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KID McCOY THREATENS TO COME BACK AGAIN.

Will Cable Prospective Arrival, So His Traducers May Know He Is Coming.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

New York, Dec. 17.—"Kid" McCoy threatens to return from England "as suddenly as he left," and, when he comes to challenge everybody who has licked him and everybody whom he has walloped. All this is incidental, in his letter to a Buffalo friend, to the statement that Corbett actually and truly knocked him out on his merits.

The letter reads, in that part bearing upon points in which fighttom is interested, as follows:

"I presume my Buffalo friends thought my departure from America as sudden as the rest of my friends, and, judging by the word I have received, this seems to be the case. Yes, I left rather sudden, but I did not know I was going until the morning I sailed. So I told no one good-by and no one should feel slighted.

"I am glad to hear that Corbett will give me another match, for I am confident that I can beat him with two months' training at Muldoon's. But I want to say right here that I was defeated fairly in our last fight, regardless of all that spiteful talk by people who tried to injure me. I believe they have succeeded in hurting my reputation, but not my ability. I still look forward with confidence to landing the championship.

"I am ready and willing to make a match with Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, Corbett and Sharkey. I don't ask any one to back me, as I will put up my own money. I have fought every man in the business, with the exception of Jeffries and Fitzsimmons. I was defeated twice, and I can see now the reason I lost, and think I can turn the tables on both Sharkey and Corbett. At least, I will back my opinion with $5,000.

"I don't know how long I will remain on this side. I may return as quickly as I left, but not as quietly, as I will cable to America before leaving, so that some of those who are anxious to see me will know where to find me, as I see by some papers that I have been accused of running away.

"NORMAN SELBY.

"Hotel Cecil, Strand, W. C., London, England."

CUTLER IS ANOTHER FRANK IVES.

George Slosson Thinks Well of the Young Billiardist.

Cutler of Boston and Hendrick of New York, the star players of the Class B billiard tournament at the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, New York, will play in the big Class A tournament, which will take in New York next month. Charlie Norris, formerly of Chicago, but now a resident of New York, Conklin of Chicago, Mial of New York, Threshie of Boston, and, last, but not least by any means, our I. DeMun Smith of St. Louis, are entered for the Class A tournament.

As will be observed none of the Class A billiard stars of '99 and 1900, such as Wyman McCreery of St. Louis, Martin Mullen of Cleveland, and Wilson P. Foss of Haverstraw, N. Y., are entered this year. All three seem to be out billiards, temporarily at least. McCreery is too busy playing golf to practice this season. Smith gave the big three a merry chase in last year's Class A tourney, and if the form he has displayed lately can be taken for a criterion he will be hard to beat in the coming event. The high run of the Class A tournament was made by Ferguson, who made 56 in the series. Cutler and Hendrick both made high runs of 48. Cutler's best single average is a trifle better than 9, but this is not as good as J. DeMun Smith's 11.11 last year, or J. Byron Stark's 10.34 in 1898.

George Slosson, who witnessed Cutler's last game, said that for precision and accuracy, the young man is one of the best players he ever saw. The student was very enthusiastic over Cutler's playing, saying:

"There will not be a player in the world, amateur or professional, in ten years from now, who can beat that young man. He has every quality of a billiard champion except experience. A little more than ten years ago I saw Frank Ives play at Petoskey, Mich., and I made the same prophecy for him. Young Cutler is another Ives."

Mr. Cutler is only 22 years old. The veteran professional's prophecy accordingly does not delay the Bostonian's honors until late in life.

SENSENEY AND WIEDERHOLT WIN.

Responsible for the Senior Class Victory in Handball Match.

Representatives of the senior class were again victorious in the handball tournament which is in progress at Washington University. They did not succeed in making a clean sweep as heretofore, however, the "sophs" giving them quite an argument at first and winning the initial game by the biggest margin of the match—21 to 16.

Eugene Senseney was again the star of his team, the senior, and, nothwithstanding that he has an awkward stroke, he always gets the ball up in a way and is very fast on his feet, taking the short bounds with remarkable speed. His partner, Wiederholt, is just the reverse in style. He has an exceedingly good stroke, is fast on his feet, for a man who is about as broad as he is long, but cannot connect with the short bounds nearly so well as Senseney. The other member of the senior trio, Griffin, is the weak point in the team, as his hands are still rather soft for the game, and he has gotten into the habit of hitting the ball with his left instead of the palm of the hand. When he serves the ball it looks as though he was going to knock down the front wall.

Sessinghaus did the most effective work for the losers, as he was all over the alley in every play, and was mainly responsible for the success in the first game. Denton supported him well, but Anderson did not uphold his end.

Interest in the tournament is on the increase and from twenty-five to thirty "cowds" witness the games in every match, in addition to many of the male students, who "root" for their respective classes as though a world's championship were at stake. The score:

Senseney, Wiederholt and Griffin—16, 21, 21.

Sessinghaus, Denton and Anderson—21, 12, 14.

Perfect Health.

Keep the system in perfect order by the occasional use of Tutt's Liver Pills. They regulate the bowels and produce

A Vigorous Body.

For sick headache, malaria, biliousness, constipation and kindred diseases, an absolute cure

TUTT'S Liver PILLS

RUHLIN HAD BEST OF FIGHT WITH MAHER.

Two Heavy Weights Went Six Fast Rounds at Philadelphia Last Night.

LAW ALLOWED NO DECISION.

Spectators Were Unanimous, However, in Giving Ruhlin Honors of the Affair—Many Blows Landed by Each Man.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 17.—Gus Ruhlin and Peter Maher met to-night at the Penn Art Athletic Club in a six-round contest that proved to be one of the fastest and most furious bouts of that length between heavy weights which has been seen for some time.

Under the local laws governing boxing contests, no decisions are permitted, judgment as to the outcome being left to the spectators. The consensus of opinion was that Ruhlin had by far the better of the fight and clearly outclassed the Irishman, notwithstanding Maher put up one of the gamest battles that he has in some time.

Both men were apparently in excellent shape, and from the first sound of the bell to the end of the fight went at it hammer and tongs.

Maher was especially active in the first three rounds, after which he did not show the same form, but apparently avoided the heavy swings of Ruhlin.

The Fight by Rounds.

Round 1. Maher led with left and they clinched. Ruhlin led with right and Maher countered. Ruhlin led with the left. Maher landed with a right on Ruhlin's jaw and they clinched, followed by an exchange of right and left. Peter landed right on Gus's wind and Gus put his right to the ear. Gus landed right on Maher's wind and a rapid exchange followed. Gus sent his left to Maher's ear, followed by a clinch. Ruhlin forced the Irishman to the ropes. Gus landed right on the back of Peter's neck and followed with right and left on Peter's face. Peter landed right on Gus's heart and Gus landed an uppercut on Peter's jaw just as the bell rang.

Round 2. Gus led with a short left to the body and Peter sent a right to Gus's body. Gus landed a left on the side of the Irishman's head. They mixed things up and both went to the ropes. Peter landed a left to the jaw and Gus a right to the wind. Maher fell short and Gus sent another to Peter's wind. Both clinched. Gus sent a right to the face and Maher seemed tired. Ruhlin landed right over the heart, followed by a clinch. An exchange and Maher put left to Ruhlin's wind, Gus following with a right on Peter's jaw.

Round 3. Both ducked leads, and Peter landed right on the jaw. After a rapid exchange Peter sent a right to the wind and a left to the ear, followed by another left to the same place. Gus sent a hard left to the jaw, Peter retaliating. Gus crossed right to the jaw and another hard right to the ear. Ruhlin feinted and landed a right on the ear and a left to the wind. Gus sent a right and left to Maher's ear. Peter swung left to the wind and Gus a hard right to the wind as the bell rang.

Swift Work.

Round 4. Gus landed a left on the wind. Both clinched. Gus crossed a right to the jaw and jabbed left on nose, and they clinched. Peter sent a left on the face, and Gus put left and right to the face, followed with a hard left to the jaw and with a right to the stomach. Peter sent a right to the wind, and Gus landed heavily on the jaw and repeated. Peter landed a right on the ribs and Ruhlin sent Maher's head back with a blow on the jaw, and followed with left and right to the face. Peter sent a strong left to Gus's face. Gus staggered Maher with a left and right on the jaw. They clinched, and an exchange was followed by two lefts by Gus on the jaw. A clinch and Maher sent left to the jaw.

Round 5. The round opened with a clinch. Gus, after parrying a light right on the face, sent a left uppercut on Maher's jaw, which sent him reeling. Maher sent a left to the jaw and they clinched. Gus landed a right on the neck and a left on the jaw and followed it up with an uppercut, which staggered Maher. Gus sent his left and right to the face and a straight left on Maher's head as the bell rang.

Round 6. All the leading in the early part, Maher sending the left to the head. Gus landed a right on the heart and a right and left to the face. A series of exchanges, and Gus sent the right and left to jaw. Peter landed a right on the jaw and Gus put left and right to the face, followed by a left and right to the jaw and another similar couplet.

GOSSIP OF THE BASEBALL FIELD.

Heidrick and the Money Question—Quinn as a Manager.

J. Emmett Heidrick, the clever young baseball player, with the shrunken batting average and the "come-into-the-garden-Maude" deportment, is still about the town. Mr. Heidrick has "came," so it is said, to see a girl of St. Louis who holds his bonny brierbush heart in a tender thraldom. It is not St. Louis's least blessing or most trivial honor that Mr. Heidrick has kindly condescended to visit her at this holiday time. His visit bodes good for the haberdashers, retailers and wholesalers of Ella Wheeler Wilcox socks, Zaza vests, Sapho neckties and "Quick or the Dead" writing paper, for Mr. Heidrick is a passionate young man from Amelie Rivesville. Young women of impressionable natures have a sad habit of being stuck on Emmet—beg pardon, it is J. Emmet, which is far more distingue and genteel, just like parting your hair in the center and letting it mop out behind, which is decedly unbaseballic, but very much Phi Delta Theta of Zee Wy Ex, or any other Greek-letter college society—and Mr. Heidrick approves of the taste and discrimination shown by the young ladies.

Many of Heidrick's fair worshipers in this city are a bit disappointed because he has expressed an intention of coming to terms with the St. Louis club and playing here next year. They thought better things of the caloric centerfielder, who looks so like a cross between Romeo Lajoie and Richard Coeur de Leon, with a dash of James K. Hackett, Christian De Wet and Oom Paul Kruger thrown in for luck and to fill the flowing measure of his attractiveness, would not stand for the "roast" F. De Haas Robison off-handedly tossed into him at the end of last season. It will be remembered that Frank De Haas went several blocks out of his usual way to put a Paul Pons grip on the fair white throat of Emmet's bauble reputation. He said that Heidrick did the Achilles trick, sulked in his tent, and had pretty pictures taken of himself in a blue peignoir with pink handkerchiefs sticking out of a cute little pocket, when he should have been out in the hot sun, covered with dust and dust and sweaty sweat, earning his salary. De Haas, who is a man of tongue and temper, went on to say that Emmet cut out the blue pajamas and the camera "doings" when he was politely informed that he had better play ball or his salary would quit doing the brook act—would not go on forever. Then—De Haas still talking—Emmet got down and played ball without a break to the tape.

Heidrick waxed wroth when he heard about this and made affidavit that what Mr. Robison had set forth was not in exact accordance with the strict truth. Then his friends swore that Emmett, being a boy of high spirit and proud temper, would never play in St. Louis again. They felt that he had been insulted in a manner which his honor could not brook. But when Emmett showed up in town he meekly said that he would sign with Robison for the "cush" any old time. What a fall was there, my countrywomen! Hebes became Niobes, and the powder on many a fair cheek was akin to mortar. The transformation from a hero to a Shylock was the work of a second.

Bobby Wallace is helping his brother in the express business near Pittsburg. Robert got next to this line helping the "iceman," Keister, with double plays all last summer and taking relays from the catcher at a ratio of about 20 to 1. There is no better or cleaner boy than Wallace, and success is sure to be his, whatever he tries.

If there is to be a baseball war and a second team in St. Louis put in on the sympathy basis, Joseph John Quinn, undertaker and funeral director, is the right man in the right place as its manager. The American League proposes, so it is said, to fight the National. It will play to the sympathy of the anti-trust people, do the flag-and-freedom stunt, and cry "Give me lib-urty or give m' death." If there is a good sympathy man in the world it is Joe Quinn. He has more friends in St. Louis, both alive and dead, than any two men in the town. For he treats the living right and gives the dead comfortable and decent burial. "Joe belongs to every other secret, benevolent and union organization in the country. He is a grand master in the Hod Carriers' Union and a chief layer-out in the Undertakers' Guild. He is a Knight of Father Mathew and a Clan-na-Gael. He belongs to the Hack Drivers' Union and is strong among the members of the American Musical Federation because he sings in a choir.

He comes of a long line of Hibernian ancestors, has numerous relatives in his own right and has acquired a great many more by marriage. He asks nothing from them and feeds them a lot. He is strong in politics, as he is in baseball. A sober fellow he is, as highly esteemed in the corner saloon as he is in the church. He is a good judge of a horse, as he is of a pop fly, a good baritone singer and plays the "pianner just lovely." Of course, he knows all about baseball. He ought to, he has been playing it for twenty years. So, if the American League comes to St. Louis it is not unlikely that some fine morning Quinn will open his window and find a dove with an olive branch stuck in her face waiting for him.

Jack O'Connor and his Fidus Achates, his other double, his side kicker and "butt," Deakin P. Flaherty, deserted the docks of the North End one night last week. left the tenements with the water line high above the damp and came downtown, where they don't give you the three fulls of a tailor's thimble for a quarter. O'Connor will soon book his annual passage on the water wagon. He is adjusting things so as to leave no regrets behind him for things he might have been. Flaherty has been straddling the top of the sprinkler ever since his summer sojourn at Waterloo, Water Valley, Water County, Mississippi, which is a watery State at overflow time. O'Connor never looked so well as he does now. He is away below winter weight, and his eye as clear as that of a lynx. His face is free from care, for, unlike his brainy partner, Chief Zimmer, Johnnie has not the cares of state oppressing his mammoth intellect. While Zimmer is working night and day like a crusader in front of the Paythan foe to free poor $1,000-a-year baseball slaves, O'Connor is sitting still and letting himself be freed from a cursed bondage which compels him to accept about $20 an hour for his six months term. He finds it hard to endure, but tries to bear up like a man.

FITZSIMMONS OUT OF THE RING FOR GOOD.

Notifies Champion Jim Jeffries of His Intention to Never Fight Again.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

New York, Dec. 17.—Before leaving this city this evening for Philadelphia, where he went to see the Maher-Ruhlin fight to-night, Champion James J. Jeffries and Bob Fitzsimmons met. Fitzsimmons formally and definitely notified Jeffries that all consideration of him as a likely antagonist in the ring might as well be dropped.

Fitzsimmons declared that he had positively retired, and under no circumstances could he be induced to enter the ring again. This was the first utterance of the ex-champion directly to the present champion on the subject.

CHICAGO TO TABOO PUGILISM.

City Council Almost Unanimously Passes Anti-Fight Resolution.

Chicago, Dec. 17.—There will be no more prize-fights held in Chicago, unless Mayor Carter H. Harrison vetoes an anti-fight resolution almost unanimously adopted by the City Council to-night. The unsatisfactory ending of the Gans-McGovern contest at Tattersall's last Thursday night stirred up so much feeling that the Council decided that all pugilistic encounters should be prohibited in the future.

According to the resolution adopted, no permits for sparring or boxing exhibitions can be issued by the Mayor, and the Chief of Police is held responsible for the law being carried out.

It is believed the Mayor will sign the ordinance, as it passed by a majority of 33 to 14.

The penalty for prize fighting, according to the State law, is from one to ten years' imprisonment in the penitentiary for each offense.

TENNEY-HAMILTON BOUT A DRAW.

Twenty Hot Rounds at Youngstown, O.—Crowd Thought Former Won.

Youngstown, O., Dec. 17.—The twenty-round contest between Eddie Tenney and Jack Hamilton to-night, before the Youngstown Athletic Club, went the limit and was the hottest ever witnessed here.

Referee Mike Finn decided it a draw, which was very unsatisfactory, as Tenney clearly outpointed Hamilton.

WILL FOLLOW HOUNDS TO-DAY.

Members of the Woodbine Hunt Club to Chase Reynard in East St. Louis.

John S. Bratton has planned another fox hunt, which will be held to-day, starting from the old East St. Louis race track. Mr. Bratton says that the hounds are now going good, owing to their run of Saturday, which gave them a needed workout. To-day's chase promises to be a very successful one, as many members of the Woodbine Hunt Club will attend, mounted on their noted hunters. A. A. Fair, Louis Lemp, Lacy Crawford and William King II will follow the hounds this afternoon, while Jimmy Johnson will again officiate as chipperin. The chase will be commenced promptly at 2 o'clock.

CUTLER WON THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Was Defeated in Last Game of Class B Tournament by Hendrick.

New York, Dec. 17.—Albert G. Cutler of Boston won the amateur class B billiard championship of A. A. U. at the Knickerbocker A. C. to-night. Cutler had previously defeated Kellogg of Chicago, who, in turn, beat Hendrick of this city, but Hendrick to-night defeated Cutler, and, while he tied with the Bostonian on games won, Cutler won on his average of the last three games played.

To-night's game was brimful of first-class billiards, and Hendricks showed up in the better form, although his opponent was in the lead until the last few innings of the game.

Both men played brilliantly, and the element favored the New England representative much more than it did the home player, who was the only New York man, and the Knickerbocker Athletic Club member left in the final against Billiter of Minneapolis, Kellogg and Schmidt of Chicago and Cutler and Paige of Boston. The latter, by the way, was permitted to contest in the finals through the generosity of A. D. Ferguson of this city, who resigned in favor of the Boston man after he had beaten him over a week ago.

The little theater of the Knickerbocker Club was crowded by both amateur and professional billiard experts, who watched the game with evident interest.

Following is the score of to-night's game:

A. G. Cutler, Boston—New York—Total, 300; average, 6 15-47; highest runs, 25, 24, 22, 22.

John A. Hendrick, New York—Total, 300; average, 6 18-47; highest runs, 32, 26, 29, 29.

Following is the summary of the standing of the players at the end of the tournament with games won and lost, the high single and grand averages, and high runs:

A. G. Cutler, Boston, first; game lost, 1; games won, 4; high single average, 9.67; grand average, 7.13; high run, 48.

J. A. Hendrick, New York, second; games lost, 1; games won, 4; high single average, 6.67; grand average, 5.70; high run, 48.

W. W. Kellogg, Chicago, third; games lost, 1; games won, 4; high single average, 6.41; grand average, 4.61; high run, 41.

C. S. Schmitt Chicago, fourth; games lost, 3; games won, 2; high single average, 5.88; grand average, 4.57; high run, 26.

William Paige, Boston, fifth; games lost, 4; games won, 1; high single average, 5.06; grand average, 4.29; high run, 28.

Frank Billitere, Minneapolis, sixth; games lost, 5; games won, 0; high single average, 5.38; grand average, 4.35; high run, 47.

The highest single run of the tournament was made by A. D. Ferguson of this city, who, in his game with Paige during the first week, made 56, being eight points better than that made by either the men who took first and second place to-night.

President Hickey's Plans.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

St. Joseph, Mo., Dec. 17.—President Hickey of the Western League will probably manage the affairs of the organization from Kansas City. One of his personal friends is authority for the statement that he has disposed of his cigar business here in order to make the change. Mr. Hickey has not returned from the New York meeting.

"Major" Taylor to Race in Europe.

Boston, Dec. 17.—"Major" Taylor, the colored bicyclist, of Worcester, to-day signed an agreement to race in Europe during July and August of next year.

A Shotgun makes a very desirable Christmas present. We carry a very complete line of the most popular makes, at lowest prices. Rawlings Sporting Goods Co., 620 Locust st.

PUGILISTIC CAREER OF PADDY RYAN.

Fought His Way Into Prominence by Thrashing Tough Canal Men.

SULLIVAN WAS HIS UNDOING.

Until the Battle at Mississippi City, Miss., Ryan Was Considered the Premier in the Fighting World.

BY MACON McCORMICK.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

New York, Dec. 15.—Poor old Paddy Ryan is dead to the world at last. Pugilistically he has been "a dead one" for many years. He was in his forty-eighth year and should have been in the meridian of manhood.

Paddy came to this country when but a slip of a boy, and was raised in West Troy within a mile of the spot where John C. Heenan, "The Benicia Boy," first saw the light of day, and just across the Hudson River from where John Morrissey passed his early boyhood. Paddy grew up to be a fine specimen of physical manhood, standing six feet in his stockings and weighing in the neighborhood of 200 pounds. He passed a good deal of his boyhood in the vicinity of the "First Lock" in West Troy, and had many an encounter there with the tough citizens who navigated the waters of the Erie Canal. "The Canallers" were, as a rule, brawny fellows, and among them the rule "might makes right" prevailed very extensively. Before he was 21 Paddy like the hero of the old song

"Could handle any man on the Canawl."

There are many "tips" in and about Troy and Ryan soon became their fistic idol.

Shortly after Johnny Dwyer of Brooklyn became champion of America by defeating Jimmy Elliott (Young Grayback) he made a sparring tour through the country, accompanied by his friend and trainer Joe Goss. Among the places visited was Troy. The duo attracted much attention, and there was considerable talk of matching Ryan against the champion. This talk resulted in the making of a match between Dwyer and Ryan for $2,000, to take place in the summer of 1878. Shortly after Ryan was engaged to give a boxing exhibition in Brooklyn with Joe Goss as his sparring partner. The men were on hand, but owing to a disagreement with the promoter of the affair over finances they did not spar. On their way back to New York they were assaulted by a gang of Dwyer's adherents on lower Fulton street in Brooklyn. During the melee Ryan was severely stabbed and ruptured. Paddy was carried into the saloon of Charley Johnson (who afterwards was one of the backers of John L. Sullivan against Kilrain). It was found that, though his injuries were very severe, they were not fatal, and under proper medical care he soon was able to be up and about, but ever after he was compelled to wear a truss.

Willing to Postpone Fight.

This melee ended the match between Ryan and Dwyer, though the latter offered to postpone the date of the fight for a reasonable length of time to enable Ryan to recover from his injuries.

Paddy's next fistic match was with Joe Goss, who at one time had figured as the American champion, he having been declared the victor over Tom Allen in a fight which took place in Kentucky not far from Cincinnati.

Allen had the best of this encounter, but purposely struck Goss three foul blows in the last round in order to save his own life, he believing, and I think justly, that he would have been killed had he won, as a gang, numbering among others "Red" Leary, the bank robber, Johnny Dacey and several others, were determined to do him up because they claimed that Allen had given away some of their pals to the police in England some time before. Goss had been imported especially from England for the purpose of fighting Allen.

Ryan and Goss met near Collier's Station, W. Va., on the 21st of June, 1880. They fought eighty-three rounds, lasting one hour and twenty-four minutes, when Ryan was declared the victor. Goss was stale at the time, but while he had strength and freshness he far outclassed Ryan in skill and fistic ability.

Ryan made a tour of the Eastern States after becoming champion, and at Springfield he met, for the first time, John Sullivan, who was then known as "The Strong Boy of the Highlands." Sullivan had attained considerable local reputation by virtually knocking out Joe Goss at a benefit for the latter given in a Boston theater. Sullivan wanted to spar with Ryan, but was contemptuously refused the privilege, Ryan sneeringly dubbing him "a would-be fighter."

When I first met Sullivan in Boston, shortly after this, he told me he was willing to fight any man in the world, adding, "I would like to get a chance at Paddy Ryan. I went all the way to Springfield to box him for nothing, but he wouldn't give me a chance."

I said to him: "Well, you come to Cincinnati for me, and if you make a good showing there—enough to justify me in doing so—I'll see that you get a chance to fight Ryan."

Sullivan came to Cincinnati for me and boxed John Donaldson (who was murdered a few years ago in Cleveland). He so far outclassed Donaldson that I saw he had championship timber in him. I pronounced him the coming "champion of America" and wrote for him a challenge to Ryan, which brought about a match between them and a fight which took place at Mississippi City, on the line of the railroad between New Orleans and Mobile. This fight took place on the 7th of February, 1882, thirty-three years to a day after Tom Hyer had defeated Yankee Sullivan for the American championship.

Sullivan Offends the Sports.

When John Sullivan went to New Orleans to finish his training (he was not known as John "L." then) he was a strictly temperate young man. He met Pat Duffy and a number of other Crescent City sports who asked him to take a drink with them.

"I ain't drinking anything," he replied.

"Take a lemonade, then," said one of the party.

"Do you think I want to make a bathtub of my belly?" was Sully's brusque and undiplomatic reply. He instantly fell into disfavor with the local sports, and, on the contrary, when he arrived in town, crank with the gang, and, as there are many Tipperarians in New Orleans, he was soon installed as a prime favorite.

Sullivan trained at Carrollton, eight miles above New Orleans, while Ryan did his work at the "West End," a pleasure resort on Lake Pontchartrain.

Though at that time Sullivan was the perfection of physical manhood, the press of the Crescent City almost unanimously favored Ryan, and one paper had the leading physician examine him, who pronounced him a veritable cross between Hercules and Apollo. I visited Ryan at his training quarters days before the fight. He complained of being nervous, but I could see that he was mentally worried; in fact, he was in what the English call a "blue funk."

On the arrival of the train conveying the spectators to the fight from New Orleans to Mississippi City I was told in confidence by one of Ryan's party that he had shot off Paddy had tried to shoot one of his fingers off the night before, in order to avoid the fight, but through clumsiness he had not injured himself.

Sullivan, on the other hand, was brim full of confidence and animal spirits.

The fight was a very fierce one, Sullivan going at his man with great vigor, and flooring Paddy repeatedly. In one of the early rounds of the fight the men clinched and struggled for a fall (this battle was fought with bare knuckles, under London prize ring rules, and wrestling was permitted). Paddy, in endeavoring to get an under hold, compressed his waistline, and his truss slipped down, incommoding him badly thereafter. There was only one-half minute intermission between the rounds in those days, and Ryan had no chance to replace his truss properly.

Only once was Sullivan in danger, and that was when Ryan hit him with great severity on the neck. "Come away, John! Come away, John!" shouted Goss, who was Sullivan's principal second. Instead of taking this advice, Sullivan wisely clinched and hung onto Ryan, with his head across his Ryan's shoulders, until the effect of the blow had passed away. Then he straightened up, pushed right away from him, and sent him to the grass with a blow which would have felled an ox.

Afraid to Face Sullivan Again.

When time was called at the expiration of the ninth round Ryan was terribly beaten, and when his seconds picked him up to carry him to his corner he piteously exclaimed: "Don't send me up again! He'll kill me if you do." The sponge was then skied in token of his defeat, and Sully was proclaimed the champion of America.

Paddy and Sullivan met again; this time under Queensberry rules in Madison Square Garden, this city, on January 19, 1885. There was a great crowd present, but the police notified the principals that the bout should be merely a sparring match, and that if a hard blow was struck they would stop it. Ryan, stimulated by this announcement, went at Sully like a red rag at a bull the instant time was called. He drove Sully before him, and before the big fellow, who was taken by surprise, could gather himself together the police jumped into the ring and stopped the encounter, which had only lasted about thirty seconds.

Sullivan was terribly chagrined at this unlooked for ending of the affair. He hadn't trained a minute for the bout, and his failure to do so offended his managers. Pat Sheedy

Nearly eighteen months later Sully and Ryan met for a third time, this time in San Francisco. Paddy knew that he was no match for Sully, and had to be promised that he would not be knocked out before he would enter the ring. That promise, however, was not kept. Sullivan, who wanted to get a bunk for his disappointment in Madison Square Garden, played with Paddy for two rounds. In the third he thumped him for fair, and Paddy was knocked out for several minutes. That was the last time that he figured in the ring as a principal in a fight. For awhile he traveled with Sullivan as his sparring partner and made quite a good showing with him.

Personally, Ryan was one of the most gentlemanly fighters that ever held the championship. He wasn't a first-class fighter by any means. He had too much of the milk of human kindness in his composition to be such, but it has always been a question with me if he ever showed his true form in the ring. I think that the fact that he was ruptured took the heart out of him when he met Sullivan, and that he never was able to show what he really could do after he was compelled to wear a truss.

In the days when he flourished pugilists did not reap the rewards now available to them, and I doubt if his total earnings in the ring ever amounted to more than $3,000. He had his faults and his failings, but a more kindly-hearted man never lived.

GOLFERS GOING TO HOT SPRINGS.

Professional Simpson Leads a Hegira to the Arkansas Resort.

Robert Simpson, the crack local professional golfer, left last night for a two weeks' visit to Hot Springs. Simpson will take a course of baths at the Springs and while there will practice assiduously for a match with Dave Bell, the man who led all American professionals in the last open championship at Wheaton, Ill. The match will probably be played in St. Louis about January 8. F. H. Semple has the proposed match in charge, and it will be a very interesting event. There are people in St. Louis who fancy Simpson against any man in the world, Taylor and Vardon barred.

Hot Springs is getting to be quite a winter rendezvous of golfers. At present Willie Smith, who was open champion in 1899, and Dave Bell are at that place. It is said that the course is in excellent condition. H. C. Townsend, who has just returned from the Arkansas health resort, says that the club has about fifty local members and is open to visitors, who patronize it extensively. Many of the latter were present on opening day, and their number is being steadily augmented. The course has shown a steady improvement, and this year it is especially marked. The experiments with sand greens and with Japan cover for the tair greens during the past two years have demonstrated that this is the only way a course can be kept in good condition in this latitude. Good sand greens are always reliable, and the player knows just what he can do at all times, and many prefer them after they become accustomed to them.

Speaking of Wirt L. Thompson of St. Louis, the young golfer who defeated Champion Travis, Golf says: After winning the gold medal in impressive style at the open tournament of the Westchester Golf Club (November 1-3), the amateur champion, Mr. Travis, was put to the third match round by W. L. Thompson, a comparatively young and unknown player from St. Louis. It was the first defeat since last April for Travis, and there was no way to account for it except that for once he was caught off his game. Few champions have ever taken so much work in a single season as Mr. Travis has done, and no one has ever played steadier and more consistent golf. If he has failed once, it is only that we may assure ourselves that he is human like the rest of us. Thompson had beaten Frank Croker of the Deal Club in the morning round, and this had sent his stock up a bit, for Croker is at times an excellent match-player and always a powerful driver. Moreover, it was recalled that Thompson and Travis had met in a Nassau Country open tournament a year ago, and that the St. Louis player had been smothered.

There is no need to analyze the play in detail, for the medal cards of 42 for Thompson and 50 for Travis in the opening round tell most of the story. Thompson had made two brilliant 3s at sixth and seventh holes, but they were not absolutely necessary, as Travis required 5s. After the turn, the champion, with four holes to the bad, tried to win out, but the handicap was too heavy, and a topped ball at the fifteenth was the virtual ending of the match, Thompson winning at the next hole by 4 and 2. As the other pair had already withdrawn, Thompson took the cup by default, and then continued his winning streak by taking the prizes for both gross and net scores in the Saturday handicap. Truly a promising debut into first-class golf.

America's champions for the year are all newcomers to the title, while old to the game, in the sense of being experienced players. Miss Francis C. Griscom is the woman champion, Mr. Walter J. Travis is the amateur champion and Harry Vardon is the open champion.

The victory of Miss Griscom was not expected, but nevertheless it was a popular one. She had proved in past championships that she could play good golf, for she had always been up with the winners. Previous to this year's championship she was in Europe and arrived in this country a short time before the tournament. During her trip abroad she did not play, and her only practice was from the time of her landing until the beginning of the championship. Miss Griscom is a clever, graceful player, careful and steady. Her driving is uniformly good, her approach shots reliable and her putting true. She averages over 120 yards on her drives, and her general game through the greens is above criticism. Since the championship she has proved that she has the game well in her control, for she has won the title of champion of the Women's Golf Association of Philadelphia and also the first place in the Women's Tournament at the Baltusrol Golf Club. In addition to these events she has played several minor golf tournaments and has yet to meet her first defeat. Miss Griscom does not appear to be nervous while playing, but plays as if she was aware of the power necessary for each stroke, and a good part of her success may be attributed to her good nerves. She has also a fine physique, and the glow of health is upon her cheeks. She is a generous opponent and while playing strictly within the rules never raises a question of any kind. She does not play in haste and does not hasten her opponent; in fact, her competitors in the last championship were greatly pleased when she won.—The Golfer.

The raconteur of the following story must have been up against it at Webster Groves, Mo.: In the etiquette of golf the first rule is that "no player, caddie or onlooker should move or talk during a stroke." In disregard of this there are certain players who owe much of their success to the hypnotic remarks of their chaffing friends. All records of violations of this rule were broken at a recent tournament, when one of the players in the final round was followed by his wife and two chubby boys in blue. Whenever this player made a good stroke the two boys would throw their hats in the air and shout, "Hurrah, papa's winning!"—The Golfer.

At one golf club the girls have been tempted into carrying the clubs by the "prevailing rate of wages." As this account a memorandum was posted on the bulletin board requesting the members not to use swear words when out with a girl caddie. A forthright latter the girls sent a round petition to the Green Committee and asked that the rule be rescinded. According to the lot, who voiced the sentiment of her chums, the opinion was, "We don't mind their cussing, if we gets their money. It seems that none of the girls had been employed for a fortnight.

A young curate, sadly ignorant of the serious nature of golf, was engaged playing in a foursome, and at one hole he had a short put of a foot or thereby for a half of the hole. Assuming that he would not be asked to hole out so short a put, he was moving to the next tee, but one of the opponents insisted, whereupon the curate played the put, and missed! "No gentleman," he said, "would have asked me to hole out a thing like that."

"Maybe no," was the reply of his Scotch opponent, "but ye see, we're nae gintlemen here; we're gowfers."

An Englishman and a Scotchman, says one of the prominent magazines, played a match for a sovereign, and were "all square" at the finish. The Englishman drove off grandly, played a good second, but lost his ball. After a long and fruitless search, he yielded to temptation and surreptitiously dropped another ball. This was too much for the Scotchman, who jumped up in a fit of virtuous indignation:

"Ded, man! 'Tis a new ain, as ye've been let fa'; For theerty guid minutes I've sat on your ta'."

Frank Chance Expected to Recover.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 17.—Frank Chance, the baseball player, who was struck on the head by a pitched ball yesterday and sustained a concussion of the brain, is resting easy at the California Hospital.

The attending physician says there is no doubt of his recovery unless complications set in, and he is confident chance will be out in a few days.

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