FUTURITY WON BY MORELLO

Though Sick, the Son of Eolus Shows His Heels to a Large Field.

COMPLICATIONS OVER THE COLT'S RIDER

Two Jockeys Who Are Angry at the Manner in Which They Were Treated—Failure of the Great Event as a Race.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY RACE TRACK, N. Y., Aug. 27.—The great Futurity has been run and won by a horse that under ordinary circumstances would not have been permitted to leave his stable. Morello, this afternoon, beneath cloudy skies, before only 10,000 spectators and over a track deep in mud, captured the great event by two lengths from August Belmont's Lady Violet.

While the winner stood at the post, before the race had started, saliva flowed from his nostrils to the track in profuse quantities, and the fifty or a hundred people that had journeyed to the post to see the seven contestants for the Futurity struggle thought that Trainer Frank Vanness must be crazy to send his colt to the post in such condition. They were astonished beyond description to learn on their return to the judges' stand that the same colt had won the $75,000 by two open lengths from Lady Violet.

Morello's victory demonstrates two startling facts: first, that he is an exceptionally game animal; secondly, that this year's 2-year-olds are worse than a bad lot.

After a ten minutes' delay in getting the field bunched, Starter Rowe dropped his flag on a good start with Lovelace in first place. He was outspeeded in the opening sixteenth by Belladonna colt, on which Hamilton was endeavoring to make a runaway race. At the bend into the home stretch proper, or at the end of three furlongs, Morello was seen to be breaking through from the bunch, while at the half mile post he was at the Belladonna colt's neck, and Hamilton began to whip Keene's colt in a desperate but futile effort to obtain first place.

Riding for the Money.

Nearing the last furlong post Hayward's feet went up in the air and came down with vicious severity on Morello's sides. He then took a line in each hand and began to ride the game son of Eolus, who was right at home in the mud his daddy loved so well. From that point to the finish it was no race at all, Morello outspeeding his opponents and winning, eased up in the last dozen strides, by two lengths in 1:12 1-5, corking good time, considering the heavy condition of the track.

Garrison rode one of his old time finishes on Lady Violet, but she had met her master and could only struggle in second, beating the Belladonna colt a neck for second money.

As a great horse race it was a failure, all the glory going to the winner for his gameness in running such a grand race in the face of his severe attack of influenza.

Two Jockeys in the Dumps.

There were two very angry jockies at the track when the veteran rider, W. A. Hayward, was lifted into the floral chair adorned with a horse's shoe bearing the letters "Futurity" in pinks. They were Jockies Fitzpatrick and Isaac Murphy. Fitzpatrick has ridden Morello in nearly all of his races, and it was his great desire to throw his leg over him and win the Futurity. Besides, he was to receive a fee of $7,000 if Morello won. Gideon & Daly, who have first call on Fitzpatrick, gave him to understand that he could ride the colt, and he knew nothing to the contrary until this morning, when the firm notified him that he would have to remain on the ground, as they would start the Annie colt and did not propose to allow Fitzpatrick to ride any other horse in the race. Fitzpatrick was too heavy to make Annie colt's weight and Simms was given the mount. This explains Fitzpatrick not riding Morello, also his loss of $7,000 that surely would have been his had Gideon & Daly given him permission to ride Morello to victory.

The other aggrieved jockey is Isaac Murphy. Murphy is under contract to the Ehret stable, which started two candidates in Sir Francis and Ledgerwood. Mr. Ehret refused to let Murphy ride either one of the colts and also declined to let him ride Morello. By this action Murphy lost all chances of receiving the $7,000.

The trainer of Morello was in a state of mind. Both Fitzpatrick and Murphy had promised to ride the colt, but at the last moment neither could obtain the necessary permission from their respective trainers. Fortunately Billy Hayward was disengaged and he accepted the mount, for which he will receive the $7,000.

The friends of Fitzpatrick and Murphy are tonight denouncing the Ehret and Daly & Gideon people in very strong terms, while Fitzpatrick and Ehret are cool clean through.

It Was a Bad Day.

From daybreak until sunset the day wore a threatening appearance and caused a falling off in the expected attendance of 25,000 to 10,000. Potomac, the 7 to 10 favorite for the opening five and a half furlong dash, won in a galloping style, after leading from the start. Minnehaha, first choice at 8 to 5 for the second race, won under a pull from the 15 to 1 chance, Lady Belmont, and Tea Tray beat off his opponents in the Average stakes and won by half a dozen lengths at odds of 3 to 1. Kingston's 124 pounds and the muddy track settled his chances and made it a hard task for him to beat Lepanto a head for third money.

After the Futurity had been disposed of Leonawell galloped away from her competitors in the fifth race and Trestle (7 to 1), Garrison up, took the race over the turf from Gleaming (3 to 1), who was very badly handled by Fitzpatrick, who had probably not yet recovered his natural good humor, which was ruffled by his Morello experience. Jockey Jimmy McLaughlin's Key West carried the hopes and dollars of the talent in the betting in the last race, but he was all out at the end of five furlongs, and Kirkover (5 to 1) won cleverly in the last furlong from Temple and Cynosure. Summaries:

Results of the Day.

First race, five and a half furlongs: Potomac (7 to 10) won, Gold Dollar (6 to 1) second, Tormentor (6 to 1) third. Time: 1:08 3-5.

Second race, five furlongs: Minnehaha (8 to 5) won, Lady Belmont (15 to 1) second, Procida (5 to 1) third. Time: 1:03 3-5.

Third race, the Average stake, mile and three-sixteenths: Tea Tray (3 to 1) won, Reekon (15 to 1) second, Kingston (8 to 5) third. Time: 2:03 4-5.

Fourth race, the Futurity, about $75,000, Futurity course: Morello, 118 (Hayward), 11 to 4, won by two lengths, driving; Lady Violet, 117 (Garrison), 3 to 1, second, by a neck, whipping and spurring; Belladonna Colt, 115 (Hamilton), 12 to 1, third, whipping. Time: 1:12 1-5. Annie F. colt, 108, Spartan, 118; Lovelace, 118; Uncle Jim, 115; Ledgerwood, 118; Uncle Jess, 105; Plutus, 121; Hammie, 118; Sir Francis, 115; Governor Forker, 115; Pat Malloy, jr., 108; Mirage, 11; Frizzo, 121 and St. Domingo, 118, also ran.

Fifth race, the Dolphin stakes, mile and a furlong: Leonawell (4 to 1) won, Anna B (12 to 1) second, Entre (10 to 1) third. Time: 1:57.

Sixth race, the Green stakes, one mile on turf: Trestle (7 to 1) won, Gleaming (13 to 5) second, Fred Taral (5 to 2) third. Time: 1:41 1-5.

Seventh race, seven furlongs: Kirkover (5 to 1) won, Temple (7 to 1) second, Cynosure (4 to 9) third. Time: 1:29.

Saratoga's Program.

SARATOGA, N. Y., Aug. 27.—The races were continued here today. The track was soft. The weather was fitful and there was a fair attendance. Summaries:

First race, five and one-half furlongs: Elk Knight (7 to 5) won in 1:12¾, Marguerite (5 to 2) second, Ninas colt (5 to 1) third.

Second race, three-fourths of a mile: Toano (2 to 1) won in 1:17½, Lizetta (2 to 1) second, Lord Harry (even) third.

Third race, mile and one-sixteenth: Blitzen (7 to 5) won in 1:54, Badge (2½ to 1) second, Dan Blow (2 to 1) third.

Fourth race, $800 added, mile and three-quarters: Ronald (11 to 5) won in 3:21½, Salonica (1 to 2) second, Rio Grande (6 to 1) third.

Fifth race, six furlongs: Lavish (3 to 1) won in 1:19, Cottonade (18 to 5) second, Tactician (8 to 5) third.

He is a Pacer Now.

HOT SPRINGS, S. D., Aug. 25.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Please answer in SUNDAY BEE: (1) Has J. I. Case made a pacing horse of J I C? (2) As a pacer what is his record? W. T. KINCAID.

Ans.—(1) Yes. (2) 2:06¼, made at Independence Friday.

Latonia's Opening Day.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 27.—The weather for the first day of the fall meeting of Latonia, Ken., jockey club was beautiful. Recent rains had left the track jumpy and a trifle slow. About 4,000 people witnessed the sport.

First race, for 3-year-olds and upward, one mile: Protection (3 to 1) won, Selena D second, Harry Roy third. Time: 1:45¼.

Second race, selling, for 3-year-olds and upwards, six furlongs: Clinty C (2 to 1) won, Hinpona (3 to 1) second, Elsie S (10 to 1) third. Time: 1:15¾.

Third race, selling, for 3-year-olds and upwards, one mile and one-sixteenth: Philora (8 to 5) won, Maud Howard (7 to 1) second, Roseboy (15 to 1) third. Time: 1:51¾.

Fourth race, Merchants' stakes, all ages, one mile: King Lee (8 to 5) won, Ida Pickwick (3 to 2) second, Chief Justice (8 to 1) third. Time: 1:42¾.

Fifth race, 2-year-olds, five furlongs: Mildred (8 to 1) won, Shadow (30 to 1) second, Verdant (15 to 1) third. Time: 1:01½.

Sixth race, selling, 3-year-olds and up, six furlongs: Montevideo (5 to 1) won, White Nose (2 to 1) second, General Miles (6 to 1) third. Time: 1:17½.

ROADSTER CLUB RACES.

Lively Trotting Matinee at the Track Yesterday Afternoon.

The Omaha Roadster club held its regular bi-weekly matinee at the fair grounds yesterday afternoon, the attendance being very large. The judges were D. T. Mount, G. C. Metcalf and Richard Smith; starter, G. W. Swigart.

The first event was the 3:15 class, trotting and pacing, which was won by Mr. Burket in two straight heats. Summary:

H. K. Burket	1	1	
S. R McWhorter	2	2	
Warren Rogers	3	3	
H. H. Martin	4	dr	

Time: 1:13¾; 1:27¾.

The free-for-all pace was quite exciting, G. D. Edwards winning, after losing the first heat to Charles Reed. Summary:

G. D. Edwards	3	1	1
Charles Reed	1	2	3
H. C. Terry	2	3	2

Time: 1:23; 1:22½; 1:26½.

C. C. Morrell had a copper-rivetted cinch on the 2:40 trot. Summary:

C. C. Morrell	1	1
William Snyder	2	2

Time: 1:25½, 1:22½.

The 2:50 race was another good one, J. E. Van Gilder taking the first heat and George Wakefield the final two. Summary:

George Wakefield	2	1	1
Van Gilder	1	2	2

Time: 1:28, 1:30, 1:28.

William Snyder and C. C. Morrell wound up the program by a match heat, to determine who had the better nag, and Mr. Snyder got left, Morrell making the half in 1:23.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Cleveland Takes Another, and at the Expense of the Only Haddock.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 27.—The home team knocked Haddock out of the box in the second inning and won with ease. Attendance 4,000. Score:

Cleveland	0	5	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	—8
Brooklyn	2	0	0	0	1	0	1	2	0	—6

Hits: Cleveland, 8; Brooklyn, 6. Errors: Cleveland, 3; Brooklyn, 1. Earned runs: Cleveland, 5; Brooklyn, 2. Batteries: Clarkson and Zimmer; Haddock and Kinslow.

Old Bones Swipes the Senators Again.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 27.—A pitchers' battle and a "comedy of errors" on the Senators' part tells the story of today's game. Attendance 3,000. Score:

Washington	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—1
Chicago	0	0	0	3	2	0	0	0	0	—5

Hits: Washington, 1; Chicago, 5. Errors: Washington, 3; Chicago, 2. Earned runs: None. Batteries: Maskin, Bergen and McGuire; Hutchinson and Kittredge.

Pfeffer Beaten by a Castoff.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 27.—Viau, the ex Louisville man, who signed today by Boston, pitched the best ball and enabled the Beaneaters to make it two out of three. Attendance, 2,500. Score:

Louisville	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1
Boston	4	0	0	2	1	0	0	1	*	—8

Hits: Louisville, 6; Boston, 2. Errors: Louisville, 1; Boston, 3. Earned runs: Boston, 1. Batteries: Stratton and Merritt; Viau and Kelly.

Browns Leave the Bottom.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 27.—Gleason was in good form and Rusie was not, and consequently the Browns had no trouble in winning today's game. Attendance, 2,250. Score:

St. Louis	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	—5
New York	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Hits: St. Louis, 6; New York, 2. Errors: St. Louis, 1; New York 3. Earned runs: St. Louis, 2. Batteries: Gleason and Briggs; Rusie and King.

Roger Often Does It.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Aug. 27.—In the ninth inning today, with Delahanty on first, Roger Connor knocked out a home run, which won the game. Attendance, 2,000. Score:

Pittsburg	2	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	1	—5
Philadelphia	1	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	2	—5

Hits: Pittsburg, 10; Philadelphia, 9. Errors: Pittsburg, 1; Philadelphia, 3. Earned runs: Pittsburg, 2; Philadelphia, 5. Batteries: Ehret and Miller; Keefe, Carsey and Dowse.

Hot Work for One Game.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 27.—The Reds won out in the ninth inning, the most hotly contested game of the year in Cincinnati. Attendance, 2,300. Score:

Cincinnati	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	3	—6
Baltimore	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	1	3	—5

Hits: Cincinnati, 9; Baltimore, 5. Errors: Cincinnati, 4; Baltimore, 6. Earned runs: Cincinnati, 4; Baltimore, 4. Batteries: Sullivan and Vaughn; Cobb and Gunson.

Standing of the Teams.

	W.	L.	P.C.		W.	L.	P.C.
Cleveland	32	10	73.0	Louisville	18	18	50.0
Philadelphia	31	16	66.0	Cincinnati	18	18	50.0
New York	29	15	65.9	Chicago	17	19	47.2
Boston	29	16	64.4	Baltimore	16	19	45.7
Pittsburg	19	17	52.8	St. Louis	12	25	32.4
Brooklyn	18	17	51.4	Washington	11	26	29.7

Grays Walloped the Soldiers.

SPRINGFIELD, Neb., Aug. 27.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—The Grays came home this morning from Denison, Ia., looking and feeling a little worse for dropping both games to the prohibitionists, but were able to wallop Lieutenant Wright's soldier boys this afternoon by a score of 11 to 8. Bright and early next Monday morning the Grays will take a new start and will move directly on Lemars, Ia., but they haven't given out yet what they are going to do up there. Score:

Grays	4	0	1	0	1	5	0	0	*	—11
Second Infantry	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—8

Batteries: Harlan, Geist and Hall; Cody and Doherry. Errors: Grays, 4; Second Infantry, 2. Struck out: By Harlan, 2; by Geist, 11; by Cody, 5. Hits: Grays, 12; Second Infantry, 5. Two-base hits: Geist, Stratton, Harlan, Peters Primly; Trapper and Williamson. Three-base hits: Harlan, Stratton and Trapper. Time of game: Two hours. Umpire: Jim Morrison.

SPARKS OF SPORT.

Wheelmen at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 27.—There was a large attendance today at the second day of the thirteenth annual meet of the Chicago Cycling club. A large number of riders from this and other cities are present. The track is in fine condition and a breaking of records is looked for. The racing began at 2:30 p. m. The following are the results up to 4 p. m:

First race, half mile handicap, final: Davis won, Vansicklen second, Sanger third. Time: 1:52.

Second race, one mile, 3:00 class, first heat: Steel won, Carkins second, Breen third, Oakley fourth. Time: 3:41 2-5.

Secon heat: Gale won, Leonhard second, Bartinhard third. Time: 3:28 3-5.

GEORGE BURNS' CONDITION.

Strange Conduct of a Man Bound for Chicago.

JACKSON, Mich., Aug. 27.—George Burns, while on his way to Chicago from the east, was arrested here tonight for creating a disturbance in the depot. When the jail was reached he acted in such an alarming manner that a physician was called to examine him. The doctor found that his heart is on the wrong side, but beats regularly; that several small bones of his leg are missing; that his right knee cap had been removed; that a six-inch silver plate had been set in this knee, and that three of his ribs are missing, besides other peculiarities. Yet Burns appears to be a well man. He is 60 years old and from his conduct appears to be demented. Papers found on his person show that he was an engineer of the gunboat Essex during the war. He has been detained, pending the arrival of friends.

Why They Failed.

LONDON, Aug. 27.—The Times' correspondent at Lisbon says that the suspension of the Portuguese Royal Mail Steamship company is due to the refusal of further help by the Portuguese government and is regarded as a heavy blow to Portuguese merchant shipping interests.

KNOCKED OUT HIS PARTNER

Jim Corbett Unwisely Puts His Sparring Partner, Jim Daly, to Sleep.

BEING SEVERELY CRITICISED FOR IT

Many People Denounce the Hit as Brutal, While Others Claim it Was an Accident—Special Train Accommodations for the Travelers.

NEW YORK, Aug. 27.—About the only thing the average sporting man considers of any importance at present is the great prize fight.

The unfortunate occurrence of Thursday night at Asbury park, the knocking out by Corbett of his sparring partner, Jim Daly, was the talk of the town today. Many seemed to think it was brutal and entirely unnecessary. The majority of the people, however, are more liberal in their views, and are willing to accept Corbett's apology that it was an unintentional blow. Daly was put to sleep and had to be carried off the stage in a dazed condition. Corbett says Daly will come around all right in a day or so. Different people view the knockout in different lights. While it has raised Corbett in the estimation of some people, it has had just the opposite effect with others. Jim's admirers assert that he is in such magnificent condition that he does not know his own strength and could not have realized the force of the blow that put Daly to sleep.

How the Gladiators Will Go.

The time for the fight is drawing so near that it is unlikely either Sullivan or Corbett will have much further use for his training quarters. Sullivan will leave Good Ground on Monday, and after his benefit entertainment in the evening will prepare for his journey to New Orleans in the special which will convey the Sullivan party and will leave the West Shore station in Weehawken at 5:15 p. m. on September 1. The train will be composed entirely of sleeping cars and will carry about 300 passengers. The round trip, including sleeping accommodations, will be $38.50. The party will go via the West Shore to Buffalo to Cincinnati, and the Queen & Crescent to New Orleans.

As the Corbett party will take the shortest and quickest route to New Orleans, the Richmond & Danville railroad (Piedmont air line), they will not leave this city until 4:30 p. m., September 3. They will make the trip in forty hours and arrive in the Crescent city on Monday morning. Owing to the advantage of the gain of two days time at the end of the line the tickets for the Corbett special train are in great demand, and there is some talk of making these excursion tickets good on the regular trains in order to accommodate those who had made their arrangements to go down on the 1st and 2nd. Alexander S. Thweatt, the eastern agent of this road, has secured sleeping apartments in private residences for passengers who have requested him to do so.

Several Other Specials.

Independent of these two trains, carrying the pugilists and respective admirers, three other special trains will run to the Crescent City for, in addition to the Recorder train and the one of the Baltimore & Ohio, bearing the Manhattan Athletic club party, there will be a train run from Boston under the direction of Captain Cook of the Police News. It is estimated that these trains combined will carry close on to 2,000 people.

The Sullivan-Corbett fight calls forth so much attention that the McAuliffe-Meyer and Dixon-Skelly battles are scarcely receiving any notice from the general public. The betting has not been very brisk because of Sullivan, McAuliffe and Dixon being such strong favorites, but if the other men show up strong in the ring, it is expected that an immense amount of money will change hands. While the betting is apparently dead now, it will surely be lively enough after the first round or so, when a rough idea can be formed of the chances of the other three. None of the favorites have a "cinch," and it will hardly do to go into the ring with any such foolish idea.

FOR FORTY BLOODY ROUNDS.

South Omaha Pugilists Have a Midnight Mill Over in Sarpy County.

A bloody fight took place Friday night at Sarpy Mills between Walker, a packing house employ, and McCoy, a grader. The fight was to a finish and was witnessed by about 300 sports from the two towns.

The winner was to receive a purse of $50 and gate receipts.

The two men entered the ring at about 11 o'clock and a bloody and fierce battle was waged. At the end of the fortieth round the fight was called a draw by the referee.

Both men were completely exhausted and could not even strike a blow. Both were badly punished.

McCoy had slightly the best of the contest. He broke a bone in the wrist of his right arm near the close of the fight.

Another match may be arranged and the supremacy of one or the other established.

Fight That Failed.

HASTINGS, Neb., Aug. 27.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—A prize fight which had been arranged between Jack Gorman of Hastings and Charles Triestor of Juniata, to take place this morning near this city, did not occur according to expectations. Lack of interest and of purse money and a general impression that the affair might end in a fiasco is responsible for the failure.

SHE WANTED A NEGLIGEE SHIRT.

But Her Mistake as to the Size Flabbergasted a Dapper Little Clerk.

She was a stylish-looking girl; the word aristocrat seemed to be indelibly stamped upon every line of her classic face and seemed to fairly stick out from every seam of her Paris made gown as she swung into one of the largest dry goods establishments on Fulton street, Brooklyn, says the Eagle, one hot day last week and inquired in a lofty, I'm-not-used-to-speaking-to-one-of-your-class way of the floorwalker near the door the direction to the men's fixings department. The floorwalker preceded her to the counter desired and, calling out "Forward one," left her in charge of a dapper little clerk, who twisted his base ball mustasche in a way which was meant to simply paralyze the young woman, but which only served to annoy her.

"I would like to see some of the latest things in negligee shirts," she said in and icy tone, which sent a shiver down the back of the dapper little clerk and made him feel as though the mercury had taken a sudden drop of about 20 to 30 degrees.

"What size, please?" he inquired in a deferential tone.

"Let me see," mused the aristocratic young woman, "I think about thirty-six will do."

"What?" exclaimed the dapper clerk forgetting to twist his mustache in his excitement.

"I said thirty-six," replied the young woman in a decided tone, which was meant to crush the dapper little clerk completely.

"But—er, there are no shirts made as large as that, miss," said the clerk, apologetically; "do you want them for a very large man?"

"What business is it of yours for whom I want them?" replied the stylish girl, quickly. "You are paid to wait on customers and not to ask impertinent questions."

The atmosphere about the dapper little clerk seemed to get very close, and the thermometer resumed business at the old stand, as the stylish girl glared at him after her remark.

"I am very sorry, but there must be some mistake," said the warm-looking little salesman; "the largest size in the negligee shirts is nineteen inches."

"Very well," said the aristocratic-looking girl loftily, "perhaps there is some mistake. I'll ascertain and will be back again later."

She went immediately to the woman's parlor, and taking out a tape measure, stood in front of a looking-glass, and running the tape carefully around under her arms and over her well-rounded bosom looked at it and frowned, as she remarked to herself: "The impudence of that monkey. I knew it was correct, and they must have shirts of that size; gracious, I'm not nearly as big as papa, and he wears those kind."

Down she went in triumph to the men's fixings, and encountered the small-sized clerk, who had resumed his smirk and mustache twisting, but stopped it as soon as he saw the young woman approaching.

"I knew I was correct," she said defiantly; "thirty-six is the size and you must have them."

"Well," said the little clerk in desperation, "I will show you the largest size we have in stock," and he laid down a box of 19-inch shirts, which would fit Grover Cleveland, and spread one of them on the counter before the young woman who looked at him in amazement.

"Oh, I'm sure that's too big," she said, pettishly, pouting up her lovely lips, and drawing forth the tape measure she laid it across the bosom, while the smart little clerk smiled a knowing smile to himself as he caught on.

The tape measure showed that the shirt measured forty-eight inches around the chest and the young lady looked at the clerk in a dazed way.

"What did you mean by saying that nineteen inches was the largest size you kept? Why, this shirt is almost fifty inches."

"But," responded the clerk in his most suave manner, "that is not the way shirts are measured, miss; they are always sold by the size of the collar."

A warm flush spread over the stylish girl's face as she realized her mistake, and she even condescended to smile upon the clerk, who was by this time feeling on very good terms with himself.

"Oh, I must have gotten my shopping list mixed," she said, sweetly, "and I think a—about 14½ will be about the size. You may send me three of the prettiest patterns you have, and be sure and send them tonight, as my brother is going away to the country tomorrow."

CRIPPLE CREEK'S NERVY MARSHAL

He Defied the Angry Crowd That Wanted to Lynch Him.

If there was any proof required at this late day that Cripple Creek, Col., is a model of good order it could be furnished by an incident a few nights ago. The camp was excited, there is no doubt about it. Everybody was on the street, and everybody had an opinion to express, but notwithstanding all these abnormal conditions the acting marshal of the camp was given the alternative of leaving the town within twelve hours by the stage or bosent across the range by the rope route. Could anything be more satisfactory or fair to all parties? Such an incident of logical application of native jurisprudence at a trying moment is without parallel since Blackstone wrote and the Code Napoleon went into effect.

It is hardly necessary to state that the town was dumfounded, bamboozled, paralyzed and senseless when both propositions were refused. The marshal is still in town, and the people are trying to recover from the shock.

Two miners were desirous of settling the timeworn grudge with nature's weapons and were repairing to a suitable spot when the marshal stepped up and arrested one of them. He objected to the degredation to the camp that would ensue from such a scene. The east might hear of an encounter in a Colorado mining camp without six-shooters, and withdraw investments. The marshal was somewhat rough with his prisoner and struck him with a revolver in the face. Friends of the man interfered and threatened to take the prisoner away. The marshal drew his gun. The people fell back and no one attempted to argue with the acting representative of law, if not of order. A block further on, and the marshal, for some reason, found it necessary to assert his right to the prisoner's jawbone again. Things began to look serious and the crowd, which was quickly increasing, began to hoot and hiss and yell at the marshal, who made a forced march to the jail, a little log cabin.

On his return uptown the marshal was followed by the throng, which was still increasing. He stopped opposite the Continental hotel and addressed his enemies.

He challenged anyone to come forward and fight him a la Queensberry or a la Millbank, and if the would-be fighter had not a revolver for the latter style he would gladly furnish one. This was pretty strong to a crowd of 1,000 people, but there were no takers. The marshal seemed to own the town. He marched up and down the streets and into all the "tough joints" in town, looking for a scrap. He had his gun handy, while at a respectable distance the crowd jeered and hissed.

There was nothing else talked of about town all night, and the more the affair was talked of the more did the crowd get excited. Something had to be done.

A gathering was held at the Flagstaff at 10:20 p. m. Several mining men of importance were in attendance. The action of the marshal was dealt with in scathing terms.

"Let's lynch him!" shouted a tenderfoot from a distance.

"Yes, lynch him; hang him!" came from a hundred throats.

"Don't do anything that would reflect on the town," said Captain Farrish. "Send a deputation to give him notice to leave the town or be hanged."

This wiser counsel partially prevailed, but somehow a committee could not be got together to approach the marshal.

In the meantime the more excited and determined appearing were getting ready for supreme action. "Bridle Bill" had been giving exhibitions by lassoing an urchin paid to be lassoed, near at hand, and his rope was secured. The lassoer was only too glad to give it up, although his belt was stuck full of pistols.

"Here's the rope! Here's the rope! Let's hang him to the flagpole!" cried the leaders of the detachment.

A roar went up that could be heard on Mount Pisgah, and it began to look dark for the marshal. The more peaceably inclined hoped that he could not be found.

"Who's the blankety blanked blank, blank —— that's speaking of lynching?" demanded the marshal, as he walked up to the center, the crowd clearing a wide passageway. He had a sixshooter in each hand.

"Now, come and hang me, you ——," roared the officer, as he brandished the revolvers.

The crowd consulted a very short time, and it was announced that a lynching bee would not be beneficial to the town, and further, that it was not hospitable to insist upon an immediate departure from any one in a new town.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is an honest medicine, honestly advertised for those diseases which it honestly and absolutely cures.

OUT OF THEIR LIVING TOMB

Thirty-nine Miners Rescued From the Parkslip Pit in Wales.

VOLUNTEER SEARCHERS DIG THEM OUT

Indescribable Scenes as the Men Step to the Surface and Greet Their Loved Ones—Still Searching for Other Unfortunates.

LONDON, Aug. 27.—All night long volunteer parties kept up the work at the Parkslip pit, the scene of the disastrous explosion in Wales yesterday. At 6 o'clock this morning they had penetrated 900 yards into the main shaft. In all this distance not a sign of life had been discovered. Here and there was the body of a miner, but the attitude invariably showed that death had come suddenly. Some of the men had died in the very act of using their picks. Ten bodies were recovered of men who did not have a second's warning of their fate. The bodies of two men were discovered, however, who had apparently made a frantic attempt to escape.

At noon, while the band of rescuers were working in the pit, a sound was heard which caused the men to suddenly suspend. Soon a repetition of the sound was heard, low and weak, but indicating a life beyond the great wall of rock and debris. The work of rescue was now pressed with herculean energy, and at half-past 1 this afternoon the drift was finally penetrated and thirty-nine imprisoned miners rescued.

The scene when they reached the surface was indescribable. Wives, sweethearts, sisters, brothers, and in some cases fathers and mothers, were in waiting, frantic to see if their loved ones were among the saved.

The work of clearing the galleries is still being pushed in the hope of saving some others.

One of the rescued miners said: "A crowd of us got together in the level after the explosion. We could hear the flames roaring through the mine. After a time we tried to get out but were driven back by the sulphur fumes. Three men sought to rush through, but lost their lives, dying where they fell, as it was impossible for us to save them."

Late this afternoon another rescuing party saved eight more imprisoned miners. The volunteer rescuers state they have signaled another party of imprisoned men, who by striking on the wall signaled; there were fourteen of them waiting to be dug out.

DOUBLE DUEL IN COLORADO.

County Commissioner Howell of Hisdale Killed by Mexicans.

DEL NORTE, Colo., Aug. 27.—Additional particulars have been received of the shooting affray which occurred at the head of the San Juan river yesterday. It was at first reported that a man named Howell had been killed and that another one, Juan Dios Montoya, was wounded. Instead of the dead man being a Mexican it transpires that County Commissioner Howell of Hisdale county was the victim, he having been shot through the heart. One of his opponents, a Mexican herder, was slightly wounded. The trouble arose over Montoya and another Mexican driving their herd of sheep upon the land of Howell. Howell, together with his brother, shot several of the sheep, when the herder came up and a fourhanded fight ensued, the Mexicans eventually fleeing. One of them whose name is unknown is at present at Pagosa Springs receiving medical aid and is strongly guarded by his friends, as there is talk of lynching him.

WILL HANDLE THE MONEY.

Clever Scheme to Control the Iron Hall Funds at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 27.—If the officials of the supreme sitting Order of the Iron Hall at Indianapolis get their fingers on 1 cent of the reserve fund of the Chicago branches they will have to be pretty spry. The officers of many of the local lodges are preparing to put a clever scheme into execution, which will distribute the money to whom it rightfully belongs, namely the paying members. The president, secretary and cashier will resign, so that when the receiver at Indianapolis comes to pounce on everything unguarded there will be nothing for him to seize and no one to hold responsible for the reserve fund. Each of these lodges and sisterhood branches in Chicago has in its possession a reserve fund ranging from $800 to $1,500.

THEY WERE NOT DROWNED.

Hiram Sibley's Party Safe—A Story Started by a Discharged Cook.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 27.—The Union has a bulletin from Hiram W. Sibley saying he is safe. The telegram says the whole story of the wreck of the Wapiti is a canard. The entire party is safe and will join the yacht Monday. A dispatch from Toronto says the whole report of the wreck in Georgian bay is a wicked canard. The yacht is now safely at anchor in Collingwood harbor and has met with no accident of any kind. It is understood the report of the loss of the yacht was maliciously circulated by the cook, who had been discharged.

HE SAVED THE TRAIN.

A Farmer Shot Twice Because He Removed Obstructions from the Track.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Aug. 27.—An attempt was made to wreck the Chicago and New York limited on the Pennsylvania railway near Enon, Pa., this morning. Several ties and pieces of iron were found tied to the track by a farmer, who began removing them. While so engaged he was shot twice, one bullet entering his hip and the other lodging in the calf of his leg. He succeeded, however, in clearing the track and the train passed safely.

Guarding Against the Miners.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 27.—A dispatch from Trenton, the county seat of Dade county, Georgia, in which is situated the convict camp at Coal City, says the warden and other officers of the camp are possessed of information justifying all the precautions so far taken against an attack by the miners from Whiteside, Tenn. Sheriff Byrd and posse are still at the scene of threatened trouble.

Augusta, Ga., Scorched.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Aug. 27.—A destructive fire which broke out here early this morning totally destroyed the Augusta Chronicle office and five business houses. The total loss is $100,000. The entire morning edition of the Chronicle was worked off while the building was in flames. The files of the paper from 1800 to date and the books were saved. The insurance was about $60,000.

Daniel Dougherty Dying.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 27.—Daniel Dougherty, the celebrated lawyer and orator, is lying in a very critical condition at his home in this city. The attending physicians informed his son, D. Webster Dougherty today that there was hardly a possibility of his father's recovery.

Decrease in the Bank Reserve.

NEW YORK, Aug. 27.—The weekly bank statement shows the reserve has decreased $2,491,000. The banks now hold $19,888,000 in excess of legal requirements.

The Death Roll.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 27.—Judge William A. Stuart of the supreme bench of Baltimore city died at his home in this city, aged 67.

ATKINSON, Neb., Aug. 27.—[Special to THE BEE.]—Arch Hoxsey, one of Atkinson's prominent citizens, died yesterday of consumption. He was formerly an extensive grain dealer at Stanton, Ill. He came to Atkinson about four years ago and purchased the Atkinson roller mills, which he operated for two years, since which time he has been traveling for the Walter A. Wood Machine company. He leaves a wife and one child here and a married daughter at Pasadena, Cal., together with a large number of friends. The remains will be buried in Atkinson cemetery tomorrow by the Free Masons and Modern Woodman lodges, of which he was an active and prominent member.

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