WON BY CORBETT

He Vindicates Claim to Championship.

IN ELEVEN FURIOUS ROUNDS

McGovern Disputes the Count and Cries "Robbery."

SAYS HE WAS ON HIS FEET

Huge Crowd Sees Battle for Light-Weight Championship—Corbett Insists He Fairly Won, Having McGovern Badly Beaten.

Young Corbett remains feather-weight champion of the world.

He knocked out Terry McGovern, of San Francisco, last night in a furious battle of eleven rounds.

McGovern and his backers say he was on his feet before the count of ten, and call the decision robbery.

Corbett's friends deny this, but say, if it were so, McGovern was so nearly out that another blow would have finished him.

MECHANICS' PAVILION, San Francisco, March 31.—William Rothwell, better known as "Young Corbett," of Denver, tonight showed decisively that his victory over Terry McGovern, of Brooklyn, at Hartford, a year ago last Thanksgiving, was not a fluke, by defeating McGovern in the 11th round after a fight in which there was not a second of idleness for either man. In nearly every round, Corbett, fighting like a machine, never overlooking an opportunity to send home his blows, had a shade the better of the argument, and finally, in the 11th round, he got the Brooklyn terror into a neutral corner and punished him so badly that the latter sank to the floor a badly defeated man. Corbett put McGovern down in the first round for a count of seven, and repeated it in the second. There was some question as to whether or not McGovern was down at the count of ten, and for a few minutes it looked as if there would be a free-far-all fight. McGovern tried to get up, tried hard, and was on his feet an instant after the timekeeper counted him out.

George Harding, the club timekeeper, who counted McGovern out, stated after the fight that the blows that knocked McGovern out were left and right swings on the jaw and a right uppercut on the chin. Harding said McGovern was in a dazed condition; that when he had counted nine he motioned to him to get up, but McGovern was too confused to notice and was unable to do so. At the count of ten McGovern started to rise, but it was too late, and the referee awarded the fight to Young Corbett. Harding said that McGovern was completely knocked out, and that it was a mercy to him that he was unable to get up. Corbett was strong and ready, and, had McGovern risen to his feet, he probably would have been seriously hurt. As it was, it was nearly a minute after McGovern had been carried to his corner before he was able to sit up or understand what had happened.

McGovern's Friends Indignant.

The men in McGovern's corner claimed that the decision was an outrage. They said McGovern had been instructed to fight cautiously and that when he was knocked down he was to take the full count, and that McGovern followed his instructions. They claim that at the count of ten he was on his feet, and, although dazed, knew what he was doing. They also claimed that he had plenty of fight in him and would have lasted the rest of the round.

Harding's position in counting McGovern out was sustained by "Chalky" Roberts, another timekeeper. Paddy Sullivan, the third timekeeper, was very much in favor of McGovern, and contended that the count by the referee was wrong. Referee Graney's decision seemed to meet with the approval of most of the spectators, as McGovern was apparently thoroughly beaten.

Corbett Claims Fair Victory.

"It was my way of winning the fight," said Young Corbett, after the fight. "I fought cautiously in every round, and felt McGovern weakening toward the end of the contest. I caught him with a left on the jaw and sent him back against the ropes. He dropped his hands to his side, which was a sure signal to me that I had won the contest. I went for him, put rights and lefts to head and jaw, and was forced to fight myself free in the clinch. The final blow was a right uppercut to the jaw, that put McGovern to the floor for the full count. Even had he been able to regain his feet before the count of ten, I would have had him out, as he was absolutely unable to defend himself. At no time in the contest was I confused or discouraged. And to say that I fight unfairly is a great injustice to me. McGovern is certainly the next best man in the world, but I still retain the championship and will fight any man who approaches my class. But I will not give a pound of weight to any one. I was in superb condition and to my trainers I give credit for winning the contest."

McGovern Says "Robbery."

"It was the greatest robbery in the history of the prize-ring," said McGovern. "I had Corbett beaten from start to finish. I landed on him when and where I pleased and surely would have had him out within a few rounds. I was not knocked out, but admit that the right uppercut to the chin dazed me, and I took the count in order to save myself. I could have gone on with the battle, and I would, I think, have regained the championship. I guess it is all up with a fighter when he goes in, wins a contest and is then robbed of the decision. I sincerely hope the club will match us again, and then you will hear a different story."

Eleven Thousand Saw Fight.

At 8:30 o'clock, when the contestants in the first preliminary entered the ring, the big amphitheater was packed with a cheering, impatient crowd. Outside a drizzling rain was falling, but this did not dampen the enthusiasm of the crowd, which stretched, for half a block either side of the door, and even blocked the streets in front. It was estimated at that time that nearly 11,000 people were inside the hall, the biggest crowd that ever witnessed a fight in San Francisco. Reports from McGovern's and Corbett's headquarters were equally bright. Both men had rested quietly after weighing in this afternoon and expressed absolute confidence in the outcome.

The first preliminary was a ten-round-go between "Dixie Kid," a colored welterweight from Los Angeles, and Eddie Cain, of Brooklyn, McGovern's sparring partner. "Dixie Kid" won in the second round with a right to the jaw. Cain was not out, but when he went down he turned his ankle badly and was unable to get up. The sprain was so bad that it was necessary to carry Cain from the ring.

The second preliminary, a six-round-go between Cal Mejia and Jimmy Carroll, Jr., both of San Francisco, was declared a draw.

Contestants Enter Ring.

There was the usual crop of challenges to the winner and fight announcements before the contestants entered the ring.

At 9:40 "Young Corbett," attended by Aleck Greggains, Tim McGrath, Billy Otts and Harry Tuthill, entered the ring. There was but little demonstration when the champion clambered through the ropes and coolly tested the canvas covering of the ring floor before choosing his corner. His choice was the northeast Rosy-cheeked and clear-eyed, with muscles playing like steel bands beneath his skin, Corbett looked the perfect athlete.

At 9:52, amid a mighty roar from the crowd, McGovern climbed through the ropes, accompanied by Sam Harris and his seconds, Charlie Mayhood, Eddie Cain and Joe Angell. Terry turned around once or twice, rubbed his nose reflectively, then walked to Corbett's corner and solemnly offered his hand. Corbett took it, but it was evident there was not the friendliest feeling in the world between the two fighters. Both had their hands heavily bandaged.

As McGovern stripped off his sweater, his perfect condition was apparent. He claimed he was trained to the hour, and he looked it. Corbett looked at least three or four pounds the heavier of the two, and there probably was that much difference in their weight as they answered the gong.

Eddie Graney, of San Francisco, was announced as referee.

Fight Furious from Start.

Round 1—Both came quickly to center. Corbett put left to head. Terry bored in with left to ribs, and got away from a left jab. McGovern ducked a left, but a moment later got a right on jaw and went down for a seven-second count. He was evidently very groggy when he got up, and Corbett put three lefts to Terry's nose. McGovern rushed desperately and, swinging his right, opened a cut over Corbett's eye. The men fought furiously in the clinch. As Graney broke them, McGovern sank his right in Corbett's ribs. Corbett retaliated with two lefts to the jaw. McGovern put his left to the ear as the gong sounded. McGovern recovered quickly from his knockdown, his good condition being apparent.

Round 2—McGovern rushed like a mad bull. In an instant Corbett's eye was open, but Corbett put a right uppercut twice to Terry's chin. The blows were so fast it was hard to keep track of them. They exchanged rights to jaw. McGovern put left to nose and got right to ear. McGovern blocked a right hook and put left to ear. McGovern slammed right, left and right to stomach and Corbett was groggy. As they came together again, Corbett put right to jaw, and McGovern went down and half through the ropes for a seven-second count. Corbett rushed as McGovern got up and put left and right to the head. McGovern swung right to head. Both showed the effects of the furious milling as they took their corners.

Round 3—Corbett put five straight lefts to Terry's mouth. He repeated it, and then put a right hard to McGovern's ribs. In the clinch that followed McGovern put right and left to head. Corbett swung right to jaw and uppercut right to stomach and chin. McGovern hooked two rights to stomach, and got a right uppercut in on the ribs. Corbett uppercut to the stomach. McGovern swung right to Corbett's eye and nearly put him down. Corbett hooked his left in the stomach, missed a right to jaw and got a left in the stomach. They exchanged lefts to face and clinched. Corbett put two straight lefts to nose. Both swung themselves off their feet just as the gong sounded. The pace was terrible. Corbett, if anything, seemed the stronger.

McGovern Draws Blood.

Round 4—Corbett put two lefts to nose and hooked one to jaw, getting left to jaw and right to stomach in return. They exchanged left jabs to face. Corbett poked his left twice to McGovern's face, and got left to stomach. McGovern seemed unable to avoid Corbett's left jab, but fought carefully, nevertheless. Corbett hooked left to eye. McGovern kept coming, but got into a clinch. McGovern got two lefts to jaw, and put a hard right over the heart and hard right to the jaw. Corbett missed Terry with a right uppercut by half an inch. Then he resumed his jabbing. McGovern swung left to jaw, and put three rights to the ribs. Both were tired. Corbett's mouth was bleeding as he took his corner.

Round 5—Corbett missed a right hook and got three lefts to the ribs. A clinch and Corbett jabbed lefts to McGovern's mouth. Terry rushed and planted two rights to Corbett's stomach, getting a right hook on the jaw. McGovern blocked a right uppercut. McGovern missed a right swing, nearly sending Corbett through the ropes. McGovern swung right on the nose, bringing the blood. Corbett put in a hard left to Terry's mouth. He missed the next one, and Terry caught him on the jaw as he turned. McGovern got in three rights to the kidneys and Corbett bent under the punishment. Corbett put a right to the ribs, and McGovern put in two rights to the stomach. In the rush that followed McGovern put left to the jaw. This was decidedly McGovern's round.

Round 6—Corbett jabbed two lefts to the face and hooked a right to the stomach. McGovern put right to the kidneys. Corbett swung right to the ear. Corbett swung a hard right to the kidneys and got two in the same place. He missed a right swing and got a hard right in the stomach in return. McGovern put a left to the throat and got a hard right on the ear. A clinch and McGovern put right to the stomach and ribs. Corbett broke ground, but rushed a moment later and put a left to the stomach. McGovern put a right to the ribs and got a left in the mouth twice. In the clinch rights were exchanged to the stomach. Another clinch and McGovern had the better of the exchanges. Another and McGovern put a hard right to the kidneys. Corbett was smiling, but rather weak as the bell rang. McGovern, too, showed the effects of the terrific pace.

Terry in Distress.

Round 7—Terry hooked a light left to the jaw, but got a hard left in the mouth and a right in the ribs. Corbett put a left to the eye and mouth. Corbett put a hard left in Terry's stomach. Referee Graney had difficulty in separating them. Corbett swung a right to the jaw and put a right uppercut to the jaw twice. Terry was by this time in distress. Corbett missed a left twice. McGovern got a left to the jaw. He slipped down, and took a count of nine, resting on his knees. The crowd hooted vigorously. Corbett missed a right uppercut, but swung right to back of neck. McGovern put in two hard rights to the ribs, ducked a left swing and put in a left to the stomach. Corbett put a left to the stomach and McGovern a right on the ribs as the bell rang.

Round 8—They rushed into a clinch. McGovern put in two rights to the stomach. They were low, and Corbett's seconds claimed a foul. McGovern hooked a right to the chest. Corbett hooked a right for the jaw, but it was blocked. His left found its mark on the jaw. McGovern's right went to Corbett's kidneys twice. McGovern forced and put left to pit of stomach and right to kidneys. Corbett hooked right to the jaw twice. Again he did it. McGovern hooked a right to the chest and eye and got a right on the jaw.

McGovern Punched Groggy.

Round 9—Graney warned McGovern in the intermission not to hit so low. Corbett hooked a right under the heart. It stung Terry and he rushed, but did not land. Corbett put right to ribs, ear and ribs. Getting McGovern in his own corner he punched him groggy with right and left to jaw and stomach, and the referee had difficulty in separating them. McGovern holding on. Corbett hooked right to chest, but got two hard rights in the ribs. Corbett uppercut right to the ribs and got a right to the jaw and ribs in exchange. Corbett put in a hard left to the neck. He tried a shift, but it did not work. Terry forced, but Corbett coolly retreated, then came back like a flash with a right uppercut, which, however, missed its mark. The next instant he put his left to the jaw. This was Corbett's round.

Round 10—Terry rushed and put in right to the jaw and ribs. Corbett uppercut right to the chin and put a right to the stomach in the clinch. McGovern put a left to the stomach, and Corbett was nearly gone. Terry rushed and Corbett retreated rapidly, dancing away from him. In a clinch Terry put a right twice to the ribs, and left to the jaw. Another clinch, but no harm done. Corbett put a right uppercut to the jaw, straightening McGovern up. They exchanged left to the chin, and McGovern put a right on the kidneys. McGovern's right uppercut was blocked, and he got a right uppercut on the jaw. Terry put two lefts to the kidneys in the clinch. Terry was very weak from his exertions as the gong sounded, but Corbett, too, was very much in distress.

The Decisive Round.

Round 11—The men went into a clinch immediately. Corbett missed a left hook and got a hard left on the ear. He uppercut heavily with a right to the stomach. McGovern forced, but Corbett ducked his left and sent a terrific right to the ribs, and a second later a left to the jaw and a left to the eye. Corbett rushed and slipped down, but he got up immediately. McGovern put in a right hard to the ribs and both men slipped down. Corbett put a left on McGovern's jaw and Terry was nearly out. Corbett, seeing McGovern's distress, rushed, and, getting McGovern in a neutral corner, swing right, left and right to the jaw. McGovern's knees wobbled and his head sank. Corbett, steadying himself, swung his right squarely on McGovern's jaw, and the little Brooklyn fighter went squarely on his back, his head striking the floor with a thud. He lifted his head at the count of three, turned over and looked at the timekeepers, his eyes glassy and rolling. As the timekeeper called seven, he attempted to get on his feet, but he was unable.

Just after the timekeepers called 10 McGovern, dazed and clearly gone, got to his feet. But he was an instant too late. Referee Graney swung his hands in the air as a signal that the fight was over and that Corbett had retained the championship. In an instant a terrific uproar took place. McGovern's backers, maddened by the sight of their favorite being dragged to his corner a defeated man, swarmed around and into the ring. They were not quicker than the policemen, however, who piled them pellmell through the ropes. For five minutes the uproar continued. Then the lights were turned down and the crowd filed out.

How the Betting Went.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 31.—Even money was to be had upon the outcome of the Corbett-McGovern fight this afternoon. The change came shortly before noon today, when Corbett's supporters began to show up in force in the betting houses. It was decided to reduce the odds and make it an even proposition. The odds of 10 to 8, which have prevailed for several days, were not changed until last evening, when they advanced to 10 to 9. After an evening of ordinary activity in betting circles, they closed at that figure, opening this morning at the same price. But the reports of Corbett's having arrived at weight without a sacrifice of condition evidently put ginger into his backers, and they began to come to the center with their coin. Much Eastern money was placed on both men.

McGovern Was Under Weight.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 31.—Young Corbett and Terry McGovern met this afternoon at Harry Corbett's and were weighed. Corbett just balanced the scales at 127 pounds. McGovern was several pounds under the required weight. Both men were in excellent condition

IS PROVEN MASTER

Young Corbett Great General of Prizering.

BATTLE HAS HAD NO EQUAL

Denver Boy Kept Cool, but McGovern Grew Furious With Hatred and Lost His Temper—Terry's Complaint Baseless.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 31.—(Special.)—Once more the master has proved himself the master. Young Corbett, while he did not put Terry McGovern slumbering in pugilistic slumber land, was awarded the decision which declared him the winner. Never in history of pugilism was there such a battle. Round after round until the 11th chapter the boys slugged and battered each other in a way that showed beyond all doubt that the fight was on the level and the hatred was there, not so much with the champion as with McGovern. Every glance, every blow that he delivered, both in the clinches and out, showed the awful hate that rankled in his breast. From the sound of the gong McGovern showed that he was out to win and he fought a battle that the 9000 people who paid $20,000 to see will remember as long as they live.

Yet the battle was not above suspicion. The blow which put the ex-champion on Queer street was a left hand swing which landed flush on the jaw. The blow had the force of a triphammer behind it. It was the blow that the Denver lad had been waiting those long and seemingly endless rounds for and, when he rapped it out, Terry dropped him arms and staggered backwards clear across the ring. Game to the core, he came back. But while the heart and head said "go on," the bolt had been shot. Like a wild beast, beaten but undismayed, he stumbled forward only to meet a whirlwind of rights and lefts that sent him to the canvas, his eyes set in an agonizing stare, his body limp and useless. He fell within a few feet of the timekeeper, who tolled off the fatal count.

McGovern was not unconscious. He was dazed. He seemed surprised to see the great sea of faces that peered at him over the edge of the elevated stage. He even heard the count and got to his feet, tottering and feeble, but ready to fight. He glanced around the ring for his opponent, then dropped his tired arms and stood stupidly looking into the eyes of a Police Sergeant. Even when he was led into his corner by his second, McGovern did not know that the fight was over and that his master of over a year ago at Hartford had once more conquered.

With young Corbett, the lazy boy, the lad who likes fast living and a loafing time, it was different. A broad smile lit up his face, he was twice glad—glad that he had proven to all doubting Thomases that he was still the champion with the punch, and glad that the drubbing that his middle structure had been getting was at an end. The little Denverite fought the battle he said he would, and although he did not win in the eighth round as he had predicted, he showed that he was the master of them all in his class. His victory cost him a terrific beating. McGovern gave him no rest. The Brooklyn boy was ever bringing the fight to him, but he stood the gruelling in a manner that will ever stamp him as a man that can take a world of punishment and still be there with the punch that brings home the money. He was in the pink of condition, and in spite of the fact that he was forced to work almost up to the weighing hour. Had he not been he could never have withstood the terrific punching he got in the stomach. It was his cool head and ring generalship that saved him. Had McGovern showed the same cool, clear head and had he played the same waiting game as did the champion, the battle without doubt would have had a different ending.

McGovern will without doubt again claim that he got the worst of it. The fact that he got on his feet when he thought the timekeeper had counted nine will be his argument. He will not be alone in this opinion. Hundreds of those who were seated in the boxes ranging around the ring near where the punch was delivered will retain the same opinion. Like the beaten man, they thought he was merely taking the count, as he had done in several rounds previous. He made this statement to the writer in his dressing-room:

"I was near enough to hear the counting, and when he said nine I was on my feet, ready to fight, but just as I put my arms in position he counted ten, and said: "You're out."

McGovern Lost His Temper.

Whether this is so or not, the fact remains that Young Corbett is not the false-alarm champion that he was thought to be. He fought a cleaner and fairer fight than McGovern. Several times during the rough pace that Terry cut out Corbett was on the verge of losing his temper. He would fight viciously for a second or two, then he would get back, in order to save his middle structure. While he was doing this, he was nagging Terry and talking the little fellow into a rage, which the Brooklynite could not hide. McGovern did not seem to know what Corbett's game was, for he kept boring in, fighting like an enraged bull tormented by picadors. So fiercely burned his wrath that he was guilty of fouling on several occasions. Once in the eighth round he crossed his left over to Corbett's jaw after the gong had sounded. Then again in the ninth canto, after he had broken from a clinch, he gave Corbett the shoulder as he passed him going to his corner.

The battle was fought under the Marquis of Queensberry rules and under their broadest construction. The lads fought with one hand free in the clinches, and the most of the hard grueling was done during the infighting. It was in this style of milling that Terry showed so strong, and which, if he had not lost his temper, and with it his head, would have given him the decision over his foe. It was Corbett's game to get him rattled, and after he had put him down in the opening round with a terrific right cross he seemed to have taken McGovern's measure. In his dressing-room he said:

"I have kept my word. I have won, just as I said I was going to. After I knocked Terry down in the first round I knew I had him beaten. I waited for my chance, and when it came I put him away."

Seated in the boxes and scattered throughout the great building were men from all over the United States. In the vast throng were the following prominent people from Portland: Mark A. Mayer, J. C. Lewis, J. F. Reilly, Frank Paxton, F. I. Fuller, F. H. Page, Scott Brooke, Ed O'Brien, A. P. McQueen, F. O. Downing, Calvin Heilig, Jack Cahill, Herman Wittenberg and Albert Hess. W. G. M.

WINNER OF LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.

YOUNG CORBETT, OF DENVER.

REILLY-CARTER GO OFF.

Broken Hand of Former Pugilist Makes New Match Necessary.

The Reilly-Kid Carter fight has been called off. In his fight with Joe Cotton at Marysville, Cal., last Saturday night Reilly broke his hand and will not be able to fight. Jack Grant is trying to arrange for a match to be pulled off at the scheduled time between Carter and some other fighter of about the same ability.

Jack Johnson, the colored boxer, of Galveston, Tex., signified his willingness to fight Carter, but Carter does not like the match. Grant last night wired Joe Walcott, who will fight Bailey Woods at Los Angeles this week, and asked if he would fight Carter. He also wired Carter stating that he must either accept Johnson or Walcott or there would be no fight.

McGovern Favorite in Portland.

About $5000 changed hands in Portland on the fight. In the Portland Club auction pools and mutuals were sold and about $4000 were taken in. It is estimated that the outside betting amounted to $1000.

Several thousand people were gathered in front of the Sportsman Saloon to see the fight by rounds flashed upon a screen, and the Portland Club was crowded with people waiting to hear the result read as it was received over a special wire.

McGovern was easily the favorite and Corbett money was begging at 10-8. When in the seventh round it was said that Corbett was staggered by McGovern's right cheer after cheer went up from the crowd. When the news came that it was Corbett's fight a faint cheer arose, but there were few to sound the rejoicing.

"It was a good fight," they all said.

"It was a good bet if I did lose," said many of the sports, and with a few similar comments the crowd broke up and went home.

DUGDALE ANNOUNCES TEAM.

Seattle Manager Has Gathered Some Clever Pitchers.

Manager Dugdale, of the Seattle National team, has announced the players who will try to secure the blue pennant for the Clamdiggers during the coming season. Many old players are in the nine, and a number of first-class new men have been added by the big fat manager.

Dugdale will have Freeman at first, Captain Hulen at second, Kelly short, and McGinnis and Babbit on third. For the outfield he has secured Hurlburt and Drennan, besides a third man whom he has not yet named. Matt Stanley, of 1902 fame, will do the backstop work, and the pitching staff will consist of Mead, Hogg, Leitman, Somers, Louckes and Bloche.

A number of the players are already in Seattle, and the rest of the team will be on hand before the end of the present week. Seattle will open the season on April 14 with either Tacoma or Spokane on the home grounds. Either Spokane or Tacoma will open here with Portland, and Helena and Butte will open in California. Up to the present time the official name of the League is the Pacific Northwest League, though it often has been referred to as the Pacific Coast National League. The directors will meet at Tacoma this week, and will probably decide on a new name.

GOOD CHANCE FOR MATCH.

Tom Tracey and Joe Gans Nearing an Agreement.

Tom Tracey and Joe Gans did not come to an agreement yesterday regarding the fight to take place here in May. The wires were kept busy during the day, and it is thought the arrangements will be made today.

Tracey will not consent to weigh 140 pounds later than 6 o'clock. Gans at first insisted that the weight should be made at the ring side. Later he telegraphed that he would consent to weigh in at 3 o'clock. Later he agreed to split the difference and make it 7 o'clock, but Tracey promptly wired back "not later than 6."

When seen last night Tracey said that he was sure the fight would be pulled off.

"As soon as definite arrangements are made," said he, "I will go to the beach for a while, then come back and start to training."

Good Weather for Boat Race.

LONDON, March 31.—The weather conditions tonight promise favorably for the Oxford and Cambridge University boat race tomorrow. The Cambridge men are the favorites.

McCoy and Root Matched.

CHICAGO, March 31.—Articles calling for a ten-round-go between Kid McCoy and Jack Root, to take place at Detroit, April 22, were signed here today.

SHE PROVES A WONDER

SHAMROCK III RUNS AWAY FROM SHAMROCK I.

First Trial Spin in Light Wind Shows Lipton Has Fastest Cup-Challenger Ever Built.

GOUROCK, Scotland, March 31.—Shamrock III had a trial spin today and showed herself superior to Shamrock I on all the points of sailing on which she was tested. The yachts were out five hours, and experts expressed the opinion that the new boat demonstrated that in fine weather she is by far the fastest challenger yet sent out. The trial was entirely in light winds and smooth water, but under these conditions the challenger beat Shamrock I as the latter never before was beaten on either side of the Atlantic.

Sunshine and a light breeze had succeeded the wild weather of last week. Though the breeze was light, it was decided not to risk anything, and the cup challenger's working topsail was accordingly set. Shamrock I followed suit.

The challenger was the first to leave her moorings, and looked the picture of a racer as she headed off shore. Out in Gourock Bay the wind was so light that the motion was more drifting than sailing. Shamrock III slipped through the water without leaving a ripple and carried her head well up. The first time the challenger broke tack it was apparent that by shortening her fin Designer Fife had produced a boat which was fast on her heel, even compared with cup racers. She turned and was off on her new course while the older boats would have been still looking at it, thus showing herself free from the greatest weakness of Shamrock II.

There was no attempt at a set race. Shamrock I went off over a mile ahead, and then the sheets were trimmed on both boats and a course was laid down channel. The two yachts were close hauled while crossing the mouths of Holy Loch and Loch Long, and the wind was squally and uncertain. They both sailed faster as they both got a better breeze, and the challenger showed herself to be a little tender in squalls, but she sailed with her lee rail just clear of the water. She traveled fast and closed steadily upon Shamrock I.

Under the mountainous Cowal Peninsula the land breeze came true and fairly fresh, and the yachts went down channel on what looked like real racing tests, in which Shamrock III's great speed was demonstrated. Sailing in the same water and no better served by the wind, the challenger pulled up on her rival like hauling in a rope, as the boats fetched down channel, until, off Wemyes Bay, Shamrock III lay better to the wind and sailed faster. During this eight miles she had closed on Shamrock I by fully a mile, and at the same time had edged quite a quarter of a mile further to windward.

The wind fell off early in the afternoon as the yachts reached out of Rothesay Bay and along the Butte. Shamrock I at that time was nearer holding the challenger than on any other point of sailing. Shamrock III, however, still proved the better boat, and gained a little. The yachts then squared away and ran across the Firth for the Cambrae shore, with little difference in their relative positions. Off Cambrae the boats, by arrangement, rejoined one another and started afresh on a long turn to windward and back toward the Rothesay shore. This was considered a crucial test, and it would have been more satisfactory if there had been more wind. But as it was, Shamrock III behaved excellently, going faster and always holding the better wind than the older boat.

On the conclusion of the windward work a turn was made south to Rothesay Bay. The Shamrock I was again allowed to go ahead half a dozen lengths, after which the challenger started in pursuit, and, with the boats reaching free in the same water, and with the wind practically affording them level conditions, she not only rapidly overhauled her on the opponent's board, but passed wide to windward, and on an easy reach of five miles gained a lead of quite a quarter of a mile. Off Cloch Point the challenger dropped her stays, thus finishing her trial.

Experts consider the performance alone sufficient to stamp Shamrock III as being, under the conditions prevailing today, by far the fastest racer built on this side of the Atlantic to compete for the America's cup.

Sir Thomas Lipton, in an interview after the trial of the challenger, said he considered that he had every reason for the utmost gratification at the result of the trial. The Shamrock III had done all that could be asked of her. He thought that the trial proved her to be undoubtedly the best of the America's cup challengers. In his opinion she is the fastest boat afloat in today's kind of weather, and he looks hopefully to see her do equally well in heavier weather.

Faster Than Shamrock II in All.

LONDON, April 1.—The Times' report of the Shamrock's trial yesterday says it was all light weather sailing, at a pace scarcely sufficient to cover the America's cup course within the specified time, but that under these conditions Shamrock III is undoubtedly much faster than Shamrock II in almost every point of sailing. The other papers make similar comments.

OUTRUNS THE FAVORITE.

Toto Gratiot Furnishes a Surprise and Honiton Wins Handicap.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 31.—Toto Gratiot proved a surprise at Oakland today by winning the mile race at odds of 20 to 1. Wartenicht went to the post a 4-to-5 favorite. Honiton won the handicap from Epicure, the favorite. Jockey Mounce made his reappearance on Pat Morrissey and received an ovation. He rode a good race, landing him second. In the second race Quidado jumped on Azarine's heels and fell. Donovan escaped injury. Azarine was badly cut. The weather was showery and the track fast. Results:

Seven furlongs, selling—Anvil won, Brennus second, All About third; time, 1:31¼.

Six furlongs, selling—Educate won, Nullah second, Espirando third; time, 1:17½.

One mile, selling—Toto Gratiot won, Wartenicht second, Pastmaster third; time, 1:48¼.

Six and a half furlongs, handicap—Honiton won, Epicure second, Princess Titantia third; time, 1:22.

Six furlongs, selling—Mildred Schultz won, Pat Morrissey second, Sugden third; time, 1:16¾.

One mile and 70 yards, selling—Sunello won, I. O. U. second, Lena third; time, 1:49.

Races at Memphis.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., March 31.—Summary of races:

Five furlongs—Little Jack Horner won, Goudy second, Suburban Queen third; time, 1:03¾.

Four furlongs—Elwood won, Beneficient second, Myrondale third; time, 0:52½.

Six furlongs—John A. Scott won, Avoid second, James F. third; time, 1:14¾.

One mile—Thane won, Kenova second, Stratton II third; time, 1:43¼.

Short course, steeplechase, about 1¼ miles—Lord Radnor won, Montanic second, Ceylon third; time, 2:54½.

Six furlongs—Della Ostrand won, Quanto second, John Coulter third; time, 1:18.

California and Eastern Races.

Direct wires. Commissions accepted. Portland Club, 130 Fifth street.

Twelve-Hour Bicycle Race.

ATLANTA, Ga., March 31.—Sixteen well-known bicycle-riders, including Bobby Walthour, Iver Lawson, Floyd McFarland and George Leander, began tonight a 12-hour race for the championship of America. Two hours are to be run each night. The total tonight was 49 miles and 8 laps, and no laps were gained or lost by any of the contestants. Iver Lawson fell and was badly hurt.

Price of Sceptre Was $125,000.

LONDON, March 31.—The price paid by W. A. H. Bass, of the Tenth Hussars, nephew and heir of Lord Burton, to R. S. Sciver for his famous racehorse Sceptre was $125,000.

No Game at San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 31.—No game—rain.

TWENTY YEARS OF SUCCESS

In the treatment of chronic diseases, such as liver, kidney and stomach disorders, constipation, diarrhoea, dropsical swellings, Bright's disease, etc.

KIDNEY AND URINARY

Complaints, painful, difficult, too frequent, milky or bloody urine, unnatural discharges speedily cured.

DISEASES OF THE RECTUM

Such as piles, fistula, fissure, ulceration, mucous and bloody discharges, cured without the knife, pain or confinement.

DISEASES OF MEN

Blood poison, gleet, stricture, unnatural losses, impotency, thoroughly cured. No failures. Cures guaranteed.

YOUNG MEN troubled with night emissions, dreams, exhausting drains, bashfulness, aversion to society, which deprive you of your manhood, UNFITS YOU FOR BUSINESS OR MARRIAGE.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN, who from excesses and strains have lost their MANLY POWER.

BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES, Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, painful, bloody urine, Gleet, Stricture, Enlarged Prostate, Sexual Debility, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Kidney and Liver Troubles, cured without MERCURY AND OTHER POISONOUS DRUGS. Catarrh and Rheumatism CURED.

Dr. Walker's methods are regular and scientific. He uses no patent nostrums or ready-made preparations, but cures the disease by thorough medical treatment. His New Pamphlet on Private Diseases sent free to all men who describe their trouble. PATIENTS cured at home. Terms reasonable. All letters answered in plain envelope. Consultation free and sacredly confidential. Call on or address

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Thirty years of his life have been devoted to the cure of men's weaknesses and diseases. He has cured many thousands of cases right here in Portland, where he has been located for thirty years. By his system of treatment, mental and physical wrecks are made men of glorious manhood. He never fails in effecting a cure when his instructions are carried out. His great pride is in the fact that he wins the respect of his patients. He makes friends of them. He never betrays a confidence. That is why he glories in his work. That is one reason for his success.

He especially invites those who have been treated by other doctors and have not been cured to come and let him tell you why you were not cured. Let me point out to you by the use of the X-Ray the way by which you may recover your health, strength and vigor of mind and body.

YOUNG MEN who are suffering from the effects of Indiscretions or Excesses, among others showing some of the following afflictions: Nervous and Physical Debility, Varicocele, Losses, Exhausted Vitality, Confusion of Ideas, Dull and Loss of Brilliancy to the Eye, Despondency, Pimples on Face and Loss of Energy. A POSITIVE and PERMANENT cure is ALWAYS GUARANTEED by MY "NEW METHOD CURE." You may be in the first stage, but remember you are fast approaching the last. Do not let false pride and sham modesty deter you from attending to your agonizing ailments. Many a bright and naturally gifted young man, endowed with genius, has permitted his case to run on and on, until remorse racked his intellect, and finally death claimed its victim. Remember that "PROCRASTINATION IS THE THIEF OF TIME."

J. HENRI KESSLER, M.D., MANAGER

Middle-Aged Men

Married or Single

who are prematurely old as a result of excesses or indiscretions, and are troubled with too frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation, deposits of ropy sediment in the urine, and sometimes small particles of albumen, the color first of a thin or milkish hue and again changing to a dark and turbid appearance, causing nervous debility and loss of vitality, remember this is the second stage of LOST capacity. In all such cases a perfect cure that remains cured is guaranteed in every case taken, and of the thousands treated, both by mail and at the office, not one case but was cured. Always inclose ten two-cent stamps, and write the reliable old doctor and pay no attention to circulars and little pamphlets thrown around.

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