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ON TWIN CITY DAY.

The St. Paul Driving Club Meet Again Scores a Big Success.

Axtell Equals His World's Record, but Failed to Best It.

The Trotting and Pacing Races Develop Surprisingly Fast Time.

Lynn W Gets the Trot, and Jimmie Temple and Sir Archy the Paces.

THE fates still smile on the St. Paul Driving club in its efforts to give the race-loving public a fine driving meet. Yesterday's weather was, if possible, still more favorable, wind and cloud changing for the better from Wednesday. For most of the afternoon the sky was rather veiled than covered with clouds, and the sun shone only at pleasant intervals. The wind of Wednesday had moderated into a zephyr that was too light to carry dust into the stand and of just sufficient force to be cooling and pleasant. The track was in admirable condition. A little dusty, it is true, was the verdict of the best judges, and not over fast, but still in fine shape, and fit for a race for a life. It had been thoroughly treated, and a fighter is brought into form with no more careful work than was bestowed upon that mile eclipse. President Bushnell complimented Supt. Cross on its condition, and the drivers chimed in applause. With everything, then, to hand as if specially ordered, it is little wonder the day was a great success. A little less hardness of track, on which the loose dust made footing rather insecure, and it would have been absolutely perfect. It was

A DAY OF DAYS

for attendance, and the lovers of sport, of every age and both sexes, took full advantage of it. Trains from both cities were loaded to the guards, and the choice roads leading down were marked by columns of dust as of a marching army, while gay equipages of every pattern swept on. In the stands, the crowds was more than double those of yesterday, and the proportion of ladies still greater. In point of enthusiasm, the ladies left their sterner escorts far in the shade, and clapped their gloved hands and whispered bravos beneath their breath.

ONE PRETTY FIGURE

was conspicuous at every close finish, and her graceful gestures of delight attracted as much pleasurable attention in her vicinity as the races themselves.

There is nothing that more distinctively marks the proximity of a large city to a race course than the turnout of equipages in the inclosure. Nearly all the fancy horse flesh of the Twin Cities and the many stylish equipages, with names known only to the manufacturers' catalogues, were grouped together, and each with its brightly dressed occupants and gaily striped sunshades made a picture not often seen disassociated with a big race meeting. All of these scenes made up the picture of yesterday, and each entered more or less into the success of the meeting.

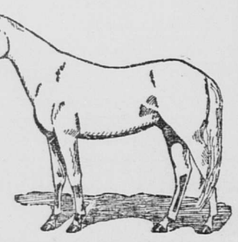
THE RACING EVENTS

were of a decidedly better class than those of the preceding day, to say nothing of the special events. There was much regret that the condition of the track was such—"cuppy," the drivers call it—as to prevent Axtell from lowering his record several seconds, but it was agreed that the performance was therefore all the more wonderful. The pretty picture of a stallion was warmly greeted and applauded, and his proud owner left no laurels behind him. The pacing of Bruno Beaupre's crack team was also wonderful, under the circumstances. It is a pity something cannot be done to hurry up the heats of the trots and paces, so as to finish them in some reasonable time, instead of at nightfall, but it seems impossible, and certainly no one could do more than Starter Smith to achieve that end. Not half of that large audience remained until the end last night.

AXTELL'S PERFORMANCE.

The Record Equaled—Track "Cuppy" for Fast Work.

At precisely 4:15, after a half dozen preliminary spins, Axtell, the great and beautiful three-year-old, went by the judges' stand, and upon a nod from his owner and driver, C. W. Williams, was



THE WONDERFUL IOWAN.

sent away for the mile in which he was to try and lower his world's record of 2:15¼. As the pride of the Hawkeye state went by the grand stand his action was the very poetry of motion and the occupants thereof who knew a good horse when they saw him, uttered cheer upon cheer, and every man, woman and child on the ground craned their necks for a sight of

The quarter was passed in 33 seconds, and between that and the half Axtell pricked up his ears and began to show the crowd what he could do. He flashed by the half in 1:06¾, and as the speed increased and the last quarter grew near, delighted exclamations escaped the crowd of horsemen whe were eagerly watching the performance.

"He'll do it," exclaimed one. "Bet your life he will," screamed another. "He's the best ever foaled, for money," exclaimed an enthusiastic admirer of the game little stallion. The third quarter was passed in 1:39¼, and as the little horse came down the home stretch it seemed almost certain that the hopes of his friends and owner would be realized. The wire was passed, according to the official announcement, in 2:15½, though there seemed to be considerable difference of opinion as to whether or not the time was a shade under that figure. The track was not quite perfect for an attempt at record breaking, yet the performance of Axtell yesterday is regarded as a wonderfully good one. Mr. Williams is justly proud of his horse, and is confident that he will easily break his record under more favorable conditions. H. F. Brown, of Minneapolis, presented Mr. Williams, after the race, with an elegant lamb's-wool blanket, upon which was woven in letters of gold cord the name "Axtell." Secretary Simons handed the owner of the horse and blanket an elegant diamond locket. The announcement of the presentations was received enthusiastically by the crowds lining both sides of the track. Axtell was foaled and bred at Independence, Io., and the Iowans who were present backed him to beat his record for every cent they had, their example being followed by many others.

A FAST TROT.

The California Mare Wins a Very Pretty Race.

The 2:21 class trot, the only trot of the day, was quite spirited throughout, and proved quite "a race for a man's money." All five of the entries started, and were drawn in the following order: Nellie V, First Call, Lynn W, Illinois Egbert and Marvel. Splan voluntarily drew Nellie after the third heat. The details follow:

First Heat—"Nellie V is a peculiar starter," as the starter announced, and so it proved, Splan finally nodding for a go, with his mare behind, and the other four horses lined. First Call had virtually the pole and took the lead at once, so that when the horses showed at the quarter pole First Call had a slight lead over Lynn W, with Nellie V just pulling away from Marvel and Egbert, bunched. Along the back stretch Lynn pulled up to even honors with First Call, and it was a pretty race, with Nellie gaining on both and Marvel opening a gap before Egbert at the three-quarter. Lynn showed the open ahead of First Call, and Marvel had stolen a march on Nellie, while Egbert, the second favorite, pegged away in the rear. This order was not changed to the wire, Lynn winning handily in 2:21¼, First Call second, Marvel third, Nellie fourth and Egbert last.

Second Heat.—This was a very pretty heat and showed a nice burst of speed. After one score, the horses got off very well together and rode a race from beginning to end. Egbert got the pole from Lynn before the first quarter and at the pole was in the lead, with First Call at his wheel. Splan then pushed Nellie up until she joined the leaders' wheels, with Egbert and First Call trotting neck and neck at the half. Lynn had dropped away to the rear and Marvel was a bad fourth at the three-quarters, but there put in a beautiful burst of speed. First Splan's wheel was caught and then the bay gelding touched her nose and then showed a lead. Up the wheel of First Call the Marvel gelding crept and as the horses swept into the stretch the four could almost have been covered by a blanket. Marvel kept up his speed and finally passed under the wire a winner by a neck, Egbert second, Nellie V third, First Call fourth and Lynn last. Time, 2:23.

Third Heat—This, for the pretty heat is was, had a very bad beginning. There was so much scoring, that Ryan decided he would go at a disadvantage. Marvel made a double break and righted himself, and though in the rear, the word was given. First Call had a good lead, but Lynn W pushed for him and passed at the first quarter. Nellie V, pulling up until the three were racing neck and neck. Marvel struck his gait at the half, and rapidly overtook the leaders, First Call losing his feet and falling to the rear. Marvel had pushed past Nellie at the three-quarter post and down the stretch came Marvel and Lynn with a rush. The pace was tremendous now, and Marvel couldn't stand it, losing his feet as he went under the wire just behind Lynn. Egbert was third, two lengths behind, and Nellie V and First Call in the order named. Time, 2:21½.

Fourth Heat—Splan's little mare lost a shoe in scoring for this heat and he was given permission to draw her. The other four horses got off the next attempt in fairly even shape. Lynn at once got the lead, and through Marvel pulled up to nearly even honors, the California horse was never headed and won easily. Egbert and Marvel had both skipped more or less. The heat and race were awarded to Lynn W, Marvel got second money, Illinois Egbert third and First Call Fourth. Summary:

2:21 Class Trot—Purse $800. Divided.

Lynn W, b. g., W. H. McCarthy, Los Angeles, Cal.	1	5	1	1
Marvel, b. g., J. G. Ryan, Detroit, Mich.	3	1	2	2
Illinois Egbert, b. g., Abbey & McHenry, St. Paul	5	2	3	3
First Call, b. g., W. E. Schutte, St. Paul	2	4	5	4
Nellie V, b. m., John Splan, Cleveland, O.	4	3	4	dr.

Time, 2:21¼, 2:23, 2:21½, 2:21¼.

TEMPLE TOOK IT.

The 2:34 Pace Took Six Heats to Pick a Winner.

There were a good bunch of horses entered for the 2:34 pace. M. E. McHenry's "Dexter" being pretty well thought of by local sportsmen and equally well in many cases by those from other climes, who noted the splendid gait and appearance of the St. Paul bay. The Ohio delegation went full lengths on Jimmie Temple, and the Kansas men spent all the money they had in backing Tom McCarthy, and Red Rover. The result proved that all of the horses were good enough to bet on, the heats being closely contested on each occasion.

The first heat was started promptly at 2:15 on the second score. The positions were: Red Rover at the pole, Pat Legg second, Tom McCarthy third, Henry Dexter fourth, Blue Stone fifth, Major McDow sixth, Jimmie Temple seventh, Truemont eighth, Eddie B ninth. The Rover lost his lead at the turn to Tom McCarthy, with Henry Dexter crowding up, Pat Legg, Major McDow, Flora, Blue Stone and the rest of the field crowding up. At the half Tom McCarthy drew up in good form, followed by Red Rover hard held and full of going. From this point the field tailed out to a long string, with Red Rover an easy leader, Tom McCarthy a good second, Dexter third. Dexter was crowded on the home stretch, passing Tom McCarthy and coming in second to Red Rover in 2:25½. The Rover held his lead for the half mile, and went under the wire winner by a length in 2:25¼.

Second Heat—At the second score an accident occurred which came near resulting seriously for Major McDow. The bell had rung for the return of the field, and they were showing up at the turn when Eddie B's sulky fouled that of the Major as the result of very clumsy handling by the driver of the former, William Parker (colored), of Minneapolis. Rody Patterson, who was driving Major McDow, was thrown from his seat and came heavily to the ground, while the Major, freed from restraint, started on a mad race around the track. Grooms and ostlers started like an ambushed army from the ground in every direction, and ran to various points of the track in the hope of being able to stop the runaways. The honor was reserved, however, for Patrolman William J. Klein, of St. Paul, who galloped his horse to the turning point for the home stretch, and cleverly brought the flying animal to a standstill without injury. As the brawny patrolman rode up to the stand with his charge its occupants gave vent to a rousing cheer, to which the officer responded by raising his cap and bowing his appreciation of the ovation he was receiving. After a couple more scores with the Major in a new sulky, they were sent away with Major McDow in the lead and Red Rover second. At the quarter Dexter began to draw up, and after passing the half took the lead, with Red Rover second and the Major third. On the turn for home Dexter had increased his lead to a safe distance, with Major McDow second and Tom McCarthy coming up to third. Dexter went first under the wire in 2:24¾, followed by Major McDow, Jimmie Temple, Blue Stone and Red Rover in regular order, the rest of the field tailed out in the rear, and Eddie B distanced.

Third Heat—They got away on the third score, with Tom McCarthy taking a slight lead over Dexter and Red Rover, who were, however, right at his heels, Dexter taking the front at the quarter. Red Rover, Eddie B, Jimmie Temple and Major McDow were bunched after the half, with Dexter in the lead and Tom McCarthy second. Tom got off his feet soon after passing the half, and Jimmie Temple came up to second place, with Red Rover third. These positions were maintained to the finish. Dexter passing the home wire in 2:24.

Fourth Heat—They got off at the second score, with Dexter leading, Tom McCarthy second, and Blue Stone third. At the quarter, Jimmie Temple began to crawl up, he and Dexter running even to the half where Jimmie took the lead, the order being Dexter second, Tom third, Red Rover fourth, and Blue Stone fifth. The pace was a hot one, but Jimmie was out for a heat and kept it up to the home wire, running in 2:23¼ with Dexter second, Tom McCarthy third, Blue Stone fourth, and Red Rover distanced. Rover trotted a splendid race, but fouled his fore feet in the last quarter, coming to his knees, and breaking into a run as he recovered.

Fifth Heat—There were four starters, with Jimmie Temple at the pole, Dexter second, Tom McCarthy third and Blue Stone fourth. James held the lead all the way round, closely followed to the half by Tom McCarthy, with Dexter third, and Blue Stone bringing up the rear. Nearing the stretch Dexter pulled up to second, and held that position to the end of the heat, which was taken by Jimmie Temple in 2:24¾.

Sixth Heat—The same number of starters as before. After three scores they got away with Jimmie Temple in the lead, Dexter second, Tom McCarthy third and Blue Stone fourth. As before, Jimmie held his lead through the entire heat, coming under the wire and winning the race in 2:25, with Dexter at his heels, Tom McCarthy third and Blue Stone distanced for running. First money was given to Jimmie Temple, second to Henry Dexter and third to Tom McCarthy. Fourth money will go to the association as a result of Blue Stone being distanced. Summary:

Pacing, 2:34 class; prize, $500 divided.

Jimmie Temple, blk g, John Splan, Cleveland, O.	7	3	2	1	1	1
Henry Dexter, b g, M. E. McHenry, St. Paul	2	1	1	2	2	2
Tom McCarthy, br g, E. W. Johnson, Kansas City	3	6	5	3	3	3
Blue Stone, g g, George W. Spear, Minneapolis	6	4	4	4	4	dr.
Red Rover, b g, Bob Stewart, Kansas City	1	5	3	dis.		
Maj. McDow, b s, Rody Patterson, Lexington, Ky.	5	2	dis.			
Flora M, br m, C. H. Morton, Minneapolis	8	7	dis.			
Truement, b g, W. W. Gibbs, St. James, Minn.	4	dr.				
Eddie B, b g, Wm. Parker, Minneapolis	9	dis.				
Pat Legg, blk g, J. Clark, Chicago, Ill.	dis.					

Time 2:25½, 2:24¾, 2:24, 2:23¼, 2:24¾, 2:25.

A FAST PACE.

Sir Archy Wins and the Time Falls Below Sixteen.

The hour was growing very late when the last race was called, but it was won in three straight heats. Sir Archy, a Minnesota bred horse, was the prime favorite and won handily, making McCarthy's second race of the day. The five starters drew in the following order: Tom, Sir Archy, Turk Frankland Rocky Ford and Lillian. It was past 8 o'clock when the race finished, and the pretty heats were seen by only a slim crowd. The details:

First Heat—Archy was a bad starter, and there were five scores before he could be caught on his feet under the wire. When they did get away Mac had worked him to the front, with Rocky Ford next, Turk and Lillian bunched and Tom badly off his feet in the rear. On past the quarter it became a beautiful race, Archy pulling hard ahead and Lillian rushing along by Rocky Ford. The latter could not stand the terrific pace and fell away, while Lillian shot along and lapped the leader's field. Tom had settled down, but all he could do was to hold up the tail of the procession. Down the stretch Lillian and Archy had a stiff race, but the Californian held the lead under the wire, Lillian second, Turk Frankland third, Rocky Ford fourth and Tom fifth. There was applause in the stand when the time was announced as 2:16¼.

Second Heat—Though a little slower, this was still a beauty of a heat. Sir Archy was the strong point, and when he took the lead in this heat it was evidently to keep it. Lillian began pushing him on the back stretch and once collared him at the half, but the stallion outfooted her and she failed to hold on. Turk had seemed out of the race until the three-quarter pole was reached, when he suddenly pulled into life and crept up on Lillian. Down the stretch they came, all under whip and voice, Turk finally passing Lillian and coming second by a nose. Archy won in 2:17½, Turk second, Lillian third, Rocky Ford fourth, and Tom last.

Third Heat—It was a foregone conclusion that Sir Archy would easily walk away with the race, and it was only a question of second money. Archy was never headed, though forced to a lively gait, winning in 2:19¾. Frankland got second place and money, Lillian third, Rocky Ford fourth and Tom fifth place and no money. Summary:

Pacing, 2:19 class; purse $600; divided.

Sir Archy, b s, W. H. McCarthy, Los Angeles, Cal	1	1	1
Turk Frankland, b g, D. A. Hancock, Blackburn, Mo	3	2	2
Lillian, b m, C. A. Niles, Minneapolis	2	3	3
Rocky Ford, b g, Charles Daft, Chicago	4	4	4
Tom, b g, J. H. Jarvis, Concordia, Kan	5	5	5

Time, 2:16¼, 2:17½, 2:19¾.

AT THE POOLS.

How the Sports Placed Money on the Events.

Things were fairly lively at the pools just prior to the first heat in the 2:34 class pace. Temple sold freely at $10, and Red Rover for $8, there being plenty of people who wanted the field at $18. For the twenty-one class trot, Lynn W, the pretty bay gelding had lots of friends at $10 for choice, Illinois Egbert sold freely at $7, and the field at $18 was freely bought on all sides. The crowds round the pools were much larger, and considerably more active than on the previous day, the pool men being kept busy in supplying the demand for favored stock. The roulette outfit was a bonanza for its proprietors during the intervals between events, and, as has always been the case on every race track since time immemorial, there was a struggle between the worthies who cry in exultant accents "The red wins; the lucky red," or "The lone star's a winner" and the occupants of the pool stands, calling out the odds

SHARKS WHO KNOW IT ALL.

on the various races, were striving to see which could outvoice the other. The bagatelle game had also its quintum of patronage, and thus the merry whirl was kept up the whole day through. Before the second heat in the 2:21 class trot odds of 4 to 2 for the best were being laid against Nellie, 2 to 3 Lynn W, 4 to 2 Marvel, 5 to 2 First Call and even money against Egbert. Lynn seemed to be a hot favorite with the betters, and was heavily backed for the heat. At the pools there was but little change in the betting, Lynn selling freely against the field at $10, the best price obtainable for the rest of the bunch being $12, and but few buyers.

SOME OF THEIR VICTIMS.

After the first heat Rover was sold freely at $10, with the field at the same price, and for the third Dexter stock loomed up at the same figures. After the fourth heat Jimmie Truemont again became favorite at $10 with the same money offered for the field.

Lynn W. held his own as favorite for the 2:21 class trot, at $10 against the field at $18. Archie was favorite in the 2:19 pace at $25, and $15 for the field, the odds continuing about the same during the entire race.

To-Day's Events.

Following are the events for to-day, the third of the meeting:

2:27 Class, Trotting—W. H. McCarthy, Los Angeles, Cal., br s, Rajah; R. S. Steele, Lexington, Ky., b s, Erin; John Splan, Cleveland, O., br s, Hollstine; George W. Farrar, Minneapolis, Minn., br g, Dick Garrett; J. K. Bullock, Sycamore, Ill., gr s, March; Rody Patterson, Lexington, Ky., b g, Harrison; J. G. Johnston, Eminence, K. Y., b g, Alaric; C. L. White, Marinette, Wis., b m, Mary C; S. N. Clement, Colon, Mich., g s, Silver Cloud; W. H. McCarthy, Los Angeles, Cal., br m, Lena Wilkes; J. N. Castle, Stillwater, Minn., ch g, Louis S; Bob Stewart, Kansas City, Mo., b m, Rock Island Maid; V. Simpson, Winona, Minn., b g, Dixev V.

2:24 class, pacing—C. M. C. Weedman, Farmer City, Ill., b g Monkey Rolla; John Splan, Cleveland, O., ch m Travilla; W. S. Campbell, Dallas, Tex., br s J. L. R.; G. C. Loomis, Pipestone, Minn., b g C. W. L.; Abe Devine, Eau Claire, Wis., b g Bay Diamond; Robert Forester, Kansas City, blk g Mambrino Prince; Charles McCormack, Omaha, Neb., spot g Little Willie; D. A. Hosmer, Montrose, Mo., br s Louis B.; George C. Raymond, St. Paul, blk g Highland Laddie.

2:33 Class—Trotting—F. C. Avery, Hutchinson, Minn., b s, Motor; John Splan, Cleveland, O., br s, Sir Albin; Aldrich & Seavy, Aurora, b s, Ichiban; Isaac Stephenson, Marinette, Wis., b s, Allie Clay Jr.; W. T. Walsh, Ottawa, Ill., b m, Ottawa Maid; C. L. White, Marinette, Wis., ch s, Minneola; Abe Rohrbach, Stillwater, Minn., b g, Mike Wilkes; W. H. McCarthy, Los Angeles, Cal., b g, Lucky Boy; W. E. Shutte, St. Paul, Minn., s m, Ida R; C. W. Williams, Independence, O., b m, Lady Mack; Grand View stock farm, Minden, Neb., b m, Helen G; Charles McCormick, Omaha, Neb., g g, Col. H; E. A. Hughes, Clinton, Io., b g, John W; Bob Stewart, Kansas City, b g, Five Points; F. H. Sammis, Minneapolis, Minn., b g, Brick; George W. Spear, Minneapolis, Minn., b g, Bob M.

WHIPS AND SPURS.

Notes, Incidents and Personal Comment of the Track.

Bruno Beaupre paced an exhibition heat with his famous team, Frankie B and Sleepy Fred. The circumstances, however, were not favorable. Mr. Beaupre drove the team in from St. Paul, and expected to make the circuit while the horses were warm; but he arrived at an inopportune time, and was compelled to wait and then start after the horses had cooled down. Still he made a good mile. The match horses went around like clockwork, and never missed a step. The quarter was made in :35, the half in 1:11, the three-quarters in 1:48¼ and the mile in 2:26. The team has a record of 2:22, but Col. Smith complimented the trial as very creditable. Mr. Beaupre was presented with a handsome bouquet. He explained afterward that one of his horses kicked a boot off, which had some effect on their speed.

To-day and Saturday trains will leave St. Paul at 1, 1:45 and 2:25, and return at 6 o'clock and after the race.

COULD NOT HOLD THEM

Sullivan and His Backer, Johnson, Jailed by Fly Cops at Nashville.

Habeas Corpus Proceedings Result in the Release of the Twain.

Warned by a Friend Kilrain Gives Buckeye Detectives the Slip.

The Great Defeated, Mitchell, and Moore are Hurrying Towards Kentucky.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 11.—When the north bound Louisville & Nashville train pulled into this city at 10:33 this morning a crowd of people surged around the car to see John L. Sullivan, who was known to be on board. A rumor soon obtained circulation that a requisition was in the hands of the police, several of whom had boarded the car. Some discussion, and finally a struggle was seen in the car, and an officer reached over his handcuffs in his hand, and, seizing the slugger's arm, pulled him out into the aisle of the car. Sullivan resisted. Mike Muldoon, who occupied the same seat, put his head out of the window and cried to the crowd: "Gentlemen, I demand American protection." His patriotic wail was greeted with a variety of responses. Some cheered Sullivan and begged him to "knock the coppers out;" others cried, "Hurrah for the Nashville police," "Hit him with your club," etc. One youngster who was hanging on the outside of the car window, ducked his head behind the sill and informed the crowd that "the cops have out their guns." After a brief struggle, Sullivan was taken from the car and hustled to a carriage. In the scuffle he drew back to knock down a policeman, when Chief Clark stuck a pistol in his face and told him if he struck he (Clark) would kill him. The officers next grabbed Charley Johnson, of Brooklyn, Sullivan's backer, who resisted vigorously, but finally began to cry with pain. During all the scrimmage Muldoon sat quietly by and was undisturbed. Mike Cleary, Sullivan's other second, hid in the excitement, and one other named Lynch, jumped off the train. Only Johnson and Sullivan were detained, though the others were wanted. The arrest was made by authority of a telegram from Gov. Lowry, of Mississippi, to the Nashville chief of police. Sullivan has retained ex-Attorney General W. H. Washington, who says that the officers went beyond their authority and cannot hold their men. An immediate attempt will be made to get the parties out on a writ of habeas corpus. Gov. Lowry's telegram offers a reward of $1,000, and it is believed that if released on the present charge, Sullivan will be rearrested in order to secure time for a requisition to be obtained. The arrested belligerents are now at the police station in conference with their attorneys.

COULD NOT HOLD THEM.

Sullivan and Johnson Released on Habeas Corpus Proceedings.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 11.—The question as to whether John L. Sullivan and Charlie Johnson could be legally held in custody to await requisition papers from Mississippi was argued in the circuit court here this afternoon. Defendants' petition for a writ of habeas corpus was read, stating that he had been arrested on no process known to law, and held without any charge against him and without shadow of legal authority. He declared that he had committed no offense against the laws of Tennessee and was not subject to legal restraint. He had committed no felony in this or any other state. Counsel discussed at length, and finally Judge McAlister rendered his decision. He was very emphatic in his opinion that to hold Sullivan longer would be a most arbitrary act on the part of the court; that the officers had arrested him without warrant or authority of law; that misdemeanors were not extraditable by the rulings of Tennessee courts and by precedents of Gov. Taylor. He therefore ordered Sullivan and Johnson released. There was an immense crowd present, and the decision of the judge was greeted with great applause. Sullivan was made a hero of, and the town was his until he left it at 8 o'clock for the East.

WARNED BY A FRIEND.

Kilrain Gives Buckeye Fly Cops the Slip.

CINCINNATI, O., July 11.—One of Kilrain's personal friends learned of the governor's message to the chief of police before 2 o'clock this afternoon, and he immediately telegraphed to Kilrain, who was on Ohio & Mississippi Train No. 2. The Kilrain party received the dispatch west of Seymour, Ind., and, hastily bundling up, they left the train when they reached that point. Arrangements had been made by wire for the party to go south until they reached the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad, which was to hold the "fast flying Virginian" for them, and in this manner, if the program is carried out, they will reach Baltimore to-morrow night. During the consultation before leaving the Ohio & Mississippi train, other plans were suggested and may be adopted if necessary. The Cincinnati detectives boarded the train at the state line, but Kilrain had fled. The crowd at the train at Cincinnati laughed at the chief of police who was waiting at the depot, and he retired badly disappointed. Kilrain was in good spirits on the train.

THE GREAT DEFEATED.

Neither He Nor His Followers Have Any Complaints to Make.

ST. LOUIS, July 11.—Jake Kilrain, the defeated pugilist; Charlie Mitchell, the champion boxer of England; Pony Moore, Mitchell's father-in-law, and John Murphy, the game featherweight who was recently pounded out of shape by "Spider" Weir, and succeeded in marking the "Spider" somewhat, arrived in St. Louis this morning at 7:30, via the Iron Mountain railway. There had been so many conflicting reports about the movements of the great defeated and his followers, that only a moderate-sized crowd assembled at the depot, but those who were there were brimful of curiosity, and peered eagerly into the various cars attached to the locomotive, discovering nothing. An Associated Press reporter hurried to the smoking compartment of the sleeper in which the Kilrain party were located, and, in a few minutes, Charlie Mitchell cautiously opened the door and asked if there were any "bloody coppers" about. He was assurred that the police force slumbered peacefully, and upon receipt of this information, brought forth his principal, the once champion of the world, followed by the redoubtable Murphy, who rubbed his swollen head ruefully, and said:

"Now just look at that nut of mine, will you; and I did nothing but stand there in the sun and hold a bottle."

Kilrain looks bad, but he is as far from the grave as before the fight in so far as the injuries received in the battle are concerned. His face is badly bruised, both eyes blackened, lips cut, but not severely, and his jaw giving evidence of some of the taps thereon from the brawny fist of the pride of Beanville. Kilrain walks without assistance, but is far from frisky, and especially was this noticeable in his alighting from and mounting the steps of a car. He is also a badly frightened man, and fears Gov. Lowry more than he did John L. He still looks to Mitchell, and obeys his orders like a child.

"We can't talk here, you know," said Mitchell. "Let's get off to the windward of these curious blokes and get in our car, and then we'll be easier, you know."

To all of which Pony Moore nodded a vigorous assent, and poor Jake Kilrain followed meekly. Seated in the Cincinnati sleeper Mitchell opened with the statement that the fight was lost because Jake wasn't in shape.

"I knew he was sick and I asked him if he didn't feel badly, and he deceived me by saying no; now didn't you, Jake?"

"But I felt well enough to 'do' him," growled the fallen idol of Oysterville.

"The whole story in a nutshell," continued Mitchell, "can be quickly told. Jake had no time to get fit and the sun knocked him out. The battle was fair and square, and we have no complaint to make."

"But didn't Sullivan assist the sun in knocking out Kilrain?"

"Some," said Mitchell.

"Yes, Sullivan did get in some damaging punches in the third, and I believe the seventh rounds."

"But just look at my head," interjected Featherweight Murphy, who clung tenaciously to the belief that Old Sol, and not John L., laid Kilrain low.

"But it's a bloody shame to talk about dosing," continued Mitchell, "and about my leaving Jake because he was defeated. Jake will tell you he wasn't drugged, and as for leaving him—why, I was looking out that we weren't nabbed by the 'bobbies' in Mississippi, and stood on the front platform to prevent the uncoupling of the train. Masterson, of Denver, who is charged with twenty-two lives, stood by me, and promised to shoot the first man who touched a coupling pin, and by the courtesy of the Associated Press we finally got into New Orleans on their special train. It was forced courtesy, I know, but we couldn't help it. We had to get out of Mississippi, and quick, too. There is nothing in the stories about a falling out between Jake and myself."

"People would prefer your statement as to the fight, Jake," suggested the Associated Press reporter.

"Well, he whipped me," replied Jake, "and he did it fairly. I wasn't in condition. The truth is I had out two weeks' training. The heat assisted, but I was not drugged, don't blame anybody, and acknowledge defeat. I was over-confident, perhaps, but still think I can whip Sullivan, and shall try another go at him."

This statement was made in a disheartened way, however, and it was clearly evident that Kilrain is not overanxious for another battle.

"I feel badly about losing the fight," said Kilrain, "but am not suffering very much physically. It meant a fortune to me. If I had won, I need not have fought again, but now I must." Mitchell says he will challenge Sullivan for another battle, and Pony Moore stated he stood ready to back his son-in-law for any amount.

The party goes direct to Baltimore, via Cincinnati.

AFRAID OF ARREST.

Kilrain and His Coterie Hurrying Toward Kentucky.

COLUMBUS, Ind., July 11.—Kilrain and party came from St. Louis to Seymour, over the Ohio & Mississippi road. At Seymour the news reached the party of Sullivan's arrest. The announcement came unexpectedly and disturbed Kilrain, who evidently feared that his arrest would soon follow. A conference was held, resulting in their resolving to leave the Ohio & Mississippi train and come to Columbus, and if possible reach Cincinnati by another road. Once there, they expressed the feeling that they would be taken care of by friends. When the party left the train here they were immediately recognized, and a crowd soon surrounded them. They entered a hack and were driven to the Bissell hotel, where Mitchell registered for all. He attempted to fool the people by giving fictitious names. They were shown to their rooms, where Kilrain proceeded to take a good wash. A correspondent was shown into the room and asked Kilrain for an interview.

"D—n the newspapers," he replied. "They have ruined me already."

He was stripped to the waist and bore evidence of the terrible punishment he had received. His body appeared badly swollen, and was covered with plasters. A big spot on the right side was blood red and bloated. His arms were in terrible shape. He suffered intensely as Pony Moore assisted him to put on an undershirt. He could scarcely stand to have the collar buttoned, and flinched perceptibly.

"How came you to stop off in this city?" was asked of Mitchell.

"We are safe anywhere, but desire to avoid arrest," said he.

When asked as to what programme they intended to follow, he refused to talk. He refused to talk of Sullivan's arrest. During their stay at the hotel a crowd of several hundred people gathered, anxious to get a glimpse of the noted guests. The party ordered supper, but before it could be prepared Murphy had slipped out unperceived and ordered carriages at a neighboring livery stable. In about two hours from the time of their arrival a carriage drove up to the rear door of the hotel, and the party were hurried into it and driven off at a high rate of speed, passing out of the city and north into Kentucky.

It is presumed they were bound for either Shelbyville or Edinburgh, the former being about thirty miles distant and the latter twelve miles. Kilrain and Mitchell have many friends in Shelbyville and it is thought it is their intention to reach that place where they will take the Big Four train to Cincinnati. The proprietor of the Bissell house is well acquainted with Mitchell and Kilrain, and said they were going to Shelbyville. To-night William Smith, sheriff of this county, telegraphed Gov. Lowry, of Mississippi, if he desired the arrest of the party. The following reply was received:

Jackson, Miss., July 11.—I will pay $500 reward for the arrest of Kilrain and his party. Charles Mitchell and Pony Moore, delivered to the sheriff here. Answer if accepted. ROBERT LOWRY.

The sheriff has organized a posse and gone on the trail of the pugilists. They are about one hour behind in the start, but it is thought they will overtake them. The sheriff and his men are well prepared for a desperate resistance.

LOWRY'S DANDER IS UP.

Tennessee's Governor Intends to Punish the Offenders if Possible.

JACKSON, Miss., July 11.—After the arrest of John L. Sullivan and party at Nashville to-day, it was thought by Gov. Lowry they could be held until requisition papers and officers reached there. This hope vanished, however, when a telegram from Gov. Taylor was received this evening saying Sullivan had been released on habeas corpus proceedings. Gov. Lowry then telegraphed points beyond Nashville to arrest Sullivan and party, to which no response has yet been received. The Kilrain party are also being pursued, with chance of capture. They are changing their original route. A handsome reward is offered for the capture of both parties and their delivery to state officers. If the arrests are effected they will be returned to Jackson for trial under the law of 1882. Gov. Lowry intends to prosecute all persons party to the offense, but gives no names at present, though it is believed the referee of the fight and officers of the Queen and Crescent are among them. The latter afforded accommodation to and from the battle grounds, and afterwards aided the parties to escape over their road.

FOUGHT AS IF IN A TRANCE.

Baltimoreans Believe That Kilrain Was Drugged by Mitchell.

BALTIMORE, July 11.—The statement that Kilrain was drugged finds support among the Baltimore sports who witnessed the fight, but the motive seems to have been to deaden pain rather than to cause his defeat. In the third round, after Sullivan delivered his tremendous blow over Kilrain's heart, Mitchell held to his mouth a sponge dipped in a bucket, and after that Jake fought as if in a trance. Mitchell purchased in Baltimore a drug which acts directly on the heart and benumbs the nervous sensibilities. The blow over the heart caused a slowing up of the heart's action, and after administering the dose, whisky, to exhiliarate the heart's action, should have been given. A Baltimore physician says:

"Kilrain was overtrained and I believe the rapid reduction in his weight was not effected by hard work but by powerful cathartic medicines. His nerves were unstrung, he was shoulder bound behind and in no condition to go into the ring."

JAKE AND OTHERS WANTED.

Gov. Lowry Requests That Kilrain, Mitchell and Moore Be Arrested.

COLUMBUS, O., July 11.—Gov. Foraker received the following telegram to-day:

Jackson, Miss., July 11.—Please direct the chief of police at Cincinnati to arrest Jake Kilrain, Charlie Mitchell and Pony Moore and hold them until requisition can reach you. Charge, crime of prize fighting in this state.

[Signed] ROBERT LOWRY, Governor.

In reply, Gov. Foraker repeated the telegram to Col. Philip Deitsch, chief of police at Cincinnati, and asked that official to act in accordance with Gov. Lowry's request. Foraker also sent a telegram to Gov. Lowry saying:

Your request has been complied with.

Penalty for Prize Fighting.

JACKSON, Miss., July 11.—An act of 1882 imposes a penalty not exceeding $1,000 nor less than $500 and imprisonment for twelve months, or both, for prize fighting. A party causing death is guilty of murder. If mayhem, the penalties are provided for. Aiders and abettors are subject to a fine of not less than $1,000, or jail for six months.

Gave Huebler the Slip.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 11.—At noon today Chief of Police Huebler, of this city, received a telegram from Gov. Lowry, of Mississippi, asking him to arrest Jake Kilrain and hold him for requisition papers. As Kilrain and party had left here for the East before the telegram was received the governor was so notified.

FOUGHT FOR BLOOD.

Peter Jackson Stops Sailor Brown in Three Gory Rounds.

CHICAGO, July 11.—A bloody slugging match took place in Chicago tonight, without even the show of interference made by the Mississippi authorities in the Sullivan-Kilrain affair. About 4,000 persons were present and the match was brought to an end by the outcry of some of the spectators that one of the combatants was being killed. The fighter, whom it was feared might slay his opponent outright was the giant negro, Peter Jackson, of Australia. His victim was a Caucasian, the well known pugilist, "Sailor" Brown. Jackson had agreed to "stop" Brown in six rounds, and large wagers had been laid on each of the men. The affair was announced to be in aid of the striking miners at Braidwood, and was ostensibly to be a harmless boxing match. A tip was out, however, that it was to be a fight for blood. Persons who came for gore were reassured when the gloves were seen to be of the two-ounce hard variety, and all the paraphernalia of the prize ring were lugged in. Though Jackson weighed 200 and Brown but 160, the latter pressed the fighting furiously until he was pounded into insensibility. At the first onslaught, Jackson, in backing away, accidently fell over the ropes off the platform, and was guyed by