
TALK OF THE TOWN.

There are few better-known men in the West than Bat Masterson—the name of “Buffalo Bill” is hardly more familiar. Much has been said of him in the newspapers and sporting journals. Anything he may do or say is an “item,” and for that reason reporters watch him closely. Despite all this I have never read a description of Masterson’s personal appearance. Much has been written of his career, of his reputed “killings,” of his opinion on matters pugilistic, but very little of how he looks and talks.

During a half-hour’s conversation with the famous Bat one night this week I drew a mental picture of him. Here it is: A man probably 38 years of age, although looking two or three years younger; about five feet, nine inches tall and weighing, say 165 pounds; his hair dark and cropped closely to a well-shaped, but rather round head, eyes gray, a mixed gray, large and full; complexion dark and inclined to be florid, evidently from dissipation; mustache dark brown, nearly black, and trimmed almost to the corners of the mouth; feet and hands small and well-shaped. He wore a black derby hat and a spring suit of clothes, light in color and beautifully made. He was not flashy in any respect and yet he looked like a gambler or sporting man. He is extremely polite in manner, talks well and easily and uses very good English, with neither more nor less slang than would naturally be expected.

This is the man who is said to have killed as many men as any other of the noted border characters, and yet never a one by unfair advantage, and who now has a reputation as an authority on pugilism and a man who is willing to back his judgment so long as his money lasts.