

BATTLING NELSON DEFEATS JOE GANS

Dane Was Again the Terrible
Fighter of Old and Could
Not Be Stopped.

BATTLE WENT 17 ROUNDS.

GANS WAS FLOORED SEVERAL
TIMES BUT IT WAS NOT UNTIL
THE 17TH THAT HE FELL FOR
THE COUNT.

San Francisco, July 4.—Batting Nelson knocked out Joe Gans in the seventeenth round here this afternoon before an enormous crowd which went wild with frenzy when the lightweight championship changed hands. Nelson was the old durable Dane and gave Gans a fearful beating. The end was clearly in sight after the twelfth round. In that session Nelson floored Gans twice and the negro was floored several times after that, his cleverness alone saving him that long. For a time the weather was very threatening. A fog rolled in over the ocean and enveloped the pavilion, but later in the day the sun came out and when the fighters entered the ring there was a cloudless sky. Twenty women were scattered about the ring side and lent color to the assemblage. There was not a vacant seat in the great amphitheatre, the spectators being banked about the walls. It was announced by the club managers that there was over \$40,000 in the house. It was an enthusiastic crowd, which cheered every move.

The men were weighed in their dressing rooms to save time. The scales were set at 125 pounds. Neither of them budged the beam. It was announced that both were close to the 122 pound mark.

The ringside betting was 10 to 4 with Gans on the long end. No Nelson money was in sight. Tex Rickard of Goldfield, and Eli and Jim May of Reno, Nev., well known both as mining men and sports, indulged in some lively betting at the ringside. Rickard bet \$5,000 with May at even money, that Gans would win within twenty rounds, \$5,000 to \$2,500 that Gans would win light, and \$2,000 even Gans would win in fifteen rounds.

CHILLING BLASTS; KILLING FROSTS; ONE BIG FIASCO

(Continued From Page One.)

airship ascension that was advertised failed to ascend for a very good reason. It was not there. Substituted was a large bag said to be a balloon, but there was no demonstration. Thousands of persons had assembled at the park anxious to see and join in the festivities. But there was nothing doing in the way of a balloon ascension. Greased pole climbing and a few such antiquated stunts from the Brown county fair were attempted. But there was another chapter. It was not a complete-in-one-issue romance. There had to be two installments. The second came in the afternoon and the sugarcoat had worn from the quinine. The capsule may have leaked as there was a bitter taste left in the mouths of the gaping would-be spectators. Kids were induced to eat watermelon, while their hands were tied behind them. The "balloon" was filled with smoke. The aeronaut did not ascend, however. There was one all-sufficient reason, the balloon didn't. "Look out, let 'er go," some one yelled. Up "er went" for about forty feet, then with a puff listed to one side, turned over and flapped down to the ground like a shot goose. That was the end of the airship-balloon-parachute ascension and drop.

Faithful to the end, Jupiter Pluvius wept for the lost affection and sent a shower to cool the heated tempers of the great crowds of bite-bit-bitten, citizens that had gone forth to see the celebration.

The Hub Of The Body.
The organ around which all the other organs revolve, and upon which they are largely dependent for their welfare, is the stomach. When the functions of the stomach become impaired, the bowels and liver also become deranged. To cure a disease of the stomach, liver or bowels get a 50 cent or \$1 bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin at your drugist's. It is the promptest relief for constipation and dyspepsia ever compounded.

8 A. M.

Tuesday, July 7th,

our doors
open to our

8th

Semi-Annual
Emory Mill
Remnant Sale.

Railroad Store

WHO WILL WIN?

NATIONAL LEAGUE.	Won	Lost	Pct.
Chicago	41	25	.621
Pittsburgh	42	27	.609
New York	41	28	.594
Cincinnati	35	33	.515
Philadelphia	27	34	.443
Boston	31	39	.443
St. Louis	26	41	.388
Brooklyn	25	41	.379

AMERICAN LEAGUE.	Won	Lost	Pct.
St. Louis	40	29	.579
Cleveland	39	29	.573
Detroit	38	30	.559
Chicago	38	31	.551
Philadelphia	34	32	.515
Boston	31	39	.443
New York	27	41	.397
Washington	26	42	.382

RESULTS YESTERDAY.

National League.	Morning Games.
New York 1; Philadelphia 0.	
Boston 7; Brooklyn 5.	
Chicago 2; Pittsburgh 0.	
St. Louis 3; Cincinnati 2.	
Afternoon Games.	
Chicago 9; Pittsburgh 3.	
Cincinnati 6; St. Louis 3.	
New York 9; Philadelphia 3.	
Brooklyn 5; Boston 1.	
American League.	Morning Games.
New York 5; Washington 1.	
Philadelphia 5; Boston 0.	
Chicago 8; St. Louis 4.	
Detroit 15; Cleveland 0.	
Afternoon Games.	
St. Louis 8; Chicago 1.	
Cleveland 5; Detroit 3.	
Boston 4; Philadelphia 1.	
Washington 6; New York 2.	

RECORDS SMASHED

Both Amateur and Professional Scores Lowered at Country Club.

REUTER AND ELMER STAR.

The professional and amateur records for the golf course at the Richmond Country club were broken yesterday. Dudley Elmer showed that once more he is back in his old time form, which means that he is one of the greatest amateurs in the state, by negotiating the eighteen holes in 73, lowering the record one point. John Reuter the club professional established a new professional record by going the eighteen holes in 72. These records were made notwithstanding the fact that the course has recently been extended and made more difficult. Elmer's card is as follows:

First round . . . 4 4 4 4 3 5 6—37

Second round . . . 3 3 4 4 4 5 6—36

Reuter's card is as follows:

First round . . . 3 2 5 4 4 4 3 5—34

Second round . . . 4 4 6 4 3 4 3 5—38

Elmer made his record while competing for the Nushum cup. The match was a handicap match play against Bogey. Elmer won hands down notwithstanding the fact he gave a handicap of one to Bogey. All the other contestants were either scratch men or were given handicaps by Bogey. The scores of the fifteen players who took part in the tournament are as follows:

Players	Handicap	Score
D. Elmer	1x	4 up
J. F. Thompson	3	4 up
W. C. Hibberd	0	2 down
C. K. Chase	8	2 down
W. R. Dill	4	3 down
H. A. Dill	11	3 down
S. S. Stratton, Jr.	8	3 down
G. C. Corwin	12	4 down
Geo. Seidel	4	4 down
H. N. Holmes	16	4 down
F. L. Harold	13	5 down
W. J. Hutton	9	6 down
J. Y. Poundstone	11	6 down
C. S. Bond	13	6 down
S. E. Swayne	16	8 down
F. J. Braffett	8	8 down

Mole Superstitions.

According to tradition, if you have a mole on your chin you may expect to be wealthy, while if you have it under your arm it promises you wealth and honor as well. A mole on the ankle indicates courage. On the left temple a mole indicates that you will find friends among the great ones of the earth, but if it be placed on the right temple it warns you of coming distress. A mole on a man's knee means that he may expect to marry a rich woman. A mole on the neck promises wealth. If you have a mole on your nose you are going to be a great traveler. A mole on the throat indicates health and wealth.

The Silent Winners.

Examine our list of presidential candidates and see how few of them made stump speeches.

George Washington made none.
Thomas Jefferson made none.
John Adams, John Quincy Adams, James Madison, James Monroe made none.

Neither did Andrew Jackson, nor Martin Van Buren, nor General Harrison, nor James K. Polk, nor Franklin Pierce, nor James Buchanan—Jeffersonian.

A Fortunate Man.

One day a young matron to the market place did go, where she bought an oyster plant, then set it out to grow. Said she, "Next winter we'll have oysters, fresh oysters every day, and what a saving it will be, with not a cent to pay. Oh, but hubby should be thankful it was his lot in life to get such a saving woman for his own little wife."—Chicago News.

An Eye Opener.

"Eight o'clock," exclaimed a guest at a hotel, yawning, "and I'm so sleepy I can scarcely open my eyes!"
"Shell I bring your bill, sir?" inquired a waiter.

AUTO FRIGHTENS HORSE; MINISTER IS INJURED

Bad Accident Occurs Near
Hagerstown.

Hagerstown, Ind., July 4.—Serious charges probably will be preferred against R. G. Hemingway of Muncie, believed to be the owner of an automobile that frightened a horse driven to a rig in which were R. W. A. C. Wilmore and Joseph Sikes. The Rev. Mr. Wilmore sustained serious injuries when the horse plunged into the ditch and threw him out. Mr. Sikes was not injured. Mr. Wilmore is pastor of the Hagerstown Service United Brethren church. He suffered a sprain to his arm, shoulder and hip on the side of his body which struck the ground.
The accident occurred near the toll gate west of Greensfork. Mr. Sikes was driving Mr. Wilmore to this place and their rig had just ascended the hill, when the automobile dashed into view. The horse frightened and the machine was going at a tremendous speed. The operator of the car never swerved and as there was not room on the road for the machine and vehicle the horse jumped into the ditch. The buggy was overturned and the occupants thrown out. Mr. Sikes noted the number on the car as F. A. 85, Ind.

WANTS HIS FREEDOM

Earl Huntington Promises to
Live as He Should If Released From Jail.

APPEALS TO PROSECUTOR.

Earl Huntington, who has served more than 200 days in the county jail as the punishment inflicted in city court for an assault on former policeman Wm. Golden made a personal appeal to Prosecutor Jessup to speak a word to the court in his behalf. The original sentence of Huntington was for 280 days. He escaped from the jail, however, and fled to Columbus, O. He was arrested there and served time in the workhouse. Upon returning to this city he was rearrested and sent back to jail to continue on his sentence.
Huntington told the prosecutor he wants a chance to fight. He says he will go to work at once and give the authorities no trouble. He asks for the opportunity under promise that any authorities no trouble. He asks for the opportunity under promise that any deviation from the straight and narrow path may be punished by his return to jail without question. Huntington has a bad reputation that works against his appeal and it is not believed probable the court will give heed to his request, if the prosecutor sees fit to present the case. The prisoner has spent more time in jail than any man in the county.

HE HAD TO PAY.

Half a Dollar That the Traveling Man Hated to Spend.

"The 50 cents I hated most to spend," said the traveling man, "went to the Canadian Pacific railroad. I don't mind paying for things I get, but this particular expenditure couldn't be indulged for value received."

"A number of us got into St. John, N. B., one night just in time to catch the night train for Boston. We got aboard only to learn that the train didn't carry a diner. Now, a long night ride without dinner isn't a pleasant prospect, so we besieged the conductor."

"Why don't you start on the Montreal, which pulls out just ahead of us?" he said. "It carries a diner, and we can pick you up at Frederikton Junction."

"No danger of your passing us?" we asked, and he assured us that he couldn't very well, as there was only one track. So we all piled out after leaving our baggage in our Pullman berths.

"It was surely a fine scheme we thought as we dined at our leisure in the Montreal train. After dinner we sought the nearest smoking compartment in a sleeping car and prepared to wait in comfort for Frederikton Junction."

"Then along comes a much uniformed official and demands 50 cents each for the privilege of eating a meal and having a smoke aboard his train. We explained carefully that we belonged on the other train, had given up the price for Pullman berths, and furthermore, that we had been sent aboard this train for the sole purpose of getting our dinner. 'Didn't the Canadian Pacific run both trains?' we asked. 'But it was no use. We had to pay.'—Washington Post.

Bismarck's Appetite.

Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, had an enormous capacity for eating and drinking. He once told a friend that the largest number of oysters he ever ate was 175. He first ordered twenty-five; then, as they were very good, fifty more, and, consuming these, determined to eat nothing else and ordered another hundred to the great amusement of those present. Bismarck was then twenty-six and had just returned from England.

Classified.

One-third of the fools in this country think they can beat the lawyer in expounding the law, one-half think they can beat the doctor at healing the sick, two-thirds of them think they can beat the minister in preaching the gospel, and all of them know that they can beat the editor in running the newspaper.—London Tit-Bits.

WAS SUCCESSFUL

West End Merchants "At Home" Attracted Three Thousand People.

ENTHUSIASM DID NOT LAG.

Rain as hard as it could Friday afternoon the ardor of the members of the West Main Street Business Men's Association was not dampened. Neither was the faith of the public, and about 3,000 citizens visited the corner of Fourth and Main streets between the hours of 7 and 10 o'clock. They were attracted by the band concert on the court house lawn and the announcement the business men located between Sixth and Third streets wanted them as their guests. The rain of the afternoon faded the bunting and frayed the flags, but the spirit of enthusiasm that has marked this organization since its inception did not flag. The showers abated during the concert and the decorations were not missed.

Bunting had been stretched from Sixth to Third streets and these three squares never had appeared before in such gala array. Flags were suspended everywhere and everything looked its prettiest previous to the rain. The showers were so incessant and drenching that every star was faded out of the bunting and in many places the cloth was deprived of every semblance of color.

Fire crackers and fire works of all sorts helped the occasion. The concert by the city band was fully up to the standard. Air lights had been suspended across Main street and the three squares resembled a midway. The merchants who promoted the affair were well pleased. Their stores were visited by hundreds and they probably will continue to offer the public such forms of entertainment as drawing cards.

EARLY CREEK HISTORY.

In the Time of Cortes the Tribe Life Was Idyllic.

The Creeks are an entirely different race of people from the Cherokees and other northern Indians. They are of Aztec, or rather, Toltec, origin, and in a teocallis, or pyramidical temple, located in a secluded wild of the Creek country, the same religious rites and ceremonies are performed today that were performed in the imposing teocallis located on the bank of the beautiful Lake Tezcuco, in the days of the ill-starred Montezuma II. The archives of the nation are here preserved in hieroglyphics, beautifully painted on shells, strung together on deer tendons. Here are also preserved their most cherished relics, their green jasper altar and a life-sized image of their great war god, both brought from their former home near Vera Cruz, Mexico.

At the time Cortes made his appearance in that neighborhood, bent upon a career of conquest and plunder, the Creeks, as they are now called, were living a peaceful, idyllic life in a land made sacred to them by having been the home of their ancestors for untold thousands of moons and containing the ashes and bones of their wise and loved old men through many generations. Gathering their warriors together, they gave battle to the invaders, but weapons of stone and flint could make but little impression upon the steel clad warriors of Spain, and they were defeated with terrible slaughter. Gathering wives and little ones together and taking with them their most cherished possessions, among which were the records of their race, the jasper altar and their war god, holding in his extended right hand the sacrificial knife of flint, they made their weary way to the capital of Montezuma, the sacred city of Mexico, where they were warmly welcomed by that unfortunate monarch and where they fought bravely in defense of the devoted city. They assisted Gautozamin, the chivalric nephew of Montezuma, in his glorious, if ill fated, attempt to regain the throne of his ancestors, and upon its failure and the attendant death of that young chieftain by torture, after the manner of the ancient Israelites, they determined to seek a land that man knew not, where they might provide homes for their families and worship the gods of their ancestors.—Exchange.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The man who loves his joke is usually unpopular.

Put yourself in the other man's place and you may stop abusing him.

It is commendable to save your money, but it is not commendable to look it.

We worry as if we had to go through a whole year tomorrow instead of just one day.

The cares and worries of life look pretty good, after all, to those returning to town through the cemetery gate. When a soldier returns from a battle his story of the fight is more interesting and less truthful if he returns alone.

Of course friends are a good thing, but when misfortune comes to you which do you wish you had more of—friends or dollars?—Acheson Globe.

Cold Feet.

Never go to bed with cold feet; never try to sleep without being perfectly certain that you will be able to keep them warm. To lie one night with cold feet gives such a strain to the system that it will be felt seriously, perhaps ending in a fit of sickness, and feet show an unbalanced circulation. The very best thing to do is to warm them by exercise, if that be practicable; if not, by dipping them in hot and cold water alternately two or three times and then using vigorous friction. If that does not warm them and keep them warm, heat them before the fire, drying them thoroughly, and then correct your habits or improve your health, for be sure that one or the other is wrong, perhaps both.

FIVE APPLICATIONS FOR LIQUOR LICENSES

Commissioners Also Have
Other Work to Consider.

Five applications for liquor licenses will be presented to the county commissioners tomorrow. Two of the applicants are Cambridge City saloonists. All applications are for renewals of old licenses.

Beside attending to this business the commissioners will award the contract for the construction of South L street under the township gravel road law. This contract carries with it a \$17,000 deal, but the bidding will be far from spirited.

CAMBRIDGE CITY HAS SENSIBLE FOURTH

There Was No Big Celebration.

Cambridge City, July 4.—This was probably one of the most quiet and sensible Fourth's that Cambridge City has had in years. There was no big celebration, and all the business places in the city were closed.

ROBERTS IS GONE

Negro Who Badly Cut John
Turner in Fight, Can
Not Be Found.

OLD GRUDGE RESPONSIBLE

Where is Anse Roberts? This question is one which the police department is very desirous to solve. Roberts left town post haste following a fight near the Kennebec saloon Friday evening about 8:30 o'clock. Roberts cut John Turner his opponent about the head and face with a knife. The fight was the outcome of long standing enmity between the two men, who are negroes.

Both Turner and Roberts have been involved with the police in various escapades. The face of Roberts is badly disfigured as the result of the work of a knife in the hands of a man with whom he fought a few years ago. Turner and Raymond Deviney, an other negro, fought on North Seventh street about one year ago and Turner was worsted badly.

The two met at the Kennebec saloon and it was only a short time until the bad blood became evident. Words led to blows and after they had gone onto the street a melee ensued. Turner is not very expert in the use of his fists but was managing to take care of himself until Roberts drew a knife. Anse has used such a weapon before under similar circumstances and he hacked Turner about the face and head until he was all out, so far as fighting ability was concerned. Then Roberts ran and has not been seen since.

FINED A FRANC.

What That Meant to an American Who Was Living in Paris.

When you are fined a franc in Paris it means that you pay 12 francs 75 centimes, or just over half a sovereign. This is the only conclusion to which one can come after reading the curious experience of an American citizen who is staying in Paris to complete the education of his sons. He lives in an apartment near the Arc de Triomphe, and the other morning one of his servants committed the imprudence of shaking a carpet out of the window after 9 o'clock. A lynx eyed constable saw her and immediately climbed the stairs, rang the bell, entered the apartment and drew up a summons against the tenant. The American was called and gave his name.

"I did not know it was a breach of the law," he said. "But as I have broken it I must pay. How much is it?"

"You will be fined 1 franc," replied the policeman.

"There you are," answered the American, and he held out the coin.

But the "agent" refused to take it.

"Later on," he remarked as he withdrew, "you will be summoned before the justice of the peace."

Some days later the delinquent was invited to appear before the "juge de paix" and obeyed the summons. He was obliged to wait three hours in an antechamber. Then he was admitted.

"Do you admit," asked the magistrate, "having broken the law?"

"I do," was the reply.

"Good. You are fined 1 franc." "There you are, then," And the American again held out the franc.

But the magistrate would have none of it.

"You will pay the sum later. You will be advised when. You may withdraw."

The American took his departure, considerably surprised at so many formalities in connection with a franc fine. A few days later he received a stamped paper inviting him to pay, first of all, 1 franc, the amount of his fine, plus 25 centimes, the amount of the decimes, plus 11 francs 45 centimes, the amount of the costs, making in all a total of 12 francs 75 centimes. The American paid, but as he left the police court he remarked:

"In America a law which forced a citizen to pay \$12 when he had only been fined \$1 would be considered a hypocritical and dishonest law. And we would not tolerate it long, you bet!"—London Globe.

You Are Wrong

Some of you don't eat **Mapl-Flake**, simply because it costs 15 cents.

You are clinging to foods that you like far less because they are five cents cheaper.

But you are wrong; they are dearer.

You are losing the food you like best—the one that's all food—the one with the maple flavor. And all through a mistake.

You forget the cream, in the first place.

Add that cost to the food cost and see how trifling the difference. For cream costs the same on poor food as on good food.

Mapl-Flake is all nourishment because it all digests. That's why it costs more.

We spend 96 hours in preparing it.

That's four times the time that some others spend. And the time is all spent for your good—your economy. Let us explain.

Starch—the main part of wheat—cannot digest until it is made soluble.

Raw starch won't digest. When it is half-cooked, half will digest. The balance is wasted—and worse. It ferments and breeds germs in the stomach.

So we make that starch all digestible. We create a food that's all food.

Our wheat is steam-cooked for six hours; then cured. Then baked so thin that the full heat of our ovens gets to each atom. Then toasted 30 minutes at 400 degrees.

Omit the fact of the flavor derived from pure maple syrup. Consider simply the question of food value. Is a food that half digests economical? Is it worth the cost of the cream?

The food that you buy because it is cheaper costs more than Mapl-Flake.

The only food served in individual packages in hotels, clubs, cafes, and on dining cars.



DESIRE VOTING MACHINES BE USED IN COUNTY

Manufacturers Write to the
Commissioners.

When the county commissioners meet tomorrow for the first session of the July term of court, they will be presented with a letter from the Perfect Voting Machine Company, of Indianapolis. This company is expected to propose to the commissioners that it be given the opportunity to install test machines in this county without costs of any kind. The concern is a competitor to the United States Voting Machine Company and has adopted this method to acquire business.

The United States company has had a machine on display at the court house for more than a week. The company's agent has induced the commissioners to consider his suggestion as to renting machines for use at the coming general election. He has supplied the commissioners with figures as to the relative cost of elections when machines are used and by the old system. When the commissioners enter the market they will give all companies manufacturing machines an equal chance.

Risky Ravage.

Gagnani, the wonderful violinist, had a narrow escape at Ferrara from a violent death. Enraged by some hissing from the pit, he resolved to avenge the insult, and at the close of his programme informed the audience that he would imitate the language of various animals. After having rendered the notes of different birds, the mewling of a cat, and the barking of a dog, he advanced to the footlights, and, saying, "This is for those who hissed," imitated the braying of an ass. At this the occupants of the pit rose, rushed on to the stage and would probably have killed their calumniator had he not hastily retreated.

Fixing His Status.

A waiter spilled some soup on the clothing of a portly, choleric old gentleman dining with his wife in an up-town lobster palace the other night, whereupon the old gentleman jumped to his feet and, calling the manager, burst into a tirade which ended with the somewhat anticlimactic charge that the waiter was "no gentleman."

"This man is not supposed to be a gentleman," said the manager coldly. "He is merely a waiter."—New York Press.

Tommy Spoke.