Hauerbach
Barrackman	Left Field	T. Gunn

Umpire—Seith. Attendance, 100.

Well Known Magnate Dies.

Milwaukee, July 27.—A special to the Sentinel from Winneconne, Wis., says: Matthew Killilea, the well known baseball magnate, died here today after an illness of several months. Though he had not been confined to his bed until three weeks ago, it was known that his illness was fatal.

Jumping Players Expelled.

New York, July 27.—Every man in both the National and American league or baseball players who has jumped his contract with his manager was peremptorily expelled from membership in the Players' Protective association at a meeting held here today.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST.

Standing of Teams.

	Won.	Lost	Per Cent.
Seattle	37	27	.578
Butte	35	27	.565
Tacoma	27	25	.519
Helena	29	32	.475
Portland	29	32	.475
Spokane	29	33	.468

Portland, July 27.—Score:

	R.	H.	E.
Portland	4	8	4
Butte	7	6	2

Batteries—Engel and Vigneux; Dowling and Zearfoss.
Umpire—Cunningham.

Tacoma, July 28—Score:

	R.	H.	E.
Tacoma	3	4	2
Helena	2	3	5

Batteries—Thompson and Sullivan; Harmon and Keefe.
Umpire—Colgan.

Spokane, July 27.—Score:

	R.	H.	E.
Spokane	5	6	0
Seattle	3	5	2

Batteries—Pfeister and Frary; Stovall and Stanley.

WESTERN LEAGUE.

Standing of Teams.

	Won.	Lost	Per Cent.
Omaha	53	30	.639
Denver	48	34	.585
St. Joseph	42	30	.583
Kansas City	47	37	.560
Milwaukee	40	37	.519
Colorado Springs	37	42	.468
Des Moines	30	46	.395
Peoria	23	54	.299

Milwaukee, July 27.—Scores: First game: Milwaukee, 6; Peoria, 9. Second game: Milwaukee, 12; Peoria, 2.

Kansas City, July 27.—First game: Kansas City, 0; St. Joseph, 2. Second game: Kansas City, 3; St. Joseph, 1.

Colorado Springs, July 27.—First game: Colorado Springs, 3; Des Moines, 0. Second game: Colorado Springs, 7; Des Moines, 3.

Denver, July 27.—Denver, 7; Omaha, 4.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Standing of Teams.

	Won.	Lost	Per Cent.
Pittsburg	59	19	.756
Brooklyn	48	37	.565
Chicago	43	38	.531
Boston	39	36	.520
St. Louis	36	45	.444
Cincinnati	35	44	.443
Philadelphia	35	48	.422
New York	25	53	.321

St. Louis, July 27.—St. Louis won the deciding game of the series with Pittsburg here today. The home club secured a lead of seven runs at the start, but Pittsburg rallied and almost won out. Attendance, 13,500. Score:

	R.	H.	E.
St. Louis	7	10	4
Pittsburg	6	11	3

Batteries—M. O'Neil and Jones; Doheny, Phillippi and Zimmer.
Umpire—Brown.

Chicago, July 27.—Cincinnati easily won today's game by bunching hits. Hahn was a puzzle, except in the third inning, when a base on balls, a single and an error, gave the locals their only run. Crawford's batting was the feature. Attendance, 3,000. Score:

	R.	H.	E.
Chicago	1	6	2
Cincinnati	6	11	3

Batteries—P. Williams, Rhodes and Kling; Hahn and Bergen.
Umpire—O'Day.

Trap and Trigger.

RIFLE CLUB SCORE.

Yesterday's Scores Fell Below the Averages.

Seventy-eight was the high score at the Rifle club's regular weekly shoot yesterday, and was made by Weatherson. All those present seemed to be a little off, and as a result the scores were not as high as usual. The following were the results:

Letchfield	39	76	71	73	71	69	67
Weatherson	74	75	67	73	78	62	..
Van Arnam	75	70	65	55	70	57	71
McConahay	77	71	72	54	63	62	..
Servis	57	52	64	58	67	56	59
Grimm	37	33	57	..	..	..	..

The Turf.

LEAVE WEDNESDAY.

Salt Lake Horses to Compete in Pacific Northwest Race Meetings.

A number of horsemen gathered at Calder's park track yesterday to witness Hobo and Cleotus take their last workout preparatory to leaving for the Pacific northwest next Wednesday. Hobo, owned by W. E. Stone, and Cleotus, owned by John Wimmer, are entered in the races at Seattle, which are scheduled to be pulled off on Aug. 18. This meeting will mark the opening of the twelve weeks' racing season, ending at Boise Oct. 29. These two animals are among the best in this city, and local horsemen expect to hear from them from time to time on this circuit. Hobo had no trouble in pacing a mile in 2:15 on the Calder's track, and it is expected he will cut the time down to 2:10 when he reaches the mile tracks of the northwest. Cleotus has trotted miles at Calder's at a 2:18 clip, and will do even better if pushed.

Eureka Horses Coming.

(Special to The Herald.)

Eureka, July 27.—George Hickman and Skeets Morley left here today for Salt Lake with a string of running horses for the races during the carnival week. The horses are Dinah Watts and Hymn, belonging to James Morgan of Eureka, and Sleepy Tom, owned by D. A. Murray of Robinson. They will go into training at Calder's park as soon as they are rested from their trip, and are expected by their owners to give a good account of themselves in the running races.

Miscellaneous.

No German Drills at Games.

Berlin, July 27.—The Olympian games delegates, Judge John B. Payne, Laverne W. Noyes and Henry J. Furber, jr., of Chicago, while they have been most courteously treated, have not made much headway in interesting military and naval circles in the contests, as it is thought competitive drills would lower the dignity of the army and navy. It is asked: "Why should German soldiers take part in such a performance to please American crowds?"

However, it depends altogether on Emperor William whether a German military contingent will go to Chicago. An ample athletic representation is in sight.

AFTERMATH OF FITZ-JEFF FIGHT

AS TOLD BY SAN FRANCISCO PAPERS

The San Francisco papers with accounts of the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons fight arrived in the city yesterday, and the Examiner is the only one that makes any attempt to prove the contest a fake. This paper comes out in bold type, pronouncing the fight a fake, pure and simple, and offers the letter sent by Naughton to Mayor Schmitz, stating that the fight had been fixed to end in Jeffries' favor in the eighth round as proof. Sporting Editor Naughton of the Hearst paper is very bitter in his arraignment of the fighters, while none of the other sporting writers of the city, except the assistants of Naughton, even intimate that such is the case. Below are a number of opinions given on the fight, as taken from the San Francisco press:

W. W. Naughton in Examiner.

Jeffries won his fight with Fitzsimmons last night in the eighth round, but it appears to me I can produce indisputable evidence that the so-called championship contest was a rank fake, and that it was a prearranged affair for Fitzsimmons to go to the floor in the round mentioned. From what I consider a trustworthy source I received the information last Thursday that the fight would end in the round mentioned. I wrote a signed statement setting forth the facts as I had received them, and, sealing them in an envelope, handed them to Mayor Schmitz Thursday night, asking him not to open the same until after the fight.

This was done, and the contents were as told by the mayor himself. Now as to the fight itself.

It looked as though Fitzsimmons, on his showing for seven rounds, could have kept right along, and either blinded Jeffries or cut him down systematically.

Fitzsimmons certainly never fought neater or better in the whole course of his career. He was light on his feet and faultless in his judgment of distance. He drew back frequently and allowed Jeffries' big fist to graze his face. He was as cool as a cucumber, and he fought with the precision of a smoothly working piece of machinery.

He drew blood from Jeffries' nose in the first round. In the second Jeffries scored several body blows and gained a slight lead.

Fitzsimmons was himself again when the third round began. He stabbed away at the swollen nose, and then he tried one of his spiteful left swings. There was a twist of the lean hips, a wrench of that freckled left shoulder, and the blow started for Jeffries' face. It took him on the cheek, and a cut, from which the blood welled, appeared beneath the champion's right eye.

Fitzsimmons still held the lead in the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh rounds, though Jeffries rushed repeatedly and seemed to be rapping the Cornishman on the body while he had him pinned against the ropes. Bob smothered many of these punches with his gloves, but they were hard ones, which went through his guard and landed on his skinny frame. At that he did not seem to be much distressed. He was evidently tired, though, owing to the fast pace at which they had fought.

Jeffries did not box up to his usual standard. He was firm on his feet, and he moved rapidly, but he was wrong in his estimate of distance many times. He fell short with his swings repeatedly, and the best blows he got in were while the Cornishman's back was against the ropes.

In the eighth and concluding round Fitzsimmons still held the advantage, and every time he put in a clip on Jeffries' blood-covered face the crowd yelled. It seemed as if a Fitzsimmons' victory was impending, and that it was bound to be a popular one.

Jeffries forced Fitzsimmons towards the edge of the ring, and swung with the left for the body. If it was a hard punch, there was nothing in Fitzsimmons' manner to show it. He turned towards Jeffries until their faces were close together. Fitz dropped his arm and spoke to Jeffries, and then Jeffries swung for the head and sent Fitzsimmons to the floor.

Fitzsimmons rested on his hands and knees, and Jeffries walked towards his corner. The Cornishman arose almost as soon as the count was finished, and he reeled and stared in what appeared to me to be an artificial manner. His eyes were rolling, but they were as bright as beads.

Jeffries did not lose any time in leaving the ring. As a rule, the winner of a championship fight remains in his corner many minutes, but some notion of Jeffries' speed in getting outside of the ropes may be gauged from the fact that he was called back to shake hands with Fitzsimmons, who was still staggering around. It probably took Mr. Jeffries fifteen seconds to pull off his gloves and place himself outside of the ring.

Jeffries' actions in making his escape so quickly reminded me of the night that Gans cleared out of the ring in Chicago after boxing his memorable fake with Terry McGovern.

Effect of the Blow.

A blow such as the one described knocks the wind out of a man, and the best he can do is to gasp for breath. If Fitzsimmons, after being struck by Jeffries the first time, had sunk to the floor gasping, I might have brought myself to believe that he was really knocked out, and that the fact that it occurred in the eighth round was a mere coincidence. When I saw him standing there, bright-eyed and smiling, and saying something to Jeffries, which, of course, I could not hear, between the body blow and the knockout, I was puzzled. Then, when I saw him sink to the floor after a comparatively light swing on the head it came to me like a flash that the information I had received was bona fide, and that the San Franciso public had been made the victim of another ring swindle.

Edwin H. Clough in Examiner.

It was a crowd that would have been pleased to see Robert Fitzsimmons deal the knock-out blow.

So much was apparent in the sharp, ejaculatory comment as the fight progressed. It was the blood that flowed from Jeffries in the second round that encouraged the spectators of this combat to believe in Fitzsimmons; it was the agile, swift movement of the lean Australian as he reached for all the vital exposures on his antagonist's body that incited derisive cries from the unknowing who believed that the staggering champion had finally met his match in his old foeman of the ring; and when in the eighth round the end came, even the experts were surprised and wondered what it all meant.

Some of those who know all about these things are wondering still.

Most of these experts probably know by this time what it all means.

However, that is neither here nor there as far as the character of that mass of humanity packed under the electric lights of the ringside was concerned. No thought of the manner of this fight or the dubious conclusion of the contest diverted the attention of that assemblage from the details of each round. Beyond the immediate disaster of each blow or the success of each skilled maneuver, the foresight of the spectators could not penetrate.

There was doubt when Jeffries landed and there was doubt when Fitzsimmons, eluded the smashing strokes of his huge muscled opponent.

There was doubt still until the long-limbed fighter went down in the throes of defeat in the eighth round.

It was in barbaric temper that the great crowd gathered to witness the fight between James Jeffries and Robert Fitzsimmons. Elemental passion swayed the multitude, and fierce delight filled the heart of each onlooker. Like a storm of gusty wrath the rage of the mob swept through the arena, lifting the peaceful tradesman out of his calm or anxious pursuit of the greasy dollar and flinging him backward through the whirling centuries to the time when commerce was on the simple plan "that they should keep who can"; reincarnating the plodding product of modern civilization with the spirit of ancestors that conquered with Alaric and Attila or turned down their thumbs to see the gladiator die on the thirsty sands of imperial Rome's all-consuming amphitheatre.

And the thumbs were down for Jeffries from first to last.

It was for Fitzsimmons that the mob roared in the sixth round, when the champion reeled to the facers that crimsoned the gloves of both men—a masculine roar that filled the night with a vast volume of gladness from the lips of men who love to see the blood of fighting men flowing freely.

It was then that this crowd of otherwise peaceful burghers yelled their loudest.

There is nothing articulate in the voice of a multitude, but there is a meaning in every tone.

The first welcoming shout reverberated with cordial human sympathy—it was the salutation of men who love strife and would road a greeting to anything that ministers to their lust for combat.

There was nothing mercenary in that first cry of the crowd—the thought of gain or loss was not in it. The confidence of those who had wagered their sesterces on Jeffries had not been mistaken by the vicissitudes of desperate blows and subtle strategy; the hopes of those who had ventured little to gain much on the chance that Fitzsimmons might win had not been shattered by the hammering strokes of his agile antagonist.

There was nothing in the apparition of the fighters to rouse the baser instincts of the shouting spectators, nothing to incense, nothing to make angry.

All that came later.

In that later cry there was little that reminded one of the human voice. It was the snarl of 10,000 wild beasts eager to leap upon their prey; it was the yell of the cave man rushing to battle; it was the shriek of the host that fought with stone bludgeons in the paleolithic age; it was the primal voice of mankind, that may never be eliminated as long as men are brave and proud and strong, whether in defense of the right or to protect the wronged—to hurl down the oppressor or to lift up the weak.

All this was working in the minds of the spectators of this fight until Jeffries ended it with that terrific body blow and that resistless swing on the jaw.

That is to say, it looked terrific, and it seemed resistless.

And yet, when Fitzsimmons had been counted out; when he lay doubled on the platform; when he struggled to his feet and clung, face downward, to the ropes, a great doubt swept through that motley throng.

Why had this man gone down so readily? What had really happened to him? Was he really what he appeared to be—a whipped prize fighter?

The crowd was silent as each observer of this strange procedure debated with himself. Then a low murmur began to rise along the tiers, and gradually it deepened to a hoarse growl that sounded like a protest.

Within the time that had occupied the referee to count him out Fitzsimmons was at the ringside as fresh as when he began that fatal eighth round—not a scratch on his glistening hide, not a bruise to mar the lean outline of his anatomy, no trace of other blood than that which he had drawn in combat with his antagonist—a lithe, active, confident pugilist, whose strength was still in all his muscles, whose nerve was unshaken by the seemingly awful ordeal through which he had just passed.

Moreover, his chest was full of wind and out of his throat piped the familiar accents that have often roused the mad enthusiasm of mobs like that which he now addressed, but who, unlike those other mobs, now listened with a broad sneer on unbelieving lips.

"I have fought my last fight," he said.

There was no shout of dissent.

"And the best man has won," he added.

There were a few scattering cheers for the defeated pugilist, for the spectators were still in doubt.

It is one of the axioms of Hume, the master skeptic, that there is no evidence sufficient to prove a miracle, and those who saw Fitzsimmons knocked out will never believe that he rose from the dead to tell them that he had fought his last fight, and to inform them that the best man had won.

George Siler in Chronicle.

Defeated, but not disgraced!

Defeated with all the honors in his favor, with the exception, of course, of the title and the big end of the money. That, in a few words, tells the story of the heavyweight championship battle between Champion Jim Jeffries and Bob Fitzsimmons. Jeffries won in the eighth round, but at the expense of a terrible mauling. With face beaten almost to a pulp, the giant of the prize ring left the arena a badly battered up and bruised victor. Had a non-spectator of the fight seen both men two minutes after the contest, they would have picked Fitzsimmons as the winner. With not a mark to speak of on his ruddy face, the old man walked out of the ring cheered more loudly than was the victor.

Jeffries, on the other hand, walked away with his trainer and chief adviser, Billy Delaney, with his nose spread all over his face, his right eye cut and swollen, his left eye almost closed and the left side of his cheek badly puffed up. He was rather an unsightly looking champion, as compared with Fitz. It was only his weight, strength, stamina and capacity of taking punishment that won for him. True, the blow, a left hook which landed directly under the solar plexus, had everything to do with the victory, but, had he not been of cast iron, he could never have withstood the blows that Fitz landed on him throughout the fight.

Referee Graney in Chronicle.

Referee Graney, standing on the blood-soaked burlap in the ring immediately after Fitzsimmons went down and out, said:

"It was the greatest fight I ever saw, and I doubt if there will ever be another like it. That a man who weighed sixty pounds less and was sixteen years older than his opponent could do what Fitzsimmons did to Jeffries tonight seems almost impossible. I do not mean to say that he had the best of it, but I do say that he is the most wonderful man of his years in the world."

San Francisco Chronicle.

When it was all over and Fitzsimmons had been lifted into his corner the seconds, the police and the newspaper men rushed to the platform, all making with one accord toward the grand old man of the ring to wring his hand. He brushed them aside, ran to the ropes, and, holding up his arms for silence, shouted:

"I am beaten, and the best man in the world did it. He is the best of them all, and he would have staid champion if I had won because I was going to give him back the championship right here in the ring. This is Bob Fitzsimmons' last fight. I'll never go into the ring again."

Saying this he tore off the gloves, stained red with Jeffries' blood, and hurled them with all his force right and left into the crowd. The audience made the arena shake with its applause.

Fitzsimmons turned about and seizing a bottle of cold tea from one of his seconds, began to drink from it. As he did so he ran full on to Jeffries, who had come over to shake his hand.

"Here's to you, Champion Jeffries," said Fitz, and he half emptied the bottle. Jeffries took it from him and drank in turn to his opponent.

"Well, you beat me, Jim," said Fitzsimmons. "I didn't think you could do it. You are the best of them all, and let me tell you, if you hadn't won you'd be champion tonight still, because I was going to hand it over to you. You are the best of them all, but say, Jim, I wasn't right the last time, sure I wasn't. I didn't know I was fighting."

San Francisco Call.

The defeated man threw himself upon the cot in his rough little dressing room as soon as he reached there and complained of pain in his side and hands. His first request was, "Telephone to Rose, someone, and tell her I'm all right."

Big Hank Griffin, George Dawson, Clark Ball, William Haberly and other associates and friends gathered sympathetically around Fitz and tendered him consolation, telling him he had fought a game battle and given one of the greatest displays of ring science and hard hitting ever seen.

"Didn't I mix it, though?" said Fitz proudly as he rose to a sitting posture and gripped his side. "I gave them a fight, didn't I? Out! I wasn't put out. Oh yes, of course I was out, but not exactly. I couldn't fight any more, that's all."

"Do you feel bad, Mr. Fitz?" asked the giant Griffin, with the tenderness of a child, and he laid his big black hand on Bob's red poll. "Don't you feel bad. You made a great fight."

Bob jocularly expressed the opinion that the only way to put Jeffries out was with a sledge hammer, and someone replied that Fitz ought to be able to handle that implement to good effect.

Dr. Cox was summoned. He said that Fitz's left thumb was sprained and that he thought one of his right ribs was cracked.

The beaten man's clothes were pulled on him and he was taken to his hotel in a carriage.

The Perfect Liver Medicine.

Mrs. M. A. Jolley, Noble, O. T., writes: "I have used Herbine for a number of years, and can cheerfuly recommend it as the most perfect liver medicine, and the greatest blood purifier. It is a medicine of positive merit, and fully accomplishes all that is claimed for it." Malaria cannot find a lodgment in the system while the liver is in perfect order, for one of its functions is to prevent the absorption of fever producing poisons. Herbine is a most efficient liver regulator. 50c, at Z. C. M. I.

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Freed Furniture & Carpet Co.

TROLLEY CARS COLLIDE

Drunken Men Cause Serious Wreck Near Rochester, N. Y.

Rochester, N. Y., July 27.—An attempt by five men to stop an incoming trolley car at the rifle range, a short distance north of this city, late tonight, resulted in a rear-end collision, in which seven passengers were seriously, and several others slightly, injured, and two score more narrowly escaped.

The seriously injured, all of whom reside in Rochester, are:

Horace D. Bryan, head badly cut in becoming jammed in a window.

Miss Nellie Ritter, back seriously injured.

Mrs. John Haley, badly bruised.

William Brodie, back injured.

W. P. Hamlin, back wrenched and bruised.

Frank Farley, back sprained; condition serious.

Joseph R. Webster, several painful bruises about the head and shoulders.

Shortly before 10 o'clock car 457 left Summerville, on Lake Ontario, bound for the city, heavily laden with passengers, with orders not to stop at the rifle range, which is a flag station only.

As the car approached this point the motorman discovered an obstruction on the track, and brought his car to a stop just in the nick of time. The obstruction, which consisted of several lengths of picket fencing and other material, had been placed on the track by five men under the influence of liquor, because, as they said, they had attempted to flag other in-bound cars without success, and determined to make sure of the next one.

While the crew was trying to clear the track in order to proceed, car 454, also in-bound, came along at a rapid speed, and crashed into the rear end of the car ahead.

The vestibules on both cars were smashed and their interiors were wrecked. Most of the injured were caught in the wrecked vestibules and between broken car seats. The men who caused the wreck disappeared, and have not been arrested.

Foley's Kidney Cure purifies the blood by straining out impurities and tones up the whole system. Cures kidney and bladder troubles. Johnson-Pratt Drug company.

Cots For Rent or Sale.
Freed Furniture & Carpet Co.

OGDEN NEWS

Ogden Office, 203 Eccles Building. Telephone 14.

Ogden, July 28.

TOO MANY OFFICERS.

Commissioners Seek Method of Eliminating Ogden Officials.

The board of county commissioners is desirous of acting under the recent decisions of Judge Rolapp and abolishing the superfluous offices of justice of the peace in Ogden. After some investigation, however, it has been found that the work is beset with difficulties and complications which may prevent its consummation. The board had the idea of consolidating all the five city precincts into one, thus dispensing with four of the justices and constables. However, the officers cannot be legislated out of office, and they were elected to serve till Jan. 1 next. The board, therefore, cannot abolish four of the districts, because the officers named must "be residents of the precinct for which they are elected," and such action by the board would in effect legislate their official residences from under them. The law as applied in Salt Lake differs from that which must apply in Ogden, because a special clause was inserted in the act covering this emergency in cities of the first class.

One way out of the difficulty which has been suggested is for the board to leave things as now until the terms of the present board are about to expire, in December, and then consolidate all the offices into one. The succeeding county board can then elect a justice and constable to fill that one vacancy.

BLAZE IN STORE.

Fire Does Damage to Millinery Establishment.

A fire last night at 10 o'clock damaged the millinery establishment of Mrs. W. H. Toller, 2404 Washington avenue, to the amount of between $1,000 and $1,500. The place was closed all day, hence there is considerable of a mystery about the origin of the flames. The fire was evidently smouldering some time before discovery by Miss Johnson, an employe of the telephone office, who sent in an alarm.

By the time the department arrived the fire gained such headway as to burn a small partition on the first floor, and the flames were working into the basement, where some straw goods were stored. The intense heat cracked the window panes, and the dense smoke poured from the windows of not only the first, but also of the two upper floors. The rear door was forced open, so as to allow the firemen to reach the seat of the fire with the chemical, extinguishing the flames entirely by those means. The damage was mostly by smoke and heat. The loss to the building, which is owned by John E. Dooly, was slight. Mrs. Toller's loss could not be fully determined last night, but is fully covered by insurance.

Business Changes.

W. G. Hampton of Salt Lake has been appointed to succeed Rufus Garner as head bookkeeper for the Consolidated Machine company in Ogden, Mr. Garner going to the postoffice as assistant to Mr. Davis, who will take charge as postmaster about Aug. 1.

Ogden Briefs.

W. B. Wedell is in San Francisco.

The city council will not meet tonight, adjournment having been taken till next Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Warner of St. Paul, Minn., who have been visiting Ogden friends for the past two months, will leave today for Portland and will sojourn some weeks in Oregon and Washington before returning to their home.

THREE CHILDREN KILLED.

Charlotte, N. C., July 27.—Anny Cousart and Jennie and Mamie Nelson, aged 10, 12 and 14, years, were killed by an engine on the Seaboard Air Line today. They were walking across a trestle.

Repulsive Features.

Blackheads, pimples, greasy faces and muddy complexions, which are so common among women, especially girls at a certain age, destroy beauty, disfiguring and making repulsive, features which would otherwise appear attractive and refined, indicate that the liver is out of order. An occasional dose of Herbine will cleanse the bowels, regulate the liver and so establish a clear, healthy complexion. 50c, at Z. C. M. I.

CHRISTENSEN'S DAY AT SALTAIR, JULY 28.

Christensen's orchestra of fifteen pieces in addition to the regular.

R·I·PAN·S

Many leading physicians recommend Ripans Tabules to their patients, because they well know their effectiveness in cases of indigestion, weak stomach, poor appetite and poor sleep.

At Druggists.

The Five-cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.

Notice to Contractors.

THE COMMITTEE ON BUILDINGS and grounds of the board of education, Salt Lake City, Utah, will receive bids up to 2:30 o'clock, July 29th, 1902, at the board rooms, city and county building.

First—For the erection and completion of an annex to the Lincoln and Wasatch school buildings.

Second—For the erection of a one-story storehouse.

Plans and specifications may be had at the office of W. Pinney, superintendent of buildings, 534 North Second West street.

A certified check of 5 per cent must accompany each bid. The right to reject any or all bids is reserved.

A. G. GIAUQUE,
Chairman Committee on Buildings and Grounds.

Assessment No. 1.

OFFICE OF THE UNCLE SAM CONSOLIDATED Mining company. Location and principal place of business, Salt Lake City. Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the directors, held on the 23d day of July, 1902, an assessment of 3 cents per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable Aug. 25, 1902, to B. G. Raybould, secretary and treasurer, at the office of the company, at the Utah National bank, of Salt Lake City. Any stock upon which this assessment may remain unpaid on the 25th day of August, 1902, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on the 11th day of September, 1902, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale. B. G. RAYBOULD, Secretary.

Date of first publication, July 24th, 1902

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

UNITED SUNBEAM COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah. Notice.—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of assessment No. 4, levied on the 21st day of May, A. D. 1902, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders as follows:

No. of Cert.	Name.	No. Shares.	Assessment.
6	Fred Dreyer	200	$ 20 00
15	George Y. Wallace	320	32 00
16	George A. Sheets	200	20 00
26	M. A. Pendergast	200	20 00
61	L. E. Riter	1,000	100 00
62	L. E. Riter	1,000	100 00
63	L. E. Riter	1,000	100 00
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