

BAKER CITY 12 AND SUMPTER 2

But the Game Was a Good One, Just the Same.

Between fifty and a hundred people went to Baker City Sunday to see that base ball club of professionals defeat the home team of amateurs to the despairing tune of twelve to two. But, as a matter of fact, the game wasn't such a terrible slaughter as the score would indicate.

During the first six innings the Sumpter boys played great ball, keeping the score down to two to one in their favor. At that time the county seat jays were afraid for their lives, were beaten to a pulp. It was while they were at the bat, in the last half of the seventh, with two men out, that Stinson on first made a rank error, after having done excellent work previously; followed it up with others, which rattled the team, and four runs were scored. In the eighth the Sumpter players went all to pieces, the details of which are too horrible to relate, four or five of them doing rotten stunts. Seven more runs were scored, making it an even dozen.

In the first inning two of the Sumpter men were on bases, when Horner went to bat and smashed the ball square in nose for a two-bagger, bringing in both men, and they were the only ones who ever reached home.

And, speaking of Horner, he is easily the star of the aggregation. He plays ball of the kind that you read about under scare head lines of gigantic proportions. Of the first six men retired to the bench, he did things to four of them. Covering second, he stopped three hot grounders half way to first and dropped the ball in Stinson's big mit in time to do the most good. The fourth was a fly that he gobbled on a long run. This work was done in the first two innings and he kept up the lick to the doleful finish, with only one error charged against him. Again, he is the only man on either side who did any batting worth mentioning. It was in the ninth—when it would do no good, not a man being on a base—that he made the great hit of the day. Two men were out when he took his position at the plate. No one was taking any interest in the game, because it had already been won and lost. The second ball delivered was to his liking and he made a lunge at it that would have driven a drill three inches into granite. The willow caught the sphere just under where its ear would be located, if it had one, and it went sailing up through the rent atmosphere towards the bright blue sky, until it was lost to human vision. The thousand eyes that were fixed on space finally saw it reappear for a moment, falling at the rate of 300 miles a minute. When it fell, it struck a cow that was violating the dead letter empowering ordinance, four inches back of the horns and broke its neck. In the meantime, Horner had leisurely walked to third and waited there to see what would happen next—from which place he proceeded to the dressing room, for the incident was closed.

Clark, in the box, was a peach. His delivery is all his own, original with and monopolized by him. The ball leaves his hand from the highest point he can reach, moves on the line of parabolic curve and reaches the catcher's mit five inches above and two and a half feet to the rear of the plate. For six innings he struck out the Jays as fast as they could pick up the stick. He lost his nerve in the seventh along with the others. It was only in the eighth that the boys in red really found him, and

then for a few minutes it rained base balls out near the hay stack.

The team consists of Hodson, c; Clark, p; Stinson, 1st; Horner, 2nd; Cronin, 3rd; Riley, s. s.; Wessberg, r. f.; Mahoney, c. f.; Scott, l. f.; Patterson and Taliaferro, substitutes. Hodson did some good work behind the bat, as did Cronin on third. The others had little or no opportunity to show what they can do—except that they can't hit the ball.

And do you remember the gags the rooters on the bleachers used to spring, fifteen or twenty years ago? Well, the Baker City wits are employing the entire repertoire today. "You couldn't hit a balloon," "get a rope for the umpire," "he couldn't steal a door mat from a vacant house," "he's a brave man to start out on 'them' pegs"—these and all the other old favorites, not a new "crack" on the list, recalled the days of youth and enthusiasm, when you were a crank yourself.

Roy Miller, who is acting in the unofficial position of manager, is trying to arrange for a return game next Sunday. If he succeeds, the game scheduled for Saturday, as a feature of the celebration festivities, for which a \$100 purse has been appropriated, will be deferred one day. If not, the Saturday game will be a scrub contest.

Hoosier Boy's Last Cleanup.

The Hoosier Boy Gold Mining and Milling company, operating the 25-stamp mill at the Prairie Diggings mine, five miles east of this city, made another cleanup the fore part of this week. We have been reliably informed that this last cleanup is by far the largest and most satisfactory since the company commenced operations early last spring. The amount of the cleanup could not be ascertained, but it is safe to say that its value is fully as large as the monthly cleanup from the famous Red Boy mine. Owing to the fact that the ore bins have become sprung, several of the employes were laid off for a few days, or until repairs could be made. The remainder of the force, twenty-five men, will continue their work as usual.—Grant County News.

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