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The house is a very pretty little two-story building, surrounded by the smoothest and greenest of green lawns, which helps to intensify the spotless whiteness of the cottage. A wide veranda surrounds the three sides of the cottage, and the easy-chairs and hammocks give it a most enticing look of comfort. Large maple trees shade the house from the glare of the sun.

SULLIVAN'S TRAINER.

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

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

In a few moments Mr. Muldoon returned, followed by a man whom I would never have taken for the great and only Sullivan. He was a tall man, with enormous shoulders, and wore dark trousers, a light cheviot coat and vest and slippers. In his hand he held a light cloth cap. He paused almost as he entered the room in a half-bashful way, and twisted his cap in a very boyish but not ungraceful manner.

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

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

THE BIG FELLOW OBEYS.

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

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

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

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

"What's a sweater?" I asked.

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

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

"I wear a sweater to make me warm, and I walk to reduce my fat and to harden my muscles. Last Friday I lost six pounds and last Saturday I lost six and a half pounds. When I came here I weighed 237 pounds, and now I weigh 218. Before I leave here I will weigh only 195 pounds."

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

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

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

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

"What do you eat?"

"I eat nothing fattening. I have oatmeal for

have provided well for my father and mother, and they are in comfortable circumstances."

"What will you do if you stop fighting?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Why no shirt?"

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

"What kind of shoes do you wear?"

"Regular spike shoes. They have three big spikes to prevent slipping."

HOW HE WILL DO KILRAIN.

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

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

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

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

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

"Feel my arm," he said, with a bright smile, as he doubled it up. I tried to feel the muscle, but it was like a rock. With both my hands I tried to span it, but I couldn't. Meanwhile the great fellow sat there watching me with a most boyish expression of amusement.

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

"Do you hit a man on the face and neck and anywhere you can?" I asked.

HE HITS ANYWHERE HE CAN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The dark, bright eyes glanced at me lazily and the deep, deep voice said with feeling:

"I only want a chance to hit back."

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

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

Although I had had my breakfast before reaching Mr. Muldoon's cottage I accepted his proposal to break bread with him and his guests. At a



SULLIVAN'S TRAINING QUARTERS.

The walls are covered with photographs of well-known people and among them several of Modjeska, with whom Mr. Muldoon at one time travelled. There are also a number of photographs of Mr. Muldoon in positions assumed in posing as Greek statues. On a corner table are albums filled with photographs of prominent athletes, and scrap-books containing hundreds of notices of Champion Muldoon's athletic conquests. Then there are a number of well-bound standard works and the photographs of Mr. Muldoon's favorite authors—Bryant, Longfellow and, I believe, Shakespeare.

MR. MULDOON'S SOLILOQUY.

"I don't make any money by this," said Mr. Muldoon, in speaking about turning his home into training quarters, "but I was anxious to see Mr. Sullivan do justice to himself in this coming fight. It was a case of a fallen giant, so I thought to get him away from all bad influences and to get him in good trim. This is the healthiest place in the country and one of the most difficult to reach—two desirable things. On the way here we had a special car, but there were more people in our car than in any other. When we go to New Orleans we will keep our car locked and none but Mr. Sullivan's backers and representatives of the press will be admitted. Mr. Sullivan is the most obedient man I ever saw. He hasn't asked for a drink or a smoke since he came here and takes what I allow him without a murmur. It is a pleasure to train him."

MR. SULLIVAN'S CHILDLIKE WAYS.

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

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

"When he does get angry he runs over the fields until his good humor returns," said Mr. Barnitt, while Mr. Muldoon said that Mr. Sullivan was as docile as a lamb. They all spoke in praise of his strong will-power and his childlike obedience.

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

"When reporters act all right we will give them all they want," said Mr. Muldoon. "The other day a fresh reporter came here, and he thought because he was going to interview prize-fighters he would have to be tough, so he said, 'Where's old Sullivan?' That queered him. We wouldn't give him a line."

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

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

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

Decoration Day Excursion.

Go on the New Jersey Central Railroad Excursion to Masset Ghank, Glen Ochoke and the Switchback. Special train leaves New York, foot of Liberty st., at 8:30 A. M., May 30. Fare \$2.25; Switchback 50 cents extra.

usually supports a large pearl. As Col. son rode by the Fleiss mansion on Fifth during the Centennial parade, the head Fleiss family leaned from the balcony, tantalizing hospitality and, offering the a brimming glass and a bottle of champagne, of course, he couldn't stop the party, made a gesture of grief and surprise much as to say: "What! you won't drink tossed off the beaker himself. Col. Watson afterwards he'd have given \$100 then and to have been able to accept his friend's joyous offer. He had been on horseback out refreshment for eight hours.

Very much like a taller, heavier edition John S. Wise, whom his new friends in New York insist on calling Gov. Wise because of his father's gubernatorial record, is that handsome man who joins a group just the "Art Gallery." He is George Davidson, real-estate lawyer, whom Col. Tom O'Connell took up some months ago and made in time one of the best known men in the Rhode Island set. Mr. Davidson is 28 or 29, is 35. He is bright in conversation and originally from Yonkers.

The tall, big-boned and pleasant-faced turning out of Wall street there is John Cochran, who became well known in New York financial circles during the earlier struggle with the Reading Railroad Company, and who pointed out as the head of the Syndicate has secured for a half million dollars the opphone rights of the world, barring the States and Canada. Cochran is the President one of the biggest of the big Trust companies whose marble buildings are the architectural pride of Philadelphia, and which dot the Chestnut street like castles of indolence, dued hush—and when properly subdued, is very quiet—pervades their cool pillared consulting chambers and great domes. Noiseless clerks sit behind gilted desks and jot well-turned figures into their rocco-bound ledgers. It is great. Mr. Cochran is a six-footer, broad-shouldered, haired and freckle-faced. He has a keen, blue eye, a broad, thoughtful forehead, mouth and short reddish-brown side-whiskers. He is a man of great executive ability and character.

The Brooklyn Handicap brought horseterests hereabouts to a focus, and brought some of the veterans of the American turf. One of the most conspicuous of these at James for some days has been "Milt" McGrath, the owner of McGrathiana, the famous grass breeding farm to which Price McGrath gave his name. Young is a good-sized man they say in Kentucky. He is about forty years of age apparently, about 5 feet 11 high, and weighs 185 pounds or thereabouts. Young has had a lot of horses on here, have just been sold. He owns several brood mares and stallions, the best known haps, being Onondaga. The famous farm the wonderful old tailor christened is said as beautiful as ever. Like Andrew Johnson McGrath began life sitting cross-legged on a bench, with shears in his hand. He opened a gambling-house in New Orleans used to give the great McGrath bar which attracted from all over the country who were fond of good eating and plenty

There comes the "Duke of Amsterdam" is entitled to the honor by common parlance and his right name is Sanford. That straight, sparsely built old gentleman with is his father, the proprietor of a great factory at Amsterdam, N. Y., a graduate of West Point and a very popular man among horsemen. The "Duke" is known about town for his admiration for Lillian sell. One of his brothers is a State Senator. The old gentleman appears to be the peer, the superior, of any of his sons. His gray ruddy complexion, and clean, spare built him something of the aspect of "the Scot." He is sixty-two years old, but as he is in the St. James lobby talking to that spry ran of the turf, George Kelly, and J. H. Ford, the Treasurer of the Coney Island J. Club, he looks as hale as either of them remember," says he, to Mr. Bradford, like a man your brother Dexter spent million on the town. He was the Pierre lord of his day. And he didn't mind letting boys win a little from him occasionally, either Bradford is a dark-eyed, handsome man, heavy drooping brown mustache. He is about forty-five. Kelly's white beard and gray eye are familiar to every lover of the turf. He is always ready to say a good word for men.