CAUGHT A BAD PAIR.

Sioux City Officers Capture a Brace of St. Paul Silk Thieves.

They Had Made Several Heavy Hauls in the Former City.

The Caine Murder Case Contains Something of a Mystery.

Albert Lea Will Develop Its Natural Gas Field At Once.

Special to the Globe.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., June 1.—About four weeks ago the store of Ludlow Clark & Co., of this place, was burglarized of silks valued at $3,100. Last night a man and woman giving the name of Mills were arrested, who said they came from St. Paul. When the woman was searched a receipt for a trunk at a warehouse was found sewed up in her skirt. On opening the trunk officers found part of the silks taken from Ludlow Clark & Cos., and also a quantity of cloth taken from Hirtour & Co. about the same time. The parties were held to the district court and an officer will go to St. Paul to learn more of them.

THE CAINE MURDER.

No Positive Evidence at the Coroner's Inquest.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., June 1.—Very little has been learned at the coroner's inquest as to the Caine murder, reported yesterday. Cavanaugh told so many stories and was so uneasy that it was thought when brought face to face with the bloated corpse of Caine he would weaken and make a confession, but he denied that he had ever seen the dead man, and declared that it was not Caine, who, he maintains, has run away. McSwiggan, the other man under arrest, also clings to his story of leaving Caine and Cavanaugh together on the night of the disappearance, and his story is generally believed. The inquest is not yet concluded.

DYNAMITE WAS READY

To Blow a Tower Murderer Into Eternity.

Special to the Globe.

TOWER, Minn., June 1.—At midnight Thursday night Deputy Sheriff Lorrain removed John Simmons, who shot and killed David Cook Thursday afternoon, from jail here and took him to the Tower mines, where he kept him until 8 o'clock yesterday morning, when he took an ore train for Two Harbors, remaing there until the passenger train arrived to take them to Duluth. This move was necessitated by threats of lynching heard in the streets and in saloons. It is said this morning that two fifty-pound cans of dynamite were in readiness to blow up the jail, which is a solid iron structure. Simmons at his examination refused to plead, and waived examination. There is thought to be no doubt but that he will hang for what is pronounced by all a cold-blooded murder, and but few have any sympathy for him. He acted very unconcerned until moved from jail here, when he seemed to just commence to realize his position, and broke down.

PLENTY OF GAS.

Albert Lea Expects to Have Cheap Fuel and Light.

Special to the Globe.

ALBERT LEA, Minn., June 1.—The Riceland gas well, only five miles from the city, continues to send forth a tremendous force of gas, and the excitement over it is considerable. There seems to be ample pressure to force the gas through pipes to Albert Lea, and a company will be formed for that purpose. Another well is being drilled on the same farm, and it is the intention to drill enough to supply a great tank or reservoir and pipe it from that to the city. The advantage of the Riceland well over those at Freeborn, northwest of the city, only is that it is dry while the latter are constantly impeded by water. The quantity and force of the gas at Freeborn is, however, equal to that of the new one. Work at Freeborn has been suspended while a new cable was being obtained and will be renewed Monday. Superintendent Borland has secured the assistance of Page Guthrie who drilled the deep Stillwater well.

HIGHER PRICES

Will Result From the New Meat Inspection Law.

Special to the Globe.

GREAT FALLS, Mont., June 1.—R. S. Ford, a leading stockman of Montana, in a recent interview, said that he believed the new Minnesota inspection law will result in higher prices for meat. The Chicago and Kansas City packers, he asserts, manage their business so well that they send beef to Atlanta, Ga., and sell it there for 6 cents per pound. He continues: "The immense influx of cattle at Chicago gives the dealers there decided facilities for procuring cattle on the best terms. They do not, however, break down the markets entirely; for when they have bought all the cattle they need—at what they deem a fair price—they stop and will buy no more during the day, no matter how many steers may be offered. As regards the St. Paul market, Mr. Ford says there is a strong disposition among stockmen in Montana and throughout the Western country to send cattle to Chicago when they are shipped, but he considers that the new law will create greater demand for Montana cattle in St. Paul, whence meat may be sent in refrigerator cars to the smaller towns in the state. Mr. Ford thinks the railroads should not advance the rates for cattle this year. The condition of the cattle trade at this time does not warrant it.

MANITOBA MATTERS.

Destruction of a Village---Liquor Sellers Arrested---Railroad Extension.

Special to the Globe.

WINNIPEG, Man., June 1.—The village of Boisserain in Southern Manitoba was almost completely burned out early this morning. The Ogilnie Milling company's elevator, containing 17,000 bushels of wheat, was one of the buildings destroyed. Total loss over $50,000. Eight hotels in the city have been refused licenses and compelled to close their barrooms. A change in the license law at the last session of the legislature requires application for license to be endorsed by sixteen out of twenty nearest neighbors, and this these applicants failed to get. There are still thirty-seven hotels in the city, an average of one to 650 of population. The Pacific and Manitoba Railway companies have sent out a party to examine and report on the quality and extent of arable land, etc., on a line running to Edmonton, on the North Saskatchewan river, with a view to pushing their line in that direction.

AS TO LUTHER COLLEGE.

New Buildings and an Endowment Expected Shortly.

Special to the Globe.

FERGUS FALLS, Minn, June 1.—The Evangelical Lutheran synod to-day adopted a report already adopted by the Wisconsin synod, declaring in favor of rebuilding Luther college, pledging subscriptions and appointing a committee of seven to confer with committees from the other synods regarding a new site, cost of new buildings, etc. The college will be continued in leased buildings at Decorah until the new college is completed.

STOCKMEN IN SESSION.

An Association Formed at Mandan—An Indian Killed.

Special to the Globe.

MANDAN, Dak., June 1.—A large meeting of stockmen was held here today and a stock growers' association formed. Its object is mutual protection. The most important feature of the work to be done will be the prevention of prairie fires. An Indian named Black Bear was shot here in a drunken row and died to-day. White Horse, who shot him, is still at large. A heavy rain fell to-night.

ALMOST ALL IN ASHES.

Lynchville, Wis., Partially Destroyed by Fire.

Special to the Globe.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, Wis., June 1.—The principal portion of the village of Lynchville, eighteen miles north of this city, on the Chicago, Burlington & Northern railroad, was destroyed by fire at 4 a. m. Paul Sherrie's hotel and two grocery store and other buildings are a total loss. The loss is estimated at $10,000.

TOO NAUGHTY ENTIRELY.

Huronians Object to Gamey Show Bills.

HURON, S. D., June 1.—Members of the W. C. T. U., this afternoon passed resolutions protesting in the name of decency and good morals, against the display of the advertising pictures of a certain variety company on the city bill boards, and asking the proprietor to remove the same. It is very probable that the ministers will join in the protest, and if the pictures are not removed the mayor's authority will be called to their aid,

A NEW HOTEL.

Pierre Will Soon Point With Pride to a Fine One.

Special to the Globe.

PIERRE, S. D., June 1.—Plans and specification for Pierre's new $80,000 hotel are now under way and will be submitted for bids in the course of several weeks. It is confidentially expected work will be started on this immense structure inside of thirty days. The Hawkeye Electric Light company, of Davenport, to-day notified the city that their bonds were ready for approval, and that the conditions for putting in the plant were approved. Work will commence immediately, and the city will be lighted by electricty inside of sixty days.

Narrow Escape From Death.

Special to the Globe.

PERHAM, June 1.—John Gerber, while attempting to alight at this station from a morning train this morning, slipped and fell under the cars, one wheel passing over and cutting off his left arm near the elbow. A brakeman luckily standing by grabbed him in time to prevent the wheels passing over his head.

Less Than Last Year.

Special to the Globe.

RED WING, June 1.—At the meeting of the council last evening eighteen liquor licenses were granted, and an application for another ordered published. Last year there were twenty-two saloons here.

For Electric Lights.

Special to the Globe.

ANOKA, June 1.—The council decided last evening to advertise for bids for water works and electric lights. The bids are to be opened June 26.

Watertown Real Estate.

WATERTOWN, Dak., June 1.—D. C. Thomas sold eighty acres on the motor line, west of town, to Iowa parties today for $1,600. Williams, Baxton, Hobart and Helen bought 120 acres for $16,000. The week's sales are $121,000.

WHISKY FOR ONE.

How an Ingenious Female Secured the Booze She Coveted.

There's a story from the old times when the prohibition idea was not so strong in the rural districts near here as it is to-day, says the Pittsburg Dispatch.

At a certain farm in Moon township there lived a good man who had the misfortune to be linked to an intemperate wife. She would drink, so the veracious chroniclers of Moon township inform me, any two men under the table. At harvest time in those days it was considered indispensable to have a barrel of good old Monongahela whisky for the farm help.

It happened one year that when the harvest came around the old farmer's wife had been celebrating rather heavily, and yet her desire for ardent spirits was unappeased. The question which agitated the old farmer's mind was how to keep the barrel of whisky for the harvesters out of her reach. He was afraid that if she and the whisky were left alone in the house together there would not only be no whisky, but also no dinner for the harvesters.

He took counsel, and the result was that the barrel of whisky was slung up to the center beam of the barn and lashed firmly in such a place that it only be reached and lowered to the ground by a man who could climb out to it. Then he and the help went into the field with the comfortable assurance that the barrel of whisky was beyond the old lady's reach.

But she had seen the barrel rolled out to the barn, and as soon as the men were away from the house she went to reconnoiter. She was somewhat irate when she saw the barrel hung up out of her reach. It took ten minutes to decide on a course of action. Then she returned to the house and picked out a clean washtub. With this tub and her husband's rifle she returned to the barn. She placed the tub directly under the barrel. Raising the rifle to her shoulder she fired at the barrel, sending a ball clean into the center of the barrel.

Down came a stream of the golden juice of the rye, playing a tune on the tub, which made the old woman smile sweetly.

There is no need to go into details. When the harvesters came in from the field they found the old woman asleep beside the tub. Some whisky was left, but the dinner was not cooked.

A Libel on the Ladies.

Chicago Herald.

Have you ever taken particular notice of the fact that a nicely dressed lady, especially as to headgear and neckwear, always seeks a seat in a street car up in one of the forward corners? Well, she almost invariably does. Maybe you will wonder why, and it is only right and proper that you should be informed on the subject. It is a self-evident truth that a lady loves to look at herself in a mirror, especially if she is well dressed. It is an even chance that the front platform of a street car is occupied by two or three smokers who always lean back against the front windows. This obstructs a view of the streets, but the dark background of the smoker's coat renders the window mirror-like, so that a person in the corner seat can see his or her reflection in the glass. This is really why ladies with new hats or wraps like to get up there. They can incidentally look at their apparel all the way down town, and thus be afforded a great deal of feminine satisfaction.

Every body looks in SUNDAY'S GLOBE for "Rooms to Let."

FOR HIS LAST FIGHT.

Sullivan the Slugger Interviewed by the World's Nellie Bly.

She Pronounces His Nails Lovely and His Muscles Like Rock.

The Great John L. Is Training Around the Graveyards of Belfast.

Has Made $600,000, Been a Fool and Spent Every Last Cent.

If John L. Sullivan isn't able to whip any pugilist in the world, I would like to see the man who is. I went to Belfast, N. Y., last week, and I was surprised.

Why?

Well, I will tell you.

I have often thought that the sparring instinct is inborn in everything, except women and flowers, of course. I have seen funny little spring roosters, without one feather sprout to crow about, fight like real men; and then the boys! Isn't it funny how proud they are of their muscle, and how quiet the boy is who hasn't any? Almost as soon as a boy learns to walk he learns to jump into position of defense and double up his fists.

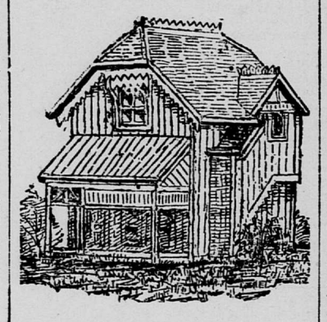
But about Sullivan. I thought that I would never find him nor Belfast. I asked everybody who I thought might know where Belfast was. No one knew. Even the conductors, after confessing they had heard of such a place, said they could not tell me how to get there. You see I knew how to start, but I did not know how, when or where to stop. At last the conductor found a man who told him how to reach the place.

"Are you going to see Sullivan?" he asked.

"I am," I replied.

"I live eight miles from Belfast," he continued," and everybody I meet on the road—I have been traveling for two days—asks but one question: 'Have you seen Sullivan?'"

We reached Belfast about 7:30 o'clock in the morning, and were the only passengers for that place. Mr. William Muldoon's house, where Mr. Sullivan is training, is in the prettiest part of the town, and only a short distance from the hotel. Fearing that Mr. Sullivan would go out for a walk and that I would miss him, I went to the



MULDOON COTTAGE.

One would never imagine from the surroundings that a prize fighter was being trained there. The house is a very pretty two-story building, surrounded by the smoothest and greenest of green lawns, which helps to intensify the spotless whiteness of the cottage. A wide veranda surrounds three sides of the cottage, and the easy chairs and hammocks give it a most enticing look. Large maple trees shade the house from the glare of the sun.

I rang the bell, and when a colored man answered I sent my letter of introduction to Mr. Muldoon. A handsome young man, whose broad shoulders were neatly fitted with a gray corduroy coat, came into the room, holding a light gray cap in his hand. His face was youthful, his eyes blue, his expression pleasing, his smile brought two dimples to punctuate his rosy cheeks, his bearing was easy and most graceful, and this was the champion wrestler and athlete, William Muldoon.

"We have just returned from our two-mile walk," he said, when I told him I had come to see Mr. Sullivan, "and Mr. Sullivan is just being rubbed down. If you will excuse me one moment I will tell him.

The room was an artistic one. There was nothing to suggest pugilist. The floor was covered with a bright carpet, and the daintily tinted walls were hung with handsome pictures. The chairs, large and easy; the open, upright piano strewed with late music; a small rosewood secretary, filled with dainty knick-knacks, and graced with a vase of hothouse roses, and the fine lace curtains were all suggestive of comfort and happiness and refinement. Heavy portieres, chained back, gave a glimpse of the handsome dining room in the rear and of a colored man busily setting the table for breakfast. It was all very pretty and refreshing, and I began to wonder. Well, you see, I had never met a pugilist before, and, like most people, I thought they were only found in quarters more suggestive of a rough and tumble life.

In a few moments Mr. Muldoon returned, followed by a man whom I would never have taken for the

GREAT AND ONLY SULLIVAN.

He was a tall man with enormous shoulders, and wore dark trousers, a light cheviot coat, vest and slippers. In his hand he held a light cloth cap. He paused almost as he entered the room in a half-bashful way, and twisted his cap in a very boyish, but not ungraceful manner.

JOHN L SULLIVAN

"Miss Bly, Mr. Sullivan," said Mr. Muldoon, and I looked into the great fighter's dark, bright eyes, as he bent his broad shoulders before me.

"Mr. Sullivan, I would like to shake hands with you," I said, and he took my hand with a firm, hearty grasp and with a hand that felt small and soft. Mr. Muldoon excused himself, and I was left to interview the great John L.

"I came here to learn all about you, Mr. Sullivan, so will you please begin by telling at what time you get up in the morning?"

"Well, I get up about 6 o'clock and am rubbed down," he began. "Then Muldoon and I walk and run a mile or a mile and a half away and then back. Just as soon as we get in I am given a shower bath, and after being thoroughly rubbed down again I put on an entire fresh outfit."

"What kind of clothing do you wear for your walk, heavy?" I asked.

"Yes; I wear a heavy sweater and a suit of heavy corduroy, buttoned tightly. I also wear gloves. After my walk I put on a fresh sweater, so that I won't take cold."

"What's a sweater?"

"I'll show you," he said, with a smile, and. excusing himself, he went out. In a moment he returned with a garment in his hands. It was a heavy knit garment, with long sleeves and a standing collar. It was all in one piece, and I imagined weighed several pounds.

"Well, what do you wear a sweater for, and why do you take such violent walks?" I asked, my curiosity being satisfied as to the strange "sweater."

"I wear a sweater to make me warm and I walk to reduce my fat and to

HARDEN MY MUSCLES.

Last Friday I lost six pounds and last Saturday I lost 6½ pounds. When I came here I weighed 237 pounds, and now I weigh 218. Before I leave here I will weigh only 195 pounds.

"Do you take a cold water bath when your walk is finished?"

"No, never. I don't believe in cold water. It chills the blood. I always have my shower bath of medium temperature."

"How are you rubbed down, then, as you term it?"

"I have two men give me a brisk rubbing with their hands. Then they rub me down with a mixture of amonia, camphor and alcohol."

"What do you eat?"

"I eat nothing fattening. I have oatmeal for breakfast, and bread and meat for dinner, and stale bread for supper. I eat no sweets, no potatoes. I used to smoke all the day, and since I came here I haven't seen a cigar. Occasionally, Mr. Muldoon gives me a glass of ale, but it does not average one a day."

"Then training is not very pleasant work?"

"It's the worst thing going. A fellow would rather fight twelve dozen times than train once, buti t's got to be done," and he leaned back in the chair with an air of weariness.

"After breakfast I rest awhile," he continued, "and then putting on our heaviest clothes again we start out at 10:30 for our twelve-mile run and walk, which we do in two hours. We generally go across the field to Mr. Muldoon's farm, because it is all up-hill work, and makes us warm. When we get back I am rubbed down again, and at 1 o'clock we have dinner. In the afternoon we

WRESTLE, PUNCH A BAG,

throw foot ball, swinging Indian clubs and dumb bells, practice the chest movement and such things until supper time. It's all right to be here when the sun is out, but after dark it's the dreariest place I ever struck. I wouldn't live here if they gave me the whole country. Our neighbors are all right, though," Mr. Sullivan continued, as a boyish smile lit up his face. "They don't talk."

"That is nice," I said.

"They can't," he went on, the smile broadening. "They fill the graveyard on the two sides of us."

The "Champion Rest," the name by which Mr. Muldoon's house is known, is surrounded by two graveyards, a church, the priest's home and a little cottage occupied by two old maids.

"I couldn't sleep after 5 o'clock this morning on account of Mr. Muldoon's cow. It kept up a hymn all the morning, and the birds joined in the chorus. It's no use to try to sleep here after daybreak. The noise would knock out anything."

Mr. Muldoon brought in Mrs. Muldoon, a tall handsome woman, who, after giving me a pleasant welcome, went out to feed the birds. The Mexican parrot had been saying that "Polly wants a cracker" for quite a while, and when she saw her mistress she screamed, knowing that the cracker would be forthcoming.

"Do you like prize fighting?" I asked Mr. Sullivan, after he had laid his complaint about the "singing cow" before Mrs. Muldoon.

"I don't," he replied. "Of course I did once, or rather I was fond of traveling about and the excitement, but this is my last fight."

"Why?"

"Well, I am tired, and I want to settle down. I am getting old," and he leaned back wearily.

"What is your age?"

"I was born the 15th of October, 1858. I began prize-fighting when I was nineteen years old. How did I start? Well, I had a match with a prize man who had never been downed, and I was the winner. This got me lots of notice, so I went through the country giving exhibitions. I have made plenty of money in my day, but

I HAVE BEEN A FOOL,

and to-day I have nothing. It came easy and went easy. I have provided well for my father and mother, and they are in comfortable circumstances."

"What will you do if you stop fighting?"

"If I win this fight I will travel for a year giving sparring exhibitions, and then I will settle down. I have always wanted to run a hotel in New York, and if I am successful I think I shall spend the rest of my life as a hotel proprietor."

"How much money have you made during your career as a prize fighter?"

"I have made $500,000 or $600,000 in boxing. I made $125,000 from Sept. 26, 1883, to May 26, 1884, when I traveled through the country offering $1,000 to any one I couldn't knock out in four rounds, which takes twelve minutes."

"How do you dress when you go in a prize ring?"

"I wear knee breeches, stockings and shoes, and no shirt."

"Why no shirt?"

"Because a man perspires so freely that if he wears a shirt he is liable to chill, and a chill is always fatal in a prize ring. I took a chill when I fought Mitchell, but it did not last long."

"What kind of shoes do you wear?"

"Regular spiked shoes. They have three spikes to prevent slipping."

"How will you fight Kilrain, with or without gloves."

"I will fight Kilrain according to the London prize ring rules. That's without gloves, and allows wrestling and throwing a man down. We get a rest every thirty seconds. Under the Marquis of Queensberry rules we wear gloves, anything under eleven ounces. They give us three minutes to a round under the Queensberry, and when the three minutes are up you have to rest, whether you could whip your man the next instant or not."

"Your hands look very soft and small for a fighter."

"Do they?" and he held one out for inspection. "My friends tell me they look like hams," and he laughed. "I wear No. 9 gloves."

I EAAMINED HIS HAND,

he watching me with an amused expression. It looks a small hand to bear the record of so many "knock-out blows." The fingers were straight and shapely. The closely trimmed nails were a lovely oval and pink. The only apparent difference was the great thickness through.

"Feel my arm," he said, with a bright smile as he doubled it up.

I tried to feel the muscle, but it was like a rock. With both my hands I tried to span it, but I could not. Meanwhile the great fellow sat there watching me with a most boyish expression of amusement.

"By the time I am ready to fight there won't be any fat on my hands or face. They will be as hard as a bone. Do I harden them? Certainly. If I didn't I would have pieces knocked off of me. I have a mixture of rock salt and white wine and vinegar and several other ingredients, which I wash my hands and face with."

"Do you hit a man on the face and neck any, when you can?"

"Certainly; any place above the belt that I get a chance," and he smiled.

"Don't you hate to hit a man so?"

"I don't think of it," still smiling.

"When you see that you have hurt him, don't you feel sorry?"

"I never feel sorry until the fight is over."

"How do you feel when you get hit very hard?"

The dark, bright eyes glanced at me lazily, and the deep, deep voice said with feeling: "I only want a chance to hit back."

"Did you ever see a man killed in the ring?"

"No, I never did, and I only know of one fellow who died in the ring, and that was Walker, who died at Philadelphia from neglect after the fight was over."

Mr. Sullivan is five feet ten and a half inches without his shoes, and an inch taller in them. His shoulders are immense, and his neck and the back of his head look

LIKE GROVER CLEVELAND'S.

He wears neat, well-made clothing, and it fits him tightly. Ineeed, when he walks his legs look too thin for his body. His arm measures sixteen and a half inches. Last winter, when he was ill with some twelve diseases all at one time, he lost 100 pounds in three weeks. When in repose Mr. Sullivan's face looks older than he is, but when he talks, and especially when he laughs, his face lights up and he looks very boyish and jolly. His closely-cut hair shows a few gray spears among the dark brown. His nose is straight and well shaped, and his eyes, dark brown, are very expressive and handsome.

It costs him seven weeks' hard work and about $1,500 to prepare for a fight. It took him six weeks to prepare for Mitchell and cost him $1,100.

Although I had had my breakfast before reaching Mr. Muldoon's cottage, I accepted his proposal to break bread with him and his guests. At a nearer view the dining room did not lose any of its prettiness, and the daintiness of everything—the artistic surroundings, the noiseless and efficient colored waiters, the open windows on both sides giving pretty views of green laws and shady trees; the canary birds swelling their throats occasionally with sweet little thrills, the green parrot climbing up its brass cage and talking about crackers, the white table linen and beautiful dishes, down to the large bunch of lilacs and other flowers, separated by a slipper filled with velvety pansies—was all entirely foreign to any idea I had ever conceived of prize fighters and their surroundings.

Yes, and they were all perfectly at ease and happy. At one end of the table sat Mrs. Muldoon, and facing her was Mr. Muldoon. Next to Mrs. Muldoon sat my companion, then came myself, and next Mr. Sullivan. On the opposite side were the assistant trainers, Mr. Barnitt, a well-bred scholarly looking man; and Mr. Cleary, a smooth-faced, mischievous man, who doesn't look much past boyhood. Mr. Sullivan's brother, who is anxious to knock out somebody, sat opposite Mr. Sullivan, and the wild flowers which graced the table were gathered by these great strong men while taking their morning walk.

The conversation never once during the meal verged on any topic of sporting life. They

TALKED ABOUT THE FLOWERS

and that cow, and my trip to Belfast and what befell me, and although I was anxious to talk about fighters and fighting—as that was the object of my visit—yet I hesitated to introduce such a topic with such surroundings.

Mr. Sullivan excused himself after he had eaten his oatmeal, because the sight of the good things which followed made his appetite all the keener, and he dared not eat.

The village of Belfast contains about 800 inhabitants, and is almost as quiet as the two cemeteries where aged persons are buried, for Belfast is so wonderfully healthy that no one ever dies there except from old age.

About a mile from "Champion Rest," his town home, is Muldoon's beautiful farm of seventy acres, which is well stocked with fine cattle. In the rear of "Champion Rest" are the barn and the training quarters. On the first floor are three stalls, fitted out after the latest improved method, where Mr. Muldoon keeps his favorite horses. Everything is as clean and pleasant as in a dwelling house. In the next room, suspended from the ceiling, is a Rugby foot ball which Mr. Sullivan pounds every day in a manner which foretells hard times for Kilrain's head. The big foot ball with which they play ball daily is also kept here. It is enormous and so heavy, that when Mr. Muldoon dropped it into my arms I almost toppled over. Up stairs the floor is covered with a white wrestling pad, where the two champions wrestle every afternoon. In one corner is a collection of dumb bells, from medium weight to the heaviest, and several sizes of Indian clubs. Fastened to one side of the wall is a chest expander, which also comes into daily use.

Down stairs is Champion Muldoon's den. Everything about it, as about the barn, is of hard wood finish. There is no plaster or paper anywhere. In one

CORNER OF THE DEN

is a glass case, where hang a fur-lined overcoat and several other garments. Along the top of the case is suspended a gold-headed cane. In the center of the room is a writing table, with everything for use. Along one side of the hall is a rattan lounge, at the foot of which is spread a yellow fur rug. The floor is neatly carpeted, and several rocking chairs prove that the den is for comfort.

"I don't make any money by this," said Mr. Muldoon, in speaking about turning his home into training quarters, "but I was anxious to see Mr. Sullivan do justice to himself in this coming fight. It was a case of a fallen giant, so I thought to get him away from all bad influences and to get him into good trim. This is the healthiest place in the country, and one of the most difficult to reach--two desirable things. On the way here we had a special car, but there were more people in our car than in any other.

"When we go to New Orleans we will keep our car door locked, and none but Mr. Sullivan's backers and representatives of the press will be admitted. Mr. Sullivan is the most obedient man I ever saw. He hasn't asked for a drink or a smoke since he came here, and takes what I allow him without a murmur. It is a pleasure to train him. When we first arrived, people drove here from all quarters, and, coming in, would say:

"'Where's Sullivan?'

"Do you know Mr. Sullivan? I would ask."

"No, they didn't; but they wanted to see him any way: so I informed them this was not a hotel nor a road house, but my private house, and Mr. Sullivan was my guest. I made enemies by it, but I kept them all out. Mr. Sullivan hates idle curiosity as much as I do. We are at home to Mr. Sullivan's backers and representatives of the press, but that is all until after our work is finished."

We sat down to a 1 o'clock dinner in the same order that we were seated at breakfast.

Mr. Barnitt and Mr. Cleary had made a bird trap in the shape of a log cabin, and they were as

ANXIOUS AS TWO BOYS

for the first prisoner. They only intended to catch the birds and then release them, they said, when Mrs. Muldoon said that she would not allow it,

"We don't get weighed down at the corner store any more," said Mr. Barnitt.

"Why?" asked Mr. Muldoon.

"He said he did not like prize-fighters, so we won't patronize him any more," explained Mr. Cleary.

This amused them very much, and Mr. Muldoon asked where they went new.

"Across the street," said Mr. Barnitt, and what do you think, that man has a picture of Mitchell and Kilrain on the wall.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Mr. Sullivan with a clear boyish laugh.

"We told him we didn't like it," said Mr. Cleary, "and he said he would consider the situation."

I asked Mr. Sullivan if he wasn't sorry when he hit a man in the ring.

Mr. Sullivan looked at me and smiled.

"I haven't time to be sorry. I save all my sorrow until the fight is finished," he said.

"He won't be sorry when he hits Kilrain," said Mr. Barnitt.

"And Kilrain won't be sorry when he hits Mr. Sullivan," continued Mr. Muldoon.

"It will be one blow for Kilrain and one blow for Fox," joined in Mr. Cleary.

"Oh, I see," I said, "at least they will have to shake hands betore they begin."

"No we don't," said Mr. Sullivan, "we will walk up to the railing, and our seconds will reach underneath and shake hands for us," and then having had his allowance and fearing he would be tempted to eat more, Mr. Sullivan went out.

"I think everybody would be satisfied if Mr. Sullivan could meet Mitchell again," I remarked.

"Yes, but

MITCHELL IS TOO CLEVER

for that. He couldn't be induced to meet Sullivan again," replied Mr. Muldoon, while the rest expressed their regret that such a meeting could not be arranged.

"The only thing that makes Mr. Sullivan angry is that he will not get a chance to teach Mitchell a lesson."

"Does Mr. Sullivan never get angry?" I asked.

"If you could hear him and Mr. Barnitt sometimes, you would think they were going to eat one another," said Mr. Muldoon.

"When he does get right angry he runs over the fields until his good humor returns," said Mr. Barnitt, while Mr. Muldoon said that Mr. Sullivan was as docile as a lamb.

They all spoke in praise of his strong will power and his childlike obedience.

"You are the first woman who ever interviewed me," said Mr. Sullivan in the afternoon, "and I have given you more than I ever gave any reporter in my life. They generally manufacture things and credit them to me, although some are mighty good fellows."

"When reporters act all right we will give them all they want," said Mr. Sullivan.

"The other day a fresh reporter came here, and he thought because he was going to interview prize fighters he would have to be tough, so he said: 'Where's old Sullivan?' That queered him. We wouldn't give him a line."

"Yes, he came up to me first and said: "Where's old Sullivan?" said Mr. Sullivan, "and I told him in the barn, and he soon got put out of there for his toughness."

At supper time Mr. Cleary had a great story to tell about his Irish bird trap. He had caught one robin, which Mrs. Muldoon had released, and another had left his tail behind him. Then Mr. Barnitt and Mr. Sullivan's brother told how they had put feathers in the cage to cheat the bird trapper.

And the carriage came to take us to the train, and after I bade them all good-bye, I shook hands with John L. Sullivan and wished him success in the coming fight, and I believe he will have it, too, don't you? NELLIE BLY.

ECHOES FROM THE PEOPLE.

Cause and Cure of Craziness.

To the Editor of the Globe.

The committee which examines into cases of alleged insanity, with the udge of probate as presiding member, is, properly speaking, not a court, though it is termed so in the newspapers in reporting the proceedings of such a committee. They are led to call it by the name court by the fact that such committee can order a person placed in custody and by the fact that "judges" preside in them. A person brought before such a committee is denied the privileges allowed before courts. It is entirely misleading to call it a court, which name gives everybody the idea of defense and fair trial. The members of such committees themselves look upon their position as that of a committee consulting about a sick person. This is the real nature and the basis of the institution. The public looks at it as a court, which it really should be. If a person be insane it is no reason to shut him up, except he is dangerous to himself or others; then he ought to be treated like a criminal—shut up. I do not believe in the law of revenge. The word "insane" is not used correctly when applied to crazy people. Insane means sick. Crazy peple are not always sick—their brain is not always hurt. If the latter be the case, they are fit subjects for the doctors to try their skill on, and they are not very dangerous. Craziness is due to an overwrought imagination, which makes the patient move in a world of troubles different from the real. Psychologists consider the evil as something that grows on certain persons at a certain age of their life or that springs up in an attempt to transcend ordinary means of obtaining knowledge or of getting out of difficulty. The abnormal mentality is considered to be due to either "inborn ken" (ante-antal memory) or to transferred ideas relating to the trouble of others, which ideas entirely engross the seat of consciousness, leaving the brain inactive and even healthy, except the patient strains himself in regaining his practical thoughts. The cure is in accordance with these ideas. There is no other remedy known other than traveling, or rather visiting, when the irrelevant thoughts are transferred to others that can make application of them. It is said that a princess in Germany has been prevented from becoming deranged by constantly traveling and visiting for several years. A person shut up loses the chance of being cured. N. K.

OUR POOR OLD NAVY.

The Behring Affair Again Calls Attention to It.

To the Editor of the Globe.

In view of the report than an English squadron has been sent to cruise in the Behring sea and that our government has dispatched some vessels to protect American rights, it may be interesting to compare the character of the war ships mentioned in the telegrams.

American—Adams, wooden sloop of war, 1,375 tons, 11.3 knots; 1 eleven-inch smoothbore gun (136-pounder); 4 nine-inch smoothbore guns (73.5 pounders), and 1 60-pounder. The Iroquois, mentioned in our dispatch, is not in commission, but the vessel most probably meant is the Thetis, a vessel of more service as an Arctic cruiser than as a man-of-war. The penetrative force in iron of the guns carried by the Adams is set down as nil, and the weight of shot she could throw at a broadside is 343 pounds.

British—Swiftsure, 8-inch armor, 6,640 tons, 15¾ knots, 12-ton guns. Amphion, unarmored cruiser with under-water steel deck 1½ inches thick, 3,750 tons, 16½ knots, 6-inch rifles. Another vessel is spoken of, but as one dispatch says it is the Icarus and another the Defender, there seems some doubt on the question. The Icarus is, I believe, one of the latest swift cruisers in the British navy. It might be wise to finish the Chicago as soon as possible.

D. JONES.

Fort Snelling, Minn., May 31.

A Pointer for the Police.

To the Editor of the Globe:

Some attention ought to be drawn to the idiotic manner in which the city, after paying out a handsome sum for first-class concerts, allows them to be rendered almost worthless by neglecting to take any precautions to preserve decent order and quiet during the performances. At the concert last evening at Summit park, Mr. Seibert had on several occasions to request a number of children to be quiet; but, owing to the utter absence of the police, his words produced no effct beyond a few moments' lull in the racket. I am only a poor clerk, and, perhaps, ought to know enough to say nothing and suffer; but, to my way of thinking, such scenes as that of last evening are as much a disgrace as they certainly are an annoyance, and it becomes any one to try and have them stopped. To allow then to continue is nothing short of public insult to the musicians, and a most decided reflection upon the ability and good taste of the management. A word to the wise should be sufficient. C. D. W.

St. Paul, Minn., May 31.

"It is not," says Mme. Sara Bernhardt, "because I am always extravagant that I am always in want of money, but because I am always being robbed by my directors—shamefully robbed! I have been cheated out of millions and millions. One trusts the rogues, does not read over the engagement as carefully as one ought to do, and signs. Then there is always a line about a forfeit or something else which one has overlooked, and it is there that the director is in ambush. Between the thieves on one side and the small prices paid in Paris on the other, I really often wonder how I get a piece of bread to put between my teeth. Of all countries France is perhaps the one where an actress earns the least. Look at what Ellen Terry, Bernard-Beere and Mary Anderson earn. Why, they make as much, I am sure, in a week as I do in a season,"

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