

## A FIGHT THAT WASN'T FOUGHT

THE BRITISH REPRESENTATIVE DID NOT PUT IN APPEARANCE.

The Auburn-Headed Man Was There With the White Pup With Yellow Spots, but the Liver and White Dog Failed to Materialize—The Story of the Experiences of a Mixed Lot of People Who Expected to See a Fight, but Who Did Nothing but Talk.

This is the story of a dog fight that was never fought. It deals with the adventures of a company of sporting men with carmine-tinted noses and one plate, unpretending bulldog from Leavenworth. All things considered, it is a thrilling tale, and well worth the reading.

To begin at the beginning, a dark-eyed gentleman with a yellow beard got into a cab at the Junction just as the clocks were striking 7 yesterday morning. With him was a mild jag and as fine a bulldog as ever growled at an adversary. He—meaning the dog—is white, with a splash of yellow between his shoulders, and the temper of a Mephisto. He first saw the light of day fourteen months ago this coming Thursday, and his long line of ancestors were haughty champions of the canine race, and are now dust in honored graves.

Pontiac, that's the name of the aforesaid pup, has fought seven battles and won every one of them. Out of the pit he is as mild-mannered as a dancing master, and will accept all the caresses bestowed on him. But put him in the magic circle with another dog in front of him and there's no telling what he won't do. It is what he has done that has brought him fame and a pair of backers from Leavenworth who are willing to bet any part of \$2,000 that he can whip any pup that stands on four legs. Pontiac licked everything that was worth licking in Leavenworth long before this story was written, and his owner brought him to this city to make a "killing." They had heard that there was a liver-colored pup in this town who hailed from dear old "Lunnon," and was simply spoiling for a fight.

And so it came to pass that after a lot of talk—talk is a chronic infirmity of all genuine sports—a match was arranged. Pontiac got into town yesterday morning and after visiting a number of "all night" saloons got into a cab and was driven to the scene of the postponed battle.

It would be breaking confidence to give the name and street number of the patron of the fight. The police, in public, frown on dog-fighting and as a result the meetings of the canines are never advertised. Suffice to state that the house is enframed in a group of spreading oak trees and is situated two miles from the City hall. An electric car runs past the place, but most of the sports who participated in yesterday's proceedings went out in hacks.

Pontiac and his yellow-headed adviser got out to the place about 7:40 o'clock. The dog was feeling as fine as silk, and after disposing of a dainty breakfast of raw beef retired to the privacy of the cellar and went to sleep. The yellow-headed man and a score or more of other fellows remained upstairs. The most of them were smoking black cigars and all of them were talking.

It was certainly a congenial company. A horseman, who says he won \$4,000 at the recent running meeting at Exposition park, discussed the silver issue with a one-eyed man from Omaha, who is familiar with the ways of bull pups. Then there was a red-haired citizen of St. Paul and a talkative native of Chicago, who had the good luck to win \$40 on a dog fight seven years ago. A few jockeys, four men, business unknown, and one faithful reporter made up the company.

Everybody talked "dog" and if half what was said was true everybody knew the strong and weak points of Pontiac. But strange to relate, no one knew anything about the other dog. To be sure there were any amount of chatter about the English champion, but facts about his career were scarce.

The man who owned the house and had made the arrangements for the function, knew he had the \$200 forfeit money posted by the backers of the English dog. He showed the cash, but could tell nothing. There was nothing to do but wait. The morning grew old and shafts of vagrant sunlight crept into the cellar but still there was no news of the British pup. Noon came and with it a good, old-fashioned dinner.

After the coffee fresh cigars were lighted and an hour was wasted in idle speculation. Everybody wanted to see a fight but even the waitress knew that one dog couldn't make a fight by himself. Smiles gave way to frowns and the language took a sulphurous tinge. Four of the gentlemen started a game of poker and two others began to match dollars.

At precisely 2 o'clock the host got up on a chair and Pontiac came up from the cellar. The man said that there was no use of waiting any longer and the dog growled. The \$200 forfeit was handed to Pontiac's owner and a fresh round of drinks was ordered. Then there was a break for the hacks and a deluge of unkind comments on the non-appearance of the other dog. Pontiac and the man with a yellow head climbed into their hack. An impudent rooster stood in the stable entrance and crowed.

The sports went home and Pontiac and his friends took the first train for Leavenworth. In other words there was no fight.