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JOHN SLUGS JAKE.

After Months of Mouth Fighting Sullivan, the Burly Bostonian, and Kilrain, Sly Fox's Selection, Engage in a Fistic Battle to a Finish.

The Bean-Eater's Sledge-Hammer Blows Loosen the Ribs of the Baltimorean, Who Throws Up the Sponge After Fighting Seventy-Five Rounds.

As a Sprinter Kilrain Is a Great Success. He Managed to GALLOP AROUND THE RING Until the Gang Hooted, Hissed and Called Jake a Cur.

After Sizing Up His Man the Big Fellow Compels Him to Give Up Upwards of Two Hours Of Hot Pursuit.

Charley Mitchell, the British Blatherskite, Drops His Principal Like a Dog After He Has Been Defeated, and Talks About Challenging Sullivan.

Poor Kilrain Weeps Like a Child, and Says That He Was Not Only Overtrained, but That Some One Doped Him.

AT ANY RATE SULLIVAN IS CHAMPION.

He Says That Having Collared the Championship, He Will Quit. Nothing Will Induce Him to Try Conclusions with Pete Jackson.

NEW ORLEANS, La., July 8.—The big fight is over. Kilrain has been fairly, squarely, honestly and honorably whipped in a contest in which the beaten man has no cause to be ashamed of his defeat. There is no manner of doubt that Jake Kilrain is a game man and a fighter, and the men who saw him fight to-day will put up

JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

their money on him the next time he enters the ring against any living man except Sullivan. No account of this much-talked-of contest will be complete unless the thread of the narrative is taken up at the time of the departure of the first train from New Orleans Monday morning at 1:30 o'clock. The rush for admission to the $15 coaches was something indescribable. It took nearly two hours to seat the $15 ticket holders, but there was not room for all of them, and some had to occupy camp-stools in the aisles. The anxiety to see the fight amounted almost to a frenzy, and those who were without the means to pay $10 or $15, the price of transportation and admission, took the chances of losing their lives in attempting to steal a ride. Just before the $15 train started from New Orleans it was discovered that scores of men and boys had concealed themselves on the cross-beams connecting the wheels, while others hung on the long iron rods connecting the trucks. The greater number, however, were perched on the roofs of the cars. They were driven off with difficulty. The

RING WAS PITCHED AT RICHBURG

in a clearing on the edge of a pine forest, near the little village which is 102 miles from New Orleans, and 96 from Meridian, Miss. The ring was pitched on a patch of green turf, and surrounding it on the three sides were tiers of seats ten feet high. The general aspect of the crowd was anything but tough. The hoodlum element was largely outnumbered by an eminently respectable crowd. Professional men, merchants, bankers—some from New Orleans, others from neighboring states—were present to a preponderating degree. Many of the spectators came from points as far distant as San Francisco in the West, and New York and Boston in the East. But these were mostly of the sporting variety. And while the holders of gilt-edge tickets, at $15 each, were disembarking and scrambling for chances of advantage at the ring side, the $10 people on the second train were also having experience, between New Orleans and the battle ground, which it did not reach until 9 o'clock after several vexatious and long delays. The locomotive did not have power enough to draw the train up grade or round curves. The coaches were also in poor running order. In five minutes after the appearance of this train the amphitheater was a packed mass of eager and perspiring humanity, something like 3,000 in number. By this time a friendly cloud spread over the face of the run and tempered the burning rays. The crowd waited patiently and in good humor. Many were hungry; all thirsty and tired, but there was no relief except at the hands of a colored man, who peddled cheese sandwiches of doubtful age at 15 cents apiece. Another colored man peddled water at 5 cents a cup, while some beer sold for 25 cents a glass.

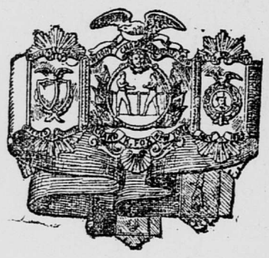
Kilrain was toeing the scratch when Donovan, his second, threw up the sponge, thus declaring Sullivan the victor. Kilrain was by no means satisfied, but, notwithstanding his protestations, he was bundled up in a black shawl and hurried to a carriage in waiting. Kilrain, Donovan, Butler, Murphy and Mitchell drove rapidly to the train and entered their car. Sullivan, Muldoon and Cleary entered the first coach. When Kilrain had seated himself he was soon surrounded by a host of sympathizing friends, who consoled him for his misfortune.

KILRAIN WEPT LIKE A CHILD,

and continued exclaiming, "I'd him beaten!" A large crowd followed the hacks and remained standing around the coaches in which Sullivan and Kilrain were. Mr. Stevenson, who had been Kilrain's friend throughout, remained by his side and sponged him, occasionally giving him a drink of whisky and water. Kilrain would not be consoled, but continued to bemoan the loss of the battle which he had hoped to win. Prof. Michael J. Donovan, of the New York Athletic club, who so ably seconded Kilrain; Prof. Dennis Butler, of the Southern Athletic club, and Johnnie Murphy, bottle-holder, remained beside their principal, one relieving the other in ministering to his comfort and relief. None felt the defeat of Kilrain more than did these people, and Prof. Donovan stated that though Kilrain did not want to throw up the sponge he concluded to do so, for his principal was exhausted from the heat and exercise as well as from the punishment he had received, but had so nobly stood. Charley Mitchell, Kilrain's trainer, held himself aloof from him, however, but there were many other friends of Kilrain's there to take his place. As soon as the two gladiators and other friends had seated themselves in the coaches, the train moved off at a rapid rate. Kilrain appeared to be suffering more from mental than physical injuries, and was very gloomy. At times he would brighten up a little and smile, but these occasions were rare. His face did not betray the great punishment he had received at the hands of his big antagonist. He had a cut under the nose across both lips, and his left eye was slightly discolored and swollen. His right hand had been injured by a blow on Sullivan's head and his left instep had been cut by the spikes on Sullivan's shoes, which cut through the leather of Kilrain's left shoe. He had received terrible punishment about the ribs and doubtless suffered considerable pain, but he gave

NO VOICE TO HIS AGONY,

if any he endured. He claimed to have been more overcome by heat than by the blows of Sullivan. Referring to the fight, Kilrain said that he had not been trained properly and that he was not in condition when he entered the ring, and this seemed to be the impression of every one who saw him when he entered. He would work and get some money together again, he said, and would once more make a trial for the championship. He had Sullivan "done" twice, he continued, but he had not been properly trained, and was unable to take advantage of this, but he was willing to fight Sullivan again. He punched Sullivan several times and did not seem to hit him, and he labored under the impression that something must have been done to him—in other words, that he had been drugged. He did not have the strength of a cat, but could stand any amount of punishment but could not inflict any, and



THE CHAMPION BELT.

he could see that his blows were not hurting Sullivan. He complained of the manner in which Sullivan had deliberately jumped upon him with both feet while he was down, but he should not find fault with this, as he had trusted too much to his friends. One of those around him exclaimed reproachfully, "Some of your friends you should say." "Sullivan was done for twice," he said, "but he was also, and could not take advantage of his adversary's condition." Kilrain laid down on the seat with his feet stretched across to the opposite seat, and covering being placed over him he fell asleep. When the train was crossing the trestle about eighteen miles from the city, Mitchell, for the first time, entered the car and Kilrain awoke. About a mile beyond Gentilly, while the train was at a standstill,

KILRAIN REPROACHED MITCHELL

for the condition he was in when he entered the ring. Mitchell replied and quite a crowd gathered around the two men. Mitchell attributed Kilrain's defeat to its being one of his off days. A number of sporting men who knew Kilrain well, and had seen him in training at Baltimore, remarked that something must have been the matter with him, for they had never seen him hit so feebly as he did to-day. Johnnie Murphy said it was not Sullivan who knocked Kilrain out, but the sun, for Sullivan did not hurt him much. Kilrain's condition, he thought, was mysterious, and he was overtrained besides. Prof. Butler declared that he had announced his belief in Kilrain and he had stuck to him through thick and thin. Mitchell had dropped him like a dog when the fight went against him, but this would not be the case with his other friends. When the train reached the station two carriages were procured for the party. Kilrain was conducted to a Russian bath and afterwards retired to rest.

When Sullivan removed his sweater, revealing his magnificent torso, pink with the glow of health and the perfection of condition, his chest and back looked as big as the side of a house, and an involuntary buzz of admiration circulated through the crowd. When Kilrain's bare form was displayed to the multitude there were audible expressions of disappointment. His skin was of a pale, sickly hue, his chest narrow and the muscles of his arms somewhat too salient. Shrewd observers thought him a shade too fine, and it was painfully evident that he was

NO MATCH FOR SULLIVAN,

either in condition or physical power. It is claimed that he weighed 195 pounds and that his antagonist tipped the beam at 205. This was hardly credible. There was not less than twenty-five or thirty pounds difference in weight in Sullivan's favor. In the language of a comically inclined observer: "He looked as if he weighed a ton." The earlier rounds of a prize fight are not as revolting as is ordinarily supposed. During the entire progress of the seventy-five rounds neither of the combatants showed outward signs of severe physical punishment. There was not that abundant flow of blood from the nose or mouth which embellishes accounts of "scraps" between third rate fighters. Sullivan had his ear split, both of his eyes bunged, his neck scratched and both hands disabled, but evinced no outward symptoms of suffering. Kilrain's lip was cut, his left ear smashed, and his short ribs severely pounded, but he bled to a very inconsiderable extent, and only a big bruise, the size of a man's hand, showed where Sullivan's terrific right hand repeatedly jabbed him. Later in the fight, when Kilrain began to grow weak in leg and arm, and tottered about the helpless victim of Sullivan's superior muscular force, the spectacle became not only revolting, but pitiable. Sullivan seems to have profited some by past experience. He has evidently abandoned rushing tactics. He was

CONSTANTLY ON THE AGGRESSIVE,

but there was an absence of that furious impetuosity for which he has been noted. He had learned to respect Kilrain's arm by repute, and his knowledge on that point was greatly enriched to-day by actual experience. One thing is evident, Sullivan is no match for Kilrain either as a wrestler or boxer. Give Kilrain Sullivan's immeasurable driving power and expanse of chest and shoulder and no man could stand against him. Kilrain's pluck and gameness was a theme of admiration for those who understand ring strategy and true endurance. The Baltimore man was practically whipped in the third round. Sullivan got in a fierce blow on his side, under the heart, from which he never recovered. An ordinary man would have thrown up the sponge in the next round. Kilrain's seconds themselves acknowledge that the fight was over then, but with the indifference of a stoic and the pluck of a hero Kilrain continued the unequal struggle and administered many a stinging blow to his adversary, and yet in spite of this an indiscriminating crowd, mistaking caution and strategy for cowardice, yelled at Kilrain, calling him

"CUR" AND "COWARD"

when he sought to avoid Sullivan's blow by dodging, or when he tried to outwind him by retreating before him all around the ring. It is undeniably true that after the ninth round, when suffering excruciating pain from his bruise under the heart and repeated knock-downs, Kilrain did lay himself open to the charge of "foul" by falling down when not apparently knocked down. These fouls were repeatedly claimed, but never allowed by the referee. But all this and more was made up and overbalanced in the thirty-second round, when Sullivan, after knocking Kilrain down deliberaly and te unequivocally fouled the latter by jumping upon his fallen antagonist with both knees when he lay prostrate before him. It was as unmanly an act as was ever done in the ring and should have resulted in an award of the fight to Kilrain. Any fair-minded referee with the courage of his convictions and a knowledge of his duty would not have hesitated an instant. But the "foul" was not allowed and the half-whipped man,

JEERED AND HOOTED AT

by the crowd, continued to come up smiling every time, although the certainty of more fearful punishment to come stared him in the face. Even after the final round, Kilrain was ready to again come to the scratch, but his seconds, fearing direful results, threw up the sponge despite his protests. It has since transpired that Kilrain's seconds buoyed him up throughout the fight by picturing to him the effects of defeat upon his wife and children. The day was full of unpleasant incidents. The hoodlum element, although in the minority, did nearly all of the shouting and cowed an already-defeated man by their savage shouts of triumph and yells for more blood. But weak as he was, when they got into close quarters Kilrain would now and then get in a lick that made the Boston fighter acknowledge his prowess. In the fifty-second round the crowd shouted to Kilrain: "Fight, you cur," although he was then making a fight that would have made any five of them quail. In the fifty-sixth round one in the crowd shouted, "Hurrah for Kilrain," but he response was feeble. But when Sullivan got in a telling blow the crowd needed no cue to yell and cheer with delight. In the sixty-second round the sun reappeared and added to Kilrain's distress. He was visibly weakening and hitting wild, but whenever time was called he came up smiling—a forced smile, perhaps, but all the same a smile. The brutality of the crowd increased with Kilrain's discomfiture. In the sixty-fourth round they yelled to Sullivan to "finish him," and

SOME SHOUTED "KILL HIM."

Sullivan fought the battle of his life, and, with the exception of the thirty second round, fought fairly and squarely. He also took punishment like a Spartan, and never lost confidence or nerve. One finger on either

JAKE KILRAIN.

hand was broken in the fight, but no one discovered it but his seconds. He showed signs of tiring toward the end, and had to be helped to his feet when time was called. There were periods in the fight, even long after the eventful third round, when the issue was in doubt. Had Kilrain been in condition the result might have been different. As soon as the sponge was thrown up Muldoon and Cleary threw a blanket over the stalwart form of the victor and rushed and pushed him across the ring toward the entrance to the press stand. A long and loud cheer, interpersed with yells, greeted the champion, and an excited crowd of men and boys followed the three closely. Sullivan, despite earnest protestations, was pushed into the road toward a barouche and was driven to the depot to his special car. A ditch had to be crossed in order to reach the coach. Across this the champion sprang lightly, followed by Muldoon and Cleary. Sullivan had received

BLOWS ON EACH OPTIC,

and his left ear was bleeding where Kilrain had planted a cutting blow. His eyes were swollen and discolored, and his cheek was bleeding. On reaching the coach the doors were closed. Just after the fight Sullivan said to Barnett and some of his friends that he was sorry for Kilrain, and that, while of course he was very much pleased with his victory, he hoped that Kilrain had not been seriously hurt and that he would soon be around again. It is understood that a party of Sullivan's friends are getting up a banquet for him to-morrow.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.

Sullivan's Selection of the Referee Agreed to After Some Haggling.

NEW ORLEANS, July 8.—There was great excitement at the ring side as Bud Renaud, Mike Donovan and Johnnie Murphy made their appearance, which they did at 9:50 a. m. The crowd cheered when it became apparent that the fight was actually to occur. On the toss-up for position Kilrain's representative, Mike Donovan, won and selected the northeast corner. Muldoon, Sullivan's representative, chose the southwest corner. At this juncture the sheriff of the county made his appearance, and in the name of the state of Mississippi commanded peace and retired, this being the only effort on the part of the authorities to interfere with the fight. At this moment the flag of Sullivan, brought from Boston, was placed in his corner amidst great enthusiasm. At about 10 o'clock, the sun having gone behind a cloud, there was no perceptible advantage in either corner. Kilrain was the first to make his appearance, accompanied by Mike Donovan and Charlie Mitchell. He was greeted with applause, but wore a very serious air, as if fully realizing the work before him. As the crowd recognized the stalwart form of the big fellow as he jumped into the ring, the cheers were deafening. He looked in marked contrast to Kilrain, seeming to be perfectly at his ease regarding the termination of the contest. The name of Pat Kenrick, of New Orleans, was offered by the Kilrain side as referee, but he was not acceptable to the other side, the representative of Sullivan proposing the name of John Fitzpatrick, of New Orleans, saying:

I want the fight to-day to take place on its merits, and may the best man win. I hav only one name to present for the position of referee, and that one is known throughout the state as an upright, just and honest man. I name John Fitzpatrick, of New Orleans. [Great applause.]

Charley Mitchell—I don't know the gentleman just named, but I think if the other side want to fight, the one we have named ought to satisfy them.

Charley Johnson would not agree, saying if the Kilrain party would not take John Fitzpatrick they did not want to fight. At this juncture Mitchell proposed that they toss up to see which of the above-named gentlemen would act as referee, but this did not seem to be the wish of the Sullivan side, though the crowd favored the idea. Then Prof. Butler proposed the name of a New York man, who, however, did not prove acceptable to the other side, and after considerable wrangling over the matter Charley Mitchell finally said they were willing to accept Mr. Fitzpatrick, and the announcement was received with cheers. Mitchell here went over and examined the spikes in Sullivan's shoes, Cleary doing the same with those belonging to Kilrain.

"I am not very conversant with the rules," said Referee Fitzpatrick. "This will be a fair contest of the merits of the two men, and I will do the best I can. In regard to the question as to what time the thirty seconds between the rounds shall commence, I decide that it commences from the time the man falls."

W. E. Harding at this moment stepped up to Kilrain, and placing $1,000 in his hands told him it was sent by Richard K. Fox for him to bet with Sullivan. Kilrain at once went over to Sullivan and offered to bet him that sum he would win the fight. The bet was immediately taken up by Sullivan and the money, $2,000, deposited in the hands of the referee. Both men being now stripped, it was apparent to every one present the great superiority possessed by Sullivan over his antagonist in the matter of size and development, the muscles of his arms standing out in big welts, his driving power appearing tremendous, and he seeming in the very best of spirits.

DETAILS OF THE MILL.

Kilrain Adopts Foot Racing Tactics From Start to Finish.

NEW ORLEANS, July 8.—At 10:10 the principals and seconds advanced to the center of the ring and formed a Maltese cross in shaking hands, the latter retiring outside the ropes and the principals to their respective corners. At the call of time Kilrain and Sullivan advanced to the center of the ring, the latter wearing a confident smile, Kilrain looking serious, and the great battle for the world's championship began.

Round One—Kilrain immediately made a rush for Sullivan, feinting with his left, suddenly clinched Sullivan and threw him heavily to the turf, securing first honors and loud applause. Time, 15 seconds.

Round Two—Both men advanced promptly at the call of time, Sullivan immediately leading with his left, catching Kilrain heavily in the ribs. The men then clinched and Sullivan secured the second fall amid loud cheers from his partisans. Time, 30 seconds.

Round Three—Kilrain rushed Sullivan, at once clinching and catching the big fellow around the neck, but the latter immediately broke away and got in a short-arm blow on the neck. In this round Kilrain struck at least half a dozen apparently foul blows below the belt, which the referee from his position could not see, but which were greeted with hisses by the crowd, it appearing, and being so proclaimed by Sullivan's friends, that Kilrain wanted to lose on a foul. The round closed by Kilrain going down from a light blow on the neck.

Round Four—Both men sparred cautiously for an opening, Kilrain, after one or two feints on the part of Sullivan, rushed in and Sullivan, securing a cross-buttock hold, tried to throw the Baltimore boy, but he broke and landed a stinger on Sullivan's jaw. Both men then sparred cautiously, Kilrain succeeding in getting in a light blow on Sullivan's neck. The round, which was in favor of Kilrain, ended by the latter falling to avoid punishment.

KILRAIN BEGINS SPRINTING.

Round Five—Sullivan opened with a feint with his left, upon which Kilrain immediately retreated. Sullivan followed him up and Kilrain made a vicious lunge at his head which, however, fell short, and Sullivan swung his terrible right at his opponent's jugular, he, too, falling short, and Kilrain countered harmlessly on his neck. The round ended by Kilrain going down near his own corner, his arm appearing to be to avoid punishment, pursuing the same tactics adopted by his trainer, Mitchell, in his "foot race" in La Belle France.

Round Six—Sullivan commenced operations by landing heavily with his left on Kilrain's jaw. They then clinched and fell heavily, Sullivan on top. At the conclusion of this round Kilrain was carried to his corner, while Sullivan walked to his unassisted. Time, 2 minutes.

Round Seven—Both men sparred cautiously for an opening, but soon clinched and indulged in some short-arm work, Kilrain getting in three or four good ones on Sullivan's ribs and a sharp right-hander on Sullivan's right ear, drawing blood. First blood claimed and allowed for Kilrain. Time, 1½ minutes.

Round Eight—Sullivan came up bleeding from the cut on his ear, having the appearance of an enraged bull. He immediately rushed at Kilrain, and after a few passes succeeded in breaking down his guard, sending Kilrain to grass with a heavy right-hander in the mouth. First knock-down claimed and allowed for Sullivan, amid prolonged cheers from his admirers. Time, 2 minutes.

Round Nine—Was very brief. Kilrain simply slipping down to escape punnishment. Time, 30 seconds.

Round Ten—Kilrain came up looking very serious, probably realizing that he had undertaken a huge contract, and, as he showed no disposition to come to the center of the ring, Sullivan impatiently exclaimed: "Stand up and fight like a man, I'm not a sprinter; I'm a fighter." As soon as Kilrain came near him Sullivan made a pass, but it fell short, and Kilrain countered on his stomach, his blows evidently lacking force, doing Sullivan no apparent damage. Sullivan made a rush at Kilrain, when the latter turned and hugged him, both being against the ropes. The big fellow here got some light blows on Kilrain's ribs, which by this time resembled somewhat the color of raw beefsteak. Then they clinched, Kilrain throwing Sullivan and falling heavily on top of him. Time, 2 minutes.

Round Eleven—Sullivan opened with his left, which Kilrain neatly countered, Sullivan landing a light one on Kilrain's neck, following it with a vicious blow which Kilrain ducked the latter rushing and hugging Sullivan. The boy from Boston was now blowing quite hard, and Kilrain got in an ugly under-cut on Sullivan's ribs. Sullivan in return got in a good one on Kilrain's neck, which staggered him, and many in the crowd here called upon Sullivan to go in and finish him. The big fellow then planted a heavy one in Kilrain's neck, the latter retreating, Sullivan following him up and endeavoring to land one of his terrible knock-out blows, and succeeded finally in gaining a square knock-down by a right-hander on the neck. At the termination of this round Sullivan did not even take his seat, while Kilrain appeared to be very much distressed. Time, 3 minutes.

HUGGING THE BIG FELLOW.

Round Twelve—Kilrain started this round by hugging Sullivan, the latter breaking away and getting in a good left-hander on Kilrain's neck. Kilrain proved a tricky fighter, evading successfully Sullivan's right-handed swings for the knock-out spot, clinching Sullivan and attempting to throw him, but without success, and upon breaking away, made a pass at Sullivan, but his blow lacked force. The round ended by the men falling heavily, Sullivan on top, his left arm locked tightly on his opponent's throat, Kilrain having to be carried to his corner, evidently in distress. Time, 2 minutes.

Round Thirteen—Sullivan had an ugly glare in his eye at the opening of this round, as if determined to "do" Kilrain, and succeeded in landing lightly on Kilrain's ribs, the latter countering on his stomach. Kilrain during this round spiked Sullivan in one of his feet, causing it to bleed quite profusely, and aimed a blow which would have been a foul had it taken effect. Sullivan here got in some telling blows on Kilrain's ribs and chest, Kilrain countering on the neck with a blow which staggered Sullivan, but did not seem to cause much damage. Kilrain, in subsequent interchanges, went down to avoid punishment. Time, 2 minutes.

Round Fourteen—Sullivan appeared very cool, while Kilrain retreated, Sullivan in vain attempting land on his opponent's jugular with any effect. Kilrain committed another palpable foul, Sullivan countering on his neck with his dangerous right, the round closing in a clinch. Sullivan slipped and fell under the ropes. Time, 1½ minutes.

JOHN L. CONFIDENT, JAKE DISTRESSED.

Round Fifteen—Kilrain again resorted to his sprinting tactics, Sullivan exclaiming: "Come and fight." Kilrain made a pass at Sullivan's stomach, Sullivan avoiding it and planting a roaster on Kilrain's ribs. Sullivan made another vicious lunge which Kilrain dodged, and he in turn rushed Sullivan against the ropes, but effecting no damage. Sullivan's face meanwhile wore a confident, "you-can't-hurt-me" expression, and he backed Kilrain into the latter's corner, aiming a vicious blow at Kilrain, which the latter cleverly avoided and ran away from his antagonist. Sullivan again appealed to the referee to induce Kilrain to face the music, saying to Mitchell's protege: "Why can't you fight like a man?" Kilrain rushed at Sullivan, the latter countering right and left, landing on Kilrain's rib and jaw. Sullivan tried to land a hard one, which Kilrain evaded by rushing in and clinching, Sullivan planting short-arm blows on the neck and ribs. Both men indulged in short-arm blows, Sullivan playing for the neck, Kilrain falling to avoid punishment.

Round Sixteen—Kilrain led, planted a reminder on Sullivan's ribs and retreated, Sullivan remarking: "You fight just like Mitchell." Both sparred cautiously, Kilrain leading and landing on Sullivan's stomach. Some lively in-fighting followed, Kilrain breaking away and promenading around the ring out of Sullivan's reach. A clinch followed, Sullivan throwing Kilrain.

Round Seventeen—Sullivan feinted, and Kilrain dodged clear across the ring. They again clinched, both falling, Kilrain landing on Sullivan's cheek before the fall, drawing the purple. Time, 3 minutes.

Round Eighteen—Sullivan appeared with the blood trickling down his cheek. Kilrain feinted, Sullivan trying to counter, and Kilrain slipped down without being struck, Sullivan claiming a foul, which, however, was not allowed. Time, 1½ minutes.

Round Nineteen—Kilrain rushed in and hugged Sullivan, the latter saying: "You're no fighter; you are a wrestler." Kilrain planted his right on Sullivan's ribs and then retreated around the ring, Sullivan following and planting a blow on Kilrain's ribs which could be heard all over the enclosure, Kilrain landed lightly on Sullivan's ribs, and then went down from a light blow. Time, 2 minutes.

Round Twenty—Both men sparred for an opening, Sullivan leading and landing on the objective point—Kilrain's ribs—the latter slipping down to avoid punishment. Another claim of foul was made by Muldoon, which was not allowed. Time, 45 seconds.

Round Twenty-One—Kilrain opened with a light one on Sullivan's stomach, Sullivan retaliating on the neck, Kilrain countering on the jaw, slipping and falling. Time, 1½ minutes.

Round Twenty-Two—Sullivan tapped Kilrain lightly on the ribs and the latter went to the earth to avoid more of the same sort.

Round Twenty-Three—Kilrain began retreating, with Sullivan in pursuit. Sullivan again landed heavily on the ribs, when they clinched and fell, Sullivan with his knee across Kilrain's throat. A strong claim of foul by Kilrain's seconds was not allowed. Time, 30 seconds.

Round Twenty-Four—Sullivan landed a swinging right-hander on Kilrain's neck, the latter hugging, and then breaking and running around the ring. Kilrain fell in his corner without receiving a blow. Time, 1 minute.

Round Twenty-Five—Sullivan led for and countered on Kilrain's ribs, Kilrain going down. Time, 30 seconds.

SULLIVAN COMES UP SMILING.

Round Twenty-Six—Sullivan came up sailing derisively, feinted, Kilrain again retreating around the circle, followed by Boston's pride. Kilrain landed on Sullivan's stomach with his right, and rushed in and threw his burly antagonist amid loud and prolonged cheers. Time, 40 seconds.

Round Twenty-Seven—Kilrain began the round by landing heavily on Sullivan's ribs and then clinched. Sullivan, after the breakaway, made an ugly blow for Kilrain's neck, which the latter skillfully avoided, receiving it on the back of the neck. Sullivan then planted another ugly blow on Kilrain's ribs, Kilrain countering lightly on the head, Sullivan cross-countering heavily on Kilrain's neck, the latter going down. Time, 2 minutes.

Round Twenty-Eight—Kilrain led, clinched and broke, then landed lightly on Sullivan's neck. Sullivan feinted, and a clinch ensued in Kilrain's corner, the latter playing lightly on Sullivan's ribs. A vicious blow was evaded by Kilrain, and then Sullivan landed heavily on Kilrain's ribs, the latter seeking grass. Time, 2¼ minutes.

Round Twenty-Nine—Kilrain landed on Sullivan's neck. Sullivan feinted and then landed lightly on Kilrain's neck, the latter going down. Time, 1 minute.

Round Thirty—Sullivan made an ugly blow at Kilrain, and the latter went down to save himself. Time, 20 seconds.

Round Thirty-One—Sullivan landed lightly on Kilrain, the latter cross-countering heavily on Sullivan's cheek, and the latter retaliated with interest on Kilrain's ribs and cheek, knocking him down. Time, 50 seconds.

Round Thirty-Two—Kilrain rushed in and clinched, but Sullivan worked on his ribs, Kilrain going down from a slight blow. Time, 1¼ minutes.

Cleary then demanded of the referee that he make Kilrain fight.

Round Thirty-Three—Kilrain immediately went to grass from a severe blow in the mouth. Time, 8 seconds.

Round Thirty-Four—Kilrain landed on Sullivan's breast and the latter laughingly remarked, "I'm not hurt," and immediately landed with effect on Kilrain's ribs, Sullivan forcing him all over the ring and finally knocking Kilrain down in his (Sullivan's) corner, landing quickly on the mouth, chest and neck. Time, 1 minute.

Round Thirty-Five—Kilrain landed on Sullivan's cheek, Sullivan feinting, being met with a right-handed blow on the cheek, the round closing with sharp infighting and Sullivan throwing Kilrain and falling heavily on him. Time, 1½ minutes.

Round Thirty-Six—Kilrain beat a hasty retreat around the ring, causing Sullivan to say: "Why don't you fight like a man?" Sullivan finally landed on Kilrain's neck, the latter going down in his own corner. Time, 1½ minutes.

KILRAIN HISSED BY THE CROWD.

Round Thirty-Seven—Kilrain tapped Sullivan lightly on the head, and then retreated, Sullivan folding his arms while waiting for Kilrain to come to the scratch, the crowd jeering and hissing Kilrain. The latter landed lightly on Sullivan's breast and retreated. Sullivan again stepped to the middle of the ring, calling on Kilrain to come up and fight. Kilrain made a lunge a Sullivan and clinched. Kilrain played on Sullivan's ribs, and then went down in his own corner, Sullivan again appealing to the referee to make Kilrain fight. Muldoon claimed a foul, which was not allowed. Time, 2 minutes 20 seconds.

Round Thirty-Eight—Kilrain showed signs of distress while retreating around the ring, but Sullivan declined to follow. The referee here told Kilrain he would have to fight. He came up and landed lightly on Sullivan's jaw and breast, made a pass at Sullivan's stomach and clinched, the crowd crying "rats," "Rats," "Cur," "Cur" at Kilrain for not toeing the mark. Kilrain went down to save his bacon. Time, 4½ minutes.

Round Thirty-Nine—Both men sparring for an opening, Kilrain running around the ring, but Sullivan would not follow. Sullivan stood in the middle of the ring, calling upon Kilrain to come up and fight. Kilrain landed lightly on Sullivan's stomach and left cheek, and tried to throw Sullivan, but could not. Kilrain went down upon a feint of Sullivan, Sullivan's seconds claiming foul, which was not allowed. Time, 2 minutes.

Round Forty—Sullivan got in a heavy rib-roaster on Kilrain's left side; the latter, after getting a light one on Sullivan's neck, was pushed by Sullivan and fell down, as usual. Time, 2 minutes.

Round Forty-One—Kilrain landed lightly on Sullivan's breast and retreated. Sullivan again landed heavily on Kilrain's ribs, the latter going down. Time, 1 minute. William E. Harding, Richard K. Fox's representative, at the close of this round left the ring, satisfied that Kilrain could not possibly win.

JOHN JUMPS UPON JACOB.

Round Forty-Two—Kilrain, retreating as usual, came back, led at Sullivan, who countered, and Kilrain ran away. Kilrain fell from a light blow, Sullivan standing over and stamping on Kilrain. Kilrain's seconds claimed a foul, amid a scene of great excitement, which was not allowed. Time, 2½ minutes.

Round Forty-Three—Kilrain got another rib-roaster from Sullivan, when they clinched and Kilrain went down without being hit, Sullivan claiming foul, which was not allowed. Time, 1¼ minutes.

Round Forty-Four—Almost immediately on coming to the scratch Sullivan commenced vomiting freely, whereupon Kilrain told him he would not hit him while vomiting. Sullivan blurted out: "Come on; I'm ready." The latter soon got in another rib-roaster and Kilrain went down. Time, 2 minutes.

Round Forty-Five—Kilrain landed heavily on Sullivan's neck with his left and retreated. Sullivan smashed him in the ribs, when he went down, and, while down, Sullivan deliberately jumped on him with his feet. Cries of foul were heard all over the ring, but it was not allowed. This was a shameful act on Sullivan's part, and should have lost him the battle.

Round Forty-Six—The men clinched and stayed together for some time. Sullivan landed heavily on the ribs and nose, and, after some in-fighting, Kilrain went down to avoid punishment. Time, 45 seconds.

Round Forty-Seven—Kilrain landed heavily on Sullivan's stomach. They clinched and fell heavily, with Sullivan on top. Kilrain's seconds made loud and vigorous claims of foul, but the referee would not grant it. Pony Moore said to the referee: "You've got money on Sullivan," to which Fitzpatrick replied: "You're a d—d liar."

Rounds Forty-Eight to Sixty-Seven—Kilrain resorted to running around and dropping at every opportunity to avoid punishment, which disgusted the crowd, Sullivan and his seconds, and frequent claims of foul were paid no heed to.

Round Sixty-Eight—Kilrain ran around the ring. Sullivan followed him closely, hitting him in the ribs. Sullivan feinted. Kilrain attempted to drop, when Sullivan hit him with a vicious upper and under cut, knocking him down heavily. Time, 1½ minutes.

Round Sixty-Nine—Kilrain was knocked down with a right-hander in the jaw.

From this until the close of the seventy-fifth round Kilrain pursued his runaway tactics, dropping on every attempt of Sullivan to administer punishment. At the close of the seventy-fifth round Mitchell went over to Sullivan's corner and asked to have the fight declared a draw, to which Sullivan and his friends responded; "No, no." Donovan then stepped to the center of the ring and threw up the sponge amid a scene of the wildest enthusiasm.

WANTS NO MORE OF IT.

Sullivan Says He Will Never Enter the Ring Again.

NEW ORLEANS, July 8.—John L Sullivan, who was seen immediately after being conveyed to his special car, was in the best of humor, and while not talking a great deal, always made agreeable replies to any and all questions put to him by his friends or the representatives of the press. He said, among other things, that he would never enter the ring again under any consideration. He had done his share of slugging during his rather brief career in the fistic arena and he wanted no more of it. He certainly did not intend to fight the California negro, for the simple reason that he considered it entirely too degrading for a white man to place himself on an equality with a negro. His references to Kilrain and his fighting qualifications were of a most pleasant character, concluding with the remark that he (Sullivan) had got more effective thumping in his contest with Kilrain than ever in his life before. Owing to the dislocation of a knuckle on the first finger of the left hand, which occurred in the seventh round, he was compelled to make the remainder of the fight almost single-handed.

SELECTED OPINIONS.

Mitchell Has the Nerve to Think He Can Whip Sullivan.

Charley Mitchell—I'm going to challenge Sullivan to fight for $5,000 a side, in America, within three or four months.

Parson Davies, of Chicago—It was a a good fight. Kilrain is a good, and as game a man as ever stepped into a ring. I don't think Sullivan was ever in better form. He can thank Muldoon, who is a great general."

W. B. Masterson, a Kilrain man, said: "I don't believe anybody can lick Sullivan except it is Mitchell. It was a staying good game fight."

Charley Johnson, one of Sullivan's backers, said of Kilrain: "He is the best man to fight for a man's money I ever saw."

Pony Moore said: "I am disappointed. He was not in condition. The third round did the work. English people will be disappointed."

THOUGHT IT WAS A JOKE.

Mrs. Kilrain Couldn't Believe Her Husband Had Been Whipped.

BALTIMORE, July 8.—Mrs. Kilrain this evening said:

"My husband promised to send me a dispatch as soon as he could after the fight was finished. I think that he could get a message to a telegraph station as soon as any newspaper, and as I have heard nothing from him, I don't believe the newspapers. I think that my husband will win the battle, and I will believe nothing else until I hear from him."

Afterwards a dispatch from New Orleans was handed her. It said:

"Nature gave out. Am not hurt.
[Signed] "JAKE."

And to Mrs. Mitchell, who is visiting the Kilrains:

"We are beat.
[Signed] "CHARLEY."

BALTIMOREANS ARE GLUM.

They Feel Badly Over the Defeat of Their Favorite.

BALTIMORE, July 8.—No sporting event has excited an interest in Baltimore equal to that which centered in the Sullivan-Kilrain fight to-day. So universal was the anxiety to hear the result of the contest that many did little else during the day than inquire about the latest news. Fully 1,000 persons were collected about the newspaper bulletin boards this morning, eagerly awaiting news from the ring. The sentiment of the crowd was favorable to the Baltimore pugilist, and deep gloom pervaded the faces of most of those in the throng after the posting of the rumor that the "big fellow" had actually won the fight. A troop of small boys paraded Baltimore streets cheering wildly for the Boston man, while men stood silently upon the sidewalk with gloomy faces, hoping against fear and striving to discredit the rumor of their favorite's defeat. The bookmakers say that although Sullivan was the favorite in this city many dollars were put on Kilrain.

HERE IS A HITCH.

Milwaukee May Lose the National Encampment After All.

MILWAUKEE, July 8.—At a stormy session of the executive Grand Army council to-night a long set of resolutions was adopted practically stopping all further preparations for the national encampment in August until assurances are given that it will be held in this city. This action was due to the refusal of the mayor and common council to appropriate $50,000 for tents and barracks, unless it was certain that the Grand Army men were coming. Eight state department commanders met in Chicago and decided to issue circulars advising their posts not to come unless a 1-cent rate was granted by the railroads. This action upset all local plans and led to the above result. If the state department commanders carry their threats into execution it is probable that the invitation of the city will be rescinded.

WHITE GHOST TALKS.

He Wants Squatters Bounced From the Reservation Before He Will Sign.

CROW CREEK AGENCY, Dak., July 8.—The council held this afternoon was very largely attended. White Ghost, the head chief, spoke very forcibly of the presence of white men on the reservation, referring to that portion opened by President Arthur, and suggested they be removed before Indians were asked to sell what was left. He complained of the Santees being equal beneficiaries. He made by far the strongest speech yet heard by the commission. The objection raised by the Indians that they have no ground to spare and that