

# LOUIS CROIN MUDGE AND MINA MUDGE

*[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]*

**Louis Croin Mudge**, born in 1839 in Canada to **Abel and Mary (Harp) Mudge**, was living in Blenheim, Oxford County, Ontario, Canada when the Ontario, Canada, 1861 census was taken. At that time he was 22 years old and single.

There is a record of death on Blenheim, Oxford, County, Ontario, Canada, for **Louis Mudge** on 1 July 1871, but no age is given.

A marriage record for 8 April 1862 in Oxford County, Ontario, Canada, shows "**Lewis**" **Mudge**, son of **Abel and Mary Mudge**, born in 1839 in Blenheim, Canada West (Ontario), age 23, marrying **Matilda Hunt**, daughter of **John and July [sic] Ann (Folger) Hunt**, born in 1846 in Brant, Canada West (Ontario), age 16.

**Elizabeth (Mudge) McComber**, a widow, died 7 July 1923 in Three Oaks, Berrien County, Michigan, at 73 years of age. She was born in 1850, daughter of **Abel and Mary (Hayes) Mudge**, both born in Ontario, Canada. She could be a sister or half-sister to **Louis C. Mudge**. She married **Joab McComber**, son of **Hiram and Almira (Crawford) McComber**, born in 1834 in New York, on 17 February 1889 in Galien, Berrien County, Michigan. The groom was 55 years old and the bride was 37 years old, daughter of **Abel and Mary (Harp) Mudge**.

"**Lewis**" **Mudge**, a 31-year-old white male born in Canada in 1839, appeared on the 1870 United States census for Michigan, along with his wife **Matilda Mudge**, 24 years old and born in Canada; **Abzannina Mudge**, 7 years old and born in Canada, and **Frank Mudge**, 6 years old and born in Canada, as well as **John Stone**, a 28-year-old male born in Michigan. The record on FamilySearch did not give the location in Michigan.

In the 1880 United States census, **Louis Mudge**, a 41-year-old married American male born in Canada in 1839, lived in Ishpeming, Marquette County, Michigan, with his wife **Matilda Mudge**, a 34-year-old

married American female born in 1846 in Canada, whose occupation was "keeping house." Louis had no listed occupation. They were the parents of **Maud Mudge**, a 2-year-old daughter born in Wisconsin in 1878, also listed on the 1880 census in Ishpeming, Marquette County, Michigan.

On 17 November 1880, **Mina Mudge**, daughter of "**Louie**" and **Matilda Mudge**, married **Frank "Bolduck" [sic – Bolduc]**, son of **Frank and Maria "Bolduck"** in Florence, Marinette County, Wisconsin. An **unnamed male child** was born to **Frank and Mina (Mudge) Bolduc**, both born in Canada, on 12 June 1883 in Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin.

On the 1900 United States census for Florence County, Wisconsin, **Mina Mudge**, born in January, 1862, in English Canada (Ontario), was listed as a divorced 38-year-old white female who had immigrated to the United States in 1874, married in 1898 and had been married for two years. She was the mother of two children, both of whom were living, and was boarding in the home of **Belle Adams**.

**Belle Adams** was listed as the head of household in the 1900 United States census for Florence County, Wisconsin. Born in August, 1876, she was a 24-year-old married white female born in Michigan, married in 1891 and the mother of two living children. Others boarding with **Belle Adams** were: **Maud Mudge**, born in February, 1879, a 21-year-old single white female born in Wisconsin, probably the daughter of **Louis and Matilda Mudge** listed in the 1880 United States census and a sister of **Mina Mudge**; **Stella Smith**, born in July, 1878, a 22-year-old single white female born in Pennsylvania; **Dorris Smith**, born in May, 1879, a 21-year-old single white female born in Michigan; **Kate Vassar**, born in December, 1861, a 39-year-old married white female born in French Canada (Quebec), married in about 1880 and the mother of three children, one

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living, who immigrated to the United States in 1884; and **Patrik [sic – Patrick] G. Ryan**, born in March, 1844, a 56-year-old married white male born in English Canada (Ontario), who immigrated to the United States in 1889 and was married that same year. It is likely that this “boarding house” could have been a house of ill repute.

On 19 August 1908, **Mina Mudge “Boudace”**, the 46-year-old daughter of **Louis and Tillie (Hicks) Mudge**, born in Canada in 1862, married **Waldemar Hoffman**, the 23-year-old son of **William and Emily (Wick) Hoffman**, born in Wisconsin, in Menominee, Menominee County, Michigan.

On May 7, 1881, while a reporter for the *Evening Wisconsin* in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, **Chase Salmon Osborn** married **Lillian G. Jones**. They moved north, near the Michigan border, to Florence, Wisconsin, where he ran a local newspaper, *The Florence Mining News*, and prospected for iron.

In his autobiographical book *The Iron Hunter*, published in 1919, Chase S. Osborn, one of Michigan’s most influential and flamboyant historical figures and Michigan’s 27<sup>th</sup> governor (January 2, 1911 – January 2, 1913), recorded a somewhat fanciful account of **Louis C. Mudge’s** “establishment,” a notorious house of ill repute near Florence, Wisconsin, when Osborn was editor of *The Florence Mining News*.

The following is a transcription of Chapter 1 of *The Iron Hunter*. Wolves – Human and Otherwise:

“Those awful wolves!!!”

My wife exclaimed, as a long, low, blood-freezing howl sifted to our ears tithe pine-needle, wind rhythms. It came from a mile north on the course of a late fall gale. Our baby, a girlie a year old, slept like a little hairless savage in a padded, corn-can box. The wolf howl did not reach the tiny ears. We were in the back room of a

rakish, one-story shack. There were three such rooms, just little cages partitioned with rough ceiling boards, with broken tongues and warped edges, making cracks that prevented anything like eye privacy. As for hearing, our ears were not shut off at all. I used the front end of the building as a printing office. It contained an old Washington hand letter-press and a new Taylor cylinder, painted as floridly as a German reception room. There were two job presses, a Peerless and a Universal - both new – a paper cutter, imposing stone, type cases, small piles of print and job papers, a big box stove, and the usual athletic towel, ethiopic with ink. The smell that came from the room needed no ambergris as a matrix, but was like wild roses in the nostrils of a young, country newspaper man.

The blood-searching howl was repeated in greater volume – four wolves this time. It was getting late in the little mining town, but drunken shouts and the crack of a shot could now and then be heard.

“We can’t live here, Chase,” my wife said. “Even if we can, it is no place for the baby.”

“You are right,” I replied. “Just give me a little time to clean this place up and make it a fit place for decent people. If I fail, we will go back to Milwaukee or some other place where outlaws are not the law.”

This took place at **Florence, Wisconsin**, in the heart of the **Menominee iron range**, one of the **Lake Superior iron ore districts**. Conditions here were similar to those of every new range. There is always an outlaw headquarters in all new regions remote from disciplined centers. **Florence**, at this period of the early eighties, was a metropolis of vice. There was gambling on the main streets, outdoors in clement weather and unscreened indoors when driven in by cold and storm. Prostitution was just as bold. Its red passion garbings paraded every prominent

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place in town. A mile out of town, **Mudge's stockade** was the central supply station. It was the prison used by the nerviest white slavers that ever dealt in women. A big log camp with frame gables held a bar and dance hall and stalls on the first floor. On the second floor were rooms about the size of those in a Tokio *[sic – Tokyo]* Yoskiwara. A third-floor attic contained dungeons and two trap doors. In the cellar were dark cells and a secret passage, well timbered with cedar, leading to where the hill on which the stockade was located broke down into a dense swamp. Surrounding this camp of death, and worse, were sharp pointed palisades, ten feet high, of the kind used against the Indians to inclose *[sic – enclose]* pioneer blockhouses. There were loopholes. Two passages led through the stockade. One was wide enough to admit a team. This was fastened with hornbeam cross bars. The other entrance was narrower and for commoner use. It was protected by a solid sliding gate of ironwood. On either side of this gate, inside, two big, gaunt, terrifying timber wolves were chained. It was the howls of these four wolves we had heard. This stockade was a wholesale warehouse of women. There were several in the Lake Superior iron country in the early days, but I think this one at Florence was the most notorious and the worst. It was built by "**Old Man**" **Mudge**. He was a white-livered, sepulchral individual who wore a cotton tie, a Prince Albert coat and a plug hat; even wore this outfit when he fed the wolves. **Mudge** worked as a preacher through northern Indiana and Ohio and the scoundrel used his clerical make-up to fine advantage. He had a ready tongue and roped in girl after girl. Not much attention was paid in those days to pimping and procuring. Whenever a murder grew out of his acts, the old fox would so involve his trail that, if it led anywhere at all, a church

was at the end of it, and that would throw off the sleuth.

**Old Mudge** ruined his daughter **Mina**, and she was "keeper" of the place. **Mina Mudge** was a stunning woman. Her concentrated depravity, for she too had a child and brought it up in infamy, was glossed over by a fine animal figure, a rubescent complexion, semi-pug nose, lurking gray eyes, sensual lips and sharpish chin. Her lips were the clew *[sic – clue]* to passion, and eyes and chin betokened the cruelty of a she hyena. Girls were wheedled or beaten into submission, and nearly always when she sold them she had them broken into the business.

Two days before, in the evening, a shrinking, girlish young woman was found just outside our door by my wife. She cowered and shivered and looked wild-eyed. It took some time to coax her in. After warmth and food, she told her story. **Old Mudge** had found her on a farm in Ohio. An orphan, she was sort of bound out, and her life was one of work and little else. Rather attractive, she was spied by the old serpent, and taken north "to a good home." In her heart the girl was good and she was brave. **Mina Mudge** starved her, beat her, tied her ankles and wrists with thongs and, to break her in with terror, fastened her just out of the reach of the wolves. It was night, and the girl grew cold with exposure and fear. Her wrists and ankles shrunk some, and she wriggled out of the cutting thongs. Then she fled to the swamp and hid until hunger forced her to search for food. We took as good care of her as our means afforded and planned her complete rescue. The day we heard the wolves howling, as mentioned in the beginning of the chapter, the girl disappeared. It was years later before I knew what had befallen her. **Mudge's gang** had located and trapped her. They forcibly kidnaped her and carried her to the wolf stockade. There she was given no

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chance again to escape. Her spirit was broken. She was sold to a brothel-keeper in **Ontonagon County, Michigan**, and was murdered by him one night in a ranch [brothel] near the Lake Superior shore. Murders often occurred, but those guilty were seldom punished. When this girl so mysteriously disappeared from our house, I was suspicious. I went to the sheriff, an Irish saloon-keeper, but could not get him to act. He was either a member of the gang or honestly afraid.

The **Mudge gang** was organized over a territory including the region for five hundred miles south of Lake Superior from Canada to Minnesota. "**Old Man**" **Mudge** was as much of a genius in some directions as he was a devil in others. Compared with him, Machiavelli was a saint. They did not confine themselves to woman stealing. They would run off witnesses when arrests occurred near the law-and-order line. If they could not get rid of them any other way, witnesses were killed. Any man who showed an inclination to oppose the gang was either intimidated or murdered. Within their own ranks a rebel never got away alive. **Mudge** tolerated no rivals. No sea pirate was ever more bloodthirsty or vengeful. The most notorious murder he was responsible for was that of **Dan Dunn**, at **Trout Lake**. Dunn was just as bad a man as Mudge, and not so much of a sneak about it. That was really how **Mudge** came to get him.

Such were conditions in the iron country when I arrived. The picture cannot be overdrawn. I had gone there upon a telegram sent by **Hiram D. Fisher**, discoverer of the **Florence mine**, to **Colonel J.A. Watrous**, of Milwaukee, asking him to "send up a young fellow not afraid to run a newspaper." It was a weekly publication. The owner and editor, a man of culture and courage, too old and too fine for the rough pioneering and outlaws, had just "disappeared." The gang was against

all newspapers and dead against any that tried to improve conditions or oppose them in any way. Just a little time before they had burned the *Manistique Pioneer* office and had tried desperately but unsuccessfully to assassinate its brave editor, the late **Major Clarke**, a veteran of the Civil War. All along the line they had terrorized editors if possible. So the first night after I arrived they shot out my windows and shot a leg off one of the job presses, just to show me what they would do to me if I wasn't "good."

A short time before that the gang had gotten down on **Captain William E. Dickinson**, superintendent of the **Commonwealth mine**, two miles from **Florence**. **Captain Dickinson** had come there from the New York mine in one of the older Lake Superior districts. He was fearless and a man of order and high ideals. With a fine family of young children, he felt the necessity of improving conditions. Successful in his previous environment, he did not apprehend serious trouble. But he did not correctly take the measure of the desperate characters who made up the **Mudge gang**. Hardly had he started to move against them before they stole his little son **Willie**. They sent him word that if he fought them they would kill his child. It was a knife in his heart, the wound of which finally carried him to his grave. **Captain Dickinson** spent money, followed clues [sic – clues], sent spies to join the gang and gave up every thought except the recovery of his little son. It is nearly forty years ago now. **Captain Dickinson** has gone to his final reward. Where **Willie Dickinson** is or what became of him or whether he is dead or alive, is a mystery to this day. It is the most piteous tragedy of scores enacted by the iron pirates.

Something had to be done. I began a study of the situation in detail. The encouraging fact was developed that the

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law-abiding citizens outnumbered the outlaws. A majority of them were timid and could not be depended upon to act, but we could be certain that not many of them would openly join the leeches. Many men with families deplored conditions but feared that a war on the toughs would hurt business. Hasn't it always been so? Then to my amazement and chagrin, for I was only twenty-three years old and to a degree unsophisticated, I uncovered the fact that Borgia of **Mina Mudge** had something on half or more of the merchants, who thought easily or made that excuse to their conscience, that they had to be food fellows and go to her place with the miners and woodsmen in order to get business. The outlaws were able to keep close tab on the plans of any who threatened them through these dwellers in the twilight zone of morals. As soon as I could be certain of some backing, I attacked **Mudge** and his gang in my little paper. It was a thunderer there though, no matter what its size. I charged crimes home and named those who were guilty or probably so, whenever I had facts or tangible suspicions. The time must have been just ripe for it for some astounding things occurred. Some of those against whom I made charges came to see me; not all peaceably. But from some of them I obtained denials of participation, and one or two gave to me invaluable inside information. Consequently I was informed in advance when my office was to be wrecked, and when I was to be gotten rid of. I built a little conning place of glass and kept some one [*sic – someone*] on watch there every daylight moment. Also I bought Winchesters for all the office force, and for a long time every type stand was a gun rack for a repeating rifle. At night I took extra care and kept watch. A couple of faithful dogs with plenty of bulldog blood guarded the office, and were much better for the purpose than **Mudge's wolves**, but

did not make as terrifying a setting in the mind of a tenderfoot.

I found a **fighting preacher at the little mission church in Florence** in the person of **Harlan Page Cory**, a young **Presbyterian** just suited to the work to be done and entirely unafraid. An **undersheriff** named **Charley Noyes**, from the Androscoggin country, was found to be clean and brave and dependable. **Bill Noyes**, his brother, was a six footer plus, and the best shot and dry ground trailer anywhere around. He was not afraid of a mad catamount, and his morals had sprouted in the Green Mountains where Ethan Allen got his. Bill was eager to help clean up.

A little concave-chested **hardware man** name **Robstell**, with whiskers like a deer mouse and a voice like a consumptive cuckoo, was found, when the meter was applied to him, to be as full of good points as a box of tacks. There was no law against shining deer in those days; anyhow not in **Florence**. **Robstell** built a scaffold one day, twenty feet up in a birch that leaned over a connecting gut of **Spread Eagle Lake**, where a fine runway crossed. The first dark, soft night that came he climbed up there with a bull's-eye lamp cocked over his left eye. He nearly went to sleep before he heard anything. Then he suddenly came to and saw a pair of silvery eyes and let go at them. Forgetting in his state of mind where he was, he stepped off the scaffold just as if he had been on the solid ground and down he went. That is where **Robstell** made his reputation. He lit astride of a two-hundred-pound buck that he had wounded and which was floundering in about four feet of water. Of course, he lost his gun in the descent. Pulling out his tomahawk, he nearly chopped the buck's head off before he succeeded in killing him. **Robstell** had plenty of that intestinal courage that was the fascination of Tsin, who built the Great Wall, and measured all

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men by it. So he became a leader, if not the leader, of the new government.

With these and others assured, we called a meeting and organized the **Citizen Regulators**. The meeting was such a hammer and so many joined that the sheriff and district attorney had a street duel the next day, growing out of a row that was caused by each trying to shift blame upon the other. I had publicly charged them both with being controlled by the **Mudge gang**. The district attorney shot the sheriff through the lungs. A lot of the sheriff's friends got a rope ready to hang the lawyer, who really was one of the worst of citizens, while the sheriff had told several that he intended to join the Regulators. Meanwhile the sheriff lived long enough for the mob to cool off. The preacher and I decided that we must get rid of all the crooked and cowardly officials.

I started to Milwaukee and Madison to enlist influence and see the governor, in order to have the district attorney removed and a man appointed who would enforce the law. All the way to Milwaukee I was harassed by telegrams for my arrest. The gang tried to capture me at the train, but I learned of their plans in time to elude them. Then we had a wild race through the woods to the Michigan line. If they had caught me in Wisconsin they were going to finish me in some way. The pursuit kept up almost to Iron Mountain, which was nearly as bad as Florence at the time. I dodged them but was afraid to stop at Iron Mountain because the local authorities there were believed to be under the control of the **Mudge outlaws**. It was night. I had expected to take an evening train. Prevented from doing this, I ran two miles through the woods to **Commonwealth**. There **one of my faithful printers**, an Irish lad named **Billy Doyle**, had a team in waiting. Hastily climbing into the buckboard and taking the lines, I lashed the horses into a gallop. Over my shoulders I could see the gang

coming on foot, or horse and in rigs. I had a Colt's revolver and could shoot it quite well enough. **Billy** had thrown in a Winchester. I made up my mind they would not take me in Wisconsin without a fight. We madly galloped over the corduroy roads in the dark. That it was night and the pursuers were unorganized was all that saved me. We crossed the line. On the outskirts of **Iron Mountain** I gave the reins to **Billy** and jumped out and went on alone. Safely making a detour of the town, I took the railroad track and hiked southwards towards law and order.

I was in **Michigan**. Between **Keel Ridge** and **Quinnesec** three men stepped out of the gloom and leveled guns at my head. I obeyed their order to hold up my hands and they took me back to **Iron Mountain** by main force, and not a sign of legal warrant. They were **Mudge agents**. It was after midnight. I made a big roar as soon as I got where anybody could hear. In spite of the racket I made they took me to a place which was not the jail and locked me in a room. Before they got me confined I managed to send word to **Cook and Flannigan**, whose **firm of attorneys at Norway** was the ablest on the Range. The late **Hon. A.C. Cook** got to me and secured my release. To this day I do not know how he did it. Perhaps his partner, **R.C. Flannigan**, now a prominent mining country judge, and a good one, could tell if he wished to. I continued on my way. Efforts were made to stop me at **Marinette** and **Green Bay**. These were unsuccessful. Finally I got to **Milwaukee** where I had any number of strong friends. **Lemuel Ellsworth** had just become **chief of police**, and the present Milwaukee chief, **John T. Janssen**, was on the **detective staff**. I went to the central station to call upon them, as they were old friends of mine during my police reporter days. The chief handed me a telegram to read. It was for my arrest. They had sent it to the wrong

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place. I told my story. All of us knew the chief affectionately as **Lem**. He said:

“Glad to see you, **Chase**. Now, let’s do something to those hell-hounds. I will wire I have you and ask them to send for you with a strong guard. This will possibly bring a crowd of them down, and I will throw them all into the bull pen.”

“Of course I can’t wait to do that,” I replied, for I had to accomplish my bigger mission and return as quickly as possible.

During the afternoon I received a telegram signed “**H.P. Cory**.” It read: “Don’t come back. They are going to kill you if you do.”

I knew it as a fake at once, for that preacher would have had me come back and be killed rather than have me run away from the fine fight I had started. I felt the same way. It was only wisdom to be apprehensive enough to be on the alert, as the gang had not hesitated to resort to murder in the dark before.

I saw rugged **Jeremiah M. Rusk**, then **governor of Wisconsin**, and secured the appointment of a clean, but rather gentle lawyer named **Howard E. Thompson** as district attorney, to succeed the **Mudge gang lawyer**, who, although possessed of a kind of brute bravery, got out of the way. Before he had downed the sheriff that officer had bowled him over, after being shot through the body himself, and stood over him, futilely snapping a revolver, all the loads of which had been discharged, in a frantic attempt to kill. Then the sheriff fell into the pool of blood that had trickled around his feet and the lawyer bad man was run off.

**Governor Rusk** gave me every encouragement.

“Go after them, boy,” he said, “and if you need help just say the word. I’ll back you with the troops if it is necessary.”

I made my way back north about as rapidly as I had fled. The gang was in a panic when they saw me and heard of the

support the governor had fortified me with. I had it told to them in as amplified and impressive a manner as possible and then I played it up in my paper with all my might and type. The gang was on the run from that time, but it was not beaten yet. Dives and relays were started along the border so that the outlaws could jump from one State *[sic]* to the other handily.

**Claudius B. Grant** was a **circuit judge in the adjacent region of Michigan**. He became a terror to the bad men and women and clearly showed what a man rightly constituted can do with the law in his own hands. He was waging a solitary war against the gang, and sheriffs and prosecuting attorneys who were their tools. Finally he made it so hot for them on his side, and we so reciprocated on his side that the bad people began to look for other and less troublesome pastures. They fled to **Seney, Trout Lake, Ewen, Sidnaw, Hurley** and other points in the Lake Superior country out of **Grant’s** jurisdiction, and out of our reach, where they operated for some years without molestation. There was a temporary renaissance of outlawry in **Judge Grant’s** district because the gang had gotten rid of him by designedly electing him to the **Supreme Court of Michigan**. But it did not last long. Civilization must have something more than that kind of outlawry to subsist upon, and civilization was growing a good deal like a weed.

All of this was not achieved as easily as it has been briefly written. There were many clashes and exciting performances. Both sides were high handed. Shootings occurred by day and night, and the fight was a real battle.

At first the gang had nearly all the law officers on its side. By degrees we changed this. The average fellow in office is quick to try to pick the winning side. These trimmers, usually so despicable, were a real help to us because they trimmed gradually to our side.

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**Mudge** withdrew his worst operations to more remote spots in the woods. The Regulators determined to clean all of them out. The law was too slow under the conditions that existed and the punishments inadequate. At the time there was really no law against white slavery and procuring.

**Pat McHugh**, a **bully and retired prize fighter**, was **Mudge's head man**. Nearly everybody was afraid of him. He had even been known to fight in the daytime with his backers at hand, and he was fairly quick with a gun, but could not fan. On a day agreed upon by the **Regulators**, armed with Winchester rifles, Colt revolvers and blacksnake whips, started on a rodeo. They drove the toughs off the streets. Those who did not move quickly enough were lashed smartly with the blacksnakes. Theirs had been a reign of terror long enough. It was our turn. They showed as many temperaments as one could find among any men and women. Some were whimpering cowards. Others were sullen. The women were most bold and loudest in profanity and vulgarity. A woman has capacity to be the very best and the very worst. **McHugh** was one of the first to run. He hid in the swamp stockade with half a dozen others of the gang. The **Regulators** rode down against them. They opened a hot fire with Winchester repeaters. The **Regulators** replied and charged. It fell to **Bill Noyes** to capture **Pat McHugh**. The bully had often boasted what he would do to **Bill** if he ever got a chance. Now he fled into the swamp, revolver in hand. **Bill** saw him and ran after him. They dodged from tree to tree, Indian fashion, exchanging shots from time to time. **Bill** was too good a woodsman for **McHugh**. He loaded his gun as he ran and soon had a drop on the leader of the outfit. **McHugh** fell on his knees and begged for mercy. **Bill** spared him. He said to me only a short time ago:

"**Chase**, I reckon I oughta killed that red-handed devil that day I got him in the

swamp, but I'm kinda glad I didn't, 'cause it goes agin the grain with me to kill anything I can't eat."

After that we burned a number of stockades and soon had the community so fit to live in that I spend four happy years there. And my wife, who had given up a good home to share her lot with a young reporter, was contented, and our girlie grew fat and crowed when her first brother was born in the little boarded rooms full of cracks, in the rear of the one-story, country printing office.

What became of **Mudge** will never be told. Only a half dozen **Regulators** ever knew.

Many of the following articles, taken from *The Florence Mining News* were written by *Chase Salmon Osborn* during his tenure as editor of that early newspaper. The articles contain information on **Louis C. Mudge**, **Mina Mudge**, the **Mudge Gang**, as well as an assortment of articles on prostitution and crime in **Florence County** and nearby **Dickinson County**.

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Marinette County, Wisconsin, Volume I, Number 31 [Saturday, July 30, 1881], page 3, column 3

OUR esteemed fellow citizen, "**Old Mudge**," is traveling, to save his reputation. We'll weep no more.

Believing, we rejoice,  
To see the cuss removed.

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Marinette County, Wisconsin, Volume I, Number 35 [Saturday, August 27, 1881], page 3, column 3

THE *synagogue* on **Biler avenue** is on its last legs. A priestess who officiated there has had to leave town. Keep the good work moving on.

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*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume II, Number 20 [Saturday, May 13, 1882], page 3, column 3

THE Rev. **Louis C. Mudge**, formerly a shining and luminous light in this village, has, we hear, accepted a call to administer to the spiritual necessities, of a small, but appreciative congregation, away down in **Southern Illinois** – the Land of Egypt. It is presumable that his work will be mostly and generally of the missionary kind and it is but reasonable to suppose that he will, ere many moons wax and wane, succeed in dispelling some of the darkness which envelopes that benighted land. Our only regret is that his removal will deprive certain denizens of **Marinette**, of a resort at which they could secure both spiritual comfort and consolation.

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Marinette County, Wisconsin, Volume II, Number 21 [Saturday, May 20, 1882], page 3, column 2

THE Rev. **Louis C. Mudge**, comes again before the public. This time he has had a little misunderstanding, with the deacons of the church, in **Southern Illinois** – of whose congregation he was to take personal supervision – in the worldly matter of salary, and has decided to benefit his fellow man by opening in **Chicago** an asylum for suffering humanity to the called “The Infidels Home.” As far as we can learn, it is to be conducted on strict geometric and asthetic [*sic – aesthetic*] principals [*sic – principles*]. His preliminary announcements have already been received in this vicinity – and in **Marinette**.

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume II, Number 47 [Saturday, November 18, 1882], page 1, column 4

THE reverend **Louis C. Mudge**, sometimes called “**Old Mudge**,” has retired to the depth of the shade of the primeval forest, about three quarters of a mile away from this beautiful village, where he is engaged in keeping a house of entertainment on the “European plan,” whatever that is. Ta-ta, old man; sorry to lose you.

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume III, Number 2 [Saturday, January 6, 1883], page 1, column 4

WEDNESDAY evening **Mudge’s full grown wolf**, which is kept chained at his place, broke loose and was gallivanting about the streets. It was tame and playful and did no harm, but it may break loose once too often for the good health of some of our people. Tame wolves and bears make excellent shooting. He wants to keep his cats at home.

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume IV, Number 22 [Saturday, May 31, 1884], page 1, column 5

## M’HUE ARRESTED.

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**Mrs. McHue Joins Her Husband – An Attempt to Raid Bolduc’s Bagnio Forestalled by the Flight of the Inmates – A Day of Excitement.**

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A warrant was issued on Friday morning for the arrest of **Pat McHue**, on the charge of **using abusive language on the street**. When **Sheriff Readmon** served the warrant **McHue** defied him, and, while he was

# LOUIS CROIN MUDGE AND MINA MUDGE

[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

securing aid, **McHue** ran up stairs [*sic – upstairs*] in **John Morrison**'s building, and out the back door, making his escape to **Bolduc**'s place north of town. **Sheriff Readmon, Deputy Sheriff Noyes, Wm. Noyes, VanMartyr** and **Bob. Andrews** followed him, after due preparation in **Webb**'s delivery wagon. When they were within fifteen rods of the bagnio **McHugh** [*sic*] appeared in the door, and called to them to hold on. They did not slacken their pace and he

## FIRED FIVE SHOTS

at them as they approached. Having emptied his revolver without succeeding in frightening the offices and their aids [*sic – aides*], he turned and fled. They surrounded the building in time for **Wm.[.] Noyes** and **VanMartyr** to see him run from the back door and make for the woods over the garden fence. They gave chase and **Noyes** overtook him at a distance of forty rods, when **McHue** threw up his hands, saying, "don't shoot, I squeal. I give up." He was brought back to town in handcuffs and lodged securely in jail. **McHue** had been quarrelsome for some time, having

## DRAWN A REVOLVER

in a fray the night previous. This troubler of the peace finds himself at last in a bad box. Those five shots fired deliberately at the officers are likely to send him "over the road," it being under the statutes a penitentiary offense. The citizens generally are jubilant over the fact that he has finally reached the end of his rope, and that so good an opportunity for effectually getting rid of him is afforded. Mr. Noyes, the deputy sheriff, says; [*sic – says:*] "If they don't send him up, I'll never arrest another man in **Florence**; I'll pay my five dollars fine every time first." The officers deserve a great deal of credit for their faithfulness both in this case, and heretofore. His preliminary examination will be held this morning. Afterwards

## HIS WIFE WAS ARRESTED

for abusing the sheriff.

The excitement continued to run high throughout the day. A considerable addition to it in the afternoon was brought about by the sheriff and a posse of men consisting of **Charles and William Noyes, George Keyes** and **George Billman**, making a sally upon **Bolduc**'s bagnio for the purpose of "pulling it." The inmates had taken French leave and by a forced [*sic – forced*] march escaped into **Michigan**, via the **Brule road**, thus forestalling the action of the officers.

## ANOTHER RAID

was made, later in the day, upon **Mudge**'s place on **Florence avenue** and two men and two women were taken into custody and placed in the "cooler." Yesterday was certainly an active day for the officers, and it is to be hoped it was an effective day. The people are with them in their efforts to enforce the laws.

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume IV, Number 23 [Saturday, June 7, 1884], page 1, columns 4-5

## BOLDUC'S BAGNIO BURNED.

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**To Ashes on Last Friday Evening – "Mining News" Representatives the Only Witnesses of the Scene – The Fire Thought to be an Incentiarism – Arrest of Officers and the Probable Loss – What the Town Gains by the Destruction**

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The intense excitement prevalent in **Florence** on Friday last over the arrest of a large number of lawless characters who have so long been a curse to this

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[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

community, received a new impetus on Saturday morning when the report became current that **Bolduc's** bagnio had burned to ashes the previous evening. As no alarm had been turned in, the news created a great surprise, and anxious groups seeking particulars of the burning thronged the streets. What created still greater surprise was the fact that no persons who had been at the scene while the fire raged could be found. However, two representatives of the MINING NEWS were at the scene within a quarter of an hour after the flames had first been seen, and succeeded in gathering the details of this happy destruction.

## WHEN FIRST SEEN,

from our office window, at about 10:40 o'clock, the ruinous element had evidently just broken through the roof. Fifteen minutes later the whole place was in flames, the pine lumber of which it was built furnishing fine fuel for the devouring element. On arriving at **Bolduc's** our representatives found the heat so great that they could not approach within forty feet of the building. They attempted to rescue a poor **wolf** that was running slowly around a pole near the house, but in [*sic – the*] intensity of the heat obliged them to leave the suffering animal roast before their eyes. It died nobly, however, not one groan or suffering shriek escaping from it until death put an end to its existence. Several dogs also suffered greatly, and the fierce howls which they sent forth succeeded in bringing no relief. One poor canine whose kennel was all ablaze gave one piercing shriek and then laid down to die amidst the flames. An instant later the flames had detached its chain from the kennel, and making a final effort, the dog

## WON ITS FREEDOM

and ran off through the fields, dragging a red-hot chain after him. The fire illumined the whole town and country for miles around, and it is rather puzzling that no other witnesses were at the scene. As it

was, the only trace of human being that could be found, was a light some distance in the woods, which disappeared suddenly after it had been watched for half a minute. Some noises also were heard, and as the evening was not in the least windy, they added to the general mystery. After the house had about burned to the ground, a crowd was heard coming toward the scene from another direction, and for some time they continued to associate **Bolduc's** name amidst their excited conversation. Surmises as to the origin of the fire are various. On returning to town it was learned that "**Pony**" **Dayton**, who had been detailed by **Bolduc** to watch the property, had been taken from the premises by Officers **Wm. Noyes** and **VanMartyr**, about thirty minutes previous to the fire being discovered. This gave rise to a theory that the fire was the result of a lamp explosion. It is also said that when **Dayton** was asked if he had any keys to the establishment he replied in the negative. The doors were therefore allowed to remain unfastened, and it is probable that some mischief-loving individual or indignant citizen put a match to the establishment. The general belief is that it was of

## AN INCENDIARY ORIGIN,

but no right-minded person lays suspicion at the doors of any particular persons. There is one thing almost certain, and that is that its origin cannot be traced to surrounding brush fires, for the wind was from the wrong direction to cause such a result. The fire evidently started [*sic – started*] in the south-east corner of the building. The entire loss is not known; but the officers who had [*sic – had*] been in the building that day report that the furniture, clothing, etc., was very poor. The total loss cannot therefore be estimated at much over \$500. But the excitement reached its culminating point Saturday evening when warrants were served on **Sheriff Readmon** and **Officers Wm. Noyes and J.C.**

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**VanMarter** [sic], charging them with maliciously setting fire to this stronghold of outlawry. To the shame of **Florence** these respectable and upright citizens were lodged in jail on the complaint of men publicly known as outlaws of the lowest and most despicable character. And what is a greater shame is the fact that **Bolduc** himself was allowed to assist in making the arrest. Of course, all

## GOOD CITIZENS WERE INDIGNANT

over the matter, while the law-breakers of the community rushed wildly through the streets, cheering and yelling vociferously over what they considered a defeat of fustice [sic – justice]. However, before long they will reap what they have sown. To them the harvest will be indeed a most bitter one, for all respectable people now recognize the fact that combined and systematic resistance to lawlessness is necessary. Some of our officials also deserve the severest condemnation for issuing warrants on the complaint of such irresponsible persons.

At the examination of these men last Monday, they were bound over until the 9<sup>th</sup> inst. [of this month] A warrant was also issued on Monday for the arrest of **Bob Andrews** on the same charge. That the issuance of these warrants has been

## INSPIRED BY MALICIOUSNESS

is proven by the fact that some of the persons arrested are positively known not to have been near the place that evening. Being aware of this, it has been decided nevertheless to put them to all the trouble possible. Accordingly, on the complaint of a woman utterly unknown to shame, another warrant has been issued for the arrest of **Sheriff Readmon**, charging him with taking by stealth \$200 from one of the feminine wretches arrested at **Mudge's** on last Friday evening. If acquitted of the charge of arson on next Monday, this warrant will be served on him. While feeling indignant, and justly so, over the

lawlessness of these characters, the circumstances of the past week justifies [sic – justify] every good citizen in congratulating himself upon the result. Besides ridding ourselves of some of the worst characters in the state, an end has been put to one of our most formidable refuges of outlawry.

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume IV, Number 23 [Saturday, June 7, 1884], page 1, column 6

## TOUGHS MUST TRAVEL

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**From Florence or Behave Themselves – McHue, the Notorious Outlaw, Driven Out of Town – He Should Have Been Whipped Out or Sent to Waupun – Florence's Morals in the Laundry – All the Citizens in the Garbs of Washers, Seeing that They Come Out Cleaner – A Criticism.**

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**Pat McHue**, the notorious tough and outlaw, has gone from **Florence**. He left on a "tie pass" for **Iron Mountain** early Monday morning. The fact that he was allowed to go after his actions here and elsewhere and after valuable officers had risked their lives to capture him, is a travesty upon justice and an outrage upon the people. **McHue** is one of a boasting class of cowards, who are driven from place to place by the better element and carry ourlawry with them as an intimate associate. As an excellent representation of that worthless class, **McHue** stands pre-eminent. Under the subterfuge of being a

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wrestler and pugilist, he has been able to work no end of trouble and harm. He is a powerful man, wreckless when under the influence of liquor, and a downright [*sic – downright*] sneak when sober. He kept up his aggressive reputation while in **Florence** by pounding four or five light-weight consumptives, who couldn't make a respectable resistance to a lively school boy.

## THE MISERABLE WHELP

arrived in Florence some time during the winter and at once opened a dive on **Central avenue**, which was run night and day and Sundays, much to the chagrin and shame of all the better class of citizens. His place was the rendezvous of the roughest element and more than one criminal was harbored there. The proprietors [*sic – proprietor's*] career here was a checkered one. He soon found that the officials of **Florence** would tolerate none of the violent outbursts that characterized his career in other towns from which he was obliged to flee. Consequently he confined himself to sneaking threats and cowardly mouthings. When the time came for the issuance of licenses last spring, he was very properly refused one. This only served to make him howl the louder and added another link to his long chain of alleged grievances, for which he continually threatened to get even. Last Friday morning while half-frenzied with bad whisky, he became angered at the way his dog was being handled in a combat with an antagonistic canine and commenced

## A SERIES OF ABUSE

upon almost everything in particular and the officers of **Florence** in general. Drawing a revolver he defied arrest and the sequel was published in last week's MINING NEWS. It is probably the only time in the history of the country when a dog fight resulted in such a grand manner. **McHue** was arrested as detailed last week and was fined \$30 and costs. A warrant was then

issued for his arrest on the charge of resisting the officers. This was held over his head and the tough was ordered to travel. He was given from Saturday until Monday to get out of town. This is just what constitutes the outrage and travesty. He was liable to severe punishment on the charge of assault with intent to kill and when the question is asked why he was not prosecuted the general reply is that it was better for him to be driven out than spend money prosecuting him, only to have it result in nothing. There is no good reason why justice and

## DESERVED PUNISHMENT

cannot be dealt out to evil-doers in **Florence** as well as any other place. **McHue**, after endeavoring to take the lives of the officers, should not have been treated so leniently and with so much consideration. If it was decided to drive him out of town he should have been whipped out without ten minutes' notice. A good lashing at every jump would have served to permanently impress his memory with the way things are done here. It has become to be quite a popular opinion that **Dist. Att'y McIntosh** is too lenient in his prosecutions. He is abundantly able to conduct a vigorous warfare on outlaws and he should do it. The air is continually filled with queer statements as to his positions and actions and the district attorney owes it to his constituency to dispel this. There are those who insist that the **Ross** case is not being handled as it should be. One or two signal efforts, such as the

## DISTRICT ATTORNEY IS CAPABLE

of accomplishing if he desires, would go far towards checking and turning the tide of popular opinion, which is fast swelling into a stream of formidable dimensions. It might be truthfully said that in a county like **Florence** the district attorney is the leading officer. He should take interest enough in the welfare of the people to correct other officers, when he sees them taking illegal or

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improper courses. All should work in harmony and only in this way are important and good results obtained. The morals of Florence are undergoing a purging. They needed it. Let every man who has any interest in the welfare of the town and county assist. Florence must and will have good order. Her laws must be obeyed. **Sheriff Readmon, Deputy Noyes**, the town board, and the other right-minded gentlemen who assisted are entitled to all praise. They are and should be upheld in the good work. All that is needed is to

## TEACH THE TOUGHS A LESSON

by a severe example. **McHue** was not treated half heroic enough. His expulsion will result in great good no doubt, but the example would have been better if he had been whipped out of town on the double-quick and still better if he had been sent to Waupun for a season. The galaxy of towns to which **McHue** and his ilk are prescribed entrance are growing larger and **Florence** has joined the list. Let her citizens see that the good work goes on and that the present vigorous demand for good order is kept up. **Florence**, with her schools, her efficient town government, and her unrivalled facilities is an inviting place for the investment of capital. Families can be raised here in an air of as perfect security and purity as any place. No emergency can possibly occur that she is not equal to. She is fast assuming the garb of a model town in every respect. Let everybody see that the town is aided in this direction and all will be well.

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume V, Number 19 [Saturday, May 9, 1885], page 8, column 1

## OLD MUDGE'S EXPOSE.

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## HE POPS UP SERENELY AS THE AUTHOR OF A BOOK ON EVILS.

**Louis C. Mudge**, once notorious in this locality, comes to the surface at **LaPorte, Ind.**, as a reformed villain, who voices his life's low experience to the public, through the medium of a pink-leafed book. **Mudge** calls his book "**An Exposition of the Pandemoniums, panders, panderage, panderisms and Hell Holes, alias dance houses, of northern Wisconsin, Michigan, etc.**" On the title page he goes on to say: "This book contains a truthful account of the horrible deeds done in the above-named places; the punishment meted out to innocent girls that are captured and held in bondage for the purpose of forcing them to lead a life of the grossest sinfulness, thereby providing for a lot of indolent, unprincipalled [*sic* – *unprincipled*] criminals, unworthy of the name of man and worse than brutes." The book contains this inscription: "Copyrighted by **Louis C. Mudge, Florence, Wisconsin.**" **Mudge** says he will hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may. He thinks his book should be read aloud in every household and says that by so doing, many may be saved from a life worse than death. In the preface, among explanatory sentences, this is found: "The author of this book intends to make a clear and sensible exposure of the horrible deeds done in these dens of iniquity; showing the manner these slave pens and whipping dens are conducted. I shall give facts in each and every instance, without fear and also names of those who are still pursuing this nefarious occupation. I have been forced to see much of which I write about and therefore I know of no one better informed on this subject. I am doing what all reformers do, or should do. I shall have some trouble finding suitable language, but I shall use no vulgarity. I sincerely hope this book will incite a feeling of justice in the

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minds of people and prompt them to go hand in hand to the end of exterminating this class of the lowest criminals and releasing from bondage those who have been caught in the meshes of sin. I shall at times leave the main subject to speak of men who are above suspicion, but who are really deep in crime. I shall give the devils their due, sparing none. I shall in turn bring them one by one to your notice, leaving my poor old self for the last. Asking your support and blessing, I am, yours sincerely, **Louis C. Mudge.**" The old reprobate allows his depravity to glimmer through his hypocritical covering, by denouncing those who denounce the Police Gazette and that class of publications. He says a good word for **Fox**, who has done so much to lessen the hideousness of crime in the eyes of the masses, by saying that if the Police Gazette was read more, there would be less crime and more protection. Nice reformation that would be. **Mudge's** book is in the letter press and **Capt. W.E. Dickinson** has a copy of the title page and preface. To him the MINING NEWS is indebted for the news of **Mudge's** fresh departure. A queer old villain is **Mudge**. Now posing as a preacher, again as a lecturer, then as a salesman, later as a keeper of a bawdy house and now as an author.

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume VI, Number 38 [Saturday, September 18, 1886], page 5, column 2

**Mudge's "castle on the hill" was almost totally destroyed by fire, just after midnight, Sunday morning.** The building was furnished, but had not been occupied for a couple of days. The contents were partially destroyed. An insurance of \$400 in the City of London, fully covered the loss of the building. **John Elwood's** barn had a narrow escape, but by a vigorous effort it was saved. A war

correspondent on the scene reports that His Royal Highness **Mudge**, who goes by the euphonious title of the "Bawdy House Preacher," because of his passing away from home as an evangelist and at home as a lecherous old hyena, was paralyzed at the time of the fire from too much contact with the seductive cup. He reclined prone upon a bed in his other den and looking out of the window saw the flames. Thinking it was the church, he gurgled "Blankety, blank, blank, let 'er burn." Upon discovering it was his "shebang" in blazes, he tried to rise, but his muscular system would not obey his will and he was forced to be still, but sought relief in yelling: "Save my fiddle and my book; Oh! cut my heart, cut my heart." His book is an alleged exposure of vice in which he assumes the leading role of viciousness. The fire department succeeded in getting a stream on the same night of the blaze.

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume VII, Number 19 [Saturday, May 7, 1887], page 5, column 1

## FORCIBLE ABDUCTION.

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### A VERY EXCITING AFFAIR IN FLORENCE.

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**Frank Bolduc, a Well-known Character, Breaks Into the House, where His Wife is Living and Steals His Three-Year-Old Child – Unsuccessful Efforts to Capture Him – Damage Done by a Terrible Windstorm – Other Local Matters.**

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# LOUIS CROIN MUDGE AND MINA MUDGE

[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

This village was thrown into a state of great excitement on Thursday by a most daring case of abduction, a three-year-old child of **Mrs. Frank Bolduc [Mina Mudge]** having been forcibly dragged from its bed and kidnapped by its father, **Frank Bolduc**, at about 3 o'clock in the morning. **Mrs. Bolduc**, who has not lived with her husband for some time past, has resided with her father, **L.C. Mudge**, corner of Olive Avenue and Cyclops Street, since February last. At the hour indicated **Bolduc**, accompanied by **Fred Gage**, **Jim Eagan**, **Jim Moriarty** and **Joe Venie**, all of **Iron Mountain**, drove up to **Mudge's** residence, whereupon **Bolduc** broke into the back door and made his way to his wife's bedroom [sic - bedroom]. The fellow was armed with four revolvers. He leveled one of the shooting-irons at the woman, at the same time ordering her to get up and dress herself and her child and threatening to shoot her if she disobeyed. The frightened woman obeyed the command, but managed to effect her escape. **Bolduc** then seized the screaming boy, hurried to the buggy, where the rest of the gang were waiting, and drove rapidly out of town. The frantic mother rushed to the livery stable, and one of the barn men went to **Sheriff Molloy's** residence and awoke that official. The sheriff procured a warrant as soon as possible, and, accompanied by **Deputy Sheriff Dooley**, started in pursuit, though the kidnapers had a good hour's start. They were tracked as far as **Iron Mountain**, where all trace of **Bolduc** and the child was lost, although the former's pals were seen in the village. The sheriff and his deputy searched **Gage's** house and then drove to **Quinneseec** and **Norway**, but failed to find **Bolduc's** trail. **Sheriff Molloy** returned home Thursday night. **Bolduc** has frequently tried to effect a reconciliation with his wife, but the latter has persistently refused to live with him again. **Bolduc** kept a **disreputable house in Florence** for a

number of years, and afterwards ran a **house of ill-fame at Iron Mountain**. He was arrested and convicted of the offense and was sentenced to one year's imprisonment at the **Menominee jail**. He subsequently broke jail and after a lapse of several months was recaptured. His term of sentence, however, had expired and he could not be held. A warrant was afterwards sworn out charging him with breaking jail, but before it could be served **Bolduc** had disappeared, since which time he has been a fugitive from justice. For some time past the fellow has made his headquarters in the **Gogebic region, Hurley**, it is said, being one of his favorite haunts. It is believed he stole the child in order to compel his wife to live with him again. Strenuous efforts will now be made to effect his capture and restore the stolen child to its mother.

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume VII, Number 20 [Saturday, May 14, 1887], page 5, column 1

## SHE DEFIED THE LAW.

### Mrs. Mudge Arrested and Fined for Selling Liquor Without a License.

Among the applications for saloon licenses made to the county board at its last regular meeting, was one by **Mrs. Louisa Mudge**. The license was refused, notwithstanding that the woman had filed the requisite bonds. On Wednesday evening, **Mrs. Mudge** in defiance of the law, sold whisky to two or more parties, and at noon on the following day **Chairman Godshall**, of the town board, swore out a warrant for **Mrs. Mudge's** arrest, and the warrant was immediately served by **Constable Geo. H. Keyes**. The prisoner was arraigned before **Judge Coleman** in

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the afternoon, and at her request the case was adjourned until 2 o'clock Friday afternoon, the accused being admitted to bail in the sum of \$100, **Charles Loughrey** furnishing the money. At the hour designated **Mrs. Mudge**, accompanied by her husband, appeared before his honor and asked for an adjournment until Monday. The defendant subsequently changed her mind and pleaded guilty to the charge of selling liquor without a license, whereupon **Judge Coleman** sentenced her to pay a fine of \$50 and the costs, the latter amounting to \$5. The money was promptly paid. **Mudge**, while in the judge's office, declared that, as his wife was ready to pay the \$200 license fee and was prepared to furnish the bond required by law, "she would sell whisky in spite of late." **Constable Keyes**, who overheard the threat, quietly added, "Not while I am around."

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume VII, Number 20 [Saturday, May 14, 1887], page 5, column 2

## BOLDUC AGAIN.

### He Boarded a Milwaukee & Northern Train on Saturday Last.

**Frank Bolduc**, the desperado who kidnapped his wife's three-year-old boy in this village last week, is still at large, though it is believed that his capture is only a question of time. **Bolduc**, accompanied by a friend, and having the **stolen child** in his possession, boarded the south-bound train on the **Milwaukee & Northern road**, at a small station near **Iron Mountain**, last Saturday evening. The party took second-class passage and paid their fare to **Ellis Junction** [Crivitz]. **R.B. Webb**, of **Florence**, who was a passenger on the

train, chanced to pass through the smoking car and saw and recognized **Bolduc** and the child. The recognition was evidently mutual, for shortly afterwards **Bolduc** informed the conductor that he had changed his mind, and would leave the train at a small station this side of **Ellis Junction**, which he did. Mr. **Webb** consulted the conductor regarding some method to procure the worthy's arrest, but nothing could be done.

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume VII, Number 20 [Saturday, May 14, 1887], page 5, column 3

### Not One of the Gang.

In the report of the **abduction case**, published in the last issue, the MINING NEWS unintentionally did a great injustice to **James Moriarity**, of **Iron Mountain**, by representing him as one of the gang of toughs who accompanied **Frank Bolduc** to this place on his **kidnapping** expedition. The MINING NEWS was misinformed. The unfortunate mistake is very much regretted by the editors, and the correction is cheerfully made. Mr. **Moriarity**, it is said, was at his home in **Iron Mountain** when the abduction occurred, and he does not train with the **Bolduc** crowd.

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume VII, Number 22 [Saturday, May 27, 1887], page 1, column 6

### Skipped in Order to Avoid Arrest.

**L.C. Mudge** swore out a warrant a few days ago against **Walt. Jarvis**, the **keeper of a bagnio** in the woods a mile or so north of the village, charging him with **keeping a house of ill-fame**. Before the warrant could be served, however, **Jarvis** got wind

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of what was going on and left for parts unknown. The complainant, it is said, has now moved into the house vacated by **Jarvis**, he having evidently instituted the proceedings against the latter in order to secure possession of the premises.

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume VII, Number 50 [Saturday, December 10, 1887], page 5, column 3

## DISGRACEFUL DOINGS.

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### CONSTABLE G.H. KEYES VICIOUSLY ASSAULTED.

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**Mudge's Den the Scene of the Assault – Dominick Welch, His Assailant, Under Arrest – A Warrant Issued for the Arrest of the Keepers and Inmates, but is Subsequently Withdrawn – A Woman Escapes from Welch's Den – Her History.**

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Another disgraceful affair occurred at the **Mudge ranch**, in the woods north of the city, on Tuesday afternoon, **Constable Geo. H. Keyes** having been viciously assaulted by **Dominick Welch**, the **keeper of an equally notorious den of iniquity at the iron bridge, Menominee River**, this county. It appears that for a week or so prior to Tuesday afternoon's disturbance, a youth of 18 years, the son of a hard-working and respectable widow of **Commonwealth**, had mysteriously absented himself from his home. It transpired that the lad had gone to **Mudge's** place and remained there during the period indicated. When he returned home, the boy claimed that he had squandered about \$15 in money at the place, and that he

performed \$7.50 work of manual labor about the premises, for which service he received but \$1. His mother laid the matter before **District Attorney Clark** and **Judge Coleman**, and, on Tuesday afternoon, the latter sent **Constable Keyes** to the den, with instructions to have a talk with **Mina Mudge** with a view of effecting a settlement by her paying back the money which the boy had squandered together with the amount earned by him. While engaged on this peaceable errand, **Mr. Keyes** was forcibly dragged up to the bar by **Dominick Welch** and invited to "have something." In order to avoid trouble, the constable took a cigar, immediately [*sic – immediately*] after which he was struck two violent blows in the face by **Welch**, who supplemented the attack with the remark, "D—m you **Keyes**, you're no good." The latter fell to the floor where he remained a few seconds in a dazed condition. As soon as **Keyes** regained his feet, **Welch** made another lunge at him, but was seized by a bystander and warned to desist. **Keyes** drew his revolver, but did not shoot for fear of hitting innocent parties, the bar-room [*sic – barroom*] by this time being crowded with the inmates of the place. The constable placed **Welch** under arrest, but the latter came to town on his own accord and delivered himself up to **Judge Coleman**. He was immediately released on \$300 bonds, with **Charles Loughrey** as surety, for his appearance Thursday morning. When the case was called on Thursday, **Welch's** lawyer, **Attorney Hurley**, of **Iron Mountain**, secured an adjournment until next Thursday, on the ground that a "material witness" for the defense had left the state. Previous to this, however, **Constable Keyes** returned to **Mudge's** and made a second attempt to secure the **Commonwealth** youth's money, but the keeper refused point blank to entertain the proposition. The boy's mother at a late hour Tuesday afternoon swore out a

# LOUIS CROIN MUDGE AND MINA MUDGE

*[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]*

warrant before **Judge Coleman**, charging the **Mudges** with keeping a house of prostitution. On the following day several ambassadors, including a prominent **Central Avenue** saloon-keeper [*sic – saloonkeeper*] visited the complainant and offered her any amount of money she might name if she would consent to withdraw her complaint. The lady not only spurned the proposition, but reported the matter to **Chairman Godshall**, of the County Board. On Thursday morning, **Mrs. Baesley**, the lady who swore out the warrant against the **Mudges**, went to **Judge Coleman's** office and, to the surprise of the latter, withdrew her complaint. She stated that at a late hour Wednesday night she received a visit at her home in **Commonwealth** from **Sheriff J.W. Molloy**, the highest officer in the county, when that official offered her \$40 in cash and a ticket to New York for her son, providing she would withdraw her charges against the house of prostitution. **Mrs. Baesley** stated that the sheriff urged her very strongly to make the settlement. Early Thursday morning **Mina Mudge** visited **Mrs. Baesley** [*sic – Baesley*] upon the same errand, and the latter, acting upon the advice of one of the most prominent citizens of **Commonwealth**, finally decided to accept the proposition. The dens of infamy with which **Florence County** is accursed are a disgrace to the community.

On Wednesday noon, a German woman, apparently about 35 years of age, stepped from the west-bound passenger train and made her way to **Justice Coleman's** office, and informed that official that she had recently escaped from **Dominick Welch's den**, near the iron bridge. When questioned during the afternoon by the judge, **District Attorney Clark, A.K. Godshall** and the city editor of the MINING NEWS, the woman told a startling tale, which, in many respects, was not unlike that recounted by the young woman who a few months ago was enticed

from her home in Chicago to **Leahey's dive**, near **Marinette**, and who afterwards escaped. The woman who claims to have escaped from **Welch's** place gave her name as **Dora Ellinger**. She is a married woman, but separated from her husband some time ago, on account of the latter's dissolute habits. She resided in **Marinette**, where she supported herself by washing. A week ago last Saturday, according to the woman's story, she was persuaded by a friend, a girl named **Kittie Bonan**, to come to **Florence County**, where she was promised employment at good wages. **Mrs. Ellinger** claims not to have been aware of the character of her place of destination until near her journey's end. The couple left the cars at **Iron Mountain** and were [*sic – was*] driven out to **Welch's ranch** in a rig sent for that purpose. She declares she was subjected to various shocking indignities during her three days' stay at the den. She was repeatedly ill-used because she refused to dance and drink with the other half a dozen girls in the place and their male visitors. Finally the keeper, **Welch**, went to **Marinette** and **Mrs. Ellinger** determined to escape. She concealed her shawl and bonnet underneath her dress and walked out, unobserved, and made for the woods. The fugitive walked until she reached the railroad track, and then made her way to **Iron Mountain**, where she found temporary refuge with a Swede family. Being desirous of recovering her clothing which she was obliged to leave at **Welch's** on the night of her escape, the woman had the matter before the **Iron Mountain** authorities, but the den being located in another state the latter could render her no assistance. She then came to **Florence**. **Mrs. Ellinger's** sole object in coming to this city was to secure the services of an officer to recover her personal effects. As the expense of the necessary replevin proceedings would have been greater than the value of her clothes,

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**Mrs. Ellinger** finally decided to abandon the idea.

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume VII, Number 51 [Saturday, December 17, 1887], page 5, column 1

## THE WELCH CASE.

### The Defendant Placed Under Bonds – Keyes Made Happy.

**Dominick Welch**, through his attorney, **W.H. Hurley**, of **Iron Mountain**, made an attempt early in the week, to effect a settlement of the case of assault pending against him. **Welch** appeared to have experienced a feeling of remorse for his unprovoked assault upon the complainant, **Constable George H. Keyes**, last week, and offered the latter \$100 damages, providing the constable agreed to withdraw the complaint. **Welch** claims that as soon as he ascertained that **Mr. Keyes** was an old soldier, he felt very sorry for having committed the attack, as he had lost two brothers in the war of the rebellion. The constable was disposed to accept the terms of settlement, and so informed **District Attorney Clark**. Accordingly the defendant and complainant, **W.H. Hurley** and the district attorney visited **Judge Coleman's** office on Tuesday, with a view of having the judge quash the proceedings. **Judge Coleman** positively refused to nolle [*sic*] the case, though, he says, he was urged by the prosecuting attorney to do so. Subsequently **Dominick Welch** paid **Constable Keyes** \$100, together with all the costs in the case. At the hour set for the trial, 1 o'clock Thursday afternoon, **Dominick Welch** appeared before **Judge Coleman** and pleaded guilty to the charge of assault. The complaining witness, **Mr. Keyes**, failed to appear, whereupon the

court imposed a nominal fine of \$1. **Welch** was, however, ordered to give bonds in the sum of \$500 to keep the peace for one year. The bond was promptly furnished, with **John Simon** and **Louis Winkler** as sureties.

In a conversation with a **MINING NEWS** editor, immediately after the conclusion of the proceedings in court, **Dominick Welch** denied the statement made by the woman, **Dora Ellinger**, as given in the last issue of this journal. He stated that the woman now claims never to have made the statement referred to. He pronounced the story as told by her a week ago a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end, and declared that the woman never had any clothes in his place. **Welch**, who prides himself upon his strict adherence to the truth, declares that the **Ellinger** woman has been "steeped in iniquity for twenty years," and is now an inmate of a **house of prostitution**. He denies ever having harbored young girls at his place, and maintains that he keeps a "quiet" place.

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume VII, Number 51 [Saturday, December 17, 1887], page 5, column 2

### No Reflection Intended.

In publishing an account the assault upon **Constable Keyes**, the arrest of his assailant, **Dominick Welch**, the swearing out of a warrant against the **Mudges** and the subsequent withdrawal of the complaint by **Mrs. Baesley**, the complainant, in last week's issue, the **MINING NEWS** endeavored to give a true and authentic report of the occurrence simply as a matter of news. **Sheriff Molloy** takes exception to the article in question, which he deems a reflection upon his official integrity. Such was not the case, however, the **MINING NEWS** having no feeling in the matter

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whatever. **Mr. Molloy** says he went to **Mrs. Baesley's** residence as a business man [*sic – businessman*], and not in an official capacity; that at the time of his visit he did not know that a warrant had been issued, as no papers had been placed in his hands to serve. He is the proprietor of a livery stable, and was hired by a certain individual to drive him over to **Commonwealth**. He negotiated with **Mrs. Baesley** at the request of his customer, and offered the lady \$21, the amount claimed by her from the **Mudges** before the issuance of the warrant. The sheriff says he has always fearlessly discharged the duties connected with the shrievalty [*sic*], and intends to do so in the future.

## LOCAL BREVITIES.

THE FLORENCE MINING NEWS has accounts of doings in the **dives owned by Mudge and Dominick Welch, near Florence**, which equal in their atrocity those told of the **dives near Marinette and at Hurley**. – Green Bay Advocate.

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume VIII, Number 3 [Saturday, January 14, 1888], page 5, column 3

## AN OFFICIAL'S DISGRACE.

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### He is Arrested at Neenah on a Most Serious Charge.

The Twin City News, of **Neenah**, in its issue of Thursday gives the following particulars of the arrest in that city of a **Florence County official** and a notorious woman of this township, for a very serious and disgraceful offense. "The south bound train yesterday afternoon brought to the city a very prepossessing young lady who registered at the **Russell House** as **Mat**

**Wood**, of **Marinette**. On the same train also arrived a gentleman who likewise repaired to our leading hotel and inscribed his autograph as **Frank Dorney**, of **Marinette**. Nothing strange was thought of the circumstance until about midnight when there appeared upon the scene the husband of the lady mentioned, **Frank Bolduc**[,] of **Florence, Wis.**, from which place the truant wife and her ardent admirer had flown. **Mr. Bolduc** secured the services of **Officer Sawyer** and **John Neary**, and the trio proceeded to the hotel, armed with a warrant for the arrest of the festive "**Mat**" and her paramour "**Dorney**." In the meantime **Court Commissioner Mott** was notified that his legal services were required at his office, and marveling much at the summons at the mystic hour of midnight, he repaired thither. An examination was then conducted and the couple found guilty of adultery and bound over in the sum of \$250 each to appear at the next term of the Circuit Court. "**Dorney**" secured the required bail and immediately took his departure, while the fair "**Mat**" was not so fortunate and was therefore obliged to remain as the guest of **Chief Sawyer**. This morning she telephoned her mother at **Appleton**, who soon arrived and presented a certificate of deposit for \$300 on an Appleton bank, which was refused by the authorities, and she was compelled to return home and secure the cash before her wayward daughter was set at liberty. **Mrs. Bolduc** or "**Mat**" is known here and in **Appleton**, her former home, as **Mina Mudge**, while "**Dorney**" is said to be a prominent business man [*sic – businessman*] and public official of **Florence County** whose name we suppress out of consideration for his family who are very respectable."

A special to the **Oshkosh Times**, yesterday, says: "This city (**Neenah**) has had a morsel of choice scandal to roll under its tongue since yesterday, in which a

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sheriff of one of the northern counties of the state figures prominently. A young woman with a sealskin sacque [sic] and of fine appearance, about 25 years old, arrived from the north yesterday and registered at a hotel as Miss **Mina Mudge, Appleton**. On the next train the said sheriff came in and registered and took a room next to the one she occupied. About 3 o'clock this morning the chief of police went to the hotel and arrested both of them on a **charge of criminal intimacy** on a warrant sworn out by one **Frank Bolduc, of Florence**, and the twain were brought before **Court Commissioner Mott**, who was awakened from his slumbers. They waived examination and were bound over for trial, the sheriff's bonds being placed at \$500 and the woman's at \$250. The woman says that several years ago she was married to **Frank Bolduc**, and he took her to **Florence** and placed her in a **disreputable house**, and that she procured a **divorce from Bolduc**, but while in **Superior, Wis.**, last summer, she ran across **Bolduc**, who **made her marry him again against her will**, saying if she didn't he would send her home a corpse. The man in the case has a wife and family who are very respectable. **Bolduc**, the complainant, is the **keeper of a dance house near Florence**, and is well-known on the Menominee range."

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume VIII, Number 4 [Saturday, January 21, 1888], page 5, column 1

## HERE'S A PRETTY MESS.

## THE SHERIFF OF FLORENCE COUNTY IN TROUBLE.

## The News of His Arrest Causes a Profound Sensation in Florence – Mr. Molloy Denies the Allegation of Frank Bolduc, the Complaining Witness – Additional Accounts of the Affair from Neenah – The Logging Outlook – General Local and Personal Gossip.

The news of the arrest of **J.W. Molloy, sheriff of Florence County**, at the **Russell House, Neenah**, last week, on a **charge of adultery**, created a decided sensation in this city. The arrest, as was stated in last week's issue of the MINING NEWS, was made at the instance [sic – insistence] of **Frank Bolduc**, who claims to have caught the sheriff and his (**Bolduc's**) wife occupying the same room at the hotel at 3 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday of last week. It is also said that the chief of police of **Neenah**, another police officer and a newspaper man were witnesses to the affair. Whether the accusation be true or false, **Mr. Molloy** was held for trial in the sum of \$500, and the woman, **Mrs. Bolduc**, better known as **Mina Mudge**, in the sum of \$250, for their appearance at the next term of the Circuit Court. **Mr. Molloy**, it is understood, denies that there was anything criminal in his relations with the woman. He states, it is said, that, having occasion to go down the line on official business, he made arrangements to meet **Mina Mudge** at the **Russell House, Neenah**, in order to effect a business transaction with her in the matter of paying her a sum of money which he had collected for her. The charge that both himself and the woman registered at the hotel under the fictitious names of **John Dorney** and **Mattie Wood** is said to be true, which fact causes considerable suspicion regarding the genuineness of the sheriff's explanation.

The following dispatch, under date of January 12, from **Neenah** to the **Oshkosh Northwestern**, gives many additional facts

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regarding the episode at the **Russell House**: "Yesterday afternoon an **Appleton** [*sic* – **Appleton**] liveryman drove a young lady to this city, who registered at a leading hotel here under the name of **Nellie White**, of **Appleton**, and who stated at the time she expected to meet a friend there from the north. The 3:04 o'clock train in the afternoon from the north brought to the city the **sheriff of a northern Wisconsin county who registered at the same hotel under an assumed name**, and soon met the young lady. They went out during the afternoon and it is alleged indulged to some extent in liquor and at night took rooms at the hotel, being assigned adjoining apartments. In the afternoon a third party giving the name of **Frank Bolduc**, and claiming to be the **husband of the lady**, arrived in the city and kept his eye on the couple. He claimed to hail from **Florence**. Some time [*sic* – *Sometime*] during the evening he had a warrant sworn out for the arrest of the pair on the **charge of adultery** and at about three o'clock this morning an officer proceeded to the hotel and arrested the man and woman, it being alleged that they were then found occupying the same room. While on their way to the office of **Court Commissioner Mott**[,] who had been awakened to take action in the case, the party were followed, it is claimed, by **Bolduc** and a man by the name of **Barteau**, and the girl, alleging that she was afraid of the two men on account of threats made by them, ran away from the officers and was recaptured only after a hard chase of half an hour when she was found in a lumber yard. When retaken she said she was afraid of the two men and did not run for the purpose of escaping from the officers. Both waived an examination before **Mr. Mott** and were held for trial, the sheriff for \$500 and the woman in \$250 bonds. The former furnished his security at once and the latter sent word to her mother, **Mrs. Mudge**[,] of **Appleton**, who came to

the city today and provided bail for her daughter. **Miss White**, or whatever her name may be, looks to be about twenty-five years old and is a brunette of handsome appearance. She was richly dressed and wore a sealskin sacque [*sic*] and cap. To a representative of the Northwestern she stated to-day [*sic* – *today*] that she married **Bolduc** some six or seven years ago and that he took her to **Florence** and kept her in a house of ill-fame. After two years she obtained a divorce and lived alone. Last summer she was in **West Superior, Wis.**, where she again met **Bolduc** and was told by him that he would make a corpse of her unless she married him a second time. She was badly frightened and finally consented, but does not remember much of the ceremony. Of late she has been in **Florence**, but was driven away from there by the county officials, who have ordered all **houses of ill repute** closed. From there she came to **Appleton** and disposed of some property for \$500, and it is, she claims, for the purpose of obtaining the money that **Bolduc** is now prosecuting her. Her alleged paramour, aside from being the sheriff of a large county, is engaged in the livery business and is said to be a man of family. **Bolduc**, it is said, has figured in certain matters in **Florence** in such a manner as to place him in a somewhat unfavorable light. It is not thought here that the cases will come to trial."

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume VIII, Number 4 [Saturday, January 21, 1888], page 5, columns 1-2

## RAIDING THE DENS.

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**The Authorities Determined to Repress Vice in the Town.**

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The authorities of **Florence** have commenced the good work of cleaning out all the low, degraded dives in this township, and each and every one of the places which have defied or ignored **Chairman Godshall's** famous closing order will be promptly proceeded against, by the **arrest of the keepers and the male and female prostitutes** as fast as sufficient evidence can be procured to warrant a conviction. **Mina Mudge's ranch in the woods** was raided last Saturday night, and six inmates, three men and three women, the former strangers in **Florence**, were gathered in. The raid was made by **Constable Van Marter** and a posse of five special constables. The gang made no resistance whatever. They were taken before **Judge Coleman** shortly before midnight, and all pleaded guilty. A fine of \$10 and costs was imposed in each case; the defendants paid the assessment and were discharged. The keeper of the dive was absent at the time of the raid. A house kept by a **notorious colored woman known as "Sal," on Florence Avenue**, was visited by officers during the same night. The keeper refused to allow them to enter her domicile and threatened to shoot if they did not "get right out of dar," whereupon the constable forced open the door. The house was found practically deserted, however. **Mrs. Bigelow's place** was also visited, but the woman was found sick in bed and was not molested. The keepers of the houses in question were evidently expecting to be pulled sooner or later, and were consequently on their guard.

The town authorities are determined to root out the evil, to the end that decent people can walk the streets of **Florence** without being insulted in broad daylight as well as in the evening by lewd men and women, who have made themselves far too conspicuous upon the main thoroughfare of the city during the past few months. A **colored woman named Adeline Thomas**

was arrested on Monday on a charge of gross lewdness. The warrant was sworn out on the strength of certain charges made against the woman by a resident of the town during conversations had with different persons. The man was subpoenaed as a witness, but when the case was heard before **Judge Coleman**, on Monday afternoon, the witness denied any knowledge of the affair, and the prisoner was discharged. **The female inmates of Mudge's den are said to have left town.**

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume VIII, Number 5 [Saturday, January 28, 1888], page 8, column 1

## Perhaps It Was.

Under the heading, "Is it Blackmail?" the *Twin City News* of **Neenah** and **Menasha**, of last week, has the following concerning the recent episode at the **Russell House**, in the former city:

"Certain facts that have developed in the affair at the **Russell House** Wednesday night, point strongly to **crookedness on the part of the 'injured' husband as well as the wife**, and those who have a full knowledge of the details of the case unhesitatingly pronounce it a **case of blackmail**. That **Bolduc** should come to the city in the afternoon and wait until midnight before causing the arrest of the couple looks suspicious while the readiness with which '**Mat**' admitted the officers to the room which she was supposed to be occupying alone, does not put a better face on the matter. The fact that the 'man in the case' is of considerable prominence and wealth of course gives rise to the idea that he would **willingly put up considerable cash in preference to being prosecuted for adultery by Bolduc**, while the unsavory reputation that both '**Mat**' and her husband

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have borne heretofore makes such a scheme on their part quite feasible. The case will probably never come to trial."

**Frank Bolduc** recently wrote a letter from **Hurley, Wis.**, to a well-known business man [*sic* – *businessman*] of this city, in which he declares it his purpose to prosecute the alleged "destroyer of his happiness" to the bitter end. **Bolduc** claims to have seen a copy of the dispatch alleged to have been sent by his rival from **Marinette** to **Mina Mudge** on the day of the **Russell House** episode. **Bolduc** gives a copy of the telegram in his letter. It reads as follows:

"**Mina**, No. 779 Hancock Street, **Appleton**: Take rig down to **Russell House**, **Neenah**. **Frank** on train going there. (Signed)

NEW YEARS."

The phrase "going there" is supposed to mean **Appleton**.

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume VIII, Number 8 [Saturday, February 18, 1888], page 5, column 1

## ANOTHER SENSATION.

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### **Mina Mudge and Frank Bolduc Indulge in one of Their Accustomed Episodes.**

The following **Green Bay** dispatch to the *Evening Wisconsin*, under date of February 13, is of peculiar local interest:

"A man by the name of **Bolduc** got on the train at **Appleton** Saturday with a child – a boy 2 years old. It seems that **Bolduc's wife had been given a divorce from him by an Outagamie court and awarded the custody of the child.** He had taken the boy intending to go north. The mother and **District Attorney Spencer** got on the same train, first having telegraphed to the chief-of-police at

**Kaukauna** to be on hand and arrest the alleged kidnapper. The attempt was made but the train pulled out, taking **Policeman Dick Conley** with it. The party decided to come to **Green Bay** and deposit the child in the **Catholic Orphan Asylum at Robinsonville**, eighteen miles east of here. The parties went their [*sic* – *there*] overland, but when they arrived the woman refused to do as she had agreed and the party returned to this city in time to take the train for the South, intending to go back to **Appleton**. When the train stopped at **Fort Howard Junction**, one mile below this city, the father took the child and got out. The train pulled out with the mother and two officers aboard. When last heard of **Bolduc** was in this city. It is alleged that the couple at one time kept a house of bad repute in **Florence**."

The dispatch contains several glaring inaccuracies. The woman referred to, **Mina Mudge**, was **not granted a divorce from her husband, Frank Bolduc, in Outagamie County.** She procured a **divorce in Florence** in September last, and was subsequently remarried to **Bolduc** in **Superior, Wis.** The child is 4 or 5 years of age, instead of 2 years. **Bolduc** appears to be devotedly attached to his boy, and undoubtedly believes he is as fit to take care of the child as is **Mina Mudge**, who until very recently kept a notorious bagnio in this township.

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume VIII, Number 25 [Saturday, June 16, 1888], page 5, column 2

### **Pulled and Fined.**

The "ranch in the woods" was raided by **Constables Keyes and Bettison**, on Monday night, and the keeper, **Mina Mudge**, and three or four male and female inmates were arrested and taken before

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**Judge Coleman** on the same night. The keeper and most of the inmates promptly paid the fines imposed and were released.

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume IX, Number 3 [Saturday, January 12, 1889], page 1, column 6

## Shameful and Outrageous.

**Mina Mudge**, **Nellie Graves** and **Mary Tobin**, three notorious women of the town, engaged in a disgraceful debauch in the back room of a **Central Avenue** saloon, on Monday afternoon. One of the creatures made a disgraceful exhibition of herself in the yard or alley adjoining the place, and **Landlord Sullivan**, of the **Ludington House**, lodged a complaint against the women before **Judge Coleman**. They were arrested, but as the witnesses of the affair, all of whom were lady boarders at the Ludington, were loth to appear in court, the case fell through and the defendants were discharged. These, and all other creatures of their class, should be compelled to stop their carousing and their unseemly conduct in the city.

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume IX, Number 4 [Saturday, January 19, 1889], page 5, column 1

## MINA MUDGE ROBBED.

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### THE NOTORIOUS WOMAN LOSES \$350 WHILE ON A SPREE.

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**She is Thrown Down and the Money Taken from Her Stocking – Mike Dolan and John Bowers Held for the Crime – The Martin-McHugh Cutting Affray Settled – Adeline McClarence**

**and LeMar to be Sentenced by Judge Coleman on Tuesday.**

**Mina Mudge**, queen of the demi monde [sic – demimonde] of **Florence County** and **keeper of a notorious den in the woods near this city**, was robbed of \$350 in **McDevitt's saloon** between 4 and 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and three lumbermen named **Mike Dolan**, **John Bowers**, alias **John Smith**, and **William Parry**, were arrested half an hour later, charged with the offense. It appears that **Mina** and two of her girls arrived in **Florence** on the 3 o'clock train yesterday afternoon, from **Crystal Falls**, where they had been on a sort of pleasure excursion. They visited one or two saloons upon their return and finally brought up at **McDevitt's** at the hour indicated. The women drank and treated the crowd once or twice, **Mina** paying for the liquor out of a bag of silver. "Maybe you think that is all the money I've got," she exclaimed, and stooping down she pulled a big roll of bills, said to contain \$350, out of her stocking, and flashed the filthy lucre before the eyes of the inmates of the place, who included **Dolan**, **Bowers** and **Parry**. **Mina** replaced her roll in her stocking, when **Bowers** tripped her up and she fell heavily to the floor. Eye-witnesses state that **Bowers** and **Dolan** stood over the woman while she was lying on the floor. **Mina** begged for protection and exclaimed that she had been robbed of her money. The saloonkeeper and his wife interfered, and **Dolan** was accused of the robbery. The witnesses state that **Dolan** left the saloon, and returned again in three or four minutes. He then entered the back room and was searched by **Mr. McDevitt**, but no money was found. Officers were summoned, and **Under Sheriff Noyes**, **Deputy Kinnear** and **Constable Keyes** appeared on the scene and placed **Dolan**, **Bowers** and **Parry** under arrest. The prisoners were unable to give bail and were

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remanded to the **Commonwealth jail** for safe-keeping. Their examination took place before **Judge Coleman** at 9 o'clock this morning, the proceedings lasting until 12 o'clock. The witnesses sworn on behalf of the state were **Mina Mudge, Nellie Bailey, Eli Chemette, F. McDevitt, Mrs. McDevitt, Edward Baker** and **Ben Hocking**. **Dolan** and **Bowers** made a statement in their own behalf and **Jack Kaine** and one other witness testified for the defense. The prosecution was conducted by **Wm. H. Clark**, in the absence of the district attorney. The testimony of the witnesses for the state was substantially as given above, although the details and circumstances were more minutely given. There was little or no evidence against **William Parry**, and he was discharged. The court deemed the evidence against the other two defendants sufficiently strong to go before a jury, and **Dolan** and **Bowers** were accordingly held to trial at the March term of the Circuit Court. Their bail was fixed at \$500 each. **Bowers**, when arrested, gave the name of **John Smith**.

Of course, women like **Mina Mudge** are entitled to protection under the law, but they ought to be prohibited from drinking and carousing in the saloons of the city. If she had remained at her den where she belonged, the robbery would not have occurred. She became intoxicated, flourished and exhibited her money, thereby tempting the defendants or some other parties to steal it.

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume IX, Number 15 [Saturday, April 6, 1889], page 5, columns 1-2

## UNDER \$1,000 BONDS.

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**Mina Mudge Vicously Assaults One of Her Inmates.**

**Mina Mudge**, a notorious courtesan of this town, is under arrest on a charge of **assault with intent to kill**. The woman, who, in defiance of the constituted authorities, **runs a den of infamy in the woods immediately north of the city**, got into an altercation, a few days ago, with one of her girls, who is known by the name of **May Johnson**, the latter, it is said, received a severe pounding. The girl made a complaint in **Justice Bush's court**, and the justice issued an **assault and battery warrant** against the **Mudge** woman. The latter was arrested, and, on Thursday afternoon, paid a fine of \$5 and the costs -- \$15.60. **Shortly after the conclusion of the trial in Commonwealth, May Johnson returned to Mina's den for the purpose of securing her personal effects, etc., when, it is alleged, she was set upon and unmercifully beaten by the infuriated prostitute.** The unfortunate young woman finally succeeded in escaping from the place and subsequently lodged a complaint before **Justice Bush**. **Mina Mudge**, anticipating a second arrest and fearing a severe punishment for her second assault upon the girl, went to **Justice Coleman's court** on Thursday afternoon, pleaded guilty to assault and battery and paid a nominal fine. Notwithstanding this action on the part of his brother justice, **Mr. Bush** very properly, in view of the girl's terrible condition, issued a warrant against **Mina Mudge, charging her with assault with intent to kill**, and the arrest was duly made, the defendant entering a plea of not guilty. The case was called up yesterday, when the defendant's attorney, **W.H. Clark**, attempted to obtain a change of venue, but his motion was not granted because the defendant had already made her plea. The case was continued till next Tuesday, **Mina Mudge** being released on furnishing a bond of \$1,000, with **Charles Loughrey** and **R.B. Webb** as

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*[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]*

sureties. The reason for the continuance of the case was on account of the severity of the complainant's injuries received at the hands of the defendant, a local physician testifying that **May Johnson** would be unable to appear in court for several days. If the people would take steps to root out the **houses of prostitution in Florence and vicinity**, such disgraceful doings would not occur. They furnish nine-tenths of the cases in our courts and cost the honest tax-payers [*sic – taxpayers*] hundreds of dollars annually. These dens are a detriment to the prosperity of the town, a blot upon the good name of **Florence**, and it is a shame and a disgrace to allow them to exist. A few months ago this same woman, **Mina Mudge**, was robbed of \$350 while enjoying a drunken debauch in a leading **Central Avenue saloon**. Two men were arrested and tried for the offense, one of whom was sent to the penitentiary. The board of the prisoners, their hearing and trial cost the county several hundred dollars, and the tax-payers [*sic – taxpayers*] of **Florence and Commonwealth** had to foot the bills. Another man is now receiving three months' board at the **Marinette jail** for committing an assault at the **Mudge ranch**, and **Florence County** must pay the bills. Drunken prostitutes are frequently seen upon the streets in broad daylight, and women of this stripe are responsible for many acts of lawlessness which constantly occur here. All the trouble and expense incident to the arrest, hearing and subsequent escape of **William Watson** originated through his interference with the officers who were attempting to arrest a woman of doubtful reputation, who at the time was drunk and raising a disturbance in a **Florence Avenue saloon**. The facts stated above can be substantiated by the court records. Surely there must be some remedy – some means by which this hideous evil can be stamped out to that decency, law and and [*sic*] order can, for

once, prevail in our beautiful little city. The claim is frequently made that the prosperity of the place depends to a certain extent upon the houses of prostitution; that in the event of their suppression many men who are in the habit of coming here at certain seasons of the year to spend their money, would go elsewhere. The MINING NEWS does not believe it. The very few men who are attracted hither by the iniquitous dens, could easily be spared. There are hundreds of thriving and prosperous cities and villages in **Wisconsin** where a prostitute would not be tolerated an hour. Then why must **Florence** be dependent upon the infamous class? They keep many respectable people from taking up residences here, and scores of decent people now living here are contemplating a removal elsewhere. They are loth [*sic – loathe*] to bring up their children in a place where the brazen-faced, foul-tongued, whiskey-drinking courtesans are respectfully alluded to by prominent men of the city as "Our ladies." If the honest, law-abiding tax-payers [*sic – taxpayers*] of **Florence** will unite, shoulder to shoulder, in an effort to clean out the houses of prostitution, the object can speedily be accomplished, and by legal and peaceable means, too. **The laws of Wisconsin make the keeping of a house of prostitution a crime, punishable by imprisonment in the state prison. The law is explicit enough; it only needs to be enforced.**

*The Florence Mining News, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume IX, Number 16 [Saturday, April 13, 1889], page 5, columns 1-2*

**ORDERED TO CLOSE UP.**

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**THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY DONS  
OFFICIAL WAR PAINT.**

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**He Commands the Keepers of Disreputable Dens to Quit Their Nefarious Practices – The Boss Cyprian Vamoses the Ranch and the Others Will Follow Suit – The Woman Under Heavy Bonds – An Unusually Large Budget of Local News.**

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The houses of prostitution which have flourished so long in the city and county of Florence, in bold defiance of the laws of the State of Wisconsin, have got to go. District Attorney Abbott and Sheriff Parmenter have issued an ultimatum to that effect, and they are thoroughly in earnest in their determination to suppress every bawdy house within their jurisdiction. The following notice was served on Monday upon Mina Mudge, the keeper of the most important place of the kind in this county and probably one of the most notorious ranches in the state:

OFFICE OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY,  
FOR FLORENCE COUNTY, WISCONSIN,  
FLORENCE, April 8, 1889.

To Mina Mudge, Florence, Wisconsin:

You are hereby notified that unless you and all parties connected with your house of prostitution leave and remain out of Florence County on or before the first day of May, A.D., 1889, we, the undersigned, shall proceed against and prosecute you and all the inmates of your house to the full extent of the law.

A.M. PARMENTER,     J.E. ABBOTT  
Sheriff.                     District Attorney.

Similar notices were served upon three or four other bawdy house keepers in the city. The several keepers have announced their intention to obey the official command, and quite a number of the female inmates of the various houses departed this week, for Hurley and other places where they will doubtless be better appreciated than in

Florence. Every good citizen will rejoice that our beautiful and thrifty city, has been, or is soon to be, it is sincerely hoped, forever freed from the evil-producing, crime-breeding incubus which has for years weighed it down, and, by its demoralizing and degrading influence, stunting the growth of the place by keeping many reputable people from seeking permanent homes here.

“These houses,” said a leading business man [*sic – businessman*] to a reporter of this paper, the other day, “are an injury to Florence – a detriment to the growth of the place, and I am glad the officials have cleaned them out. They draw the very worst class of men here – a class which the city is better off without. This talk about houses of prostitution being a good thing for a town is ridiculous. Florence never prospered so well, and the merchants never made so much money as they did during the year that Chairman Sheridan wiped out the dens. I tell you that was a good year for the people of Florence, and I believe that from now on we will see better times here.” Many other business men [*sic – businessmen*] have expressed the same views.

The appended notice is published at the request of the district attorney:

## NOTICE.

All persons willing to give testimony against keepers and inmates of houses of ill-fame or bawdy houses in Florence County, Wisconsin, are requested to report at my office at any and all time between the hours of 9 o'clock A.M. and 4 o'clock P.M.

Florence, Wis., April 10, 1889.

J.E. ABBOTT.

District Attorney for Florence County, Wis.

Mr. Abbott declares that he means business and does not intend to allow a disreputable house to exist in this county during his incumbency of the office of district attorney, and Sheriff Parmenter and his deputies [*sic – deputies*] stand ready to

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back him to the full extent of their power, and if this is not sufficient, Gov. Hoard will lend a hand. Mr. Abbott further declares that all abandoned women found within the limits of Florence County after May 1 will be immediately arrested and vigorously prosecuted.

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## UNDER HEAVY BONDS.

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### **Mina Mudge Held for Trial – May Johnson's Fall and Reformation.**

Mina Mudge has been bound over in the sum of \$1,500 for her appearance for trial at the September term of the Circuit Court on a charge of assault with intent to murder. The examination was held before Justice Michael Bush, in the village of Commonwealth, the proceedings lasting through the entire day Tuesday and a portion of Wednesday. District Attorney Abbott appearing for the state, and Wm. H. Clark for the defense. Only three witnesses, the complainant, May Johnston, Sandy Anderson and Dr. Odell, were sworn on behalf of the prosecution, the defense submitting no testimony whatever. The two witnesses, Miss Johnston and Mr. Anderson, were subjected to a most rigid examination, the former occupying the witness stand for about five hours.

The defendant, Mina Mudge, secured the required bond of \$1,500, with John Simon and J.W. Molloy as sureties, both gentlemen qualifying to the amount indicated. The complainant, May Johnson [*sic – Johnston*], was required to furnish a \$100 bond for her appearance as a witness next September, and Omer Huff became her surety.

\* \* \* \*

May Johnston has a very sad history, and deserves the sympathy of the charitable people of this city, a number of

whom have become interested in her. She is only 21 years of age. The girl was brought from her native country, Scotland, some four or five years ago, by a Milwaukeean and his wife, who were making a tour of Scotland at the time. Miss Johnston entered the employ of her benefactors upon their return to Milwaukee. 'Twas the same old story. The girl was betrayed by a villainous suitor, and two years ago became a mother. The child is now in good hands at Appleton. Mina Mudge met the girl in Milwaukee last winter and induced her to come to Florence, since which time she has been an inmate of Mina's house. Her evil associations and surroundings were exceedingly distasteful to the unfortunate girl, and she is desirous of henceforth leading a pure life. She is anxious to procure honest, respectable employment and appears sincere in the matter. This is a glorious opportunity for the Christian ladies of Florence to aid and encourage this repentant outcast. All that is needed to perfect her thorough reformation is the procurement of a good home and a chance to earn an honest livelihood. May Johnston is apparently a victim of cruel circumstances and is by no means a hardened sinner. Extend the hand of fellowship and sisterly love to the erring one.

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## REVOKED HER LICENSE.

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### **The First Official Act of the New Town Board.**

The new town board, consisting of Charles Loughrey, chairman, John Reynolds and Louis Winkler, convened for the first time on Monday last, and its first official action was, indeed, a righteous one. Immediately after the board was called to

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order, District Attorney Abbott filed a complaint to the effect that he had good reason to believe that Mina Mudge, the proprietor of the alleged "boarding house" in the remote suburbs of the little city was, in fact, the keeper of a house of ill-fame, and demanding that her license as a retail liquor dealer be revoked. The complaint and recommendation were read by the clerk, Frank Waring, whereupon, on motion of Supervisor Reynolds, seconded and heartily supported by Chairman Loughrey and Supervisor Winkler, a resolution was immediately passed revoking Mina Mudge's license forthwith, and further warning the notorious young woman, the noble scion of the celebrated Mudge family, that in case she continued to sell intoxicating liquors, she would be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Although the prompt action of the new board may have been somewhat tardy, the members believe and express themselves to be ready and willing to demonstrate the justness of their action to the utmost satisfaction of the madam in case she sees fit to take exceptions in the matter. The action of the board in the premises cannot be too highly recommended. It is a step in the right direction. Prosecute the "queen" bee will henceforth be their motto, and it is believed that this, the initial action of the city fathers, will be followed by a prompt and vigorous prosecution of all parties of like unsavory [sic – unsavory] reputation by the district attorney, ably seconded by the sheriff, both of whom are anxious to secure evidence against and prosecute law-breakers of this character. Let the good work go on!

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## Should Uphold the News.

The FLORENCE NEWS, of last week, relates that the notorious Mina Mudge, who we blush to say was at one time permitted to conduct her degraded business in this

city, was arrested in Florence last week on a charge of assault and battery, fined and released, and arrested again on the same day for a second assault upon the same one of her degraded associates and fined, and subsequently again arrested charged with assault with intent to kill; and very forcibly and sensibly calls upon its officers and citizens to relieve Florence of the prostitutes that are encouraged to locate in that city. The NEWS points out how these courtesans, besides promoting vice and immorality and tending [sic – tending] to drive from Florence decent people, are a constant source of expense to the taxpayers [sic – taxpayers], by committing petty offenses, and being the cause of all grades of misdemeanor and crime from a simple drunk to a cold-blooded murder. The argument that Florence is benefited by the men who are drawn there by that beautiful village being allowed to become a prostitute's retreat, is too foolishly false to be entertained for a moment by any sensible person. The name of Florence has already been disgraced too long by this policy, and every good citizen of Florence, who desires to live in a peaceful, law-abiding [sic – law-abiding] community, and who wants to bring up his children under good influences, should uphold the NEWS in its every effort to drive the bad element out of the city. –[Range.

*The Menominee Range*, Iron Mountain, Menominee County, Michigan, Volume XI, Number 5 [Thursday, April 25, 1889], page 1, column 4

THE inmates of the ranch across the river have been dispersed. One had her fine paid by a man in Iron Mountain, two remain in the custody of the Florence officers because they can't get anybody to pay their fines, and the other three have either gone to Hurley or Ironwood. Because the alarm was raised by a livery

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stable man belonging to Iron Mountain the Florence Mining News exclaims, "Oh, yes; Iron Mountain people desired Bennett's place exterminated!" That is just about as sensible a piece of sarcasm as it would be to say that because Mina Mudge was in favor of her profession, therefore all Florence, from the sheriff to the editor of our esteemed contemporary, favored the perpetuation of prostitution in their vicinity. Elsewhere we publish an interesting statement made by Mr. Bennett to THE RANGE. Iron Mountain may chew it. We shall make no other comment upon it that that it has surprised us.

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume IX, Number 18 [?] [Saturday, April 27, 1889 – or Saturday, May 11, 1889], page \_\_\_\_, column \_\_\_\_

[Mudge in Chicago]

*The Florence Mining News*, Florence, Florence County, Wisconsin, Volume IX, Number 24 [Saturday, June 8, 1889], page 1, column 6

## Mina Writes Editor Tuten a Letter.

Iron Mountain Range: Mina has been in the moral gutters of Iron Mountain, Florence and other places, where she has lived so long that we did not think her capable of the fastidiousness displayed below, even though the statement that she had added to the pollution of the moral gutters of Chicago should be an error. If this wayward woman really intends to come back to Iron Mountain to engage in the same business she followed when a resident of this city before, we think she is contemplating a step that she will regret if she carries out her intention. Mina does not appear to be anxious to reveal her present place of

abode, it not being mentioned in the communication published below, but the envelope is postmarked Florence, Wisconsin:

MR. EDITOR – Dear Sir: A clipping from your most valuable paper has been sent to me, wherein I am accused of the most outrageous lies (I believe) ever published. I wish it distinctly understood that I am not in the moral gutters of Chicago, as you term it; furthermore the infamous lie – I have had a child. Have not been near Chicago, and am not at present within many a hundred mile [*sic*] of the place; and again it is the first I knew I was banished from Iron Mountain or Florence. Am satisfied I can return to either place whenever I feel so disposed. I have murdered no one, and more, I owe nothing. I intend to return, and, when I do, will not sneak back. In regard to my father's (Mr. Mudge) little episode that happened to him while in Chicago – the same is liable to happen to the best of men. Am positive he paid for all he called for and did not ask for any assistance from any of the respectability of Iron Mountain or Florence. I am sorry that you editors or correspondents can find nothing else to do but razzle-dazzle a woman with your infamous lying trash. Oh, Iron Mountain, Iron Mountain! If you did not have an iron bottom you would sink, good, moral city. Respectfully. MINA MUDGE.