

CRYSTAL TABLE SERVICE.
 consisting of
 12 Claret, \$5.99 per set;
 Liqueurs, worth \$8.
12 GLOBETS, \$1.43 per dozen;
 worth \$2.50.
12 BOHEMIAN GLASS, as-
 colors, consisting of
 and 13-inch Brags? 99c. per set,
 worth \$1.76.
IMPORTED OIL BOTTLES
CELEBRITIES, FLOWER
PITCHERS, &c., at the uniform
 29c. many worth \$1.
 above, but larger and better, at \$2.
 each, some of which are worth \$2.
"BACCARAT" TABLE
 engraved without extra charge.
INNER SETS, DECORATED
GOLD, 100 pieces, \$13.97 per
 set, worth \$20.
 49 pieces, \$22.97, worth \$30.
100 STRIPS OF DINNER SETS in
ATIONS up to \$24.31 per set.
TRING in REAL CHINA
DECORATED and GILT, 13
 1.97 per set, worth \$3.
REAM SETS, DECORATED
 pieces, \$2.10 per set, worth \$3.50.
100 COFFEE CUPS AND
DECORATIONS, at \$1.97
 dozen, worth \$3.
ASPARAGUS PLATES and
CUPS and SAUCERS.
MENT for FURNISHING
EMBROID, PUBLIC INSTI-
TIONS and SCHOOLS is located
 on this floor.
STEEL DINING KNIVES,
 pure silver, \$1.23 set.
SOLID STEEL DESSERT
 ed, 12 pvt. pure silver to dozen,
 99 cents set.
 and **BRUSHES, antique silver**
 ash, 49 cents set.
TABLES, 14-inch top, with
 a shelf, 99.97 each.
LAMPS, with umbrella shade,
 etc., \$19.97 each.
WAZED MANTEL CLOCKS,
 onz. gold dial, \$5.99 each.
FIGURES, bronze, polychrome
 inches high, \$10.24 pair.

IN FLOOR.
BOWLS, so popular for table
 entation, at 49c. each.
LEDS GARDEN SEATS,
 and **JARDINIERS** for
 and **CONSERVATORY.**
TABLE for ODDS and ENDS of
 CHINA particularly attractive.
SE POTPOURRI JARS, 19c
 each.

MENT FLOOR.
NG LIBRARY LAMPS, come
 shade, \$1.97 each; worth \$2.
ASE TABLE LAMPS, shade to
 h, \$1.88, worth \$2.50.
LAMPS, 80 inches extension, with
 shade, \$12.63; worth \$18.
1A STANDS AND KETTLE,
 complete, \$3.97 each.
NS AND LANTERNS for coun-
 try use.
ED GAS GLOBES, 19c. each;
 worth 30c.
GOLD BAND CUPS AND
 1.37 per dozen pairs; worth \$2.
ND GILT CHAMBER SETS,
 \$5.97 per set; worth \$7.50.
6 GLOBETS, 45c. per dozen.
TEA SETS, 55 pieces, FLOW-
GOLD, \$4.97; worth \$7.
Y VARE for HOTELS AND
RDING-HOUSE use.
TENSILS and HOUSE-FUR-
DS of every description, including
 Cream Freezers, at lower prices than

SHOES.
 was Button,
 ings.....
 Olive Can-
 e Tip and
 Brown Can-
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 was Laced.
 \$1.99; worth \$2.50;
 YN CANVAS TENNIS SHOES,
 and its mating, \$1.85; worth \$2.50.
 D CANVAS TENNIS SHOES,
 mimes, \$1.57; worth \$2.
 TE CANVAS TENNIS SHOES,
 need, \$1.24.
 DIES BUCK SERGE RUB-
 XFORDS, \$1.09; worth \$1.50.
 GOAT TENNIS OXFORDS,
 Grimming, \$2.49; worth \$3.
 S SHOES, 74c, 94c, \$1.49,
 \$1.88 and \$2.19.
 S SHOES, 88c, \$1.88, \$2.19 and
 \$2.82.
 SEAL TENNIS SHOES, \$3.74;
 worth \$4.25.
 de to order at short notice, in any
 need, at prices fully one-third less
 than elsewhere.

ATIONERY.
 ur rule in this as in every other de-
 sirable charges elsewhere for fine
 ver prevailed with us. In order to
 the popular demand, we have made
 thus bringing the best within the
 reach of all.
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 name is a sufficient guarantee of
 ndering further commendation un-
 necessary.
ER FOR QUALITY GO-ROUND
HUP OR ALL TINS,
 per quire, with envelopes.
Y FRENCH QUADRILLE
ER, 20c. per quire, with envelopes.

NELLIE BLY AND SULLIVAN.

THE PUGILIST SUSPENDS HIS TRAINING TO ENTERTAIN HIS VISITOR.

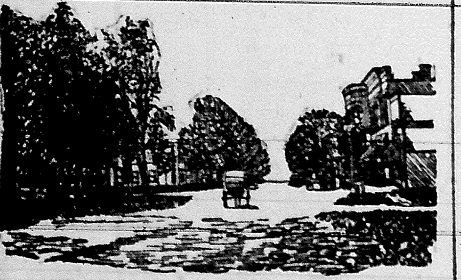
SHE PINCHES HIS MUSCLES AND INSPECTS HIS TRAINING QUARTERS.

HE EXTENDS HIS HANDS FOR EXAMINATION AND MEEKLY ANSWERS ALL QUESTIONS.

A Visit to the Champion at Trainer Muldoon's Farm at Belfast, N. Y., Where He Is Getting Himself in Trim for Killrain—Mr. Sullivan Tells What He Is Doing and Remarks that Training Is Worse than Fighting—Amusing Dialogue on How It Feels to Hit and Be Hit in the Prize Ring—Positively His Last Fight—Breakfast and Dinner with the Big Fellow—A Glimpse of His Quarters and Well-Equipped Fistic Workshop.

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

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



THE VILLAGE OF BELFAST.

We reached Belfast about 7.30 o'clock in the morning and were the only passengers for that place. Mr. William Muldoon's house, where Mr. Sullivan is training, is in the prettiest part of the town and only a short distance from the hotel. Fearing that Mr. Sullivan would go out for a walk and that I would miss him, I went immediately to the Muldoon cottage.

One would never imagine from the surroundings that a prize-fighter was being trained there. The house is a very pretty 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."

breakfast and meat and bread for dinner, and cold meat and stale bread for supper. I eat no sweets nor potatoes. I used to smoke all the day, but since I came here I haven't seen a cigar. Occasionally Mr. Muldoon gives me a glass of ale, but it doesn't average one a day.

"Then training is not very pleasant work?"

"It's the worst thing going. A fellow would rather fight twelve dozen times than train once, but it's got to be done," and he leaned back in the easy-chair with an air of weariness. "After breakfast I rest awhile," he continued, "and then putting on our heaviest clothes again we start out at 10.30 for our twelve-mile run and walk, which we do in two hours. We generally go across the fields to Mr. Muldoon's farm because it is all up-hill work and makes us warm. When we get back I am rubbed down again and at 1 we have dinner. In the afternoon we wrestle, punch a bag, throw football, swing Indian clubs and dumb-bells, practise the chest movement and such things until supper time. It's all right to be here when the sun is out, but after dark it's the dreariest place I ever struck. I wouldn't live here if they gave me the whole country."



MR. MULDOON'S HOME.

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

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

TIRED OF THE RING.

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

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

"Why?"

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

"What is your age?"

"I was born the 15th of October, 1858. I began prize-fighting when I was only nineteen years old. How did I start? Well, I had a match with a prize man who had never been downed, and I was the winner. This got me lots of notice, so I went through the country giving exhibitions. I have made plenty of money in my day, but I have been a fool and to-day I have nothing. It came easy and went easy. I have provided well for my father and mother, and they are in comfortable circumstances."

"What will you do if you stop fighting?"

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

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

"I have made \$500,000 or \$600,000 in boxing. I made \$125,000 from Sept. 26, 1883, to May 26, 1884, when I 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 did not last long."

nearer view the dining-room did not lose any of its prettiness and the daintiness of everything—the artistic surroundings, the noiseless and efficient colored waiter, the open windows on both sides, giving pretty views of green lawns and shady trees; the canary birds swelling their yellow throats occasionally with sweet little thrills, the green parrot climbing up its brass cage and talking about "crackers," the white table linen and beautiful dishes, down to the large bunch of fragrant lilacs and another of beautifully shaped and colored wild flowers, separated by a slipper filled with velvety pansies—was all entirely foreign to any idea I had ever conceived of prize-fighters and their surroundings.

BREAKFAST WITH THE SLUGGER.

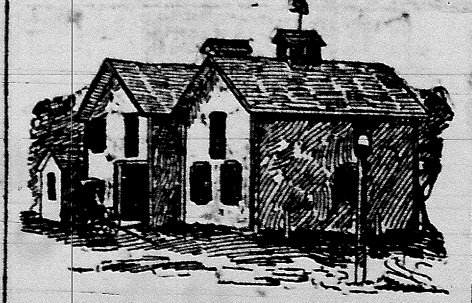
Yes, and they were all perfectly at ease and happy. At one end of the table sat Mrs. Muldoon and facing her was Mr. Muldoon. Next to Mrs. Muldoon sat my companion, then came myself, and next Mr. Sullivan. On the opposite side were the assistant trainers, Mr. Barnitt, a well-bred, scholarly looking man,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

About a mile from Champion Rest, his town home, is Mr. Muldoon's beautiful farm of seventy acres, which is well stocked with fine cattle. In the rear of Champion Rest are the barn and the training quarters. On the first floor are three stalls, fitted out after the latest improved method, where Mr. Muldoon keeps his favorite horses. Everthing is as clean and pleasant as in a dwelling-house.

TOOLS OF HIS TRADE.

In the next room, suspended from the ceiling, is a Rugby football, which Mr. Sullivan pounds regularly every day in a manner which foretells hard times for Killrain's head. The big football with which they play ball daily is also kept here. It is enormous and so heavy that when Mr. Muldoon dropped it into my arms I almost toppled over. Upstairs the floor is covered with a white wrestling pad, where the two champions wrestle every afternoon. In one corner is a collection of dumb-bells, from medium-weight to the heaviest, and several sizes of Indian clubs. Fastened to one side of the wall is a chest expander, which also comes in for daily use.

Downstairs is Champion Muldoon's den. Everything about it, as about the barn, is of a hardwood finish. There is no plaster nor paper anywhere. In one corner of the den is a glass case, where hang a fur-lined overcoat and several other garments. Along the top of the case is suspended a gold-headed cane. In the centre of the room is a writing-table, with everything ready for use. Along one side of the hall is a rattan lounge, at the foot of which is spread a yellow fur rug. The floor is neatly carpeted, and several rocking-chairs prove that the den is for comfort.



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 COLLECTION

THE OBSERVANT CITIZEN.

Despatches from Augusta, Me., report young Mr. James G. Blaine, jr., has once donned his overalls and is presumably a hard at work in the machine shop to which father sent him after his flamboyant career in New York. Much was made of this at the time the young man thus began to earn a living eighty cents a day. He did not then stick long, however, for he has been for a month his father in Washington and spent the week with the "boys" in New York—town which stay many stories are told. Meantime his young and pretty wife is working very well with Belasco and Frohman, preparing for debut on the stage next Fall. She is five or six hours a day at her lessons—exercising her various tasks set for her by Belasco and exercising in calisthenics meanwhile. She has, it is said, to go upon the stage, but a matter of necessity with her. The Blaine family make no accusations of any sort against her, but since the time of her refusal to live with Madame la Mare at the home in Augusta reasons which those who know that her eccentricities of temper say were amply sufficient—she has received not a cent for support of herself or her little baby from her husband or his family.

A wise-looking man, calm, shrewd and confident, sits at the table yonder. He is "Tom" Ochiltree and is saluted as "Tim" return. He is well proportioned, of medium size and smooth faced, save for a small and very carefully trained dark mustache. His hair is well trimmed and parted on the side. There is a suggestion of statesmanship in his white linen tie, which he wears in broad daylight and with a Prince Albert coat in open defiance of the canons of dress. This is "Tim" O'Connell, the ex-Congressman of national reputation who "went in" and "came out with Grover" from the Nation's service. "Tim" makes "straight talk" when he wants to. He is in Washington not long since the son of an old friend of his in New York. After a few minutes of pleasing conversation with the son of a valued constituent Mr. Campbell shook warmly by the hand, the story goes, and "And now, sir, what message shall I deliver you when I see your illustrious father?" Campbell laughs at these stories "the blaine insist on telling about him. One of the latest to the effect that when asked if he was going to the funeral of a friend in Brooklyn he replied that he would be unable to go in person but posed to send his "card."

"The secret of making good whiskey comes only to those who study and experiment and wait." It was not a Kentuckian who spoke the group of attentive men-about-town, but a well-known New Yorker, William A. Fleiss, a snowy-haired man of the world who lives on Fifth avenue and enjoys life with the undiminished zest of sixty successful years. The conversation had turned on John Archibald Campbell's great Chicago scheme of changing bad whiskey into good by means of hocus-pocus—a judicious playing upon the sanguine temptations of the Chicagoese. "Good whiskey," continued Mr. Fleiss, "is often the result of the judicious admixture of other whiskeys of various ages and various degrees of proof, to blend the liquors above and below proof only be learned by long experience. Good whiskey is not made in a day any more. Home was built in it." Mr. Fleiss is a medium-sized, fine-looking man, who wears a full, white beard carefully trimmed. His complexion is florid, his clothes are generally of a stylish and pattern, and his white satin usually supports a large pearl. As Col. Watson rode by the Fleiss mansion on Fifth avenue during the Centennial parade, the head of the Fleiss family leaned from the balcony of tantalizing hospitality and offering the Colonel a brimming glass and a bottle of champagne, which, of course, he couldn't stop the parade, made a gesture of grief and surprise as much as to say, "What! you won't drink!" tossed off the beaker himself. Col. Watson afterwards he'd have given \$100 then and there to have been able to accept his friend Fleiss' offer. He had been on horseback without refreshment for eight hours.

Very much like a taller, heavier edition of John S. Wise, whom his new friends in New York insist on calling Gov. Wise because of father's gubernatorial record, is that rather handsome man who joins a group just now the "Art Gallery." He is George Davidson, real-estate lawyer, whom Col. Tom Ochiltree took up some months ago and made in a short time one of the best known men in the Upper Rialto set. Mr. Davidson is 28 or 29. He is 6'5". He is bright in conversation and came originally from Yonkers.

The tall, big-boned and pleasant-faced