

FITZSIMMONS CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

In Ninety Seconds Peter Maher Was Sent to Sleep.

PUT OUT IN THE FIRST.

The Irish Fighter Received One of Those Famous Upper Hooks.

DECIDED ON MEXICAN SOIL.

Sports Dragged a Long Distance to Witness a Contest That Was Truly Disappointing.

LANGTRY, TEX., Feb. 21.—It took Robert Fitzsimmons just ninety seconds this afternoon to defeat Peter Maher and become the heavy-weight champion of the world.

Even to his friends it was evident that the Irish lad was not in it from the start. Before the round had progressed thirty seconds Maher attempted a foul and was heatedly warned by the referee.

Maher made a gallant effort to get upon his feet when time was called, but after getting half way, to a recumbent position, he fell back, and still had his head on the floor when time was called, and the decision was awarded to the Irishman.

When the train of sports arrived from El Paso at 2:30 o'clock there was no evidence that anything unusual was about to occur.

The excursionists from Eagle Pass and other points had been belated and only some fifty residents of the country about had gathered at the depot.

When the word to move had been given, the visitors speedily found that although they had been on the road for over sixteen hours and journeyed four hundred miles the hardest part of the entertainment was yet to come.

Following guides in straggling procession they went across the prairie for a distance of five hundred yards, and then commenced a precipitous descent of a seldom-used wagon road that went in a circuitous way down to the Rio Grande.

A more ideal spot for such an event could hardly be selected. To the west, sloping down to the very foot of the inclosure, was a mountain 500 feet in height, rugged and almost perpendicular.

Across the river on the Texas side was its counterpart and fringed along its stern summit, commanding a full view of the river, were some 300 men and women, who looked like pigeons to those below.

Between the two mountains and within a stone's throw of the ring upon the bottom of the river rushed with a dull roar. Heavy leaden clouds overhead and occasional drops of rain completed the picture.

The circus canvas with which the battleground was inclosed was 200 feet in circumference and sixteen feet in height. The ring was composed of white pine covered with white duck and had an elevation of four feet.

Over in the corner to the west were two diminutive tents for the convenience of the principals in making their final preparations. Fitzsimmons and Maher with their attendants in the front rank of the procession walked down but a few yards apart, both reaching the inclosure in a profuse state of perspiration.

"Have you the purse money?" Siler asked. "It is here," said O'Rourke, as he produced his wallet and waved two checks in the air.

Fitzsimmons was watching the proceedings with keen interest. As the papers were produced his lips curled and he yelled: "That stuff don't go, Julian. I want cash. How do we know what those things are worth?"

"Did you cash these checks last night?" asked Siler of O'Rourke while the crowd pressed in the neighborhood of the two men.

"Yes, I did," shouted the Boston man. "But do you think I was fool enough to bring \$20,000 with me into such diggings as these? It's the first time that my honesty has been questioned. I tell you that the money in the bank."

Maher looked squarely in the face, defiantly, and said: "Nobody ever questioned your honesty, but we want the money. We will take no checks."

Then, addressing the crowd, he continued: "If there is any dissatisfaction it is not our fault. We notified the responsible people several days ago that Fitzsimmons would not fight unless the money was in the ring."

"Yes," chirruped Fitzsimmons from his corner, "and they said it would be here." Parson Davies made a remark at this juncture to the effect that Julian was wasting time on boys' nonsense, and several of the spectators yelled, "Go on with the fight."

Julian retorted that the crowd had better keep their mouths shut, as he didn't intend to stand any dictation from outsiders, and serious trouble seemed imminent, when, like a tiger, the Cornishman leaped to his feet and made a bound to the center of the ring, and, his face inflamed with passion, fairly shrieked:

"We'll take the checks. I give in to every bloody thing they want. Do you understand? We give in to this even if we don't get it."

The crowd breathed more freely, and a rousing cheer was given for Fitzsimmons.

Then the men stripped. Fitzsimmons had chosen for his ring costume a navy-blue breechclout, with a belt of the stars and stripes. His legs were bare and his shoes of the standard running shape.

Maher wore short-legged black lightning-pants, with a green belt.

From the moment that the men had entered the ropes it was patent to everybody that while the Cornishman was toggled for the fray and full of confidence his opponent was nervous and ill at ease. His mouth moved incessantly as though he was chewing gum. His eyebrows twitched and he kept his thumbs revolving one after the other. Fitzsimmons eyed him with a sarcastic smile, and his breast heaved like that of an animal ready to bound for its prey.

At 4:25, when Referee Siler called both men to the center of the ring to give them instructions and warn them against fouling or other infractions of the code, the spectators enjoyed the first opportunity of seeing them face to face. Fitzsimmons presented a better appearance than at any of his previous encounters. His flesh was hard and pink and the veins stood out like whip cords. Maher, on the contrary, appeared somewhat flabby, while his movements on his feet lacked the agility that characterized those of Fitzsimmons.

Manager Quinn had evidently been honest in the opinion that he gave The United Press a couple of days ago: "Peter is not in the condition that I would like him to be in."

Time was called at 4:25 o'clock, and the spectators pressed to the ropes. Fitzsimmons led with his left. Maher backed toward his corner. Fitzsimmons landed with his right and a clinch followed. Maher struck Fitzsimmons with his right hand while they were clinched and Referee Siler reminded him that if he did so again he would give the fight to Fitzsimmons. After a breakaway Maher landed his left on Fitzsimmons' neck. Close-in-fighting followed and Maher succeeded in landing his left on Fitzsimmons' upper lip, drawing blood. Fitzsimmons landed with left and right. A clinch followed. Maher feinted and Fitzsimmons led with his right, but fell short. A mix-up followed in which Maher landed both right and left on either side of Fitzsimmons' head. Maher led with his left and another clinch followed. Fitzsimmons seemed a bit bothered and broke ground on Maher's leads. Maher followed him up and led with his left, when Fitzsimmons side-stepped, and swinging his right, landed full on the point of Maher's left chin.

Maher measured his length on the floor, his head striking the canvas with great force. He vainly attempted to rise, but could not more than raise his head. His seconds called on him to get up, but he failed to respond and sank back to the canvas.

The fatal tenth second was counted, Maher was declared out, and Fitzsimmons announced the victor, after one minute and thirty-five seconds' rather lively fighting.

Fitzsimmons' seconds cheered him to the echo and Maher's seconds carried the defeated Irishman to his corner. It was several minutes before he realized what had happened to him, and Fitzsimmons walked over to his corner and shook him by the hand.

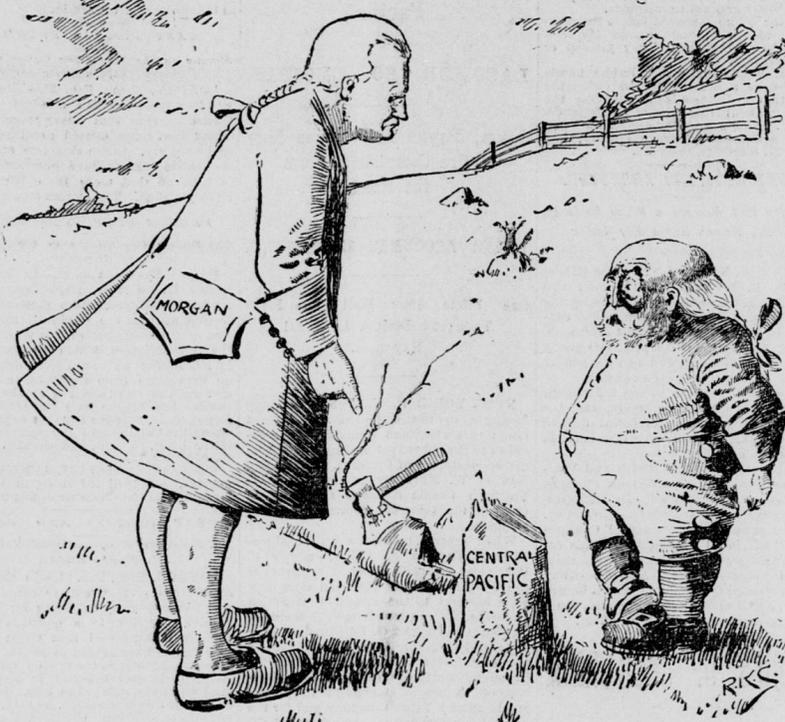
Fitzsimmons also shook hands with Quinn and the seconds in Peter's corner. Barring the slight bleeding at the nostrils occasioned by the left-hand jab of Maher, the Cornishman showed no signs of injury and appeared as fresh as at the opening of hostilities.

Maher showed no sign of punishment except a slight break in the skin just above the point of the chin, where Fitzsimmons' master-stroke had landed.

When the cheering of the people around the ropes and the waving of handkerchiefs by those upon the mountain summit had in a measure subsided and Fitzsimmons had tired of bowing his appreciation, Julian took the center of the ring, and clearing his throat, made the following announcement with theatrical effect:

"Gentlemen, Mr. Fitzsimmons has worked himself up from the bottom of the ladder and by the decision of the referee is now the champion. He is ready to defend the title against all comers at any time and place. No man is barred and all comers will receive recognition."

There were shouts of warning at this juncture that the pontoon bridge was in danger of being washed away by the strong current. The fighters and assist-



Morgan—Collis, who cut down that tree? Little Collis—I did—that is—er—well, I can't remember.

HODGES STANDS OFF HARRINGTON.

Now the Fight to Repeal the Charter Is On in Earnest.

WORK OF CALIFORNIANS

One a Lobbyist for Huntington and the Other a Champion of the People.

JUST A RAILROAD FREEBOOTER.

The Southern Pacific President De-nounced in a Statement by Mr. Hodges.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Feb. 21.—The fight on the bill to repeal the Southern Pacific charter is on in earnest and will be kept up with vigor until the bill has passed both houses of the Kentucky General Assembly.

The bill came up in the Senate this morning, and Senator Goebel, who is championing the fight for repeal, asked that the measure be made the special order for next Tuesday afternoon, which was agreed to by the Senate.

The bill will be considered exclusively at the afternoon session, and will be considered from day to day until disposed of. This is considered a victory by the friends of the bill as no other measure can interfere and the fight for time which is the main hope of the Huntington lobbyists can soon be estimated, and the friends of the bill hope to pass the measure by Wednesday and have it pushed into the House, where similar tactics will be arranged.

The Huntington people have become very active against the bill and claim there will be a surprise on a showdown. Their claim is without foundation, however, and the bill will be passed on a ye and no vote by a safe majority.

Hon. H. C. Hodges of Healdsburg, Cal., this morning published a lengthy communication in the Daily Capital in reply to an interview published in that paper on Wednesday with Colonel Harrington of Huntington lobby, in which he says the hand of Huntington is plainly discernible. He says the Huntington crowd always jump on Mayor Sutro and expect scurrilous attacks on him to turn the atten-

tion from Huntington's rascalities. He declares there is no comparison of reputation between the two men.

"Sutro is considered," says Hodges, "a gentleman of integrity and a public benefactor, and was elected Mayor of San Francisco over the combined influence of all parties and Huntington's money, while Harrington is considered a railroad freebooter, grasping everything in sight, and to-day is the most thoroughly despised man in California."

Hodges also pays his respects to Governor Budd, who was elected to office solely on the issue of Huntington and anti-Huntington or Southern Pacific, which is the same thing. No case was ever tried in State courts that could be taken to the United States court. He says for years the railroad commission has been under the control of the Southern Pacific, and elucidates on the practices of this company.

"Henchmen are here with that famous 'sack' which has for years yielded such a potent influence in California courts and Legislatures, and is now opening up its power on members of Congress. It chivalrous Kentuckians knew of the incubus and outrage they have imposed upon sister States they would repeal that infamous charter so quick that Huntington would think that he had been struck with one of his big nidevilers."

The card created a sensation to-day and has set the Kentucky Legislature to investigating.

The supply of information on the question at issue sent from San Francisco has not been stinted, but not every member has gone so deep into the real merits of the question as to fix his conviction for repeal. Colonel Harrington's interview was, of course, read by everybody, and, as he is here on the "ground," responsible for what he said, and speaking with the authority of a man holding a public office in the State of California, his words had great weight, especially as he took every opportunity to back up the impression made by earnest and emphatic personal interviews with such members as were steered in his way by some co-conspirator.

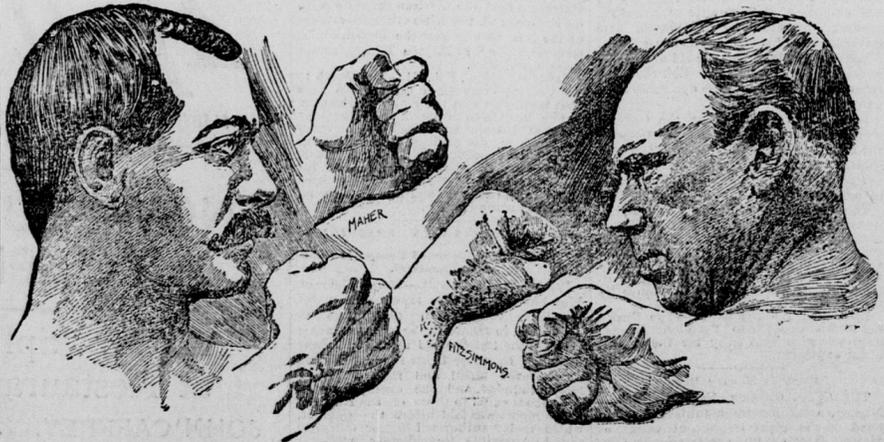
The colonel said when he first arrived in Frankfort that he was not here in the interests of the Southern Pacific and would take no part for or against it unless asked his opinion, which he would give.

He has, however, proven pretty clearly that he is here principally to lobby in Huntington's interest. Visiting his wife's relatives is a secondary matter. He is making his headquarters during the day and a good part of the night in General Duke's reception parlors at the Capital Hotel, where sweet and sour mash and fragrant cigars, with jolly conversation, make tempting baits to draw the member who is to be impressed by a personal interview with Colonel Harrington.

Colonel Bob Lytle, with his \$1000 claim, throws a little coldness over the colonel's demeanor for awhile, but it is understood that the matter has been arranged. The Huntington party thought that the impressive colonel had the field to himself and would make many votes.

A kind providence, however, sent H. C. Hodges to Frankfort at this critical jun-

Peter Maher and Robert Fitzsimmons, Whose Battle for the World's Championship and a Purse of \$10,000 Lasted Just Ninety Seconds.



COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON DRIVEN TO THE WALL

Cornered by the Questions From Tireless Senator Morgan.

CONTRADICTS STANFORD

Says Great Fortunes Were Not Made in the Contract and Finance Company.

ONLY THREE OR FOUR MILLIONS

That Is the Miserable Pittance Huntington Secured by Twenty Years' Labor.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 21.—Senator Morgan resumed his examination of C. P. Huntington, president of the Southern Pacific Company, before the Senate Pacific Railroads Committee this morning, taking as the basis of his questions the report of the United States Pacific Railroad Commission, which examined into the whole subject in 1887, Messrs. Littler and Anderson making the majority report and ex-Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania the minority report.

Mr. Huntington was in a mood to repel, being driven to the wall, and he resented with some show of asperity what he supposed to be reflections on his veracity implied in some of the questions put to him. He denied that himself, Stanford, Hopkins and Crocker made an enormous fortune, or even an undue profit out of the operations of the Contract and Finance Company, asserting that when the work was all done and paid for—half in cash and half in stock of the Central Pacific—the Contract and Finance Company was not able to pay its debts.

It was only when the Central Pacific stock appreciated, as it did largely in a few years, that the Contract and Finance Company realized large profits. Taking into consideration all the work and anxiety that he had gone through for twenty years in building the road and in establishing it on a successful basis, he declared that himself and his associates were not sufficiently remunerated.

On being pressed to name the amount of his personal profit, Mr. Huntington finally put it at not more than three or four million dollars.

"That is pretty good pay for twenty years' work," said Senator Morgan. "No, not for the work we did," said Mr. Huntington. "I have done as much work in twenty years," said Morgan, "and I never got a twentieth part of that."

"I do not do that kind of work for any such price as that—not of my own volition," Mr. Huntington said.

Morgan asked if all the capital were not furnished by the Government, and Huntington said it was not; but could not say just how much he did put in—certainly more than a million, and anyhow enough to make a great success of the work. It was put in from time to time as the necessity of the work demanded. There was no time when he would not have mortgaged his dwelling-house to carry on the work. He had paid into the Contract and Finance Company \$8000 or \$10,000 at the beginning, and several hundred thousand afterward. He could not state exactly how much. He was in the East the greater part of the time, and Mr. Hopkins had absolute control of that part of the business.

"Even your bank account?" asked Morgan. "Yes," replied Mr. Huntington, "I always found it the better way to trust somebody than to trust nobody."

At another point in the examination Senator Morgan remarked that Mr. Huntington's answer was "no answer at all."

"I'm answering the best I can," Huntington said. "I'm afraid not," Senator Morgan dryly remarked. "I am," Huntington retorted rather defiantly, "and when I say I am that is what it means."

Senator Morgan read a statement from the report of the United States Pacific Railroad Committee and asked Huntington whether the statement was correct. "I do not fight words," he answered, "that are thrown into the air by irresponsible committees as these committees usually were. They picked up their information on the street corners of San Francisco. Very likely they did the best they could, but they did not get correct information."

"It appears," said Senator Morgan, "that they got some of their information from Senator Stanford, and Senator Stanford testified that each of the four parties in the Contract and Finance Company got just \$13,000,000 as his share of the profit."

"Mr. Stanford knew very little," Mr. Huntington replied, "of the business of the company, but I do not know how he could have made that mistake. I have no idea that there was any such amount of Central Pacific stock delivered, and how he could have got \$13,000,000 of it I cannot see."

Morgan read from the testimony of a Mr. Yost, who swore he saw Mr. Crocker pick out a number of boxes containing books of the Contract and Finance Company and store them away. Mr. Huntington adhered to his former statement that the books in question had all been destroyed.

"Did you know Yost?" asked Morgan. "I did," said Huntington. "What sort of man was he?" "He is dead," said Morgan.

"Well, the best thing he ever did was to die," was Huntington's reply. "A John Miller testified," said Morgan, "that he saw Crocker store the books away; what about him?"

"I'll tell you," was Mr. Huntington's reply. "I went into our office in San Francisco one day and saw the man Miller at work. 'What salary do you give that man?' I asked Crocker. 'Five thousand a year,' was his reply. 'That is either too much or too little,' I replied. I then advised Crocker to put an expert on Miller's books. That was done and we found that

ture and he has taken up the cudgels for the State of his adoption with a spirit that commends him and his wards to the people of Kentucky and the Legislature especially. He speaks in no uncertain tones, as you may see, and does not mince matters in the least.

Kentuckians love a contest of whatever kind it is, and this one is going to do more to bring the merits of the issues involved in the disposal of this charter than all the printed matter that has been sent here.

Harrington will likely reply to Hodges in the next issue, and that gentleman will undoubtedly return the courtesy. This fight will make votes for the bill and counteract Harrington's efforts almost entirely. Mr. Hodges is well known throughout this section of Kentucky; in fact, throughout the whole State.

He is the son of Colonel George Hodges, who was for over thirty years grand secretary of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky. His family have lived in Frankfort or vicinity since the State was born, and are people of large influence. All of his name and connection will take his side in this controversy.

This is very timely assistance for Goebel, who has in addition to his other duties had the bulk of the work on this bill on his shoulders also, not to say that Filippin, McChord and others have not done their part after they were informed as to the merits of the case.

McChord is expected to make a strong speech in favor of the passage. If Bronston speaks at all it will be against the bill, but he is not very enthusiastic in its support. General Duke evidently feels more confident than he has done for some days, and the recess on account of Judge Grace's death would have been a good thing for them with Harrington at hand to "impress" the members, but the advent of Mr. Hodges has put a different phase on the matter, and the recess will only serve to make votes for the bill, the more so if Harrington keeps up the fight.

THE SENATORIAL DEADLOCK. Blackburn and Hunter Each Receive Fifty Votes.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Feb. 21.—The joint ballot for Senator was not materially changed to-day. The four bolting Republicans voted for Walter Evans of Louisiana and the sound-money Democrats stood by Carlisle. The ballot resulted: Blackburn, 50; Hunter, 50; scattering, 8. Necessary to a choice, 55.

The joint assembly then adjourned until Monday.

DISMISSED BY A BROTHER

Ballington Booth Dropped From the Salvation Army Rolls.

He and His Wife Disappear and Herbert Booth Offers a Reward for Information.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Feb. 21.—Ballington Booth, commander of the Salvation Army in America, has disappeared with his wife, Maud B. Booth. Their home in Montclair, N. J., is closed. They have not been at the army headquarters in this city since Thursday.

Herbert Booth, brother of Ballington Booth and commander of the army in Canada, will take charge of the forces here to-morrow. He offered a reward to any one who would tell him where Ballington is. The army is stirred to great excitement. On the steamship Teutonic Wednesday night Eva Booth, a sister, arrived from England.

Herbert Booth was hastily summoned to New York by Colonel Nicoll, a staff officer of the army, who came here ostensibly on a mission to investigate the sentiment of rebellion in this country against the transfer of Commander Booth to another sphere of action.

He arrived on Thursday, and on that day a court of inquiry was held by the three, with Ballington Booth before them. The proceedings became heated. There were charges and incriminations. Ballington Booth was ordered to proceed at once to England.

"I will not go," he said.

"This is insubordination," replied Herbert. "You know what that means in the army."

"Yes, I know."

"It means dismissal,"

"Then I will accept it," replied the commander.

In the heat of the argument that followed the commander complained bitterly of the injustice of his father removing him so arbitrarily from a field where he had labored so long and in which he hoped to finish his life. He made use of terms of insubordination and criticized the general severely.

"This means a trial by court-martial," cried Herbert Booth, springing to his feet. "You have spoken disrespectfully of your father and your general. I prefer charges of insubordination and disrespect against you. I move that this court proceed to try you for your words."

Colonel Nicoll supported Herbert Booth. He then made known his full authority. "I have authority to dismiss you from office," he said, "and to appoint your successor. I demand of you all the property of the army in America that stands in your name. You are dismissed from office."

Ballington Booth rose to his feet. "Let it mean dismissal. I will never stand it." After receiving notice of dismissal he and his wife, aided by a few friends, spent the evening packing up their personal belongings. The keys were turned over soon afterward.

Rear-Admiral Fife Dying.

OMAHA, NEBR., Feb. 21.—A dispatch from Pierce, Nebr., says that Rear-Admiral Fife (retired) is in a dying condition. Relatives from Massachusetts and California have been summoned.

A Nation of Connoisseurs.

The immense consumption of champagne in this country constitutes the American the best judge in the world, and the importation in 1895 of 79,049 cases of G. H. Mumm's extra dry is evidence of their choice, the reason being that its remarkable quality, purity and natural dryness commend it to physicians as well as laymen.