

"I saw," said Madden, "It was between Joe Coburn, the Irish lad, and Jim Mac of England for the heavy-weight championship. This fight was pulled off at New Orleans. I was working for a sewing machine company at the time, and I didn't say a word to the old folks. I went home as usual on Saturday afternoon and told my father I didn't get my pay—so I wouldn't have to tell him over to him, you know. That night Jim Smith—he was the champion 10-mile walker, you know—and I shipped for New Orleans. I took the job as cabin boy to earn my passage there. I had just had my first fight in New York and felt pretty smart with myself, so one morning I stayed in bed. When the mate came around to pull me out I tried to fight with him, but he knocked me out so quick with a marlin spike that I never knew what I could have got him into the ring under the London prize fight rules. "When we got there," said Billy, "we didn't have a cent. We walked every bit of the last 20 miles on a railroad running through a swamp. The fight was fought with bare knuckles and lasted four hours. It was a rough game, and both men were pretty badly punished, but it was a draw. The minute it was ended I was so excited that I jumped into the ring and challenged a 160-pound fighter named Hart to fight right then and there if a purse was raised. I weighed only 124 pounds and had been walking to the fight, but I

didn't care for that, as I wanted a fight. "Well, the crowd was so anxious to see me fighting that they soon filled the hall, and Hart and I went at it. Al Smith was stakeholder and referee, and Jim Smith, the walker, and Tom Allen, the champion of America, seconded me. The ring was pitched in the turf, and it had been raining so the ground was soggy. We fought in half a foot of mud, but I didn't care. I started in to get that purse, and I got it. I beat the other fellow in 13 rounds in 40 minutes. Bare knuckles? Sure. We didn't seem to care for the gloves in those days. "To tell you the truth, I got so tired on the last round that when it was all over and I was given the decision I just fell down exhausted. But I soon got up and walked to a lodging house. The backers of the other fellow paid a boy 50 cents to drag him to shelter. I got just \$12.50 for my prize. Oh, they held on to me, but that's nothing. That battle was fought Nov. 17, 1872, and I was within 10 days of being 19 years old. "FIGHTING FOR CIGAR MONEY. "That settled it for me," he said. "After that I was bound to be a fighter. But in the mean time I had to live, so I got a job on a railroad. You know what I mean—section hand. I worked hard for a month and then the railroad company busted and I didn't get any money. Then I turned to the prize ring again to help me out, and I fought and beat Tom Dempsey for a purse of

"If at any time it comes into my head that a present is due from me to somebody, I am puzzled what to give until the opportunity is gone." —Emerson

The Sage of Concord would never have committed himself so far had he been familiar with

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which even in his day was making a niche for itself in the affections of people of good taste. To-day the most diverse tastes and ages can be suited out of the marvelous variety to be found in Gorham silverware.



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Joe Flood, and it was fought on a barge on the Hudson for a purse of \$350. Sullivan won in eight rounds. My man was well known by this time and he soon fought his way up to Paddy Ryan. You know how that fight came off. I made him champion of the world in one year's time. Well, John and I had a falling out—you know. "Madden was silent for a minute. Then he readjusted his hat again and said: "Don't you know there are a lot of fighters who get to think that the men who trained them are not wise. They think they know as much about training as men who have made it a life study. But that's nothing. After Sullivan, I brought out Charley Mitchell and made him champion of England. I matched him against Sullivan in Madison Square Garden, and they fought over \$11,000. It was a good fight. In the second round Mitchell knocked Sullivan down. I taught Sullivan his terrible punch and I told Mitchell all about it, and he avoided it. After he was floored, Sullivan jumped up like a mad bull, and started for Mitchell, but the police came in and stopped the fight. "You see, it's just like this," continued Madden. "It's not all a case of work. A trainer must know when not to overtrain his man. When Sullivan was beaten, McCoy says to me, 'Billy, you didn't train Gus enough.' And I says, 'If I had trained him any more he wouldn't have lasted through the first round,' and that's the truth of it. A man is like a horse; you can go too far with him. It is a good thing to know when to stop. You know what I mean. A trainer must be like a doctor. He must know his man's condition. Yes, it's a game—this training business—but that's nothing—you know what I mean."

There has been discovered in the forests of India a plant which possesses astonishing "magnetic" power. The hand which breaks a leaf from it inductively receives a shock equal to five or ten minutes longer than the king did. —Chicago Record-Herald.

**VEGETABLES WITH MAGNETIC POWER.**

There is at Cassel a library probably unique in the world. It is bound in timber, printed on timber paper—possibly from wood blocks—and deals exclusively with timber. The library in question is the Holzbibliothek, which was compiled at the end of last century

of 20 feet a magnetic needle is affected by it, and it will be quite deranged if brought near. The energy of this singular influence varies with the hours of the day. All-powerful about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, it is absolutely annihilated during the night. At times of storm its intensity amounts to striking proportions. Birds and insects never alight on this plant; an instinct seems to warn them that they would meet with sudden death. None of the magnetic metals are found where it grows, which is a proof that the electric force belongs exclusively to the plant.

**AUTOMATIC RESTAURANTS.**

Automatic bars have become so successful in Switzerland that a company has been formed to supply the Swiss and their visitors with electric automatic restaurants, where, as if by magic, meals ranging from the modest chop and chips to the elaborate six-course table d'hôte, will be served by electricity to all comers. The only thing necessary is to take your seat, glance over the bill of fare, place your money in the right slot, and the machinery does the rest. Prices will be strictly moderate, and a dainty dinner, with wine included, will only cost about 2s.—London Express.

"Silas" commanded Mrs. Jonesby, "now you stop your worryin'. What's the matter with you anyway?" "I was just thinkin' what a crashin' of nations and wreckin' of worlds there would be if King Edward had kissed the king of Italy four times and the emperor of Germany had forgot and only given him three smacks, or if the pope's watch had stopped and he had accidentally let the emperor stay five or ten minutes longer than the king did." —Chicago Record-Herald.

**TIMBER BOOKS**

There is at Cassel a library probably unique in the world. It is bound in timber, printed on timber paper—possibly from wood blocks—and deals exclusively with timber. The library in question is the Holzbibliothek, which was compiled at the end of last century

by Karl Scheldbach, and is composed of about 500 volumes made from trees in the park at Wilhelmsruhe. Every volume bears on a tab—not in timber, but, queerly enough, in morocco—the name of the tree from which it was obtained. There are plates of the tree in all stages of its growth, and the letterpress is a treatise on the foresting and natural history of the tree.

name of the tree from which it was obtained. There are plates of the tree in all stages of its growth, and the letterpress is a treatise on the foresting and natural history of the tree.



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SIR THOMAS LIPTON WATCHING FROM ERIN'S BRIDGE.



On the bridge of the Erin, Sir Thomas Lipton will stand when his yacht races against America's swift represent alive, Reliance. This snapshot of Sir Thomas was taken while the gallant Irish knight stood on board his famous steam yacht watching the Shamrock III in a trial race. Sir Thomas, as was reported the other day, invited President Roosevelt to share the Erin's bridge with him during the races, but the president, while intending to view the races, prefers to do so from his own private yacht, perhaps because he considerably doesn't care to be on hand to witness Lipton's discomfiture.



This snapshot shows the Shamrock III, under sail in one of her trial spins. These trials are being watched with great interest by the people of this country. Sir Thomas says that this yacht represents the limit of the skill of British yacht constructors. If the Reliance beats the Shamrock, Lipton confesses that he is at the end of his tether as far as this class of yacht is concerned. Sir Thomas, however, in the event of defeat, contemplates building a yacht of the schooner class.

\$15. It took me half an hour to lick him. With this money Jim Smith and I went to Mobile, working half the time, and now and then getting a fight. From there we took a boat up the Mississippi to St. Louis. We were traveling seven days, and had a trunk full of bologna sausage, as we didn't have enough money to buy meals. Before we got there I was barking like a dog and thought I had the rabies. You know what I mean. "Well, I got along pretty well at St. Louis. You see, Tom Allen, the fighter, had a saloon there and he gave me a job as assistant barkeeper. You know what I mean—kind of a roustabout, cleaning up the place, and now and then we had a rough house, cleaning it out. Tom matched me against the corner. The corners were principally tough loggers, who came floating down from Wisconsin on their rafts loaded with logs. As soon as the loggers unloaded their logs they loaded themselves with whisky—well, Tom called it whisky—you know what I mean. And when they got that stuff in them they thought they could fight. So Tom used to match me against them. But by the time they got drunk enough to fight they didn't have any money, so they used to put up their big silver watches that looked like alarm clocks as forfeits. By the time they sobered up they wouldn't want to fight. Tom would declare the watch forfeited and toss it behind the bar. At the end of the season Tom and me divided up a peck of watches. But that's nothing. "Yes, I did have one good fight with a logger. His name was Ed Agnew. He weighed 350 pounds and was 6 feet 3 inches high and the terror of the loggers. We went down in the cellar and had it out. I finished him easily and he took quite a fancy to me and got me to go back to Wisconsin with him. I got to giving exhibition fights around the country and did pretty well. I'd hire a hall for \$2 and perhaps take in \$60. The best man I went up against in that country was Jack Sullivan, a big Irishman. In the eighth round I gave him a hard one in the eye. He threw up both hands and yelled: "Holt, Bedad, I've got a straw in me peeper and I'll fight no more. "And they couldn't drag him into the ring again. This was near Oshkosh. The farmers used to come in and bet oyster steaks and cigars on the fights. I had a standing challenge to knock out any man in the world. You know what I mean. The world in Oshkosh wasn't very big and I was safe. I kept this thing up till 1872, when I got all fixed in the shape with a new watch and a suit of clothes and came home. My father was very proud of me, now that I was a fighter. I started out with George Siler and we went about the country giving exhibition fights around the country and did pretty well. I was getting along quite well now, and was fighting for \$500 a side.

**IS ON A "BREAK."** "In Chicago I was matched to fight Jim Taylor, the champion of the west, for \$500. He weighed 40 pounds more than I did, and was two inches taller. The battle was fought out in Robert's hall, just over the Illinois line, and I found out afterward that the gamblers who got up the bout put up a job on the chief of police, Washburn, in order to try to break him. They had a tip sent to him that a fight was being pulled off in Chicago, and he started out with his sleuths to make a raid. In the meantime Taylor and I were hard at it with bare knuckles. We had fought 35 rounds, and although he was bigger than I, and had thrown me several times, I had him about beaten. His head was as big as a tar bucket, and he couldn't have lasted much longer, when up comes a train of box cars on the railroad track, which was within 100 yards of the ring, and out hops 50 or more coppers and pulls us all. Although I had fought so long I ran a mile and a half before they captured me. The cops took us all to Chicago, and we were released on \$1,000 bonds. But we brought suit against the chief of police for arresting us in Indiana and without a requisition. But Washburn thought he was in Chicago all the time. "Madden returned to New York after this and then spent two years in Canada, where he made Labesour champion of the dominion. Soon after this he went to Boston and opened a saloon, where he met John L. Sullivan. "Sullivan in those days was a great big, rough fighter," said Madden. "He didn't have any science, but he was quick, and I saw that he had the true stuff in him. I took hold of him and trained him and had him fight Joe Goos, Dan Dwyer, George Bourke and others, and he surprised the people who saw him. At this time Paddy Ryan wanted to put on the gloves with him. But, of course, Paddy would not listen to him. So Sullivan came to me and asked me if I would take him to New York. I said I would, and I did, but when I got him there I didn't know what to do with him. I thought up a lot of schemes and finally hit on the plan of offering \$50 to any one who would stand before him for three rounds. Marquis of Queensbury rules. This was such an unusual offer that it attracted attention. I hired Harry Hill's place and got up a fight between Sullivan and Steve Taylor. The paid stoppage in the second round. Then I got up a fight between Sullivan and

# BOYS' AND GIRLS' FREE BOOK CHANCE!

All boys and girls into whose homes the Saturday News comes, are invited to try their hands at this puzzle. For the first three correct answers received through the mail (none others considered) THE DESERET NEWS BOOK STORE will give a free story book, a standard work, neatly printed and well bound. The names of the three winners, with the solution of the puzzle, will be printed in the following issue of the Saturday News. Cut out the picture, mark plainly the location of the various objects you find, and address it to the

## DESERET NEWS BOOK STORE, PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

Last week's winners were Freda Oldad, 535 south Fourth East, 12 corr ect; Eliza Thorup, 752 east Eighth South, 12 correct; Mary Wall, 309 east Brigham, 12 correct.

**SOLUTION OF THE CINNAMON BEAR PUZZLE.** From the lower right corner as base, a lion can be found in the extreme left corner. By using the right side of the picture as base, the grasshopper can be found in the lower left corner, formed in the foliage, and a vark near the lower right corner, on the far bank of the stream. From the upper right corner as base, an elephant's head is found near the upper left side at the edge of the bank, a hare toward the left, just below the grasshopper, and a camel also on the left beneath the hare. By using the upper part of the picture as base, a hippopotamus is found in the upper right corner, formed on the alligator's neck, and an ant eater near the center of the picture, to the right of the bear. With the left side used as base, a tiger can be found toward the left, about half way up, and a rhinoceros near the middle and to the left of the alligator's head, and a leopard formed in the trunk of the tree, just beneath the rhinoceros. By using the lower left corner as base, a kangaroo is found toward the left, also in the trunk of a tree. The above are some of the animals seen by the bear in his vision.

### A TALE OF WOE.

Find the Sailors, Roaring Wild Beasts and Grasshoppers—Twelve in All.



Showing How the Kangaroo's Hind Legs Outgrew His Body.

Once upon a time there was a Kangaroo. One day a ship anchored off the coast of his native country and sent a small boat to an island just off shore. The kangaroo watched this strange proceeding from the mainland and wondered what it all meant. After the sailors had hidden something on the island they returned to the ship, which immediately hoisted anchor and sailed away. "Ah," sighed the kangaroo, almost beside himself with curiosity. "If it were only possible for me to reach the island and find out the meaning of these strange proceedings! Now, the distance from the shore to the island was about 50 feet, and for days the kangaroo sat and puzzled his brains, trying to devise some way of reaching it. He couldn't fly, neither could he swim, and it was too far to jump. He paid little

heed to the time spent on that lonely shore, till the pangs of hunger began to bother him. "Now," thought he, "What shall I do? If I leave this place to go in search of food I may not be able to locate it again." As he pondered thus he became aware of the presence of a great number of grasshoppers. "Well," declared the kangaroo, "Here is the very thing. I'll live on them." So he was able to allay his hunger and give his attention to devising some means of reaching the island and satisfying his curiosity. While thus absorbed in thought he was startled by the roar of wild beasts at his back, and in his terror he gave up the idea of reaching the island, and he feared lest in a little while he should not be able to move it, and the prospect of spending the rest of his days alone on that island worried him very much. Being at his wit's end and unable to

learning what strange power had enabled him to leap so far. By and by he noticed that it was getting to be quite a difficult matter for him to walk on all four feet at once, and on viewing his reflection in the water he found that his tail and hind legs were growing to enormous proportions. "Ojé! ho!" said he, as he looked at his hind legs. "That is the result of eating too many grasshoppers, but the thing which puzzles me is what caused my tail to grow so large. Now, it happened that there was no grasshoppers on the island for him to eat, and consequently his hind legs soon ceased growing. His tail, however, kept getting larger and larger, and he feared lest in a little while he should not be able to move it, and the prospect of spending the rest of his days alone on that island worried him very much. Being at his wit's end and unable to

solve the problem, he sat there much dejected, regretting that he had brought so much trouble on himself by trying to pry into other people's affairs. "Ah," thought he, "this is indeed unfortunate, and should I be lucky enough to get out of this scrape I shall for the rest of my life attend strictly to my own business. There's no way back but the way I came, so here goes." Leaping back to the mainland, he soon returned home, and while he was able to explain to his family how he came to have such enormous hind legs, he was obliged to admit that his large tail was a mystery to him and caused him much woe. Whereupon his father remarked that it was no unusual thing for a meddling busy-body to go about with a tail of woe. "The moral of this fable is: 'Meddlers can hope for nothing but woe in the end.'"

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