

NOON DISPATCHES.

by the Associated Press Reporters.

WHALEBACK AGAIN.

while Entering the Marshfield Harbor.

SULLIVAN SLEEPS.

He Was Looking This Morning—Corbett will get the Money.

SEATTLE, Ore., Sept. 8.—A whaleback steamer Chas. W. was reported on north side of a total wreck. The sea is rough over, and it is uncertain whether the crew is saved or not.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 8.—Sullivan was sleeping at half past ten when the associated press correspondent was admitted to his apartments. His face was so pale that the skin drawn tightly over his eyes where the light fell upon it, gave his face a hideous appearance. His nose, which was broken, was terribly disfigured, being out from the bridge at center and on the left side. Sullivan and Blakely, Sullivan's brother, had not yet determined their course will be. Corbett and the traveling troupe with which he has been exhibiting himself, will, at tonight's performance, be handed the Olympic check for forty-five thousand dollars.

Corbett to Sullivan is being paid to take place at New York. Sullivan has offered one thousand dollars for a box. Exodus of talent from town has begun, that is those who are solvent, the fact that there is no more financially reduced is due to the absence of Corbett before the fight. Corbett this morning was exuberantly merry, feeling much attention from members of the athletic clubs of the city. He continues to pour in from all parts of the world. Son Davies has announced that will issue a formal challenge to Peter Jackson.

What the Sports Say.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 8.—Gen. Sullivan says: "Corbett made a mistake of Sullivan just as I thought he did." Tom O. Rourke says: "A head prevailed over brute force and viciousness." Jack Havlin says on Sullivan and have not yet recovered from my surprise. "Little Griffo," "profession will be rated by Corbett's victory." Par Davis: "I thought Corbett was a winner. It was a good fight." Captain Barrett: "Battle was one way." Joe Goddard: "I went to fight Corbett myself for 1000 a side, Sullivan is played." Billy Madden: "I can't see any one could have expected Corbett's results." Walter Campbell, light weight: "Corbett is one of the greatest I ever saw." Alf Kennedy: "Corbett's activity carried away Sullivan's age. Sullivan is a back number, he was too old to fight."

ARKANSAS ELECTION.

Republican Counties Have Gave Democratic.

SMITH ROCK, Ark., Sept. 8.—In elections now are that Fishback, Democrat, will lead Whipple, Republican, by fifty thousand. Chicago daily, in which the negroes have overwhelming majority, is the only one the state goes Republican. In 1890 of 4,200 has changed to Democratic majority of 200. Percentage has gone solidly Democratic for the first time since the war.

MASSACHUSETTS PEOPLE.

Boston, Sept. 8.—The state convention of the people's party was held yesterday afternoon, and nominated a full state ticket. For governor, Major Henry Wilson, of Malden.

MARKETS.

PORTLAND, Sept. 8.—Wheat, \$1.22. Walla Walla, \$1.15. SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 8.—Wheat, Dec. \$1.34. CHICAGO, Sept. 8.—Wheat, 73.

John Quickly Extemporized Fire Tow Bays.

This is a meaningless sentence, but it contains all the letters of our alphabet. Five of these letters spell "woman," and large numbers of women believe in the virtues of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—a strictly vegetable compound, for her use only, and an unfailing cure for the many ills that beset her. It recuperates wasted strength, restores the functions to a normal condition, and fits her to bear and rear healthfully offspring; promotes digestion, purifies the blood, and gives activity to the bowels and kidneys. In a word, it is woman's cure and safeguard. Guaranteed to give satisfaction, or its price (\$1.00) refunded.

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The Cholera at New York.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—At 9:30 a. m. the Norman and Regis hoisted the yellow flag again and the same signal is flying at Hoffman Island, indicating the discovery of additional cholera cases this morning. Up to yesterday evening there has been 31 cases of sickness and disease, and eight deaths at this port.

Cholera in Canada.

TORONTO, Sept. 8.—It is believed a case of cholera has been found aboard the steamer Wandrann from Hamburg, which passed Father point yesterday. The Quebec government has issued a proclamation forbidding immigration and regulations for inspection of vessels last night.

No Deaths From Asiatic Cholera.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—Investigation shows no deaths have occurred in this city yet from Asiatic cholera.

SECOND DAY'S SESSION

Of The National Association of Western Fire Chiefs.

PORTLAND, Ore., September 8.—The second day's session of the National Association of Western Fire Chiefs was held at Turn hall yesterday convening at 10 o'clock. President Kellogg called the meeting to order, and there was a full attendance of the delegates. The morning was principally taken up with the consideration of routine business, the appointment of minor committees, etc.

At noon the meeting adjourned to meet at 2 o'clock, when the following topic came up for consideration: "Does the employment of a fire marshal have a tendency to reduce the loss by fire?" Topics on kindred subjects will be discussed at all the meetings of the convention.

At 8 o'clock yesterday afternoon carriages were provided by the local committee on entertainments and the visitors were driven around the city.

This morning the annual election of officers took place, and the next place of holding the convention will probably be decided upon.

Friday the members of the association will make an excursion to the Cascades and return.

WHAT CORBETT SAID.

He Seemed to Be Very Confident—Sullivan's Condition.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 8.—Corbett wired the following message to a local paper Tuesday night in response to a request: "I am confident that on Wednesday night the big crowd in front of your office, on Market street, will see the name of Corbett show up as a winner. It may be after the 30th round, but my name will be there just the same. The boys need have no anxiety for me if they hear I am in the ring after the sixth round. When the fight gets that far, if they are afraid of being out to late they can go home and rest easily. I'll be there fighting away in good shape, and the longer it lasts the better I'll be. I am not going to play for any draw or any nonsense. I say now and I mean it, that Wednesday night or Thursday morning I will either be the champion of the world or a whipped pugilist out of the ring for good. If Sullivan whips me he is a better man today than he has ever been in his life; and making all allowance for the fine condition his friends credit him with, I am confident of success. Nothing has given me so much pleasure lately as to know that Sullivan has really been doing his work, and was fit to fight for his life. I want to be champion of the world by whipping a fighter, and neither want laurels nor money for beating a sick man. I never consider it when I get in the ring. We are both there at our best, and if he whips me I will have nothing to say."

Sullivan's message was as follows: "Your representative wishes me to telegraph you my feelings about the fight tomorrow. I feel well. I am in first class condition. I will enter the ring weighing about 212 pounds and am confident that I will win."

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SULLIVAN-CORBETT.

Corbett Wins in the 21st Round. Sullivan Admits Defeat.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 8.—The Sullivan people came to the club first. Sullivan looked strong and determined. He walked with a jaunty air, and came in so easy with the line of people entering at the time that few noticed him. In the loss for corners Corbett won, and chose the lucky one that Dixon and McAuliffe fought in. Big Jim Corbett followed in the wake of the champion, coming in fifteen minutes later. Ex-Mayor Guilford, who acted as master of ceremonies, entered the arena a few minutes later and made a speech, warning the spectators to be careful to not violate any of the club's rules. Sullivan entered the ring first, dressed in green trunks and black socks. He looked in perfect condition. Corbett followed a moment later, looking pale and finely drawn beside his bulky antagonist. He wore an air of confidence, however, and smiled and nodded to acquaintances around the ring, though he was said by some people to be a little nervous. John Donaldson and Billy Delany were announced as Corbett's seconds. Charles Johnson and Jack McAuliffe were seconds for John L. Sullivan.

Corbett looked entirely out of place to point of bull, though his friend depended on his cleverness to win the battle. Pivot blow and back feeling was barred by mutual consent, and the men agreeing to fight fair were sent to the corners to get ready for the fray. The battle commenced at 9:10. Both men stepped lightly to the center of the corner of the ring. Sullivan immediately became aggressive. He made a left and was stopped. Corbett lashed all about his opponent, crying him closely. Sullivan made a rush, but Jim backed away. He also attempted a left hand, but Jim would not bite, and Sullivan looked vicious as he played for an opening. He attempted a right-hand stomach punch, but the blow fell short. Sullivan tried to corner Jim, but the latter slipped away. The gong sounded, and not a blow had been landed by either man.

Second—Sullivan still the aggressor. Sullivan upper-cut Jim, and touched him again with his left hand a little later. Jim toyed the man closely, and when Sullivan would rush Corbett would slip away. Sullivan landed a heavy right on the shoulders but received a stomach punch in return.

Third—Corbett backed away from a heavy lunge. Sullivan followed him about the ring trying for a smash. Jim's head missed a heavy left-hand, and Sullivan looked vicious. Jim landed two heavy stomach punches, and Sullivan missed a vicious right; both hit each other's head. Corbett stepped out of harm's way, but came back quickly and landed a left on the stomach. He also planted a heavy right on the champion's ear, sending his head back. Both men were fighting hard when the gong sounded, Sullivan wringing with perspiration.

Fourth—Sullivan missed his left again, but he chased Jim around the ring. Sullivan landed light. Corbett then stepped up close, attempting to punch the stomach but John guarded with his right. The champion followed his opponent all over the ring, and received a heavy left hand saving for his pains. Jim landed both hands on Sullivan's head as the round ended, and the champion went to his corner with a sneering smile.

Fifth—Sullivan stepped to the center with a smile, and Corbett touched his nose with a left. Champion tried to land a left on the stomach, and the men clinched. Sullivan landed his first heavy right. Sullivan missed a fearful left hand, and staggered forward from the worst of the blow. The men boxed cautiously for the opening, and the champion seemed eager for hot work. He followed his antagonist all around the ring, and the first blood came from Sullivan's nose. The fight was fast and furious, and Sullivan nearly fell on the ropes from the left jab on the head. As the round ended Corbett landed a heavy right on the champion's head.

Sixth—Both men landed light lefts, and Sullivan's nose was bleeding again. The champion was beginning to look tired, for he missed his right aimed for the jaw. Corbett took plenty of time, and used the entire ring to work in. He landed a stomach punch and hit the champion in the face. A little later there was heavy exchange of lefts on the head and Sullivan seemed angry, and slapped his opponent with his left hand. Corbett landed with blows on the head, and ran away. The men were in the center of the ring, and it began to look like some of the fight was out of Sullivan. Jim landed a heavy left on Sullivan's head, and the champion went to his corner looking tired.

Seventh—Corbett walked right up to Sullivan and barely avoided a left-hand punch. The champion was trying the hardest for a right on the jaw, but fox Corbett was not there. The champion landed two light blows on the head, and Corbett sent in hot shot from the left. He jabbed Sullivan continually on the nose in this round, and blood flowed freely. Jim was cheered to the echo for skillful fighting. Sullivan was fired on the ropes by a heavy right on the jaw, and as the gong sounded received a heavy left on the jaw.

Eighth—Sullivan landed a light left on the stomach, and received a left on the mouth. Jim was now the aggressor. Sullivan hit Corbett in a clinch, and the audience yelled "foul." Both exchanged heavy lefts, but Jim's head missed a mighty right. Jim barely escaped a right, and sent a left to the champion's stomach, forcing him to the ropes. Jim landed a heavy left on the mouth, which brought blood and a smile from the champion. Sullivan looked very tired.

Ninth—Sullivan puffing, and both exchanged good lefts. Sullivan received a light one on the ear, and got another on the nose, but evened up matters a little with his right. Jim landed a heavy left on the nose, and both men hugged each other in a clinch. Sullivan was missing many blows now, though when he did land it was twice as heavy as his antagonist's. Jim had all the best of Sullivan.

Tenth—Sullivan attempted to land a left, but the blow was very short. He followed his opponent, however, and both exchanged lefts. Corbett's right found the champion's head and a left got there a moment later, but the champion landed on the ropes and returned. This was a great fight so far, and Corbett apparently had the admiration of the crowd, as he was doing most of the hitting. When the round closed Corbett was justly cheered.

Eleventh—Both landed good blows, and Sullivan got twisted round from the force of the left. Corbett showed great ability even at clinching his more bulky opponent. Sullivan was extremely cautious, though he got a crushing blow on the nose. Jim tried to deliver a heavy right hand blow, and the champion was forced to the ropes to avoid it. Sullivan received a punch in the stomach from a left, and got it again a moment later.

Twelfth—Sullivan was the last to respond, and when he did got a left in the stomach. He got it again very heavily, and a repetition a moment later. Sullivan landed a fairly good blow with his right, though he got a left in the stomach in return. Jim landed another in the stomach, and ran away smiling. Corbett landed a good left on the head, but the champion stopped a right with his shoulder. Sullivan made a vicious rush, and Corbett slipped him a blow in the stomach with his left. The champion's head was forced back twice from two heavy lefts, and the round closed up with both Corbett's hands in Sullivan's stomach.

Thirteenth—Jim was first up again, dodging as usual a left hand from the champion. He slipped away from a left a moment later, and the men boxed scientifically for opening. Sullivan could not draw his antagonist on with left hand feints, but he barely touched his body with a left. The men's toes touched, they stood so close, and Sullivan attempted to land a right. His left short, Corbett slipping away. Sullivan was now forcing matters, but carefully. He got a left on the nose that sent his head far back, though the champion landed light on the head.

Fourteenth—Corbett stock was sky high now, and he stepped up to his opponent, though he got a left on the nose for his pains. Both landed good blows. Corbett landed a left, and Sullivan a right. Both men got heavy blows on the head, and Sullivan was pushed back with a left. As in both men got in good lefts though the first blow was the heavier of the two. Jim landed on Sullivan's face and slipped away. Sullivan landed on the forehead, but in attempting to land a left, he fell into his corner, standing closely to his man. Honors were easy.

Fifteenth—Jim was the first to the center. Sullivan made his famous rush, and forced his man all over the ring, though he was nearly knocked down with a right. The men clinched and separated, Sullivan receiving a right on the ear. Both landed lefts; Sullivan missed a vicious right for the body. Both received light lefts, though the big fellow received a heavy stomach punch as the round ended.

Sixteenth—Round commenced with a rally; Sullivan received a left on his side; he attempted a left lead for the head, and Jim saved himself by pulling away. The champion's head was pulled back once more. Sullivan landed heavy on the nose and stomach a moment later. Jim looked very fresh as he punched the champion in the head and stomach. Sullivan received two good punches, and Jim clinched. During the lock Sullivan hit his opponent, and the audience yelled "foul," though Corbett refused to have a victory that way.

Seventeenth—Jim was first up again, looking none the worse for wear. Sullivan landed a good left though his right for the body was short. Sullivan was breathing hard. Jim nearly avoided a left for his face, but sent his own fist home a moment later on Sullivan's head. Sullivan's face was very red, and he received a left swing in the stomach for coming too close. Both exchanged light lefts, and boxed for an opening for the right. No severe punishment in this round.

Eighteenth—Jim was as usual the first to respond. A beautiful rally took place in the center of the ring. Jim landed two stomach punches, but got light punches on the head. A fearful left hand jab was presented to John, and he got a hot one on the head for being too familiar. Jim's left found the champion's stomach and face, and also his head. Later John landed a right punch on the ribs that sounded all over the house, though he got a left swing in the stomach a moment later. Sullivan was extremely cautious, though he got a crushing blow on the nose. Jim tried to deliver a heavy right hand blow, and the champion was forced to the ropes to avoid it. Sullivan received a punch in the stomach from a left, and got it again a moment later.

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This is to certify that after having been sick for twelve years with kidney disease and general debility, and having been treated by several physicians without relief, I am now better in every respect, and think I am nearly well, having taken seven bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Maria Ludvigson, Albert Lea, Minn.

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Twentieth—Sullivan looked tired, and his left was very short. He was boxing hard and seemed very cautious, but he was the same resolute, ferocious man of yore. Both exchanged rights, and Sullivan was nearly knocked down with a left on the stomach and right on the head. Corbett was dead game, and unharmed so far. Sullivan tried a right, and received five clips on the head and stomach. The champion's knees were shaking, and he seemed unable to defend himself. Sullivan was fought to the ropes with heavy rights and lefts, and the gong seemed his only safety.

Twenty-first—Corbett was the first to respond to time. Sullivan's left lead was very weak, and he seemed anxious to wait. His opponent was with him, and the champion received a left on the nose. Sullivan was trying for a right, though he made little attempt to send it home. Sullivan was beaten with heavy rights and lefts, falling to the ground. He attempted to rise and fight, but nature gave way, and he fell and was counted out, and Corbett was proclaimed the champion by the referee. The ovation that Corbett received was something tremendous, and he walked around the ring kissing and hugging his friends. Sullivan made a speech in the center of the ring, saying he was glad America had got the championship that he had fought for once too often.

Corbett weighed 189 pounds, and Sullivan 212.

THE FINALE.

Sullivan's handlers were pouring water over him and placing ammonia in his nose, and with much trouble brought him around. When he did come to, he looked up at Jack McAuliffe, who was fanning him with a towel, and after opening his eyes half way, or as far as he could, said in his more than ordinary boot-leg voice:

"Say, am I licked? Did that young fellow do it?" McAuliffe sorrowfully admitted that that was the case. John did not say anything 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. I have fought once too often." This speech brought down the house, as it has not been affected during the week. There was a great, wild, woolly West, hot, Southern, mad, enthusiastic yell when Corbett knocked John L. out, but that noise was not more than a mark to the wild, madhouse demonstration that the gang made when John L. said those manly words.

HOW SULLIVAN FELT

When all was over, Sullivan was taken to his dressing-room, just outside the arena, and Dr. Charles T. Seaman, a member of the club and also coroner, was sent for. He found a pitiable-looking patient covered with blood and weeping at what he considered his disgrace. Every one thought that Sullivan's nose had been broken, but the doctor said that it had only been split. He put three stitches in it and patched it up. The face was very much swollen and the lips were cut. The nose was cut with a left-hand half-arm blow.

Sullivan felt very badly. He turned to Charley Johnson and said: "I'm sorry about my friends losing their money." "Never mind," said Johnson, "you have never lost any of your friends, John. I'll put up \$20,000 on you tomorrow to fight Mitchell or any one else but Corbett. He seems to be a very clever young fellow." "Yes," said Sullivan, "he's cleverer than my fighter I ever met in my life. I let him hit me one or two body blows purposely, with the idea of catching him—he landed, but I couldn't touch him. Well, he has won the championship, and he had better keep it. My advice to him is to

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