

Our Choice for United States Senator--W. J. BRYAN.

## That Handsome Top-Buggy WE ARE GIVING AWAY

Is the talk of the county. People ask us how we can afford to do it. We do it by our increased sales. If you have never purchased anything of us, come in and spend

# One Dollar!

And get a chance on it. Who knows? YOU may be the lucky one. And then, you may like us better than you thought you would and decide to trade with us altogether. We have an immense stock to select from. Some people say we have too large a stock for these hard times. Perhaps we have, but we have got them marked down to hard-time prices and we are going to sell them all.

## MORGAN, The Leading Clothier, Plattsouth, Neb.

### LINDSAY'S ON A FOUL.

Referee Griswold Has His Way and Lindsay Got the Decision.

### OMAHA PUG'S DIRTY WORK.

He Waged a Dirty Battle and Was Allowed to Foul Robbins a Score of Times Without Interference From Griswold--Notes.

Fletcher Robbins had a big job on his hands at Bohemian hall Thursday night. Fletcher had contracted to whip Jimmy Lindsay, the Omaha pug, in a contest with five-ounce mitts. That he could have turned this trick very nicely with anything like a fair kind of a show there is no room for a reasonable doubt. But he failed to get the aforesaid "fair show." In a moment of carelessness (it was certainly nothing else) the friends of the local man agreed to the selection of Sandy Griswold, the swell-headed sporting scribbler on the Omaha Bee, to referee the fight. It was the common belief that Griswold would not dare to be anything else than square, but the belief was not well founded. As a consequence Robbins virtually was forced to fight two men--Lindsay and the referee. Throughout the entire contest Griswold was busily occupied in looking out for Lindsay's interests and he managed to play his part quite nicely. A pen is palsied in attempting to describe the corruptness of his course. Lindsay fouled Robbins no less than a score of times, but Griswold was blind to the Omaha pug's dirty tactics. It is positively no stretch of the imagination to say that a more rotten piece of refereeing was never perpetrated in a ring. Its rottenness far exceeded that of a slaughter-house cadaver. It is safe to say that the stench of Griswold's dirty work will linger about Bohemian hall for months and months to come. The climax of Griswold's partiality was manifested in the eleventh round, when Robbins, after a clinch, gave Lindsay a jab in the face before the break-away. Twice before Robbins had foolishly done the same trick, and as contrasted to Lindsay's miserable manner of fighting, it should have been passed by the referee as amounting to nothing, but Griswold was there to guard Lindsay's interests, and he responded by throwing up his hands and gave the fight, with a foul as a pretense, to the Omaha pug. But the details.

Plattsouth has not been as lively for many a day as it was last night. Several dozen visitors came during the day to witness the mill, but the arrival of the Omaha special shortly after 8:00 p. m. swelled the number to some three or four hundred people. Some trouble was first had over the question of weighing in, the Lindsay people claiming the forfeit of \$100 because of Robbins' failure to weigh in below 141 pounds during the forenoon, as provided in the articles of agreement. Griswold, as the referee, decided the dispute, according to the general expectation, in favor of Lindsay, but it was only determined after a discussion of almost two hours. In the meantime the Omaha crowd amused themselves in sauntering about town and drinking bad whiskey, and it was after half-past ten before the

ticket-holders were all safely ensconced within the walls of the Bohemian hall to witness the fight.

Geo. Middleton of Omaha and Dick Hollywood of Deadwood, both lightweights, came first in a sort of curtain raiser, and in a short bout of six rounds they gave an exceedingly clever exhibition. Neither man was out to do much damage, but their go was a rattler just the same, and evoked no end of applause. Middleton had a trifle the best of it in both weight and reach and scored more points than his adversary, although Hollywood was quite a factor in the exchanging all through the bout.

Then came the real contest. Robbins was first to enter the ring with his seconds, McCabe, Heim and Osborne. Lindsay appeared soon after. Rothery and O'Neill, both of Omaha, were his seconds. The introductory remarks of the referee concluded, the men advanced, shook hands and the go was on.

The first round was unproductive, both men seeming disposed to take the other's measure. Not a blow was struck. Hostilities, however, were soon commenced in the second and Lindsay landed with his left near Robbins' eye, drawing first blood. He delivered a right-hander soon after on Robbins' head which staggered the latter and sent him on his hands to the floor. In delivering this blow Lindsay strained the tendons next to the knuckles in his right hand, and from thence on he found it exceedingly painful to use that member. The round closed decidedly in Lindsay's favor, and the friends of the Omaha pug were in high glee. Their merriment proved to be premature, for Robbins commenced the mixing in the third and scored several telling blows. He resumed the same tactics in the fourth and had Lindsay groggy in short order. Lindsay was foxy and with his damaged hand saw that his chances of lasting were slim, so he promptly proceeded to duck Fletcher's right hand swings, and at the same time shoved his shoulder and elbow into Fletcher's abdomen with terrific force. He repeated this operation a half dozen times and, although every time he turned trick the fight deserved to go against him on a foul, Griswold allowed him to continue his dirty tactics without interference. The fifth and sixth rounds were tame, scarcely a blow being struck. In the seventh round Lindsay used his left hand very cleverly and delivered several telling jabs, and in response to Robbins' rushes would duck and shove his shoulder into Robbins' abdomen, thus repeating his tactics of fouling. The eighth was a Robbins round. He chased Lindsay over next to the ropes and gave the latter a soaker in the neck, which sent him reeling. Seeing that Lindsay was groggy, his seconds jumped into the ring and claimed a foul. Griswold disallowed the claim, but their purpose, which was none other than to gain time, had been won, and when time was called for the ninth Lindsay in a measure had recovered. This round, and the tenth, as well, were given over to light sparring, and the prospects seemed favorable for a long contest. But Griswold was there to prevent any such proceeding, and, in fact, to give Lindsay the fight. Early in the eleventh the men clinched, and in breaking away Robbins gave Lindsay a slight jab in the jaw. It was unquestionably a foul blow, but the boy was rightfully savage because

of Griswold's allowing Lindsay to make his many foul shoulder lunges for the bowels, and he doubtless lost his head. That jab cost him the fight, as Griswold called the match at an end and gave Lindsay the decision.

**Notes of the Bout.**  
"The dirtiest piece of business ever witnessed!" Such is the universal opinion of Griswold's methods. One thing is certain--his disreputable doings will make no friends in this city for the paper on which he is employed.

The receipts were \$454. Deducting the \$200 purse awarded Lindsay and the \$100 forfeited, the club will have \$154 to pay the expenses. As a consequence Robbins gets nothing, as the expenses will eat up the balance remaining for that purpose.

Osborn, one of Robbins' seconds, objected to Lindsay's dirty work in shoving his shoulder into Robbins' abdomen, but Griswold threatened to force Osborn's retirement as second if the latter failed to "shut up." At another time Osborn detected Lindsay in putting resin on his gloves, and when he started across the ring to call Griswold's attention to the affair, the referee ordered the second back to his corner. Here were two acts of rottenness for which Griswold deserves a mobbing.

"Lindsay's clean fighting won him hosts of friends among the short-haired fraternity."--Sandy Griswold in his report to the Omaha Bee.

If gouging a man no less than fifteen times is "clean fighting," then what does not Griswold call foul fighting? It is doubtless the case that Griswold knew he was writing a deliberate lie when he penned such a claim, but his actions as referee were so rotten and miserable that it was only proper for him to write a report of the match which would be in keeping with his manner of refereeing the fight.

"Robbins was fully fifteen pounds heavier than Lindsay."--Griswold to the Bee.

Another lie. Both men weighed in the neighborhood of 146 pounds. Griswold's report to the Bee that Robbins had fifteen pounds of an advantage is on a par with his dirty work as referee. Both smell to heaven.

The action of the Omaha Bee in perverting the dispatches sent to it by the local correspondent in regard to the late Robbins tragedy so as to shift the blame onto the local authorities, is roundly criticised by the readers of that sheet in this city. If it is the fair thing for a newspaper to prevent facts to shield one of its employees who is charged with crime, then it is high time for subscribers to withdraw their patronage and secure the news from a paper which prints the facts without fear or favor.

Manager Hamilton telephoned late in the afternoon to Griswold at Omaha explaining the difficulty over the weighing, and Griswold replied that he would see that the forfeit money of \$100 would not be given over to Lindsay on any technicality. Coming down on "his" special he told a Council Bluffs man that "Robbins had already lost \$100," thus illustrating that he already had concluded to rob Robbins' backers of the forfeit money, although he had told over the wire less than three hours before that "technicalities would not go." He also remarked to the Council Bluffs man that "Lindsay was sure to win the fight." The wish was doubtless father to the thought.

### IT ENDED IN DEATH.

Fletcher Robbins' Gallant Battle for Life Is for Naught.

### TOTAL DEPRAVITY IN MAN.

That Such Does Exist is Proven By the Brutal Treatment Accorded Fletcher in Last Thursday's Glove Contest--Other Notes.

The illness of Fletcher Robbins, which dated from the glove contest in this city of last Thursday night, culminated Tuesday morning shortly before 1 o'clock in the patient's death. As all JOURNAL readers are doubtless aware the boy's illness was peritonitis and was superinduced by the awful jabbing given his bowels by the elbow and shoulder of his opponent in the ring, Jimmy Lindsay, the brutal punishment being countenanced and sanctioned by Sandy Griswold, the referee. After the fight Fletcher complained of awful pains in his bowels and to reach his home he was required to journey in a hack. A physician was summoned, but the patient grew worse from the very start, and despite medical skill he developed peritonitis. Since Saturday his case has been handled by no less than four physicians. Their efforts were useless, however, and despite the extraordinary vitality possessed by the patient, death finally claimed him as its own.

Fletcher was in his twenty-sixth year and cherished no end of staunch friends who have ever admired him for his generous nature and the great warmth of his friendships. His parents and brothers and sisters have the sincere sympathy of the entire community in their awful affliction.

When it was made known Monday night that the patient was rapidly sinking and that his death was only a matter of a few hours, Sheriff Eikenberry immediately telephoned to the Omaha police to arrest Lindsay and Griswold and the two men, Rothery and O'Neill, who acted as seconds for Lindsay during the contest. Deputy Sheriffs Holloway and Hyers and Constable Thrasher journeyed to Omaha Tuesday morning and found the police had nabbed all of the men. All of the party except Lindsay were easy to locate, but he, too, was found at his home, although he has been hiding since Saturday to prevent his capture. The four prisoners were brought to this city on the noon train.

**The Robbins Funeral.**  
The excitement over the brutal injury and death of Fletcher Robbins still holds sway, although the prospect seems favorable for the speedy punishment of the conspirators who so deliberately took the boy's life, the entire populace is given over to denouncing the murderers and the extension of sympathy to the victim's heart-broken family. The funeral of the unfortunate young man was had yesterday from the home of the parents on West Main street upon the arrival of the elder brother of the deceased, Bush, from Denver. Rev. J. T. Baird conducted the services and the remains were followed to their last resting place in West Oak Hill cemetery by a funeral concourse of unusual dimensions.

FOR SALE--A full-blooded Short-horn yearling bull. F. McCOURT, 33-4f South Sixth Street.

### The Robbins Tragedy.

The following clippings from JOURNAL exchanges demonstrates the feeling against Lindsay and Griswold to be rather general:

"It is to be hoped that when the prosecutions begin that every person on either side will be dealt with as they deserve and forever put a stop to these brutal exhibitions."--Weeping Water Eagle.

The state of Nebraska was never more deeply disgraced than on last Thursday evening, when a brutal prize fight took place right in the county seat of Cass county, from the result of which one of the principals, Fletcher Robbins, of Plattsouth, lies dead and his antagonist, Lindsay, of Omaha, is under arrest charged with murder. The fight was witnessed by several hundred men, and no attempt was made to stop it by the city or county authorities.--Weeping Water Republican.

The death of Fletcher Robbins at Plattsouth, the victim of a prize fight, ends, as it should, prize fighting in Nebraska for many years. It requires some such sudden shock to restore public sentiment to its normal condition, and the untimely death of this young man will probably have the effect of preventing any repetition of the tragical occurrence. Boxing is a manly and healthful sport, but like many others it is carried to excess and into professionalism. Even then it is obnoxious largely because of the following of pluguglies and toughs of all degrees that dominate the crowds at these exhibitions; but when to this is added such unfair practices as were indulged in by Plug Ugly Lindsay, who violated even that honor which exists among pugilists by foul gouging, and the equally unfairness of Plug Ugly Griswold, who poses as sporting editor of the Bee and who refereed the fight, then the authorities should see to it that the men who are responsible for Robbins' death receive the punishment they deserve. And the principals in the death of Robbins are Lindsay, who perpetrated the foul blows, and Griswold, who permitted them, when he had the power to save the man's life by preventing them from being landed.--Lincoln News.

### ARE ALL GUILTY.

The death of Fletcher Robbins should be avenged by the criminal law of the state. His death was the sequel to a brutal prize fight between himself and James Lindsay at Plattsouth last Thursday night, at which were present a large number of Omaha's alleged best business and professional men. Had Robbins survived the injuries he received nothing further would have been heard about the battle, and Omaha's "best men" would have the sweet satisfaction of remembering that they were parties to the brutal affair, and that "society" was ignorant of their inclination to participate in such low and beastly sports. But the death--that is, the murder of one of the principals in the "sport" will oblige the officers of the law to hunt up and arrest everyone, connected with the murder, whether as spectator, or as participant in and about the affairs of the ring. It matters not if some of them do stand high in professional, social and church circles, they should be sent to jail now, and later on sent to the penitentiary. It is no excuse that they were

merely spectators, for had there been no spectators there would have been no fight, and hence no murder. They are, therefore, morally guilty of murder, and legally guilty of the crime of aiding and abetting the man who struck the fatal blow.--South Omaha Tribune.

### Death of J. W. McCroskey.

J. W. McCroskey, a veteran of the late war and a resident of this city for several years past, died at his home in Mercerville addition last night at about 9:30 o'clock. Mr. McCroskey was taken ill Thursday as the result of being over-heated. He was a weak man physically, his service in the war having permanently impaired his health, and his illness soon affected his lungs and caused pneumonia. He sank rapidly and death came to his relief last night. He leaves a widow and four or five children, to whom the entire community will extend its sincerest sympathy. The local G. A. R. post, of which Mr. McCroskey was a member, will meet tonight to arrange for the funeral.

### Martial Law at South Omaha.

Six companies of state militia, under command of Adjutant General Gage, are now on duty at South Omaha, on account of the riots created by the striking packing house employes, and the city is under martial law. Acting Governor Majors ordered out the troops Friday morning, and since their arrival affairs have assumed their normal conditions. All the saloons in the town have been closed by the governor's orders. It is now thought probable that the differences between the packing house owners and the strikers will be settled by arbitration.

### Believe it is Joe Williams.

The Omaha police have received information from Mystic, Iowa, to the effect that Joe Williams, the negro prisoner, has been located at that place. Williams is wanted in Omaha for the murder of William Ewing on December 26, 1892, and Douglas county has offered a reward of \$300 for his apprehension.

Joe Williams was formerly a resident of Plattsouth, and was employed by Jas. M. Muir, the music and sewing machine dealer.

### Also at Plattsouth.

There is a well-defined expression in this community to the effect that the principal and the referee of the murdering match at Plattsouth ought to be journeying toward a southern suburb of Lincoln to serve good long terms.--Lincoln News.

The Rev. Kattenhusen, who preaches out at the Heil school house in Eight Mile Grove precinct, is making himself, according to report, decidedly unpopular. The reverend gentleman has lately taken it upon himself to commence a crusade against lodges and secret societies in general, and in a recent sermon he pictured lodge members as taking a straight path to Halifax. It so happens that most of the male members of the congregation are lodge members and they resent the minister's talk rather strenuously. As a consequence a sudden coolness has arisen between the minister and his congregation, and the general sentiment seems to be that a "parting of company" is about the only way of solving the problem.

All legal business given prompt attention, D. O. DWYER, attorney, Plattsouth.