curiosities it would be difficult to imagine. They had not had their hair cut for months and they had not been shaved. They did not look as if they had stopped to wash their faces and hands either. Their uniforms were such as Mrs. Jenness Miller recommends for little girls not old enough for corsets.

Each man wore a chemiloon like a combination vest and trousers over a flannel shirt. The Yale men wore blue shirts and stockings, and the Princeton boys wore striped garments of those two kinds, so that the colors of both teams showed on their arms and legs. In front of each shin the men wore what appeared like half a corset, their old, patched and dirty canvas breeches were padded so that half the men looked as if their leg bones were broken and protruding. And here and there a man had a great black leather cup fitted over his nose.

Whether they were muscular men or mere spindle shanks done up in cotton batting there was nothing in sight to tell. That any of them could ever be washed and dressed to look like a gentleman seemed a preposterous fancy. Around the edge of the field sat a lot of such men who were not in the game, but were ready to take the places of such as might be killed or mangled.

Pictures of the Side Line.

The writer of this thoroughly untechnical report, never having seen anything like them except in South Sea Island pictures, studied them with interest. Their hair fell over their foreheads like the thatch on a Devonshire roof. They had five hob nails on the sole of each shoe, every one larger than the largest that Alpine climbers use. Some had their heads bandaged as if their skulls had been broken and had been glued and tied up as women mend broken china.

One man had his ear deftly set into a thick circlet of flannel and cotton, like—it is not a pretty simile but it is the best one—a corn plaster. Any one of half a dozen of these ambassadors from our chief seats of intellectual activity could have got $25 a week in a Bowery museum as a Fijii cannibal, without a touch of grease, paint or an alteration of any sort.

The game of football having been called it began in earnest at once, like a tussel between a bull moose. All the queer, misshapen canvas figures stood in a group with their heads together and their broader ends describing an oval. Between their knobbed and disjointed legs could be seen the ball which, from that moment, monopolized the attention of every man as if it were an eternal fortune that the god would give to whoever could catch it and get off with it.

The Way They Played the Ball.

The man with the ball wabbled and fumbled it nervously, and the fellows on the ends of the oval pushed and punched and shoved one another in a way that seemed purposeless at first, but was really an important part of the play. At the right moment, or at all moments, it distracted the attention of the man whose side had not got the ball and impaired his usefulness. Finally the ball wasjlet go, somebody got it and ran, somebody else caught him by the neck and flung him down, and, quicker than Bowery photography, all the 22 were atop of one another.

Some had their legs in the air, some had their legs out straight, some had their legs bent under them and some seemed to have no legs at all. It is useless for one who does not understand the game to attempt to describe it in detail. A few notes of what occurred during its progress will serve to bring out in strong lights the impressions it produced.

It was only twice or perhaps three times that a player who got the ball succeeded in running 20 yards with it. His opponent seemed to spring out of the earth, whoever had it and wherever he went. When they got up to him they flung him in various ways to suit each occasion. The commonest way was to hook an arm about his neck and fall and drag him down with the impetus of two men weighing 170 pounds and running at full speed.

Some of the Peculiar Methods.

A clever way, much in favor with the Yale men, was to run up against the man and carom against him with a terrible butt of one shoulder. Thereupon the man who was butted lost his equilibrium, staggered and went down like an ox. Phil King, the Princeton Captain, had a method all his own.

In the first half of the game, at a time when Laurie Bliss was making a bold dash in the open with the ball at his right breast, King came to him diagonally with the speed of a greyhound and while 10 feet off lurched forward, lifted his feet from the ground and flung him like a bullet, bang against Bliss' ribs. Sometimes the two sets of young Senecas would rush against one another with such a crash that a hiss accompanied the impact, as the breath was knocked out of a dozen at once.

The whole 22 tore over the field this way and that, leaving it all tufted behind them where their hobnails had torn up the turf. Now and then—not seldom, but often—when a bunch that had been wriggling on the ground like eels in a box rose to their feet and passed on, they left what looked like a dead man on the field.

"Who's that hurt?" was the cry that ran around the amphitheater as the people saw the form of a man on his back, pale, with his mouth open, pulling his legs up and down as if he had been hurt in the stomach or clutching the grass like a man who is suffering.

Laurie Bliss "Done Up."

Laurie Bliss was one of these victims and saw the last part of the game while being led around, muffled up like a squaw in midwinter with a friend at each elbow. He was hurt more than once. Two or three others know how it feels from the same day's experience. When a man was hurt, it several times happened that a player ran toward the umpire with his hand up, as if to reproduce the scene in the Roman Coliseum, when the signal with the thumbs of the people—up or down, settled the fate of the vanquished. To judge from the attitudes of the players, their thumbs might have gone down as readily as up, for they invariably drew off to one side and talked and laughed.

Never more than two, or at the outside four, stopped over the injured man or clustered around him. Attendants with pails, sponges and mysterious valises always ran from the edge of the field on such occasions and swabbed the boy's face with cold water, while some one else rubbed the part that he said hurt him, or patted and spanked his breast to encourage his breathing.

At one time, after Bliss was hurt, two men lugged a white canvas stretcher on the field, but nothing was done with it. Always in less than three minutes the injured fellow was on his feet, usually with a cry of "I'm all right."

Soon Forget Their Hurts.

At 21 to 25 years of age their bones are soft, and the exercise they get makes them so supple that they are not easily hurt. Of course there will be a bad hurt on the field some day. If it is a death, it will also be the death of public football, for the resemblance to Rome does not go as far as Albany or even the Common Council chamber. The hurts that are commonest, however, seem to be twists and sprains got in falling and the results of being under a mountain of other fellows.

As fast as a fellow was knocked out another man took his place, so that the game is more like a battle than a prize fight. If 22 ordinary men were to imitate one such rush as these fellows make, they would have to be picked up in hand baskets, but the Yale and Princeton men have reduced the art of falling to as great a science as the trick of throwing down. They are like cats—though "like drunken men" is a better parallel. They fall so loosely, curled up and rounded in such ingenious shapes that they might as well be so many balls for all the hurt it does them, seven times out of ten.

Now and then a fellow was seen wiping blood from his face as fast as it flowed, but these hurts were nose bleeds. The vim of the men was so intense and they were so active that through the biting winter wind the prespiration rolled off every man of them. If they did not show concern over injuries they were certainly most considerate of one another where a chill was threatened. When there was an intermission, or a wordy wrangle, or a man hurt, the fellows on the sides of the field stripped off their overcoats and ran in and bundled up the players as eagerly and gallantly as ever men guarded sweethearts.

JULIAN RALPH.

THE BATTLE IN FULL.

HOW THE PLAYERS CARRIED THE BALL ABOUT THE STRIPED FIELD.

The Game Viewed From an Enthusiast's Standpoint — The Way in Which the Touchdowns Were Secured—The Line-up of the Teams.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—All the hubbub preceding the game was dwarfed into insignificance as the blue sweater of the first Yale player made its appearance at the little gate in one corner of the oval. Yale's eleven was the first on the field and was quickly followed by Princeton. The coin was tossed. Captain King called the fall correctly. He chose the northwest goal, thereby securing the advantage of a stiff breeze. The teams lined up as follows:

PRINCETON.

Name.	Position.	Weight.	Height.	Age.
Randolph	Left end	160	5.10	24
Lea	Left tackle	172	6.00	18
Wheeler	Left guard	201	6.00	19
Balliett	Center rush	178	5.10½	25
Hall	Right guard	206	6.12	21
Harrold	Right tackle	173	5.09	22
Trenchard	Right end	150	5.07	18
King	Quarterback	152	5.05	20
Poe	Left halfback	144	5.05	18
Morse	Right halfback	158	5.07	19
Homans	Fullback	164	5.09	22

YALE.

Name.	Position.	Weight.	Height.	Age.
Hinckey	Left end	156	5.10	21
Winter	Left tackle	171	5.10	20
Mccrea	Left guard	186	6.03	18
Stillman	Center	204	6.02	19
Hickok	Right guard	192	6.02	18
Wallis	Right tackle	170	5.10	20
Greenway	Right end	160	6.01	25
McCormick	Quarterback	152	5.06	20
L. Bliss	Left halfback	155	5.07	20
C. D. Bliss	Right halfback	157	5.07	23
Butterworth	Fullback	154	5.11	21

The average weight of the two teams was exactly the same, each being 168½ pounds. The average age of the Princeton team was 20 years and 7 months, that of the Yale team 19 years and 7 months. The average weight of rush lines was: Princeton, 176½ pounds; Yale, 177 pounds.

The Fun Was Sharp at First.

The fun began and it was sharp and decisive. On an open play, the line being spread out and then wheeling into interference, Laurie Bliss made nine yards running to the left. He was brought down by Trenchard. "Pop" Bliss made five through left tackle, being thrown by King. Then Laurie Bliss made the run of the day. He started for right end and aided by the interference of Greenway, McCormick and Pop Bliss passed all the Princeton players and scored a touchdown. The run was 40 yards in length. Butterworth kicked the goal. Score, 6 to 0; time, two minutes.

Morse made 12 yards on the wedge. Then Poe failed to gain ground. A fumble in the center forward and Homans kicked to Yale's ten-yard line. Laurie Bliss muffed, but was given a free catch owing to interference. Pop Bliss made 15 yards through left tackle being thrown by Harrold. Another fumble in the Princeton center and then Poe went through left tackle for three yards, being followed by Lea through right tackle for three more. The Tigers were playing a hard and a snappy game. Morse gained three yards through the center and Homans tried to drop kick a goal from the 25-yard line. He failed.

McCormick gained seven on the wedge from Yale's 25-yard line, and Pop Bliss went around right end for three yards, being thrown by Trenchard. Butterworth kicked to Princeton's 45-yard line. Morse caught the ball and Hinkey threw him. Wright's tackle threw Lea with no gain. Morse made two yards through the center. Then Poe tried to break center but failed to advance the ball. The fight was still being waged in Yale's territory. Homans was called on for a kick and Greenway got through like a flash and threw him, the ball being Yale's on the fourth down. Princeton lost ten yards through Homans' slowness. Butterworth went through right tackle for five yards and Laurie Bliss tried center, but lost the ball.

The Tigers Fight Hard.

Poe jumped for, but missed a wild pass from King, and Greenway fell on the ball cleverly. Pop Bliss' signal was given, but Trenchard broke through and downed him for a loss of five yards. Then Lea broke through and threw L. Bliss for a loss of five more. Then Yale was awarded five yards for holding by the Princeton forwards. Butterworth made two yards through right tackle. The Tigers' forwards were breaking through and tackling hard. Butterworth made three yards through right tackle, and L. Bliss followed in the same direction for five yards.

The ball was hovering around midfield. Butterworth kicked to Princeton's 35-yard line, where Homans caught the ball in the face of Hinkey's charge. Morse dove through left tackle for a three-yard gain. Then Poe, Lea and Morse failed to gain ground through Yale's line. Homans punted up the field to Princeton's 50-yard line where Butterworth caught the ball. Laurie Bliss went around the right end for a 15-yard gain and Butterworth went through right tackle for five yards, being slowed by Pop Bliss for two yards more in the same direction, King bringing him to earth.

The ball was now on Princeton's 30-yard line. L. Bliss went around right end for four yards, and Randolph threw him. Butterworth plugged away at the center and gained two yards. Pop Bliss tried the left tackle, but Harrold nailed him before he could gain. Balliett was bothering Stillman, and a fumble in the Yale center occurred, but Pop Bliss saved the ball by dropping on it. Then Pop made a plunge at Princeton's center, but Wheeler brought him down before he could gain a yard, and the ball was Princeton's on the fourth down.

Back and Forward With the Ball.

King passed to Poe, who passed to Homans, Hinkey tackling the latter for a loss of five yards. Yale at this period was playing a trifle stronger and facing the play. Homans kicked to midfield and Laurie Bliss muffed the ball, but saved it by falling on it. He redeemed himself by a nine-yard gain in right, which was terminated by Poe's tackle. Butterworth plugged the center again for two yards. L. Bliss went through right tackle for two yards. Princeton was awarded the ball for holding. Morse made a gain of eight yards through the center and Yale was given the ball for holding. Winter advanced it three yards through right tackle. Butterworth found an opening at left guard and advanced the ball five yards through it. Then he went at the center and gained two. Butterworth tried the center again, but failed to gain ground. But Yale was awarded five yards as a penalty for Balliett's monkeying with the ball.

Pop Bliss gained eight yards through left tackle, and might be running yet if he had not fallen, as he had passed all the Princeton forwarders. On the next line up Princeton was given the ball for holding by Yale forwarders. Homans kicked to Yale's 50-yard line, where L. Bliss caught the ball. L. Bliss' signal was given, but King broke through and dashed him down, causing a loss of five yards.

The plucky little Yale half back took the ball from the next line up and made four yards around the left end, being brought down by Randolph. Butterworth made a short kick, in fact, only ten yards, and King made a free catch in midfield. Poe went through the center for five yards, McCormick bringing him down. Morse made two yards through center. Poe made four yards through tackle, Wallis stopping his further advance. Yale was awarded the ball for holding in the Princetons' center.

No More Score This Half.

"Pop" Bliss lost two yards through King's great tackle. Butterworth punted to midfield where Greenway brought Homans down. Morse started for right end, but gained only one yard, as Hinkey grabbed him. Then Morse went at left tackle and gained three yards. Homans made a good healthy punt and Butterworth caught the ball within ten yards of Yale's goal line. The ball, however, was brought back to the spot of the last scrimmage and given to Yale for holding in the Princeton line.

"Laurie" Bliss made five yards around right end before Lea and Randolph nabbed him and "Pop" Bliss and Butterworth failed to gain ground. Butterworth punted to Princeton's 30-yard line, where Poe made a free catch just as time was called. The score was 6-0 in Yale's favor and the playing had been fairly even. The Tigers had broken through quickly and tackled hard while Yale's work had been below their usual form.

The teams stayed in their dressing rooms for the full 15 minutes of intermission and both the Yale and Princeton coaches talked to players. Yale came out first and at 3:12 the ball was put in play by Princeton. A regulation close wedge was formed and Morse was given the ball. The wedge opened and let him out on striking the Yale rushers and Morse gained 11 yards. On the line up both teams seemed to be more aggressive than in the first half. Johnny Poe aimed for left tackle and was downed by Wallis with one yard gained. Lea started for the opposite tackle, but Winter jarred the earth with him and the ball was not advanced an inch. Morse tried the center, but Stillman stopped him with no gain. Homans was forced to punt and kicked 20 yards out of bounds, Butterworth falling on the ball.

Yale Tries to Rush the Line.

Yale forced the ball 20 yards on rush line plays. Wallis and Winter each gained five, Lea and Morse stopping them. C. Bliss left nothing at left tackle, and Butterworth was given the signal three times in succession for 3 and 5 yards through the center and 5 yards in a mass play on right tackle.

The end men then worked successfully. C. Bliss was interfered for by McCormick, and Winter skirted Trenchard's end for 19 yards and was caught by Homans. Butterworth was pushed two yards in the effective mass-or-tackle play, and "Laurie" Bliss repeated his favorite act by getting around the right end and going 30 yards, the protection by Wallis, Butterworth and McCormick being notably fine. Hall finally threw him heavily, and the Yale half back strained his knee severely, but resumed playing after five minutes. Only 15 yards of this run was allowed for holding by Yale, and Princeton was given the ball on her 40-yard line.

Hinkey broke through and tackled Morse with a loss of five yards. Then Homans tried a fake kick, but was awfully slow, and was thrown in hi stracks by Hinckey before he had started to run. Homans then punted in earnest, and L. Bliss caught the ball. On the next down he skirted the right end for a 15-yard gain, being thrown by King. Butterworth squirmed four yards on a mass play and eight through the center. Watter batted four yards through the line, and Winter took his turn. He fumbled the ball and picked it up, but was put to the earth by King, with no gain.

Homans Makes a Bad Kick.

Butterworth also fumbled trying to punt and ran three yards before Harrold nabbed him. Princeton took the ball on four downs on the 40-yard line. Poe tried the right end and met Hinckey before he could gain. Homans faked a kick, ran a few feet and then punted. Butterworth made a fair catch on the Yale 50-yard line, and got five yards for interference by the Princeton ends. The long-suffering Butterworth ploughed through for three and five yards in masses on right and left tackles. "Laurie" Bliss scored one yard after a long run for the right end. Butterworth gained four yards in a center shove and the ball was given to Princeton for holding on her 35-yard line. Poe made a gallant attempt to buck the line but was stopped short.

Wheeler pushed through for three yards and then Homans was forced to punt. It proved to be the most disastrous kick of his career. Stillman went through the lusty Balliett like a flash, and McCommick was right with him. The ball struck big Stillman with the boom of a bass drum, and bounded away down the field and across the white line of the Princeton goal. Stillman ran as his dearest friends never believed he could sprint, with Philking just ahead of him. Behind the goal posts King dove for the ball, missed the ball, and the Yale center was on the pigskin for a touchdown and glory enough for the rest of his life. Butterworth kicked the easy goal just 22 minutes after the half was called. Score: Yale, 12; Princeton, 0.

No Further Score Was Made.

During the remainder of the half nothing more was made, although the Princeton men fought like tigers. They forced the ball into Yale's territory, and made her act on the defensive for a good part of the time. King worked like a Trojan, and was ably supported by his men. Trenchard was slightly hurt, but he would not give up. Homans made an unsuccessful attempt to kick a goal from the field. The Bliss brothers made good gains for Yale, and pushed the ball downward by a yard toward Princeton's goal.

Time was getting short and every inch of the ground was stubbornly contested. Princeton confined her efforts to keeping Yale from scoring again and succeeded. When time was called the ball was near Princeton's line. A mighty shout went up as the teams lined off the field.

The work of Laurie Bliss and Phil King, who had only two good legs between them, cannot be too highly spoken of. King especially played through the contest with locked jaws and evidently suffering excruciating pain. The Yale runners who had safely passed the striped line and who had the goal within reach found King in their path and stopped. At least two touchdowns were saved by King's fierce tackling, and one of them, on Princeton's ten-yard line, was of the finest order; but the poor fellow collapsed from the pain in his leg as soon as time was called.

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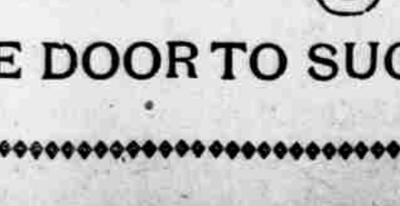

THAT OPENS

THE DOOR TO SUCCESS.

THE TIGERS MOURN.

They Say That Yale Didn't Play the Game Right—Charges That the Umpire Showed Favoritism for the Other Colors—How Princeton Took Its Defeat.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—[*Special.*]—When the whistle of the referee sounded and he shouted "Yale wins!" Little Johnnie Poe, the left half back of the defeated team, turned away with bowed head. His brother, the famous ex-Captain Poe, caught him in his arms and together the brothers started for the clubhouse. As they walked the head of the younger bent lower and lower. At last his hands covered his face and he began to sob. "It's all over; don't make a fuss," said his brother. "No, it's not all over," was the answer. "This year's game is gone, but next year we will fight again."

So it was with the rest of the team. They felt their defeat keenly, but with their disappointment came a resolve that next year Princeton should not lose. Captain King limped into the dressing room with his brother, Colonel Sam King, of Washington. He sat down on a bench in a corner and for five minutes recognized no one. His elbows rested on his knees and his face was buried in his hands.

They Faced Defeat Bravely.

Across the room sat Johnnie Poe. Morse and Homans stood together by the stove. Big Hall and "Beef" Wheeler limped up and down with set teeth. Harold, Trenchard, Randolph and Lea talked over the game in low tones. Balliett sat alone beside the door.

When asked later about the game Captain King said: "I want to let the men know that I believe they did their best. Yale scored both her touchdowns on flukes. Take the first touchdown. Yale began work quickly and kept up the pace. Bliss went through our left end. Luck was with Yale throughout the remainder of the game, for she had no such chance to get through as when Bliss had the ball that time. The second touchdown was made by the block of Homans' kick. I tried to get the ball as it rolled back of the line, but it was two of Yale to one of Princeton. Yale held us right through the game. Her tackles caught me time and again. The umpire, it seemed, did not see Yale hold. But if you notice it Yale got five yards several times for alleged holding by us."

Shephard Homans, Princeton's full back, said: "We were beaten by flukes. I think Yale was surprised at our game."

Center Rush Balliett said: "Yale held us in the line a great deal, and it seemed the umpire could only see our arms."

Big Hall said: "I played for all that was in me. I am not hurt, and the game was not very rough. They beat us by having luck with them. They held too much for fair football."

Yale Held Too Much.

"Beef" Wheeler was uncommunicative. He said: "They beat us. We played our best, but they held us. I am not hurt."

Poe said: "Yale did not play her old-time aggressive game. Luck was against us, too. Yale's men held us a great deal. But I do not complain. We were beaten."

Half Back Moore was plain spoken: "Yale's rush line held us so much that it was hardly fair football. Our men held very little. Yet the umpire always saw us and never saw Yale."

Harrold, Randolph and Lea voice the sentiments of Poe. Trenchard, with his face cut and bloody, smiled and said: "Funny how they held and were never caught. Their touchdowns were on flukes."

The general opinion of the eleven, although no man would assume the responsibility for the statement, is that Yale's score was smaller than either team expected. Light was thrown on Princeton's defeat by the University of Pennsylvania by information received last night. The Pennsylvania team knew Princeton's signals almost as well as their own. They anticipated every play. How they got their knowledge was a problem that puzzled Princeton for some time. Their watching of team play or even close observance of the eleven's work in match games would not have enlightened them. The leak, it is said, was at Princeton.

The Games of the Past.

Seventeen games have been played by Yale and Princeton. Of these Yale won ten and Princeton six. The game in 1877 was a tie. The first game between the universities was played in 1876, and Yale won by 2 goals to 0. Neither team scored in 1877. Princeton was victorious in the following year. The orange and black scored a touchdown to her opponent's nothing. For three years after Princeton also won by 5 safeties to 2, 11 safeties to 5 and 3 to 0. The Rugby rules were introduced in 1882, and then Yale made up for her defeats by winning three successive games from Princeton. The latter team won in 1885 by 6 to 5, but in 1886 Yale beat the orange and black by 4 to 0. Princeton did not pose as a victor again until 1880, when she defeated Yale by 10 to 0. Yale has been champion ever since. Last year she won by 19 to 0.

PITTSBURG'S DELEGATION

To the Great Yale-Princeton Game Larger This Year Than Ever—Old College Graduates Renew Their Youth—Thousands Leave the City.

Every year Pittsburg's delegation to the Yale-Princeton game in New York becomes larger and larger. This year the rush was greater than ever; every person who had the means and time was in the metropolis to witness the mighty contest between the great athletic giants. Railroads were taxed to their utmost to carry the crowds. Berths were engaged weeks in advance, and the tardy ones who left that duty till the last were disappointed. Business men who had to leave the city on the spur of the moment were either compelled to take undesirable trains or pass the journey in a common coach.

Of course college graduates were in the majority in the crowds that left the city, but the representation of business men and their families was by no means small. The college boys left Pittsburg with the intention of having a grand old time. Each one supplied with the paint pot of opportunity and a well-trimmed brush of experience of many previous Thanksgivings, it is needless to say that they got what they went after. Red indeed is a delicate color when compared with the hue with which New York was decorated last night. Many of the college men, who were unable to get off from business in time to witness the game, have gone on for the after effect. This is one of the features of the game and is of varied duration, in some cases, the men not recovering for a month.

Yesterday was a fete day for some of the order of benedicts who are college graduates. It is the one time during the year that their wives waive their strict ideas of temperance and allow the men to be boys again. The grand keeper of the cupboard was not with them yesterday to limit their quaff from the flowing bowl. If you observe a great number of people on the street going through the sign language do not be alarmed and think that an epidemic of deaf and dumbness has come among us—it is only the people who have returned from the game, who, in their wild enthusiasm, have shouted and yelled until they have lost their voices.

A New York special says that there were over a thousand prominent Pittsburgers there yesterday, most of whom saw the game. As instance the great number of Pittsburgers in New York at the various hotels. Following is a list of some of those at the Fifth avenue:

Mr. and Mrs. Bell, Mrs. William Clark, Miss Clark, Charles S. Clark, Mrs. J. A. Chambers and Miss Chambers, Miss Patton, Mrs. William Carr, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Darlington, Miss Darlington, Mr. Alex Laughlin, Jr., Miss Laughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Scaife and Miss Scaife, Mrs. Fitzhugh and Carroll Fitzhugh and Miss Reckeston, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Schoen and Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Schoen, Mrs. George Shiras, Miss Singer, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pitcairn, Miss Pitcairn, Miss B. Street, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Byers and Alexander Byers, Jr., H. K. Thaw, N. L. Wooleridge, Mrs. L. W. McClintock, Mr. W. H. Forsythe, W. N. Frew and Mrs. Frew, Miss Delworth, E. F. Jackman, J. M. Lockhart, Mrs. Charles Lockhart and Miss Lockhart, H. McFarland, Mrs. Wilson McCandless, Miss Ward, H. O. McCandless, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. O'Neill and Miss O'Neill, J. Painter, Jr., Mrs. B. H. Painter, Mrs. J. E. Painter, A. E. W. Painter and wife, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ricketson, Mrs. B. Thaw, Edward Thaw, Alexander Bradley, Mrs. C. H. Bradley, Mrs. P. F. Smith, James B. Oliver and the Misses Oliver, Mrs. Thomas Graff, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Denniston, C. McCance, J. C. Thaw, L. R. Woolridge, C. O. McClintock, Mr. and Mrs. James McCrea, G. B. Kennedy, J. M. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Ferguson, Miss E. B. Mackintosh, Mrs. G. W. Ferris, O. W. Rafferty, G. T. Rafferty, T. M. Jones, Miss J. Childs, Miss Mabel Clark, Lafe Jamison, Samuel Plumer, Jr., Mrs. C. L. Magee, Miss Magee, Arthur Bell, F. M. Magee, D. C. Byers, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Chalfant.

Besides these the Brunswick and the Holland and Windsor Hotels had large delegations of Pittsburgers. At the first named the Dilworth and Sproal families were represented. At the Holland were Mr. and Mrs. D. McK. Lloyd, and at the Imperial Mr. J. E. Schwartz and Frank Schwartz. At the Windsor were the Carnegies and other Pittsburg visitors.

WESLEYAN WASN'T IN IT.

Pennsylvania's University Eleven Rolls Up the Biggest Score Yet.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 24.—[*Special.*]—The Wesleyan football team was defeated to-day in the closing game of the Inter-Collegiate championship season in Pennsylvania by the score of 34 to 0. This is the worst drubbing the Middletown boys have ever received from the Pennsylvanians, the highest previous score made against them by Pennsylvania being 14 to 0 in 1886. The game this afternoon was played on the grounds of the Germantown Cricket Club, where Princeton also met with defeat this year. About 8,000 people were present, but as hardly more than a score of them were partisans of Wesleyan, the enthusiasm was rather one-sided.

Captain Smith won the toss for Wesleyan and chose the west goal with a strong wind in his favor. Pennsylvania started a rush game and Wesleyan's weakness on the line quickly developed. Pennsylvania quickly advanced the ball rapidly, but as it neared Wesleyan's goal bad fumbling caused them to lose it. Good runs by Fordyce and Page carried the ball to Pennsylvania's ten-yard line, but Wesleyan could make no gains against Pennsylvania's line and the ball went to the latter on four downs. After 35 minutes' play by hard rush and Pennsylvania carried Thayer over Wesleyan's line for a touchdown. Thayer failed to kick the goal and when time was called the four from Thayer's touchdown was all Pennsylvania had scored.

A few minutes after play began in the second half Fordyce by a fine run of 40 yards carried the ball to Pennsylvania's 10-yard line, but Wesleyan could not advance, and the ball went to Pennsylvania on four downs. Pennsylvania's goal was not in danger again during the game, for after this effort Wesleyan went to pieces and Pennsylvania scored almost as it pleased. Camp made three touchdowns, Thomson, M. Deckey one, and Thayer one for a total of 30 points before time was called in the second half. The teams lined up as follows:

Pennsylvania.	*Position.*	*Wesleyan.*
Simmons	Left end	Captain, Smith
Mackey	Left tackle	Leo
Oliver	Left guard	Cutts
Adams	Center	Cobb
Thornton	Right guard	Newton
Reese	Right tackle	Searls
Schoff, Captain	Right end	Pomeroy
Vail	Quarter back	Stark
Camp	Left half back	Page
Thomson	Right half back	Fordyce
Thayer	Full back	Gordon

Referee—Mr. De Hart, of Orange Athletic Club. Umpire—Mr. Dashell, of Lehigh. Touchdowns—Thayer, (2); Camp, (3); Thomson, (1); Mackey, (1). Goals—Kicked from touchdowns, Thayer, (3).

ROUGH PLAY OUT WEST.

Several Players Injured and One With a Fractured Collar Bone.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Nov. 24.—The football elevens of the State Universities of Kansas and Missouri battled for supremacy at Exposition Park to-day before the largest crowd that ever witnessed a football game in this city. There were present about 3,500 people, about one-quarter of whom were students from the two universities.

The game was an exciting one, Kansas winning by the narrow margin of 8 points, the score standing at the finish Kansas, 12; Missouri, 4. The features of the play were the fine running and interference of the Kansas team and the superior bucking of the Missouri men. The game was a very rough one on Kansas' part, three of Missouri's team being disabled, one of them, Anderson (quarter-back), sustaining a fracture of the collar bone.

MINOR FOOTBALL SCORES.

At Washington—Georgetown, 12; Columbia Athletic Club, 0.

At Lancaster — Football Franklins and Marshalls, 50; Philadelphia Amateur Swimming Club, 0.

At Lexington—Kentucky University, 28; Cincinnati, 0.

At Massillon, O.—Canton, 0; Massillon, 38.

At Denver—School of Mines University team, 4; Denver Athletic Club, 36.

At Harrisburg—State College, 16; Dickinson, 0.

At Indianapolis—Purdue University, 32; Depauw University, 6.

At Chicago—Boston Athletic Association, 18; Chicago Athletic Association, 12.

At Champaign, Ill.—University of Illinois, 28; Chicago University, 12.

At Louisville—Louisville Athletic Club, 6; Sewanee University, 6.

At Detroit—Cornell, 30; University of Michigan, 10.

At Omaha—Iowa, 10; Nebraska, 10.

At St. Louis—Washington University, 6; Pastime Athletic Club, 4.

At Denver — Denver Athletic Club, 36; School of Mines, 4.

At Nashville—University of North Carolina, 24; Vanderbilt Campus, 0.

A FEW adlets in THE DISPATCH will sell your house and lot. Try it and be convinced.

COAL OPTIONS IN COURT.

A Pittsburg Firm Must Fight for the Land It Claims on Contract.

WASHINGTON, PA., Nov. 24.—[*Special.*]—Leases of coal lands in Bethlehem township, recently made to Brown & Co., of Pittsburg, will be made a matter of contention in the courts. According to these contracts, lessees were to have 60 days after acceptance of the leases to make the usual surveys, deeds and first payments. It is alleged by the original land owners that the options expired ten days before Brown & Co., by attorney, tendered first payments on some of them, within a few days past. The money was refused in most cases, and the company's agent or agents declared on these refusals that the tender was according to the terms of agreement, and they would appeal to the courts for redress.

In the remarkable impetus recently given to the development of coal lands all over the western part of the State there is no necessity for options going begging, and this matter has been complicated by some of the lands on which Brown & Co. still claim to hold options being reoptioned to other parties.

Will Vote for a Postmaster.

EAST LIVERPOOL, O., Nov. 24.—[*Special.*]—At New Lisbon, the county seat of Columbiana county, the Democrats have settled on the only way in which the contest for the postmastership could be settled without a riot. On the third day of next month, between the hours of 1 and 7 o'clock P. M., all electors who get their mail at New Lisbon, who voted for Cleveland for President in the last election, shall be entitled to vote for the one of seven Democratic candidates he wants for postmaster. The ballots will be printed in the same way as the Australian ballot, giving a full list of the candidates.

NOVELS CRAZED HIM.

Cheap Literature Makes John Ellis a Raving Lunatic.

CHAINED DOWN IN A PADDED CELL

He Chases Imaginary Train Robbers Across the Continent.

A FAIR WOMAN IS ALWAYS IN HIS PATH

Dime novels have turned the brain of John Ellis, and he is in the Allegheny General Hospital a raving lunatic.

Ellis' home is at Export, Ind., and last Wednesday he came to Allegheny. He was picked up on the streets as a suspicious character. When he was placed in the lockup it was seen that he was crazy. Ellis imagined he was a great detective. His misty mind made him think he was shadowing a daring train robber, who had sought cover in Pittsburg or Allegheny. There was a woman in the case. Ellis portrayed her as a lovely female, who was following in his wake, trying to throw him off the track. He thinks himself possessed with wonderful mental and physical powers. As a detective all the sleuths of the land can not compare with him in his estimation. Ellis still has a great regard for Sullivan, although the former champion met his Waterloo when he encountered Corbett. The deluded boy thinks, however, that he can worst John L., and is only waiting for an opportunity to challenge him.

Yesterday Ellis was examined by Dr. Hazzard and it was thought best to remove him to the hospital. When he was taken there he attacked the physicians and tried to kill Dr. Corbett, because he bore the same name as the man who defeated Sullivan. He fought all the attendants. The great trouble with him is that the nurses are detaining him in his great detective achievements. He became so violent that he had to be placed in a padded cell and straight laced. He soon managed to rid himself of these jackets, and finally had to be chained. Last night he worked himself into an awful frenzy, and the hospital rang with his yells. He reviewed all the wild Indian stories he had ever read. One moment he was chasing the red man across the plains of the Far West, and the next hot in pursuit of his visionary train robbers.

ONE OF MURPHY'S CASES.

The Robbery Trial of a Millvale Merchant Promises a Sensation.

GREENSBURG, Nov. 24.—[*Special.*]—The Sitman-Carnahan robbery case will be decided in the Criminal Court here to-morrow. The case is one of general interest in this part of the State. Six months ago John Carnahan, a wealthy bachelor near West Newton, was robbed of $6,300. P. J. Murphy, of Pittsburg, was engaged by Carnahan to do detective work in the case. The detective secured an alleged confession from one Jacob McNally, employed on Carnahan's farm, stating that he and his nephew, Frank McNally, stole the money, and that Harry Sitman, a prosperous merchant, doing business in Millvale, was a party to the robbery, having planned the robbery and received the portion of the money that was in gold and silver after the raid had been made. According to the theory of the prosecution, Sitman was to get half of Jacob McNally's share of the money.

The implication of Sitman was a veritable thunderbolt to the community were he is known. Sitman swears that he was an innocent holder of a part of the money, it having been given him by the McNallys for safe keeping, and the argument of the attorneys for the defense is that when the McNallys were entrapped by the Pittsburg detective they implicated Sitman in the hope of shielding themselves, Jacob McNally turning State's evidence. The money, or a greater part of it, was recovered from Sitman. The Pittsburg detective, Murphy, has not appeared at the trial.

BOUGHT THE POTATOES,

But Is Not Altogether Confident Now That He Owns Them.

Emil Miller, who owns a grocery store on Second street, Allegheny, is just at present very much puzzled as to who owns a carload of cabbage which he purchased from Joseph Smith for $48.

Smith called on Miller Wednesday and told him that he had a carload of cabbage which had been consigned to him from Zanesville, O., and that it was worth $150, but he would sell it for $48. Miller decided to take the cabbage and paid $28 on account, the remainder to be paid when the cabbage was all taken away from the car.

Miller went yesterday morning and hauled away a load of cabbage and as he pulled out another man drove up to the car and loaded his wagon with cabbage and drove off. Miller thought that everything was not right and upon investigation found that the car was from Zanesville and was consigned to George Madden. Miller came to the conclusion that Smith was deceiving him, and yesterday afternoon when Smith came for the remaining $20 Miller called an officer and had him arrested. He was locked up in the police station and the case will be investigated.

POTTSVILLE'S COURT HOUSE SCANDAL.

Indictments Against Commissioners and Builders Are Sustained.

POTTSVILLE, Nov. 24.—The court yesterday handed down an opinion sustaining the indictments found by the grand jury against the County Commissioners, their clerks and the contractor and architect of Schuylkill county's new Court House, in the construction of which nearly $10,000 is said to have been misappropriated.

The attorneys for the defendants will appeal to the Supreme Court. They contend that the defendants should not have been compelled to testify against themselves, and that the court stenographer illegally administered oaths.

JUDGE GRIPP'S COURT.

A Pickpocket Fined and Two Scrappers Held Over.

Judge Gripp had 18 cases at Central station yesterday morning. Most of them were drunks. Samuel Walls, arrested for trying to pick a woman's pocket in the market Wednesday night, was fined $25 and costs. Henry Meyer and Samuel McClelland, for drunkenness, were sent to the workhouse for 29 days.

John Jefferson and Louis Miller, who were in a fight on Wylie avenue the previous night, were held over. It is claimed that Jefferson refused to pay for his supper in Miller's restaurant and the proprietor assaulted him. Both were arrested.

NO TURKEY IN KITTANNING.

A Gas Main Break Leaves Many Families Shivering and Dinnerless.

KITTANNING, Nov. 24.—[*Special.*]—Thanksgiving Day was anything else in this city. There was a break in the gas mains, and all those without other fuel went cold, and, in many cases, hungry.

A great number of homes were without fire all day. Many a dead turkey remains uncooked, and many a live one has gained a reprieve until Christmas.

A Man Boiled in Beer.

PORT ARTHUR, Nov. 24.—William Gehel, a nephew of Conrad Gehel, head brewer in Conrad's brewery, fell into a vat of boiling beer last night. He only lived three hours.

Killed by a Baseball Bat.

READING, Nov. 24.—While Robert Welder was witnessing a game of baseball at the Stony Point school house, near Dryville, this county, this forenoon, a bat flew out of another player's hands, hitting Welder on the head with terrific force, crushing his skull. Death is momentarily expected.

Largest and Leading Jewelry and Art Store.

E. P. ROBERTS & SONS.

DIAMOND FINGER RINGS.

A lady's love for jewelry usually centers in her rings. She can't have too many. She very properly prides herself in her collection of beautiful rings. The diamond is the queen of the jewels.

You can select from a variety of over 200 styles here.

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Odd combinations, fancy designs. All gems of purest ray, flawless and perfect in color.

You'll be heartily welcome to view this unequaled stock of Rings, whether visitor or purchaser.

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Brass and Iron Bedsteads, Cribs and Bassinetts. The most reasonable prices and the largest collection shown in this market.

BLANKETS.

Our own special make, strictly all wool; none better can be had; white, scarlet and gray; prices notably low.

Our 1¼ Blankets at $5 per pair are an extra bargain.

California Lamb's Wool Blankets, all prices from $6.50 to $30 per pair.

Chenille Table Covers, handsome rich colorings, with tassel fringe trimmings, 500 new designs opened this week, $1 to $5 each.

COR. FIFTH AVE. AND MARKET ST.
no20-MWFSU

SIMEN'S SHOE BOOMING BARGAINS

Children's patent leather tipped spring heel shoes worth 85c, $1, at 65c, 75c and 85c, sizes 8 to 10½.

Misses' cloth top spring heel shoes, sizes 11 to 1, at $1, regular price, $1.50.

Boys' lace shoes, sizes 3 to 5, at $1.

Men's lace shoes, sizes 6 to 11, at $1.

Ladies' Dongola button shoes at $1.

Ladies' flannel lined shoes at $1.

Ladies' flannel lined slippers at $1.

Men's fancy velvet slippers 50c

—AT—

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