"MY FIRST FIGHT."

Corbett, Fitzsimmons, McAuliffe and Dixon Talk Interestingly About It.

CHAMPION WAS WHIPPED.

Fitzsimmons Has Been Scrapping Since His Babyhood Days.

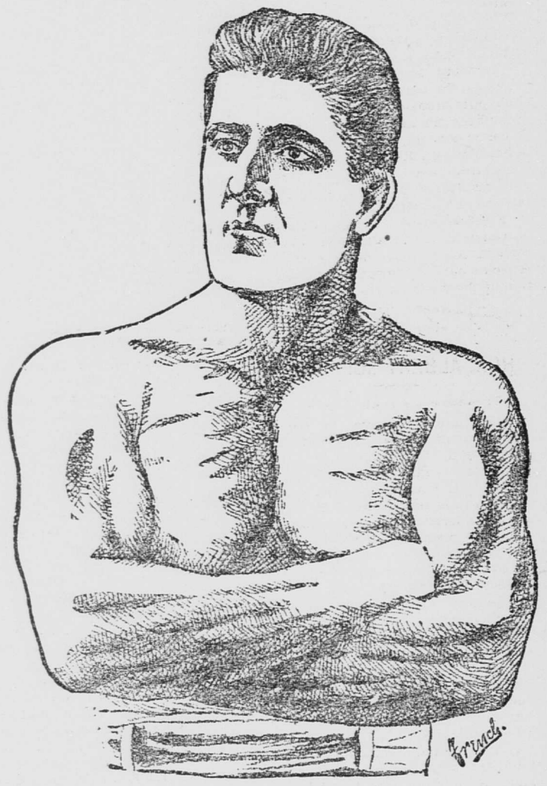
M'AULIFFE'S EARLY DAYS.

He Was Raised in an Atmosphere of Pugilism, as It Were.

Special Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—The four champion fighters of the age—Jim Corbett, in the heavy-weight class; Bob Fitzsimmons, in the middle-weight class; Jack McAuliffe, in the light-weight class, and George Dixon in the feather-weight class—have been asked to tell, over their own signatures, about their first fight. All of them with the exception of Dixon were scrappers in their childhood days, and these are the fights they tell about. Fitzsimmons says that he had so many he couldn't remember the first one, so he tells of his famous "go" with Herbert Slade, the Maori.

The stories speak for themselves. They follow:



JAMES CORBETT.

Once Corbett Was Beaten.

I have been asked to tell about my first fight. I have had a good many fights in my time, but the one I think of oftenest took place when I was twelve years old. It was hardly my first fight, as every boy of twelve has had several fights.

The fight that I am going to tell about was the result of a rivalry between the boys living in different neighborhoods. It was nothing more than trouble between "de gangs." I had worked up to the captaincy of our crowd, and felt bigger than the King of the Sandwich islands. One day the two gangs met and there was a lot of stone throwing. There were so many windows broken that the police told us that if there was any more stone throwing some one would be arrested.

That frightened us, but it didn't end the feud. The two gangs had several scrimmages, but not much real fighting, and finally it was agreed that the two captains should fight it out. I was a good, strong, healthy boy with no knowledge of the science of boxing, but always ready to do rough-and-tumble fighting. The captain of the rival gang was a boy of my own age, but shorter and stouter. It was arranged that we should fight in regular style; that is, a ring would be formed by our respective followers; we were to strip to the waist and fight by rounds, only using the fists. We were not to trip one another or punch each other when down. I had never fought according to rules before, but had no fear as to the outcome. All my previous fights had been of the go-as-you-please kind until one combatant or the other acknowledged that he was whipped. But my opponent was a smaller boy than myself, and I felt that I would do my gang proud.

The fight came off one afternoon about 4 o'clock, after school hours. It was in a big field in the outskirts of San Francisco that the ring was formed by about thirty boys. I pulled off my jacket, waist and shirt on my side of the ring, and Joe Robinson, the boy I was to fight, did the same on his side of the ring. We stepped into the open space, and without shaking hands began the fight. One of the boys who had a watch was to stop us every five minutes for a minute's rest, but his services were not necessary.

I had decided that my superior height gave me an advantage which could best be utilized by beating down on the top of the other boy's head. I thought I would rain blows on him this way until he wanted to stop. The little boy advanced in a way I had never seen before, and which somewhat shook my confidence. But I started to hit him in the way I had planned, but he wasn't there. The next second he struck his fist hard against my eye and I felt it swelling. I tried to smile and hit back, but he poked me in the other eye, made my nose bleed, cut my mouth an raised big bumps on my forehead. I must have been a pitiful sight, as my followers wouldn't let me fight any more, and I was laid away while the other crowd jeered.

That was an awful blow to my vanity. It set me to thinking, and later on I made friends with that boy. He told me that his big brother was a clever boxer and that he had taught him how to fight. I resolved as soon as I could to learn how to fight, a resolve which I subsequently made good. That fight taught me the worth of science in fighting, and indirectly put me where I am today. If I had beaten that boy I might never have been fired with an ambition to learn to box. Anyway, that was one time yours truly got the worst of it.

JAMES J. CORBETT.

McAuliffe Was Always a Scrapper

I was raised in the seafaring town of Bangor, Maine, where some of the people are pretty rough. Along the water front, where I spent a good deal of my boyhood time, "scraps" were of frequent occurrence. Sailors like nothing better in the way of amusement than a lively fight, and in consequence, there was always something of that kind going on. Sometimes the sailors would fight among themselves, or they would be better pleased if the shore people would put up a good, lively bout.

I was always a lusty youngster, with a good deal of natural strength, and as I was not born with a silver spoon in my mouth or accustomed to the coddling influences of wealth, I looked at fighting in about the same way as the sailors did.

Some of these sailors knew a good deal about the art of boxing, but I soon found out that the laborious work they had to perform, while it made them very strong, tied up their muscles so that they were not very quick. But if they ever managed to land a blow in a vulnerable part, like the point of the jaw or the pit of the stomach, the recipient was pretty sure to be out of fighting trim for some hours to come. There was a lot of rough and tumble fighting, and that is what I first learned.

The fight I best remember took place in the cellar of a storehouse late one Saturday. I was sixteen years old at the time, and as strong as a young bull. An English sailor, a couple of years older than myself, had gayed me a good deal that morning, and I had enough Irish in me to strongly resent it. To help matters along, a number of sailors made up a purse that amounted to $8 or $9, a big sum to me in those days, and I determined to win it or die.

Everything was ready for the fight at 3 o'clock. We both stripped to the waist and were to fight with our bare knuckles. An old retired sailor had taught me something about fighting, and as I had whipped a good many boys in scrub fights, I wasn't afraid. We were to fight until one or the other gave up. The English sailor had quite a reputation as a boxer, and the men from his ship bet all they had that he would win.

I went right at it. I was every bit as strong as he was and lighter on my feet, but he was the most scientific. The style we fought in though was against him. I clinched as often as I could, and managed to throw him a number of times. He smacked me in the face and body time after time, but I was always a hog for punishment, and I took the medicine in good shape.

We kept this up for nearly ten minutes, and both of us were ready to drop.

JACK M'AULIFFE.

At last I managed to throw him again, and in falling his head hit upon the corner of a box. It knocked him senseless, and the money and fight was given to me. All my friends won quite a little by the victory, and I was a great boy in Bangor after that. It really made me think I was a fighter, and was one of the causes which made me adopt a pugilistic career.

JACK MCAULIFFE.

Dixon Didn't Like to Fight.

I never had many fights when I was a boy. I always had to work pretty hard almost from the time I can remember anything, and, besides, I would rather not have done any fighting. I was always strong and very quick, and I knew that against most boys of my age I stood just as good a chance, if it ever became necessary to win a fight, as they did.

I don't think the boys of Boston, where I was raised, do as much fighting as those in New York and other cities. Perhaps they do, but it doesn't seem so to me. There was one thing I was very fond of when a youngster, and that was shooting marbles. Every spare moment I could get I would play marbles, and always keeps. I was quite an expert, and the only thing that would make me fighting mad was to have some boy lie me out of my winnings. Then it meant fight unless the other boy gave over.

One boy, whom I played with all one afternoon and won a score or more marbles from, would not pay up at the end of the game. I told him to give me what I had won from him or get licked. He only laughed at me, and said I didn't have spunk enough to lick a postage stamp. He was a white boy, and then he called me a name that made me crazy mad to fight.

He wasn't a coward by any means, and when he saw I really meant to fight, he began to taunt me, and to urge me on, slapped me in the face. Quick as a flash I banged him on the nose. It made the blood come, but he only laughed again and approached me more carefully. I knew by reputation that he was a good fighter, but that didn't worry me. He gave me a stiff blow in the face and then I grabbed him around the neck with one arm and punched

him with the other. I got in four or five heavy blows before he broke away, and then he was a sight. I went right after him and kept hitting him right and left. He didn't ask for any mercy, and I didn't show him any. He tried to fight back, but I had him in such a bad shape that he was almost powerless.

I whipped that boy in terrible style, and it gave me as much satisfation as it does now to win a $5,000 purse.

GEORGE DIXON.

I have been fighting since my babyhood almost, and it is rather difficult to pick out my first battle. The one that I will tell about was my first real fight, when I made my debut in the professional ring.

Although I am called an Australian, I was really born in the mining district of Cornwall, England, but my parents took me to Australia when I was a small

BOB FITZSIMMONS.

child. It was there I was apprenticed to a blacksmith, a trade which forms the best school for an aspiring pugilist to attend that I know of.

It was when Herbert Slade, famed as the Maori, was touring New Zealand, that I made my debut. He came to our town and his agent went about looking for some one to stand up against him. I had built up quite a local reputation as a boxer, but I wasn't a bit anxious to go up against game of that kind. All the other boxers in the town felt the same way, and at last his agent came to me again, and made what I thought was a pretty liberal offer. Besides my friends urged me to take the chance, and at last I consented.

I was a little bit nervous when I entered the ring, attired for the first time in regulation fighting costume, with seconds, timers, referee and a big crowd on hand. My nervousness disappeared when I stood up before the Maori, and when he led and I got safely away I felt more confident. When I succeeded in landing a right-hand smash on the side of his head I was astonished. As the round progressed I found that I was his match.

In the second round I went at him with more confidence, and it closed in my favor. Then I conceived the wild ambition of knocking him out. It almost took my breath away to think of such a thing, but I fought him hard. He didn't get back at me once in four times, and my blows had more steam than his. At the close of the round I planted a right-hander on the point of the jaw and he went down for keeps. I believe I was more surprised than any one else. It was the most satisfactory fight of my career.

BOB FITZSIMMONS.

New Orleans Winners.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Feb. 9.—First race, five furlongs—Festival won, Ransom second, Insomnia third. Time, 1:05.

Second race, mile—Jim Henry won, Contest second, G. B. Cox third. Time, 1:49¼.

Third race, six furlongs—Philopena won, Bill Wright second, Darwin Wedgewood third. Time, 1:19¾.

Fourth race, five and a half furlongs—Furlong won, Miss Lilly second, Tramp third. Time, 1:11¼.

Fifth race, six furlongs—Manoa won, Jim L. second, Folly third. Time, 1:30.

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THE RECENT MATCH OF THAYER AND FOLEY.

Contest Between Clow and Thomas at the Ryan—Eddie Foy's Tournament at Foley's.

The recent 1,500-point eight-inch balk-line billiard match between Frank Thayer and young Foley created a great deal of interest among the lovers of the "gentlemen's game," and the result proves that Thayer is the steadier player of the two. Foley certainly knows more billiards than Thayer, and can execute much better, but he loses many points through an over-anxiety about his position, often sacrificing a sure count and a fair position to an extremely difficult shot that would almost stagger the great experts. He is weak in his open-table play, which is Thayer's strong point, while he plays close billiards much better than the older man, excelling in his short draws and forces. Barring these faults, he is the equal of any of the amateurs in the Northwest, and if he will overcome them there is no doubt that he could excel any of the local experts and give any amateur in the country a hard rub. Following is a summary of the games:

Thayer.

	Points.	H. Run.	Innings	Av.
First night.....	250	26	48	5.21
Second night....	248	13	81	3.08
Third night.....	252	21	46	5.47
Fourth night....	230	40	39	6.41
Fifth night	250	20	72	3.47
Sixth night.....	250	27	39	6.41
Totals.....	1,500		325	4.61

Foley.

First night.....	174	17	48	3.62
Second night....	326	35	81	4.02
Third night	235	41	46	5.10
Fourth night....	155	16	39	4.00
Fifth night.....	284	21	72	3.94
Sixth night.....	142	23	39	3.61
Totals.....	1,3:6		325	4.05

***

W. W. Babcock, the proprietor of the Hotel Ryan billiard room, announces that on next Tuesday evening Clow and Thomas will start in on a 1,500 point match, to be played in blocks of 300. Mr. Babcock has hung up a $50 purse for the winner, and a close and exciting contest may be looked for, as these two men are conceded to be the fastest amateurs west of Chicago. Mr. Babcock has ordered a new set of balls for this match, and is having a table recushioned and covered for the occasion. It has been a mooted question for some time as to which of these two was the stronger player, and this match will be especially interesting from the fact that it will decide the amateur championship of St. Paul. The dates arranged for the series of games are Tuesday and Thursday of this week and Monday Wednesday and Friday of next.

Eddie Foy and the members of the "Off the Earth" company will play their annual tournament at Foley's during the present week, and those who remember the tournament of a year ago in the old Jackson street room know that they have a week of jollity in store. There will be about a dozen entries, Foy playing at scratch, 135 points, and the others receiving handicaps ranging from 10 to 100 points. The games will be played in the afternoons and at the close of the performance each night. The list of entries and handicaps will be announced tomorrow.

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The amateur tournament in Chicago is bringing out some very promising players, and, while none of them seem able to cope with Clem Ellison, who is almost fast enough to compete with what are known as the shortstop professionals, they are averaging all the way from four to seven, and this at fourteen-inch is a very creditable performance. It certainly shows up very large in comparison with the recent state tournament of the professionals of Pennsylvania held at Philadelphia, where the averages ran from two and one-half to four. Men who cannot do better than this at balk-line had much better stick to straight-rail billiards, as the amateur ranks hold hundreds of men who can discount such playing.

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The ten-inch balk-line billiard tournament for the amateur championship of Philadelphia, that will begin tomorrow, has awakened a great deal of interest, as all the fastest players of the city have entered. This is the first balk-line competition that has ever been held in Philadelphia, and is of especial interest, as it will tend to show the relative standing of the ameteurs of the Quaker City with those of Chicago and St. Paul.

AMONG THE BOWLERS.

SECOND SERIES BEGUN IN THE FOLEY TOURNAMENT.

The Summits Have a Lead That Cannot Be Overcome—Broadways Lead for the Badge.

The second series in the annual bowling tournament has come to an end and the champion Summit team are far in the lead, with an unbroken string of ten victories. Their hold on the first place is now a certainty, as, unless they lose all of their five remaining games, and the Broadways, who are their nearest competitors, win all of theirs, it is utterly impossible to beat them out. The surprise of the tounament is the position that the Broadways hold, as at the opening of the season they were not considered a factor in the race. But they have earned their place by steady, even bowling, and while they never make any large scores they can always be counted on for 900. The Gophers and Lafayettes are tied for third place, and the Wabashas and St. Pauls for last. Fred Mample, of the St. Paul team, holds the record for the greatest number of pins, and Muggley, of the Summits, has the highest single score. Following is a summary of all games played up to Friday night:

	Won.	Lost.	P. C.
Summit.....	10	0	1.000
Broadway.....	6	4	.600
Gopher.....	4	6	.400
Lafayette.....	4	6	.400
Wabasha.....	3	7	.300
St. Paul.....	3	7	.300

***

In the first weeks' play for the monthly high average badge the Broadways loom up very strong, with seven men over 190, while no other club has more than two. The list of men having a score of 170 or better is as follows:

Wabasha—McMillan, 205; McClellan, 185; Bennett, 193; Hart, 171.

Broadway—G. Shugard, 212; Henke, 198; Miller, 216; Welter, 177; Gill, 207; Bollman, 205; H. Ehrmantraut, 191; Finehout, 205; Andres, 171.

Monte Carlo Shootists.

MONTE CARLO, Feb. 9.—The first event in the live pigeon shoot today was a sweepstakes with fifteen entries. The purse of 1,500 francs was divided between Blake and Howson, who killed seven out of seven birds. In the consolation match, forty-three contestants, twenty-three birds, the first prize of 2,500 francs was won by Cioleck, who made a clean score. Gatelli was second with 22, Riva third, 21, and Bernstorff fourth, 19.

Sporting Goods, Club Room Furniture. Largest line made. Catalogue free. G. Henry & Co., Chicago.

Summit—Muggley, 211; Tubbesing, 187; Hastings, 179; Nettleton, 190.

St. Paul—Claytor, 216; A. Martin, 172; Fales, 184.

Lafayette—Adams, 171; Schaller, 190; Haisley, 215; Germain, 173.

Gopher—Winquist, 192; Mannhart, 182.

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The tournament on the Amort alleys is lacking in interest, owing to the fact, as was mentioned in these columns last Sunday, that the teams are so unevenly balanced that when a No. 1 team is pitted against a No. 2 team it is a foregone conclusion who will win. The men who comprise the No. 1 teams are capable of making scores anywhere from 200 to 240, while the No. twos do not average 150. If all the members of the clubs must play in these tournaments, let them make two groups, or even three if necessary, and then the games will not be robbed of their interest, as they are at present.

The following scores have been made during the week on the various alleys throughout the city:

At Weiler's alleys: Interurban—Weiler, 214; Bosche, 200; Fisher, 185; Reischow, 219; Tavenir, 215; Emmert, 181; C. Gerber, 164; Lentch, 227.

Brilliant—A. Lehmann, 187; Farley, 105; B. Lehmann, 188; Osburg, 155; Lovett, 126; Kohlman, 140; Irvine, 156; O'Leary, 146; Grant, 133; E. Lehmann, 151.

Juniors — F. Reed, 101; Whaley, 151; Sample, 113; Hermann, 119; Gray, 193; Vann, 140; Maloney, 120; A. Reed, 135; Merrill, 110; Ahlborn, 122; Logan, 191.

Albachten's Alleys — University — Otto, 197; C. Gerber, 175; J. Strechen, 163; McCarthy, 157; N. Strechen, 164; Jolbachten, 158; Linn, 152; Basche, 167.

At Hanson's Alleys — Exchange—S. Tubbesing, 204; Johnson, 167; C. Tubbesing, 202; Taylor, 153; E. Tubbesing, 218; Franklin, 200; Turner, 218; Furlong, 165; Roberson, 148.

Danish—Nels Olson, 191; P. Tanholt, 179; H. Timm, 184; A. Kage, 186; N. P. Nelson, 179; R. Hanson, 180; P. Olson, 190; A. Matson, 180; J. Johnson, 165; James Hanson, 183.

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The following is the individual records of all the men in the Foley tournament who have taken part in three games or over:

Players.	Clubs.	Games Played.	
Tubbesing....	Summits.....	10	207 6-10
Mample	St. Pauls.....	10	207 5-10
Martin.....	St. Pauls.....	5	205
Claytor.....	St. Pauls.....	10	202 8-10
Muggley.....	Summits.....	10	197 3-10
Kuhlmann....	Lafayettes....	3	196 2-3
Gerber.....	Summits.....	10	196 6-10
Nettleton....	Summits.....	9	196 1-3
Hastings	Summits.....	10	196 3-10
Shugard, W..	Broadways....	10	193 5-10
Herges.....	St. Pauls.....	10	190 8-10
McMillan.....	Wabashas.....	10	190 8-10
Robinson, N C	Wabashas.....	8	189 1-2
Zchau.....	Wabashas.....	6	189 1-6
Adams.....	Lafayettes....	10	184 6-10
Dahle.....	Gophers.....	10	183 1-2
Mannhart	Gophers.....	10	182 8-10
Barnes.....	Wabashas.....	3	182 2-3
Haisley.....	Lafayettes....	10	180 9-10
Robingon, F C	Wabashas.....	9	180 5-9
Bennett	Wabashas.....	6	180 1-2
Kieffer.....	Gophers.....	4	178 3-4
Miller.....	Broadways....	5	178 1-5
Winquist.....	Gophers.....	9	177 8-9
Gelb.....	Gophers.....	8	175 1-2
Thomas.....	Gophers.....	4	174
Ehrmantrout.	Broadways....	7	177 2-7
Martin, A....	St. Pauls.....	3	174
Beyer.....	St. Pauls.....	6	173 2-3
Eacbus.....	Lafayettes....	10	172 1-10
Pelletier.....	Lafayettes....	4	172
Gill.....	Broadways....	9	170 4-9
Finehout.....	Broadways....	10	170 1-10
Pierce.....	Wabashas.....	3	168 1-3
Edwards.....	Wabashas.....	3	168 1-3
Shugard, G..	Broadways....	9	168 2-9
Good.....	Lafayettes....	6	156 1-2
Guthunz	Gophers.....	3	154 1-3
Deland	Lafayettes....	3	150 2-3

CLOSED IN A ROW.

The Poloists and Their Tournament Unsatisfactorily—Skating Notes.

The polo tournament has wound up in a row, and for the balance of the season there will be nothing but exhibition games. The cause of the trouble was the failure of the Henrietta team to put in an appearance two weeks ago for their pame with the Summits. John Barnes, who had the tournament in charge, declared the game forfeited to the Summits, when the Henriettas kicked and Barnes reversed his decision. This caused a general protest, and the result was that both the Summits and Henriettas drew out, leaving only the three weaker clubs, who thereupon disbanded as far as the tournament was concerned.

This should prove a lesson to amateurs in all branches of sport, and show them that no athletic contests can be successfully brought off without living up strictly to the rules. If clubs fail to show up when they are scheduled they should certainly forfeit, for if games are postponed at the last moment, the public, who give their time and support to these events, will soon grow tired. It seems that in this instance the Henriettas are entirely to blame, and also that John Barnes, who has been connected with sporting long enough to know what is right in such instances, should have stuck to his first decision.

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The skating contest for the one-mile amateur state championship that was to have come off last week has been postponed by the management, owing to the severely cold weather and the rough condition of the ice, but it is expected with the moderated weather the event can be pulled off some time during the present week. Minnesota boasts a number of very fast men on the ice, and as there is no better place in the country for bringing off skating events, it seems strange that all our fast men should have to go East to get a match. It is hoped that before another season comes around some arrangement can be made whereby Minnesota can have a skating carnival that will be a credit to the state.

***

Tom Eck offers to start Johnson against Joe Donoghue at Montreal's skating carnival, and it is hoped that the Newburg ex-champion will consent to meet him. Donoghue has not the ghost of a show against our crack flyer, but he would improve his present standing with the public were he to meet Johnson and acknowledge the latter's supremacy like a man instead of resorting to subterfuge to avoid a meeting. Johnson is undoubtedly the fastest man on the ice today and, all things equal, can show his blades to all of them.

RACING ON ICE.

Fast Time Made in the Events Yesterday.

The ice racing at Como yesterday afternoon was exciting and interesting, and a large crowd was present. The air was keen and bracing, but not too cold to interfere with the sport. The most interest centered in the free-for-all. In the first heat Pearl R, 2:17½, beat Stratford, who was hitched too close and hit the braces on the cart, causing him to break when near the wire. In the second heat Stratford was hitched farther away, and, driving Pearl R off her feet, won easily. Excitement at this point ran high, and friendly wagers were made on the result. In the third heat Stratford, without a skip, fairly outtrotted his competitors, winning in the fastest time made this season in a race on the ice, 1:09½. Results:

Stratford, Dr. R. Price, first; Pearl R, J. G. Moulton, second; Cap Wood, Frank F. Bostwick, third; Florette Wilkes, H. W. Tagley, drawn; Biddy Baro, O. P. Hendl, drawn. Time, 1:10, 1:10½, 1:09½.

Florette Wilkes pulled a shoe when scoring in the first heat, and had, in consequence, to be drawn.

Race for gentlemen's roadsters without records—Nina Wilkes, J. J. O'Connor, first; Frank B, A. T. Rydberg, second; Warren, Fred Schroeder, third; Little Albert, P. J. Wagner, fourth; Ruth Basset, J. C. Shea, fifth; Lockheart, D. DeWitt, sixth; Faumett, Abe Eshelman, seventh.

Warren won the first heat easily in 1:21. Little Albert, breaking badly, came in second with Ruth Bassett a good third. The next two heats were won by Nina Wilkes in 1:18 each, giving her the race.

Race for four-year-olds and under—Comet, Frank Brady, first; Doctor, R, George Brookins, second; Daisy, P. J. Keough, third; Col. Merrill, Mel Griggs, fourth; Cayuga, James Featermaker, fifth.

Sales—Stallion by Stratford, J. F. Parsley, sold by Fred Schroeder; Comet (3) was purchased by F. Brady.

A most interesting and important meeting of Capitol City Driving club will be held next Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock at the Metropolitan hotel. Everyone interested is requested to be present.

Stratford (2980), 2:22¾, is by Strathmore (408), sire of sixty-two in the list, he by Hambletonian (10). First dam, Young Winnie (dam of four in the list), by Woodford Mambrino (345), 2:21½; second dam, Winnie, by Alexander's Abdallah (15); third dam by imp. Cœur de Leon (thoroughbred). The time he made yesterday is the fastest made on the ice in a race this season. Considering he has been laid up with a cough during the past week it was a marvelous exhibition of speed.

A CLOSE SCORE.

St. Pauls Defeat Wabashas at Bowling by Ten Pens.

One of the closest and best games of the bowling tournament on the Foley alleys was that last night between the St. Pauls and Wabashas. Three times during the last half the score was tied, first by one team and then by the other, the St. Pauls finally winning by the small margin of ten pins. This was the first game of the third series, and drew a large crowd, who saw the most exciting game that has been played thus far in the tournament. The score was:

St. Paul—Claytor, 175; A. Martin, 208; Fuhrman, 170; Mample, 207; Herges, 164. Total, 930.

Wabasha—F. C. Robinson, 166; Bennett, 201; Zschau, 181; Edwards, 186; McMillan, 186. Total, 920.

The schedule for the week is:

Monday Night—Summit vs. Broadway.

Wednesday Night—Gopher vs. Lafayette.

Friday Night—St. Paul vs. Gopher.

AWAY TO WINNIPEG.

Crack Curlers of St. Paul Go Out Tonight.

Two rinks, representing the brawn and skill of the St. Paul Curling club, with Alex McCulloch and George Nettleton as skips, will leave for Winnipeg on the 8 o'clock train over the Northern Pacific this evening to take part in the annual bonspiel that begins tomorrow. From the good account that the St. Paul curlers gave of themselves at the recent bonspiel at Milwaukee it is confidently predicted that they will return laden with new trophies to add to their already long list.

The Strangler Won.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 9.—Evan Lewis won the wrestling match, catch-as-catch-can, from Comstock, of Grand Rapids, Mich., tonight, taking the first, second and fourth falls in fifteen minutes, and second and fourth in five minutes each. Comstock won the third in twenty-one minutes. Norbeck defeated Raymond, Græco-Roman, in two straight falls, and Swan defeated McHugh in two straights, catch-as-catch-can.

Tired of Professionalism.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—It is reported that Arthur A. Zimmerman and Harry C. Wheeler are greatly dissatisfied with professional racing, and are anxious to secure reinstatement to Class B. With this object in view, they propose, it is said, to apply to the national assembly at their meeting on Feb. 18. Chairman Raymond, of the racing board, refuses to divulge the names of any of the men who have applied for reinstatement, so it is impossible to learn how such applications will be received by the board.

Broke a Bike Record.

LIVERMORE, Cal., Feb. 9.—W. J. Edwards broke the world's bicycle record today, making a mile on a straight-away course in 1:34 1-5, lowering Eddie Leonart's time at Buffalo four-fifths of a second. The road was in good condition and the course straight-away, but with a slight fall, but Edwards was handicapped by the high wind, which blew straight against him, and especially in the last quarter, retarding his speed. He is confident that he can lower the time when there is no wind. Edwards was paced by a quad mounted by Delmas, Smith, Jones and Davis.

Knocked Out in Ten Seconds.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 9.—Jack Everhard, of New Orleans, knocked out Tom Moriarity, of Lowell, Mass., in ten seconds, at the Southwark Athletic club tonight. The men were billed to spar four rounds. Moriarity went at Everhard like a wild man when time was called, and before he realized what he was doing he received a right swing on the jaw which put him to sleep.

Phillips Still Champion.

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J., Feb. 9.—In the competition for the fancy skating championship today, H. Phillips, the present champion, beat Schaefer, of New York, and Warwick, of Newark.

SCRAPS OF SPORT.

In case the legislature of Connecticut passes a law which will permit of pool selling on race tracks, as in now expected, a new mile trotting track, to cost over $100,000, is to be built in New Haven, Conn. The projectors of the enterprise are John H. Dillon, of that city, owner of Eskimo, 2:18¾; Andrew J. Welch, formerly of Hartford, Conn., but now of New York city, and William B. Fasig, of New York city, and formerly of Cleveland. The plan is to build a track which shall be better than the Charter Oak track at Hartford, which, when it was built, was the best in the country.

Paddy Cummings writes the GLOBE from West Superior that the report of his recent fight with Tommy Gleason is erroneous from the fact that it states that Gleason did all the leading and had the best of it all the way through. Cummings says the fact of the matter is that he had the best of the scrap and could have knocked his man out in the fifth round, but was prevented by the authorities. He would now like to get on a match with Gleason, to be brought off in St. Paul, and will consent to any number of rounds.

The University of Pennsylvania has accepted the challenge of the University of California to a meeting in Philadelphia, to take place sometime in June. In addition to challenging Pennsylvania to a dual meeting, California has applied for admission to the Inter-Collegiate Athletic association, and the application will be considered and probably accepted at the meeting this month.

The Plimmer-Corfield encounter is a very insignificant one. Plimmer, whose record is known throughout the world, and who is conceded to be incomparably clever, will have to contend with a stubborn customer in Corfield. The latter has been before the English public a number of years, and his advancement in his class has been rapid and marked.

Pitcher Cross, who is under contract with the Cincinnati club, says he wants to wear a St. Paul uniform this season, but Manager Ewing is not disposed to grant the request, as Cross is a very valuable man. Indianapolis is also anxious to secure Cross' services, but he says if he cannot play with Comiskey he will stay where he is.

There is a story going the rounds that Jack McAuliffe put Corbett to sleep by a punch on the jaw some years ago, when the latter was instructor at the California Athletic club. What authority there is for this story is not known, and until some is given the tale will have to be taken with several bags of salt.

Tommy Ryan's defeat of Jack Dempsey has again unbalanced the latter's mind, and he has had to be very carefully watched by his friends, as he has several times threatened to kill himself. He is now at his home in Oregon, where it is hoped he will speedily improve.

Joe Butler, of Philadelphia, who bested Frank Craig, the "Harlem Coffee Cooler," is anxious to go abroad and fight him again. Joe had better be satisfied with the result of the first battle, as Craig is a much better man now than he was when he fought Butler.

Walter Sanger's brother William is a racing cyclist, and he is going to ride in Class B during the approaching season. Young Sanger's best time for the mile is 2:15. He is about six feet in height, weighs 180 pounds and looks a bit like Zimmerman.

A game of Hockey has been arranged between the University of Minnesota and the crack team of Winnipeg. Hockey is very like polo, and differs only in a few minor details in the rules governing off-side play, passing and interference.

The Phillies have eight pitchers this season, and if only three should prove to be first class the club should make a big showing in the race for the pennant, as the rest of the team is as strong as it was last season.

There will be a three-mile skating race Thursday evening at the Edgerton rink, the contestants being Louis Johnson, the champion of that section of the city, and John Davidson, Harley's younger brother. The race will start at 8:30 sharp.

George La Blanche, "The Marine," has issued a challenge to fight any middleweight in the world. He will probably find plenty of men willing to take a crack at him.

Fred Foster, the owner of Dr. Rice, has secured the services of Jockey Hueston for this year, and "Tiny" Williams will do the riding for E. S. Gardner & Sons.

Frank Erne, of Buffalo, and Jerry Marshall have been matched to fight six rounds before the New Manhattan Athletic club, New York, Feb. 12.

The Harlem Futurity, to be run in 1897, received 1,820 entries, the largest number ever received for a stake race in this country.

Ed O'Neill has been signed by Minneapolis for the season, and will strengthen that club in one of its weakest spots.

Jerry Denny, once the king of third basemen, will play his old position and manage a team at his home in Norwich, Conn.

Joe Craig and Cal McCarthy have been matched for a ten-round go to come off in Jersey City Feb. 28.

The National Sporting club has offered a $2,500 purse for a mill between Choyinski and Craig in May.

Receivers Get to Work.

PEORIA, Feb. 9.—Gen. McNulta and E. F. Lawrence returned to Chicago late tonight, but announced they would return the middle of next week. They passed the day in an examination of the books, and Gen. McNulta tonight said he found everything in a systematic manner. Tonight he had a long conference with Sam Woolner, of the Atlas distillery, and was also interviewed by Jokichi Takamine, who is experimenting at the Manhattan distillery. President Greenhut this evening said he thought he could prove to the satisfaction of Judge Grosscup that he had not been guilty of contempt of court.

Arthur Averted a Strike.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 9.—Chief Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Engineers, said today that all chance of any difficulty between the Southern Pacific and the engineers is now at an end. He said that mutual concessions had been made, and the only details required to these arranged. Arthur will start East next Thursday, stopping en route at Los Angeles.

Convicted Reds in Luck.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 9.—Nineteen Miquo Indians, sentenced to the military prison on Alcatras island because of trouble in Arizona, were shown about the city as a lesson in civilization. The mayor entertained them at dinner.

A SCHOOL ROOM TRAGEDY.

Teacher (as a mouse runs across the floor)—Now keep your seats, children! There's no cause for alarm.

BABY ONE SOLID REI

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Added to this were Abscesses an Suppuration.

Entirely Cured by Cuticura. No Stout and Hearty.

Our little baby, almost 2½ years old, was taken with some form of Eczema when she was about three months old. Her little body was one solid red from the soles of her feet to the crown of her head, and she seemed to be literally afire, screaming and clawing all the time. When she was about five months old, there was added to her affliction, abscesses and suppuration. We tried the local M. D.'s, and some other remedies without any relief. I had read considerable about the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and one of our neighbors had used them, claiming that they were as good as claimed. I concluded to try them, and after the use of three or four boxes of CUTICURA, and about one and one-half bottles of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, with the CUTICURA SOAP, our little one is now entirely cured, and is stout and hearty. Your CUTICURA REMEDIES are all and more than you claim them to be. I always have a good word to my friends and neighbors for your excellent remedies.

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