

## WHAT A FIGHT IS LIKE.

### RIVERSIDE AT MIDNIGHT DURING A TEN ROUND CONTEST.

The Drive Out to the Scene of the Battle—The Crowd Before and After It—The Room Where the Fight Took Place—How the Men Looked During the Contest.

Monday night the Marsh road was as dark as black clouds could make it. Two days' rain furnished enough mud for all purposes, and nobody knew it better than the hostlers in the St. John livery stables, for teamsters in demand. Daniel Smith and Ed. Harvey were to fight at Riverside, some distance in the vicinity of midnight, and everybody seemed to know it.

As early as six o'clock travel on the road began. Before ten o'clock every kind of vehicle, from a light wagon and a good horse to an express wagon and an old racker, had passed Ward's. And all were loaded. Coaches and carryalls lumbered along at a gait never seen in the city, while

bear, made their more sober acquaintances uneasy by calling them by name, and offering to bet startling odds on their favorites. "Hello, you here?" was heard on all sides, and the answers to the query were amusing.

It was a mixed crowd, but not a surprising one. All present were interested in the "manly art," in one way or other, and some were there out of curiosity. The rowdy element was strong, but was shunned by the sports whose only object was to see "the mill." They took care of themselves and said nothing, but enjoyed the fun in a quiet way.

As eleven o'clock drew near the crowd in front of a small door in one corner of the bar grew larger and more closely packed, and negotiations were entered into in all quarters to get it opened. But the place became warmer and the door remained closed. At last it opened and the crowd wrestled at the foot of a pair of narrow and very steep stairs and went up one by one. Tickets were given at the door above, lead-

the men personally. He was continually forcing his opponent to the corners, but many of his best directed blows, especially about the body were broken on Smith's arm. Smith seemed to depend more on counters, and a swinging blow with his left, which he seemed afraid to try, but once landed with considerable force on the small of Harvey's back. There were few very warm or prolonged bouts, and neither man can be said to have made the best of his chances. After several lively encounters one or other of the men had plenty of time to recover and get in a telling hit, but failed to do so. Harvey was especially slow in this respect, and Smith found time to wipe the blood off his nose in the middle of the round.

There was considerable difference in the style of fighting of the two men. Harvey held his head well back and his arms high, and kept this position during the most exciting parts of the fight. Smith changed his tactics frequently, and his arms lowered toward the finish. When he struck Harvey's face, his head went down in the vicinity of his opponent's breast, but he was quick to recover, and seldom fell a victim to an undercut.

All through the fight Harvey appeared to be the fresher of the two, and showed very few signs of punishment. The court plaster came off Smith's eye in the first round, and blood came with it. A blow on the nose a short time afterwards, which caused that organ to bleed freely, did not improve his appearance. Harvey seemed to have more confidence than his opponent, and came to time quicker, but in the sixth round Smith got up as if he meant business. He walked around and started in, and landed a couple of good blows which were returned with more or less effect. Before the round finished both men were down to the form of the preceding rounds.

From that out the fighters appeared to lose their energy. When in their corners they were weary, but looked relieved, and did not respond to the call with much alacrity. The spectators began to put their trust in the last two rounds for a lively windup, and some began to get excited. One man who seemed unquenchable wanted to see Harvey use his right, and enthusiasts in different parts of the room were unable to control themselves, despite the repeated warnings of the referee. Nevertheless good order was kept throughout the contest.

The men stepped up for the last round, shook hands and assumed the offensive. The spectators wore expectant looks, but the fighters seemed unequal to the emergency. They waited for chances as they had done in the nine preceding rounds, and when time was called had done very little damage.

The crowd got up in a hurry. "Decision?" shouted someone. "A draw, of course; what else could I make it?" said the referee.

"That's right; that's right," came from all quarters, as nearly two hundred men made a scramble for the open air.

It is doubtful whether the pure air of Riverside was ever more appreciated, even if it had to be taken with rain, than it was after the fight. The room had become warmer and warmer and before the fight ended the air was suffocating. Everyone wore heavy coats and mackintoshes, just as they had driven from town.

During the fight rain had fallen, and there was wrestling with wet blankets and shivering horses; and hunts more or less successful for whips and robes. Then some strange discoveries were made. Everybody who went out had not seen the fight. Here and there in the yard were men lying about who had no idea where they were or what they were celebrating.

It took hours to untangle that mixed up collection of horses and carriages. Everybody wanted to be either first or last. To reach town without losing a wheel was the object of the majority, but it was one of those uncertainties which percussion has nothing to do with.

One by one the teams drove out into the road, into the darkness and cold heavy rain. The make, style or number of occupants of the carriage ahead was unknown to the man whose horse's teeth chewed the back seat. Whether there was room enough on the road to pass was equally uncertain, and it was follow the leader until everything was sure.

It was a great way for 200 men to usher in the Queen's birthday. The first carriage reached town about two o'clock in the morning. Daylight saw them still on the road.

Burnt Cork at the Institute. Arlington's minstrels brought a number of old burnt cork favorites to the Institute this week. Fox and Ward, Wilson and a number of other members of the company are well known to the patrons of minstrelsy in St. John, but some of their parts were too familiar, and as a consequence the holiday audiences were not up to the mark. The setting of the stage in the first part was fine, and the jokes, although not all strangers, were sprung on the audience in a way that brought out all the fun in them.

## MR. PETERS GETS THERE.

### MR. HAYSTEAD THE VICTIM OF A PRACTICAL JOKE.

A Little White Dog Sees the Minstrel Show and Furnishes Some Amusement—Things That Make Life Worth Living, or Otherwise in a City Like St. John.

Mr. Thomas W. Peters was the chairman of the officers' nominating committee of the Exhibition association, and paid quite a compliment to his natural modesty when he signed the report to appoint himself vice-president of that body.

It is said that Mr. Peters has always had a tender feeling for the presidency of the association, and, whether there was any suggestion in the minds of the committee that Mr. Manchester would not serve as president could not very well be determined now, yet it is certain that in this instance the well-known adage, "the longest way round is the shortest way there," has again been proved, for, upon Mr. Manchester refusing to serve as president, Mr. Peters was elevated from the vice chair to the presidency.

It is a cold day when some people get left. Mr. Peters surely has not been appointed because he has interested himself in the success of the exhibition. Progress is not aware of any signal service he has rendered in this connection. He is a man of leisure and a leisurely man, but not, it may well be fancied, in any degree the possessor of sufficient energy or executive ability to pull an exhibition through and make it a success.

The most prominent part he took last year in the venture was his curtain lecture to Mr. Ira Cornwall at Chubb's corner one morning when the burden of his cry was that the secretary did not do enough work. Progress published the facts at that time and they excited a good deal of comment.

Since there is to be no exhibition it does matter much who is president, but it would be indeed unfortunate if the success of an exhibition this year had to depend upon the activity of the new presiding officer.

## SCARED OUT OF HIS WITS.

### A Good Story on Manager Haystead of the Josie Mills Company.

Not long ago a certain gentleman in this city had a grievance against Mr. Haystead, the manager of the Josie Mills company, who had brought him into undue prominence without asking his permission. He thought he would have his revenge and planned it so that when Haystead was about to board the train from this city a man stepped up to him and carelessly tapping him upon the shoulder, asked: "Are you Mr. Haystead?"

"That is my name," replied the showman.

"Then you are my prisoner," was the grave and calm reply.

"What for?" exclaimed Haystead. "But what for?"

He was shown the warrant, which stated in detail some offence. Whatever it was, Haystead was astounded, but finally recovered himself sufficiently to inquire how much would fix it up. He was told that he would have to secure bail for \$1000, which, of course, he thought impossible. Just as he was making up his mind with considerable loss of cold perspiration that he would have to go with the constable, the gentleman whose name he had made free with appeared on the scene, and upon hearing of the trouble signed the bail bond for \$1,000. Haystead was profuse in his expressions of thanks, and turning to the constable a minute before the train started inquired, "Am I free now. Can I go?"

"There are \$12 costs" was the reply. Haystead handed over the amount with alacrity, and the train carried him away to another town, where for days he was subdued and sad thinking of the trial to come off in St. John. The evening of the 24th of May he raised a P. O. order for \$12 from St. John, and when he began to think where it came from the hoax dawned upon him. The warrant and constable were good imitations and served their purpose just as readily as real legal instruments.

## A DOG SEES THE MINSTRELS.

### The Major Ticked Him All to Pieces, but the Footlights Were a Mystery.

One of the most interested spectators at the Institute show Tuesday evening was a miserable little white dog. How he got in nobody knew, but before the performance was half over, he began to attract attention. He was a curious little cur, and manifested the deepest interest in everything in the building. At first he seemed at a loss to understand it all and confined his energies to nosing around the auditorium, in and out among the chairs and up the sides until he was thoroughly acquainted with every part of it.

When he began to realize what the people were there for. The minstrels attracted his attention. One of the first things that brought him into prominence was a hat which one of the coons kicked off the stage. The dog made a bounce for

it, and the performer had to come down and rescue it.

The dog divided his attention between the audience and the stage until the major came on and began to swing his staff in all directions, while the polished ball glittered in the light. This tickled the dog all to pieces. He seemed to think it a first rate performance, and became so interested that he stood on his hind legs to look at it. Even this did not satisfy him. He ambled around till he found the way to the stage, and up he went.

This was a new experience, and the dog seemed at a loss to thoroughly understand it. He viewed the major all over and then looked at the audience, with an expression that plainly said, "What do you think of it?" Still the major twirled the staff, and ignored his admirer entirely. The dog seemed to realize this and lost interest in him, for he walked around the stage taking good care to keep clear of the staff.

About this time the dog made a new discovery. The footlights struck him as being something out of the ordinary, and he decided to find out all about them. He began at one end, nosed around until he was satisfied that they were all alike, viewed the whole of them and turned his attention in another direction.

He took his place among the rest of the auditors, and enjoyed the show for awhile, when he disappeared and the audience realized that one of the most amusing features of the performance was at an end.

## FROM JEST TO EARNEST.

### Kissing a Pretty Girl a Crime in a Boarding House.

Those who imagine that kissing is confined to colleges and schools will be surprised to learn that a well authenticated case of it recently came to light in a large boarding house in this city. A young man—from the country—was caught practicing the art of osculation with a pretty table girl and after receiving a curtain lecture from the landlady was arrested by his fellow boarders and tried before a regularly empanelled jury. The judge was called Palmer—for the time—and all the other officials of the court bore assumed names that are well known in legal circles.

To the verdant youth the situation was somewhat alarming. He was properly frightened and as the trial proceeded and the different witnesses drained their imaginations for facts, enlarging and dwelling upon each particular act, he began to wonder of what he was not guilty.

The jury found him guilty without much hesitation and the judge with due solemnity imposed a fine of \$1.50 to be properly expended for the entertainment of the court. This sentence was afterwards altered to "oysters for the crowd," which was indeed a serious sentence to a young fellow not earning that much in weeks.

If the affair had ended there it would have passed as a pleasant joke, but Progress understands that the young fellow's employer, learning the facts, thought he could dispense with his services, that this brought the youth's father to town and another inquiry set in. What the end of it all was appears to be a sort of mystery.

## Perhaps Central Can Explain.

There are times, in fine weather too, when a man at a telephone finds it next to impossible to make out what a person at the other end of the wire is saying to him. The voice, though a clear and musical one, has a cracked sound. A friend of Progress says that this happens when the central office has the wires adjusted so that the operator can hear what the talkers are saying. Nobody except a pretty fresh young person ever says anything over the telephone which he would not say anywhere, and nobody thinks for a moment that "central" can get interested in the conversation of any two of the patrons. The imperfect connection is probably due to some other cause.

## Why They Didn't Appear.

There was somewhat of a surprise around the wharves on the morning of the queen's birthday. Work in that vicinity is not so plentiful that the laborers can afford to lose time when there is anything to be done, and as a consequence it has been the custom to give holidays the go-by when times are brisk. Knowing this the stevedores were on hand as usual and had everything in readiness to begin work for the day, but the men did not put in an appearance. The ship laborers' union had held a meeting the night before and decided to have six public holidays in the year. The queen's birthday was one of them.

## It Didn't Help Their Thirst.

Two countrymen from Mace's Bay tried to find something to quench their thirst at a late hour Wednesday night, and during their wanderings entered an oyster saloon on King square. The decoction prepared for them there, of black and red pepper, vinegar, &c., &c., rivalled the strongest liquid that ever passed a man's throat. They could not be induced to have another.

## ALL FELL ASLEEP IN MEETING.

### The Salvationists Say It was Chloroform from the Dental Office Down Stairs.

Those who attended a meeting of the salvation army at St. Stephen a short time ago, had a curious experience. The ordinary army meeting differs considerably from the old-time prayer meeting, and while sleepers are not uncommon at the latter, it is generally supposed that sleep in an army meeting would be an impossibility. This theory was exploded at St. Stephen. At the meeting referred to, drowsiness seemed to be a feature. One by one, the salvationists blinked and nodded until they dropped peacefully into the arms of Morpheus. The hall began to look like a cheap metropolitan boarding house, with sleepers sitting bolt upright in all directions.

The officers began to realize what was going on, and the meeting took a new turn. The cause of the sleepiness on the part of the salvationists was a mystery that must be explained, and the matter was discussed in all its bearings.

Somebody thought of the tenant downstairs. The lower flat is occupied by Dr. Moore as dental offices, and when this was remembered, the salvationists felt satisfied that the mystery was solved. Everyone seemed to have no doubt that the dentist had been administering chloroform or ether to some of his patients, and that the fumes had come up through the floor.

This was a serious matter, and the salvationists proceeded to make things lively for the dentist and all concerned. The landlord was consulted with a view of having the objectionable doctor removed, chloroform, ether and all, but the outcome of the meeting is not known.

The chloroform-ether theory seems to have taken a firm hold on the salvationists. The explanation offered by the dentist was that chloroform, being much heavier than air descends, and that ether evaporates so quickly that considering this fact and the ceiling being between, it was not likely to ascend.

## The Flag Came Down Quickly.

Only a few people in the city are aware that the polymorphian flagstaff bore the Union Jack for a few minutes on the morning of the 24th. Then the stalwart form of Dave Belyea was seen striding toward the staff, and in a few minutes the bunting was flying no more. The polymorphians were resolved not to fly their flag while the council refused to repair their staff. It is very true that the Haymarket grounds have been shamefully neglected. Reclaimed, as they were, by the polymorphians, the least the city could do was to keep the square in order. Request upon request has been made all to no effect, and the finest flagstaff in the town will, in all likelihood, measure its 130 feet upon the ground. Director A. C. Smith gave himself some trouble about the affair and took Belyea to task for pulling down the flag. Where his right to interfere came in, is not very clear, since the club owns the flags and Belyea is the keeper of them.

## Things People Cannot Understand.

St. John policemen make arrests sometimes that mystify the people who happen to be around at the time. Wednesday, when an officer pounced upon a young fellow on Portland bridge, got him on the ground, and put the handcuffs on him, everybody who saw it got a surprise. The young fellow was being piloted along fairly well by a friend and was making no noise when the policeman jumped off the car and run him in. The officer said he knew more about it than anybody else, and that settled the matter. People who were in that vicinity Tuesday, however, saw plenty of worse cases, but no policemen.

## The Gate Keeper's Interpretation.

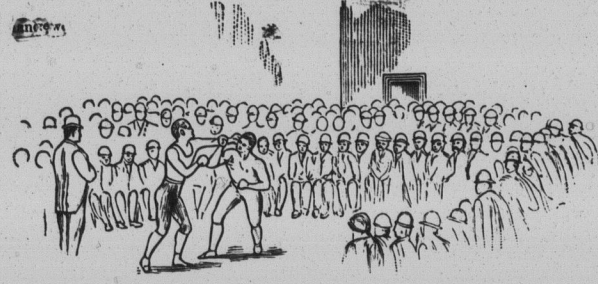
A conspicuous notice at the St. Stephen park says: "No betting, profane language allowed." It is rather ambiguous. Whether profane language is permissible and the line drawn at betting has puzzled a good many people. When the jam at the gate on the holiday, made life a burden to the ticket taker, he solved the question. Being an official it was generally thought that his interpretation of the notice must be the correct one. He took advantage of the profane language clause to such an extent, however, that the boys objected and run him off.

## Why He was Out Early.

A city official appeared on the streets much earlier than usual one morning this week. It was so early as to be commented upon by a friend with the following result. "Yes, I am out early," said the official. "I feel too mad to stay in the house. A friend of mine sent me a couple of nice trout yesterday, and this morning the servant cooked them; but she put them in the pan just the same as they came out of the lake."

## No Walk-Overs at St. Stephen.

The St. John boys attended the sports in St. Stephen in force, and the despatches in the papers the day after the holiday was somewhat of a surprise. The St. Stephen athletes came to the front in nearly every event, and the St. John representatives brought back few honors.



THE PUGILISTS AND THE CROWD.

the men in light waggons forgot the darkness and used the whip, with an eye on the light at McEvoy's. Past the park and out into the darkness again, it was just the same. Nobody had time to lose, and the eight miles between St. John and Riverside were probably covered in quicker time, by more teams on a dark night than they have been for years.

Some stopped on the way of course. "All the houses out the road," were lighted up like China mansions at Christmas times, and few could resist the temptation to make them a call. Some drew up oftener than they expected or wanted to, but there were no serious accidents.

The driver of a covered carriage mistook a woodpile for the road, when about seven miles out, and drove into it. The horse stopped very suddenly and there was a scramble for the ground. The road was blocked, while word was passed along for the coming teams to draw up. It was announced that there was a hole in the road six feet deep until a lantern revealed the woodpile.

Out came the horse, then the carriage was extricated; no bones broken or spokes lost. The procession started again, the express load singing for all it was worth—along the road, so dark that one could not tell where the trees left off and the ditch began. To the occupants of some of the carriages, it didn't make much difference.

Thus it was on the road all evening. Eight miles of hurrying, mud and darkness. How some of the men made the distance nobody knows, for stops were frequent and money flush. It was the night before the holiday, and celebrating began early.

At last the lights shone through the trees. Then, around the corner of the road, and the stable yard reflector sent its rays on a scene that St. John people only see once in a good many years. Coaches, carryalls, carriages, express wagons, and everything that had passed Ward's, all drawn up and worked into each other like a Chinese puzzle, while men stood at the wheel, wondering how they would ever get them extricated without a catastrophe. Horses tied to trees, posts and wagon wheels, snorted and wondered what it all meant.

And still they kept coming. There seemed to be no end of them, and "good places" were at premium. It was a cute crowd too. Every man felt that if he thought anything about it, that he had reached his destination alive and well, but he was equally anxious to get in again. Caps and blankets were hidden away, and in some cases precaution was taken to hide the horse and wagon. A few left everything that was movable at houses up the road, while one sporting man confidently remarked that he felt perfectly easy about the horse because he had hidden the whip and anybody who tried to steal the animal couldn't run away with him without it.

The horse all right, everything hidden, newcomers began to look about them. And they saw a curious crowd, every man anxious to see "Dan" Smith and "Ned" Harvey pounce each other for the gate receipts. The bar was filled to overflowing, and on the platform outside, young fellows with more beer than sense were offering to beat any man in somebody else's family or the whole family together. Little groups who "didn't want to get mixed up in it," moved off to dark corners of the yard; some sat in the waggons. In the bar loud mouthed sports, loaded for

"RICBY"

owing in favor very dated. "The proof over beyond argument one porous Water-ket worthy to be so that the people, d all over the country, where are no injurious end. The fact that st, one of England's and endorsed by the no humbug, but will waterproof qualities Foot-proof coats on are not in it. Rigby and waterproof.

"RICBY"

GAIN! Forest!

TALES,

per. "His popularity," a widely read in France, none American sports has international success of "Tom's Club" and only has since gained a with Cooper's abroad," but his charming ro- right new generations of be more wholesome for a famous novel. An be more wholesome for a famous novel. An be more wholesome for a famous novel. An

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