

WAS RYAN FAIRLY WHIPPED?

What Some of the Sporting Men Say About his Defeat by Sullivan.

New York Sun. There are many rumors among sporting men to the effect that there was other than plain dealing in the Sullivan-Ryan prize fight. Among the many indications that it was not a fair fight, and that Ryan sold out, are the stories that Ryan has had an unusual supply of money since the fight; that his backer has not shown the chagrin and disappointment that would be natural if he had lost as much money as he was at first supposed to have lost; that Ryan was but slightly punished, and, in fact, was in better condition than Sullivan when the fight ended; that the rupture of which Ryan complained was really no worse than it was in his fight with Goss; that Ryan showed a disposition to give up remarkably early in the fight; that money was bet on Sullivan all over the country by men who were evidently confident of winning.

The following paragraph, published in an evening paper yesterday, excited considerable interest in sporting circles:

Richard K. Fox says: "If I match Ryan again, I shall insist on his having new trussers, and I will see that he will have seconds who are second to none." Bad training, he thinks, was the cause of his defeat.

Johnny Roche, the trainer of Ryan, considered this a reflection on himself. A Sun reporter saw him last night and asked his views on the subject. Mr. Roche said he had heard many rumors, but preferred not to say much at present. He expects to investigate some of the reports and to be prepared to speak definitely on the subject at an early day. Meanwhile he says all he wishes to reply to Mr. Fox's remarks is that "according to Ryan's own statement to his friends, he was in much better condition than when he met Goss."

"This is the second allusion reflecting discredit upon me," he said, adding: "I think if Mr. Fox wishes he can explain the cause of the defeat. If necessary, I will give an account of all that transpired from the time I took Ryan into training until after the defeat."

Jack Styles, the Bowery saloon keeper, who was one of Ryan's heavy backers, and who is said to have lost \$5,000 on the fight, talks very freely on the subject. He said to a Sun reporter: "I'm not squealing for the money I have lost. I don't care a cigar for that. But I am not afraid to say what I know on this subject. I know that a good many men bet on Sullivan all the money they had, and then on subsequent days they would have more money to bet. Where did the money come from? Who put up all the funds that were supplied this way? I have heard of gamblers putting out money right and left on Sullivan in a way that showed they had an inside knowledge of something about the fight."

"There was one curious incident that happened two days before the fight. I had been in the habit of going to Ryan's quarters nearly every day. He knew I was friendly to him and that I was backing him. On this day Ryan asked me to walk up the road with him, and I did so. We walked about a quarter of a mile and suddenly Ryan put his arm on his breast and said: 'I feel very sick here.' I jumped back and looked at him, and said, 'My God! this is a pretty time to tell about it.' I had bet all I could, and it was too late to back out and save myself. I believe now that Ryan intended to tell me something at that time to save myself from loss. I am now satisfied that he would have done so if I had not taken him up so seriously. Another thing—about the money he had I am satisfied he did not lose that \$300 that he said a thief took out of his vest during the fight. It would have been a very strange thing for a thief to have taken that money out of an inside vest pocket and to have left his watch and chain and \$15 in money in other pockets. That don't look as if it was a straight story."

"When Ryan got to New York he was received very cordially by Fox, who furnished him wine and cigars, and, I believe, money also. What was Ryan's backer in such good humor with him? Again, I understand that Mr. Fox said he expected to get two dollars back for every dollar he put on Ryan. When Ryan got back to New York, one of his friends told him that it would not be advisable for him to go back to Troy, as his friends there felt very sore. Ryan said, 'Would those men have given me a dollar if they had made \$300 or \$500 on me?' That was a queer remark. Another suspicious thing is that Ryan went on a spree in New York and spent over \$200 for wine and cigars. Besides that, he lost \$800 that was stolen from him. That was a good deal of money for a man to have who only had \$95 when he landed in New York. Who supplied this money to Ryan, and what did he do for it? Again, it is said that Ryan has been depositing money in a bank. Where did he get it? Is it not strange that he should have all this money after he had been twice cleaned out? These things have got to be explained, and before this thing is ended they will be."

Bob Smith, the trainer, who was present when Mr. Fox received the news of Ryan's defeat, said that he was very much surprised to see how unconcerned Fox received the news. Naturally, the sporting world asks: "Was Ryan fairly whipped?"

Grazing Wheat.

If sheep are all wed to graze wheat during the winter and early spring they will destroy great numbers of the eggs and larvae of chinch-bugs, army worms and of the Persian fly. These insects lay their eggs in spring and fall, and are hatched by the first warm spell. There are many instances where wheat has been saved from destruction by the grazing of sheep. Says the Springfield Republican: "In pasturing sheep and lambs the benefit is not only to the animals, but to the pastures, which are greatly improved. Sheep are very indiscriminate feeders and will bite not only grass, but also shrubs weeds and every green thing that starts in early spring. They thus destroy and keep down most of the foul stuff that usurps the place of grass, and they tend to leave the pastures clean for fine grass to grow. Their manure, also, scattered in small quantities as they travel over the ground, is readily absorbed by the earth and becomes the best plant food possible, and accomplishes what can not well be done by grubbing or top-dressing to renovate pasture land."

A Quick Repartee.

A good story is told of the late Edmund Burke, of New Hampshire. When in Congress he had a controversy with a Mr. Arnold of Tennessee, who spoke of New Hampshire as a State whose chief products were ice and granite, and sneeringly suggested that its representative was less like his namesake, the English statesman, than like Burke the "Turker." In his response, Mr. Burke said he was at a loss to know whether the Tennessee Representative was like Benedict Arnold or some other Arnold; and referring to the products of that gentleman's district as consisting mainly of dogs and hoop poles, brought down the House with the suggestion that, while the hoop poles were sent westward and down the Mississippi river, the dogs traveled eastward toward the national capital. This was the last ever heard of poor Arnold.

A Piece of Carelessness.

Stanley Huntley in the Brooklyn Eagle: Chris Gilson, the famous scout, who was at one time connected with the Eagle, but who is now known as the best plodder from the Montana line to the southern boundary of Arizona, wandered into Bismark, D. T., in the fall of 1878 to take a look at civilization. The town was run that week by a gambler from the Black Hills who had cleaned out a great many of the local fraternity at "stud-horse" poker, and who, consequently, put on a great many frills.

Gilson heard of him and during the afternoon managed to meet him casually in the O. C. F. saloon.

"Who might yer be, stranger?" said the Black Hill's man.

"I been driving mules for Dan Stevenson," replied Chris with an innocent air; Jack Flynn of Ball Bluff said he might give me a job choppin' wood when the river melted, and I come over from Miles City to see what was goin' on in the way of drop an' pick."

"Any ways heeted?" asked the stranger, pleasantly.

"Decently," replied Chris, "a roll of double bucks in my boots, and a haul in the bank. I heard there was a chap from up the gulch that was gunnin' for suckers, an' it seemed as I'd like to learn his racket, to catch the squaw men in the baud, when choppin' war scarce."

"What's yer best sling?" asked the Dead-wood man, with glistening eyes. "What do the keeds whisper as to yer holt?"

"The Yellowstone kentry looks up to me in dominoes," replied Chris, simply, "or if yer want ter skin down in uchre for half a dollar, I'm sed for ter be there. But what I really want to learn is 'stud-horse.' Ef I could find a teller on ter 'stud-horse,' I'd try ter reach for him."

"This was right in the Hill's man's hand an' he began to lay his pipe."

"I seen it played, stranger," said he, "I ain't peculiarly adapted to it, but I am ready to impart."

The cards were called for and the two sat down to play. A big crowd gathered around but they stood so that there was nobody behind either player.

The gambler won the deal, and having laid the first card to each face downward he turned over the other four a-piece face upwards, according to the rules of the game.

As they lay, Chris had a king, jack, seven and six of different suit. The gambler had two tens faced and a deuce and seven. What the turned down card of either was the other didn't know.

"Ever played poker?" casually asked the gambler.

"Just a teetle," replied Chris. "That's a dollar on the come in. Ef them tens is much good yer might sling in a camp or to."

This challenge was readily responded to, and the bet rose. The gambler played high and Chris stayed with him.

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Chris shuffled the cash toward the center of the table, and leaning forward looked his antagonist in the eyes.

"Pick it up stranger," said he, "Ef yer think there's been anything foul, take that pot. But if yer tech it, if yer put a hand out toward it, ye'll wish that ye'd died about the time yer mother began to expect yer, or my name is not Chris Gilson."

There was silence then for a moment, and the Hills man got up quietly.

"My money, stranger?" asked Chris. There was no response. The gambler had gone.

"Why didn't you draw on him, Chris?" asked Mr. Hare, the local magistrate. "Why didn't you draw? He had a bead on you."

"It war careless-ness," replied Chris, quietly. "The fact is that I had no weapon on me."

Useful Girls.

Mrs. Muloch Craik, in the Bazar, says: "I once met (it was at a garden party) a clergyman's wife—a graceful, accomplished woman—who introduced her three daughters, all so much after the mother's type that I could not help admiring them. 'Yes,' she said, with a tender pride, 'I think my girls are nice girls. And so useful, too. We are not rich and we have nine children. So we told the girls that they would have either to turn out and earn their bread abroad, or stay at home and do the work of the house. They chose the latter. We keep no servant—only a char-woman to scour and clean. My girls take it by turns to be cook, housemaid, and parlormaid. In the nursery, of course, (happy mother who could say, 'of course') they are all in all to their little brothers and sisters.' 'But how about education?' I asked. Oh, the work being divided among so many, we find time for lessons, too. Some we can afford to pay for, and then the elder teach the younger ones. 'Where there's a will there's a way.' My girls are not ignoramuses, or recluses either."

Robberies are occurring with alarming frequency all throughout the eastern and western States. Recently two well-dressed ruffians held up a young man at Springfield, Ill., and attempted to gather in what shekels the youth possessed, but the latter wouldn't have it that way, and pulling a revolver he made them throw up their hands and held them until the police arrived and took them in charge. The young hero walked off and his name was not learned. The thieves were strangers to the police.

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