

CORBETT IS KING.

John L. Sullivan Knocked Out in Twenty-one Rounds.

HE WAS BADLY PUNISHED.

Corbett at the Finish Was Smiling and Without a Scratch.

It was over two minutes before Sullivan recovered from the effects of the terrific blow that won the battle. The fight was really Corbett's from the start, as he hit his opponent about as he pleased and got away nearly every time without a return. When Sullivan recovered consciousness he told the crowd he was glad an American won the championship.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 8.—John Lawrence Sullivan, champion of the world for ten years, was defeated last night for the first time in his life. James John Corbett beat him in twenty-one rounds, fought under the Marquis of Queensbury rules. The official time of the fight was one hour and twenty-five minutes and forty-five seconds. The old champion looked fifteen years older than his actual age as he stood in the ring at the close of the battle with his face swollen and distorted, and every man of the 7,000 persons pitted him. He was never in the championship, the purse of \$25,000 and the side bet of \$10,000.

From the start youth, agility and science were arrayed against advancing years, over-



JAMES J. CORBETT.

confidence and strength, and Sullivan had no chance against such odds.

Corbett is regarded as a marvel, and he generously helped to raise his opponent when he had beat him into insensibility. Corbett's friends bore him from the ring in triumph at the conclusion of the fight. All of Sullivan's fond hopes have been dashed to the earth, and he was the picture of despair as he left the ring.

The Olympic club decided that Sullivan would not be allowed to wear a plaster on his stomach. Corbett protested against this as soon as he arrived in town, and when Sullivan was formally notified of the decision, the afternoon, the big fellow said he "didn't give a blank. He'd let the blank plaster go to blank if there was any kick about it from that young fellow" (meaning James J. Corbett).

The Men's Weights. The champion seemed to invite defeat. Early in the afternoon he sent a special request to the club managers that he be allowed to occupy the corner out of which no man has come a victor, and in which Dempsey, Maher, Myer and Skelly met defeat.

His request was acceded to, but he would probably have been assigned to that corner anyway, for Corbett won the toss and chose the winner's corner. Some of the more superstitious of his backers were plainly displeased when they heard that Corbett had won the toss, but they believed their man would win against all odds. Their disappointment was not of long duration. The announcement had scarcely been made when Jack McAuliffe, Dixon and Skelly came trooping into the building, the trio receiving a very warm ovation.

An instant later, as Sullivan and Corbett appeared from their dressing rooms almost simultaneously, the vast throng arose as if one body and sent up a cheer that was taken up by the multitude on the outside and echoed and re-echoed until it reached the furthest end of the Crescent City, five miles away.

For fully five minutes the din was deafening as the great crowd shouted out their good wishes and sent up volley after volley of cheers for the gladiators. The men got to their corners with as little delay as possible. Then all hands collected in the middle of the ring and shook hands, handshakes and all. It was announced that Sullivan weighed 212 pounds and Corbett 187. Sullivan was attended by Charlie Johnston and Jack McAuliffe, and Professor Donaldson and Billy Delaney acted as Corbett's seconds. Both men looked well, but Corbett was plainly in the better condition.

Sullivan in a Rage. Once settled in the ring, the men studied each other closely, though Corbett was apparently thoughtless of everything, except a commonplace conversation he was having with his seconds. Then Professor Duffy advanced and handed the gloves to the fighters.

Both men advanced to the center of the ring, and though Duffy was giving them the formal lecture, neither heard a word he said. Sullivan was glaring viciously at the man whom he contemptuously referred to as the bank clerk, while Corbett smiled in a most aggravating way. Both bowed to Duffy when he had concluded and went to their corners where the gloves were adjusted.

They were almost ready to be called to the battle which would forever destroy the reputation of Sullivan or confirm him in the championship, when Duffy apologetically approached him and asked if he had upon him any plasters of pitch or other preparation.

"Not any, sir," replied Sullivan, as Duffy examined him and found nothing. "But,"

continued he, "if Mr. Corbett has no plasters upon him now he will need them to cover the holes I will punch in him."

Duffy then announced the result of his examination to the Corbett party. Corbett smiled as if he had not expected any to be found, but did it to rouse John's blood up to the point where he would lose both his temper and his judgment.

Three minutes later and both men advanced to the center of the ring to shake hands. Sullivan, scowling, quickly grabbed the hand of his antagonist and then half dropped, half flung it away with a derisive gesture.

Corbett's chuckle could be heard half through the clubhouse. All the blood in the champion's body seemed to have rushed into his neck and face. He was beside himself with rage, and only growled at his second, who whispered to him. His friends felt fearful of the result then, for Corbett's coolness was something they had not calculated on, and Sullivan's anger would be a serious handicap if not indeed an all sufficient one to defeat him. This was the condition of men, mentally and physically, as they stood facing each other. The following is the fight by rounds:

The Fight by Rounds. Round 1.—This was a ridiculous exhibition of prize fighting. Sullivan made no less than seven feints with the left for Corbett, but Corbett ran around the ring each time and no blow was struck.

Round 2.—Corbett made no effort to do anything but walk around. The big fellow stood up leisurely and looked at Corbett, who then let go a left on Sullivan's shoulder, and a clinch followed. On the breakaway Corbett touched him on the breast. Another clinch followed, and Corbett tried to land his left on Sullivan's face. Jim did get in a slight blow on the stomach, but the second round ended, and the crowd was happy.

Round 3.—Sullivan missed a left hander for the jaw and then touched him on the stomach. He was in a rather bad humor, and his first good blow struck by Corbett, who ran in on top of a run by Sullivan. Corbett also reached two lefts on Sullivan's body. Sullivan missed a left hander for the jaw and then touched him on the stomach. He was in a rather bad humor, and his first good blow struck by Corbett, who ran in on top of a run by Sullivan. Corbett also reached two lefts on Sullivan's body. Sullivan missed a left hander for the jaw and then touched him on the stomach. He was in a rather bad humor, and his first good blow struck by Corbett, who ran in on top of a run by Sullivan. Corbett also reached two lefts on Sullivan's body.

Round 4.—Sullivan made two runs at Corbett. He ran away and no blow was struck. Sullivan continued to run in on him, but Jim's feet were too good for the big fellow and he slipped away like a good sprinter. Sullivan laughed at the business, and Corbett let his left hander for the ribs. John laughed the more, and returned his left on Corbett's back as Jim turned away.

Round 5.—In this round Sullivan caught Corbett a fairly hard blow on the chin, but Corbett clinched and no blow was struck. Sullivan missed with the left and followed that with a trifle on the shoulder with the left. Sullivan made a rush and Corbett went at him. What followed is hard to describe. Corbett smashed him with right and left on the stomach and face, and had the big fellow's nose bleeding in no time—right and left, and Sullivan was not in it. Corbett hammered him as Dixon could smack a Skelly, and the great champion became so surprised that many persons said that he was groggy. The activity and cleverness which Corbett was so admirable that the house got up and yelled.

Round 6.—Corbett jumped around like a cat and worried the big fellow, getting in two light blows on the stomach. Sullivan missed one left hander for the face, but otherwise nothing was done in the round.

Round 7.—Two slaps on the body, one from each, opened this round, and after a bit of fighting Corbett let his left go on John's stomach. John did not seem to mind it, but Corbett went at him and gave him two good smacks on the face with his left and two more soon after. Sullivan's nose was bleeding again freely. Corbett ran in and rushed Sullivan the ropes, letting go right and left on the big fellow's body. Sullivan could make no return, though he had done nothing in the round but take punishment.

Sullivan Worried and Weary. Round 8.—Sullivan came out worried looking. He made a left hand lunge at Corbett, but Corbett ducked cleverly. In a rally Sullivan landed his right on the face, but Corbett got in two good left jabs on the body, one in the face and again two light ones in the face and two on the body. Sullivan seemed to be played out or was going for a chance to land the knockout blow.

Round 9.—Corbett again led, but without effect. Sullivan led his left, but Corbett ducked. Then Sullivan gave him a backhander on the face, but it did little harm, and gave him the other left on the shoulder. Sullivan did not show any want of wind, although Corbett hit him five times, one after the other, three on the body and two on the face. Corbett was ahead in points, but his blows did not seem to weaken the big fellow, who appeared only tired.

Round 10.—Corbett stood up to his man like a major, and the men eyed each other like panthers. Sullivan let go his left for the jaw, but only touched lightly. Sullivan missed with the left. Both landed left on the face, but weakly. The same again. Sullivan's left found Corbett's face lightly. Sullivan missed with the left and Corbett jumped back. Corbett landed left on face. Sullivan got left in the face lightly.

Round 11.—It now began to look like a long fight. Sullivan could not get in a straight blow on the clever Californian, and Corbett could not hurt John L. when he did land. A couple of light passes and a good deal of running around it was. Corbett's left found Sullivan in the face with his left twice, and with left and right in a clinch. Sullivan's nose again bleeding; Corbett walking around. Corbett got two good cracks on Sullivan on the face and stomach.

Round 12.—Sullivan was still steady and it looked as though they might fight 100 rounds. Corbett got in his left three times in the stomach within three seconds, getting away each time and running around. Great applause was shown by Corbett in the way he pressed and got away, but his blows did not seem to be effective. Sullivan now made a rush, but Corbett ran away, and when he came back he landed Sullivan tried the same thing twice, now and each time got a jab with the left on his stomach.

Round 13.—Sullivan had a weary look when he came from his corner, and then let go his left. He could not get there, as Corbett ran away. This scene was repeated. When Corbett came forward he was smiling, but perspiring a great deal. Sullivan rushed him and Jim ran away. Sullivan did all the moving up and Corbett was jumping backward. Nothing was done in this round except one light blow of Corbett's on Sullivan's cheek.

Sullivan Getting Desperate. Round 14.—Sullivan led with his left on Corbett's neck and Corbett landed his left on Sullivan's neck; both countered with left on the face. Corbett landed two lefts on the face and in another attempt both missed. Corbett again got his left on Sullivan's face and then missed with his right. Both missed a double blow with the left. No blow struck in the round would have broken a piece of glass.

Round 15.—Sullivan went in to do Corbett this time and rushed Jim three times. The Californian's long reach held John at bay, and the big fellow could not break in under the guard. On the contrary, Corbett's left had found Sullivan's face twice. In two more rushes by Sullivan Corbett held him off and plunked John L. on the ribs and stomach with his left. Sullivan had become very weary by looking before the end of the round, but Corbett did not mind that at all. He went in dancing away from blows as before.

Round 16.—A mutual rush occurred at the opening of this round, but both missed their blows. Sullivan fell short with a right hander, and Corbett hit him on the nose lightly. This Corbett followed up with a jab in the stomach and two on the nose with his left. Sullivan appeared to be getting desperate. He went at Corbett cautiously, but hard. Corbett was not there. John L. seems more worried than ever, especially when he received another tap on the nose from Corbett's left hand.

Round 17.—Sullivan succeeded in getting a little left on Corbett's face; with this exception there was only flapping during the round. The crowd was getting restless at the men's actions, but nothing to get excited over.

Round 18.—Corbett's cleverness in tapping Sullivan and getting away was greatly admired

up to this time, and when he jabbed the tag fellow four times on the face in succession the spectators raised a howl. Sullivan here got a left on Corbett's breast, but it did not hurt. Then Corbett touched John L. up for two right handers on the body amid more howls. The people seemed to be very fresh and confident.

Round 19.—On coming together Sullivan hit Corbett on the neck with the left pretty hard, and Corbett countered with the left on the stomach. Sullivan missed a left meaner for the face, and Corbett laughed at him. At that Sullivan's face took on a savage smile; he chased Corbett around the ring. Corbett again charged forward and landed his left on Sullivan's stomach and face and his right on the big fellow's stomach.

Knocked Unconscious. Round 20.—Sullivan's left struck Corbett's breast as they came to the center of the ring, but not two seconds occurred afterward before Corbett sailed into him. With left and right Corbett caught Sullivan on both sides of the head close to the ropes, and this same dose the Californian repeated within another second. Corbett followed this up with seven more blows of the same kind, and Sullivan could not protect himself. Sullivan could not get in a single blow in return. He was plainly groggy and weak. Corbett was very fresh and confident at the sound of the gong, at which time he was smashing Sullivan at a great rate with left and right on both sides of the head.

Round 21.—In regard to this trifling minute and a half, which decided the heavyweight championship of the world, a great deal might be said even in that short time. That the contest would end in that manner, no one could have believed. Sullivan came from his corner in the same shape that he had shown for a dozen rounds before. He had the same cross expression on his face and countenance as at any time during that period. He was as good as "edging in" and Corbett followed his original tactics of "edging away." This sort of trade was not going on very long, not more than ten seconds, when Sullivan jumped back, rushed forward, hit John on the nose and John was dazed. Corbett went at him further, and the same old nose was again smashed and more blood came out. John was dazed, and Corbett jumped back with the merry smile of a schoolboy with a big apple.

Suddenly he returned to the fray, and before Sullivan knew what was going on, the Californian's happy face had a grimace on the side of the head that made him close his eyes. With this Corbett was on top of him in no time. Left hand on one side of the head and right hand on the other, poor John L. Sullivan became an unconscious, beaten man. He staggered about on his pins for a second or so, and while displaying this fatal weakness Corbett went on his aim, as a cross light on the corn where there is no dummy in the middle of the field. A right on the ear and a left on the jaw settled the business and the championship. The last blow sent Sullivan sprawling on the floor with a thump, the second landed all his long career as a fighter that he had ever been knocked down, but he was down this time really and finally. It was a clean and clever knock-out blow. Sullivan was on his legs as though in pain, but in another instant seemed to collect his senses and made an effort to rise. He fell in that, and tried the second time with the same result. Sullivan came out, pure and simple. His seconds had to come to him and assist him to his corner. Even then John L. was out and did not know what was going on. It was two minutes and two minutes that John L. recovered himself.

Sullivan's Manly Speech. In the meantime Corbett had retired to his corner, on the order of the referee, while the man who has so long been known as the champion of champions was counted out and carried to his chair. When the ten minutes had elapsed at an end Professor Mike Donavan, of New York Athletic Club, and W. A. Brady, Corbett's manager, sprang to the stage and flung their arms around the young man who was now the champion pugilist of the world and the winner of \$25,000 in purse and stakes, as well as a reputation that will turn perhaps in time that amount into his exchequer. Corbett returned to the stage, and with a hearty embrace, while the tears welled up into his eyes. Others jumped up to the clever Californian and hugged him. They had probably won money at 2 or 3 to 1 on Jim.

While this hugging was going on Sullivan's handlers were pouring water over his head and placing ammonia to his eyes, and with much trouble brought him around. When he did come to he looked up at Jack McAuliffe, who was fanning him with the towel, and after opening his eyes half way, or as far as he could, said in his more than ordinary boisterous voice: "Say, am I licked? Did that young fellow do it?"

McAuliffe sorrowfully admitted that that was the case. John didn't say any more until Corbett came over and shook hands with him. John got up, took Corbett's hand and then spoke to the crowd. "Gentlemen," said the ex-champion, "I am only glad that the championship has been won by an American."

This speech brought down the house as it has not been affected during all the week. There was a great wild and woolly yell, but southern, mad, enthusiastic yell when Corbett knocked John L. Sullivan out, but that noise was not more than a marker to the gang made when John L. said those manly words.

Factory Inspectors Elect Officers. HARTFORD, Sept. 8.—At the factory inspectors' convention the following officers were elected: President, William S. McDonald, of Ohio; first vice president, J. S. Wainwright, of New Jersey; second vice president, F. J. Caserly, of Minnesota; third vice president, R. T. Chalk, of Maine; fourth vice president, M. B. McEnery, of Pennsylvania; secretary treasurer, Miss Mary O'Reilly, of Pennsylvania; assistant secretary, William M. Simmons, of Connecticut.

Vermont's Election. WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, Sept. 8.—One hundred and seventy-eight towns give Fuller (Rep.), 30,125; Smalley (Dem.), 14,578; Allen (Pro.), 942; scattering, 281. This tends to confirm the prediction that Fuller's majority will be 21,000 in the whole state.

Big Fire in Philadelphia. PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 8.—The cotton and worsted mills of the William Arrot Steam Power company caught fire shortly after midnight and were destroyed. Loss, \$350,000; insurance paid, \$200,000. One hundred employees are thrown out of work.

The Reading Difficulty Ended. PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 8.—General Manager Sweigard, of the Reading railroad, announces officially that the grievance between the company and the men has been adjusted.

CLEVELAND SENT FOR.

He Leaves Buzzard's Bay to Consult with New York Leaders.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—The New York Sun today says that a conference of prominent Democrats at the residence of William C. Whitney, Tuesday evening, it was decided to send Mr. Don M. Dickinson immediately to wait upon Mr. Cleveland at Buzzard's Bay and to request his presence in this city. Mr. Cleveland is wanted here in order that Mr. Whitney and others can have free access to him, and that something can be done to bring about a meeting between the ex-president and David B. Hill, Senator Governor and William R. Grace. Mr. Whitney, Mr. Dickinson and other active Democratic leaders are said to be embarrassed by the present condition of affairs, and to have decided to ask Mr. Cleveland to aid them in increasing the harmony in the ranks.

BUZZARD'S BAY, Mass., Sept. 8.—Grover Cleveland left for New York rather unexpectedly. Hon. Don M. Dickinson, Private Secretary O'Brien and Mr. Cleveland left together. Mr. Cleveland did not deny that his visit to New York was of a political nature, and said he would not be absent longer than a day, unless something unforeseen transpired. He intimated that he was to see some of his political friends in New York. He would under no circumstances make any speeches and would probably not leave New York city.

Merwin Renominated. NEW HAVEN, Sept. 8.—The Republican state convention nominated General S. E. Merwin for governor and Colonel Frank Cheney, of Manchester, for lieutenant governor. Piles Judson, of Stratford, was nominated for secretary of state unopposed. The convention also named a competitor, Colonel Mowry, of Norwich. Henry Gay, of Winchester, was nominated for treasurer. Governor Bulkeley's speech in nominating Senator George M. Clark, of Haddam, for comptroller aroused great enthusiasm.

The ticket was completed by the choice of the following electors: At large—Philip F. Corbin, New Britain; Eli Whitney, Sr., New Haven. First district, George Sykes, Vernon; Second district, John M. Camp, Middletown; Third district, Lucius Briggs, Griswold; Fourth district, I. Dever, Warner. The platform adopted was one of the shortest accepted by the convention for several years. It endorsed the national platform and denounced the stand of the Democratic party on the tariff and silver questions.

Blair Nominated for Congress. MANCHESTER, N. H., Sept. 8.—The First district Republicans nominated ex-United States Senator Henry W. Blair for congress. Bay State People's Party. BOSTON, Sept. 8.—The state convention of the People's party nominated Mayor Henry Winn, of Malden, for governor.

FRANCE MAY DESERT THE FAIR. A Possibility That She Will Make No Exhibits at Chicago. CHICAGO, Sept. 8.—After making an appropriation of \$200,000 for the world's fair and completing all plans for the greatest exhibit of any foreign nation, the government of France may withdraw entirely from the Columbian exposition. Cablegrams were received several days ago announcing that unless certain conditions were granted to French exhibitors by Sept. 10 France would suspend all preparations for the fair, surrender the space assigned to her exhibitors and cancel the official acceptance of President Harrison's invitation to take part in the fair.

Briefly stated, France asked for a certain amount of space in each of the big buildings; the amount of what experts considered necessary to make a proper showing of the country's resources and products; rather than accept a smaller area and have an inferior show France will make no show at all.

All the correspondence in the case was sent to the all powerful council of administrators; the hope that a way would be found to accommodate France. The council took no action on the matter, but the executive committee of the local board complicated the situation by refusing to put up a separate building for the department of liberal arts. Had this been done the entire educational display could have been moved to the manufacturers' building and more space secured for France where it is most needed.

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Suicide in a Hotel. NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—A man who registered as Joseph Burke, of Philadelphia, committed suicide at the Rochester hotel here.

Millionaire Root Dead. BUFFALO, Sept. 8.—Francis H. Root, member of the firm of Root & Kesting, leather dealers, is dead. He was worth \$10,000,000.

A Forger Breaks Jail. STRATFORD, Ont., Sept. 8.—P. O. Falling, the notorious forger, who was extradited from St. Paul, has escaped from jail here.

Lloyd Won't Sing at Chicago. LONDON, Sept. 8.—Lloyd, the celebrated tenor, has declined an engagement to sing at the Chicago World's fair.

Four Men Killed. BESSEMER, La., Sept. 8.—A boiler, in a sawmill located four miles from this place exploded, killing four men.

La Fleche the Winner. LONDON, Sept. 8.—The famous St. Ledger race was won by La Fleche.

FIGHTING THE SCOURGE

Vigilant Health Officials Bar Dread Cholera's Progress.

TEN NEW CASES IN NEW YORK BAY

But Not a Case as Yet Appears in the Threatened City—Chauncey Dewey in Quarantine with Other Distinguished Passengers—Hamburg a Morgue. NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—The black pall of cholera hanging over the waters of New York bay appears to be lifting. Asia's plague seems to be yielding to the efforts of quarantine to wipe it out at the harbor entrance to this city. Death did not claim a victim among the unfortunate on the steamships anchored at the lower quarantine station. Neither was there a death among the patients in the hospitals on Swinburne island. The sunlight of hope which on Wednesday was faintly seen behind the cloud of sorrow now seems to have fairly broken its way through.

But while there were no deaths there were new cases, ten of them. The disease, however, has not yet touched the cabin passengers. Two of those stricken were steerage passengers on the Rugia. The other eight were members of the Normania's crew. An unfortunate lot they seem to be, for the cholera has stricken many of them.

The problem of how to separate the healthy passengers, who had been exposed to no reasonable chance of infection, from those who had been in serious risk and among whom the dread plague might be lurking, was the most serious question. So serious was it that Secretary of the Navy Tracy came to the city and joined Secretary of the Treasury Foster and ex-Surgeon General Hamilton in considering this question.

Secretary Tracy and Secretary Foster joined most heartily with the health authorities of the state and city in grappling with this problem, the importance of which grows with the arrival of every vessel. Secretary Tracy offered on behalf of the navy department the use of the old frigate New Hampshire for the reception of the cabin passengers on the Normania.

All Traveled Alike. Dr. Jenkins has asked for the use of Fire Island, and has been allowed the use of Sandy Hook. Tents can be erected there, and telegraphic communication with the city will be both safe and constant. Some of the sound boats now idle may also be utilized.

The equality of all American citizens of whatever rank or wealth before the law was again shown when the City of New York steamed into the lower bay, having on board Dr. Chauncey M. Dewey, the wife and daughter of Secretary of the Treasury Foster and the daughter of Secretary of Agriculture Rusk.

With all the other passengers of the City of New York, they will be detained until all danger is past. That, however, may not be for more than a day, as the City of New York was thoroughly fumigated and disinfected before leaving Liverpool, and there have been no serious cases of illness on board. Other large steamships arriving were the Wasland and Spreo.

The lover boy is now so crowded with the detained ocean liners that navigating has become difficult, if not dangerous. The terrors of possible collision are added to the terrors of the present plague.

HAMBURG REEKS WITH DEATH. Hundreds of Bodies Unburied and the Disease Spread in the Suburbs. HAMBURG, Sept. 8.—There have been 916 fresh cases in the city. The deaths number 302. The disease has gained virulence in the suburbs. At Barnbeck the mortality has been shown in seven. In Winterbude, near the Ohlsdorf cemetery, where the number of cases had decreased steadily up to yesterday, there has been a fresh outbreak, and whole families are dying after a few hours' illness.

This outbreak is supposed to have been due to the carelessness with which burials have been made in the cemetery recently. Hundreds of bodies have been placed at insufficient depth under ground, so that a few days of rain and sun have sufficed to bring out the germs of the disease and spread them on all sides.

A Scores of funerals from the hospitals pass through the adjacent district daily, and often twenty or thirty dead wagons have remained blocked at the entrance. The report given out by the hospitals yesterday that their dead had been buried turns out to be false. Today there have been 629 burials, or 131 more than yesterday and 100 more than on the worst previous days since the plague came. Nevertheless, 700 bodies are still unburied. Half of these are in the hospitals, which are so crowded with the dead that their accommodations for the ill are seriously curtailed. Most of the other half are in the district near the Ohlsdorf cemetery.

The president of the board of health has been dismissed from office. This was done in partial deference to public opinion, which has held him responsible largely for the neglect which characterized the board's conduct during the early stage of the plague and for the falsehoods with which it has tried to minimize its culpability.

Thirty Thousand Dead in Persia. ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 8.—Advice from Tehran are to the effect that the cholera epidemic has ceased and the bazaars are open again. The mortality in the city of cholera is estimated at 13,000. Six new cemeteries have been peopled with the dead. In all Persia there have been about 30,000 deaths from the epidemic.

Eighty New Cases in Paris. PARIS, Sept. 8.—There have been eighty fresh cases and thirty-one deaths in the city. Yesterday there were thirty-two fresh cases in the suburbs and twenty-one deaths.

A Case in Rotterdam. ROTTERDAM, Sept. 8.—A sailmaker from the steamship Workendam is ill of Asiatic cholera in this city.

General Anderson Dead. PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Sept. 8.—General James R. Anderson, of Richmond, Va., died at the Isles of Shoals. He was a graduate of West Point and entered the Confederate service in 1861.

President Nunez Resigns. PANAMA, Sept. 8.—On account of failing health, Dr. Don Rafael Nunez, president of Colombia, has resigned his office.

Tekulsky Re-elected. NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—Morris Tekulsky, of New York, was re-elected president of the State Liquor Dealers' association.

Don't Miss This!

For if you do you will lose money by it.

WE NOW BEGIN

Neuburger's Annual Clearing Sale.

We will offer our entire stock, which is the largest in this region, at prices that will astonish you. Call early if you are looking for bargains as this sale will last

FOR TEN DAYS ONLY!

During this time we will sell goods at prices lower than were ever before heard of.

In the Dry Goods department you can buy:

Handsome dress gingham-print calicoes, 6 cents per yard; reduced from 10 cents.

Apron gingham will be sold at 5 cents per yard.

All the leading shades in double-width cashmere, which was sold at 15 cents is now going at 10 cents per yard.

As handsome an assortment of Scotch and zephyr dress gingham as you have ever seen, which we sold at 20 cents, will now go at 12 1/2 cents per yard.

Lockwood, best sheeting, we will sell at 17 1/2 cents per yard, reducing it from 25 cents.

Fifty different shades of Bedford cord, Manchester chevron and Henrietta cloth, which were sold at 45 cents, will now go at 25 cents per yard.

Hosiery department quotes the following:

Men's seamless socks, 5 cents per pair.

Boys' outing cloth waists, 15 cents each.

Men's outing cloth shirts, 20 cents each.

Ladies' ribbed summer vests, 4 for 25 cents.

Ladies' chemise, 25 cents.

We have just received an elegant line of ladies' shirt waists and will sell them from 35 cents upward.

Shoe department makes the following announcement:

We have just received a large consignment from the East, and have not yet had time to quote prices. But we will say that they will go at prices on which we defy competition. Call and examine them.

Clothing prices are marked as follows:

We are selling boys' 40-cent knee pants at 25 cents.

Men's \$1.25 pants are now going at 75 cents per pair.

Boys' blouse suits, 50 cents.

Men's \$6.00 suits reduced to \$3.00.

Men's Custom-made \$9.00 wood-brown cassimere suits reduced to \$5.00.

Men's absolutely fast-color blue suits at \$6.50; reduced from \$10.00.

We have lowest marks on all goods in our lines of Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, Notions, Etc.

Joseph Neuburger's

BARGAIN EMPORIUM,

P. O. S. of A. Building, Freeland, Pa.

We Are Headquarters

FOR

TINWARE, STOVES, Ranges, Heaters,

And Hardware of Every Description.

REPAIRING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

We are prepared to do roofing and spouting in the most improved manner and at reasonable rates. We have the choicest line of miners' goods in Freeland. Our mining oil, selling at 20, 25 and 30 cents per gallon, cannot be surpassed. Samples sent to anyone on application.

Fishing Tackle and Sporting