

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, AUGUST 12, 1894.

NELLIE BLY SPARS WITH CORBETT.

Four Rattling Rounds For Blood with the Champion Puglist According to Prize-Ring Rules.

MULDOON THE REFEREE.

Bly Draws Blood First and Keeps the Champion on the Run by Her Fierce Upper-Cuts.

CORBETT GROGGY BUT GAME.

They Clinch, with Great Infigthing by Bly, and Then She Lands on His Optic and Sends Him to Earth.

JAMES J. UNABLE TO RESPOND.

Glad the Championship Stays in America and Bears the Winner No Ill-Will.

I interviewed Corbett last week with a view of boxing gloves. He must always be done with gloves on and the gloves must suit the case. Never before had I used boxing gloves in an interview, and well, that's what I am about to tell.



Mr. Corbett to give me a lesson in boxing and he told me to get two "seconds," a "sweater" and a pair of gloves and come to his house at 11 o'clock on Saturday morning.

In all lightness of heart I followed his directions and entered his door at the stated hour, to find a half dozen men and one woman waiting in the drawing-room, which had been cleared of every particle of furniture.

THE PRELIMINARIES. Some one helped me to put on my gloves, and we went in a little cluster into the room.

I FANNED WITH A TOWEL. I was surprised and more so when I saw my lucky stars in the person of Mr. William Muldoon, the champion wrestler of the world.

What would be the result the young woman had spoken to me and then, calling upstairs, bade Corbett, the champion prize-fighter of the world, to come down.

He came down on a run, and grasped me by the hand and introduced me all the way round, and I nodded to everybody and did not catch a name.

CORBETT AND MULDOON. We all went out in the dining-room and Corbett straddled a chair, and folding his arms on the back of it, started in to have a good talk with Mr. Muldoon, and I answered stray remarks addressed to me by the others and devoted myself to the two beautiful colts, one of which had laid her head on my lap and the other, resting his fore feet on my knee, was gazing with great human eyes straight into my face.

Corbett was asking Mr. Muldoon all about his training farm, and I began to wonder who every body was and if they were to see me take a boxing lesson, which their presence seemed to argue was to be a downright serious lesson.

Corbett was dressed in a very handsome bath robe tied around the waist with a heavy cord and tassel. I wondered if he had had his breakfast, or if he meant to teach me a thing or two before ending.

I recall having heard that violent exercise was very difficult when the stomach is full, and I regretted that I had eaten an enormously large breakfast, so I would be less liable to a bilious attack from my rising and a trip by train to the city.

TOO LATE TO BACK OUT. I also thought with a quaking of despair of a sharp pain which, from some unknown cause, had taken lodgment just at the point where my right arm joined the shoulder bone, and made itself very offensive and emphatic at every deep breath I drew.

I had mentioned it, finally, but not without hope, to Mr. Muldoon, as we approached the Corbett residence, but all the consolation I received was: "No backing out now; it's too late."

After that it had been a matter of minutes with a jangled blade sticking into the back of my head, and I had come for the first time to a prize fight.

I wanted to explain, but I didn't; I was ashamed to say anything for fear they would think I was afraid. So I kept silent.

Just then a man, who proved to be a sporting editor, opened a box and asked me what I thought of the gloves, which had already arrived at the residence. They looked very big and terrifying, but I declared they were very pretty and that they were passed around for inspection.

I don't suppose a prize-fighter could ever describe a fight in which he was engaged. I know only one of the spectators could tell more about the fight than I could.

I smiled in a faint, sickly way. I wanted to explain that there was a misunderstanding, that I had come for the first time to a prize fight.

I wanted to explain, but I didn't; I was ashamed to say anything for fear they would think I was afraid. So I kept silent.

I was sorry when we were told to sit down. I was just getting interested and was becoming so anxious to hit Corbett that I begrudged him the chance to rest.

In fact, I became so ambitious when we began the second round that I ran at him and began striking with both fists, and I was blindingly chasing him, hitting anywhere and everywhere and more especially nowhere, for he dodged more blows than ever touched him.

"BIF! HANG! BRAWO!" I was sorry when we were told to sit down. I was just getting interested and was becoming so anxious to hit Corbett that I begrudged him the chance to rest.

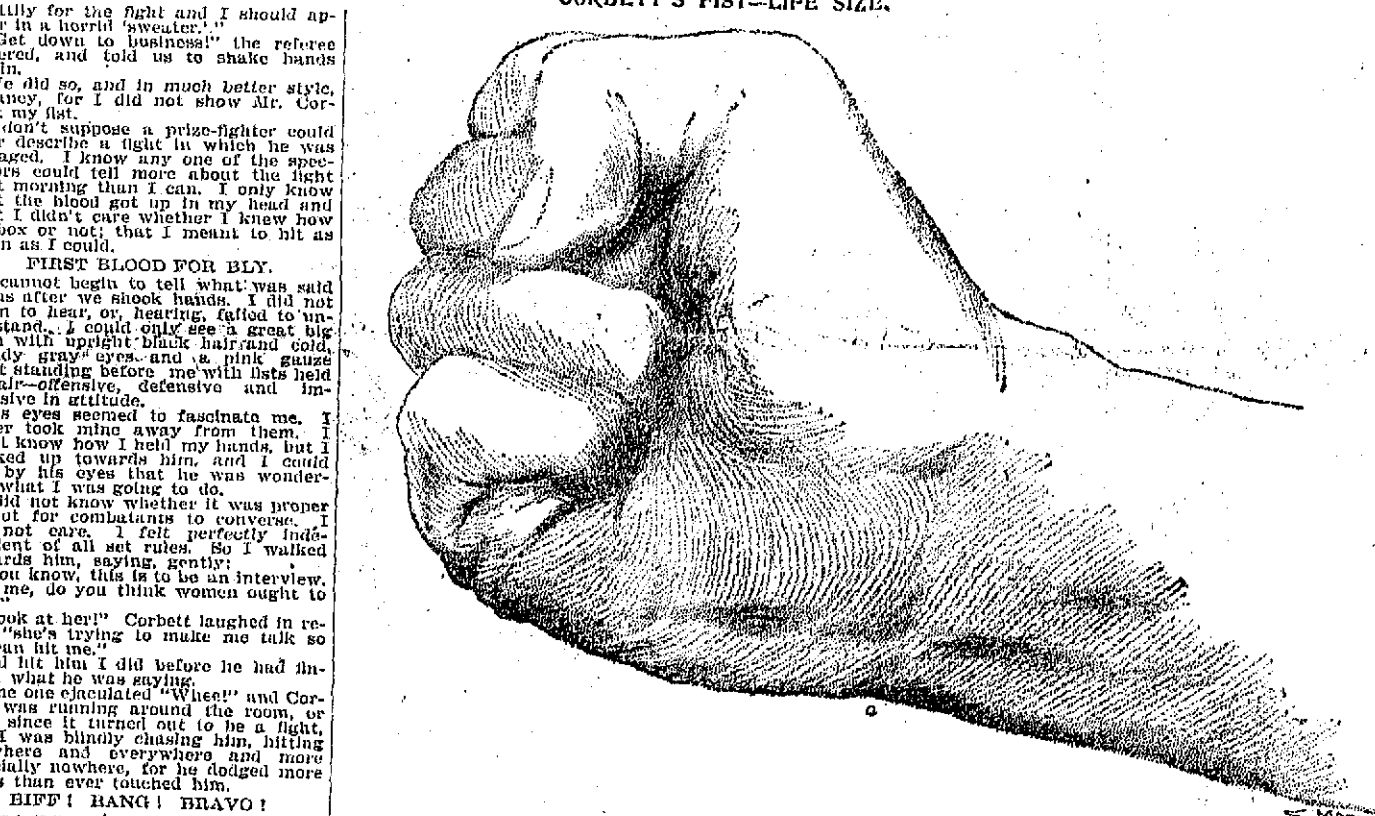
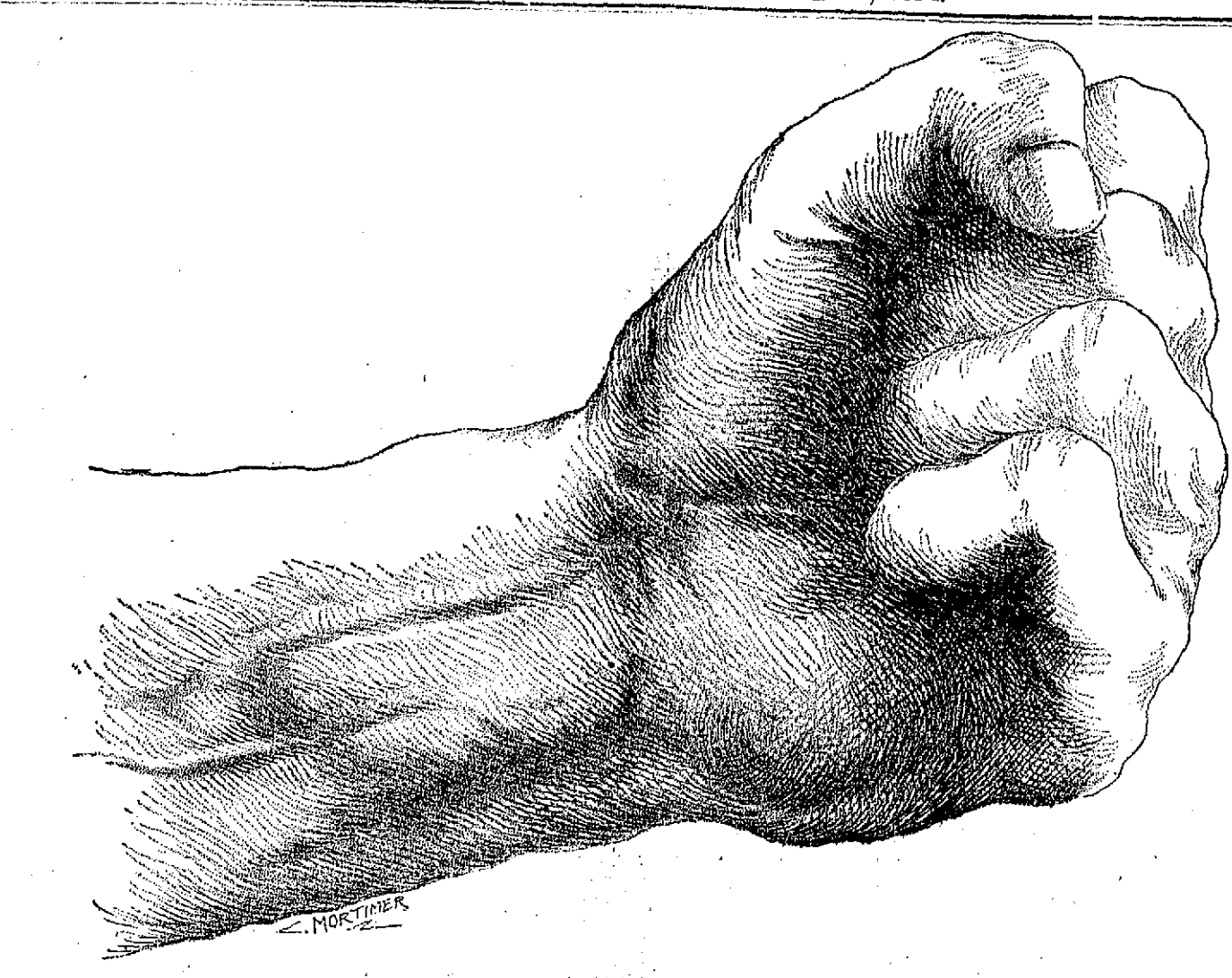
I had begun to wonder uneasily if I had ever hit Corbett, and took me up to her room to change my dress, and she said to me: "I don't know if you hit him or not, but I don't expect it and his hit on the nose."

THE CORBETT'S ADVICE. I explained weakly, "Will all those men ever be so fit? I thought there would be one or two."

"They are friends of Mr. Corbett's; they are here to see the fight," she said. Mrs. Corbett said her husband followed me downstairs. In the hall was Mr. Corbett. His bath-robe was gone, and he wore a pink gauze shirt and tight and had great big gloves on his hands.

CORBETT LOOKS PALE. I held up my gloves and before Mr. Corbett hit you on the nose! I threatened, and laughed to see him draw back his head.

back my prejudices and very gratefully accepted Mr. Stockwell's pleasant services. In the next round Mr. Corbett's hands seemed to grow to such a size that I could not succeed in touching him upon his chest or head, and when he reached out and hit me a right smart smack on the nose, I got so mad that I struck where I would and as hard as I could. I think the blow did just below where the eyes are, and it was a great orri-



REFEREE MULDOON DECLARES A FOUL BY BLY. But I was hearing the great fighter's tricks, and the next time he tried to strike a blow I wound my arm around his neck and with my other hand bit under, saying with every blow: "That's for Sullivan!" "What's for Sullivan?" he asked me. "That's for Sullivan!" he asked me. "That's for Sullivan!" he asked me.

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