

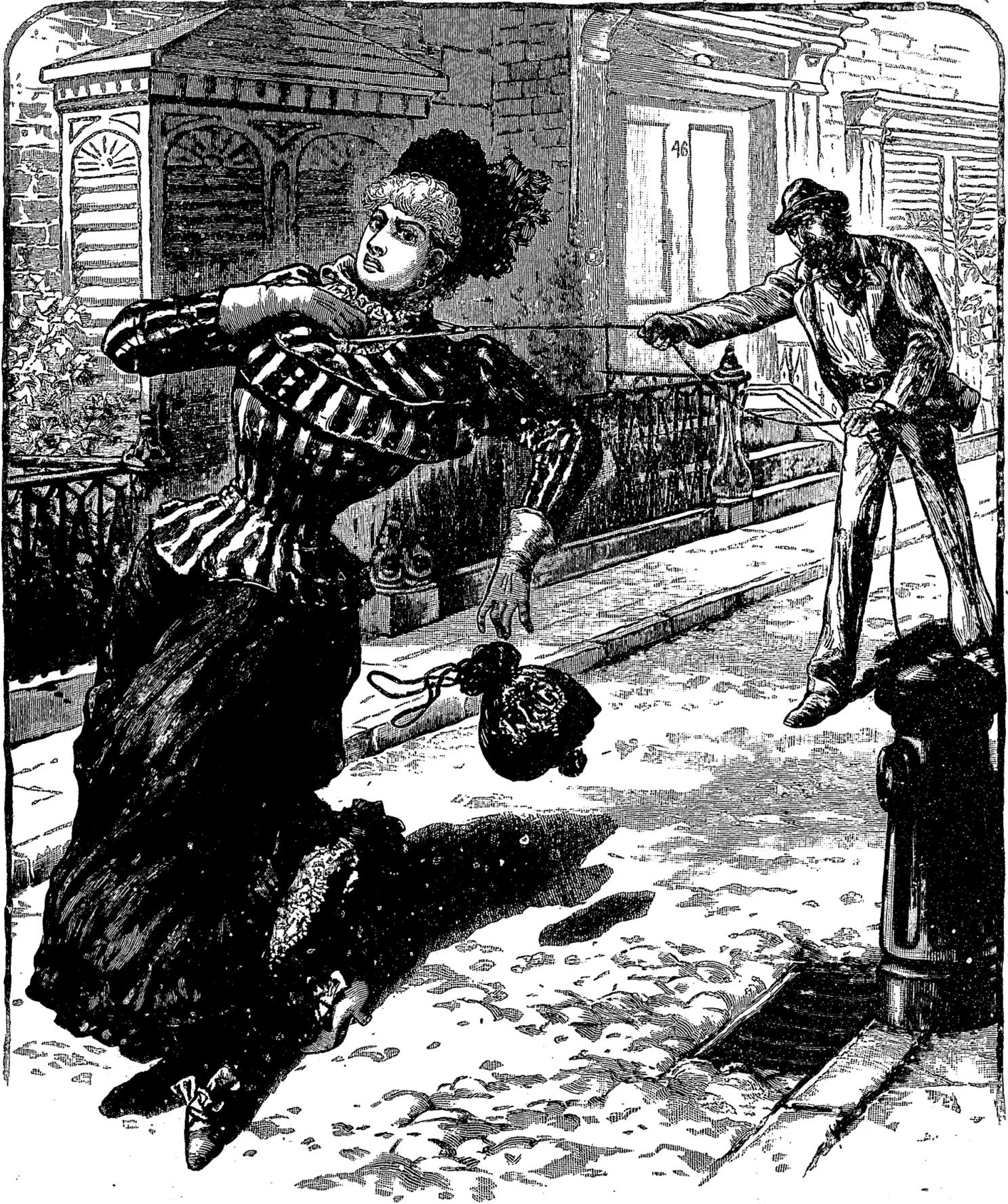
THE ILLUSTRATED POLICE NEWS LAW-COURTS AND WEEKLY RECORD

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VOL. 56—NO. 1405.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1893.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



LASSOED IN THE STREET AT LYNN, MASS.

MISS ALICE CLANCY'S TERRIBLE ADVENTURE WITH AN UNKNOWN ASSAILANT ON SEPT. 7—AN ATTEMPT UPON HER PERSON FROM WHICH SHE ESCAPED WITH A ROPE ABOUT HER NECK AND ALMOST STRANGLED TO DEATH.

THEATRES.

Her Face is on Paper.

His Dog Was Kicking—Miss Farrington's Interview with a Cannon Ball—'In the Wrong Place'—A German's Joke—Max Freeman vs. Sydney Rosenfeld.



An impulsive, giddy young thing writes to Edward E. Rice, asking for a position, using an "application for help" blank bearing the stamp of a Boston intelligence office. "For the first time," she merrily remarks, "my face is on paper. It is not quite as good as I expected, but best I can do at present. I confess I am a grain better looking than this picture. I do hope the train won't run off the track with this freight on board. Well, putting all fooling to one side, I will say once more I hope you can do something for me in some play there. If there are lots of extra hands wanted I would be willing to be one." The photograph inclosed was a wonder. It represented a young woman of phenomenal ugliness—even for Boston—wearing a sombrero hat, loose blouse, knee breeches and base ball shoes. The make-up was a happy compromise between that of a cowboy and a South Boston masquerade ball reveller at 6 o'clock in the morning.



Czar, the big staghound which for more than two years past has been one of the best known figures on the Rialto in New York, has just passed through a thrilling experience out West. Some months ago Czar and his master, Frank De Vroom, were engaged for the parts of walking dog and leading gentleman in a Chicago production. After the run of the play in that city it took to the road. In course of time it struck Indianapolis. Mr. De Vroom and Czar engaged a room at the best hotel. The first morning after their arrival, as master and dog passed through the corridor, they heard the hotel clerk call a bell boy and ask if the dog had spent the night in the hotel. When the bell boy admitted that he had, the proprietor shouted: "Well, don't you let that occur again. You send him out to the stable to-night." Czar and De Vroom waited for a few moments and then sauntered up to the desk. De Vroom asked for his bill. The hotel clerk looked astonished. "Why, but I thought you were going to stop a week, sir. Have you any complaint, sir?" "Oh, no," replied De Vroom, carelessly. "I am quite satisfied. It's my dog that's kicking." "The dog?" cried the clerk. "Yes, the dog. He's a particular brute, and doesn't like your beds. As for the meals—well, he says he wouldn't serve such meals to a hotel clerk."



Excitement was caused at rehearsal at the New York Casino the other day by Miss Farrington's interview with a cannon ball. The cannon ball is one of the thunder-makers, without which no Syrian rai-maker could do business. It occupied an inconspicuous place in the files, and a boy had been engaged especially to trundle it up and down

an iron sheet. The cannon ball rolled off the sheet and fell to the stage twenty feet below. According to the company's account, it struck the stage within two yards of the spot where Miss Farrington was standing. Miss Farrington says it did nothing of the kind. On the contrary, it grazed her shoulder blade and ran down the outer edge of her arm, fracturing her newest 31 carat diamond ring and shattering her system generally. Miss Farrington, as soon as she recovered herself, carried the ring to Manager Barton and asked for a raise of salary. Mr. Barton sent her across the road to a drug store, where the diamond was put in splints.



"Oh!" she exclaimed, as she entered the Washington, D. C., police station in a state of great anxiety. "You will help me, won't you?" The officer in charge assured her that he would if it was in his power. "I have just met with a great loss," she continued. "What was it?" "Diamonds. I had just finished rehearsing, when—"



Manager J. M. Hill was standing near the desk at the Waldorf in New York the other night, when a very stout German walked into the hotel corridor and registered. Mr. Hill eyed the man because of his unusually large front and the dignified way he carried it. After the German had finished with the clerk he turned and saw Mr. Hill looking at him. Mr. Hill dropped his eyes and gazed at the floor. The next moment he almost choked with laughter, for the German, in a dignified manner, called one of the porters, dropped half a dollar in his hand and remarked in good English: "Here, my man, are 50 cents for you. Just look and tell me if my boots want polishing."



Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld arrived at the Casino at rehearsal the other day and began to make unpleasant remarks. He smiled at Max Freeman's manner of doing stage business and criticised the attitude of Miss Germaine's back hair. Rosenfeld wrote the libretto of "The Rain-makers," and therefore felt that he was in a position to relieve his mind. Finally Freeman seized Rosenfeld by the back of the neck and threatened to lay him across his knee. The chorus retired hastily. Comedian Charles Hopper rushed to the rescue. Wrenching himself free from Freeman's grasp, Rosenfeld seized the manuscript and left the house. The rehearsal broke up abruptly. The entire company adjourned to the sidewalk, where they held a council of war. Across the road stood Rosenfeld, waving the manuscript in his hand. He called across to Miss Germaine that he would begin a new rehearsal at once. All the women adjourned to the drug store in a fright. Finally at night Freeman and Rosenfeld met again in the Casino lobby. The men grappled, and before Rosenfeld knew where he was, Freeman had landed him through a glass door. His eyeglasses were shattered, and his face frescoed by the flying glass. Rosenfeld retired for alterations and repairs. The fight is still on.

O'BRIEN-FLAHERTY.

The Maine Welter-weight a Victor Over the Bostonian.

Police Interference, But O'Brien Had His Rival Beaten.

O'Brien Adjudged the Victor by the Cribb Club Directors—Jim Kaveny's Short Work With Peter Harding.

[With Portrait of O'Brien.]

In fistic circles in the East on Monday night, Sept. 11, congratulations were in order for Dick O'Brien of Lewiston, Me., and Jimmy Kaveny of Boston. The Lewiston welter-weight at the Cribb Club in Boston triumphed unequivocally and decisively over his heavier antagonist, Maffitt Flaherty of Boston. In the feather-weight event between Kaveny and Pete Harding of Lewiston, Me., the Maine lad went to the wall, or rather the floor, "done in a punch," but in the big and final event Lewiston and the cause of pugilism Down East had revenge. The police interfered, but all the same Dick O'Brien defeated Maffitt Flaherty, and, like a man, Flaherty acknowledged it. O'Brien and Flaherty weighed in at 137 and 141 lbs. at the club, but the limit agreed upon in articles was 148 pounds. O'Brien scaled 143½ pounds and Flaherty, evidently to his own surprise, tipped the scale at 152½ pounds. In other words, O'Brien was four pounds under and Flaherty four pounds over the limit. Flaherty, however, had not brought about very satisfactory results as to the avoirdupois of his man, unless, as may be possible, he was looking for the extra advantage of weight, relying upon O'Brien's good punch to fight Flaherty anyhow, regardless of weight. O'Brien behaved splendidly in respect to not breaking with Flaherty when the latter's extra weight gave good cause. "I will fight you anyhow," O'Brien said. "You forfeit \$50 for overweight and I'll meet you all the same." Flaherty surely had no reason not to feel perfectly satisfied with this. Notwithstanding the odds of weight in his favor he received a substantial defeat in short order after a fair test of merits which was not to be gainsaid. Flaherty had a fair opportunity and was satisfied at the outcome, while his money supporters, having saved their outside wagers, owing to police interference, had nothing except praise of O'Brien as a warrior at 148 pounds. The Maine boxer has certainly established extraordinary qualities. He has behaved equally well against pluggers and scientific left and right experts, and it will be a star and a rare one who at 140 to 145 pounds can lower his colors, and there is no certainty that his master is to be found in the 145 pounders.

The crowd was the largest ever gathered to witness a boxing contest in a Boston club. Over 800 people were packed in the hall when Capt. William Daly, Jr., as master of ceremonies, and Referee Judge, entered the ring at 8.30 p. m. The first bout was to have been a ten-round bout between Jim Kaveny of the West End, and Peter Harding of Lewiston, Me., 128-pound men. Kaveny was seconded by his brother, Bob Dyer, and Peter Harding had Mike Sears, the Maine champion bantam, and a couple of friends attending him. Harding led at the lead off with his left. It was his only punch. Kaveny cross-countered him with a left, and forcing matters at once, he landed his right, and the Lewiston boxer fell to the floor completely knocked out. The bout lasted barely a minute. Harding was not properly trained or conditioned. His fitness for fight may be judged by the fact that before entering the ring he had been feeding on cold boiled lobster. During the interval of waiting for the O'Brien-Flaherty bout, Billy Pilmmer, the world's champion bantam, who came on from New York to witness the meeting, was introduced to the assembly. He was a spruce, well-dressed man, and he had been fighting in the ring for some time. He was a champion, and he was a star. He was a champion, and he was a star. He was a champion, and he was a star.

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Notes and Incidents.

President Hamilton Brock of the Cribb Club says: "Our club management was thoroughly unbiased in deciding that O'Brien was entitled to the big end of the purse money. Everybody present, whether friendly or not to Flaherty, saw that there was no doubt of O'Brien's superiority. That question was settled once for all by what boxing was done. We can decide winners if our judges do not care to do so. The public looked to somebody to make a choice of the winner in that contest, and while it was not to be disputed that the majority present were in favor of Flaherty, it was not to be disputed that O'Brien beat him. We mean to be right and to have right done. Under all the circumstances the Cribb Club management could not do otherwise than give the award of the contest and the big end of the money to O'Brien. Police interference did not come in until everybody realized that Flaherty was mastered, and we were obliged to consider that fact and nothing else. I believe that it will be a good thing to have it understood that when it is clear that a man is beaten the other man shall have his rights regardless of interference. I hear that in the past quite a number of sure thing plays have been made by having police干涉 to save the purse or wagers money of the favorite happened to be losing. There is nothing lost by having it understood that, if a man is beaten, beaten fairly and on his merits, the other man is going to have what belongs to him."

Local ring followers have become impressed that O'Brien can give any crack of his class in New England the sharpest kind of a beating. George Dixon's manager would be glad to secure him as a sort of reserve break-winner, but Joe Lewis of Boston has him in hand and will give him his earnings, and take chances in backing him for stakes and outside wagers. James J. Westcott says: "O'Brien won the fight fairly. If the timekeepers had done their duty and O'Brien's seconds had claimed what belonged to them, Flaherty would have been counted out. He was down fifteen seconds at least at one time."

Johnny Griffin, the timekeeper, says: "It is not true that Flaherty was down ten seconds at any one time. He was down seven seconds at one time. He was not knocked out. I admit that he was a beaten man."

The Boston Post says: "His quick, clean and utter rout of Maffitt Flaherty, an exceptionally good boxer, was a piece of work which has put the Lewiston man to the fore among the crack welter-weights of America. Indeed, there are good judges who would back him against any living man at 140 or 142 pounds. Dick O'Brien has illustrated in a few months that he is of the make that makes champions. He has not only gained friends and reputation in a single bout, but since his debut in a Boston athletic club last spring, he has shown by the contests in which he has engaged since that he has improved with each appearance."

Dick O'Brien left Boston for Maine on Sept. 10. He will give a few exhibitions down that way and then return to Boston and show. O'Brien is under full contract to Joe Lewis, who has a power of attorney to act for him in full.

Flaherty went to the floor four times in the first round. Twice he seemed to go down in his corner, without a blow. O'Brien ate two suppers before the fight "to gain a little weight," he said. O'Brien says: "Flaherty is the hardest puncher I have been against yet. I give him full credit. I am satisfied that he was honest and tried to do the weight. It was said that Maffitt had a longer reach than I have. I believe that mine is longer than his. When both of us led at the same time I seemed to get there first."

Three sisters and two brothers of Dick O'Brien are living—two sisters in St. Johns and the others in Lewiston.

Mike Sears has been with Dick O'Brien in every fight. Dick's first battle was with Joe Donovan at Rockland, Me., June 23, 1892. O'Brien won in eleven rounds.

Dick says of his brother John, the ball player, late of the Chicago: "He can knock me across the room. He weighs 170 pounds stripped, but I think I can do him. He pulled me off the stage the first time I put the gloves on in public."

The opponents of O'Brien in Boston have been Jack Green, 15 rounds; D. J. Sullivan, 15 rounds; Teddy McGrail, of East Boston, 2 rounds; Tom Johnson (colored), trial bout, 2 rounds; Jimmy Conley, 4 rounds, and Maffitt Flaherty, 2 rounds. All of these contests have been victories for O'Brien.

O'Brien is a shoe lasser by trade. He has worked in Dingley, Foss & Co.'s factory for three years.

Flaherty says that he will never train for another contest. He may box off the reel but will not train again.

Jack C. McGee, trainer and second of Flaherty, says that he will match with O'Brien. The latter offers to match with McGee at 148 pounds for the best purse obtainable and wage \$1000 even on the outside. Joe Lewis, in behalf of O'Brien, has \$200 posted with the Police News to make the match.

Flaherty's North End friends, though disappointed at the outcome, were most cordial in their greetings of the victor and in manfully testifying to his extraordinary abilities.

Joe Lewis, in applying to the Coney Island Athletic Club to now give O'Brien a broader and bigger opening, says: "Dick has forged ahead rapidly from the bottom to the top of the 140-pound class in New England. Every man of the half dozen he has fought since last winter has weighed over 160 pounds and had the odds of weight against him. Flaherty was supposed, after his defeat of Billy Leedom at the Coney Island Club, to be a coming champion. He is, indeed, an extraordinarily good man, but O'Brien is a better one, and is a foeman to give the best a task. I want to see him move along the line. There is nobody in this section now for him to tackle. He will fight Austin S. Gibbons, Joe Walcott, Tom Tracey or any other good man at 140 pounds, give or take two pounds, and if Dick Burge is available I will wager that O'Brien defeats Burge. He is manageable and a public favorite, for his head so far has remained of the same size. If the man selected to put against him is a fighter, O'Brien will give the club that engages him a full satisfaction for one night."

The officers and members of the Lafayette Club of the North End in Boston were not blind to O'Brien's merits, notwithstanding their personal liking for Flaherty. They saw O'Brien by his work in the ring at their club and, almost to a man, had a bet down on him to win."

Tom Costello, writing from Newport, R. I., to the Police News, says: "I have assumed the management of Billy Scully, and he is now open to fight Dick O'Brien to a finish for any purse the Metropole Club will offer. You know it seems impossible now to have a finish fight in Boston, but we can have it in the Metropole Club at Providence easy. I will put up a forfeit of \$100 that Scully appears and a weight, 140 pounds, give or take two pounds, weigh at noon."

Gusta Cooley, a rather dashing young woman, is now in the jail at Livingston, Ky., charged with horse stealing. She was captured with William Davis, who is a notorious thief. A couple of weeks ago the two ran off four horses, and stole four Winchester rifles and a lot of jewelry. They were captured in the Kentucky. The woman is very communicative, and regards the matter as being very romantic. It is thought she will betray the entire gang through fear of mob law.

PEELERS.

"That Villain is Dead."

Tom McCarthy, the Denver Bank Robber—A Connecticut Farmer Caught by the Gold Brick Game—Graveyard Insurance Swindlers—An English Thief Sentenced in a Race to South America—Where is Assassin Guiteau Buried?—Kid, the Apache Renegade—Chicago Overrun with Thieves.

D. H. Moffatt, president of the First National Bank, Denver, Col., says that the photographs taken of the dead (Col.) bank robbers... "That villain is dead," said the banker, in his testimonial... The man who was believed to have worked Moffatt's success... The man who was believed to have worked Moffatt's success...

Charles E. Bonneau, one of the wealthiest farmers in Mayville, Conn., was visited the other day by a man having the appearance of a ranchman... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

Detectives in the employ of the United States Mutual Accident Association of New York have been looking up since July 21 a case of what was believed to be graveyard insurance in large sums... The man who was believed to have worked Moffatt's success... The man who was believed to have worked Moffatt's success...

to the keel till Gregg, numbed by the ice cold water of Lake Superior, had given up the struggle and Clarke had finally drifted to the north shore, whence he had dragged himself back to the shore... James Bean Mackie, whose portrait the POLICE NEWS published on Sept. 10, 1893, is well known to subscribers of the Illustrated Police News...

James Bean Mackie, whose portrait the POLICE NEWS published on Sept. 10, 1893, is well known to subscribers of the Illustrated Police News... He was arrested in New York by Detective Sergeant Handy and Cosgrove, May 16, 1885, on a charge of shoplifting from Brooks Brothers' clothing store, corner of 23rd street and Broadway... He was arrested in New York by Detective Sergeant Handy and Cosgrove, May 16, 1885, on a charge of shoplifting from Brooks Brothers' clothing store...

On June 29 Inspector H. M. Shaw from Dewsbury, Yorkshire, England, called on Inspector McLaughlin at the latter's home in New York city, and said he was looking for a young man named Thompson, who was wanted in Dewsbury for embezzlement... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

The general impression that the skeleton of Guiteau, President Garfield's assassin, is on exhibition in the medical museum at Washington, D. C., has been removed by the statement of Deputy Warden Russ of the district jail... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

Some time ago the POLICE NEWS told the story of Kid, the Apache renegade; now he was brought up in part by whites, and was made the pet of army officers' wives while yet a child, but elected to become a savag again when grown up... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

Four of the worst men in solitary confinement in the State prison at Charlestown, Mass., made a well-planned effort to escape about midnight, Sept. 10. If they had been successful in getting through the last wall that separated them from

liberty, they would have taken with them eight others. But they made too much noise and attracted the attention of a guard after they had dug half way through the outside wall of the door house in which they were confined... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

At 9:30 o'clock A. M., Sept. 15, the passenger train on the Mineral Range Railroad bound for Calumet, Mich., was held up by four highwaymen about half way between Calumet and Hancock... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

In Buffalo, Sept. 8, Mrs. Minnie Miller and her 15-year-old daughter, Lizzie, were arrested by the police on the charge of shoplifting... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

A band of twelve Mexican outlaws visited the Van Horn ranch, near Del Rio, Tex., Wednesday, Sept. 15, and plundered the place and hid their loot... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

Francis H. Weeks, the New York lawyer who stole trust funds to the amount of about a million and a third of dollars, and whose portrait has been published in the POLICE NEWS, is under indictment in Costa Rica... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

A decision of the Supreme Court of California in the case of the Shreveport, La., school board, attempt of court, announces a precious principle of American jurisprudence... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

Erie O. Van Brocklin, ex-secretary of the Board of Fire Commissioners of Buffalo, N. Y., charged with forgery and embezzlement of about \$65,000, pleaded guilty in his supreme court Sept. 15 to the charges of forgery and grand larceny... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

Detective Walter Stafford of the W. 6th street station, New York city, is no longer on the police force... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

John Brown, a blacksmith employed at the wagon works at Watertown, N. Y., received his pay on Sept. 9 and is supposed to have passed the night in carousing at the saloon of Michael Ryan... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

Chicago is at present full of thieves, and they seem to have little trouble in plying their trade... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

the door. Two men stood in the dark hall. Grushow had only time to notice this when he was felled to the floor with a sandbag. When he recovered the money was gone.

Dr. M. E. Bozich, a young physician who has been practicing in Bridgeport, Conn., for several months, was arrested Sept. 3 on a charge of assaulting a young married woman whom he was treating... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

The body of Dr. T. Thatcher Graves, who was found dead in the county jail where he was waiting a hearing on the charge of having poisoned Mrs. Barnaby of Providence, R. I., was sent East from Denver Sept. 10... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

In Philadelphia, Sept. 13, Detectives Haim and Donaghey arrested one of the most expert sneak thieves with whom they ever had dealings... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

Jim Pennock, the leader of the gang that held up theriso train at Pacific, Mo., Sept. 5, has confessed. He implicated three others in the crime, and the police arrested Sam Robinson, a railroad brakeman and friend of Pennock's... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

Policeman Engel and Mayor Horton arrested Silas Cassells and Steve Reynolds, whom they found living in a tent in a wood near Peelskill, N. Y., Sept. 13... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

James P. Gage, president of the Citizens' National Bank of Clinton, Ia., is held for trial at Hialeah, Fla., for assault on Miss Anna Barson of Washington, D. C... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

Two men and two women, all negroes, have been arrested near Quincy, Ills. They were Ben Jackson and his wife Mrs. Lou Jackson, and mother-in-law, and Rufus Broyles... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

The unemployed Poles at East Buffalo, N. Y., have been robbing freight cars and a detail of officers was on duty... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

Gen. Robert A. McCoy, cashier of the Blair County Bank at Tipton, Pa., an institution in which ex-Gov. Curran is interested, shot himself in the head at his home and died Sept. 11... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

Daniel M. Robertson, a carpenter, who was released Sept. 9 from the house of correction, quarrelled with his wife immediately on his return to his home, on Aushnet avenue, New Bedford, Mass., and dealt her a heavy blow on the head... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

Sheriff Eugene A. Brooks was shot by John Williams, alias John Teer, a negro prisoner in the county jail at Jackson, Tenn., Sept. 7, and there is scarcely any hope that he will live... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

The sentences of James Miller, son of Joaquin Miller, the poet, serving a term in prison for robbing a stage, expired at San Quentin, Cal., Sept. 9... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

Henry Weber of Philadelphia reported to the police in Chicago that he had been robbed of \$100 by two rascals in the city... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

Daniel O'Connor of Peabody, Mass., came to Boston, and after seeing the sights and imbibing considerable liquor went to sleep in a doorway at the North End... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

The Home Bank at Eighth avenue and 43d street, New York, has been robbed of \$16,425 in bonds by its cashier, Howard W. Bain... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

Lewis H. Young, a well-known steamboat captain, was waylaid and murdered at Portsmouth, O., Sept. 9... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

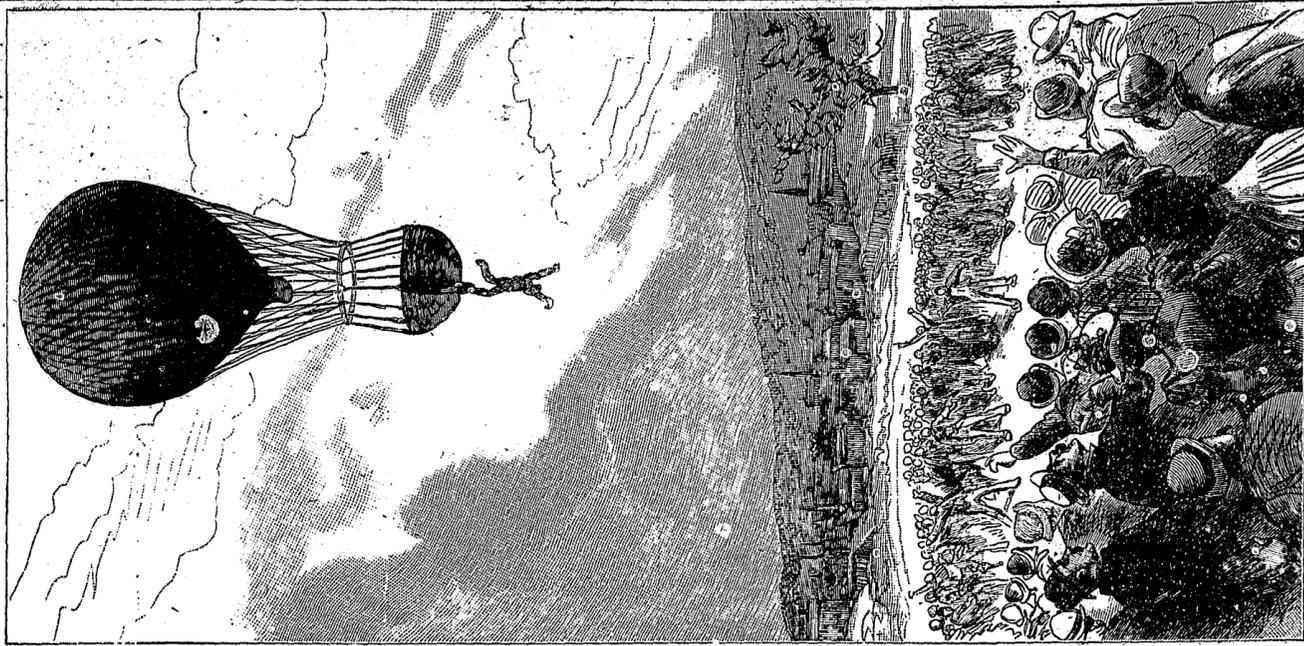
Barrett Scott, the defaulting treasurer of Holt county, Neb., who is said to be short in his accounts \$164,000, has been captured and is now in jail at Juarez, Mex... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...

THE LORDEY JANITOR.

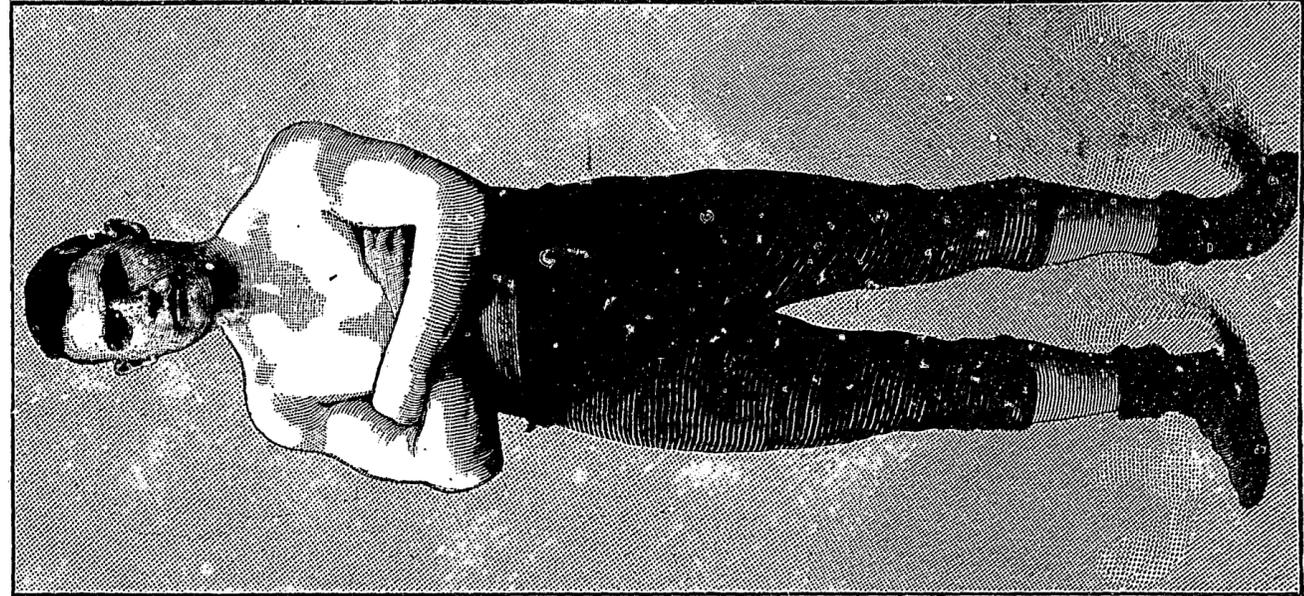
He Wouldn't Let Miss Meyers Bring a Doctor In, and Punched the Doctor's Head.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Miss Mary Meyers, who occupies a flat with her sister on the second floor of 145 West 28th street, New York, went out the other evening to find a doctor for her sister who was ill... The man answered that his name was Charles F. Bonneau and that he came from Shreveport, La., when he was a boy...



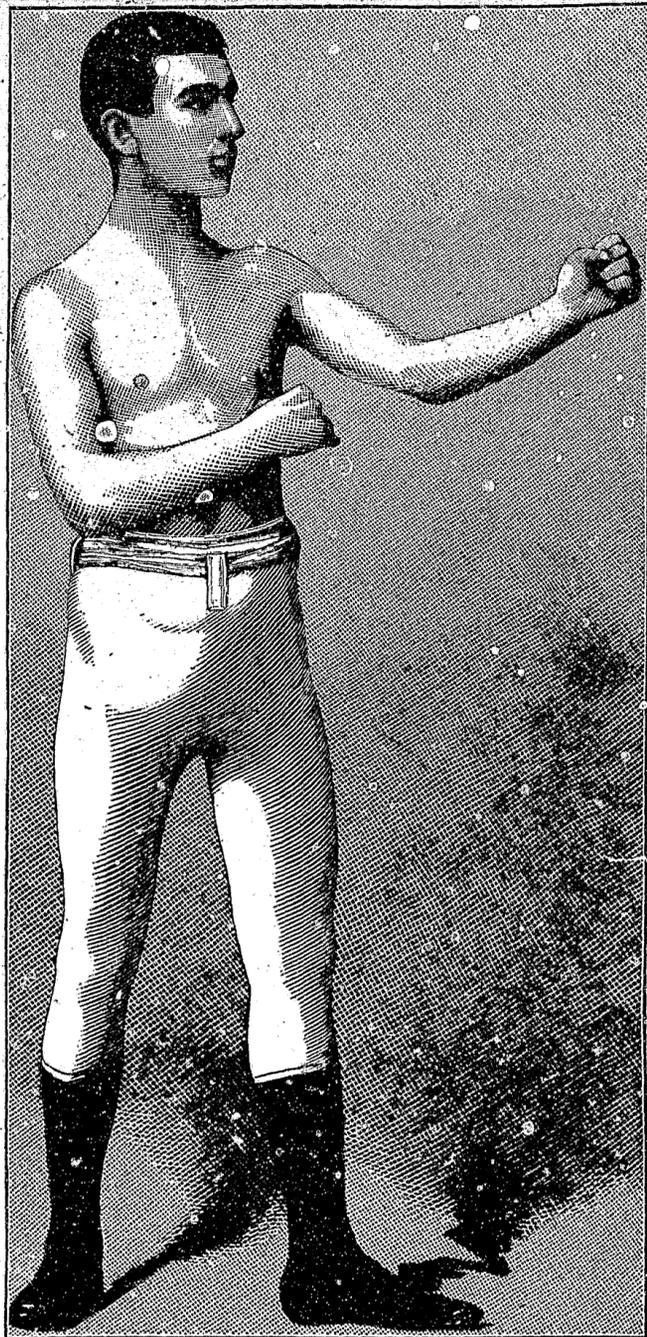
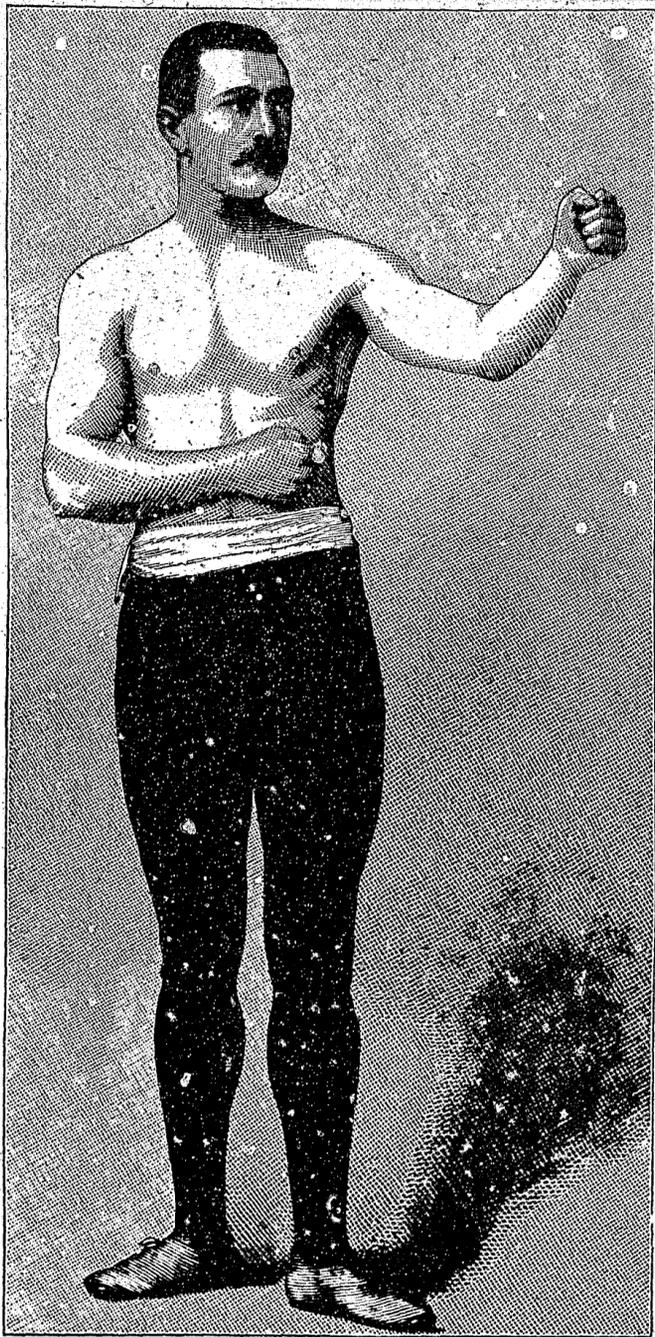
BALLOONING HEAD DOWNWARD.
 WILLIAM SAYRES' TERRIBLE PLIGHT IN BECOMING ENTPANGLED
 AT AN ASCENSION AT WHEELING, W. VA., SEPT. 8.



DICK O'BRIEN.
 THE WELTER-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF NEW ENGLAND, WINNER OF HIS BATTLE,
 SEPT. 11, WITH MAFFITT FLAHERTY OF BOSTON, AND CHALLENGER OF THE
 142 TO 146 CLASS OF AMERICAN FUGILISTS.



DANCERS FELL DOWN STAIRS.
 FRANK RYAN ON A BALL FLOOR AT ST. LOUIS IN INVITING HIS PARTNER
 LOSES HIS BALANCE—A COUPLE SERIOUSLY INJURED BY A HEAD-OVER-
 HEELS TUMBLE.



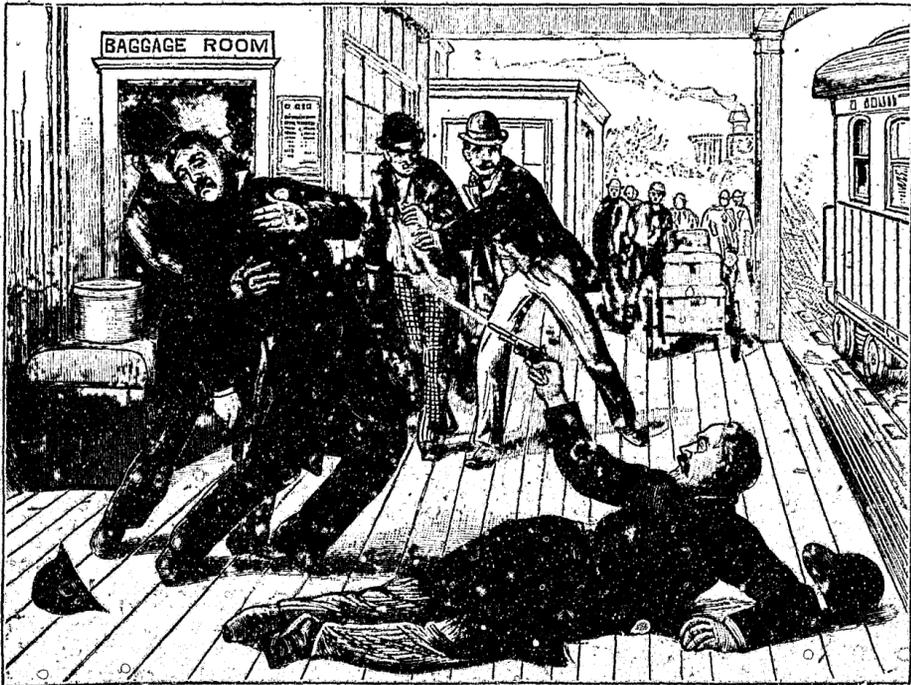
[Specially Photographed for the Police News by Brand, 37 Park Street, Sydney, Australia.]

MICKEY DUNN.

THE AUSTRALIAN 150-POUND PUGILIST, TO DO BATTLE AT CONEY ISLAND SEPT. 25, WITH "CYCLONE" MORRIS.

CHIDDY RYAN.

YOUNG GRIFFO'S AUSTRALIAN PAL AND SPARRING CHUM, A 128-POUND FISTIC STAR.



EACH POLICEMAN SHOT THE OTHER.

OFFICERS ROBERT WEST AND WILLIAM B. DAVIS DUEL TO THE DEATH AT HOPKINSVILLE, KY., SEPT. 6.



MIKE CLEARY.

THE ONCE CLEVER BOXER AND SUCCESSFUL BATTLE WINNER, DIED SEPT. 5 AT BELFAST, N. Y.

PUGILISTS.

Sol Smith and George Dixon in Training.

The Columbian Athletic Club in Straits.—A Question Whether it is Allowed to Proceed—Charley Mitchell Off for America—Tom Ryan Replies to Billy Smith—How the Boxing Business is Discredited—Jack Dempsey's Benefit—Death of Col. Pat Duffy of New Orleans.



PRETTY NEARLY TALKED TO DEATH. "WELL, SAM—You two make me very weary. Kindly come off and chin less until you do more."

The Coney Island Athletic Club can depend on having a good fight when Solly Smith faces George Dixon in its arena on Monday, Sept. 25. A large delegation of sporting men from New York, by invitation of the Coney Island Athletic Club, visited Smith Sept. 19, at Asbury Park, N. J., and watched him do his work. Smith impressed all present that he will give the colored champion the hardest game he has yet faced, and he is fully determined to carry off the prize. Al Smith, who witnessed the exhibition, in which Smith knocked out Johnny Griffin, said that Smith looks stronger and appears more active now than he did on the eventful night at Roby. Al has selected his namesake as the winner in the Dixon-Smith fight, possibly because Solly is his namesake, and it has been quite a year for the Smiths in pugilism. Johnny Eckhardt of the Coney Island Club, where the two little fistic wonders will battle for a \$10,000 purse, piloted the delegation of New York visitors to Sol on the 12th inst. While at the training quarters Solly gave a splendid exhibition of how he reduces his weight, the principal factors being punching the bag, skipping the rope and boxing with his trainers. Billy Oliver and Sol's brother, Soward, are his chief mentors. During the afternoon Jim Corbett, who is training near Solly's cottage for his fight with Mitchell, drove over in company with George Morgan to pay his respects to Solly and also to the visitors. Jack Dempsey also appeared upon the scene. He is a guest of Corbett, and that accounted for his presence at the Branch. He was greeted with quite an ovation, and in praise of Sol as a possible conqueror of Dixon. Like Corbett, he thinks the colored lad will have his hands full when he meets Smith. Dixon is training in earnest at Haggitt's Pond, West Andover, Mass. Tom Dixon, a veteran hotel proprietor and sports follower, of Lawrence, Mass., an old English trainer, owns the place where his colored namesake is quartered. The quarters are the same as occupied by Jimmy Carney in preparation for the fight which he was not allowed to win from Jack McLaughlin at Revere Beach, Mass. There is no better mentor or training and no better judge of condition in the East than Tom Dixon. Fifteen years ago all the old country Lancashire wrestlers and Sheffield handicappers came to America under engagement to Tom for his inspection, guidance and backing. Mike Bradley, of the Windsor Cafe, Lawrence, who officiated as timekeeper for Jimmy Carney and was "clocked" by Dixon in all his recent contests in the East, is Dixon's commissary and comes over from Lawrence daily to visit him. There is an evident appreciation in the Dixon camp that, for the coming occasion, there is need of doing the utmost possible not to have a good thing spoiled by inattention and lack of form. Dixon writes to a Boston friend that he is down to 116 pounds, and will enter the ring strong at that weight.

The fate of the Columbian Athletic Club yet hangs in the balance. Young Griffo, Kid Lavigne, Johnny Griffin and several pugilists under engagement to the club are hanging in the same way. The transcript in the case of the State of Indiana against the Columbian Athletic Club, charging the latter with maintaining a nuisance with importing Plunkton detectives into the State in contravention of law and encouraging, permitting and securing men to come into the State and engage in prize fighting, was filed in the Supreme Court at Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 11, the appeal being taken by the association from the decision of Judge Gillette of the Lake Circuit Court appointing a receiver. The document, which is very voluminous, was filed by Attorneys Crumpacker and Peterson, counsel for the club. It alleges that there is manifest error in the proceedings granting the receivership, and asks that the decision of the lower court be reversed on the ground "that the complaint of the appellees in the former action does not state facts sufficient to constitute a course of action, and that the court erred in appointing a receiver in said cause." In the order in which it is filed on the docket the case will not come up for action before a year and a half, but it is more than probable that the court will set aside the regular rule and grant a hearing directly after convening in October. Some lawyers believe that O'Malley's appeal in the Roby case grants the club the right to continue fights until the Supreme Court renders a decision, and assert that the petition was a move on the part of O'Malley to shield himself by the law. Deputy Attorney General Bailey said at Indianapolis, Sept. 12: "While I do not know what O'Malley's motives were in the matter, the law is explicit on the point that the receiver will have exclusive charge of the club's affairs until the court settles the trouble. There is one thing certain, and that is that no more fights can be held at Roby." Dominick O'Malley called on Gov. Matthews at Indianapolis, Sept. 13, and pleaded with him not to interfere with the Roby Club. The interview ended with the Governor saying: "There will be no more prize fighting at Roby if I have to call out every militiaman in the

State and 1003 Chicago toughs get killed. I mean to stop the fights at Roby if there is gunpowder enough in Indiana to do it." O'Malley argued no further but returned to Chicago on the first train. Charles Johnson and Will Evans are matched for a fight to a finish at Roby on a date that is not yet made public. If the fight is not permitted at Roby, it will take place at some point within twenty miles of Chicago.

A farewell dinner was given at St. James Hall, in London, Sept. 12, to Charley Mitchell, the English pugilist, who is about to sail for America to fight Corbett, and Jack McLaughlin, the American light-weight champion, who will accompany him and endeavor to secure the championship of America for the Englishman. Fifty friends of the two fighters were present. G. W. Moore, Letter known as "Pony" Moore, who is Mitchell's father-in-law, presided and proposed the toasts. All the speakers cordially wished Mitchell the victory in his fight with Corbett. In reply, Mitchell said he would try his best to deserve success. Chairman James J. Corbett, writing to the POLICE NEWS, Sept. 11, from Asbury Park, N. J., his training quarters, says: "I am now hard at work preparing for my next go, and I must confess that I never felt better in my life. I am bigger, stronger, and every way better, and I feel that I should be very much in it with Mr. Mitchell. I think he intends to fight, in fact I am positive. I hope he does, anyway, as I am all ready for him. The fight will surely take place at Coney Island. Stick a pin in this. I think it is the best pugilist I have ever loved to train, good surroundings and plenty of assistance. The offer from the National Sporting Club, which you send for me to meet Peter Jackson after the Mitchell fight, I should be pleased to go to London to meet Jackson if he offers the largest purse. I had intended going to Europe after that contest anyway. I might just as well meet Peter Jackson there as anywhere else. Brady, Delaney and Donaldson all send best respects. I have it from very good authority that Mitchell is going to use every endeavor to draw down the \$10,000 now in Mr. David H. Blane's hands, and to use the fight for the purse only. Of course I think this is outrageous and I don't see how he can succeed, but he will, refuse to agree on any club until he gets the money, and then say: 'I will not fight you anywhere.'" Mitchell and Jack McLaughlin, the light-weight champion of America, will sail on the steamer Teutonic, which sailed from Liverpool Sept. 13 for New York. Both pugilists registered under assumed names when engaging passage. They should arrive in New York Sept. 19 or 20.

Tom Ryan, writing from Stratford, Conn., Sept. 6 to the POLICE NEWS, says: "Billy Smith gave me a hard time, but I think I would not fight him to a finish. Now he is mistaken. I think in a finish fight he would not hit me at all. As for my dropping on my knees, he is the only one that saw me on my knees. As for Smith, everybody has seen him get up after a knock-out, and when he got up he was very groggy. As for his left eye, it was shut from the punching I gave him and not from a bump, as he claims. I was there to do the best I could, and I did it, and I had no trouble in giving him a good punching as I have given many others. I have not fallen out on his showing, I do not think he showed very game, for in the fifth round, when I shut his eye and had him bleeding badly, all he did was to stand away and put his hand up to his face and look at the clock. He did not bleed in his life. I will surely give him a fight to a finish next fall. We will see then who will have the faint heart."

The Turkish bath in New York was crowded. It was the busy hour. Every couch was occupied and the attendants were rushing about. A tall man who had what he called a "hold over jag," had been bathed and massaged until his complexion was almost white. He was lying on a leather couch preparing himself for a wash when the idea entered his head that he ought to have a towel. "Tendant, tendant!" he called. No attention was paid to him. He repeated the plaintive cry several times. At last he saw a boy come by with a towel. He called to the boy. "Bring me a towel, will you, and be quick about it." The "boy" posed in front of him for a moment and looked him carefully over from the top of his head to his bare feet, which stuck out from the end of the sheltering sheet. "Who yer talkin' to, hoy?" he asked scornfully. "You. Bring me a towel." "Wat do yer talk me for?" "If you don't bring me a towel I'll report you." "Hoy, I ain't no tendant. My noime's Billy Plimmer, and you get me a towel, and I'll give yer all yer want. Hoy!" "Beg pardon, Billy—beg pardon!" and the man with the tail end of a jag pulled the sheet up to his neck and fell asleep.

Jim Gibbons, writing to the POLICE NEWS from Paterson, N. J., says: "It is very comical how the racketeers in the Columbian Athletic Club horrified the New York sporting writers. The public long since learned that the treatment of fistic matters in New York daily newspapers is mainly paid puffery. Fighters' managers retain writers upon fistic topics to boom their man and derry his rivals. I read that the boxing business is discredited by boxers at times, but I say: 'No, not half so much so as by bum reporters and hireling puff writers who are conscienceless in their work and who derive their income chiefly from leg pulling of fake managers. There is no square deal for both sides in any sporting department of a New York daily newspaper. The deal is only for one man in one way, excuses without number for pots who have no fight in them and no show for sincere men who with money in hand mean business and business only. Favorites flunk and refuse to accept bona fide challenges, and keep from defeat only by skulking and bluffing, and yet they are held up, and the roasts are bestowed on the sincere pugilists who mean business and business only.'"

Billy Plimmer has secured a license to run a show at the Clermont Avenue Ring, Brooklyn, Sept. 22. Four good bouts have already been arranged. Mike Leonard and Jim Burgo will box six rounds. The three other specials will be of four rounds each. Jim Murphy and Maxey Haugh of Brooklyn will meet at 115 pounds. Billy Murphy of Australia and Jack Grade of New York will also put up a good bout. Billy Young of Washington and Marion Young, the colored light-weight champion of Indiana, will complete the special programme. One of the principal attractions of the night will be a scientific exhibition between Billy Plimmer and Kid Hogan of Brooklyn. The boys met in the ring several years ago and after eight good rounds the referee declared the contest a draw. There will be exhibitions of science between well-known stars, who have learned their services to Plimmer, the only man to ever vanquished George Dixon. They

include Tom Tracy, Dan Creedon, Steve O'Donnell, Con Riordan, Stanton Abbott, Billy Vernon and others.

Taking everything into consideration, Jack Dempsey did pretty well at his benefit. Gus Tuttle, who managed the show, has handed Jack \$2469.57, which was the net receipts. The box-office receipts amounted to \$2877 and the subscriptions to \$805, while the expenses were \$1212.43. Among the contributors were: Ed Kearney and E. W. Kearney..... \$250.00 Coney Island Athletic Club..... 100.00 James J. Corbett..... 100.00 Phil Dwyer..... 100.00 John L. Sullivan..... 50.00 Richard K. Fox..... 50.00 Jimmy Adams..... 25.00 Donnan Thompson..... 25.00 John T. Ryan..... 25.00 Steve McLaughlin..... 25.00 John O'Neill..... 25.00 F. N. Fitzgerald..... 25.00 John Bloodgood..... 25.00 John Lewis..... 5.00

Judge Dupue of Newark, N. J., is not after the New Jersey Amusement Company, which has been running boxing events at Caledonian Park in that city. In charging the grand jury, Sept. 13 the judge read from the Newark Advertiser a bloodthirsty description of a glove contest in the New Jersey Amusement Company's arena, in which "a local name" Holmes knocked out Korska. Judge Dupue told the grand jury: "If the description contained in the newspaper accounts of these contests be true they have no semblance whatever of athletic games; they are only a pretense at athletic games; they are violent, brutal and the persons engaged in these combats, those who are present aiding and abetting, are liable to indictment either under this statute I have read or under a later statute which includes such parties and declares that the acts of these encounters occur are indictable as 'disorderly houses.'"

The Stagg Athletic Club gave a good boxing show at Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 11. Ed Duffy was knocked out in two rounds by Ed O'Hern. Pete McNally was defeated in seven rounds by Young Cook. Jack Alkens of New York and Henry Lutz of the Williamsburg, A. were the next pair. As the ring sounded the close of the fourth round Billy Erast, who was acting as one of Lutz's seconds, sprang at Alkens and roughly pushed him to the ropes. All the seconds jumped into the ring and a free fight was imminent, when the referee stepped in and declared the ring. The referee awarded the bout to Alkens, who could have punched his man out in the first round had he used any sort of judgment. The star attraction of the evening was a ten-round go at 105 pounds between Mike Bant of Brooklyn and Casper Leon of New York. Both men were very clever. Leon had the best of the bout and was given the decision.

Andy Bowen arrived in New Orleans Sept. 12 from Abita Springs, Miss., where he has been in training for the match made with Stanton Abbott by the Crescent City Club for a purse of \$5000. The boxing show was very good, and financial trouble into which the club got itself through the Fitzsimmons-Hall fight, an effort is being made to have the fight take place before the Olympic Club. The only thing standing in the way is the size of the purse, the directory of New Orleans has, however, intimated that he would agree on a compromise making the purse \$4000, and it is thought the match may eventually be made on this basis. If the arrangements are concluded the fight will probably come off in the next week or two. Bowen has, however, presses himself confident of beating the Englishman, and if he be the victor will try to get on a match with Jack McLaughlin.

The large attendance noticed in the boxing shows recently held in San Francisco is a proof of the keen local interest still perpetuated in the sport. The boxing championships were decided after a three night's meet. Sacramento, Portland, Seattle and Tacoma were represented. The attendance at the Olympic Club during the tournament was phenomenally large. Some of the winners were really clever. Charles Reno won the bantam and the light flyweight, Gilbert the light, Carter the welter, Harley the middle-weight and Jack Kitchen the heavy-weight. One surprise occurred during the tourney, the defeat of Bob McCord—Jim Corbett's old sparring partner—by Burley. McCord is a former boxer and he should have won. He has held the middle weight championship for years past. The Australian champion amateur feather-weight, Jim Beckett, entered in his class, but was unwell and did not secure a place.

Col. Pat Duffy, well known sportsman of New Orleans, died at the Presbyterian Hospital, New York city, Sept. 12, of Bright's disease and dropsy. Duffy came to New York from the Hot Springs a short time ago and went direct to the hospital for treatment. He was accompanied by an only daughter, who remained with him until the end. Duffy was 62 years old and was born in Ireland. He has been closely identified with prominent sporting events for many years. In 1883 he officiated as referee in the fight between Sullivan and Kilrain at Richburg, Miss. At the St. James Hotel in New York city, a few years ago, he and Fred May engaged in a dispute about Mrs. Langtry. Hot words ensued, and Duffy drew a revolver and shot at the other man. The police intervened and the cause of the Jersey Lily. Duffy's remains were taken to New Orleans for burial.

Billy Murphy, the Australian feather-weight, in writing from Paterson, N. J., to the POLICE NEWS, says: "I see in your paper a picture of Jerry Marshall and his record, in which he claims to have beaten 'one Murphy' of Australia. If he means Billy Murphy, he is wrong. If it isn't Billy Murphy he can't state that Billy Murphy beat him in 10 seconds at Costello's Apollo Hall, Melbourne, Australia. If Marshall has come to America to fight I will match with him for pitrod or stake at his own weight. I am backed by Jim Gibbons of this city, who will match me to fight any man of my weight in the country. He is training Jimmy Gorman of Paterson for his fight with Jack Levy at the Olympic Club, New Orleans, Oct. 17, for the 100 pounds championship."

A fund for the benefit of old and disabled pugilists is likely to be started within a very short time in New York city. It is expected that as soon as the proposed scheme is well under way it will prove to be a welcome boon to the vast majority of "ring lights," past and present, who have seen their best days, and upon whom fortune does not smile any more. A large number of sportsmen speak well of the project, and declare that if it is conducted in a business-like manner it will certainly assume big proportions. Warren Lewis says that he is willing to start the ball a rolling with a subscription of \$100. The scale would be easy if the leading pugilists in the country would, in the days of their prosperity, apportion a very small percentage of their earnings to be set aside against the day of possible need.

A special to the POLICE NEWS from San Francisco, Sept. 16, says: "Next steamer will bring us more Australians, including Goddard, whom late arrivals say is a pretty slick man. Artie Tully, Jim Borie, Abe Willis, Jim Richardson and Goddard. Good heavens! are there any more left over there at all? These will be on the next steamer, the Marlissa, due here Sept. 30. We hear Lad stole here in regard to Billy Smith's drinking. I hope there is no truth in them."

Young Mitchell is anxiously awaiting Creedon's answer as to meeting. He is dead earnest as to a match and will bet \$2500 on side. He will not accept a \$5000 purse, though. We shall have lively times here this winter, and at least one club will be in working order for limited goes."

Billy Hinds, the Providence welter-weight, and Jack Edwards of New Hampshire fought for a wager of \$250 a side on Lynn's Island, on the Mississippi, near Galena, Ill., Sept. 10. The principals slept in the vicinity over night, and rode to the ferry landing in farmers' wagons next morning, reaching the island with 100 sports, who had gone from Dubuque by train. The timekeeper got excited in the first round and allowed the men to slug each other for four minutes. The slugging was repeated in the second, with honors even. In the third Edwards was punished severely about the body. He came up weak after the fourth, and after 19 seconds fighting was put out with a blow on the jaw.

Fred Morris, the "Black Cyclone," has been matched to fight Mike Dunn of Australia before the Coney Island A. C. on Sept. 25, in place of John Hickey. Billy Hennessy was wanted by the Coney Island Athletic Club as a match for Dunn. He has gone West, however, and when his answer accepting was received Sept. 10 by the POLICE NEWS, the Coney Island Club had already signed to the "Black Cyclone." Hennessy telegraphs to the POLICE NEWS that he will be pleased to battle the winner. Morris and Dunn are to receive a purse of \$600. Dick O'Brien, the champion welter-weight of New England, will be pleased to match the winner of the Morris-Dunn go or to meet any 145 pound man in the country.

Andy Watson, the colored light-weight pugilist, writing from Philadelphia to the POLICE NEWS, says: "I have read several challenges of Mr. Joe Walcott in the newspapers. Mr. Walcott need not spoil so very badly for a fight, for I am only too glad to accommodate him, in a limited or finish contest, before any responsible club that will offer a reasonable purse, and I guess Mr. Walcott will not be anxious to fight for a and give up his \$2500 wager that he wants me to scare up. He has, I understand, never seen more than \$25 at a time of his own money, nor has he ever fought when an outside dollar has been at risk on him."

A hard fistic battle took place in broad daylight at Montwese, Conn., Sept. 12. The principals were Barney Lynch and Robert Kennedy, two well-known local pugilists. Accompanied by 200 toughs, they went to Montwese at 2 o'clock. A ring was formed and the men fought desperately for more than an hour. Both men were badly punished and Kennedy was so terribly hurt that he had to be taken in a carriage to his home, where he now lies in a precarious condition. The fight was for blood, the men having an old score to settle. The officers of Montwese were attending court and the men took advantage of this fact.

According to a report in circulation, Bob Fitzsimmons has acquired an interest in the New Jersey Amusement Company at Newark, N. J., and will pick his own second and third-raters to battle him four-round bouts. It is understood that two stockholders dropped out of the concern and then Fitzsimmons came forward and was welcomed. A pugilist who can run his own club, pick his own adversaries and fix and regulate his own purses ought to have a pretty sure grip on not getting the worst of matters. Fitz is a great and matchless fighter, but none of the inferior pugilists surpass him in his relish for good, sure, easy things.

Two pretty girls, aged 18, were at the Erie depot, Cincinnati, Sept. 11. They inquired what time the train left for Akron, and then began pacing up and down. Soon afterward the father of one of the girls appeared and both the young ones dashed out and were lost to view. The father refused to give his name, but said he lived in Covington and that his daughter had become infatuated with Joe Choyinski, the prize fighter, who has been filling an engagement with Peter Jackson. Shortly afterward the train left with Jackson, Choyinski and Parson Davies, but without the girls.

Billy Hennessy, writing from Seymour, Ill., Sept. 7, to the POLICE NEWS, says: "The English and Griffo fight at Roby, Ind., is postponed pending the trial of President O'Malley, Martin Costello and Billy Woods. Of course if they are convicted that is the last of the club. But a great many seem to think that they will pull through all right. I came down here to stay a few days with 'Hoboken Tom' Kelly and second hita in his fight at Spring Valley, a coal mining town. Billy Smith is talking in the World's Fair. When I got through here we shall spend a week at my home at Clinton, Iowa."

About three hundred men and boys crowded into a building near No. 33 Thompson avenue, Long Island City, N. Y., Sept. 9, to witness a prize fight. The police heard of the intended "scrap," and raided the place just as the principals were finishing the first round. Mealey, the proprietor of the place, was arrested. He and the two pugilists were taken to the police station. The latter gave their names and addresses as James McDonnell, age 19, of No. 23 East 42d street, and John Reilly, age 17, of 228 East 43d street. Mealey was released on \$500 bail.

San Francisco fistic posters by wire, Sept. 14, are as follows: Peter Maher will meet Joe McLaughlin in a ten-round go in San Mateo county the latter end of this month. Very desirable while waiting answers from Eastern clubs, will accept a match with Dal Hawkins at Seattle. Joe Dives, one of Jackson's heaviest backers, and a number of "Prize sports have left for New York. Dives is the proprietor of the training quarters where Jackson has made headquarters in preparation for his fights here.

Martin Flaherty, of Lowell, Mass., the feather-weight who defeated Bobby Burns at Providence, has placed himself under Billy Madden's management. He is credited with having had the best of Dixon in a four-round bout at Chicago. Madden does not care to bother Dixon while he has a fight on his hands, and his game Billy Plimmer. Flaherty offers to box the Englishman a limited number of rounds at 115 pounds, Madden to have an equal voice in the management and the counting of the gate receipts.

Martin E. Shea of Cloverville, N. Y., writes to the POLICE NEWS: "I will box Leonard or George Reynolds in some Boston or some neutral club, but am not disposed to go against a New Yorker in New York after the unky drink which Dominick McCaffrey gave me when I met Thy Club. The judgment by Dominick was always in favor of the home man and to give strangers the goose."

Two 105 pound boxers, Dannie McLaughlin vs. Young Savage, will spar four rounds, and two 135-pound men, Fred Neilson of Boston vs. John Scanlan of Lawrence, 15 rounds at the meeting of the Boston Globe Athletic Club Sept. 18. Membership tickets can be had at Howie Hodgkins, East Boston, or Daniel J. Sweeney, sporting department Boston Daily Globe.

George Godfrey signed articles in Boston, Sept. 15, to box Steve O'Donnell at the Coney Island Athletic Club, Nov. 18, for a \$5000 purse. The general view of the match in the East is that it is a very jug-handled American gift to the Australian. Godfrey has come to the period when apparently he is satisfied with going for the loser's end.

(Continued on page eleven.)

BASE BALL.

"He's a Hot Tomato On My Plate."

Perry Weeden Was Hit for Gus Guerrero—"Ten Dollars! Will Lose My Eye First"—Cranks Returned to the Field—Barnie's Team is Out of the Pitch—His Ears Stuffed with Cotton Wool.



Perry Weeden of the St. Louis team formerly played with Memphis. Perry wears on his neck a plate that isn't as pretty as it might be, and the newspapermen published a cut of him that had been previously used for the picture of a safe blower.

Perry, after resting his pen-goggles on the toothpick build of Guerrero's form, declined to meet him. He said: "Why, that dago would be a hot tomato on my plate. I could swallow him. Oh, no, he's too light for me. I'm on the square, and I wouldn't mill with him. He can fight at 140 pounds and I couldn't get to that weight without taking off a leg."

Finally, he was talked into sparring four friendly rounds with Guerrero. Perry had reach, height, weight and face in his favor, and Guerrero didn't look good for one round before his big antagonist. But the Mexican could take care of himself and Weeden, too. He went at Perry ding-dong, like a Jersey masher with a collar, getting making the effort of a bald head. Perry could hit hard enough, but the best he could do was to bore a hole with his right in the clear smoke atmosphere that hung over the ring. Guerrero punched him continually over the spot where Perry was wont to store cold legs. At the time call for the fourth round he was chasing his glove over his stomach and regretting his dinner. His seconds threw up the sponge and gathered up the heavy-weight plate from St. Louis and lugger in a sack. Guerrero declared that Perry was a slice of pie, a regular course of dessert for him, and for a long time he was known in Memphis as the Pie. Guerrero was in great glee at shaking hands with himself. It is the only winning scrap in Gus's record.



Jack Glasscock—"old 'Pebbley Jack'" is said to have enough small currency stored away in a flour barrel at Wheeling to relieve the present stringency. He is one of the greatest spenders in the business. In one of the Chicago frames Schirer hit a rounder toward Glasscock. The ball struck a small stone, then it struck Jack over the left eye, cutting a deep gash. When the team reached the hotel Manager Buckenberger suggested that Jack have the injury dressed by a doctor. "What will it cost?" was the veteran's first question. "About ten dollars," was Buck's reply. "That's what it cost to have a physician examine Donovan's shoulder." Jack allowed his thinking apparatus to work for a minute or two, then looking up, he said: "Ten dollars! Well, I guess not. I'll lose my eye first!" But he changed his mind; a doctor put six stitches in the wound, and sure enough demanded an eye of course the club stood the expense. "Talk about ball players being out for the stuff," said Jack, as he emerged from the office, "they ain't in it with these medical sharps." Some unknown tells this story on the old boy with the tongs.



New York's celebrated baseball cranks, Dinky Bell and Judge Cullum, have returned to the fold.

after a two weeks' sojourn at Rock Island. Bell saw the New York Great St. Louis, but the Judge had to attend to some business and consequently did not appear.

"We had great sport," said Bell. You should have seen the Judge, though. He was the star of the combination. After we had been there a day or so he told me he intended to go in bathing. We hunted around for a long time before we could find a bathing suit that would fit him, but finally the bath-house man discovered one that had been worn by some Chief Justice, who was not quite so stout as Cullum, and, after several reefs had been let out of it the Judge consented to put it on.

When he walked down the sand a great crowd collected. It was dead low water then, but as soon as the Judge plunged into the surf the tide rose nine feet.

"We had three ball games between the waiters of our hotel and those of a rival house. The first we won, 3 to 1; the second was pie, 100 to 1. But the third wasn't so easy. The score stood 7 to 2 against us in the first inning, and we felt sick. Then it was that the Judge acted. His experience with League nippers at the Polo ground came into play, and he just walked out to that umpire, and, pulling him on one side, said distinctly:

"My boy, I know more about baseball than any man on earth!"

"The umpire said me-ahly: 'I know that,' Judge."

"Well, then," said Cullum, "listen to me. I want you to be fair, and give my side all the heat of it. I can show you where it says so in the rule. But the need of the hour is that you just look out what you are doing. That is all. After that the umpire kept one eye on the Judge and the other on the game, and we won out."



If there is a ray of happiness for Barnie in this year, it is that his team has climbed out of the net ditch and pushed the Wagons' Washington Club into it. Of all men on the face of the earth the Wagons are most hated and despised by Barnie, and he is never slow in freely and forcibly expressing his opinion about them.

Manager Barnie should, and doubtless will, receive praise and credit at home and abroad for taking an apparently hopeless tail-end team and strengthening so judiciously at small expense as to make it now not only the best team Louisville ever had, but one of which any city in the League could and would feel proud of. The team so far done the best work in the East of any Western club, and is making a strong finish. If the Louisville team starts out as strong next spring as it will finish this fall, and there is no reason why it shouldn't—Barnie's boys will cut a wide swath in the race of 1894.



Pitcher Killen is very sensitive, and one day when the Pittsburghs played in Cleveland Killen told Manager Buckenberger that he wished to be excused from pitching that day, as he feared that the insulting remarks of the Cleveland players would get him badly rattled.

"That's all right," answered the manager, "I'll stuff your ears full of cotton wool and you'll never hear a word. This was done, and Killen pitched a magnificent game. He didn't hear any of the Clevelanders' remarks."

"What's the matter with him?" said Tabeau after the game. "The fact is he had a cucumber." Patsy did not tumble to the cotton.



In Baltimore the members of the St. Louis team were entertained at an Ellis dinner with liquid refreshments, and several of them got badly tangled up. Those who were noticeably under the weather were Peltz, Clarkson and Shugart. "Silver King," of the Cincinnati, who

had been sent in advance of his team to get into condition, to which winning ball also got into a very lively humor. Shugart made a night of it, but Clarkson returned to the hotel, and in the early hours came out in the halls and created such a racket that Manager Watkins had to be summoned to put him to bed. Next morning Clarkson made an humble apology.

LOST HER SHAPE.

"Sell the Babies by the Group."

Money is a Pleasing Thing—The Telegram That Came for Him—What is the Use of Hacking Out?—Standing Up for His Rights—A Summer Romance.

CHIEF DIVORCE IN CHICAGO.

By James E. Knisely.

When our cheap divorce is granted We must auction off the twins! You may keep the stove you planted, God forgive you! all your sins! Darling, do you see the reason? In the cold and wintry season You would not build the fire for me!

All our offspring we will raffle, Sell our babies by the group, And the butcher's bill will baffle, And we'll put 'em in the soup! We will share our mutual passion, Dainty, dashing in her crib, Prattling fancies quaint and pretty, Pouring treacle o'er her bib!

When our cheap divorce is granted Mabel, will you try the stage, Where the shapely tights you wanted 'Till your legs became the rage. Plant your feet of mutual passion, Will you spring them on the boys, Do the split in artless fashion, Flash a kick like Eddie Foy's?

You may keep the costly raiment, Bought for you in happier days, While the merchant howls for payment, But I cannot make the raiment, Darling, whom I swore to cherish, 'Till I saw you lose your shape, Then my love began to perish, And I sought for my escape.

Grace goes to the highest bidder, All our progeny comes high, I am sad when I consider How our things cry. Strange it is that fate should sever Man from maid and break their vows, You're a beauty, shy and eluder At roving in a wealthy spot so.

When our cheap divorce is granted Mabel, I will seek the West; 'Tis a hard place, as which I wanted, Hated street will be my nest. There the chippies cool for treasure, There they take the hayseed in; Shapely sirens sing of pleasure And touch him for his diamond pin.

MARRYING FOR MONEY WITHOUT LEAVING MUCH FUN.

One day, as I rode along the banks of Powell's river, where it flows toward the Cumberland, I overtook a native and his wife walking toward a store and saw a mill half a mile farther up the stream, and for the sake of company I chatted with them on the way. The man was ten years younger than his wife and he had the air of a husband who couldn't say his soul was his own without lying about it, and his wife made no special effort to conceal her ascendancy over him.

When we arrived at the store the woman went inside and the man went with me to the stable to put up my horse, as I expected to stay there over night. "Sh sh," he said warningly, as we came out of the stable. "What's the matter?" I asked nervously. "Snakes?"

"Wuss," he answered. "I reckon you noticed how that old woman hullyragged me, didn't you?" he asked, as if he was ashamed of it. "Well," I said, as carefully as I could, "I saw that she had to have her own way."

"And mine, too," he said quickly. "She ain't purty for snakes, neither. I went on. 'That was a good many fatigs sometimes. Lordy, wouldn't she have to be a beauty to live her n, though?' he asked, with a hopeless smile. I laughed.

"I just wanted to tell you," he went on, "how it happens as you wouldn't think it was a plumb fool. You see, I wuz poorer than clay land, and she had a farm and \$1000 in money and the money cotted me. Money's a powerful pleasin' thing to a pore man," he said, apologetically. "Did you get the amount?" I inquired.

"Course I got it; but I got her with it, and I wanter say to you, mister, afore we git back what she is, that it wuz the biggest discount I ever heerd of a man givin' fer that amount of money. You see, mister, my fatigs sometimes."

"Hiram! Hiram!" called the lady, around the corner of the store, and Hiram and I walked around in front like a pair of guilty schoolboys. ALL ABOUT A TELEGRAM. Bingo—Has a telegram come for me? Mrs. Bingo—Have you been expecting one? Bingo—Oh, no, of course not (suspiciously). You don't suppose I would ask you that question if I expected one, do you?

Mrs. Bingo (sweetly)—You might, dear. What would you say, now, if I should say that a telegram has come for you? Bingo—Aha! I knew it. I've been expecting that telegram all the afternoon. (Impatiently). Where is it? Mrs. Bingo—It'll get it. But, dear, I thought it best to open it. You didn't mind, did you, dear-est?

Bingo—Certainly not. It's only a matter of business. From Jack Eustow, ain't it? Mrs. Bingo—Yes, dear. Bingo—Important meeting tonight. Says I must be there, doesn't he? Mrs. Bingo—Yes, dear. Bingo (rubbing his hands)—I knew it. Well, I'll have to rush right off after dinner. Sorry for you, my dear, but you know business must be attended to.

Mrs. Bingo—Oh, that's all right, darling. But don't you want to see the message? Bingo—Why should I? You opened it. Read it like a good wife that you are, and I guess I can trust you. Jack wants me (delightfully); that's all, and I must go. Mrs. Bingo—But there was one thing more he said, my dear. Mrs. Bingo—Suspiciously—Oh, there was? Well, what was it? Mrs. Bingo (all smiles)—He says he's got front row seats. A COMIC EPISODE. A young couple, evidently from the country, were walking down Washington street, evidently looking for something very much in particular. At last they stopped before a large jeweler's win-

dow in which were displayed a number of wedding rings. They stood by the window a few moments discussing some urgent questions, the tall, clumsy-looking fellow, who measured about six feet, apparently hesitating.

"Go on, George," said the girl, who scarcely reached his elbow, "what's the use of hacking out, now you've got so far?" "I don't half like to, Mary," he replied, "that sick-looking fellow in there is sure to grin at me."

"What difference does it make whether he laughs or cries?" exclaimed the girl. "If you haven't the pluck I'll go myself." "That's it, Mary," was the response; "if you'll do the asking I'll come with you and look on."

Followed by her bashful lover, the little woman marched boldly in and chose the wedding ring, while her swain twirled his hat, blushed and looked on. As they left, the clerk gazed after them and remarked: "I admire Mary's pluck, but I would hate to be George ten years from now."

WHY HE HATED CHILDREN.

"I hate children," he said. "Why?" "I think they ought to be locked up in asylums till they're old enough to take care of themselves. If it hadn't been for a child—well, it must have been—"

"What?" "I loved the child's mother. She was a rich and beautiful widow, and I was madly in love with her. I was actually contemplating—in fact, I had just got to the point of putting the delicate question. 'We were in the drawing-room. The child was playing in the corner. Forgetting all about that, I put my arm fervently around the waist and implanted a passionate kiss upon her forehead, when the child started up and rushed at me, saying, 'Don't you kill my mamma!' and was screaming into the kitchen, calling the servants."

"But what difference did that make to you?" "What, marry a widow with a child like that? But she was a few nights after. I called at the house. There were several ladies there, and the child was being petted all around. Of course the widow was all right, but that confounded child deliberately turned her back upon me. I didn't mind that, but the mother, to be nice, said: "My darling child, don't you know Mr. X?"

"Oh, yes," said the imp very pertly. "Oh, yes, I know you! You are the man that bit my mamma!" "I need not—could not—describe the effect."

STANDING UP FOR HIS RIGHTS. "Are you the editor that takes in the society items?" inquired the caller, an undersized man with a timid, appealing look on his face. "Yes, sir," replied the young man at the desk. "I can take in any kind of items. What have you?"

"Why, it's this way," said the caller, lowering his voice. "My wife gave a swell party last night, and I'm willing to pay to have this write-up of the affair put in your paper." "Do not charge anything for publishing society items," observed the young man at the desk, taking the proffered manuscript and looking it over.

"That's all right," was the reply. "You don't understand. I wrote this up myself, and I was in a line or two that says: 'Mr. Halfstick assists his distinguished wife in receiving the guests.' This is the way I want it to go in, and I don't care if it costs a dollar a line. I want my friends to know by George that I still belong to the family."

AN ORDINARY SUMMER ROMANCE.

Chapter I. She—I hate you! He—Thanks. She—Leave me forever. He—Good evening.

Chapter II. She (by note)—Yes, you may call to-morrow evening. Come at 8 o'clock, as I have an engagement at 8.30.

Chapter III. "To-morrow evening at 11.30." Chapter IV. She—Oh, darling, weren't we silly? He—Yes, love.

NOT THE END.

FOLLOWING THE FASHION. "Bridget," said Mr. Dolan, "wor there any one here with a bill the day?" "No." "Did yez pay it?" "O! did. Yez do be gettin' yer wages regular and there's no excuse for yez to be neglectin' yer do."

"Yez didn't have to tell me that, Mrs. Dolan," he rejoined, with a shade of annoyance in his tone. "It's not me that wants to neglect payin' anybody. O! yez can't help thinkin' yez might be put 'em off to tellin' 'em how to get money, is jist to keep up appearances and make 'em think yer not behind the times."

BE THOUGHT SHE WAS IN FAULT. Between Boston and Hingham is a boat-hollog factory which "smells to heaven." A lady who was obliged to take the ride between these two points very often always carried with her a bottle of lavender salts. One morning an old farmer took the seat directly behind her. As the train neared the factory the lady opened the bottle of salts. Soon the whole carriage was filled with the odorous odor of the oil. The old farmer stood it as long as he could, then leaned forward and shouted:

"Madam, would ye mind puttin' the cork in that yer bottle. It smells dreadful!" OBEYING INSTRUCTIONS. "Now, dear," she said, as they stopped at the depot gate, "you will see that everything goes right about the house, won't you?" "Yes, indeed," he answered. "You will do everything just as I would if I were there?" "I will," he replied earnestly. "I'll discharge the servant girl every morning before I go down town."

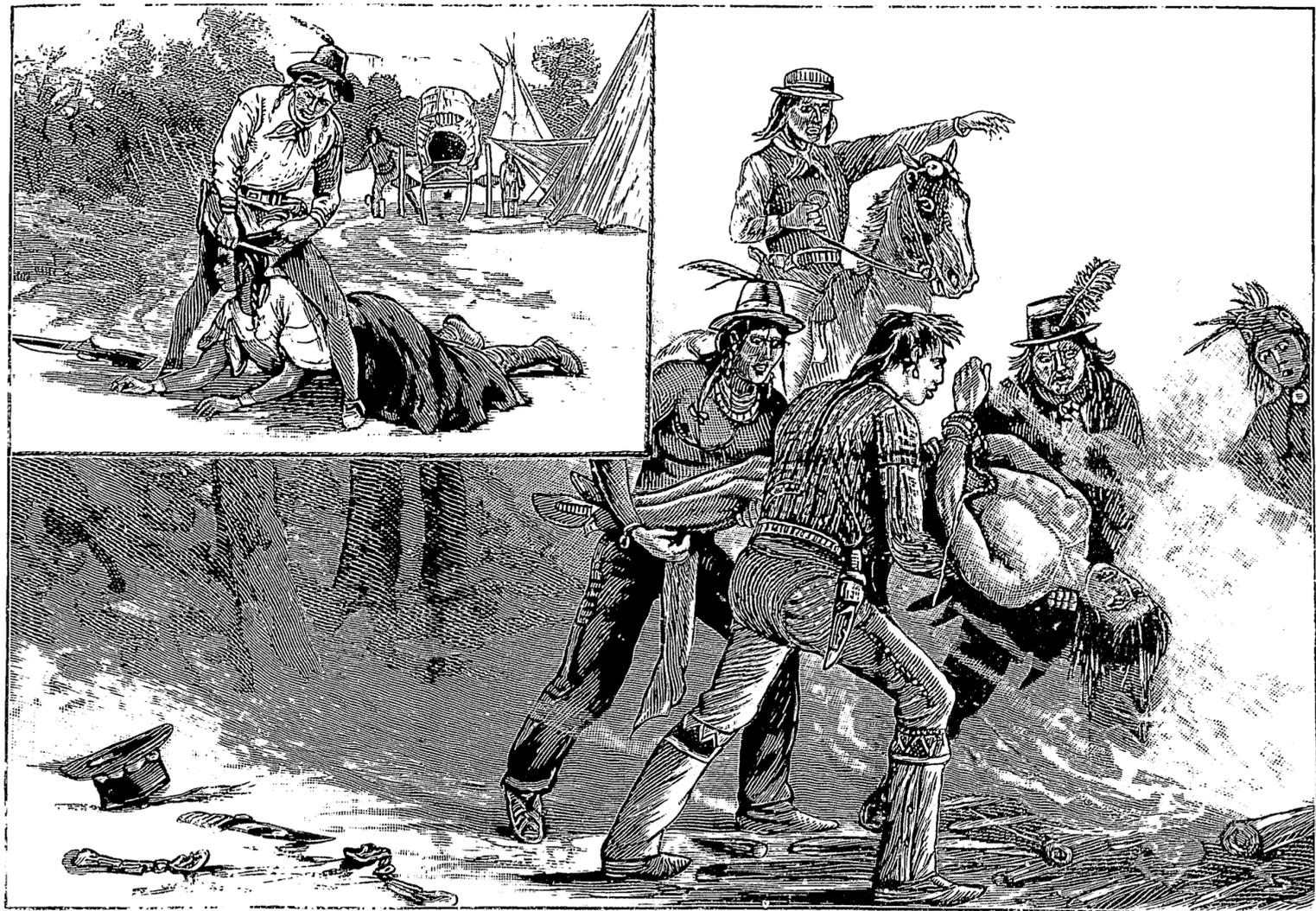
WANTS GOOD COMPANY. "Why do you wish our burial lot was down at that end?" asked mamma of Alice, as they stood in the cemetery. "I'm sure ours is just as nicely located as those down there." "I know that," replied Alice, "but then we know all the persons who use those lots and I think it is much safer, when you are buried, to be acquainted with those around you."

COLLATERAL NOT SATISFACTORY. She inquired, "It is queer, I do not understand. Why you should holdly ask me here." "To trust you for my hand." "Times are hard," she said, "but to that you'll go." "I love once might do, but now, instead, a girl must have the cash." HIS PRESENCE OF MIND. Kate—These luzzsaw hats are a real nuisance. I had mine on the other evening, and Harry, who was trying to kiss me, was wearing one also. Eddie—And of course he couldn't get no line anywhere near yours? Kate—Under ordinary circumstances, no; but I had the presence of mind to take my hat off.



SOLDIERS' GIRLS IN THE BARN.

TWO YOUNG PRISONERS MADE CAPTIVE AT FORT WADSWORTH, N. Y., SEEN AS A MOTHER OF GUARD BURNING AMONG THE CARRIAGES COVERED BY A FLOOD AND CAPTURED IN A HAY MOW.

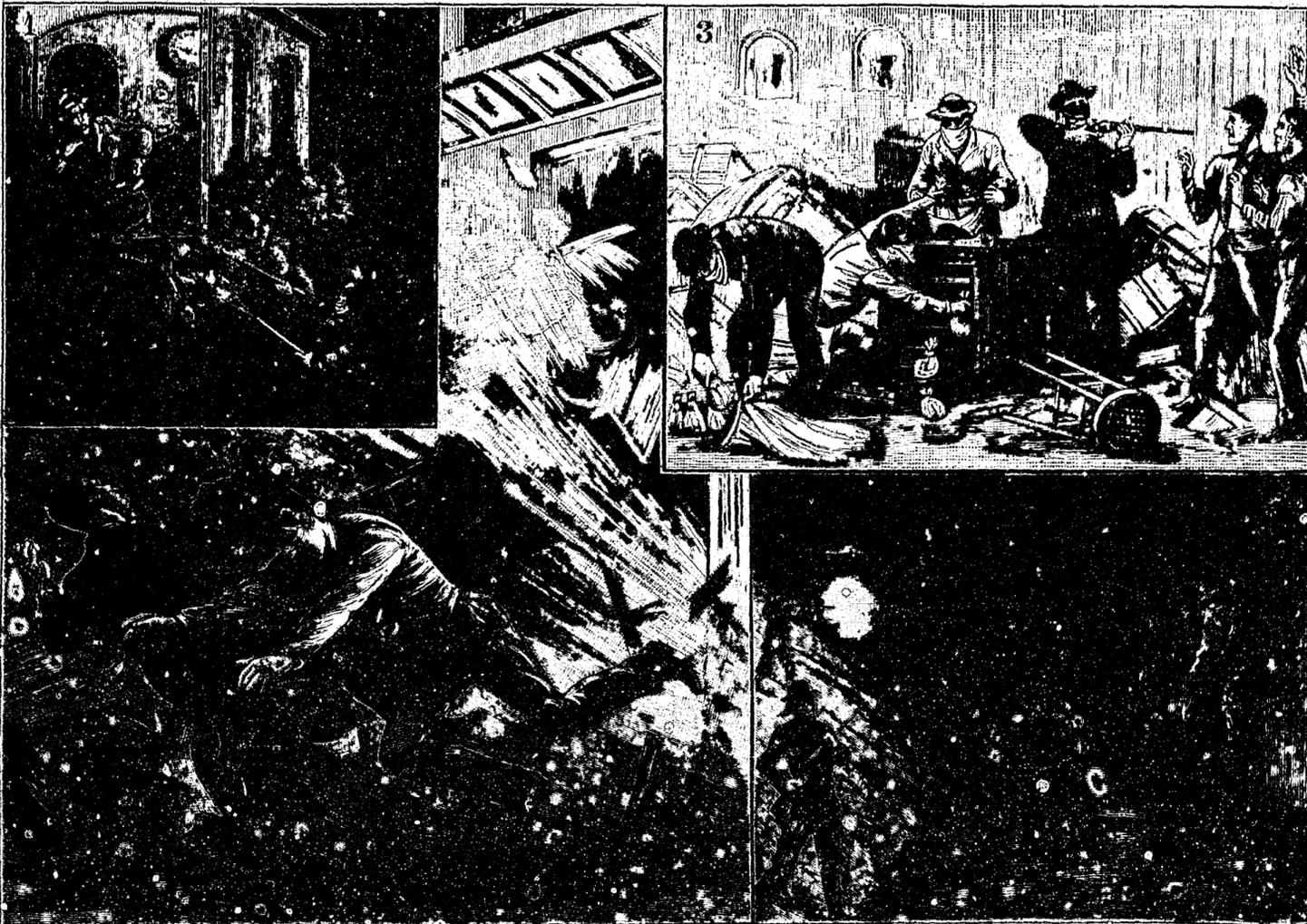


BURNED ALIVE FOR SCALPING HIS SQUAW.

"RAIN IN THE FACE" REVENGE ON HIS WIFE NEAR SPOKANE, WASH., FOR ELOPING WITH "WHITE BLANKET" HIS WIFE'S PARADOX IN RETALIATION CUTS OFF "RAIN-IN-THE-FACE" EARS AND CREMATES HIM.



THE HOLD-UP ON THE LAKESHORE AND MICHIGAN RAILROAD NEAR KESSLER, IND.—DURING THE SHOOTING, EXPRESS MESSENGER HAMLIN PULLED OPEN THE DOOR OF HIS CAR AND GOT A VOLLEY FOR HIS PAINS.



1—Engineer Knapp Shot by the Robbers. 2—Blowing the Express Car Door with Dynamite. 3—Covering the Messengers, While the Safe is Robbed. 4—Sentinels Upon the Bank Cover the Retreat of the Robbers.

TRAIN ROBBERS MOVE EAST.

THE NEW YORK EXPRESS ON THE LAKESHORE RAILROAD HELD UP AT KESSLER, IND., SEPT. 12—MASKED MEN, DYNAMITE, WINCHESTERS AND REVOLVERS GET AWAY WITH \$20,000 OR MORE.

The Illustrated Police News

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1893.

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF ALL THE CURRENT EVENTS OF THE DAY. All communications must be addressed, POLICE NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY, No. 4 ALDEN STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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To Correspondents.

We solicit sketches and items of general interest from all portions of the country, but our correspondents must bear in mind that all anonymous communications will be promptly rejected.

P. A. E., Fort Madison, Ia.—Next week. J. W., East Liverpool, O.—Cannot inform you. Z. V. H., Zanesville, O.—See answer elsewhere in this column.

L. B., Cohoes, N. Y.—James J. Corbett is heavy-weight champion glove fighter. W. L. T. K.—"Brassie's Naval Annual" can be procured through any first class bookstore.

T. F. R., Waterloo, N. Y.—Jem. Mace is living. He is ex-champion of the prize ring of the world. J. S. L.—The building of the New York Opera House, New York city, was begun in 1882 and completed in 1883.

T. M., South High street, Akron, O.—Send to John Wood, 238 Battery, New York city, or Elmer Channing, 2 West street, Boston, Mass.

H. C., Fort Madison, Ia.—Mand S. made her record of 2:08 1/2 at Glenville, O., July 30, 1885. The time was not made in a race, but in trotting against time with a running mate.

C. L. F., Chatham, N. Y.—(1) In dog fighting a turn is made when one dog goes half round away from the other dog. (2) A handler cannot pick his dog up for a row scratch until his dog has made a turn.

TOUR, Syracuse, N. Y.—The practice as to the "rake off" for the kitty in draw poker varies widely. In several games the rake off is for a pot won on three of a kind or better. In others it is for two pairs or better. The general practice is to take out from every jack pot.

C. H. G., Oxford, Mich.—James J. Corbett, champion pugilist of America, will be champion of the world when he defeats Peter Jackson, providing, of course, that he is not previously beaten by Charles Mitchell. No man can be champion of the world without beating Jackson.

J. N., Providence.—(1) Johnny Aaron was bested by the Spider in the limited round contest at the Fair Play Club, Way street, Boston. (2) The difficulty you mention arose over the accusation that Witt in his winning fight at New York, N. Y., with Willie Clark of Philadelphia, had not shown game quality.

LARAYETTE CLUB, Boston.—Dick O'Brien was born Nov. 21, 1873, at St. Johns, N. E., of full-blooded Irish born parents. He has lived in Lewiston, Me., fifteen years. His older brother, John O'Brien, the professional ball player, formerly second baseman of the Brooklyn's, is with the Augusta (Ga.) team at present.

READER, Waterville, Me.—Ques.: In a game of drawpoker, before the draw, A is ago man and B has the first bet. The game is 5-cent ante, 50-cent limit. C bets 20 cents and D bets 10 cents. B says: "It is my first bet. I bet the limit." C says: "No, I'm out," and hauls out his 20 cents. B claims that C's money belongs in as penalty for betting out of turn. How is it? Ans.: In strictness, B is right. C should forfeit his 20 cents unless he wants to put in 50 cents and stay in.

N. E. J., Chelsea, Mass.—The steamer Campana arrived at Queenstown from New York city, Sept. 8, having beaten all records, making the passage in 5 days, 14 hours and 55 minutes. The best eastward voyage made by the Paris is 5 days, 22 hours and 50 minutes. In May last the Campana beat this record, having made the easterly run in 5 days, 17 hours and 42 minutes. The easterly transatlantic voyage is longer than the westerly, and the accomplishment of this passage in seven hours and fifty-five minutes less time than any other steamer has ever made it in marks quite a new era in steamship speed.

H. J. S., Pittsfield, Mass.—According to the monthly report of Auditor Ackerman it cost \$24,532,369 to build and operate the World's Fair up to Aug. 31. The gate receipts for the same period were \$5,144,555; concession receipts, \$1,757,067; miscellaneous receipts, \$577,948; total, \$7,479,570. The bonded indebtedness has been reduced \$830,000 and the floating debt \$316,616. The debts that must be paid yet are \$3,555,000 in bonds and \$1,455,215 of floating debt. This would leave the enterprise over \$12,000,000 in the hole, but the additional receipts from increased attendance will probably reduce this somewhat.

W. J. H., South Boston, Mass.—The Horreshoffs of Bristol, R. I., built the Vigilant, the next defender of the America cup. The Vigilant's length over all is 124 ft., water line 86 ft. 3 in., beam 26 ft., draught 14 ft., displacement about 140 tons. The most remarkable feature of the boat is the material of which she is built. The frames are steel, but the plating from the sheer strake down is of Tobin bronze. The bottom is very smooth, and, of course, is free from corrosion. There is a constant exfoliation going on, which keeps the surface free from weeds and barnacles. It is also capable of a very high polish. When the boat is hauled out the surface is burnished.

J. P. MON.—Ques.: I am holding money and acting as referee in a contest. The place picked for battle was not to be had. I designated another place and time. One of the parties refused to go. The other was ready and claimed forfeit. What shall I do with the money? The party refusing to go claimed I had no right to order him to any place but the one first named. How shall bets go? Ans.: Unless the articles limited the referee as to choice of a new place, he had full power to select one and order both principals and contestants there. The party refusing compliance forfeited. Outside bets should be off. An outside wager should come a run for his money. He should not be made to lose unless there is a contest.

ARE THE DEAR GIRLS TOO CHEAP?

It is a very remarkable observation of Mrs. Josephine Butler that the young women of the present day "lack dignity" and "allow themselves to become too cheap."

If this is true it is serious. We are not so sure that some of them are less dignified than their grandmothers were at the same age. But how much dignity is really necessary for the young woman who does not intend to dispose of herself cheaply?

It will not do to be extreme in this matter or in any other. According to an evangelist who is very popular in some sections of this country, dignity is nothing better at best than the starch of a shroud. That is worth thinking about as one view of the matter, but it will not do to inforce it without qualification. A certain amount of dignity, not too much but just enough, is a good thing in itself, and it is certainly useful in preventing excessive cheapness.

As there is such a thing as being too dignified, so there is such a thing as not being cheap enough. The marriageable young woman who holds herself too high may discourage timid but otherwise desirable young men—men with matrimonial intentions. This would never do at all, and it is in endeavoring to prevent it that our young women have incurred the reproach of cheapness.

But that is an old story. The charge of making themselves too cheap was laid by St. Chrysostom against the young women of his time. "Though they say nothing with their mouths," he exclaims, "yet they do speak in their gait; they do speak with their eyes; they do speak with the carriage of their bodies."

So Mrs. Butler is mistaken in thinking she has discovered something new. It is the same old story. It is not so bad either as some think. Here and there a young woman may become too cheap, but as a rule the girls are not too cheap and not too dear, but just dear enough.

HAS A HISTORY.

"E. F. Sanderson" Identified as C. O. Parker—He is Bound Over to the Grand Jury.

The following entry was made in the journal at police headquarters in Boston; Sept. 7: "An inspector arrested this morning E. F. Sanderson, alias Charles O. Parker, for obtaining property valued at \$247.84 by false pretences from George H. Richter, 92 Franklin street, and the Oxley, Wilson Company of New York."

The story of the arrest is as follows: At a recent meeting of the creditors it was noted that the only one present who had seen Sanderson was Agent Sanford of the firm of Oxley, Wilson & Co., who are the heaviest losers. On Sept. 2, with others, Mr. Sanford held a consultation with Inspector Cogan and identified the unknown Sanderson as Charles O. Parker, whose picture holds a prominent place in the rogues' gallery.

When the evidence had been laid before Chief Justice Parmenter he granted a warrant for the arrest of the much-wanted man. Inspector Cogan immediately began a still hunt for Parker. The culprit was found on the corner of Warren and Moreland streets, Roxbury.

"Come with me," said the inspector, and he proceeded to handcuff the astonished Parker, but the latter protested he was a gentleman and, with a demurrer accompanied the officer to headquarters. He gave his age as 51 and his home as Quincy.

At the Municipal Court he was bound over in \$8000 bonds to the grand jury.

At police headquarters the officer in charge said he had seen Parker often enough to know him, and that he also knew him by reputation.

He said Parker was not in the directory and he thought he originally hailed from New York State. He had been in a number of deals and was known at several of the police stations, Station 4 among the rest.

At Station 4 the police say that Parker had been arrested in 1885 for swindling by an advertisement in daily papers. He has since been identified with several crooked operations, but has avoided arrest. Parker's store at 114 Tremont street has merely been a blind, and the operations have largely been carried on at other places.

The present warrant has three counts, the first alleging the obtaining of property from Oxley, Wilson & Co. in the amount of \$247.84, the others for obtaining goods from George H. Richter of 92 Franklin street.

The writs which have been sworn out against the firm aggregate \$6810, and there are numerous smaller claims which will come up. A lot of property belonging to firms swindled by Sanderson, alias Parker, was recovered at South Framingham, Mass., Sept. 9, by Inspector Cogan, Chief of Police Edward F. Fendergast and Deputy Sheriff W. H. Walsh.

The description of Sanderson is as follows: E. F. Sanderson, alias Charles O. Parker, swindler, age 45 years, height 5 ft. 9 in., weight 130 pounds, dark hair, medium complexion. Arrested in 1885, was recovered at South Framingham and Watts; sentenced to one year in the county prison at Philadelphia, Pa.

HER FOOT ON A BURGLAR'S NECK.

He Escaped from Mrs. Addy, but Was Caught by Her Husband.

[Subject of Illustration.] Mrs. Joseph Addy of 15 Ryle avenue, Paterson, N. J., distinguished herself on the afternoon of Sept. 5 by an encounter with a burglar. She was operating a sewing machine on the second floor of her cottage, when she heard a noise as if someone was opening a drawer. Mrs. Addy ran to the head of the stairway, and peering over the banister, saw a man emerge from the parlor to the clothes rack at the hall door, doff his old clothes, and put on Mr. Addy's coat and hat.

Mrs. Addy screamed and ran down the back stairway. The thief rushed out of the front door, and, while trying to open the gate, was caught by Mrs. Addy. He ran down the hill with the woman clinging to his neck and burying her finger nails in his flesh. Half way down the hill Mrs. Addy mustered all her strength and threw her captive on the roadside. Finding one foot on his neck, she held him down until she became exhausted. When she relaxed her hold the burglar jumped to his feet and climbed the mountain that skirts the road. Mr. Addy was soon informed of his wife's encounter with the thief, and, with a companion, he gave chase and overtook the burglar at the foot of the soldiers' monument, overlooking the Passaic Falls chasm. He was identified as Robert Scott, a desperate character, who has been frequently arraigned in the courts.

MIKE OLEARY DEAD.

The Once Clever Middle-Weight Boxer Succumbs to Paralysis.

[With Portrait.] Mike Cleary, regarded a few years ago as having a good chance for heavy-weight championship honors, died at William Muldoon's home at Belfast, N. Y., Tuesday, Sept. 5, and was buried in the Catholic churchyard near that place Friday afternoon, Sept. 8.

His wife was notified of his death but did not arrive at Muldoon's place until two hours after the funeral services were over. For months she has been in most straitened circumstances, and her husband, who really never recovered from the accident which necessitated the amputation of a foot, was unable to support her. Several weeks ago Muldoon heard that the former clever boxer was suffering from paralysis and consumption. The once splendid specimen of physical development wasted away until he weighed less than fifty pounds two days before his death.

Cleary last figured before the public as assistant trainer for John L. Sullivan when the latter was preparing for his fight with Jake Kilrain. That he was a popular man among sports was clearly demonstrated by the rousing benefit tendered him after the accident. Mike netted nearly \$2000 from this entertainment.

Mike Cleary, whose sad demise is chronicled above, was born at Queen's county, Ire., thirty-five years ago. His first mill of any note was when he defeated George Rooke in three rounds in Philadelphia, Oct. 18, 1882. In New York, during November, 1883, he beat Florrie Barnett in three rounds. On April 9, 1883, he was beaten by Charles Mitchell in three rounds at the Institute Building, New York city. He knocked out William Sheriff, the Prussian, in one round at New York, April 14, 1884. He again defeated Sheriff in one round at Philadelphia, May 10. Just about this time Jake Kilrain was forging to the front, and at Madison Square Garden, New York, June 20, Cleary boxed him four rounds to a draw. He knocked out Jim Goode at Chicago in one round, July 19. About two weeks later Jack Burke got a decision over him in a four-round bout at Irving Hall, New York. During 1885 Cleary had a busy time. Feb. 8, he beat J. H. Dalton, with soft gloves, in the first round, at Louisville, Ky. Journeying Westward, at San Francisco, March 13, he knocked out Jack Brady in the Pavilion there in one round. April 6, he knocked Frank Crockett out in five rounds at the same place. And again, in the old Pavilion he trounced the boards, doing a four-round draw with Charles Mitchell. Not being satisfied with his previous bout with Burke, another meeting was arranged, the men meeting at San Francisco, Oct. 23, and an eight-round draw resulted. On Dec. 28 he again met Burke at Battery D, Chicago, and Burke won in three rounds. On Jan. 5, 1886, Cleary fought with Denny in a four-round draw at Philadelphia, May 4, and then he drifted out of the game a great deal. However, he drew with Pete Nolan for ten rounds at Louisville, June 5, 1888, and his last bout was against B. Smith at Hot Springs, Ark., April 3, 1890, when Smith won in the third round. He met with an unfortunate accident about a year ago, which necessitated the amputating of his foot. Since then he has fallen rapidly, consumption developing. He had one prize fight with the bare fists, when he defeated Woodson, the English light-weight.

JOSEPH GREEN.

A Napoleon of Crooks Caught at Lewiston, Me.—He is Taken to Manchester, N. H.

[With Portrait.] Police Inspector J. T. O'Dowd of Manchester, N. H., writes to the Police News: "I send you photograph of Joseph Green, a Napoleon of dangerous crooks. He is wanted in Lowell, Salem, Fall River and Haverhill, Mass., besides the places you had in your paper last week. Letters are coming in from all parts inquiring for him. His description is: Joseph Green, alias Joseph Mott, 14 Gray, Abraham Kovich, Charles Davidson and Abraham Lavkoff; crime lawyer, of three gold watches; age 22 years, white, born in Prussia, occupation, cigarmaker and thief, can read and write, unmarried, build slim, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 120 pounds, hair black, eyes dark, face smooth, complexion dark. Arrested in Lewiston, Me., by City Marshal A. E. McDonough, Aug. 20, 1893. He is in jail at Manchester, N. H., in default of \$800 bail.

"That is the man," said Joseph Barlofsky of Lowell, Mass., as he identified the portrait of Green. On Nov. 26 Barlofsky says Gray stole \$263 in money, \$130 in jewelry, and several other things from him, and at the same time chloroformed his brother, Lewis Barlofsky, and relieved him of some \$350.

It has been learned from people who know the crook in his own country that his real name is Lewis Greenstein.

Chief of Police John L. Rice of Springfield, Mass., has been looking for the man three months or more, for stealing \$64 from Horace Warner of West Springfield on June 12. Shortly after this the crook accompanied a job in Springfield, was detected and decamped.

In Springfield the crook used the name of Davidson, but Chief Rice says the man's real name is Adolph Dessart, and that he did a term in the prison at Reading, Penn., under this name. The man of many names worked this scheme in Syracuse, N. Y., on May 23, came to Manchester on June 6, and went from Manchester to Springfield.

From other information received the man has been in this country 12 years and did a job in Philadelphia five years ago.

GIRLS IN THE BARN.

That Was Why Fort Wadsworth Soldiers Stole Away from the Barracks Every Night.

[Subject of Illustration.] Some soldiers stationed at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, N. Y., have been varying the monotony of garrison life by stealing away from the barracks after taps and visiting a barn on the Mayo estate. There they stayed nearly until dawn. The estate was purchased by the Government recently, and now belongs to the State reservation.

There was so much revelry and noise in the old barn that the officers in charge of the fort heard it, and found that four young women constituted the great attraction there. Late Friday night, Sept. 8, the commander of the fort and Private Arthur Smith visited the barn and found two soldiers with two well-dressed and fair-looking girls. The soldiers fled, but the girls were too frightened and ashamed to do anything but scream and cover their faces with their handkerchiefs. Private Smith placed them under arrest and took them to Stapleton. They described themselves as Annie Miller, 17 years old, of Union Hill, N. Y.; Annie McLaughlin, 17 years old, of New Brighton. They were locked up in a charge of disorderly conduct. Justice Kullman committed the girls to prison for one month each.

HUMOROSITIES.

He—Don't you think you could learn to love me? She—Learn? No, I'm sure I could not; I always hated study.

Marmaduke—May I go out to play now? Mamma—What with those holes in your boots? Marmaduke—No, with the bulldog next door.

Officer—Private Schultz, after you have served three years faithfully what are you then? Private Schultz (saluting)—Three years older.

"John," she said reproachfully, as he came home at 2 p. m., "you have been out again." "No, my dear; 'pon honor. This time I was in \$11."

Some people are too kind to tell the truth. If you ask one of them to lend you \$1 he will declare he hasn't a cent.

The River Rhine, it is now known, Doth wash a choleraic zone; And tell me, nymphs, what power divine Shall henceforth wash the River Rhine?

Le Flanco—Why have you never introduced me to your mother's darling? Le Flanco—Glad my mother is a widow, and I have lost two fiancés to widows already.

Mrs. Nuwife—John, I'm sure I hear burglars down stairs. John—What would you do if you were in my place?—Mrs. Nuwife—Why, tell them about Baby's new tooth, of course.

"George, this is the night of the ball. Don't you remember?" "Can't help it. I'm sick and can't go." "But, George, don't be stupid. This is to be a ball for the benefit of a hospital."

In the restaurant: "The last time I ordered spring chicken here they brought me a thoroughly matured hen. How do you suppose I can get a real spring chicken?" "Order a fresh egg."

The autumn days are with us, The summer days are done, And families are returning To spoil the old men's fun.

"And they tarred and feathered the editor?" "They did." "And what's he doing now?" "Making \$10 a day in a dime museum as the wild man from the South."

Uncle Clover (hearing music at Chinese theatre)—Mandy, I guess we better not go in just yet awhile. Mandy—Why not? Uncle Clover—Well, I guess they're having trouble with the bees' swarming.

Pretty Wife—I knew you'd like this new hat, darling. It is becoming, and nothing could be simpler, could it? Darling (thoughtfully)—Nothing, except the man that has to pay \$25 for it.

Maud—I don't see how you can marry a man like the Count, who is marrying you only for your money. Marie—He does not put it that way. He says he is marrying my money only for me.

Teacher—If your father gives you forty cents and your brother thirty cents, how much will you have? Tommy—Humph! I guess you don't know much about my pa. He is not that kind of a hair-pin.

He—Will you give me your photograph? She—I will exchange with you. He (pressing a button in the head of his cane)—Ah, a thousand thanks! She (pressing a button in the head of her fan)—And I thank you ever so much!

"Beauty is only skin deep," said Miss Homolough to the handsome Miss Fairleigh. "Quite true, my dear Miss Homolough," was the reply. "But the important part of it is that everybody's skin is on the outside, where it shows."

"I don't help 'em to a frown, dat's my motto," said Uncle Eben. "Yas indeed," remarked his spruce nephew from town, "but dat's one time w'en it doan wurk." "W'en?" "In er pokah game."

Guest (in cheap restaurant)—That's queer. I ordered three dishes and you are out of all. Waiter—It's very late, sah. Guest (suspiciously)—Not saying 'em for yourself, eh? Waiter (laughingly)—I don't eat heal, sah.

Watts—I would not have thought that there were more than 200,000,000 combinations possible with a set of dominoes, but it seems that there are. Folts—Oh, well, if the women keep on taking boards I guess their husbands will get all those combinations worked out some day.

The funeral was over, and a few personal friends were talking dinner with the bereaved widow. "Won't you have some more?" "No, thank you, Mr. Smith," she asked. "Thank," replied Mr. Smith. "I believe I will. The ride to the grave and back has given me quite an appetite."

"What is that statue?" she asked, as they passed through the gallery. "I'm sure I've seen that gentleman before." "Why, that's Neptune." "Neptune?" "Yes—the god of the sea, you know." "Oh, of course. That is the reason he is always represented as carrying an oyster fork, isn't it?"

Stokes—The president of your company seems to take quite an interest in you now. Clarky—What makes you think so? Stokes—I notice he has fallen in the habit of shaking hands with you when he comes into the office in the morning. Clarky—Yes, he thinks it's cheaper than raising my salary.

Dick and Tommy were going the rounds with the gov'nor on their return from the summer holidays and they saw the old mare with a foal. Dick—Hullo! Has Starlight got another foal? Tommy—Why, of course she has, you idiot! You don't suppose she keeps on having the same foal year after year!

Dakota Resident—Yes, our nearest neighbor lives twelve miles away. Eastern Visitor—Gracious! aren't you lonesome now, and then? Dakota Resident—Well, yes, more or less occasionally, perhaps; but then, you see, a cyclone is likely to come along 'most any time and land him right in our back yard.

Young Lady—Why do I get so nervous when I play before an audience? Prof. Von Thump—Sympathy and magnetism, my dear young lady; mind acting on mind, you know. "I don't see how." "It's very simple off explanation. De nervousness and restlessness and weariness off de company affects yourself."

"I didn't like your cake very well tonight," remarked Gus De Smith to his landlady. "No," queried she. "Why was the matter with it?" "It seemed to me it was a little short." "I have noticed the same falling in you, Mr. De Smith," was the terse reply. And Dingley botched enough from his friends to pay something on account.

Lori English—What this country lacks, Miss America, is a leisure class such as we have in our country. I mean the class we call gentlemen, who do not work for a living, who take no part in business, but devote their time to observation and travel and—er—Miss America—Oh, yes, we have that class in this country, but we call them tramps.

Manager (to actress)—Now isn't there something sensational in your career that we can mention in the advance notices? How often have you been divorced? Actress—Never, sir; I've only had one husband. I've lived happily with him for twenty years and we have eight children.

Manager—Now, don't see how splendid that gives us something absolutely new and original to work on. Why, it ought to make your fortune.

HOOSIER BANDITS.

They Hold Up a Lake Shore Railroad Train.

THEY GET A HANDSOME LOT OF BOOTY.

Express Officials Say the Loss is Not \$20,000. But Police Think it Nearly \$200,000—Ferried the Passengers—About 140 Miles East of Chicago, on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway.

(Subject of Illustration.)

With dynamite and rifles, a gang of rural Hoosier bandits forced their way into the express car of the Atlantic Express train on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway near Kessler, Ind., early on Tuesday morning, Sept. 12, and stole \$10,104 it is said on good authority.

The United States Express Company's officials, whose safe was blown to pieces and filled, say less than \$200,000 was taken; the police say \$200,000 is nearer the mark.

The engineer of the train was wounded, although not dangerously, and an attempt was made to kill the assistant express messenger, but he dodged just as the outlaws' rifle was discharged, and the bullet flew wide of its mark.

The express train was stopped at the switch near Kessler, which is 140 miles east of Chicago, a little after midnight, by the display of a red light. When the engineer slowed up a bullet from the rifle of a masked man at the back-side entered his right shoulder, and he dropped.

The fireman fled. The wounded engineer was James Knapp of Toledo.

Hearing the shooting, the express messengers pulled open the doors of the car and got a volley for their hats. Quickly shutting the doors again they covered in a corner until the doors were blown open, and the bandits came in without show of resistance.

They bored holes in the safe, filled the holes with dynamite and blew the door into pieces. In the meantime three hundred passengers on the train waited in terror for the thieves to depart, which they did, without attempting to molest those in the passenger coaches, and the trainmen who possessed any curiosity at all were held helpless at the mouths of rifles when they attempted to go near the express car.

It was a picnic for the robbers, who searched the safe thoroughly, got all it contained, and then went away leaving at least \$100,000 in gold, which was in several bags in a corner behind a coffin.

The police and express officials believe the men who perpetrated the robbery to be country boys who had made up their minds, after reading plenty of yellow covered literature, to do something desperate.

Hundreds of armed men are now scouring the country in the vicinity of the place where the robbery occurred, and it is not anticipated that a long time will elapse before the rascals are caught. They were evidently novices in the business, but they succeeded in bagging a fine booty.

When the trainmen became assured that all danger was passed they crawled out and took an inventory of the damage. A consultation was held, and with the conductor at the throttle and the wounded engineer in a coach, they pulled into Kendallville, a distance of only a few miles.

After the engineer had received medical attention and a posse had been sent in search of the bandits, orders were sent for another engineer and fireman.

Willard Hooley, who was stealing a ride on the front end of the baggage car, and who saw all without being seen, says he counted twenty masked men.

The United States Express Company officials received their first news of the robbery from the Lake Shore officials. General Manager Wygant at once hurried to the depot and had a hasty consultation with the railroad men. By 5 o'clock a special train was being made up. Before it was ready several of the express company's best and oldest detectives, several Pinkerton men and a squad of city detectives were ready to start on the train hunt.

Thirty minutes later the train started for the scene of the robbery.

The United States Express Company's safe in the train is believed to have contained nearly \$200,000, including a shipment of \$50,000 from Chicago to a New York bank. The express officials are making every effort to conceal the facts in regard to the robbery and manifest the most profound ignorance. B. B. Hamlin, the assistant of Messenger Weiss, returned to Chicago and made a report to the general manager of the company, but to reporters he said he did not know anything about the case.

MESSENGER HAMLIN'S ACCOUNT.

The only witness of the scene who reached Chicago was Assistant Messenger Hamlin, who told the following story:

"After the explosion that blew the door to bits several men wearing masks climbed into the train. One fellow covered me with a rifle. Another kept Weiss covered the same way. They searched Weiss and me for keys to the safe, but could not find any. They then set to work to open the safe. With a electric they knocked the knob off the door and then they began to drill holes in it.

"A small, stout man, who seemed to be the leader, directed the work. Finally they got through drilling and then blew the door open with dynamite.

THREE TO KILL HIM.

"When I felt the train stop I opened the door. I saw two men standing on the ground beside the car. One of them yelled, 'Throw up your hands!' and before I could move he pointed a rifle at me and fired. I threw myself to one side and the flash from the gun almost blinded me. I managed to slam the doors shut and bolted them.

"Behind a coffin which was in the car and covered up by a lot of express matter were two strong boxes filled with gold, and while I do not know just how much was in them it must have been a large sum. The men did not look like farmers, neither did they seem to be working men."

HE SAVED THE SMALLER SAFE.

The express messenger says he saved one safe, the smaller of the two in the car, by rolling it over to the pile of express packages, when he heard the first shot, and covering it with small stuff. The robbers did not notice it, and the time when the messenger probably saved the company thousands of dollars, though he does not know how much was in the safe.

Engineer Knapp was taken to his home in Toledo, and physicians were called. It was found that the bullet had penetrated his right side near the shoulder. He had a very close call. The physicians say Knapp is not in danger, however, and will be all right in a few days.

Two men boarded the engine and ordered Engineer Knapp and Fireman Butler to hold up their hands. The engineer disobeyed the order

and reached for the whistle rope to warn the rest of the train, but the movement was a signal for the desperado to shoot.

The rest of the gang stationed themselves along the train and kept up a constant firing to keep the crew and passengers frightened, that they might not rush out and overpower them. As soon as a head showed itself down the train a shot whizzed by as a warning to keep inside.

BEST THE ALARM.

Three men jumped into the express car; two held up the messengers, while the other blew the safe open with dynamite.

The railroad and express officials say the night was a light one on the express car. Several nights ago \$5,000,000 was sent through and it is thought the robbers were organized for the purpose of raiding that pile, but missed calculations.

Milton W. Weiss, the express messenger who was in charge of the car at the time of the attack, said:

"After the train had stopped I heard two shots fired on the outside of the car in rapid succession. My helper, B. D. Hamlin, then yelled to me that one of the shots came through the door. It came near hitting him. A moment later the car was almost lifted from the track by a terrific explosion, and at the same instant Hamlin and myself were knocked violently to the floor on our backs.

"I was stunned for a moment and could hardly realize what had occurred. When I regained my senses I found myself under a large heap of baggage and shattered woodwork and two men wearing masks stood close by, one having a Winchester aimed at my head and the other fellow covering my helper in a similar manner.

"One of the men spoke, telling us not to move or they would blow the brains out of us. That is about all I can remember of what was said.

"There was not much talking done. One of the robbers at once proceeded to drill the safe. It took him half an hour to do the job. During the time that the fellow was working at the safe there were several of his pals, outside at the door of the car also, med with Winchester.

NO ONE INTERFERED.

"Some of them kept their guns pointed at us, while others kept shooting occasionally. When the safe was finally burst open the robber at once began rifling it of its contents and carrying the packages of money to the door, where he handed it out to his pals.

"No help arrived on the scene until the robbers had made their escape. I could not see whether they had horses or not. The explosion that knocked us down blew the door off the car and would have killed us only for the baggage and cases which were piled up just inside. As it was we were knocked down very heavily, and I can scarcely hear now.

The robbers used dynamite in forcing the door. They fastened it in some way on a board, and, pulling the board to the door, exploded it. The glass was broken in all the windows of the car, and it blew a hole in the floor under the door."

On one side of the express car was badly shattered by the force of the explosion. The bottom of the door was splintered as if it had been pounded upon with a heavy battering-ram.

Weiss declined to give any information as to the amount taken by the robbers, saying he would leave that for the company to do. Weiss was taken to the company's office to make a report in the matter.

PURSUIT BEGINS AT ONCE.

Within two hours of the commission of the crime Col. Byrne, superintendent of detectives for the express company, was on his way to the scene with a detachment of detectives from his Buffalo office. The first train out of Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Toledo, Detroit, Indianapolis, Chicago and St. Louis carried squads of detectives in the employ of the robbed express company and confederated companies. The Lake Shore train force of men on the work from its Cleveland office, says the company.

Trained detectives are already on the trail of the robbers. Detective Mullaney, chief of the secret service men of the Lake Shore road, believes the robbers are concealed in the swamps of northern Indiana.

INDIANA'S GOVERNOR DECLINES TO OFFER A REWARD.

Gov. Matthews of Indiana received a telegram from the general superintendent of the United States Express Company, asking him to offer a reward in the name of the State for the arrest of the train robbers.

The governor answered the superintendent that while he was willing to do all in his power to assist in running down the robbers he could not offer a reward.

He explains that there is now less than \$1000 in the contingent fund at his command and he expects to use more than this sum in fighting the Columbian Athletic Club, the fighting club at Roby, which is operated by Dominick C. O'Malley. It is rather an extraordinary state of affairs that Indiana is so engaged in hunting down boxers that she has no funds to apply to the apprehension of train robbers.

CHIDDY RYAN. Griff's Pal and Sparring Chum. (With Portrait.)

Chiddy Ryan is known everywhere in Australia as Griff's pal and sparring chum. Chiddy is, without exception, one of the cleverest boxers that ever entered the magic circle in the Colonies. Sphenoid offers have been made to him to travel in England, but he has refused to do so. His parents are well-to-do, and he cannot be prevailed upon to leave his home. He has won about thirty prize fights. He boxes at 125 to 130 pounds, and would make a good foe for any man in the world. He has been the champion of many local contests, and finds it so hard to obtain a customer.

TOOK A PERILOUS BALLOON TRIP. William Sayres' Terrible Flight in an Ascension at Wheeling, W. Va. (Subject of Illustration.)

William Sayres, aged 27, was assisting at a balloon ascension at Wheeling, W. Va., Sept. 8, when, just as the balloon started, his foot became entangled in the ropes. In an instant he was jerked from the ground. Thousands of spectators saw him carried into the clouds, hanging head downward and in danger of dropping at any moment. He succeeded in getting hold of one of the ropes, and drew himself up to the rim of the balloon, where he clung until, handed safely on the Ohio side of the river.

MICKEY DUNN. The Famous Australian Middle-Weight Now in New York. (With Portrait.)

Mickey Dunn is a well-known boxer of Sydney, Aus. He is now in this country, and has the Coney Island Athletic Club seeking a match for him at 150 to 160 pounds. He has been the winner of many well-contested battles, in and about Sydney.

PUGILISTS.

(Continued from page six.)

The body of a man named Corbett was found in the river at Orange, Mo., Sept. 10. He came down the river several days ago in a covered flat-boat, and said he had come from the headwaters of the Missouri and was on his way to Chicago. He said he was an uncle of James Corbett, the pugilist. He appeared to be in fairly good circumstances and talked familiarly about the Corbett family. It is not known whether he committed suicide or was drowned by accident.

On Monday evening, Sept. 18, the Metropolitan Club of Providence gives a meeting, and the feature will be a finish bout between Johnny Breslin of Boston and E. Torlock of Montreal. They are to weigh in at 117 pounds each at 6 o'clock Monday afternoon. Breslin's seconds will be Dan Gill and Jack Havlin. The match was made by the Police News and is for a purse of \$500, the winner to take \$400.

Dick Burre and his trainer, Sam Blakehook, have looked for the Canadian (Timira, which sails from Liverpool, Eng., Sept. 23 for New York. Burre seems to be under the impression that his mill with Jack Dempsey is a real go. Billy Smith of Boston hopes to take on the Englishman. Dick O'Brien of Louisville, Mo., of Austin, Ohio, are on the list also as ready to engage the English visitor at 140 pounds.

Harry Gilmora, the ex-champion Canadian light-weight, has issued a challenge backed up by a forfeit of \$100 to fight Paddy Smith, who recently whipped George Green, alias Xorng Corbett, at Boston, Ind. Harry stipulates that he will meet Smith for a purse before the local club, and will, if necessary, make a side bet of \$1000 or will contest for the purse alone at 133 pounds or under, weigh in on the afternoon of the contest.

Joe McAniff writes to the Police News as follows: "I am feeling very good and my health is never better. I am itching for a fight. I would like to tackle 'Danver' Ed Smith, Steve O'Donnell, or Joe Sheehy of Duluth. If I can't catch on with these men I will wait for Joe Gordan, who is expected to arrive in San Francisco from Australia pretty soon."

The following list are at the Police News office and will be forwarded on receipt of stamped envelope: Patsey Sheppard, Johnny White, Geo. LeBlanche, A. G. Hales, John L. Sullivan, Charley Johnson, Harry B. McCoy, Bob Fitzsimmons, Billy Lytton, Joe Harris, Billy Smith, Alex. Brennan and Pat Torlock of Montreal, Bill Daly, Billy McCarty, W. S. Green, Frank Steele.

George LeBlanche, the "Marine," has been matched to fight Shadow Maber, the Australian middle-weight, before the Twin City Athletic Club of Minneapolis on Sept. 21. LeBlanche will go into training at Lake Umbagog, Me., and must reduce from over 155 to 150 pounds. The fight is for a purse of \$1500.

"Mysterious Billy" Smith and Australian Billy McCarthy are to box six rounds at the Second Regiment armory in Chicago Sept. 20. It will be Smith's first public showing in Chicago, and is sure to attract a big crowd. He will be badly handicapped in weight, but is confident of winning.

During the first round of a prize fight in an old building at Bay Ridge, Long Island, Sept. 10, between George Blizer and Patrick Francis, the police made a raid on the place and captured the two men. They were taken to New York and held in \$1000 bonds each. They furnished the amount and were released.

Tommy Ryan, as shown by his letter elsewhere in this number of the Police News, is in no rush to take on Billy Smith or Tom Tracy, the Australian, to a finish. He offers to box Austin Blizer as a job, and to return to New York City. Billy steers clear of a finish fight with the Jerseyman.

Jimmy Dime of Amsterdam, N. Y., wants a go to a finish or limited number of rounds and will find a big side bet as his opponent wishes, 125 to 130 pounds, the lighter the better. He will meet either Dan Cronin or Martin Denny at 130 pounds, or Johnny Griffin at 125.

A new boxing club has been organized at Dallas, Tex., which claims to have \$20,000 capital. The members intend to give big purses for fights, and they will bid for the Mitchell and Corbett fight. They intend to erect an arena and have the club chartered.

George LaBlanche is running a saloon on South State street, Chicago. He has received an offer from John B. Barnes, manager of the Phoenix Athletic Club, asking him to go to Minneapolis and meet "Shadow" Maber in a ten-round go.

The New York Sun says: "George Dixon says that he will not drink another drop until he has beaten the Plimmer dealer to a rout in Chicago, go without a drink for a very long time if he waits for a bout at Plimmer's weight."

Alec Greggains, who is now in Boston, says that he intends to fight in the light heavy-weight class in the future. He says: "I fought at too low a weight with Dan Cronin, but I have no excuses. I know better next time."

Danny Needham has arrived in Chicago and is looking for a match with any man of his weight. Danny will have to wait a while before he gets a chance to fight in or near the Windy City. Times are troublous there at present.

Mike Mooney of St. Louis and Jack Burke, the Southern light-weight boxer, who recently fought at St. Louis, have agreed to fight at a rate of \$1000 a side, and each has deposited a forfeit of \$250.

Adam Eck, a broom-maker of Portsmouth, O., who has been totally blind for thirty years, has issued a challenge to any blind man in Ohio for a finish fight, Margolis of Quebeckery rules, for \$100 a side. Eck has put up a forfeit of \$25.

Matt Leary and Billy Cassin had a scrap off the reel at the West End, Boston, Sept. 13. Leary was seconded by Powers and Ward, while Bagley and Connors were behind Cassin. Cassin won in the third round.

Jimmy Murray and Jack Lally fought at Lawrenceburg, Ind., recently, and Lally won after a savage fight. Now the upper of the town are hot after the pug and those who engineered the affair.

Florrie Barnett, 67 Merced street, New York city, wants to match his brother, Charley Barnett, 133 boxer, against Frank Steele, limited round bout, or Jerry Barnett, against any 118 to 122 pound man.

Johnny Van Heest and Hugh Napier are to meet at New Orleans Sept. 20. Van Heest's mother died on Sept. 5, but he could not get home, as the club directors refused to postpone the fight.

Steve O'Donnell and Bob Fitzsimmons are reported matched to meet in a four-round bout at the New Jersey Amusement Company next month.

Mike Sears and Danny McLaughlin fought a fast three-round bout at Howie Hodgkins gymnasium at East Boston, Mass., Sept. 9, with honors even.

Jack Sheehan has been appointed athletic instructor of the St. Mary's Gymnasium, Boston. A more capable selection could not be made.

Jim Corbett saw Solly Smith at work last week. He says: "If Smith ever lands on Dixon the championship will go to California."

Tom Moriarty of Lowell, Mass., 125 pound boxer, who has had good success in Baltimore recently, wants Coney Island Club preliminary with some man of even weight.

The bout between Andy Bowen and Stanton Abbott is scheduled to occur at the Crescent City Athletic Club, New Orleans, in October.

A boxing club has been formed at Visalia, Cal., and inch contests are to be decided there. Charley Bogan is managing.

A subscription has been taken up in New York for Dooney Harris, Jim Corbett and Jack Dempsey have contributed.

"Spider" Tommy Kelly has posted \$100 in New York for a fight with any 110-pound lad in America.

Billy Plimmer is trying for a permit to run a show at the Clermont Avenue rink, Brooklyn, Sept. 26.

Tom McCarthy of Woburn, Mass., is reported matched to meet P. J. Griffin at Rochester, N. Y. Allen Johnson defeated Lee Hill in two rounds near Cincinnati, Sept. 11.

John A. Sullivan is out in a challenge to any man in Ohio, in Wiley Evans preferred.

Arthur Babette and Cook Robin are quibbling over a fight in London.

Tommy Ryan wants to meet Jack Dempsey in a limited-round bout.

SPRINGFIELD (MASS.) KNUCKS. They Are Picked Wearing the Races. (With Three Portraits.)

Inspector William J. Quilly of the Springfield (Mass.) police (City Marshal F. G. Southmayd) writes to the Police News: "I inclose you photographs of three pickpockets, arrested in this city during the races here. Hill, alias Ryan, is a well known professional. He has been arrested many times in New York city for pocket picking, and has served time in Connecticut and New Jersey for the same offence. The latter two would like to be identified. I have a case against all three of them."

The descriptions of the three are as follows: James Hill, alias James Ryan, alias Whitney, pickpocket, age 22, white, born in Long Island City, N. Y., agent, married, medium build, height 5 ft. 10 in., weight 150 pounds, light hair, gray eyes, ordinary nose, full face, light complexion. Arrested by Officer Boyle, Aug. 25, bound over to grand jury in \$200.

Frank Young, pickpocket, age 21, white, born in Boston, shoemaker, unmarried, slim build, height 5 ft. 9 in., weight 140 pounds, dark hair, light blue eyes, long nose, slim face, light complexion. Arrested by Officer E. E. McCassey, Aug. 23, bound over to the grand jury in \$300.

James Burns, pickpocket, aged 18, white, born in Manitoba, cigar-maker, unmarried, slim build, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 140 pounds, dark hair, dark eyes, prominent nose, dark complexion. Arrested by Officers Ryan and Perkins, Aug. 29, bound over to the grand jury in \$300.

Inspector Quilly writes Sept. 12 to the Police News, says: "I have just identified Young and obtained his record, and antecedents by examining my files of the Police News. I find that he was arrested at the G. A. R. encampment at Detroit, Mich., in 1901, and that you published his picture at that time."

CAUGHT RED-HANDED. "Kid" Charley Hartley Was Working the Battery Elevated Railroad Station. (With Portrait.)

As Anthony Anor was ascending the stairs of the elevated station at the Battery in New York city on Sunday night, Sept. 10, he felt a tug at his watch chain. Turning around quickly he saw a young man, named Hartley, in his trousers pocket, who was watching him. Hartley saw the watch away, but as he drew his arm backward it was seized by two men who proved to be Detectives Oates and Madden of the Old Slip station.

At the Tombs police court, 11th inst., the prisoner said he was Charles Hartley, 21 years old, of 18 Dover street, and that he was employed as a hostler in New Jersey. He was held in \$1000 bail for examination. His description is as follows: Charles Hartley, alias "Kid" Hartley, pickpocket, holder, unmarried, medium build, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 130 pounds, dark brown hair, hazel eyes, regular nose, regular, full, fair complexion, scar on left side of chin, C. M. in scapula on inside of right forearm, scar on left elbow.

HOLD UP IN INDIANA. Three Daring Robbers Overpower a United States Mail Wagon Driver—A Bold Job at Terre Haute. (Subject of Illustration.)

A daring robbery was perpetrated at Terre Haute, Ind., Sept. 6, when the United States mail wagon was robbed of three letter pouches. The driver, Ray Dinkins, was en route from the depot to the post office, when three men sprang in front of the wagon. One grabbed the pouches by the handle and the other two aimed revolvers at the driver and compelled him to stop. Dinkins watched his chance and when the revolver was not aimed at him made a grab for the fellow's hand, but received a blow on the head and was knocked senseless. The driver's hands were then tied and a mail bag was emptied and drawn over his head. The robbers drove the wagon to the outskirts of the town and disappeared with three mail bags. The coach continued through north from the East and West. It was pitch dark and Dinkins is unable to give any description of his assailants.

LOVE TRAIN-ROBBER'S NERVE. With a Pony and a Pistol He Almost Held Up a Moving Express Car. (Subject of Illustration.)

As a north-bound Santa Fe train pulled out of Orlandara, Kan., a small town on the border of the Cherokee strip, on Sept. 5, a lone bandit on horseback rode alongside the express car. As the train labored up a steep grade, the lone bandit, who was masked, tried to enter the door of the car. The messenger attempted to close the door, but the man covered him with a revolver and drove him back.

At this point the horseman's pony stumbled, throwing him to the ground. The messenger opened fire on the man, but the train had reached the top of the grade and the would-be robber was quickly left behind.

In an ice cream saloon at New York, Sept. 4, Joseph Goldberg shot his sweetheart, Rebecca Forman, in a jaw broken, she refused to marry him. He then shot and killed himself.



HAD A "REAL HIGH OLD TIME."

A SCAPEGRACE YOUTH'S B-G PRIVATE SERAGLIO IN CHICAGO—FRANK BEAUPRE RUNS A BIG MANSION AND WITH FOURTEEN GIRLS TURNS IT INTO A HOWLING HAREM FOR HIMSELF.



"KID" CHARLES HARTLEY. A NEW YORK "KNUCK" CAUGHT RED-HANDED SEPT. 10 AT THE BATTERY.



"NAPOLEON OF CROOKS." JOE GREEN, ALIAS GREENSINE, ETC. "WANTED ALL OVER." NOW JAILED AT MANCHESTER, N. H.



"E. T. SANDERSON." A MUCH-WANTED COMMERCIAL SWINDLER OF BOSTON, ARRESTED, IDENTIFIED AND HELD IN \$5000 FOR TRIAL.



JAMES HILL, ALIAS RYAN.



FRANK YOUNG.



JAMES BURNS.



\$500 REWARD.

PICKPOCKETS WORKING THE RACE TRACK. A TWO COLLARED AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS., AND HELD IN \$300 EACH FOR THE GRAND JURY.

PHILLIP M. SCHEIG, WANTED AT MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., FOR GRAND LARCENY.



THE LORDLY JANITOR AGAIN.

A DOCTOR'S HEAD PUNCHED IN A WEST 28TH STREET APARTMENT, NEW YORK CITY, AS HE MAKES A PROFESSIONAL VISIT—"YOU SHALL NOT BRING A STRANGE MAN IN HERE."



A LONE TRAIN ROBBER'S NERVE.

WITH A PONY AND PISTOL HE ATTEMPTS AT ORLANDARA, KAN., SEPT. 5, TO HOLD UP A MOVING EXPRESS CAR.



HOLDING UP A UNITED STATES MAIL WAGON.

DARING ROBBERS AT TERRE HAUTE, IND., SEPT. 8—THEY OVERPOWER A MAIL WAGON DRIVER AND DO A BOLD HIGHWAYMAN JOB.

SQUARE SPORTS.

World's Fair Amateur Athletics.

Record-breaking hook and ladder... Trotting stallion—"Boston to New Orleans on Foot and Dead Broke"—Copley Posits Money to Run Alex Gott—A Challenge to Champion Jumper Tom Burrows.

ATHLETES AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The results in the big amateur athletic union games at Chicago Sept. 14, the opening day, were as follows:

75-yard dash, handicap—C. W. Stage won; C. T. Bucholz, second; E. H. Boothman, third; E. T. Lyons, fourth. Time, 7.4-6s.

Three-quarter mile walk, handicap—S. Leibold won; A. G. Brinkman, second; L. Collins, third. Coffin was disqualified. Time, 4m. 52.3-6s.

100-yard hurdle race, handicap, eight hurdles, each 3ft. 6in. high—A. C. Clark won; F. C. Puffer, second; F. W. Lord, third; H. C. Fry, fourth. Time, 14.4 fs.

300-yard run, handicap—H. R. Paterson, 18 yards, won; G. P. Sanford, 2 yards, second; A. H. Hitchings, 14 yards, third; C. A. Jarrett, 10 yards, fourth. Time, 51.1-6s.

Five-mile bicycle race, handicap—C. T. Kinale, 180 yards, won; G. Steele, 380 yards, second; E. C. Bode, 180 yards, third. Time, 13m. 15.1-6s.

1000-yard run—J. Cameron, 50 yards, first; F. Rowe, 5 yards, second; E. M. Power, Jr., 30 yards, third.

150-yard run—H. R. Paterson won; J. L. Lyons, second; E. H. Boothman, third; S. A. Coombs, fourth. Time, 15s.

200-yard hurdle race, nine hurdles, each 2ft. 6in. high—E. W. Goff won; W. F. Garcelon, second; A. C. Clark, third; L. D. Cabanne, fourth. Time, 22s.

Two-mile walk—S. Liebold (scratch), won; A. J. Brinkman (10 seconds), second; L. Colls (25 seconds), third. Time, 15m. 19.3-5s.

600-yard run—A. J. Townsend, 25 yards, won; H. C. Fry, Jr., 25 yards, second; W. H. Morris, 5 yards, third. Time, 1m. 11.3-5s.

Two-mile run—C. H. Bean, 100 yards, won; L. N. Hoosier, 200 yards, second; J. McGrew, 200 yards, third. Time, 9m. 30.3-5s.

Running high jump—M. F. Sweeney (scratch), won with 6ft. 1in.; A. H. Green, 2 1/2 in., second, with 6ft. 1 1/2 in.; A. C. Clark, 5in., third, with 6ft. 1 1/2 in.

Putting the 16-pound shot—G. Riddell, 4ft. 6in., won with 23ft. 5 1/2 in.; G. R. Gray (scratch), second, with 4ft. 6in.; E. J. Giannini, 3ft. 6in., third, with 4ft. 6in.

Running broad jump—R. C. Kumber, 1ft. 6in., won with 23ft. 5 1/2 in.; H. K. Regal, 2ft. 6in., second, with 23ft. 5 1/2 in.; E. B. Bloss, 3in., third, with 23ft. 5 1/2 in.

Throwing 16-pound hammer—Won by J. S. Mitchell (scratch), with 136ft. 1 1/2 in.; B. C. Davis, 18ft., second; George Riddell, 20ft., third.

The World's Fair championships, given under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Union of America and the Chicago Athletic Association, took place on the South Side base ball grounds, Chicago, Sept. 16. These championships had been looked forward to with more than the usual amount of interest, owing to the fact that it was expected that they would partake of the nature of contests between first-class athletes from all points of mother earth; but they turned out to be ordinary American championships. True, there was George Orton of Canada, who unexpectedly hauled down the colors of Cornell, but then Orton competed last year, so it may be said, despite the fact that the meeting was a thorough success, that it cannot be called anything but an American one.

The track was in fair condition, but, being built more for the purpose of cycling than athletics, it was, strictly speaking, an unsuitable one on which to hold an important meeting.

The attendance numbered about 3000 people—meagre, indeed, for a set of games where the cream of American athletes entered into the competitions.

The 100-yard and 220-yard runs were won in more than smart fashion by the sterling Cleveland sprinter, C. W. Stage, who ran in grand style and actually won easily from such flyers as W. M. Richards of Yale and New York Athletic Club, the intercollegiate champion, Gary Spence of the Columbia Athletic Club, Washington, D. C., and other fast men.

In the 400-yard, S. A. Coombs of the Boston A. A. was looked upon as a probable winner, but he ran stale and showed none of his old-time dash. The event was won by E. W. Allen, N. Y. A. C. Tommy Keane of the Suffolk A. C. won his heat in this event, and showed up well in the final, being beaten after a very plucky race.

Turner spread-eagled his field in the 880-yard run, although little Frank Rowe of the Boston A. A. ran him right up to the tape, finishing second and beating out Morris, the crack Philadelphian, in 2m. 1.4-5s.

In the mile run, George W. Orton of Canada lowered Cornell's colors. Cornell ran in anything but his old form, falling on the track thoroughly done up, though the time—4m. 32.4-5s.—is away behind his world's record of 4m. 17.4-5s. made on Holmes field, Cambridge, Mass., on Aug. 26.

Willie Day ran well in the five miles and won easily from E. C. Carter, who finished second, third honors going to Benoit of the Suffolk A. C. of Boston. Benoit showed the effects of his hard race on Thursday last, when he won in the fast time of 9m. 30.3-5s. for two miles, and it may honestly be said that he would have troubled Day had he not run on Thursday.

F. C. Puffer, N. Y. A. C., again demonstrated that he is the champion hurdle racer of America, he winning the 120 yards high and 220 yards low hurdles in very good time. He was, however, run hard by Garcelon of the Boston A. A., who came like a whirlwind in the last 30 yards, being beaten by the small margin of six inches.

Liebold won the three-mile walk in easy fashion, but in the one-mile walk, which proved a very exciting contest, Tom Sherman defeated him amid tremendous excitement.

J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., again proved his invincibility in the weight events, winning the 55-pound and 16-pound hammer in easy fashion, while George Gray, his club-mate, once more came to the front in putting the 16-pound shot and established a new world's record of 47 feet.

In the hop, step and jump E. B. Bloss of Boston A. A. established a new world's record of 48 feet 6 inches, the best previous being 48 feet 3 inches by John Purcell at Limerick, Ire., in 1887.

M. F. Sweeney won the high jump, clearing the bar at 5 feet 1 1/2 inches, while Reboe won the broad jump, covering the remarkable distance of 23 feet 4 1/2 inches, within two inches of the world's record, while Bloss captured second place, jumping 22 feet 6 inches.

In the pole vault for distance another record went down, when A. H. Green of Chicago A. A. covered 27 feet 6 inches, wiping out his old mark of 26 feet 8 1/2 inches.

A summary of the other games follows: Standing high jump—A. P. Swisher, 4ft. 1 1/2 in.

Throwing 56-pound weight for height—J. S. Mitchell, 15ft. 4 1/2 in. Running broad jump—C. S. Reber, 23ft. 4 1/2 in. The following are the total points as scored by individual clubs:

New York A. C., 60 points; Boston A. A., 19 points; Chicago A. A., 10 points; New Jersey A. A., 10 points; Bank Clerks' A. A. of Philadelphia, 13 points; Cleveland A. C., 10 points; Pastime A. C., St. Louis, 8; Pastime A. C., New York, 8; Xavier A. C., New York, 8; Michigan A. C., 7; Philadelphia Y. M. C. A., 5; Pittsburg A. C., 4; Columbia A. C., 3; Suffolk A. C., 1.

To summarize, these world's records were broken: Hop, step and jump, E. B. Bloss of Boston, A. A. C., 48ft. 6in., against 48ft. 3in., the best previous mark, made by John Purcell in Ireland in 1887; pole vault for distance, A. H. Green, 27ft. 6in., beating the 27ft. 4 1/2 in. made last month by F. C. Bucholz in Philadelphia; 16-pound shot-put, George R. Gray, 47ft., against his own record of 46ft. 7 1/2 in., made in New York in 1891; 56-pound weight throw for height, J. S. Mitchell, 15ft. 4 1/2 in., beating the previous best record, his own, 15ft. 2in., made in Boston in 1880. Puffer equalled his world's record of 25.2-6s. in the 220 yard hurdle.

RECORD BREAKING BY A STEAM FIRE COMPANY.

Hook and Ladder No. 3 of Buffalo, N. Y., writes the POLICE NEWS: "We send you the following, which I am pretty sure is a record breaker for fast hitching in fire departments. At the annual inspection of this department, held Sept. 5 and 6, Hook and Ladder 3 hitched two horses and started the machine in 7 1/2 s. from stroke of gong. Under these conditions the alarm was given the same as the night alarm. Two men were on the apparatus floor and the balance of the company in the bunk room. Two men were on the floor to do the hitching. The distance from the stall doors to the pole of the truck was 54ft. 8in., that is, the horses travel that distance. There were four snaps to make on each horse, two reins, collar and belly band. There has been faster time made in several departments, but I am positive there has never been so fast time made where the horses travel so far. In all other records the horses stand at the front wheel of the machine when their record is made. We would like to have you publish this record or time in your valuable paper. We are sure there is no company who has beaten it and it is doubtful if there is any that has equaled it under the same conditions. If there is, the publication of this will surely bring them out."

THE CHAMPION TROTTERS STALLION.

Last year the stallion Kromlin trotted a mile at Nashville, Tenn., in 2:07 1/2, which was so fast a performance ever made by an entire horse. Soon after, at Stockton, Cal., Stamboul trotted in 2:07 1/2; but while the latter performance was accepted as making a record by the National Trotting Association, of which the Stockton track is a member, it was rejected on a technicality by the American Trotting Association.

The claim of either horse to the championship honors was thus made doubtful and horsemen differed on the point, which has been widely discussed. Directum's mile at Fleetwood Park, N. Y., the present month in 2:07 happily disposes of the matter, and leaves the wonderful black four-year-old, for the present at least, the unquestioned king of the trotters.

That he will make more secure his tenure of that honor very soon seems quite certain. His wonderful performances are very likely to be eclipsed by himself under more favorable conditions.

But this is a phenomenal year for trotters, and the next few weeks may relegate Directum to the list of dethroned kings; some yet unthought of aspirant may become the popular idol.

IN CHARGE OF ATHLETICS AT HARVARD.

Mr. Herbert H. White, the graduate manager of the Harvard football team, who was so successful in handling the games played last year, has been placed in charge of all the Harvard College sports. He is now actively engaged making preparations. Mr. White has secured a house 13 Bow street, which will be used as a general headquarters for the athletic organizations. Important changes will be made in the management of athletics, and it is expected that the new manager will be able to economize in the purchase of supplies. The grounds for outdoor practice will be kept in the best possible condition, and no effort will be spared to make athletics successful at Harvard.

SCULLERS AND BOATING MEN.

Edward Hanlan wants it positively stated that he does not intend to do any more rowing. He says "As long as we have such men as Stansbury and Gandauz at the head of our sport, boating in a professional sense will not rise to the position it held in the days of Wentworth, Chambers and myself. Stansbury recently gave an exhibition at Chicago with his trainer, and only seven persons were willing to pay 50 cents apiece to see him—the champion row. As long as Gandauz keeps himself in Orilla we will have no rowing to speak of. A champion must come out and try and elevate the sport, build it up, and interest the people either in himself or in some one else. There is money for every one in the sport when the champion does as he should and encourages interest in it. In the old days every good sculler had about \$1000 at the end of the season—five or six during the winter, but now they manage scarcely to earn enough to exist."

James Stansbury is out with a challenge to row any man in the world. He will allow \$500 expenses if the race can be arranged to take place on the Parumatta River, Sydney, New South Wales.

KENNEY'S FINE SWIMMING.

In the swimming championships at Chicago, Sept. 13, Arthur T. Kenney covered himself with glory by establishing two new records. Kenney won both the 100-yard dash and 440-yard dash. The results were: 100-yard dash—A. T. Kenney; time, 1m. 12.1-4s. 440-yard dash—A. T. Kenney; time, 6m. 24.2-5s. 880 yards—W. P. Douglass; time, 13m. 39.2-5s. 1 mile—George Whittaker; time, 28m. 55.2-5s.

COLLAR-AND-ELBOW, CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN, ETC.

Mike Donahue of New York city, the undefeated light-weight collar-and-elbow wrestler, who has been in retirement for a number of years, is to re-enter the arena.

Evan Lewis and Sebastian Miller have been matched to wrestle Graco-Roman style, best two out of three falls, at Chicago, for \$1000 a side.

BILLIARD NOTES.

The international billiard match between Frank Ives and John Roberts begins in Chicago Sept. 18.

Al Powers, the famous pool crack, has retired and is leading a quiet life in Philadelphia.

RUNNERS, WALKERS AND JUMPERS.

The Sheffield (Eng.) Doncaster foot racing handicap was run on Sept. 2 and 4 and was won by an outsider, when A. H. Green of Chicago A. A. covered 27 feet 6 inches, while Reboe won the broad jump, covering the remarkable distance of 23 feet 4 1/2 inches, within two inches of the world's record, while Bloss captured second place, jumping 22 feet 6 inches. In the pole vault for distance another record went down, when A. H. Green of Chicago A. A. covered 27 feet 6 inches, wiping out his old mark of 26 feet 8 1/2 inches. A summary of the other games follows: Standing high jump—A. P. Swisher, 4ft. 1 1/2 in.

travelling fast, half the journey had not been covered ere he was alongside Crabtree, and a few strides further on drew level with Hawksley, and then pulling up, Hawksley was enabled to finish within half a yard of Doyle, with Crabtree three yards over him. He was the only American in the race. It was 4:20 when the first heat was decided on the final day, the betting ruling at 6 to 4 on Doyle, 5 to 1 against Shephard, 6 to 1 against Hall, 7 to 1 against Wild, 12 to 1 Revill, 20 to 1 Joy, and 25 to one any other offered. The first heat Doyle won from Revill by a yard, or about two yards slower than he ran on Saturday; but it must be remembered that Monday there was a slight wind against the runners whilst on Saturday it was to their backs. The second heat was won after a terrific struggle. Baxter won in 11 2-5s., a second or a yard faster than Doyle. The third heat Kay won cleverly by a yard from Alroy in 11 2-5s., thus showing Kay to have no chance whatever with either Doyle or Baxter. In the fourth heat Shephard won by three yards from Revill, who was two yards in advance of Schofield. Shephard's time was 11 2-5s., or exactly equal to Baxter's, with Doyle a yard slower with Kay four yards lower than either Baxter or Shephard, and three yards slower than Doyle; and the running in the final proved the correctness of the timing, as the quartet finished exactly in accordance with their previous display. On the conclusion of the second round the final looked to lay between Baxter and Shephard, but owing to the latter's better made such a hot favorite at the start, and also that he was supposed to be able to run a bit faster in the final, he divided favoritism with Shephard at 5 to 4 each, while 7 to 2 was laid against Baxter, and 100 to 1 Kay. The result of one of the finest races ever witnessed was that after Baxter, who did not even start, Shephard was apparently beaten, he came again at the finish, and Shephard compounding, Baxter was able to win the race on the post, with Doyle a yard in the rear of Shephard. About five years ago Baxter won a novice handicap at Queen's Grounds, and since then has been a frequent performer in Sheffield handicaps. In the first handicap of 1891, won by Harry Hutchens, he was well backed, and was beaten by Hutchens in the second heat of the second round. This was his first appearance in a Sheffield handicap for a couple of years. He is 27 years of age, stands 5ft. 10 1/2 in., weighs 170 pounds, and was trained at Northampton by W. Cross of Edinburgh.

A good advertising hoax is worth recognition, and the following telegraphed from St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 14, and crediting Manager John S. Barnes with reducing the "100 yards record to 9.5 seconds," and "doing 75 yards in 7 seconds," is worth printing as it is wired and can be wiped by those who believe it and hung up for what it is worth. The telegraphed story is this: "John S. Barnes this afternoon at Kiltomanda, between London and Minneapolis, broke the world's record in 100 yards, making the "100 yards record to 9.5 seconds," and "doing 75 yards in 7 seconds," is worth printing as it is wired and can be wiped by those who believe it and hung up for what it is worth. The telegraphed story is this: "John S. 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HER FOOT ON A BURGLAR'S NECK.

MRS. JOSEPH ADDY DISTINGUISHES HERSELF BY HEROIC COURAGE AT PATERSON, N. J. AN ENCOUNTER WHICH RESULTED IN THE CAPTURE OF BOB SCOTT, A DANGEROUS PROFESSIONAL SNEAK THIEF.