

OTIS TELLS OF BATTLE

Four of the American Forces Killed and Thirty Wounded.

COLORADOANS LEAD IN THE FIGHT

Men Fight Stripped to the Waist and Without Food—Filipino Loss Is Estimated to Be Upward of Four Hundred—Troops Suffer from the Intense Heat.

MANILA, P. I., June 12.—(By Carrier Pigeon from the Front.)—The American troops entered Las Pinas at 6:15 this morning, unopposed, but found the town fully occupied.

It is reported that the insurgents have left Paranaque also, which Lawton's troops are at his hour approaching.

The army slept last night one mile south of Las Pinas, enduring a steady downpour of rain, without having any shelter.

Among the occupants of Las Pinas when the troops entered this morning were scores of young Filipinos, all professedly friendly, but of the military age and having the appearance of insurgents.

A native priest here said that the insurgent force, under Nolel, 2,000 strong, left the place last night for Bacor, retreating along the beach left uncovered by the American line.

The insurgent loss is said to have been small.

The march yesterday was a most fearful experience on account of the tremendous heat. The troops marched steadily from 5 in the morning until 12:30. Then an hour's rest was taken and the march was unopposed until the Las Pinas river was reached at 4 o'clock.

Troop I of the Fourth cavalry was leading with Lawton's and Wheaton's staffs. Suddenly a hot fire was directed by insurgents on the approaching Americans. The Colorado regiment hurried up on the skirmish line, immediately engaging the enemy.

While this action was going on a long skirmish line of the enemy appeared on the Americans' left flank and began a heavy fire.

A battalion of the Ninth infantry, with two guns of the artillery, deployed and advanced on the feinting enemy, silencing them speedily. They lost two men wounded in the charge through the long grass.

The foe withdrew to the lake, but still remain in a position to harass the Americans and pick up stragglers.

It is probable that this force, anticipating being surrounded by the American forces, withdrew from the trap and marched rapidly to the left or the American advance.

The American losses in General Wheaton's brigade during the day were nineteen wounded. Nineteen insurgent bodies were found, but it is believed that the enemy's loss was somewhat greater, as the field was not thoroughly searched.

General Owenshine's brigade lost one man killed and five wounded. Owenshine met the Filipinos to the right of Wheaton's brigade and later followed Wheaton's brigade in its march.

The navy co-operated by shelling the beach.

WASHINGTON, June 12.—The war department today received a report from Major General Otis of the military movement yesterday to the south of Manila for the purpose of clearing out the rebels in that section. It shows that the movement was a great success, and that the enemy's loss was considerably greater than stated in the press dispatches. General Otis, cablegram is as follows:

MANILA, June 11, 1899.—The terrific heat yesterday did not permit the troops to reach the positions at the hours designated. This enabled a majority of the insurgents to escape in scattered organizations south and westward, which they effected during the evening and night. The movement was a great success, however. The enemy was disorganized and routed, suffering heavy loss. The troops are resting today at Las Pinas and Paranaque. The navy did excellent execution along the shore of the bay, but many insurgent detachments retired in that direction, protected by the presence of women and children, whom they drove along with them. Our loss, four killed and some thirty wounded. Report of the casualties later. A conservative estimate of the enemy's loss is about 400.

OTIS.

Admiral Dewey at Singapore.

SINGAPORE, June 12.—(New York World Cablegram.)—Admiral Dewey had cabled he would arrive this (Monday) morning, so Governor General Mitchell and other British officials and Consul Pratt arranged a reception accordingly, but the admiral surprised the colony's Sunday siesta by arriving at 3 p. m. yesterday.

Governor Mitchell at the time was absent from the government house and there was momentary consternation there. His aide-de-camp and captain of the port with Mr. Pratt hurried to the pier. As the Olympia had three or four days here, the admiral expressed a desire to remain quietly on board the Olympia during Sunday. This morning the admiral came ashore and was escorted by a company of the King's Own on an official visit to the government house, which visit the governor general will return at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

A big crowd saw the admiral and cheered him lustily, regarding it as an Anglo-American celebration. The Olympia had a fine voyage from Hong Kong and the admiral is looking well.

McKinley Invited West.

WASHINGTON, June 12.—The Chicago committee that is to invite President McKinley to visit the Illinois city to attend the celebration of Chicago day on October 9 arrived here last night. It will call on the president tomorrow at 11 o'clock and extend him an invitation to be the guest of the city on the day in question. The members of the cabinet and supreme court will also be asked to go.

GOOD HOPE FOR ARBITRATION.

Official Denial Given to Story That Germany Will Withhold Approval.

THE HAGUE, June 12.—An authoritative contradiction is given to the report that there is grave danger of the arbitration scheme failing.

It is pointed out that, although Germany may hesitate to recognize the principle, it has not yet raised any actual objections during the discussion.

LONDON, June 12.—The correspondent of the Times at The Hague says: "There is no sufficient reason as far as I can ascertain to anticipate the failure of the arbitration scheme. Germany's objections may possibly have been intimidated to certain members of the conference, but even in that case it would be premature to take a pessimistic view. If difficulties have arisen they may yet be smoothed over. Even so formidable a power as Germany may well pause before assuming the terrible responsibility of bringing about the failure of the conference."

The correspondent of the Daily News at The Hague says: "I learn that Dr. Zorn, the German delegate, spoke on Friday against arbitration. When I asked him for a copy of his speech I got a point blank refusal. Dr. Zorn said: 'All I can tell you is that Friday's sitting was extremely interesting and that I presented Germany's objections to the scheme for a permanent arbitration tribunal.'

Notwithstanding this I am able to send a full analysis of his speech. He spoke slowly and with difficulty in French. He asserted that he was instructed to say that Germany could not accept the principle of permanent arbitration embodied in Sir Julian Pauncefote's draft. It objected, firstly, on principle, and, secondly, on grounds of expediency.

He then proceeded to argue that it was derogatory to a monarch's sovereignty and to a nation's independence. Arbitration agreed upon between two nations for a narrowly defined object was one thing, and arbitration binding a nation for the unknown future was quite another. A king, holding his title by divine right, could not think of divesting himself of an essential part of his sovereignty, the right to shape the nation's course at a critical time.

Dr. Zorn concluded his speech amid painful silence.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, replying, said he thought the objections of the Germans showed a view which many might not consider altogether modern. "As to the doubts expressed regarding the fitness of the judge I have no doubt," said Sir Julian, "that every state would take pride in nominating its best man."

It is believed that Dr. Zorn's instructions were sent under a misapprehension, as some of his objections would only apply to the older scheme superseded by the British draft.

The correspondent of The Hague asserts that at last Friday's meeting Dr. Zorn opposed the arbitration scheme, but adds that negotiations are proceeding between the Hague and Berlin.

WIND SWEEPS SALIX.

Iowa Town Visited by Tornado and Three Lives Are Lost.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., June 12.—A tornado struck one-half mile southeast of the town of Salix, sixteen miles from Sioux City, at 5:30 last evening, leaving death, suffering and destruction in its path.

The dead are: JOHN MALLOY, farmer. KATE MALLOY, his wife. HARRY MALLOY, 16-year-old son. The injured are: Miss Bessie Malloy, 19 years old, skull fractured; will die. Thomas Malloy, 18 years old, leg mangled; injured internally. Fred Malloy, 26 years old, back injured seriously.

Pat Malloy, 14 years old, collar bone broken, back wrenched; will recover. Jack Malloy, 24 years old, arm cut and body bruised. His injuries are considered slight.

All day it had been hot and the air was stifling. Clouds came up from the southwest and it was plain that a storm was brewing. First came a heavy rain, and this was followed by a hailstorm. Within a radius of 300 feet are the homes of Philip Berger, Joseph Bernard, Patrick O'Neill, John Malloy and Mrs. Cora Hassell.

The Malloy family was just finishing supper when Dick, an elder son, looked out of the window and saw the funnel shaped cloud approaching from the southwest. He told the others to go to the cellar in haste, and he ran to the home of Mrs. Hassell to take care of the woman and her seven children. He took them to the cellar and the house was blown away in an instant. He had to hold a little boy by the legs as the suction of air was drawing him up.

None Clerks.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 12.—To obtain the necessary number of clerks for the census, Director Merriam has adopted a plan of allotting a pro rata number to each state, dividing this number among members of each congressional delegation. The clerks will be appointed from among candidates so presented and endorsed by the congressmen from their district, after competent and practical examination. The applicants who pass the examinations will be drawn on for appointment from time to time. This policy is being proceeded with and its idea explained in communications to the various members of the congressional delegations in response to their presentation of names for the place.

Only 1 per cent of the population of India know the alphabet.

Celebrate Schley Day.

NEW YORK, June 12.—The men attached to the armored cruiser Brooklyn, now moored at the Brooklyn navy yard, today decided to celebrate July 3, the anniversary of the battle of Santiago, when Cervera's fleet was destroyed. They propose to call it "Schley day." Special invitations will be sent to Admiral and Mrs. Schley, Captain Cook, who commanded the Brooklyn during the battle of Santiago, to Commodore Philip B. Sampson, commander-in-chief of the North Atlantic squadron.

The great house filled slowly, and it

FITZSIMMONS DEFEATED

The Sturdy Boiler Maker Lays Him out in the Eleventh Round.

FIGHT SPIRITED FROM THE START

A Succession of Heavy Blows Throughout the Contest.

NO INTERFERENCE BY THE POLICE

Fitzsimmons Has the Advantage in Only Two Rounds and in Eleventh Comes Up Too Weak to Make Adequate Defense—Details of the Fight by Rounds.

NEW YORK, June 10.—James J. Jeffries, another sturdy young giant, has come out of the west to whip champion pugilists. At the arena of the Coney Island Athletic club tonight he defeated Robert Fitzsimmons, world's champion in two classes—middleweight and heavyweight—in eleven rounds of whirlwind fighting. He came to the ring a rank outsider and left it the acknowledged master of the man he defeated. He was never at any time in serious danger, and after the size-up in the early rounds of the contest took the lead. He had the Australian whipped from the ninth round.

It was acknowledged that Jeffries would have an immense advantage in weight, height and age, but the thousands who tipped and backed his opponent to win were sure that he was slow and that he would in that respect be absolutely at the mercy of the past master at the science of fighting that he was to meet. He proved, on the contrary, that he was just as fast as the man he met and beat him down to unconscious defeat in a fair fight. He is a veritable giant in stature and marvelously speedy for his immense size.

Less than a year ago he appeared in New York a great, awkward, ungainly boy. Today he is the lithe, active, alert trained athlete. The men who prepared him for the fight worked wonders with him. They taught him a nearly perfect defense, improved his foot movement and instructed him in the methods of inflicting punishment. The transition since he appeared last has been little short of miraculous. At 24 he defeated Robert Fitzsimmons, Tom Sharkey and Peter Jackson, and if he cares for himself he will probably be able to successfully defend the title for many years.

The defeated man was just as good as when on the crisp morning in the plains of faraway Nevada he lowered the colors of the then peerless Corbett. He was just as active, just as tricky and just as fearless of punishment.

He went unflinchingly to his defeat. He was the aggressor even at moments when, bleeding and unsteady and stunned by the blows he received, he recoiled instinctively toward his opponent. He was fighting all the time and punished his opponent, but found him a different opponent than any he had met and a difficult man to fight.

Jeffries fought from a crouching attitude that was hard to get at. He held his head low, his back was bent down and his left arm was extended. He kept jabbing away with the left and found no trouble in landing it. It was there that his superior reach told. That giant arm served as a sort of human fender to ward off danger. He showed an excellent defense and the ability to use both hands with skill. He is game, too, for he never shrank from his punishment.

It was a great fight to watch and commenced and ended amid scenes of intense excitement. It was all dramatic. The men fought before a crowd of 9,000 persons and stood up in a great beam of blinding white light. It was like a thousand cateniums and it showed relief. When the blood came it was an intense red under usual.

There was not a suggestion of interference from the police. Chief Devery occupied a seat at the ringside, but never entered the ring. When it was all over he sent Captain Kenny in to clear the ring. The contest was pulled off without wrangle and was devoid of the brutal elements that Chief Devery feared.

Never was a crowd handled with less friction. It was all perfectly orderly. There was absolutely no confusion attendant upon the assemblage and housing of the big crowd. Several thousand of those who waited with tickets came to the beach late in the afternoon and their action relieved the pressure during the earlier hours. There were several routes from the city and all seemed to be well patronized, so that at no time was there a jam at any given point. The rain that fell between the hours of 5 and 7 had a tendency to diminish the crowd of idlers that usually comes to the front on an occasion of that kind the lateness of the hour at which the contestants were announced to appear kept the crowd from seeking the Coney Island club house very early, and Coney Island, with its merry-go-rounds, Ferris wheels, gilded cafes, jugglers and bespangled dancers furnished many amusement and entertainment during the wait.

It all made a strange scene. Crowds thronged the streets and surged among the stands and stalls of the already thronged cafes. The prospects were never brighter, and the strange devices that make polygyn music never worked harder. Many places where liquid and solid refreshments were dispensed were packed to overflowing and everywhere was the buzz of conversation freighted with fight talk. It was on everybody's lips. Enthusiasts touted their favorites. Here, Fitzsimmons would win in a walk; there, Jeffries was a sure victor. The newshybs shouted late extras that told all about it and fakirs offered the latest pictures of the two giants who were to fight. There was very little betting. There was plenty of money on both sides, but nobody liked the odds. The Jeffries men were getting two for one for the collateral and the Fitzsimmons contingent was loth to give it.

The great house filled slowly, and it

was after 9 o'clock before the police had to bestir themselves to clear the aisles. The absence of any preliminary contest gave the crowd a fight appetite. They began calling for the performance at 9:30 and at 9:45 were demonstrative.

Jeffries was the first to appear. He came through the main entrance and walked the length of the hall at 9:50 to an accompaniment of cheers, while Fitzsimmons, who was accompanied by his Spartan-like wife, came from the dressing room by a side door. The agreement as to the conditions of clinches and breaks was discussed and settled outside the ring and there was but little delay when the terms were agreed on.

Fitzsimmons entry into the ring at 10:05 o'clock was made the occasion of a rather theatrical demonstration. Julian was first and then came the fighter. The seconds were next in line, and then came two men bearing a great floral piece that was almost funeral in its appearance. It was inscribed "Good Luck to the Champion," but the flowers are wilted now. Fitzsimmons bowed ceremoniously to it.

Jeffries came next into the arena, and like his opponent, got a demonstrative reception. Fitzsimmons looked lanky and thin, but his skin was clear, his eye bright, and his step elastic. He made a great display of American flags at his waist. Jeffries looked sturdy and massive and seemed a little nervous. He got the worst of the assignment of corners, for the great lights shone into his face and he blinked at them in a nervous sort of way. Siler, too, looked colorless and ill at ease.

There was no trying delay in the ring and the gong sounded just as the men had been presented and gloved. When the squared off Jeffries looked pounds to the good. The opening round was a tryst, pure and simple, and not a single blow of an effective nature was landed. First one was the pacemaker and then the other essayed the pressing. They were almost equally active and the clever work recompensed the crowd for the lack of excitement. The second round began in a business like way with Jeffries trying his left. Fitzsimmons then took a turn, but was short. Just as the round closed Jeffries downed Fitzsimmons with a hard straight left on the jaw. The champion came up slowly in a dazed sort of way and reeled toward his man. The crowd cheered Jeffries, but the gong ended the round.

Fitzsimmons rallied in the rest, and was aggressive again in the third. The champion was bleeding, but fighting viciously. He made the pace, but it was the Californian's round. The fourth was fast but not decisive. Fitzsimmons made his best showing in the fifth. He began the round with a punch that opened Jeffries' left eye and sent a little torrent of blood coursing down his cheek. He forced Jeffries against the ropes, but the Californian slipped away from him. He made Jeffries hug again, but then the round ended and Jeffries was back and fighting. Fitzsimmons was the aggressor in the sixth and that, too, was his round. He tried all of his tricks with left and right, but was unable to place them right, but that too, was blocked. The seventh might be said to have been Fitzsimmons' but he did no particular damage with his punches.

The eighth saw the beginning of the end, for Fitzsimmons never regained his balance after that round. Jeffries began the round with a straight left on the face that again brought the blood out of his opponent's mouth. The Cornishman staggered against the ropes, but came back for another facer. There was fear in the Fitzsimmons corner and Julian yelled to Fitzsimmons to be careful. Fitzsimmons planted one of his lefts on Jeffries' jaw and staggered him against the ropes. Fitzsimmons looked like a beaten man.

The ninth was all Jeffries' He sent the Australian's head back with a series of lefts, put his right on the body and avoided any serious punishment. Fitzsimmons kept pressing forward all the time, but was unable to find his opponent.

The tenth was in reality where the fight ended. Jeffries rushed his opponent and downed him with a left swing. Fitzsimmons seemed out and there was a moment of the wildest excitement. Julian ran along the side of the ring and sprinkled water on his fallen idol. At the end of seven seconds Fitzsimmons staggered to his feet, only to go down again. He was up again and Jeffries poised himself for the finish. He shot his left to the body and tried for the head with his right. He was calm and collected, but the time was too short. Again did the gong come to the aid of the man who was then going, staggering and dazed, to certain defeat. There was a frantic effort to revive the champion of champions, but he was cleanly gone and his seconds could not restore his energies.

The fate-like gong changed again and the old fighter wobbled out to meet the sturdy young Hercules who awaited him. It was courageous and gritty, but it was hopeless. It was a splendid moment and full of all that dramatic intensity that characterizes a tragedy. Jeffries was as fresh as at the start. There was a moment of sparring and the giant arms of the Californian shot through the air. It was left and right and over. Fitzsimmons, limp and unconscious, dropped to the floor.

Jeffries stepped back, for he knew the force that he had put behind his terrible blows. The timers called out the seconds that counted out an old ring hero and heralded another, but nobody heard them. The crowd was on its feet howling. There was a rush for the ring, but scores of blue-coats barred the way. Ten seconds are short and when the tenth had come there was a new roar of excitement to welcome the victor.

Julian, Hickey, Henny and Everhardt gathered up the prostrate man. He was still in a trance. They carried him to his corner and a little blood oozed from his mouth as his head fell forward on his chest. The new hero crossed the ring and shook the hand of his rival, after which he was surrounded by his friends, who hustled him from the ring and into his dressing room.

Jeffries had the good wishes of his clergyman father out at Los Angeles, Cal. This wire was placed in his hand as he reached the ring:

"Jim: We know you will win. Keep

good spirits; be confident of our blessing.

"Father, Mother and Family."

The scenes enacted in the dressing room of Jeffries, which was only a few feet away from that occupied the defeated pugilist, were of the most joyful character. Crowds of persons hampered at the door for admittance, all anxious to congratulate the new champion. William Brady was dancing with delight from the moment the decision was given that made him for the second time a manager of a world's heavyweight champion.

"Jeffries is a corker," he cried, "and there is not a man on earth that can beat him. He's a wonder and no mistake. Let them all come to him now, none of them can class with him."

Billy Delaney, Jeffries' chief trainer, was beside himself with delight. He said:

"I have again brought a champion beater from California and am naturally proud of it. Fitzsimmons was beaten fair and square and although he put up a game fight my man had his measure taken from the moment he shaped for the first round."

Jim Daly and Jack Jeffries had very little to say regarding their victory, but their good-natured faces were wreathed in smiles and they looked upon Jeffries as a veritable world-beater.

Jeffries himself was surrounded by a host of friends who congratulated him on his well won honor. In response to several inquiries, the new champion said:

"Fitz fought a good and game battle and hit me harder than any man whom I have been up against. He can whip Markey in two rounds. I would gain nothing by meeting Sharkey again, but am willing to meet any man in the world in whom the public has confidence and there will be no fear of my quitting the ring for the stage. I will defend my title as champion at all times and against all comers. At no time during tonight's fight did I feel any misgiving as to my ability to win. I am satisfied that I have well earned the right to be called champion by beating Fitzsimmons, who was undoubtedly the greatest fighter of the age."

Jeffries and his party left for New York at midnight and will make the Vanderbilt hotel their headquarters.

The detail of the rounds was as follows:

Round 1—Both men met in center of ring. They feinted, with Fitzsimmons breaking ground, Jeffries keeping almost in the center of the ring. Jeffries was evidently trying to get the fight over. Fitz led left to head, but Jeffries ducked cleverly. Jeffries led left and fell short. Again he led a left swing for jaw, but Fitz was out of the way. Jeffries tried right for body and left for head, but Fitzsimmons blocked and got away clean. Fitzsimmons tried left, landing. They came to a clinch, but broke clean. Jeffries tried a straight for jaw and did not reach, and Fitzsimmons blocked an attempt at a left hook, shooting his left to the ear as the bell rang.

Round 2—Fitzsimmons in the middle of the ring made Jeffries break ground. Fitzsimmons sent left to body. Jeffries countered with stiff left on face. Jeffries tried left for body, but was neatly blocked. Jeffries then assumed a crouching attitude, boring in with his left, but was again blocked and they came to a clinch. Jeffries landed two lefts on body and shot the left three times on Fitzsimmons' face without a return. Fitzsimmons tried right for heart, but was short and they came to a clinch, the referee going between them. Jeffries tried a left chop for the head, but Fitzsimmons ducked safely. Jeffries tried a left swing for the head and another for the body, but Fitzsimmons ducked away from him. Jeffries then knocked Fitzsimmons flat on his back with a straight left on the mouth. The champion was up in two seconds, when the bell rang.

Round 3—Fitzsimmons looked very determined when he came up for this round, with Jeffries on the aggressive. They clinched twice without doing damage. Fitzsimmons tried a right hook for the body, but failed to land. It was then seen that he was bleeding from the nose. First blood claimed for Jeffries. After another clinch Fitzsimmons landed a hard left on Jeffries' body and repeated it three times, coming to the center of the ring. Fitzsimmons landed a left on the ear. Jeffries came back with a left hook on the side of the head and they came to a clinch. After some feinting Jeffries sent both hands to the body and drove Fitzsimmons back with a left on the head. Fitzsimmons tried to land a left swing on the head, and they came to a clinch. Fitzsimmons landed a hook on the head. Jeffries countered on the face as the round ended.

Round 4—Fitzsimmons came up determined and tried a right swing and failed to land and Bob clinched. Jeffries tried a left for the neck, but Fitzsimmons got inside of his lead, landing left on wind. Jeffries sent two hard left hooks to the side of Fitzsimmons' head, jarring the champion each time. In the mixup Fitzsimmons got his left to head and right to body. After some fiddling Fitzsimmons sent a left straight to the eye, which was heavily countered on the body by Jeffries' right. A hard right over the heart by Fitzsimmons was answered by Jeffries with a left on the neck and then Jeffries planted a heavy left on the chest and Fitzsimmons broke ground, but returned quickly, shooting his left to the jaw. This was an even round.

Round 5—Fitzsimmons led off with a left to the face, splitting Jeffries' left eye, which bled freely. Jeffries retaliated with a hard left on the ear and Fitzsimmons tried his right over the damaged eye, failing to land. Fitzsimmons tried left for head, but Jeffries ducked and a clinch followed. Fitzsimmons put a light left on Jeffries' mouth and forced him to the ropes. They clinched and broke immediately. Jeffries tried a left swing for the body, but left an opening which Fitzsimmons failed to take advantage of. Jeffries sent two lefts to the jaw and a right on the forehead without a return. Fitzsimmons rushed, but in trying to side-step almost fell through the ropes, but regained himself and came back with a hard left on neck and body. Jeffries replied with two stiff lefts on face as he crowded in on

him. At this moment the bell separated them.

Round 6—Fitzsimmons jumped across the ring and Jeffries broke ground. Fitzsimmons swung his left for head, landing slightly and blocked a right lead for the body. Both tried left for the head, but were short. Then Fitzsimmons put his left to the face and missed a right cross for the jaw. Fitzsimmons, still on the aggressive, bored in, sending left to face, Jeffries countering lightly on the wind. Fitzsimmons crowded in with hot left and Jeffries crossed his right to ear. They broke from a clinch and Fitzsimmons sent the left to face, followed by a hard right over the injured eye. Another clinch followed and the referee sent to separate them. Fitzsimmons sent right to head and followed with hard left to chest. Jeffries fought back wildly, landing both hands out—another clinch Fitzsimmons upped his opponent with his right on the wind. This was the last blow of the round, which was in Fitzsimmons' favor.

Round 7—Jeffries was a bit slow in coming to the scratch and broke ground, making a circle of the ring. Fitzsimmons tried right to head, landing lightly, and Jeffries got a left to ribs and got away clean. Then the Californian endeavored to land a straight left for the face, but was blocked neatly and received a left on the ribs. Fitzsimmons was on the aggressive and sent a left far back on the neck. Jeffries tried to crowd Fitzsimmons on the ropes, but Fitz got away nicely. Then in a rapid mixup both swung rights and lefts for the head, landing lightly. Then Fitzsimmons hooked a left to the side of the head and Jeffries jumped in with a right hand on the body. Jeffries swung his left for the head, but Fitzsimmons got inside of it and drove his right over the heart, when the gong sent them to their corners. This was Fitzsimmons' round.

Round 8—Jeffries was tardy in coming up and the referee had to wave his hand to him to come to the center. Both men rushed matters without doing damage other than clinching until Fitzsimmons sent his left to the ribs and Jeffries hooked two lefts to the face. Jeffries tried with his right, but was caught. Fitzsimmons countering lightly on the chest. Fitzsimmons put a straight left on Jeffries' eye. Jeffries came back with a hard left on the body. Fitzsimmons endeavored to land a vicious swing with his left on the body, but Jeffries came back with a similar blow on Fitzsimmons' head. Jeffries then bored in and sent a straight left to Fitzsimmons' face, staggering the champion to the ropes. Nothing of any moment occurred during the remainder of the round and as Fitzsimmons walked to his corner he smiled at his seconds. This was Jeffries' round.

Round 9—Both came up willingly, with Fitzsimmons the aggressor, but Jeffries sent him back with a straight in the face. Fitzsimmons missed a left swing for the head and received a hard right on the body. Then they clinched, and after the breakaway both tried left at close quarters, Jeffries landing twice. Fitzsimmons still on the aggressive was sent back once more with a left on the body. After another clinch Jeffries put two smart left raps on the nose which made Bob's nasal organ bleed again. Jeffries tried again for the head smartly with his left, hitting it straight, and then with a backhand blow brought his nose. Fitzsimmons failed to respond to this and Jeffries threw his right over the heart with all his might and had Fitzsimmons guessing when the bell rang. Jeffries had decidedly the best of the round.

Round 10—Jeffries came up looking confident, and Fitzsimmons wore an earnest look on his face. The Californian was first to land with a straight left on the body, bringing it up to the head. Fitzsimmons clinched. Going into the clinch Fitz drove his left hard to the wind. They did a lot of fiddling, Fitzsimmons tried a left swing, but went wide of the mark, but caught the Californian a second later with a left swing on the nose. After this Jeffries made a left swing for Fitz's head, but was blocked, and then with a left swing on the jaw put Fitz on his back. Fitz was groggy when he got up in seven seconds and went down again with left and right on the jaw. He came up again in five seconds and Jeffries rushed him into a corner, trying very hard to finish the champion, who was very groggy. Jeffries was too anxious and failed to finish his man.

Round 11—Fitzsimmons came up slowly, but assumed the aggressive. Jeffries put two hard rights over Fitz for a knockout. They clinched three times, coming to close quarters. Jeffries put two hard rights over Fitzsimmons' heart, sending him back, and then sent a straight left to the neck, following with a left on the chest. Jeffries then assumed the aggressive and jabbed his left to the head and a left on the jaw, which dazed Fitzsimmons, who stood in the middle of the ring. Jeffries looked at him for a second and then he had him at his mercy and swung his right and left to the jaw, and Fitzsimmons went down and out, relinquishing the championship to the Californian. Time of eleventh round, 1 minute and 32.5 seconds.

Burglar Kills an Aged Woman.

CARMI, Ill., June 10.—Burglars who had broken into the house of Daniel P. Gott of Norris City shot and killed Mrs. Gott, aged 67, for resisting them. The burglars secured two purses containing \$145 and a watch chain. Mr. Gott, who is an invalid, was aroused by the burglars, who easily secured his purse. His wife awoke and became excited. Her actions caused the burglars to think she was concealing something. Pointing a revolver to her head one of the party ordered her to give up her pocketbook. She refused to comply with the demand and tried to tear the mask from the robber's face, striking him at the same time. The robber then shot her behind the ear, killing her almost instantly.

Like Grant and Harrison, President McKinley, in talking with Mrs. McKinley, his daily drive about the country roads near Washington, goes as a rule quite unattended and unprotected.