SULLIVAN AND PADDY RYAN

THEY AGREE TO MEET FOR DEFENDING THEIR SMALL SHOULDERS.

The Ring to be Pitched on June 16 in Some Secluded Spot; Time Prolonged to Thirty Rounds Unless Won in the Knockout Sphere.

Three years ago John L. Sullivan whipped Paddy Ryan, and was the lawyer a name in Public Sun, and also in the hearts of his countrymen. Since that second fight Sullivan has been [illegible] with prodigious pomposity, and the sporting public has been [illegible] anxious to see Ryan [illegible] the champion of the ring. Ryan [illegible] Sullivan, and Ryan would rather win that fight. Paddy's friends said the big fellow was afraid, and things were getting very warm, when yesterday the chiefs of both parties were hospitable to the good offices of Tom Kelly and John and some to an understanding, and in the near future will pitch their tents in the far West.

Early in the afternoon Ryan was comfortably seated in Tom Kelly's office, his big blue eyes filled with the soft light of hope deferred, and expressing his private belief that he Paddy was a nickel and that Sullivan was going wrong. But he did Sullivan wrong. Ryan arrived in the Pride of Boston and the Brooklyn train, which had brought them from Philadelphia, and they came up through a howling crowd to the Hotel Metropole. If it had been as [illegible] Ryan or Sullivan, or rather Ryan and Sullivan, [illegible] the crowd would have gone to the ferry and shouted. But it was Sullivan, and the crowd hooted him. It said to three more [illegible] a man, and yet hardly any more [illegible] the engine. Mr. Sullivan stood the affair as long as he could get his strength in [illegible] the Pride of Boston, when that great [illegible] he went outside, shouldered an empty cab, and climbed into it, with Arthur Chambers, Arthur Pierce Callum and William L. Harding, who accompanied him.

Sullivan's eye told the crowd that he wanted the track to himself, for they let him have it, and worshipped at a furlong during the rest of the trip. On the New York side Sullivan hired a two-horse carriage, and offered to pay for the use of the track. But the driver intimated that his track had become sacred to him, so he refused to take his pay. Like the Paris soldier who carried Victor Hugo for nothing, and the Berlin coachman who expelled a like courtesy to Prince Bismarck, Sullivan showed pleasure at this evidence of devotion, and was whirled to the Gazette office.

Paddy Ryan stepped tarebaoded to the door to greet him, and escorted him politely to the inner office where business was to be transacted. There sporting men of note were thick as blackberries, and each man had from one to a dozen suggestions. Sullivan listened to them all with patience, and then had the articles of agreement drawn up as he liked. He said he had had enough of law, and so the affair must be managed so as to preclude all danger of his being arrested or otherwise troubled. Every precaution was taken to this end.

The coming fight was mentioned in the articles as a fair stand-up exhibition with small gloves according to the new rules of the London ring. The said exhibition to be for the sum of $2,500 a subscribed purse, the Police Gazette championship belt, and the championship of the world, the winner to receive in addition two-thirds of all excursion money and the loser one-third.

The fight will occur on the 16th of June at a place to be chosen by the principals or by the donor of the belt in case they should fail to agree on a location. Both men must appear in the ring between 6 and 10 A. M., and Harry Hill will hold the purse until the winner is named. When nothing more remained to be done but to add the signatures every one shook hands with relief, and Sullivan and Ryan sat down to have a talk, while Jere Dunn, who killed Jimmy Elliott, winked at Matsada Sorakichi the wink which makes Americans and Japanese brothers, and took him and Lord Pashington Murphy out for a drink.

The champion and ex-champion sat side by side for a long while, and every one had a good chance to compare them. Sullivan looked every inch a fighter, and the greatest compliment that could be paid him from the fighting standpoint would be to describe him accurately. His battered shoes, his glossy hat, his blue Prince Albert coat, and his new spring trousers of a remarkable yellow hue were exactly such as a rich and prosperous champion would be supposed to wear. His coat bulged out in every direction, under the impulse of his swelling muscles. Lumps and ridges rose on his arms and legs when he moved them, and a big cigar stuck in the left-hand corner of his mouth and pointing round toward his ear completed a picture of noble independence. Sullivan was in splendid condition, as sober as any Judge could be, and his clear skin and appearance seemed to contradict the stories told about his heavy drinking.

Paddy Ryan didn't look so much like a fighter as Sullivan did, but he looked very fine, too. His stylish black silk hat, to perfection, his face was wreathed in smiles, and a big green emerald shone below his auburn moustache.

No one leaving the two men together would ever have supposed they were going to fight. Whatever Ryan said Sullivan concurred in, and when Sullivan's cigar went out Ryan leaned over toward him and gave him a light from the cigar he held in his mouth. Sullivan looked his thanks, and said:

"After all, Paddy, it's just a matter of business; where's the use of hard feelings?"

"There isn't any," replied Paddy.

"And, Paddy," said Sullivan, "if I lick you I'll shake hands with you, and if you lick me I'll shake just the same."

Ryan said he would shake on the same principle. Both men said they would have no difficulty in agreeing on a place to fight, and each declared his willingness to fight anywhere, provided the inhabitants had plenty of money and the magistrates were not too severe. The fight will probably occur in Montana or Butte City.

At 4½ P. M. the principals went to Taylor's Hotel in Jersey City to sign the articles. Ryan came back to New York, and Sullivan waited for a train to Philadelphia, telling what he had to say while he ate raw oysters. He said the trouble in Philadelphia was all over. Billy O'Brien, Speaking of O'Brien and McCaffrey Sullivan grew eloquent, and unconsciously dropped into this vein of soliloquy:

"I'm a loafer, I am," he said, "that's what they call me, and I suppose it must be so, for they're a nice couple o' ducks, and couldn't tell a lie if they tried. Oh, yes, I'm a loafer, and they're fit to be put under a glass cover in cotton.

"What do I think about this fight? Well, I don't want to say what I can do, but I'll bet money that I'll win, and Paddy and myself will have an outside bet of $2,500. When that's over I'm going over to the other side, and will stay there for a couple of years. Every city in this country imitates New York, and the only way to fight now would be for some inventor to duck to get up a machine to carry 700 or 800 people up into the air, and have the fight that way. When it was over you could get off by the lawyers fight about what State it was in.

"May be, if I go over the water and lick everybody and then come back here it will start things up again, and New York will be all right. As soon as I can now I'm going back to Boston and try to get back my boy. I've got to have him, even if I never fight again."

Sullivan weighed yesterday 232 pounds and Ryan two pounds less. Ryan is the taller and Sullivan the better built man. They will fight at catch weights, and sporting men predict a stiffing fight.

Sullivan laughed when he was asked about fighting McCaffrey. "I'll fight him anywhere," he said, "whenever I've got time. If he wants to come out when I fight Ryan I'll give him a show and fight him an hour after I'm through with the first fight, whether I win or lose. McCaffrey isn't nearly as good a man as Mitchell, and it's foolish for any man of sense to talk of his knocking me out, with a difference of 60 or 70 pounds between us."

PHILADELPHIA, April 8.—Billy O'Brien telegraphed to Jimmy Patterson, in New York, today, to make arrangements for a fight, with or without gloves, between McCaffrey and Sullivan.

"McCaffrey is in good condition," said O'Brien, "and is willing to fight on notice. He is resting quietly at his home, and is taking good care of himself. He takes a moderate amount of exercise, and was never in better health, and I am prepared to pit him against Sullivan at twenty-four hours' notice."

Labor and Wages.

B. Danby Darke, tailor, 48 Broadway, consented to pay the union rate of wages to his employees yesterday, and they went to work again.

The strike of the bricklayers of Easton, Pa., ended yesterday. The men will resume work at the old wages for this season—$2.50 per day.

The bricklayers and plasterers of Troy yesterday struck against working more than eight hours a day unless paid extra for all over that time. The scale was fixed last fall at 40 cents per hour, ten hours to constitute a day's labor. The bosses refused to accede to their demands.

The order of American Carpenters and Joiners and Amalgamated Society of Carpenters have decided to demand, after April 13, $3.50 a day for journeymen carpenters. A meeting will be held at Republican Hall, 55 West Thirty-third street, on Saturday evening, to hear what answer the bosses make to this demand.

About fifty girls employed in the Newark silk mill have left work on a strike, because Superintendent Bailey refused to pay them higher wages. They say they were told that wages would be raised when there was more work. They think that time has now come.

Hat finishers of Riley & Osborn, Newark, have struck for higher wages, which, they assert, were reduced 40 per cent., so that they have been making only ninety cents a day.

The Snow in Northern New York.

BOONVILLE, April 8.—Not a bare spot of ground can as yet be seen here, and in many places on the level at least three feet of snow remains. There are several drifts in this section fifteen feet high. All along the Utica and Black River Railroad the snow is about three feet deep. The maple sugar harvest is four weeks later than usual.

INVESTIGATING THE GAS COMPANIES.

The Investigating Committee's Bill Passed by the Senate—The Skating Rink Bill.

ALBANY, April 8.—The bill which was the result of the investigation into the affairs of the New York gas companies came up for third reading in the Senate to-day. Mr. Daggett kept up his fast barrying those who favored the bill by proposing other amendments after another he rapidly as it could be done. His amendments were to have the Commissioner issued of the Mayor appoint the Commissioners, to have the bill apply to every city in the State, to strike out the provision for a commissioner to supervise the gas companies, due to expiration, the Consumers' Association, and a third, to prohibit, when to enforce the existence of the Commissioner from Albany to Albany, to enquire that the appointments be made under the civil service regulations, to allow the Mayor of Brooklyn to appoint a member of the Commission.

Every one of Mr. Daggett's amendments was lost, most of them by a majority that frightened long before the final voting the assembly that the Senate defeat meditated in its committee and in the Gas Consumers' Association. Messrs. Murphy and Thomas, principally the latter, made the arguments against Senator Daggett's motions. On Mr. Thomas's motion a clause was added prohibiting the issue of additional bonds by the gas companies. Another amendment, reducing the salaries of the Commissioners from $5,000 to $3,000, Mr. Daggett carefully explained that the reduction signified that the money was to come out of the gas companies was absurd. The fellows who fight and work should not be nothing to do after the fight is over, so either the Commissioners ought to be made to the companies, or some other better suggestion, an amendment was drawn up providing that proper persons should be appointed to the work. They demanded