

THE PRIZE FIGHT.

THE first meeting of the Lincoln Athletic association was held Friday night of last week. The place was Germania hall, opposite the post office. Nearly two hundred men were there. In this number were included all kinds of men, white men and black men; prominent merchants, sallow featured clerks, society men with good clothes and patent leather shoes, barkeepers with large diamonds, sports with tilted hats, politicians, and youths in their teens. The experience was new to some of the spectators. They entered with a sneaking expression on their faces. They were uneasy at the report that the police might appear and, in the expressive phraseology of the street, "pull de gang." They expected to see at least one of the fighters knocked out and perhaps disfigured. They expected to see quantities of blood. Subsequent events showed that they expected too much. And their fears were groundless. They were as safe as they would have been in a Sunday school.

The political boss of the city was there, with his right bower, the ruddy hued attorney. They gathered around them the out-and-out sports and awaited with interest the result of the new association's exploit. They had little faith in the young men's ability to put up a good fight. Later on they lifted up their voices and kicked with much earnestness.

In the center of the hall a regulation ring had been staked off. The ring was a square composed of ropes stretched from wooden standards. There were the usual fighter's corners in the ring. Canvas, under which was some light padding, covered the floor.

At 8 o'clock there were some people in the hall. At half past nearly all of the sports had arrived. At nine there was no prospect of any fighting. The crowd began to grow impatient. The monotony was relieved by the occasional appearance of the president with his big walking stick. He admonished the "gentlemen" to stop smoking as the tobacco smoke would "cut the wind" of the fighters. The gentlemen were allowed to emasculate the plug without interference.

After a good deal of delay two little fellows appeared in the ring and gave a preliminary sparring match. They were King and Hope. Hope, the smaller of the two, showed great nimbleness. But King was the better fighter. It was a tame affair, but in the judgment of some of the spectators, more interesting than the principal event which followed.

The race question is ruled out at prize fights. White men and black men sat together around the ring, and now appeared a white man and a black man to fight with gloves for fifteen rounds, the winner to get 75 per cent of the receipts, and the loser the balance. The white man was McIntyre, a local celebrity, who has something of a record. He weighed in at 138 pounds. The black man was Sherroy, a tough looking chap, who hails from South Omaha. Sherroy grinned when he took his corner, and after that he always grinned when McIntyre hit him. He weighed in at 147.

The fight was a sixty-minute go-as-you-please walking match. Both men proved themselves to be fairly good walkers. In the first round the men never touched each other. But they walked beautifully, giving a Delsarte movement to their arms and a living picture pose to their bodies.

The rounds that followed were all like the first, except that occasionally the black man and the white man would come together for a second or two. It was mainly a walking match to the end.

McIntyre had a bad hand, but he nevertheless at one or two periods in the ring perambulation evinced a disposition to fight a little, but Sherroy was satisfied with the 25 per cent which he was certain to secure, and he refused to fight. He showed some ability in dodging. He went down four times. Once he punished the white man a little. At the end McIntyre was declared the winner. Sherroy offered to fight him again for \$250 or \$500, but no match was made. An executive committee was appointed to arrange for future events. It is the intention to have a second match in the near future.

Probably the affair would have been voted a failure had it not been for the genuine amusement caused by the sudden appearance of the chief of police and one officer during the progress of the con-

When the ice man comes be sure the name LINCOLN ICE CO., is on the wagon, they have no pond ice. 1040 O Street.

test in pedestrianism. Quite unexpectedly came a sound as of some one loudly rapping, rapping at the guarded door. "The police" some one whispered, and all listened in silence—many in fear. Again the rapping, only this and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the silent night
And each separate list'ning member thought of home and of
the door.

Eagerly they wished the morrow—vainly, to, they tried to go.
From the hall and from the police—police knocking at the
door.

But even those who with blanched faces foolishly sought the
back door
Shall be nameless here forevermore.

Among the most agile of these seekers of the outer darkness were a prominent ex-state officer, and an young ex-merchant. They got to the back door at almost the same time that Chief Cooper affected an entrance. Apparently all he wanted was to see the fight. He grinned, the retreating sports slunk back to their seats, and the fight or the walking-match went on.

THE POET AND THE PROOF READER.

How can I sit here at this desk.
And write in limpid verse
Of springtime's beauty picturesque
And summer's joy rehearse,
The while the proof reader's sad song
In dreary monotone
Comes to me as he reads along
That sheet that is my own?

"Cap O, comma, who now shall tell—
(Say, Bill, what's the next word?
I can't make it out; it just beats hell
How this last proof is blurred.)
By gentle murmurings—(Bad face;
How does he spell it?)—When
Bright Nature smiles—(It's lower case,
Slug twenty's drunk again.)

"Oh (There it is! O-h this time!
That editor is an ass;
And he must be a fool sublime
To let such copy pass.)

Sweet Spring—(is spring a capital?
It's dead against the style.
That costs a ring.) and flow'rets all—
(Is that word smiles or smile.)

"Come—(That's the eighteenth letter turned;
Who was it pied that take?)—
Bloom once again—(Well, I'll be darned!
Where does that long line break?)—
Let birdlings sing—(That man's 'g' box
Is full of 'f-i's.') What
Though winter's ice the brooklet locks—
(Who wrote that cussed rot?)"

And that's the way he dwells upon
The children of my muse.
What wonder that my hope is gone,
What wonder that I lose
All love for rhyming, and I feel
My life devoid of cheer
When that proof reader's accents steal
On my poetic ear?

REAL HEROISM.

"Willy," said his mother, "your clothes are wet; you've been in the water."

"Yessum," said little Willie, bravely, "I went in and saved little Charley Stebbins."

"My noble boy!" said his fond mother; "did you jump in after him?"

"No'm," said little Willy, proudly, "I jumped in first so as to be there when he fell in."