

HAD NO CHINCH ON THIS GAME.

The Flour City Men Set a Little Trap.

MITCHELL DID THE BUSINESS.

By a Scratch Hit in the Last Half of the Ninth Inning the Day Was Won for the Visitors.

Standing of the Clubs.

Following will be found the standing of the teams in the present chase in the Western association up to and including yesterday's games:

Table with columns: Played, Won, Lost, Per Ct. Rows include St. Paul, Omaha, Minneapolis, Des Moines, Denver, St. Joseph, Milwaukee.

Minneapolis 6, Omaha 5.

That was a very mean trick Minneapolis played on Omaha yesterday afternoon.

Some people say that it was Honin's banquet, but that had nothing to do with it.

It was nothing but the foxyness of Morlon's game.

Of course, the White Sox thought they had a cinch on the game, and that is just precisely what the Flour City lads wanted them to think.

But they had their visual eyes opened at last, but alas, blackaday, it was too late.

A timely three bagger, and a puny scratch hit, and Minneapolis pulled a game out of the fire, to the overwhelming disgust of 800 spectators.

It was all a part of a deep laid scheme that was hatched in Captain Honin's fertile brain and was successfully carried out by those model young men—Michael Angelo Minnehan, "String" Jantzen, Doctor Turner and the diabolical Mitchell.

Who would ever expect these gentlemen of being parties to such a diabolical plot.

No one.

Kid Nichols, too, played as if he was trying to clean himself of some of the yellow paint he got into at the banquet Monday night, rather than hang another bunch of curls to Omaha's belt.

Why, they smashed him for twelve big, heavy, robust hits, and knocked out a game that otherwise should have been ours.

What do you think of that?

Joe Walsh, however, played a magnificent game, outside his strike work. Some of his stops and throws were truly marvellous.

There was no ochro on Joe.

You see, Honin's scheme was to take a nice comfortable game, try to steal some of the White Sox to the game along toward the end, then get ahead; then, when their last innings came, to jump in and pound out a victory.

Never did a scheme work more beautifully.

The first was a goose egg for Omaha, but Minneapolis carried a game out of the fire.

Minnehan hit the first ball the Kid released, and after Miller's retirement, the Kid sign drove him home.

Again, in the White Sox accomplished nothing, but the Minnies piled up three more big fat failures.

Henge went out on a lone fly to Jakey Strauss, but Walsh made a miserable maul of Hanrahan's easy fly, and the fun began.

Ready stole second, and then third on Cooney's wild throw to catch him. He scored on Turner's single. Then Mr. Mitchell, who is so thin that he wouldn't make a good railroad sandwich, struck out, but "String" Jantzen hit the ball over the left field fence for a homer, scoring Turner before him. Minnehan followed with his second hit, but old Joe Miller closed the inning by hitting the ball over the fence.

You see how Honin's scheme worked. The audience sat perfectly still and never moved a muscle.

In the third the White Sox braced up temporarily.

Canavan got his base on a fizzle by Hanrahan, but Walsh made a miserable maul of Hanrahan's easy fly, and the fun began.

Kid Nichols drove a safe one to center, and on Cooney's single ran clear around to third. Cooney went to second on a bad throw by Walsh, and in the next moment runners scored on a passed ball.

Long-legged Jantzen got coiled around the ball while receiving it, and before he could disentangle himself the men were safe. Cooney, however, was compelled to make a long and desperate slide.

How the crowd roared, and Sam Martin, who sat in the directors' box, exclaimed to President McCormick:

"How so?" inquired the president.

"Why I'll just fine that anecdote that much for wrapping himself around the ball in that style."

But that was all the runs we got.

Cleveland struck out and Strauss went out from Henge to first.

No more scratch hits were done until the seventh, when the White Sox, by a clever little spurt with the stick, tied the score and got one run ahead.

After Crooks and Walsh had been put out, Willis sent a corker to center for a couple of cushions, and Wally Andrews sent him home with a clover-leaf first, the big first baseman going the long way around.

Canavan followed with a hit, and Andrews scored, and on Nichols' terrific three bagger Canavan ran home on a moment.

That gave us the lead and the audience made the grand stand shake with its applause.

Cooney ended the inning by going out from third to first.

The Minnies, however, evened up matters in a jiffy.

Minnehan made a three-sacker and scored on Miller's hit, and in the closing half of the ninth they brought their deep-laid scheme to a foot.

After Walsh had thrown Hanrahan out, Turner happened along with a three-bagger and Mitchell, the tissue-paper pitcher, with a little scratch hit over Andrews' head, and the day was won.

"Well, well, well!" cried Crooks, with a sigh, as he gave his brother a hitch and Carter, who was the dressing room, "Hey! hey! hey!" yelled Morton, Henge, Minnehan, Hanrahan, et al., as they gazed zeelessly after him, over the victory they had won.

feated Milwaukee by lucky hitting and daring base running in the first and second innings. Davis and Crowell pitched in good form and kept the hits scattered.

Score: Milwaukee 7, St. Joseph 0. Box score with runs, hits, errors.

ST. JOSEPH.

Box score for St. Joseph: Runs, Hits, Errors.

BY INNINGS.

Inning-by-inning score for St. Joseph.

SUMMARY.

Faded runs—St. Joseph 2, Milwaukee 1. Two-base hits—Milwaukee 2, St. Joseph 1.

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made on the Ivy City track, August Belmont bought him for \$17,000.

But the race was called the horses pranced about the post in a restless way.

Volunteer kicked Terra Cotta slightly, and then Gorge gave Elkwood a slight kick.

The second attack they met with Gorge in the lead, Elkwood, Eurus and Badge were next.

At the quarter post Volunteeer led by a length, followed by Gorge and a half before Bella B, with Badge, Eurus, Bryan Born, Terra Cotta and Elkwood next.

Going up the back stretch Gorge went to the front, and soon had a lead of two lengths from Eurus. Gorge led until they were well into the home stretch, with Raceland next.

On they came like a whirlwind, as they entered the home stretch, Gorge still in the lead.

"Now watch the Snapper draw the whip," said one, as Terra Cotta came in with a grand rush. He did not. Amid the plaudits of 10,000 throats, Raceland dashed past the judge's stand, an easy winner by a length and a half, in 2:05.5.

Terra Cotta, second, was half a length before Gorge, third. Eurus, Bryan Born, Badge, Elkwood, Volunteeer and Bella B, who ran wide clear of the rest, in the order named.

Elkwood pulled up very lame. Mile and an eighth—Bessie June won in 1:50.4, Teatray second, Danboy third.

Five furlongs, two-year-olds, followed in 2:15.1-3, Larchmont second, St. Luke third.

St. Louis Races. St. Louis, June 18.—The weather was rainy.

Four furlongs, two-year-olds—Rhyme won, Light second, Victoria third. Time—53.

Five furlongs, two-year-olds—Watson won, Kip second, Joe Nevine third. Time—1:11.

Six furlongs, all ages—Red Stone won, N. B. Cook second, W. W. third. Time—1:27.2.

Seven furlongs, all ages—Glockner won, Carl Fisher second, Fostal third. Time—1:35.4.

One mile—Three-year-olds and upwards—Oarsman won, Unlucky second, Comely third. Time—1:49.5.

Three furlongs, two-year-olds—Rhyme won, Light second, Victoria third. Time—53.

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RED CLOUD IS OBSTINATE.

Ho Speaks in Opposition to the Proposed Treaty.

SOME RATHER VICIOUS REMARKS.

He Suggests That the Commissioners Pack Up and Leave the Reservation—The Indians Signing Slowly.

At Pine Ridge Agency.

PINE RIDGE AGENCY, Dak., (via Rushville, Neb.), June 18.—(Special Telegram to THE BEE.)—The Indians met the commission again, this afternoon, though not as promptly as on the first day.

Policemen were sent out to call them. The council was opened when a small number had arrived, though there were probably six hundred Indians present before the close of the meeting.

The principal speakers occupied the front circle of seats, Red Cloud, Little Wind and Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses being the most prominent.

Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses was the first to speak. He is a very old man, and his memory runs chiefly to matters that were ancient years ago.

He had papers before him at the time of the treaty made at Fort Laramie, or that of 1857. His talk was chiefly of that time, he claiming that the treaty their made still would have effect for twenty years. He said:

"You are in too big a hurry in this matter. Wait till this treaty of 1868 is concluded, and then we will make another. Come back in twenty years and we will all sign your paper."

Red Cloud arose from his place with a stiff map of the reservation mounted on a staff, and spoke in about these words:

"I have a sugar paper like that if Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses will give me here I have a map of the reservation where I am now living. Spotted Tail and I made the treaty in 1858, sixteen years ago, and these four years ago further advanced on the Republican river, for which we got \$25,000 and a promise of \$25,000 more.

The next treaty Spotted Tail and I made was at Fort Laramie, in 1851, when we gave away only the tops of the Black Hills, and this is what we have left. I don't want to give up the rest of the hills. I was promised to give me many things, and it was not given. My friend, General Crooks, I think knows something about this. When the great father dies, his children should have what he has given them, and I think you will come and talk with me."

He then referred to his desire that the "great father" should give the money you bring to pay me what you owe me. I think this is all sugar talk, like you always give us.

Red Cloud followed Red Cloud in the best Indian speech yet heard, so far as eloquence and grace are concerned. He began by referring to his desire that the "great father" should give the money you bring to pay me what you owe me. I think this is all sugar talk, like you always give us.

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