

THE PUGILISTIC ASPECT

CONY ISLAND, N. Y., Aug. 7.—[Special Correspondence.]—George Dixon, of Boston, the young man with the cafe an ill complexion, overlyingly walloped Eddie Pierce, of New York, at the Coney Island Athletic club this evening.

Some how or other the impression got abroad that Dixon, after defeating Nunc Wallace, of England; Abe Willis, of Australia, and Cal McCarthy, of the United States; would lay down before Pierce, who since his alleged draw with Siddons has done nothing in the realm of fistufluffs.

But the colored boy, notwithstanding all that has been said about his impaired physical powers, sailed into Pierce like a thousand of brick and won his \$5,000 as easy as you please.

There was a great crowd—nearly 10,000 people. Jim Corbett and Manager Brady and scads of the pugilistic and sporting big wigs were there.

At 9:30, after the Murphy-McBride skirmish, Tom O'Rourke made his appearance, and stepping on his heels was George Dixon. The latter was cheered; but when, a few minutes later Pierce presented himself the crowd went wild. It was a Pierce crowd and no mistake. But while Pierce got the crowd, Dixon he got the fight and the \$5,000, and the colored chap has no fault to find.

Behind Dixon were Tom O'Rourke, of New York, and Jack Havelin and Morris Kelly, of Boston. Pierce was looked after by Charley Norton, Con Riordan, Nick Dunn, John White and Sam Kelly. Lavelle kept time for Pierce and Mike Brasky for Dixon.

In the first round Pierce was soon caught in the wind. Then both men clinched, but broke away. Pierce came in violent contact with his antagonist's left and then with his right. The round ended with a pretty exhibition of infighting.

In the second round Pierce got in a good one on Dixon's face, and throughout the lively sparring that marked this round Pierce apparently had the best of it.

Third Round—The Boston young man waked up and went after Pierce. He let out his left and the New Yorker touched the ropes. Pierce then came to the front, only to receive a tremendous discharge Dixon seemed to have a dozen hands, and somehow they all appeared to land on Pierce. The latter got rattled, and after a brief attempt to take his medicine standing, he went down on the floor in a heap. Then he got up, and was immediately knocked down again, and the fight was awarded to Dixon. It was nearly ten minutes before Pierce got back to earth again. Even the Pierce enthusiasts admitted that he was fighting out of his class.

Dixon, who by the way, made \$11,500 last year by his fists, will fight Bolly Smith, of California, within a month. Smith recently knocked out Johnnie Griffin, of Massachusetts.

In the preliminary set-to between Murphy and McBride, the latter won his \$1,000 after a pretty ten-round fight. In the fourth round both men drew blood.

Fitsimmons Afraid of Choyzaki. Fitsimmons will not fight Choyzaki at the heavyweight scale, but says that he will fight any middleweight in the world at 155 pounds. No one can blame the red-headed rooster for showing the Californian respect, for if the real merit of Choyzaki is known to one fighter in the world it is to Robert Fitsimmons. The men have seen a great deal of each other, boxed together and studied each other as an actor would his part. That Fitsimmons should refuse to fight Joe is a great feather in the latter's cap, and should serve to raise him in the estimation of the sporting world. That it will there is not the slightest doubt in my mind. Choyzaki has been anxious to fight Fitz ever since the latter defeated Jim Hall, and when he left here for the west he told certain gentlemen to do all in their power towards making the match. Little Charlie Noel once offered Fitsimmons a chance to fight the San Francisco man, and this is what the Australian answered: "Choyzaki and I are friends and cannot fight each other." Its too bad that such Damon and Pythian love should deprive the followers of fistufluffing the opportunity of seeing such a cracking good fight as these two men would make.—Sporting News.

Corbett Training. Jim Corbett arrived at his old training quarters at Ashbury Park, N. J., on August 2. This week he began training in preparation for his fight with Mitchell. In reference to his insisting on adhering to the original contract, which specified the Coney Island club for the Mitchell contest, Corbett says: "I want to make it emphatic that I never said I could not get fair play at Chicago. The Chicago people have treated me well and I know I could get fair play there. It would be absurd for me to say otherwise. As for the Columbian club, it is a good one and I wish it every success. Neither Mr. Brady nor I ever expressed any doubt as to that club's ability to put through the fight in Indiana and make it a success. In standing by the Coney Island club I simply hold to my first agreement with Judge Newton."

A Stoppers Witness. Counsel For the Defense (to witness)—You say that on the night of the attempted murder the moon shone so brightly that you could see the burglars in the room. Was your husband awake at the time? Witness—I don't know. Counsel—Was his face turned toward you or not? Witness—I don't know. Counsel—What! You don't know whether his face was turned to you or the wall? Witness—No. Counsel—My lord and gentlemen of the jury, you hear what this witness says. She has declared the prisoners to be the burglars who were in the room, and yet she is unable to state in what position her husband was lying in bed. Well (to witness), how is it you don't know? Witness—I could not see. Counsel—Ha, ha! Just what I thought. You could not see. You were so positive in your recognition of the accused, and yet could not see which way your husband's face was turned. Explain that if you can. Witness—Well, then, sir, my husband is so bald that in the twilight I am unable to distinguish his face from the back of his head.—Mannheimer Volksblatt.



A Great Idea. Mrs. Moriarty—I do be wonderin' what Mike'll say when he sees the portraire on the durs.



Showing Off Her Wealth. A man who has been traveling through some newly discovered oldfields tells the story of finding in a farmhouse, whose owner had just struck oil, a handsome girl in full evening costume beating madly on the floor in a heap. Then he got up, and was immediately knocked down again, and the fight was awarded to Dixon. It was nearly ten minutes before Pierce got back to earth again. Even the Pierce enthusiasts admitted that he was fighting out of his class.

The Season Ticket Was Good. "Looky here," said Farmer Rogosh in a Chicago restaurant, "can't I get anything to eat on this meal ticket?" "What kind of a ticket is it?" said the waiter. "It's a season ticket." "All right. Help yourself. Here they are: Salt, pepper, vinegar and mustard."—Washington Star.

A Curious Advertisement. We read in a paper from beyond the Rhine: "Wanted, a situation as cashier, by Fritz M., formerly employed as an accountant with the firm of X—& Co. He is afflicted with a pair of wooden legs—a security to his future employers."—Lantern.

The End of a Novelist's Argument. Two novelists were disputing some point the other afternoon, and disputing it with considerable acrimony. Finally one wound up the argument by remarking contemptuously: "Yah, gl'wast! You give me worms!"—New York News.

Poor Chap. "Ah, Mr. Timothy!" said the city girl to the country poet, "and do you still court the muse?" "Well, no'm," replied Timothy, blushing; "it's—it's Mary Jones' jaw now!"—Truth.

All Ready. "Now, my little girls and boys," said a teacher, "I want you to be very still—so still that you can hear a pin drop." In a moment all was silent, when a little boy shrieked out: "Let her drop!"—Tit-Bits.

Too Good an Artist. Cholly—Why did you—aw—send youah man off? Algy—He tied me fuh-in-hand so smooth it looked like one of those weady made ones.—New York Weekly.

No Talents. Relative—Has your son developed talent in any special direction? Food Mother—No, he does not seem to have any talents. He must be a genius.—Good News.

Would Be Too Unnatural. Novelist—I'd like to have my heroine do something absolutely unique! Friend—Yes? Why don't you have her faint when there's no one looking?—Detroit Tribune.

A Paragon of Regularity. Goodman—Are you regular about church? Tipster—Very. I've staid away every Sunday for the last 14 years.—Truth.

All No Wanted. Applicant—Will there be a chance to get up in the world? Proprietor—At half past 9 in the morning.—Kate Field's Washington.

No Couldn't Tell. "Walter, how long do you keep those?" "Why, sir, until they are eaten."—Cartoon.

TWITCHELL'S BIG THROW

MACON, August 4.—[Special Courier Correspondence.]—Larry Twitchell, once the famous and successful pitcher of the Detroit, made the longest throw on record at the ball park. Just before the commencement of the game with Chattanooga, Twitchell stepped to the front to make a throw for a prize of \$25, the prize having been offered for the longest throw made on the Macon grounds during this season. When Twitchell picked up the ball and the judges took their places no one had any idea that he would more than beat the local record. It never entered the head of any one that the throw the player was about to make would be the longest throw on record. When the distance had been measured it was found that Twitchell had not only beaten the record for the longest throw in the southern league, but that he had eclipsed the record of the world. The highest record in this league until yesterday was 123 1/2 yards, and a purse of \$25 was made up to Twitchell if he beat the record. He made the magnificent throw of 135 yards and 2 inches, surpassing the record of the world by 2 yards and 3 inches. The throw was made in the presence of 1,000 people and Manager Barrie, of the Louisville club, and Managers Schmelz, of Chattanooga, and Beard, of Macon, and Umpire Serad. Twitchell was loudly applauded over his exploit. Twitchell was formerly the champion pitcher of the champion Detroit club, but his arm gave out several years ago and he stopped pitching, and it is remarkable that he should have so recovered the use of his arm as to make the champion throw of the world.

Hard Times Do Not Faze the Game. We mentioned the fact a few days ago that the harder the times in a commercial sense the better has always been the base ball patronage. And now comes one of the most extensive theatrical managers in the world, Charles Frohman, and makes the same statement relative to the patronage of the stage. Who can explain it? Is it because when men begin to worry over bad business they seek solace and temporary forgetfulness at the ball grounds? Or is it merely because more people have more time to give to sports and amusements? We heard a philosopher say last week that there are just two conditions of men now who need not worry. One is a government clerk, and the other is a good ball player.—Sporting News.

"After the Ball. In his play, "April Fool," Gus Williams sings a parody on After the Ball which makes a hit with those who have a leaning towards the national game. It runs as follows:

A fresh young maiden climbed an old man's ear, Begg'd for a story in language queer: "Why is your nose flat, just like two beer? Have you no fingers? Where are your ears?" "I played base ball, pet, years, years ago—I was a right fielder, a queer one, I know: One day a daisy was sent to the wall, I ran to center field, after the ball."

CHORUS: "After the ball, in clover, I ran like a young fawn, Tripped, fell and saw the stars, dear, half of my teeth were gone: Many a bone was aching, I broke my fingers all—I was a chump when I ran, pet, after the ball."

State Tennis Tournament. The state tennis association is having some little trouble at present over the location of some championship games. The executive board of the association is composed of one member each from the Omaha, Hastings and Lincoln clubs. The Hastings club has arranged for a tournament of doubles to be held here in September and asked that it be recognized as the state championship tournament, the tournament of singles to be played in Omaha. Lincoln agreed to this, but Omaha has sent out circulars announcing the tournament for both singles and doubles in that city for the 15th, 16th and 17th of the present month. The other clubs in the association object to this, but it is likely that the matter will be satisfactorily settled. The arrangement for the September tournament will be completed and the tournament held as proposed. Several entries have already been made and it promises to be one of the most interesting yet held.

For dances and outings there is no such music in Nebraska as that supplied by the Nebraska state orchestra. Never order an invitation until you have seen the samples of the work done by the new Courier Publishing Co.

For rates and open dates of the Nebraska state band or orchestra apply at the Courier office, 1134 O street, telephone 253.

When you and your best girl are out for a stroll always make a bee line for June ice cream pavilion Thirteenth and O streets.

Jeckell Bros. new tailoring establishment, 119 north Thirteenth street near the Lansin' is the popular resort for stylish garments.

Eyes and Ear Surgeon. Dr. W. L. Dayton, oculist and aurist, No. 1203 O street, Lincoln, Neb.

BY RESOLUTION.

Secretary Morton Grows Sarcastic to the Silverites in Chicago. Says the Nebraska City Press: In one of the Chicago papers an amusing and characteristic story is told of Secretary Morton. It seems that while in Chicago he went over to the hall where the bi-metallists' convention was being held. As he approached he met several delegates coming away. He asked them why they left the convention, and they replied that the hall was not large enough, that they had planned for a thousand delegates when there was seventeen hundred. "Why" rejoined the secretary, "why leave the hall? Why not pass a resolution enlarging it to the size required?" The inference is plainly applicable to the effort of bi-metallists. They can see the foolishness of trying to make a hall larger by resolution, but they can not see the uselessness of trying to make silver more valuable by resolution.

MAIDEN MOONSHINE. "Where shall you go, Miss Bea," he asked. "This summer-time beginning!" "To London, Paris, and at last to Rome," she answered, smiling. And will she go abroad? Alas, 'Twas but a sweet pretense, sir, 'Twas London, Conn., and Paris, Mass. And Rome, N. Y., she meant, sir!—Vogue.

A Mendacious Spirit. The other night a reckless Denver skeptic attended a spiritualist materialist meeting, and in the course of the evening, assuming to be of the faithful, he sought an interview with his father. The medium being willing, the father appeared. This conversation followed: "How are you, father? Are you happy in the spirit world?" "Yes, my son, very happy." "And how is your poor, dead sister, Jane?" "She, too, is content and happy." "And is poor brother Jim happy too?" "Yes, my boy; he enjoys the spirit world." There was a moment's silence, when the skeptic broke out with: "What makes you lie so, father? I never had a sister Jane or a brother Jim. As a truthful spirit you're not in it." This broke up the meeting.—Colorado Sun.

Coached Too Well. The 8-year-old son of a family living on Seventy-second street was informed the other morning that the rector was expected to call in the afternoon. A luncheon the mother began to coach him his ecclesiastic, his name, age, etc. "He will ask your name," she said, "and you must tell him 'Frankie Jones.' Then he will ask your age, and you must say 'Six years old in June.' He will ask you who made you, and you must say 'God,' and then if he asks what he made you of you must say 'Dirt.'" The rector came, and sure enough he asked the little fellow his name, whereupon Frankie shouted, "Frankie Jones, 6 years old in June, God, dirt," all in one breath.—New York Times.

Unable to Prevent Her. A sympathetic lady on one occasion stepped up to the bedside of a soldier lying in a hospital during the war and inquired, "Well, my poor man, is there anything you want?" "No, miss, I b'lieve not." "You're sure there is nothing I can do for you?" "Nothin' I can think of." "Oh, I do want to do something for you. Can't I wash your hands and face?" "Waal, if yo' want to do that I reckon yo' kin, but yo'll be the fo'tenth lady who's done that same thing this morn'ing, and two of 'em has washed my feet."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Perfect Picture. Strawber—Well, old man, I want to congratulate you. I understand that your engagement is announced. Singler (modestly)—Yes, and I am the happiest man in the world. Strawber—Of course. And the girl—she is surpassingly beautiful and has the loveliest disposition imaginable. She was just born for you and is the sweetest, dearest thing in the world. Singler—Why, great Scott! old fellow, I didn't know that you had ever met her.—Truth.

Not Intended as an Insult. "Do you call that thing a veal cutlet?" remarked a testy youth to the waiter in a restaurant as he pointed to a leathery mass on the plate before him. The waiter assured him that it was. "Why," said he angrily, "it's an insult to serve such a thing. It's an insult to the calf to call that veal." "I beg your pardon, sir," replied the waiter humbly; "I did not intend to insult you."—New York Herald.

Room at the Top. Merchant—Have you had any experience in chinaware? Applicant—Years of it, sir. "What do you do when you break a valuable piece?" "Well—er—I usually see it together again and put it where some customer will knock it over." "You'll do."—Pittsburg Gazette.



Betrayed. "What a pretty sailor suit your little Willie has, Mrs. Silmsont! And Willis, where shall you wear it?" "I think mamma expects to take me on your yacht."—Life.

A full line of Imported Sardines and canned soups. Miller & Gifford, opposite Burr block.

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Fine new line of business suitings from \$25 to \$40 in Scotch and homespun. Jeckell Bros., 119 north Thirteenth street, near Lansan theatre.

AMONG LOCAL SPORTS

Cycling Notes. Regular club run for Sunday August 13 will be to Beatrice and return; an early start is essential so as to avoid the warmer part of the day.

The race program at the fair promises to be a good one. There will be three races each of the three days together with one additional five-mile handicap race on the last day.

Messrs. Kelley, Walton, Hrowning, Milmino, Pierce, Sullivan, Peters and Webster started at 40 a. m. last Sunday on the run to Waverly by way of Stevens creek. Browning did not like the hills and cut across to Havelock and went out the other way; Kelley's "rabbit tracks" blew up and he walked home; while Pierce and Sullivan arrived in Lincoln. Ed Walton tried to beat the "flyer" in from Waverly, but says that "the engineer put up a job on him," because "he couldn't keep up."

Mode Griffith and F. H. Hadley made the trip through to Chicago on Sunday in seven and one-half days; the cyclometer registers 611 miles, an average of 81 1/2 miles per day. They had considerable rain to contend with, leaving here after a heavy rain; the roads were very muddy; they found Miles; from there on the roads were very dusty, so that all the way through they found very poor roads. Their biggest day's work was 111 miles from Weston to West Liberty. They overtook two Iowa wheelmen and two Kansas men, who passed through Lincoln two days before they started, all bound for Chicago, the six continuing on together, arriving in Chicago Wednesday evening the 2d—a creditable showing for the riding powers of our boys.

Thursday evening a medium sized, red headed man with a large fund of talk, furnished considerable amusement for a large audience, on one of our side streets, with his endeavors to master the intricacies of the silent steed. He had a great deal to say about his ability on the cycle, which would cause a smile to cross the faces of the spectators as his every attempt to control the wheel was a dismal failure, but his nerve did not seem to fail him. He kindly informed the people that he was a safe blower by profession and thought he ought to be a safe rider or a safety rider or words to that effect. His gyrations on that wheel were as comical as a box of monkeys ever dared to be. He finally appeared to have mastered the main features and rode off clinging to the handles and calling back that he was going now.

Lacrosse Notes. W. F. Dinsley has been under the weather for several days but is around again.

W. B. Cook who has been laid up for some time is getting into shape again.

Mode Griffith is expected back from Chicago in time to take part in the Labor Day game.

A. C. Ott formerly of Brantford, Canada has just arrived in the city and will strengthen the "home" of the Lincoln club.

George Gascoigne has returned from Chicago where he witnessed the great game between the Shamrocks of Montreal and the Torontos.

The Lincoln club goes to Omaha on Labor Day, September 4 to play the victorious Omaha team which defeated the Kearney club on July 29.

Omaha Tennis Tournament. The tennis tournament for state championship honors in Omaha will open August 13 and close on the 17th. Handsome prizes will be awarded winners in gentlemen's singles and doubles. Drawings for places will take place in Mr. Young's office in the New York Life building this, Saturday evening. There will be a number of Lincoln entries.

The Ideal Opera Company at Lincoln Park. "Iolanthe" for the Coming Week.

"Said Pasha," by the Ideal opera company has been thoroughly enjoyed by steadily increasing audiences at Lincoln park this week. The company has greatly improved since the opening of the season, and the rendition of "Said Pasha" was marked by the excellence of the chorus, and the very clever work of Goldie Rinehart and Miss Flossie Moore as Sereno and Alti, and some of the other principals. Miss Rinehart appears to singular advantage in this opera. Her sailor's dance in the first act was a very taking feature. Her costumes were all very pretty. Hubert Salinger and Vorse Bond, the comedians, furnished considerable amusement. Altogether the performance was very enjoyable. The company is greatly superior to the organization at the park last summer. Special care has been taken in the rehearsals of which will be given to-morrow, Sunday, afternoon and evening. A feature of the program at Lincoln park for Sunday will be two concerts by the full Nebraska state band, twenty-five pieces. The concerts will be given in the afternoon from 2:30 to 3:30, and in the evening, preceding the operatic performance.

At Burlington Beach the present has been a busy week. The warm weather called out large crowds, and hundreds went in bathing, or sailed on the lake, or rode on the steamer, or danced in the pavilion. There has been a big attendance every afternoon and evening. Sailing grows more popular every day. Every body sails now, and the yachts are in constant demand. The management of Burlington Beach try to make the public thoroughly at home at this resort, and they have succeeded admirably. There is so much to do, and everything is so pleasant, that people like to go to the lake. The resort grows more and more popular. Music every evening at Burlington Beach.

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No such line of canned fruits in the city as shown by W. A. Coffin & Co., 143 South Eleventh street. When you want prompt service and fair treatment and the selection from the largest stock of groceries in Lincoln call on W. A. Coffin & Co., successors to J. Miller, 143 South Eleventh street.

Halter's market, old reliable market, now moved to Thirteenth street, opposite Lansan theatre, is where ladies should call for their meat orders. Telephone orders over No. 100 receive prompt attention. Professor Swain's ladies tailoring and dress cutting school. Thorough instructions. Lessons not limited. Dress making done with dispatch on short notice. Patterns cut to measure and all work guaranteed.

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