

SEXTON AGAIN DEFEATED.

THE GREAT GAME BETWEEN HIMSELF AND SCHAEFER.

THE WESTERN EXPERT WINS BY OVER 400 POINTS—DALY WINS THE CLOSEST GAME OF THE TOURNAMENT BY TWO POINTS ONLY.

The great billiard battle for which the public have waited so many years has at last been fought. Jacob Schaefer, of Chicago, and William Sexton, of Vermont, have crossed cues in public for the first time in their career as experts, and the meeting has ended in a crushing and overwhelming defeat of the ex-champion of America. Their meeting occurred last evening in Cooper Institute in the twenty-fifth regular game of the Brunswick and Balke Championship Tournament. The struggle was witnessed by an assemblage that crowded the great hall to its very doors. The result of the game destroys altogether the very slim chance which Sexton had of tying for first prize, and sends him back to third place as swiftly as it pushes Schaefer forward as a most formidable claimant for the first prize and the title of Billiard Champion of the World. Both players were greeted with tremendous cheers and hand-clapping, as they came forward, at 8:15 o'clock, to engage in their great struggle. After some time had been consumed in testing the ivories, Sexton won the lead and selected the "spot" ball, retiring with a "goose egg." Schaefer then made 2 and his adversary 4, while the assemblage kept up a perfect pandemonium of cries to standing people to "Keep out of the way," "Take off those hats," and "Sit down." In 16 shots Schaefer gathered the globes on the left rail, and began to "nurse" with great skill and care, showing no sign of nervousness, as he swung his cue backward and forward like a violin bow, with an easy grace and freedom. The globes crept along with a soft musical click, and amid the cheers of the assemblage, crossed to the bottom rail, rambling leisurely on their way like two children wandering in a country lane, who sometimes separate to pick sweet flowers by the wayside, and run back to meet each other with a kiss. The balls continuing on their journey, glided gently to the right rail, and clicked 100 as they started on a merry stroll toward the top of the table. On the one hundred and fiftieth shot they "froze," and the player missed from the "string," and retired with a score of 152 to Sexton's 4. Both players next made one point each, and then the ex-champion played some very pretty open-table shots for position, but the balls "kissed" him out on his twenty-ninth shot, and retiring, he left them in a fair position for Schaefer, who, however, missed a "massé," after counting 9. Sexton resumed his struggle for the rail, which he at length gained, but lost almost immediately, as the balls "froze" on his thirty-eighth shot. He again retired, and his adversary made 22 beautiful shots on the open table. Schaefer was in splendid trim, and the ease with which he made his brilliant strokes won applause even from Sexton's friends. Sexton seemed now to have been overcome by a sudden fright, and thrice he failed on shots that even a second-rate amateur could have scored, and retired with hot blood mantling his brow and cheek. The Chicago expert on the last "miss" found the globes in a position from which he drew them to the rail, and began to ring out caroms, handling his cue with an ease and accuracy that could not have been excelled even by Slosson. The ivories ran away on his eightieth shot, and after chasing them around the table nine times, the expert retired with a score of 283 to Sexton's 85. Several innings passed before the balls could be captured, and, meantime, the wildest excitement and uproar prevailed for a time, as the referee decided that one of Sexton's strokes was a "miss." The decision was greeted with a deafening shouts of "It counted! it counted!" from the left of the hall, where Sexton's friends sat, and a great outburst of applause from the ladies' platform and the right of the auditorium. Indeed, the assemblage was violently partisan; but in the midst of all the noise and roar of voices Schaefer preserved a marvelous coolness, which was only matched by his steadiness of "nerve." For a third time he brought the balls on the rail, and, with Sexton's score standing at 100, quickly made 42 pretty caroms, which brought his own score up to 336. The announcement of this great lead was met with but a faint hum of applause, the excitement and interest of the great body of the spectators being too intense to find expression in aught but silent suspense.

The balls resisted Sexton's every effort to force them into position, and he retired again and again, with disappointment and chagrin pictured upon his flushed features. His old-time "nerve" and famed strength at up-hill play seemed to have entirely deserted him, although his hand betrayed no symptom of the nervousness that had taken possession of him. Again Schaefer went to the table, and with 29 superb and boldly-executed shots, once more turned the string of buttons, having scored 402 to Sexton's 131. The Yankee tried desperately to press forward, but his cue was swung with a hand that seemed nerveless and paralyzed. Then for the fourth time Schaefer brought the willing spheres to the rail, and rolled them gently along, giving the spectators an exhibition of "nurse" and "open-table" billiards in their perfection. When they "broke," it was but to come together again wherever the player wanted them, while he, in turn, played them as freely as if he were engaged in a practice game, rather than one of the most important struggles of his life. He scored another 100 amid wild cheers, and continued calmly on his way undisturbed by the outbursts of applause until he had gathered another magnificent run of 131 caroms, the scores standing: Sexton, 138; Schaefer, 533, a lead which the former could scarcely have hoped to overcome even had he been playing the brilliant billiards of his best days. He went to the table, counted 9 billiards, and again his hands failed him. His adversary raised his cue, and drew the balls to the rail for the fifth time, but slipped up on his forty-fourth carom, when he had but 23 points to go. Sexton made another desperate effort, and gained position for the first time. He began to "nurse," but his hand had evidently lost its cunning, and he tripped on a massé, after scoring 22. This failure robbed him of his last chance, and in the twenty-seventh inning the Chicago expert quickly played his 23 caroms, and closed the game, beating Sexton over 400 points. As the last carom was made, Sexton went forward with his old familiar smile upon his lips, shook hands with Schaefer, and retired. Appended is the score:

Schaefer—2, 150, 1, 9, 0, 22, 3, 6, 1, 89, 1, 1, 0, 0, 5, 0, 4, 42, 0, 25, 3, 9, 29, 0, 131, 44, 23—600.

Sexton—0, 4, 1, 23, 38, 3, 11, 0, 0, 0, 2, 4, 1, 0, 0, 4, 0, 4, 20, 2, 0, 9, 0, 2, 5, 9, 22—169.

Winner's average, 22.29; loser's, 67.27.

Best runs—Schaefer, 150, 131, 89; Sexton, 38.

Umpires—Mr. P. F. Tracey for Schaefer, Mr. Budd Scofield for Sexton.

Referee—Michael Geary; marker, G. H. Ellis.

Time of game—1 hour 35 minutes.

Prof. Rudolphe was in good humor in the afternoon when he met Maurice Daly, who was in quite as good spirits as the Professor, until a question of the interpretation of the rule relative to "safety play" after a "foul" on the object balls disturbed for a time the equanimity of both. The referee properly ruled in Daly's favor, and the Professor, after making quite a fuss, concluded to resume his good temper, and did so, playing a beautiful open-table game, to which his opponent responded with an equally fine "nursing" game, at times playing his graceful and brilliant "open-table" caroms. The balls rolled very hard for the young New-Yorker, however, while the French Professor, on the other hand, played a very strong and extraordinarily lucky game, and flew toward the home stretch like a full-blooded, swift-footed racer. Daly at last started after him like a fleet young stallion, and although he was far in the rear, caught up and passed him with a splendid spurt that netted him 160 points. He then "broke" badly, as the racer began to close on him once more. After a period of "balking," the stallion got down to fine trotting form once more, sped past the racer, and swept by the winning-post, amid very great excitement and cheering from the aroused spectators, by just two points. It was the closest game of the tournament, and Daly dragged victory out of almost certain defeat. The score was as follows:

Daly—4, 2, 23, 7, 20, 2, 4, 1, 0, 115, 2, 3, 1, 6, 1, 38, 5, 0, 2, 1, 0, 6, 7, 1, 4, 7, 3, 3, 79, 29, 0, 33, 160, 0, 10, 0, 0, 0, 11, 10—600.

Rudolphe—2, 0, 1, 0, 0, 64, 14, 3, 14, 9, 10, 6, 17, 0, 63, 1, 27, 42, 4, 3, 43, 2, 26, 3, 43, 0, 43, 53, 0, 0, 0, 5, 36, 3, 8, 0, 1, 4, 39, 9—598.

Winner's average, 14.26.41; loser's, 14.19.20.

Best runs—Daly, 160, 115, 79; Rudolphe, 64, 63, 53.

Umpires—Mr. Colville for Daly, Mr. Rudolphe for himself.

Referee—Michael Geary; marker, G. H. Ellis.

Time of game—3 hours 41 minutes.

Garnier and Rudolphe will play this afternoon, and this evening Slosson will meet Gallagher.