IN HIS SLEEP WHIPS CORBETT

Fitzsimmons Again Dreams of Victory in the Arena.

FIVE FIERCELY FOUGHT ROUNDS.

Graphic Description of the Mill as He Saw It in the Vision.

GEORGE GREEN HAS A NARROW ESCAPE.

A Boat in Which He Was Rowing Capsizes and He Is Barely Saved From Drowning.

CARSON, Nev., March 7. — Fitzsimmons has had another dream, and as usual has dreamed of victory. Bob confesses to a weakness for beholding visions during the slumbers that precede all of his big battles, and, while he protests that he is not superstitious, he holds that none of his nightmares have ever given him the wrong tip, and will tell you in a sort of half-doubtful way that there might be something in these nocturnal prophecies after all.

Fitzsimmons' new dream goes on record as having visited him last night. This is not the first time the St. Patrick day's battle has been pictured to him in his sleep since the signing of the articles. There was one ahead of this one, which called on him several weeks ago, while he was still in the East. On that particular occasion Bob saw Corbett curl up and go to sleep at the end of the seventh round. In describing the vision at the time, he said he saw a ring pitched in the open air, with something like 20,000 people gathered around.

He was the first of the two world's championship aspirants to enter the ring, but was compelled to wait quite a while, the delay being caused by Corbett's refusal to leave his dressing-room. The crowd roared with anger, and threatened the Californian with all sorts of violence if he persisted in remaining in seclusion, and finally Corbett came out; the gloves were produced, and the fight began.

As Fitzsimmons says he saw it in the dream the fortunes of both varied during the first six rounds, but the seventh saw Corbett distressed. Bob saw his chance, and cornering the Olympic Club idol he sent a stiff left into his abdominal cavity. This blow caused Corbett's head to come forward, and Fitzsimmons in his vision shot in a magnificent upper-cut and put his man to sleep—such an upper-cut, he explained, as wound up Sailor Sharkey in San Francisco.

It took the Cornishman seven rounds to close the career of Gentleman Jim in that Eastern dream, but Bob must be smoking a better brand of the poppy extract of late, for in last night's picture of the mill he turned the trick in the fifth round. The mammoth arena in which the approaching battle is to be fought is close to the road leading to Fitzsimmons' training quarters, and in consequence he sees it during his tramps into town almost daily. This will account for the perfect picture of the vast inclosure that he saw last night while he snored.

Again was there a great and surging crowd in attendance, and it was a noisy assemblage at that. Fitzsimmons in telling of the dream this afternoon said that he emerged from his dressing-room enveloped in his time-honored bath robe, and followed by his seconds armed with buckets, bottles and fans he met with an ovation that fairly shook the place and brought echo after echo rolling back from the surrounding snowclad mountains. Then when Corbett appeared there was another roar, another fac-simile earthquake and a duplication of the echoes.

"To tell the truth," said Fitzsimmons, scratching his head in an endeavor to recall more of the details of the dream, "I don't believe I can tell you which one of us got the best of those receptions. As I remember it now, everybody in the place howled for me and then everybody yelled for Corbett. I guess it was horse and horse. We will let it go at that, anyhow."

Then he went on to describe the battle. But little time was lost in measuring distances and getting acquainted with each other's tactics, for both were anxious. The air was raw and cold, and before they were in the ring ten seconds they were at it. It was a fast and furious battle. Fitzsimmons opened the battle with a murderous swing, which, had it landed, would have settled the battle; but Jim was on the alert, ducked and came back at Fitzsimmons with a sharp rap on the nose. A clinch followed, but both escaped from it without damage. Corbett's cleverness and ability to dance out of harm's way saved him several times during that round, so dreamed Fitzsimmons, from going down under the piledriver blows that were sent after him. He was like a shadow so far as locating him was concerned, but Fitzsimmons was persevering and confident that he would land eventually.

So the battle waged during four rounds and the pace was plainly telling on Corbett. He did not respond to the call of time with that nimbleness that had characterized his previous appearance on the scratch—and here the dream grows interesting.

Fitzsimmons saw his opportunity and dashed in to finish matters. He beat down the champion's guard, and the crowd, which had all along been noisy, now simply roared, for the end was in sight.

"Good boy, Bob!" was what the Cornishman heard in his dream. And, as the noise was dying away, a female voice echoed shrilly with another "Good boy, Bob!" Fitzsimmons knew that voice, for it was Mrs. Fitzsimmons', and it had the effect of redoubling his energies.

The battle was soon over. Corbett, unable to beat off the attacks, dropped his arms. A hush had come over the 20,000, but it was broken by a resounding smash as Fitzsimmons' right connected with the champion's jaw, and—

"I'm the champion of the world!" yelled Fitzsimmons.

"What in thunder is the matter with you, now?" said Trainer Dan Hickey, jumping out of his warm bed and discovering Fitzsimmons standing shivering in the middle of the bedroom and waving his long arms like a marionette.

"Hang it all," said Fitzsimmons, as he rubbed his eyes and looked about to see where he was, "I thought the fight was over, but it was only another of those confounded dreams."

Everybody laughed uproariously when Bob finished the story of his dream, and the Cornishman joined in the chorus.

"Never mind, though," he said, when he could make himself heard. "That will be the story of the battle just as sure as I am standing here."

I was out to Corbett's training quarters late this afternoon and found that the champion had heard about Fitzsimmons' dream.

"Well," said Jim, with one of those funny winks of his, "I am satisfied to let him have all the enjoyment he can get out of those nightmares, for they will furnish about all the pleasure he will get out of this little engagement. That is about as near as he will ever get to whipping me—in his dreams."

It was then time for Corbett to begin his afternoon training and as we walked over to the handball court together he said:

"I'll tell you, my boy, there is only one story to this fight, or else I am the worst guesser in the world. I will repeat now what I have often said before and that is that I consider myself to be in the best physical condition I ever attained throughout my athletic career. If condition is to determine this coming battle I have won already. But that is not the point I am getting at—not the story I referred to. To my mind it is simply a question as to whether or not Fitzsimmons can land on my jaw that lucky punch which has made him celebrated. That's all there is to this fight. I don't believe he can land it, but still nobody can tell—he might. If he does not it will be all day with him, for I know I can hit him and I'll cut him to ribbons as sure as I am talking to you now."

Corbett gave a remarkable exhibition of endurance this afternoon, and those who witnessed the performance went away fully convinced that if the approaching contest develops into a prolonged affair the Australian will in no wise be at a disadvantage. He began his work by wrestling with his wrist machine. Now, this apparatus is reputed to be capable of tiring a person more than any of the muscle-making devices used by athletes, and any one who has ever "fooled" with one of them in a gymnasium knows this fact. Corbett put in twenty-five minutes of steady and vigorous work on the machine, and then, as he was gloving his hands for a bout with the bunching-bag, gave me a little dissertation on the effects of wrist practice.

"When I get through with that machine my arms and hands are apparently worked out, so fatigued are they," he said. "Anybody else who tackles it the way I do will be affected in the same way, if not worse. But the funny part of it is that as soon as I begin to thump the bag, which is the next work on the programme, that feeling of fatigue begins to disappear, and the longer I punch the stronger I feel until finally I am in the very finest of fettle for the handball games and boxing bouts that follow the punching-bag exercise.

"The wrist machine is a wonderful help to a man in training, for it gives great strength to the forearms and hands, and they are the most valuable weapons he can have in a contest, and must be carefully prepared so as to lessen the danger of their breaking."

Jim was now ready for the bag, and at his request I kept time for him. He began with his left hand, varying between hooks, straight-arms, swings and jabs, and asked that he be notified when he had worked five minutes. I purposely neglected to sing out to him when the five minutes were up, and the result was that he continued to pump away with the left hand, the ball beating a veritable tattoo as it rattled against the ceiling with lightning-like rapidity.

"What's the time?" finally asked Corbett, but without missing a blow at the bounding ball.

"Eighteen minutes."

"Humph, I was commencing to think that was rather a long five minutes," he said, emphasizing each word with a whack at the ball. "Well, that's all right," he continued, "we will make it twenty minutes," and he did.

Then the right hand was brought into play for ten minutes and this was followed by a rattling finish with both hands—thirty-five minutes in all. I took particular pains to notice the condition of the big fellow at the close of this violent exercise so that the readers of the CALL might be given an idea as to what a man who is fit for a championship battle can do. He was wet and steaming with perspiration, but his breathing did not indicate in the slightest degree that he had been undergoing any unusual exertion. This was made all the more evident by the fact that no sooner had he left the bag to put on his blankets than he began a conversation with Trainer Charley White, the theme of which was a complaint regarding the condition of the ball, and his flow of words was in no way interrupted by shortness of breath.

Then boxing bouts were next in order and he was at his four sparring partners, alternating with them so as to give them a rest, for three-quarters of an hour. And still he had not tired. The Californian is certainly in shape, so far as his powers of endurance are concerned.

Billy Woods, the man who wears the pneumatic face and the padded corset when he boxes with Corbett, has been enjoying a two days' vacation. When Corbett gets at this armored gladiator he slogs unmercifully, and despite the protection afforded by the pneumatic devices Billy has been repeatedly floored and put to sleep. Woods got tired of his job and threatened to go out on a strike. Corbett evidently realized that Billy's position was no sinecure, and compromised by giving his trainer two days off.

"A bloomin' truck horse couldn't stand the pounding that I get from that big chap," said Billy to-day. "I'm sore in every part of my body and it was getting to be torture. Honestly, I believe if it wasn't for the mask I wear I would have had my bloomin' head knocked off. Wait till Fitz gets a few of these cracks and then he will sympathize with me."

Outside of the Cornishman's dream there was but little in the shape of interesting events to be gleaned at Cook's ranch to-day, and those who went thither and paid the usual admission fee saw only the usual routine. Fitzsimmons has got right down to work of the hardest kind, and it seems to agree with him immensely. He revels in it. His cold has nearly disappeared, and aside from the black eye Hickey decorated his countenance with the other day he looks magnificent. He has gone "looney" over snipe shooting, and is out every morning with his gun and dog. He is a fair shot, too, and usually brings home quite a mess.

News came from Empire to-day to the effect that George Green, who is training for the welter-weight battle with "Mysterious" Billy Smith, had a narrow escape from being drowned. There is a dammed river in front of Green's training quarters, and he and his chum, Bob McArthur, frequently venture out upon it in a little skiff for a row.

While out for one of their spins to-day McArthur espied a slain duck floating in the water, and dropping one of his oars, reached for it. Green playfully attempted to get it first, and in the scramble the skiff was capsized and both found themselves floundering in the water.

Bob is an expert swimmer and had little difficulty in getting out of danger, but Green found his heavy training clothes a fearful handicap and could make no progress at all. He finally got hold of the boat, however, and clung to it until assistance arrived. He has suffered no ill effects so far from the experience and went on with his training as usual. He is in splendid shape just now and is certain that he will whip Smith.

Dal Hawkins, who is in training with Green for the fight with Martin Flaherty, is also in fine fix.

J. G. MANSFIELD.

Scenes and Incidents Before the Big Fight at Carson

"NEVADA'S DISGRACE."

Cleveland Preacher Assails the Sagebrush Population.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, March 7.—Rev. Levi Gilbert of the First Methodist Church preached a sensational sermon to-night on "Nevada's Shame and Disgrace." He lampooned the State for legalizing prize-fighting, saying among other things:

Its action was taken after the splendid determination of even Texas to exclude prize-fighting by special act of the Legislature. This State, this deserted mining camp, revives the brutality by an exhibition which must make the Indians and its Chinamen wonder at Christianity. Corbett is called a gentleman; yet he acted like an infuriated animal in his last fight and his wife was divorced on grounds affecting his morality. He is as dissipated as is John L. Sullivan, who clubs his wife.

Such exhibitions promote criminality by feeding the bestial in man. They debauch the public ideal. Such men show pluck, yes; but no better than the bulldog or tiger. There is no spontaneous courage; they let themselves be battered for $5000. Prize-fighting is often excused as no worse than football. But brutality can be and often is excluded from the latter. Brutality is an essential part of prize-fighting and cannot be eliminated.

On the seal of Nevada there is a picture of the sun rising over the mountains, but on the 17th it will feel like going into eclipse. St. Patrick ought to feel on his birthday that he has worse varmints than snakes to drive out.

THE SALE OF SEATS.

Falling Off in the Demand for High-Priced Tickets.

Strange as it might seem the sporting fraternity observed the Sabbath yesterday to the great disgust of Managers Cook and Clark, who are here representing High Chief Dan Stuart in the sale of tickets for the great fistic event to be decided on March 17 in Carson. The sale was so good on Saturday, when it was begun, that it was expected to be better yesterday, when people had more leisure to call around and do business, but it was not.

The disposal of $6000 worth of seating capacity that started the ball rolling was made up principally of block sales. Charles Asher took $1500 worth for himself and friends who had commissioned him to act for them. Another $1000 worth was taken by Harry Corbett and his partner, Burns, who are to run a special Pullman excursion to and from the fight. The remainder of the $6000 was put up by a few special parties and a few individuals.

Yesterday, however, there were no block sales. The tickets that passed over Mose Gunst's counter were mostly single and at the $20 rate.

The public does not seem to take kindly to the box seats at $40 a throw. Yesterday's sales amounted to only $890.

SHOOTING FOR CASH AND MEDALS

The California Club Hold Forth at Schuetzen Park.

D. W. McLaughlin Won the Big Prize at the Shell Mound Range.

G. S. Schulz and A. H. Pape Also Come in With Good Scores For the Germania's Money.

The marksmen were out in large numbers at Schuetzen Park yesterday, and with the exception of a slight rain late in the afternoon, a better day for the sport could not have been had. The crack of the rifles continued all day long. Among the clubs were the California Schuetzen Club, San Francisco Grutli Verein, Company H, First Regiment; Company E, First Infantry, and Company D, Fifth Regiment.

The California Schuetzen Club's regular monthly medal shoot resulted as follows:

First champion class—First prize, A. Strecker, 422 rings; second prize, D. W. McLaughlin, 415. Second champion class—First prize, Captain F. Kuhls, 410; second prize, O. Burmeister, 403. First class—First prize, P. Brunotte, 424; second prize, O. Bremer, 419. Second class—First prize, A. Breuss, 415; second prize, A. N. Bayen, 402. Third class—First prize, C. Eging, 408; second prize, A. Jungblut, 369. Fourth class—First prize, H. Kuhls, 347; second prize, J. B. Turner, 347. Best first shot, P. Brunnotte, 24 rings; best last shot, D. W. McLaughlin, 25 rings.

Cadets—First medal, J. Kullmann, 282 rings; second medal, F. Rothschild, 240.

O. Bremer made the highest in five shots, scoring: 25, 25, 22, 25, 22; total, 119.

The regular monthly medal shoot of the San Francisco Grutli Verein resulted as follows:

Champion class, Al Gehret, 408; first class, A. Hinterman, 371; second class, Edward Kunz, 386; third class, George E. Hauser, 353; best first shot, O. von Wyll, 25; best last shot, G. R. Hauser, 23.

In the bullseye shoot the following were the winners:

G. Appenzelles, L. Hauser, M. A. Tschurr, Joseph Feiz, A. Hintermann, Edward Kunz, O. von Wyll and Charles Ott.

Company H, First Infantry Regiment, held its monthly shoot, 10 shots, military target, with the following results:

Corporal Ehrenpfort 45, F. C. Muller 44, I. J. Carrol 44, Sergeant O'Brien 44, Sergeant Holtz 43, Corporal Broderick 42, Atwater 41, Collan 40, Hackson 40, Lieutenant Davis 40, Polkinghorn 39, Mitchell 39, Swift 36, Furnanz 35, N. Jackson 35, Schneider 34, Desmond 31, Joggie 27, Hisshinger 10.

Company E, First Infantry, made the following scores:

Captain Fitzpatrick 40, Lieutenant Ralph 43, Sergeant Saywell 37, Lieutenant Robinson 41, Sergeant Cardiff 36, Corporal O'Connell 43; privates—Murphy 34, Sullivan 22, Rocks 21, Ross 37, Hay 28, Pedler 38, J. Ralph 41.

Company D, Fifth Regiment, of San Rafael held its monthly target shoot. Following were the scores:

F. B. Moulten 48, J. F. Robinson 46, J. Dawson 45, A. N. Boyen 43, T. S. Archer 42, W. T. Butterworth 43, W. Elliott 44, T. J. Fallon 39, F. J. Jacobs 39, F. Mulhern 42, J. P. Mulhern 39, F. J. Murray 41, A. A. Smith 43, B. Treaton 41, N. Vanderbilt 40, J. T. Bustin 38, H. S. Dawley 38, E. Gardner 30, F. Hoffer 21, H. Iversen 38, E. F. Murch 41, A. E. Scott 35, E. W. Smith 38, J. W. Schlosser 43, R. E. Walsh 36, J. Barrow 30, V. Cheda 40, G. Collamore 36, F. H. Deckman 30, J. E. Greaver 42, P. Le Carnec 22, H. Plette 42, D. McCamish 35, G. Sands 29, J. H. Smith 35, A. Barrow 14, C. L. Coulter 19, M. de Sinet 12, C. H. Fletcher 38, J. R. Hart 30, M. Maguire 23, J. C. Masrup 34, W. Miller 28, H. C. Smith 34, C. Mahar 28, J. Jones 40, S. Eden 39, George G. Donohue 36, S. H. Robinson 32.

The opening of Schuetzen Park has been set for Sunday, April 4, and Manager Schuemann has arranged an elaborate programme. Forty prizes, ranging in value from $40 to $1, are offered in the shooting contests. For the first and last bullseyes in the morning and afternoon $2 50 will be given, best five tickets on ring target $5, best five tickets on honorary target $5 hat, most tickets during the day on both targets $5.

AT SHELL MOUND.

An Open-to-All Shoot for Cash Prizes on the Man-Target.

The picnic season of 1897 was opened yesterday at Shell Mound Park by a concert and picnic. Captain L. Siebe, the proprietor, has had the entire premises renovated and put in perfect order. The early trains took across the bay many hundred pleasure-seekers, and by 3 o'clock the number was increased to 5000 and the opening was a success.

From 10 o'clock to noon a concert was given, and then after the dinner hour dancing was kept up until evening. Another party found pleasure in the bowling-alley, where they bowled up to 7 o'clock for cash prizes amounting to $100, offered by Captain Siebe. These prizes ranged from $20 to $1.

There was but one attraction on the grounds for the riflemen and that was the rifle range, which was crowded from early in the morning until as late as the targets could be seen, for there was a grand public prize-shoot there, held under the auspices of the Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club. All of the shooting was on the man target, four shots, 80 points the possible. The twenty-five prizes aggregated $225 and ranged from $30 to $1, besides special prizes for best first and last shots and most red flags for the 20-center line.

For a time it was supposed that George S. Schulz was going to be high man with 77 and A. H. Pape second best with 76. Late in the day D. W. McLaughlin got in his work with his new Pope barrel and made 78 out of a possible 80. He won the first prize of $30, Schulz took the second, $25, and Pape third, $20. The leading prize winners and their scores were as follows:

D. W. McLaughlin 78, G. S. Schulz 77, A. H. Pape 76, George Alpers 75, A. Jungblut 74, A. Strecker 73, W. Gündemann 73, F. P. Schuster 73, J. Utschig 73, L. Hanke 72, H. H. Burfeind 72, F. O. Young 72, H. Stelling 71, D. B. Faktor 71, H. Plagemann 81, F. H. Mason 70, C. Thierbach 70, N. Ahrens 70, W. Garms 69, H. Huber 69. First best shot in the morning, A. Myer; last best shot in the afternoon, C. F. Rust. Distribution of prizes to-morrow evening at 35 Eddy street.

The regular class medal shoot of the Deutscher Krieger Verein shooting section was also held at Shell Mound, with the following results:

Champion class, F. Kaiser 352 rings; first class, M. Biegel 341; second class, O. Dammer 291; third class, F. Miehle 256; best first bullseye, M. Biegel 24; best last bullseye, A. Franke 25; most centers, A. Franke.

A large number of musket marksmen also were on the range. Among them were the members of the first division of the naval battalion and the members of Troop A of the cavalry. The latter were badly handicapped for making good scores, as they were obliged to shoot with the army carbine, using very powerful ammunition. The scores, ten shots, military target, made with the army and navy firearms were as follows:

Troop A, cavalry—Captain J. A. Jenks 29, C. Penniman 35, Reno 20, Ennis 10, McDermott 31, Boney 7, Sandbeck 32, Laederick 21, McCulloch 4, W. C. Osborne 13, Cross 15, W. H. Robinson 3, Graff 24, Desmond 7, Kerr 18, Dunham 22, C. Robinson 20.

Naval Battalion—A. Luderman 39, A. Holmes 20, D. McWilliam 36, Lieutenant Dennis 42, Peters 39, Wier 29, Emmerich 30, E. Rich 24, A. Landon 26, J. A. Healey 20, J. F. Murphy 32, W. Corliss 27, C. A. Gould 35, Ensign B. Shepston 4, T. J. Casey 42, A. G. Quinlan 34, J. Toussaint 28.

Company A, First Regiment—F. W. Nebert 33, C. Cook 22, George Swan 32, A. C. Llewelling 38, W. Ronselle 32, T. J. McCreagh 37, D. J. Daly 32, J. C. Segrave 43, M. H. Watkins 40, E. L. Scharf 7, J. J. Dillon 10, C. G. Waite 40, L. H. Anthen 16, W. T. Beck 31, J. O. Staples 32, D. M. Browne 21, T. P. Leonard 33, W. S. Taylor 6, A. W. Taylor 5, W. A. Nord 35 and W. D. Flinn 28.

Company A, Fifth Regiment, practice—Captain Poulter 45, Jannigan 42, S. A. Puckett 46, Patrey 15, W. D. Hughes 30, Grismore 24, Smith 26, King 36, Littlefield 26, Magell 41, C. Puckett 40, C. Poulter 36, Langford 27, De Poy 29, Logan 35, Charles Ellis 37, Kohler 38, McCormick 43, Jumper 33, Monroe 16, Learn 32.

Independent Rifles—Dr. F. Hau 41, P. D. Butt 37, J. A. Stang 36, Dr. W. Lindecker 34, J. Danarie 34, Corporal J. Mindermann 32, C. Stande 31, C. Hilsz 30, Corporal C. Schneider 29, Lieutenant E. Moenning 41, Schoning 27.

AT ALAMEDA POINT.

Grand Bluerock Tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club Yesterday.

The Lincoln Gun Club held a grand bluerock tournament at Alameda Point yesterday, the regular programme being composed of two prize matches. The first was a record match, open to all, for 100 birds, and the second a 25-bird match, also open to all.

In the first match the competitors shot for a handsome gold medal, henceforth to be known as the 100-bird record medal, which will become the personal property of the marksman winning it the greatest number of times out of the six shoots of the season.

The contest proved an exciting one, as all the men were well matched and accounted among the club's most experienced marksmen. Webb finally carried off the highest score with eighty-five birds, F. Feudner being scored with eighty-four.

The full scores were:

Webb 85, F. Feudner 84, Nauman 76, Bekart 74, Justins 74, Golcher 73, Foster 68, Grimes 64, H. Vernon 62, Sharp 56, Clabrough 55.

In the twenty-five-bird match the men shot for $100 in cash and $100 in prizes. There were three classes, and the money and prizes will be finally allotted in the sixth shoot, each man shooting in the class to which he belongs. The scores yesterday were as follows:

Shaw 17, Durst 16, Behart 16, Fisher 17, Golcher 20, C. Fisher 12, O. Strander 15, Justins 22, Grimes 13, Norman 18, Webb 21, F. Feudner 15, H. Vernon 20, Foster 16, Alderton 19, J. Foster 17, Sharp 16, Karney 17.

The following matches were subsequently improvised, the entrance money being divided among the successful competitors:

Ten-bird match, unknown traps and unknown angles—Norman 8, O. W. Fisher 7, Sharp 6, Webb 6, Golcher 6, Baur 6, Karney 6, Durst 5, Grimes 5, Feudner 5, Foster 5, E. Foster 4, Shaw 4, Clabrough 4, Justins 3, C. Fisher 2, H. Vernon 2, Alderton 2.

Fifteen birds, reverse system—Webb 13, O. Fisher 11, Norman 10, Potter 10, H. Vernon 9, Wenzell 9, Grimes 8, Sharp 8, Shaw 7, Baur 6, Foster 6, Alderton 6, F. King 6, Cate 5.

SIR BACHE CUNARD HERE.

Owner of a Great Steamship Line and Husband of a California Girl.

Sir Bache Cunard of London, one of the owners of the celebrated Cunard line of steamships plying on the Atlantic, arrived here yesterday evening from the East and took apartments at the Palace Hotel.

Less than two years ago he married Miss Maud Bourke, the beautiful ward of Horace Carpentier of Oakland, who had just before that been engaged to marry Prince Poniatowski. His wife, however, has not accompanied him on the present trip, which is one, Sir Bache explains, that is merely for pleasure and without any business significance.

He is a tall man of athletic build and with black hair and mustache. He is 39 years of age. Not even a valet is traveling with him, although in London he is reputed to keep a magnificent establishment and to live in great style.

On the journey across the continent he had for traveling companions Joe Redding of this City just returning from New York, and Mr. and Mrs. James, Mr. Reed and Mrs. James Elveston Jr. of Philadelphia, all of whom went to the Palace.

Later in the evening Sir Bache and the other members of the party were the guests of Mr. Redding at a dinner given by him at the Bohemian Club, from which the party returned to the hotel shortly after midnight.

INGLESIDE COURSING.

A Good Fourteen-Dog Stake Run Off Yesterday.

There was the usual large attendance at Ingleside coursing park yesterday and the talent saw some of its strongest favorites upset.

The most remarkable reversals of form were seen when Senorita beat Skyball and St. Lawrence went down before Magnet. The latter ran a magnificent dog and won the stake. The following is the result of the rundown:

J. Kerrigan's St. Lawrence beat J. J. Edmonds' Move On, M. Traynor's Flashlight beat Dillon & Reilly's Sir Walter, G. Parkinson's Fireman beat M. Welch's Tipperary, S. E. Portal's Magnet beat T. Neenan's Fair View, T. Cronin's Grace Darling beat Mira Monte Kennel's Fireball, Healy & Eagan's Mialmo beat P. Brophy's Phœnix Queen, Cronin & McDonald's Skyball beat P. McCabe's St. Cloud, D. Shannon's Senorita beat J. J. Edmonds' Vida Shaw, J. J. Edmonds' Olden W beat F. Kelly's Vallejo Queen, Healy & Eagan's Moondyne beat M. Traynor's Valley Maid, Mission kennel's Warrata beat McComb & Bryan's Right Bower, J. Seggerson's White Chief beat Dillon & Reilly's Hercules, Bartel & Rossiter's Brandon Bells beat J. Quanes Captain Morse, Bartel & Rossiter's Emin Pash beat W. Kay's Eclipse.

First ties—St. Lawrence beat Flashlight, Magnet beat Fireman, Mialmo beat Grace Darling, Senorita beat Skyball, Moondyne beat Alden W, Brandon Bells beat Warrata, Emin Pasha beat White Chief.

Second ties—Magnet beat St. Lawrence, Senorita beat Mialmo, Brandon Bells beat Moondyne, Emin Pasha a bye.

Third ties—Magnet beat Brandon Bells, Senorita beat Emin Pasha.

Finals—Magnet beat Senorita.

Results at Sacramento: Little Delight first, Schoolgirl second, Pansy third.

DR. D. Jayne's Expectorant is very efficacious in cases of Croup. Give it before you go for the doctor. It's the right remedy and may save a life. Aid digestion with Jayne's Painless Sanative Pills.

Narrow Escape of Oscar T. Shuck.

At 5:30 P. M. last evening Oscar T. Shuck had a narrow escape from being run over by an electric car on Kearny street. He was walking northward in front of the old City Hall lot, which has a high wooden inclosure, between which and the car track is a space of about six feet. To avoid a pool of rain water he made a step to the left, which placed him directly on one of the car rails, and an electric car going also northward instantly struck him from behind. He received the blow in the calf of the left leg, but did not fall, and said to the gripman (who had stopped his car), "Go ahead, it was my fault." He declined to give his name to the conductor saying, "I do not think it amounts to much." Last night Mr. Shuck thought he would be at his business by to-morrow, but expects to be lame a week or so.

JOY'S VEGETABLE SARSAPARILLA WILL bring roses to your cheeks.

JOY'S

JOY'S VEGETABLE SARSAPARILLA PURIfies and enriches the blood and brings no pimples on the face.

JOY'S

JOY'S VEGETABLE SARSAPARILLA WILL save you from spring sickness. Take it now.

JOY'S

JOY'S VEGETABLE SARSAPARILLA WILL make a fine complexion for you and bring no pimples.

Don't let the druggist substitute. He does it in spite and for profit.

LEA & PERRINS'

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