

ST. JOHN STAR, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1905.

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THE COURIER
OF THE CZAR

By Jules Verne

(Continued.)

She looked up for a moment, and her face brightened on recognizing her traveling companion. She instinctively rose, and, like a drowning man who clutches at a spar, she was about to ask his help. But that moment the agent touched Michael on the shoulder.

"The head of police will see you," he said.

"Good!" returned Michael, and without saying a word to her for whom he had been searching all day, without reassuring her by even a gesture which might compromise either her or himself, he followed the man through the crowd.

The young Livonian, seeing the only being to whom she could look for help disappear, fell back again on her bench.

Three minutes had not passed before Michael Strogoft reappeared, accompanied by the agent, who was now holding the podorojia, which threw open the doors to Siberia for him. He again approached the young Livonian, and, holding out his hand, "Sister," said he. She understood. She rose as if some sudden inspiration prevented her from hesitating a moment.

"Sister," repeated Michael Strogoft, "we are authorized to continue our journey to Irkutsk. Will you come?"

"I will follow you, brother," replied the girl, putting her hand into that of Michael Strogoft, and together they left the police station.

Michael Strogoft and the young Livonian had taken passage on board the Caucasus. Their embarkation was made without any difficulty. As is known, the podorojia, drawn up in the name of Nicholas Korpanoff, authorized this march to the Ural mountains, journey to Siberia. They appeared, therefore, to be a brother and sister traveling under the protection of the imperial police. Both, seated together at the stern, gazed at the receding town so disturbed by the governor's order. Michael had as yet said nothing to the girl. He had not even questioned her. He waited until she should speak to him whenever that was necessary. She had been anxious to leave that town, in which but for the providential intervention of this unexpected protector she would have remained imprisoned. She said nothing, but her looks spoke her thanks.

The Caucasus was then steaming on for about two hours when the young Livonian, addressing herself to Michael Strogoft, said:

"Are you going to Irkutsk, brother?"

"Yes, sister," answered Michael.

"We are both going the same way. Consequently wherever I go you shall go."

"Tomorrow, brother, you shall know why I left the shores of the Baltic to go beyond the Ural mountains."

"I ask you nothing, sister."

"You shall know all," replied the girl, with a faint smile. "A sister should hide nothing from her brother. But I cannot today. Fear and sorrow have broken me down."

"Will you go and rest in your cabin?" asked Michael.

"Yes—yes, and tomorrow—"

"Come, then."

He hesitated to finish his sentence as if he had wished to end it by the name of his companion, of which he was still ignorant.

"Nadia," said she, holding out her hand.

"Come, Nadia," answered Michael, "and make what use you like of your brother Nicholas Korpanoff." And he led the girl to the cabin engaged for her off the saloon.

Michael Strogoft returned on deck, and, eager for any news which might bear on his journey, he mingled in the groups of passengers, though without taking any part in the conversation. Should he by any chance be questioned and obliged to reply he would announce himself as the merchant Nicholas Korpanoff, going back to the frontier in the Caucasus, for he did not wish it to be suspected that a special permission authorized him to travel to Siberia.

The young Livonian did not come to dinner. She was asleep in her cabin, and Michael did not like to awaken her.

Between 11 and 2, the moon being new, it was almost dark. Nearly all the passengers were then asleep on the deck, and the silence was disturbed only by the noise of the paddles striking the water at regular intervals.

Angry next Michael Strogoft awoke. He walked up and down, but always in the stern of the steamer. Once, however, he happened to pass the engine room. He then found himself in the part reserved for second and third class passengers.

He stopped. Voices appeared to come from a group of passengers developed in the darkness, so that it was impossible to recognize them in the dark. But it sometimes happened that from the steamer's chimney sent forth a plume of puffy flames among the volumes of smoke the sparks seemed to fall among the group as though thousands of spangles had been suddenly illuminated. Michael was about to step up the ladder when a few words reached his ear, distinctly uttered in that strange tongue which he had heard during the night at the fair.

Instinctively he stopped to listen. Protected by the shadow of the forecastle, he could not be perceived himself. As to seeing the passengers who were talking, that was impossible. He was obliged to confine himself to listening.

The first words exchanged were of importance to him at least—but they allowed him to recognize the voices of the man and woman whom he had heard at Nijni Novgorod. This, of course, made him redouble his attention. As was indeed, not at all im-

possible that the gypsies, a scrap of whose conversation he had overheard, now banished with all their fellows, should be on board the Caucasus.

And it was well for him that he listened, for he distinctly heard this question and answer made in the Tartar idiom:

"It is said that a courier has set out from Moscow for Irkutsk."

"It is so said, Sangarra, but either this courier will arrive too late, or he will not arrive at all."

Michael Strogoft started involuntarily at this reply which concerned him directly. He tried to see if the man and woman who had just spoken were really those whom he suspected, but the shadow was too deep, and he could not succeed.

In a few moments Michael Strogoft had regained the stern of the vessel without having been perceived, and, taking a seat by himself, he buried his face in his hands. It might have been supposed that he was asleep.

He was not asleep, however, and did not even think of sleeping. He was reflecting on this, not without a lively apprehension. "Who is it knows of my departure and who can have any interest in knowing it?"

CHAPTER V.

HE next day, the 18th of July, at twenty minutes to 7 in the morning, the Caucasus reached the Kaspian quay, seven versts from the town.

Michael did not even think of landing. He was unwilling to leave the young Livonian girl alone, as she had not yet reappeared on deck.

There was a report along all the eastern frontier of Russia that the insurrection and invasion had reached considerable proportions. Communication between Siberia and the empire was already extremely difficult. All this Michael Strogoft heard without leaving the deck of the Caucasus from the new arrivals.

This information could not but cause him great uneasiness and increase his wish of being beyond the Ural mountains, so as to judge for himself of the truth of these rumors and enable him to guard against any possible contingency. He was thinking of seeking more direct intelligence from some native of Kasan when his attention was diverted.

Among the passengers who were leaving the Caucasus Michael noticed the troop of gypsies who the day before had appeared in the Nijni Novgorod fair. There on the deck of the steambot were the old Bohemian and the woman who had played with them. With them and no doubt under their direction landed about twenty dancers and singers from fifteen to twenty years of age, wrapped in old cloaks, which covered their spangled dresses. These dancers, just appearing in the first rays of the sun, reminded Michael of the curious appearance which he had observed during the night. It must have been the glitter of those spangles in bright flames, gleaming suddenly from the steambot's funnel which had attracted his attention.

"Evidently," said Michael to himself, "this troop of Zingari, after remaining below all day, crawled under the forecastle during the night. Were these gypsies trying to show themselves as little as possible? Such is not according to the usual custom of their race."

Michael Strogoft long doubted that the expressions he had heard which so clearly referred to him had proceeded from this tawny group and had been exchanged between the old gypsy and the woman named Sangarra. Michael involuntarily moved toward the gangway as the Bohemian troop was leaving the steambot, not to return to it again.

The old Bohemian was there in a humble attitude, little conformable with the effrontery natural to his race. One would have said that he was endeavoring rather to avoid attention than to attract it. His battered and browned by the sun of every clime, was pulled forward over his wrinkled face. His arched back was bent under an old cloak, wrapped closely round him notwithstanding the heat. It would have been difficult in this miserable dress to judge of either his size or face. Near him was the gypsy Sangarra, a woman about thirty years old. She was tall and well made, with olive complexion, magnificent eyes and golden hair, and carried herself to perfection.

Sangarra was regarding him with a peculiar gaze, as if she wished to fix his features indelibly in her memory. It was but for a few moments when Sangarra herself followed the old man and his troop, who had already left the vessel.

"That's a bold gypsy," said Michael to himself. "Could she have recognized me as the man whom she saw at Nijni Novgorod? These confounded Zingari have the eyes of a cat! They can see in the dark, and that woman there might well know."

Michael Strogoft was on the point of following Sangarra and the gypsy band, but he stopped.

"No," thought he, "no unguarded proceedings. If I were to stop that old fortune teller and his companions, my incognito would run a risk of being discovered. Besides, now they have landed, before they can pass the frontier I shall be already beyond the Ural. I know that they may take the route from Kasan to Ichim, but that affords no resources to travelers and, besides, a tapestria drawn by four good Siber-

rian horses will always go faster than a gypsy cart."

By this time the old man and Sangarra had disappeared to the crowd. An hour afterward the bell rang on board the Caucasus, calling the new passengers and recalling the former ones. It was now 7 o'clock in the morning. The requisite fuel had been received, and about 10 o'clock in the morning the young Livonian, leaving her cabin, appeared on deck. Michael Strogoft went forward and took her hand.

"Look, sister!" said he, leading her to the bows of the Caucasus.

The view was indeed well worth examining.

The Caucasus had just then reached the confluence of the Volga and the Kama. There the wide river, for some time after having descended it for more than 400 versts to ascend the latter for 400 versts.

The Kama was here very wide, and its wooded banks were lovely. A few white sails enlivened the sparkling water. The horizon was closed by a line of hills covered with aspens, alders and sometimes large oaks.

But the beauty of nature could not distract the thoughts of the young Livonian even for an instant. She had left her hand in that of her companion and soon, turning to him, said:

"At what distance are we from Moscow?"

"Nine hundred versts," answered Michael.

"Nine hundred out of seven thousand!"

The bell now announced the breakfast hour. Nadia followed Michael Strogoft to the restaurant. She ate little, as a poor girl whose means are small would do. Michael Strogoft thought it best to content himself with the fare which satisfied his companion, and in less than twenty minutes Michael Strogoft and Nadia returned on deck. They seated themselves in the stern, and without other preamble Nadia, lowering her voice so as to be heard by him alone, began:

"Brother, I am the daughter of an exile. My name is Nadia Fedor. My mother died at Riga scarcely a month ago, and my father, who is now in prison, has just been sentenced to Siberia."

"I, too, am going to Irkutsk," answered Michael, "and I shall thank heaven if it enables me to give Nadia Fedor safe into her father's hands."

"Thank you, brother," replied Nadia. Michael Strogoft then added that he had obtained a special podorojia for Siberia and that the Russian authorities could in no way hinder him.

Nadia asked nothing more. She saw in this fortunate meeting with Michael a means only of accelerating her journey to her father.

"I had," said she, "a permit which authorized me to go to Irkutsk, but the order of the governor of Nijni Novgorod annulled that, and but for you, brother, I should have been unable to leave the town, and without doubt I should have perished."

"And your father, Nadia," said Michael, "attempt to cross the steppes of Siberia?"

"The Tartar invasion was not known when I left Riga," replied the young girl. "It was only at Moscow that I learned that our father had been exiled."

"And notwithstanding that you continued your journey?"

"It was my duty."

"This showed the character of the courageous girl," said Michael. She then spoke of her father, Wassili Fedor. He was a much esteemed physician at Riga, but his connection with some secret society had been ascertained. He could not, therefore, leave his home, and the police who brought the order conducted him without delay beyond the frontier. Wassili Fedor had but time to embrace his sick wife and his daughter, so soon to be left alone, when, shedding bitter tears, he was led away.

A year and a half after her husband's departure M. Fedor died in the arms of his daughter, who was thus left alone and almost penniless. Nadia Fedor then asked and easily obtained an authorization to join her father at Irkutsk. She wrote and told her mother that she had barely enough money for this long journey, and yet she did not hesitate to undertake it. She would do what she could. God would do the rest.

The next day, the 19th of July, the Caucasus reached Perm, the last place at which she touched on the Kama.

The government of which Perm is the capital is one of the largest in the Russian empire. It is situated on the Ural mountains, encroaches on Siberian territory. Marble quarries, mines of salt, platinum, gold and coal are worked here on a large scale. Although Perm by its situation has become an important town, it is by no means attractive, being extremely muddy and dirty and possessing no resources. This want of comfort is of no consequence to those going from Russia to Siberia, for they come from the more civilized districts and are supplied with all necessities, but to those arriving from the countries of central Asia, after a long and fatiguing journey, it would not doubt be most satisfactory if the first European town of the empire, situated on the Asiatic frontier, were better supplied with stores.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRAINS HELD UP.

ST. ANDREWS, Feb. 28.—A heavy snow storm, accompanied with high winds, today prevented the departure or arrival of the regular trains. An extra was run to MacAdam but was unable to return on account of the engine being disabled. Having to remain at Chamcook, Conductor Taylor arranged and teams were supplied for the mails and passengers. The road will be cleared today and the regular service resumed tomorrow.

To cure Headache in ten minutes use Kumford Headache Powder, 10 cents.

OPPOSE SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

At a regular meeting of Eldon L. O. L. No. 2, a resolution was unanimously carried opposing any attempt to establish separate schools in the Northwest Territories by the federal government. A copy of the resolution is to be sent to Dr. A. A. Stockton, M. P., and Dr. T. W. Daniels, M. P.

DR. SPROUL'S LETTER

To Orangemen With Respect to the School Clause of Laurier's Autonomy Bill.

OTTAWA, Feb. 28.—Dr. Sproul of East Grey and grand sovereign of the Orange order in Canada, has issued the following letter with respect to the school clause of Laurier's autonomy bill.

"Dear Sir and Brother:

"We believe an effort is about to be made to impose separate schools for all time on the people of the Northwest Territories. It behooves every lover of liberty, and especially every Orangeman, to lend a helping hand to prevent this injustice being perpetrated on a liberty loving people. Being comparatively weak and helpless, they must largely depend on others to fight their battles for them.

The effort made in 1886 to compel Manitoba to grant separate schools nearly drove the people of that province into rebellion, and had it not been abandoned, would doubtless have resulted in serious consequences.

"In view of this, it is not little short of criminal folly to attempt to deprive the people of these new provinces of the right to control their own educational affairs, as to them seems best?"

I would suggest that every member of our order lend a helping hand to prevent this outrage by writing or writing and getting others to do so as well, the members of his constituency to opposing legislation or enactment for that purpose.

"If we speak out freely and do our duty, no government would dare to disobey our request."

The auditors, H. J. Smith and J. S. Flagg, reported they had carefully examined the treasurer's books and found them correct.

It was decided to lease the Chipman House from the Y. M. C. A. for another year.

N. S. LEGISLATURE.

Temperance Question Under Debate Yesterday—Mr. McGreggor's Bill.

HALIFAX, Feb. 28.—In the house yesterday the temperance question got an airing. The discussion came up on the second reading of Mr. McGreggor's bill to prevent the shipping of liquors from licensed to non-licensed and Scott Act districts. McLeod, Tanner, Bancroft, Nickerson, Mitchell and Cooper all spoke, and the bill was passed by a large majority.

The government proposed a greater portion was ultra vires of the legislature. Keefe and Blissett opposed it and the premier was non-committal. The government practically went to the country in 1884 for provincial prohibition by taking a plebiscite, which resulted in a large majority. Since then the provincial council of England had decided that provincial legislatures have power to enact prohibition of the liquor traffic, and the government should now enact provincial prohibition. At all events they should provide means to take the responsibility for the enforcement of the liquor act just as they provided for and took the responsibility for the enforcement of other laws. The premier said the government could not agree to the bill as it was not a law.

The government seemed very uncomfortable over the matter. Tanner and McLeod are pretty sure that there is no shirking.

AGAINST SENATOR CHOQUETTE

Writ Issued Claiming \$17,000 Penalties—Sold Land to Government.

OTTAWA, Ont., Feb. 28.—In the high court of justice today a writ was issued against Senator Choquette claiming \$17,000 penalties incurred for ignoring the law relating to the sale of land to the government for \$300 a day further penalties so long as he remains a member of the senate. The writ is taken as a result of a sale of land in the city of Quebec by the senator to the Dominion on Dec. 8th last.

It is situated on the south side of the Grande Allee in Quebec, the purchase money being \$20,488. The land was required for an extension to the Quebec drill hall. The order in council authorizing the purchase was signed on October 3rd, but the transfer did not actually take place until Dec. 8th. In the deed of sale the vendor is specially styled "member of the senate of Canada." Mr. Choquette, it will be remembered, resigned from the bench on Sept. 20th last to accept a seat in the senate.

TALK ON BIRDS.

A. Gordon Leavitt gave an elementary talk last evening in the Natural History Society rooms on Bird Classification. There was an interested audience present. Mr. Leavitt assumed that those present may not have made a scientific study of birds, and he proceeded to use the large collection of birds in the hall to talk in a way that would lead his hearers to classify birds for themselves. He made groups of those that were water birds, those that were land birds, those with strong hooked bills, those with sharp, chisel-like bills, those with stiff tail feathers, and various other groups according to their characters. Mr. Leavitt showed how each group was adapted for the life it led, and in a very instructive way commented on the appearance of each of its life. The lecture was much appreciated by those who heard it, and it illustrated the necessity of a closer observation of these interesting forms of animal life. The lecture was discussed by a number of those present.

Advertisements under this head, 20 words or less, 20 cents. One week, 25 cents.

SEAMEN'S MISSION.

First Regular Meeting of New Board of Management Held Last Evening.

The first meeting of the new board of management of the Seamen's Mission Society was held at the Seamen's Institute, Chipman House, last evening, H. C. Tilley, president, in the chair.

The manager's report for the month ending February 19th was as follows: Total visits from seamen, 2,400; paper and envelopes supplied, 2,000; invitations to service and entertainments, 2,000; letters mailed by seamen, 800; letters written in building, 650; letters written and donations acknowledged, 100; temperance given out, 350; reports sent to foreign institutes, 50; parcels of reading matter given to outgoing vessels, 800; letters received, 40; letters answered, 30; boots supplied, 3 pairs; mufflers, 24; socks, 20 pairs; mitts, 20 pairs; visits to citizens, 180; Bibles given out, 35; calls for magazines, 44; services arranged, 4; entertainments arranged, 15; visits from citizens, 200; money collected, \$348; money expended, \$50.

Arrangements were made for seamen's Sunday. The management desire to thank through the press all the ladies who are doing such good work in social and entertainment, also all those who have contributed towards the success of this work.

The treasurer's report was very encouraging.

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HOUSE OF COMMONS

Did Much Talking and Little Business Yesterday—New Brunswick Bill.

OTTAWA, Feb. 28.—The commons this afternoon did much talking and little business. A flood of petitions against the separate schools in the new provinces began today and promises to be a huge torrent ere many weeks. There was a long debate over Fisher's bill respecting the inspection and sale of seeds, which will be further considered in this third reading. Lennox of South Simcoe held up Fitzpatrick's bill to give Judge Killam, the new chief of the railway commission, full benefit of all the supreme court superannuation remuneration, but the house by a vote of 93 to 47 passed the measure. During the balance of the afternoon Peter White, Col. Sam Hughes, Henderson, Lennox, Taylor, Sproule and others made Sir William Malouk's life miserable by exposing the abuse of the franking privilege by the Ottawa departments prior to the last general election. Malouk disclaimed all personal knowledge of any wrong doing and promised to investigate any case brought to his notice.

Tonight in supply on the estimates for the agricultural branch of the department of agriculture Stockton of St. John complimented Fisher on the manner in which the historic documents relating to New Brunswick were available for the use of students, and elicited the information that much progress was being made in copying original records of the department and holding others over.

UNION CLUB COMPANY.

The annual meeting of the Union Club, held last evening in the club house, Hon. Judge Barker, who is president of the company, occupied the chair and Arthur Adams, secretary-treasurer of the company, acted as secretary.

The report of the directors describing the erection of the addition to the club house was read and approved. The following were elected directors for the ensuing year, Mr. Justice Barker, H. Thorne, J. R. Stone, H. D. Troop, Dr. McAvenny, John McMillan and J. D. Hazen. Messrs. Colonels Sturdee and Edwards were elected auditors.

The stockholders then inspected the recently erected addition to the club house and many expressions of satisfaction were uttered. The president then led the way into the dining room, where Mr. Adams presented a letter from the secretary, Arthur Adams, a very handsome cut glass and silver plate. Mr. Adams spoke feelingly in reply, expressing thanks to Judge Barker and the shareholders.

MEMORY.

Soft follower of the early star, One moon I feel you drawing near. Oh! you are here, I feel you are here. Till you are here, I feel you are here.

You make it—see yourself is made—Of loveliest, sweet, untrodden things. Fled with love's day. I feel love's night. Fled from your wings.

—John Vance Cheney, in the March Atlantic.

CROUP

is one of the dangers of childhood. It must be cured quickly and permanently. Shilo's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, is pleasant to take and cures thoroughly. Your money back, if it doesn't.

25 cts., 50 cts. and \$1.00

BATTLING NELSON WON
IN THE NINTH ROUND.

Defeated "Young Corbett," ex-champion Featherweight of the World, After Furious Battle—Fight by Rounds.

WOODWARD'S PAVILIAN, SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 28.—

Battling Nelson of Chicago, made Young Corbett of Denver, appear the poorest type of the fighting game tonight when he practically knocked him out in the middle of the ninth round. In order to save his man a complete knockout the seconds threw up the sponge. In the early part of the fight on several occasions Corbett straightened Nelson up with rights and lefts on the jaw, but when it came to following up his advantage his swings were wild. He seemed to be over-anxious, while Nelson at all times was cool and confident.

In the seventh round when it appeared as if Corbett was practically gone, he showed a flash of his old-time speed and landed several severe punches on Nelson's ribs and jaw. It was only a spurt, however, and Young Corbett soon lapsed into his semi-grogy condition, which lasted to the end of the fight. Nelson's plan of battle was to force Corbett around the ring, keeping close to him all the time. Whenever Corbett missed a swing Nelson was there with a return which generally landed. From the fifth round on Nelson kept Corbett on the ropes and landed at will. Corbett in some way managed to protect himself from a knockout blow until the middle of the ninth. Then, in a rally, Nelson swung his right over the jaw and Corbett went down and then stood up against the ropes with his hands lowered unable to protect himself. Nelson partly toppled him over with a swing on the jaw, but before Corbett was fairly on the mat his seconds threw up the sponge. The round lasted two minutes and thirty-five seconds.

In the eighth round Nelson had Corbett against the ropes and the Denver man claimed a foul and lowered his hands. No foul was apparent and the referee did not allow it.

Nelson tonight demonstrated that he is Corbett's superior in speed, accuracy and aim, ability to take punishment and stiff punches.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 28, 9:54 p. m.—Corbett was first to enter the ring. He was followed by an army of photographers, who immediately took a preliminary session of the ring. Corbett walked about the ring fully three minutes, bowing his acknowledgments to the storm of applause that swept over the pavilion as he made his appearance.

Nelson was slow in making his appearance. In the meantime Corbett paced from side to side, smiling and looking very unconcerned. He shook hands repeatedly with friends and once went amongst the audience to greet an enthusiastic admirer. His confidence was depicted on every line of the ex-champion's face.

At 10:07 p. m. Nelson entered the ring. Both men were clad in brown sweaters, Nelson minus his trousers. They shook hands cordially and then went to their corners.

Nelson was the first to be introduced. Announcer Jordan introduced him to the crowd as the "hardest nut in the profession." For a favorite in the words of his reception was mild in the extreme.

Corbett was then introduced. "One of the most popular fighters and best of the best" he was called out by the manner of announcing the Denver boy. Corbett was greeted again with prolonged cheering.

A challenge was read from Eddie Hanlon.

10:18 p. m.—Time called.

Round 1.—Corbett danced about looking confident, while Nelson wore a more serious air. Corbett continued to dance for fully a minute, trying to draw Nelson on. Then he quickly shot a straight right over the heart and missed a similar attempt. Two lefts for the head went wild and a lowing right landed high on Nelson's chest. Corbett put two lefts to the body and then drove his right to the body. Nelson then sent Corbett back to the ropes with straight right to the forehead.

Then they mixed it fiercely, Corbett landing a vicious left to the face and right high on the body as the bell changed. The advantage was with Corbett. Nelson throughout acted mostly on the defensive.

Round 2.—Nelson crouched low. Corbett waded in, mixing it fiercely, but did not land. They kept at close quarters, Corbett landing left and right short arms to the jaw. They fought desperately at close quarters, Corbett resting his head on Nelson's chest, but failed to worry Nelson. The crowd yelled "break" and the referee separated them. It was a desperate round, both men roughing it considerably with Nelson the chief offender. Corbett had a shade the best of the round.

Round 3.—They sparred carefully. Finally Corbett bored in, trying left for the face, but was blocked. They roughed it, Nelson butting Corbett. Nelson swung right and left to the body as Corbett was trying to work to a clinch. Nelson put in two hard punches and a left swing sent Corbett to the ropes. Nelson quickly and shot his left to Nelson's face and a hard right to the body. Corbett then staggered Nelson with right and left swings to the jaw. Two more swings went wild and the injunction came from Corbett's corner "steady." Corbett's swings at the close of the round were wild, and Nelson finding an opening, shot two lefts to the body. The round closed with honors in favor of Corbett.

Round 4.—Corbett waded right in and they fought in a mix up to the centre of the ring. Corbett sent left to the head and right to the ribs. Another

clinch followed, the crowd yelling "break." Corbett broke it up with a right to the body, but Nelson kept after him, roughing it in clinches. The pace was terrific at this stage, both men showing the effects of it. As the bell rang Corbett planted a fearful left flush on the jaw that sent Nelson quickly to his corner. It was an even round.

Round 5.—They went to close quarters immediately. Nelson then chased Corbett about the ring continually. Corbett drew him to a clinch. Corbett swung twice with left to the face, but Nelson countered with right to the head. Nelson followed his advantage, sending in right and left to the face, dazing Corbett and bringing blood from Corbett's mouth. Corbett fought back wildly, trying to find a vital spot with a knockout punch, but the Dane kept himself covered. Corbett was extremely tired as he went to his corner, while Nelson was very cool. It was Nelson's round by a wide margin.

Round 6.—Corbett looked worried as he toed the scratch. Nelson forced him to a corner, but Corbett wiggled out. Then they went to a clinch and Nelson showed Corbett to the floor. Arising, Corbett upper-cut with left to the chin and missed a vicious right for the head. Nelson kept boring in, forcing Corbett to the ropes. Corbett ran into a straight left on the face and Nelson landed left and right to the jaw and face, sending Corbett about the ring like a feather. Corbett fought back gamely, but Nelson was too strong and planted right and left to the jaw as the bell rang. It looked very serious for Corbett as the bell rang and he went to his corner. Nelson was very careful, however, and took no chances of receiving Corbett's blows, which still had steam behind them.

Round 7.—Nelson quickly drove right to the face, but received in return a right to the ribs and left to the face. The Denver boy continued to break ground, Nelson following him and landing left and right upper-cuts to the face. Corbett jelted Nelson's right to the face, but the Dane scarcely noticed it. Nelson got Corbett against the ropes, putting right and left swings at him. Corbett tried to land at any stage and was dazed. Nelson kept pegging away, sending in his usual volley of right and left jolts to the face. During the round Corbett was too strong and planted right and left to the jaw as the bell rang. It looked very serious for Corbett as the bell rang and he went to his corner. It was Nelson's round.

Round 8.—Corbett lunged out wildly with left and they mixed it in the center. Corbett landed a vicious right right uppercut to Nelson's jaw, dazing the Dane. There was a terrific uproar. It was only a flash in the pan, however, and Nelson kept after Corbett and landed almost at will. He forced Corbett to the ropes with left and right swings to the head and body. He kept up this work until Corbett's corner of an exhibition of gameness seldom seen in a ring. Nelson drove Corbett to his own corner, raining right and left to the jaw. Corbett was gamely and fought back like a wild man, landing two hard rights to the jaw. Nelson then got Corbett against the ropes and Corbett tried to break through the ropes to his own face to protect himself from the Dane's terrific onslaught. The gong rang with Corbett in this position and all but out.

Round 9.—Corbett broke ground and received a straight left and right to the jaw. Corbett sent in two lefts to the chin, but Nelson received the first giving blow for blow. The ex-champion was again buffeted about the ring and a right to the jaw sent him to the ropes. Suddenly Corbett kept after Nelson, sending rights to the jaw, but Nelson never budged an inch. Corbett rallied again, driving left and right to the head. They worked to the end of the round. Corbett finally going to the floor from a straight right which caught him on the jaw. He took the count, got up, but was so groggy that he could scarcely stand. Nelson went at him like a tiger, but at this point, seeing that their man was hopelessly defeated, the seconds threw up the sponge and Corbett was borne to his corner. Nelson was given the decision.

LEAVING FOR ST. JOHN.

William Emory, operator at the Canadian Pacific Telegraph office, will leave here on Tuesday evening next for his home at St. John, having accepted a position as operator in the company's office at that place. Mr. Emory, who was formerly with the Western Union, has made many friends during his stay in this city, who will regret that he is to leave. As well as being a most obliging young man, Mr. Emory is also a very proficient operator—Gleaner.

PRESIDENT HARPER IMPROVED.

CHICAGO, Feb. 28.—President