

ONE GAME FOR EACH OF THEM

Omaha Wins in the Morning, Kansas City the Afternoon.

BOTH HARD FOUGHT BATTLES.

Clarke Hit Hard in the Afternoon Game, the Cowboys Finding Him Very Freely in the First Inning—Other Games.

MORNING GAME.

Omaha Wins a Sharp and Close Contest—Score, 3 to 2.

The Cowboys went out to the ball park yesterday morning haughty, defiant, and with a very wicked look in their eyes.

But they didn't. Omaha won by the skin of her teeth, and the Cowboys left the park with a very subdued look in their eyes and a greatly altered mind.

For the Omahags gave him a most delightful trouncing. Delightful, because it was so close, so well played, and so exciting.

Just think of it—Omaha, 3; Kansas City, 2. Talk about your hot games yesterday morning's was inexcusable. Both teams were in the finest fettle, and went at each other like a couple of bull terriers.

There was a great deal of hitting in the game, for both twirlers were unusually strategic, but the hitting was unimportant and brilliant.

For this reason and also for the fact that the score was kept down the game was intensely close and kept the 2,000 people present on the ragged edge of anxiety throughout.

Then, at last, when the twenty-seventh man went out, and the lay was Omaha by 3 to 2, the pent up feelings of the throng found expression in the mighty shout of jubilation.

Victory is a powerful stimulus for the spirits, you know.

It was a lovely day for ball playing, but in the grand stands it was a calamity, so emphatic were the groans and wails.

But it's all O. K. Omaha won!

In the first inning and Annis were speedily retired, but the inexpressible Mr. Crooks hit your players stone dead.

"Mr!"—amashed out a handsome three-dollarer to right, then ran home on a wild pitch.

"Well! well! How's that!" the audience excitedly cried, and then cheers were long and loud.

Then, on both sides, it was an unbroken row of goose eggs up to the lucky or unlucky seventh, just as you want it, when after Omaha had retired, the Cowboys made two runs, all they got in.

Johnson drove a safe one to right, and by a close call, stole second. Then Ardner went out from Miller to Gorman, Johnson going down to third.

Johnson, amidst a generous burst of applause, tying the score. Bradley then made second on an error of Gorman's and stole third, while Swartzel hit home with a safe one to left, McCarty having been put out at first.

Wells struck out. Everybody gave a gasp and gave the game up.

But in the eighth, after Miller and Lovett had been retired, but Wilson, who played as fine a game as ever, struck a ball dead, cracked a single to left.

Conroy then stepped up, and after having two strikes called, smashed the sphere way out to extreme right for three bags, and Wilson trotted home with the tying run.

Ah, what a shout greeted this bit of lucky hitting.

It was one, two, three for the Cowboys in their half, and the Omahags came in for their last inning with Crooks at the plate.

Everybody in the grand stands, and he did. He made a two banger, which Flynn immediately duplicated and the game was won.

The next three batters went out successively.

It was now or die for the Cowboys, and they came within an ace of doing, for after two men had retired, McCarty batted the ball way out to center field for three bags, but on attempting to make home on the lick he was caught at the plate by the sharp fielding of Annis and Crooks.

"Well! Well! Well!" it was a glorious victory.

Here in the official score:

Table with 10 columns: Player Name, AB, R, H, SB, PO, A, E. Rows include Conroy, Annis, Crooks, Flynn, Burns, Gorman, Miller, Lovett, Wilson, and Totals.

KANSAS CITY.

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PATRIOTS BAKE IN THE SUN.

The Hottest Fourth Ever Exported in Omaha.

THE KNIGHTS AND THE PARADE.

The Procession Surpasses the One of a Year Ago—The Line of March—Sports at the Fair Grounds in the Afternoon.

The Fourth in Omaha.

It was hot yesterday—so hot that shirt collars wilted before the wearer could adjust his cravat and button up his vest—but notwithstanding that the day was generally celebrated in the morning.

The procession was the most magnificent ever seen in Omaha.

The crowd gathered around the stand and Mayor Broatch introduced Rev. J. S. Detweiler of the Kountze Memorial church, who read in a loud voice and intelligent manner the Declaration of Independence.

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AS A DRINK IN FEVERS.

Use Horford's Food Photo-phate.

Results at Wayne.

Wayne, Neb., July 4.—[Special Telegram to The Bee.]—At the Wayne Driving Park association at the 2:30 o'clock race.

Yale Will Stay at Home.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., July 4.—[Special Telegram to The Bee.]—Herman Oelrichs has now decided not to take the Yale boat team to England this season.

Drink Malt to its Pleasance.

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ROMANCING AND FISHING.

The Story of a Dead Indian Girl Strangely Recalled.

San Francisco Alta: Captain Kow suggested that we go fishing to a certain lake some miles back in the woods.

We knew that no one had fished there for several years and that the Indians had never been near it, as they said an evil spirit in the shape of a monster fish lived in its waters.

Several Indians had in bravado gone to the lake to fish, none of them ever returned.

After a hard tramp we reached the lake, and in a few minutes had constructed a rough raft, pushed out to the center of the lake, and thrown our flies.

I never had such sport in my life. A fly could scarcely touch the water before it was seized by some hungry and keen-eyed trout.

Finally, after a long sport, we determined to put back to the shore, and just for luck I threw my fly once more.

There was a slight tug, but to my annoyance I found the fly was caught on a bit of drift.

We pulled up to it, and reaching over to free the hook, saw a piece of shining metal on the drift. I hauled in the branch, and there was that bracelet you have been looking at.

At first I did not notice the letters scratched on it, but fell to wondering how it got into the lake, for certainly for twenty years past no Indian had been within a mile of the lake.

Captain Kow, who was one of the pilots on the river and deeply versed in all of the river lore, took the bit of jewelry in his hand and began a close examination.

He was in the main one of the coolest men I ever knew, and seldom showed the slightest emotion under any circumstances.

He had examined the bracelet but a moment or so when I heard him exclaim in what, for him, was a rare word, "Howdy!"

"That's what he always called me," I looked and made out, as you have, the word "Nomah."

"Yes, yes," said the captain, "that's what you thought. The first part of the name has been effaced by time, but the name in full was Multonomah."

When I was a boy I remember she was the most beautiful maiden among the Kliekiats—and they were warriors in those days.

"This is quite a romance," I said to him, "is it not?"

"There isn't much to tell, except that three years ago Harry Sprague and myself were just of age, and the Kliekiats were a powerful tribe of Indians, and during the salmon season they came in great numbers to the Cascades to fish and gather berries."

Harry and I were on the steamer running to the Cascades, and Multonomah was a beautiful Indian girl. I always thought that she must be the descendant of some adventurous far-traveler, for her features were of Caucasian type and her complexion was not more dusky than that of a Spanish beauty.

Harry fell in love with her and she with him—those things often happened in the early days, you know—and all would have been well but for the Indian war which broke out at about that time, and the tribe to which Multonomah belonged left the river to go on the warpath.

A little while before the tribe disappeared Harry had taken one of Multonomah's bracelets and scratched on it with his knife her name. Shortly after this the block house at the Cascades was attacked; but the Indians were repulsed, and that night we captured a young Indian boy lurking around the settlement who knew Harry, and confided to him that Multonomah wished to meet him the next night at the Lost Lake.

It must have been very important business that would have induced the Indian girl to visit the dreaded lake; but we did not know that until Harry returned a day later it was only to die of innumerable arrow wounds. Before he died he told me that he had reached the lake just at dawn. He was at the point of starting from the underbrush when he caught sight of Multonomah standing on a log projecting over the water. Her long hair fell over her shoulders in disorder, and a bright red blanket clung in graceful folds about her slender figure. She was gazing intently on the lake. Harry was just about to speak her name when an arrow whizzed through the air straight to the heart of the dusky maiden. Backward she fell into the lake and sank beneath the surface. At the same time Harry received a mortal wound. He never told us how he got back to the river, and we buried him in the woods he loved so well."

EXTERNAL USE OF St. Jacobs Oil FOR PAINS AND SORENESS RESULTING FROM RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, STOMACHACHE, DIARRHEA, COLIC, AND STOMACHACHE.

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