

TRINITY THE CHAMPION

Sullivan Again Proves His Right to the Title.

SEVENTY-FIVE ROUNDS FOUGHT.

The Big Boston Sluggo Easily Shows His Superiority.

BALTIMORE'S IDOL SHATTERED.

The Bruiser from the Monumental City Knocked Out.

KILRAIN A GOOD SPRINTER.

He Runs Around the Ring and Goes Down Repeatedly to Avoid Punishment—Full Details of the Great Battle.

The Great Battle.

NEW ORLEANS, July 8.—The big fight is over, and the result is fairly square, honestly and honorably won in a contest in which the beaten man has no cause to be ashamed of defeat. There is no manner of doubt that Jake Kilrain is a game man and a good fighter, and men who saw him fight to-day will put up money on him against any other living man except Sullivan. Anxiety to see the fight amounted to almost a frenzy, and those who were without the means to pay \$10 or \$15, the price of transportation and admission, took 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 onto the long iron rods connecting the trucks. A great number, however, were perched on the tops of the cars, in some cases as many as twenty-five to a coach. These interlopers were discovered and driven off by the police before starting, but once the train was in motion they swarmed back like so many flies and remained to the end of the journey. The remarkable feature of this daring performance is that 90 per cent of the toady actors in it were headless boys ranging in age from thirteen to nineteen years.

But the most remarkable of all was that of three young rascals who concealed themselves on the inner side of the cow-catcher and were never dislodged. 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 ninety-six from Mendian, on the Queen & Crescent. The ring was pitched on a patch of green turf, and surrounded it on three sides were tiers of seats ten feet high, put up by an enterprising local speculator, who charged \$2 for the privilege of a seat. The alleged reporter's stand comprised three rows of seats on a level with the ring, and was provided with a rough wooden board in front of them, to be used as a rest for writing. There was room for twenty in each row, but the occupants of the second row could see nothing, their view being obstructed by those who sat on the same level in the front row. The \$2 seats were the best on the ground, and were awarded an admiring vote of every person who saw them. Those outside of the ring sat on wooden piles and on wagons piled with lumber, while others enjoyed the sight from rudely constructed platforms six or seven feet high. The assembled staff broiling under the blaze of a hot sun. Those who had umbrellas were allowed to open them, but the ring was plain and general when the fight began that the umbrellas would have to go. After paying \$15 and coming hundreds of miles to see the fight the crowd was in no temper to tolerate any obstructions to view. The general feeling of the crowd was anything but tough. The hoodlum element was largely outnumbered by an eminently respectable crowd. Professional men, merchants and 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.

It was 9:10 o'clock before the train with the \$10 men made its appearance, and in five minutes after its appearance the amphitheater was packed with a mass of eager and perspiring humanity, something like 3,000 in number. Kilrain was the first of the gladiators to put in an appearance. He was accompanied by Charley Mitchell. They were both received with applause and cheers. Kilrain's appearance dismayed his backers. He was unshaven and looked haggard, worn and weak. In short, he looked anything but a champion. He was white under the gills and behaved like a man being led to execution. He was not stripped, but wore a striped shirt and striped pants. He afterwards disrobed in the ring.

Soon after Sullivan came, accompanied by the ever vigilant Muldoon. Sullivan was a fine, young, stout fellow, with a face that looked like a piece of granite. He was dressed in a white shirt and white pants, and his neck almost down to his ankles. His appearance was the signal for a tornado of applause and cheers. The demonstration was not without its depressing effect in the Kilrain camp. The principals were led to seats in corners diagonally opposite each other and were surrounded by friends, bottle holders, seconds, backers and a miscellaneous throng of partisans.

The fanning process seemed to have an invigorating effect on Kilrain, and he began to brighten under influence. Sullivan seemed flushed, but not particularly buoyant. He also submitted to being fanned with patient meekness and seemed to realize that his destiny hung upon the issue of the contest. Sullivan's immediate attendants were William Muldoon and Cleary seconds, Dan Murphy, of Boston, bottleholder, and Tom Costello and Phil Lynch umpires. On the other side were Charles Mitchell and Mike Donovan, seconds, W. B. Masterson and Dennis Butler, umpires, and Joe Murphy, bottleholder.

At the Ringside.

NEW ORLEANS, La., July 8.—There was great excitement at the ringside. The crowd was packed to the doors, and it became apparent that the fight was actually to occur. On the top-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 Sheriff Cowart appeared and said: "Look here, fellows, I'm alone, one against three thousand, and I know I can't prevent the fight, but in the name of the state of

Mississippi I command you to keep the peace."

The crowd good-humoredly chaffed Cowart, and said: "All right, you've done your duty, now get out and leave us alone."

Cowart then retired.

The flag of Sullivan, brought from Boston, was placed in his corner amidst great enthusiasm.

Kilrain was the first to make his appearance, accompanied by Mike Donovan and Charlie Mitchell. He was greeted with applause, but without a very anxious air, as if 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 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 Kilrain's side, and I want to see you. I have only one name to present for the position of referee, and that is known throughout the state as an upright, just and honest man."

After considerable wrangling about the referee, in which it seemed that neither side could agree, Charley Mitchell finally said he was willing to accept Fitzpatrick, and the announcement was received with cheers.

Mitchell here went over and examined the spikes in Sullivan's shoes, Cleary doing the same to Kilrain.

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

W. E. Harding at this moment stepped up to Kilrain, placing \$1,000 in his hand, and said: "I am sent by Fox for him to bet with Sullivan. Kilrain at once went over to Sullivan and offered to bet him that he would win the fight. The bet was immediately taken by Sullivan and the amount, \$2,000, deposited in the hands of the referee.

Both men being now stripped it was apparent to everyone present of the great superiority possessed by Sullivan over his antagonist in the matter of size and development, the muscles of his arms standing out prominently as he drove powerfully and tremendously and as seeming in the very best of spirits.

The principals and seconds advanced to the center of the ring and formed a Maltese cross in shaking hands. The latter then retired outside the ropes and the principals took their positions. At the call of time Kilrain and Sullivan advanced to the center of the ring, the latter being the first to strike, and the great battle for the world's championship began.

THE FIGHTING DETAILS.

First Round—Sullivan landed a vicious pass at Sullivan with his right, landing on the left side of the neck. Sullivan dodged, and the referee stepped in. Second Round—Sullivan feinted with his left, which Kilrain dodged. A clinch followed, Sullivan throwing Kilrain headlong. Sullivan landed a vicious blow on the nose and clinched. Sullivan avoided the clinch, dealing a short arm blow to the neck. Sullivan landed a vicious blow on the nose and clinched. Sullivan avoided the clinch, dealing a short arm blow to the neck. Sullivan landed a vicious blow on the nose and clinched. Sullivan avoided the clinch, dealing a short arm blow to the neck.

Fifth Round—Kilrain began sparring for Sullivan, Sullivan rushed and gained a cross body blow on the neck. Sullivan landed a vicious blow on the nose and clinched. Sullivan avoided the clinch, dealing a short arm blow to the neck. Sullivan landed a vicious blow on the nose and clinched. Sullivan avoided the clinch, dealing a short arm blow to the neck.

Ninth Round—Sullivan landed with his left, dealing a vicious blow on the nose. Sullivan landed a vicious blow on the nose and clinched. Sullivan avoided the clinch, dealing a short arm blow to the neck. Sullivan landed a vicious blow on the nose and clinched. Sullivan avoided the clinch, dealing a short arm blow to the neck.

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Seventeenth Round—Sullivan landed with his left, dealing a vicious blow on the nose. Sullivan landed a vicious blow on the nose and clinched. Sullivan avoided the clinch, dealing a short arm blow to the neck. Sullivan landed a vicious blow on the nose and clinched. Sullivan avoided the clinch, dealing a short arm blow to the neck.

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Fifteenth Round—Kilrain resorted to his springing tactics, Sullivan exclaiming: "Down and fight!" Kilrain tried to go and Sullivan's stomach, Sullivan warding it and planting a roaster on Kilrain's ribs. Sullivan made another vicious lunge, which Kilrain dodged and he landed a vicious blow on Kilrain's ribs, but it effected no damage. Sullivan backed Kilrain into the latter's corner and landed a vicious blow on Kilrain's ribs, which the latter cleverly avoided and ran away from his antagonist. Sullivan again appealed to the referee to indicate Kilrain's ribs, the latter counterering right and left, landing on Kilrain's ribs and jaw. Sullivan tried to land a vicious blow on Kilrain's ribs, but it was 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.

Sixteenth Round—Kilrain led and planted a roaster on Sullivan's ribs and jaw. Sullivan resorted to his springing tactics, Sullivan exclaiming: "Down and fight!" Kilrain tried to go and Sullivan's stomach, Sullivan warding it and planting a roaster on Kilrain's ribs. Sullivan made another vicious lunge, which Kilrain dodged and he landed a vicious blow on Kilrain's ribs, but it effected no damage. Sullivan backed Kilrain into the latter's corner and landed a vicious blow on Kilrain's ribs, which the latter cleverly avoided and ran away from his antagonist. Sullivan again appealed to the referee to indicate Kilrain's ribs, the latter counterering right and left, landing on Kilrain's ribs and jaw. Sullivan tried to land a vicious blow on Kilrain's ribs, but it was 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.

Seventeenth Round—Sullivan feinted and Kilrain dodged clear across the ring. They clinched and Sullivan threw Kilrain down on Sullivan's cheek before the fall, drawing the purple.

Eighteenth Round—Kilrain went down without receiving a blow and Sullivan claimed a foul, which was not allowed.

Nineteenth Round—Kilrain rushed and hugged Sullivan, the latter striking him with his right, but he was not allowed to fight; you are a wrestler!" Kilrain planted his right on Sullivan's ribs and then rushed around the ring, Sullivan following and planting a roaster on Kilrain's ribs which could be heard all over the enclosure. Kilrain landed lightly on Sullivan's ribs and Sullivan went down from the force of the blow.

Twentieth Round—Both men sparred for an opening, Sullivan leading and landing a vicious blow on Kilrain's ribs. Sullivan landed a vicious blow on Kilrain's ribs and Sullivan went down from the force of the blow.

Twenty-first Round—Sullivan landed on Kilrain's ribs and repeated the dose, when Kilrain fell as usual.

Twenty-second Round—Sullivan feinted, Kilrain advancing, followed by Boston's pride. Kilrain landed on Sullivan's stomach with his right and rushed in and threw his bony antagonist all loud and prolonged cheers.

Twenty-third Round—Both sparred for an opening, Sullivan leading and landing a vicious blow on Kilrain's ribs. Sullivan landed a vicious blow on Kilrain's ribs and Sullivan went down from the force of the blow.

Twenty-fourth Round—Sullivan began trying to get a knock out. Kilrain nudged and finally fell without being hit.

Twenty-fifth Round—Sullivan landed on Kilrain's ribs and repeated the dose, when Kilrain fell as usual.

Twenty-sixth Round—Sullivan feinted, Kilrain advancing, followed by Boston's pride. Kilrain landed on Sullivan's stomach with his right and rushed in and threw his bony antagonist all loud and prolonged cheers.

Twenty-seventh Round—Both sparred for an opening, Sullivan leading and landing a vicious blow on Kilrain's ribs. Sullivan landed a vicious blow on Kilrain's ribs and Sullivan went down from the force of the blow.

Twenty-eighth Round—Sullivan landed on Kilrain's ribs and repeated the dose, when Kilrain fell as usual.

Twenty-ninth Round—Sullivan feinted, Kilrain advancing, followed by Boston's pride. Kilrain landed on Sullivan's stomach with his right and rushed in and threw his bony antagonist all loud and prolonged cheers.

Thirtieth Round—Sullivan landed on Kilrain's ribs and repeated the dose, when Kilrain fell as usual.

Thirty-first Round—Sullivan feinted, Kilrain advancing, followed by Boston's pride. Kilrain landed on Sullivan's stomach with his right and rushed in and threw his bony antagonist all loud and prolonged cheers.

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would smile, but there was a chastisement in his assumed good humor that was painful to witness. Kilrain tried to go and Sullivan's stomach, Sullivan warding it and planting a roaster on Kilrain's ribs. Sullivan made another vicious lunge, which Kilrain dodged and he landed a vicious blow on Kilrain's ribs, but it effected no damage. Sullivan backed Kilrain into the latter's corner and landed a vicious blow on Kilrain's ribs, which the latter cleverly avoided and ran away from his antagonist. Sullivan again appealed to the referee to indicate Kilrain's ribs, the latter counterering right and left, landing on Kilrain's ribs and jaw. Sullivan tried to land a vicious blow on Kilrain's ribs, but it was 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.

Sixty-first to Sixty-ninth Round—Kilrain feinted to the right, Sullivan following and planting a roaster on Kilrain's ribs, but it effected no damage. Sullivan backed Kilrain into the latter's corner and landed a vicious blow on Kilrain's ribs, which the latter cleverly avoided and ran away from his antagonist. Sullivan again appealed to the referee to indicate Kilrain's ribs, the latter counterering right and left, landing on Kilrain's ribs and jaw. Sullivan tried to land a vicious blow on Kilrain's ribs, but it was 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.

Sixty-second Round—Kilrain retreated. Sullivan followed and knocked him under the ropes with a left-hander in the ribs.

Sixty-third Round—Sullivan ended the round by knocking Kilrain down with several upper and under cuts.

Sixty-fourth Round—Kilrain was knocked down with a severe right-hander in the jaw. Sullivan followed and knocked him under the ropes with a left-hander in the ribs.

Sixty-fifth Round—Kilrain was very weak, Sullivan landing repeatedly. Kilrain tried to throw Sullivan by catching him by the leg, but Sullivan threw him down.

Sixty-sixth Round—Kilrain, growing weaker, feinted and ran away. Sullivan landed a vicious blow on Kilrain's ribs, which the latter dodged.

Sixty-seventh Round—Sullivan feinted, Kilrain advancing, followed by Boston's pride. Kilrain landed on Sullivan's stomach with his right and rushed in and threw his bony antagonist all loud and prolonged cheers.

Sixty-eighth Round—Sullivan landed on Kilrain's ribs and repeated the dose, when Kilrain fell as usual.

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Seventieth Round—Sullivan landed on Kilrain's ribs and repeated the dose, when Kilrain fell as usual.

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the spectators, management and press men left the Queen & Crescent depot between 1 and 2:30 this morning. Eight hundred and forty first class ticket holders in fourteen coaches left for Boston to the disgust of the crowd, going down repeatedly without a blow to avoid punishment.

In the sixtieth round Kilrain went down with a severe right-hander in the jaw. Sullivan followed and knocked him under the ropes with a left-hander in the ribs.

Sixty-first to Sixty-ninth Round—Kilrain feinted to the right, Sullivan following and planting a roaster on Kilrain's ribs, but it effected no damage. Sullivan backed Kilrain into the latter's corner and landed a vicious blow on Kilrain's ribs, which the latter cleverly avoided and ran away from his antagonist. Sullivan again appealed to the referee to indicate Kilrain's ribs, the latter counterering right and left, landing on Kilrain's ribs and jaw. Sullivan tried to land a vicious blow on Kilrain's ribs, but it was 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.

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compelled to make the remainder of the fight almost single-handed.

Perfect Press Arrangements.

NEW ORLEANS, July 8.—The complete report of the prize fight, as furnished by the Associated Press in advance of all competitors, is due to the organization of the force employed for the purpose. The men who did the work were well qualified and to them is due all the praise for the success which attended their efforts. J. J. Hogan, of the Evening Scimitar, who is an authority on athletic sports, was detailed to the work at the ringside. In this specialty Hogan had the assistance of the photographer, George W. New Orleans, and the work of these two enabled the Associated Press to give each round of the fight in detail and the official report of the result.

When the manager of the Associated Press from Chicago arrived here last Friday, his first movement in conjunction with McDaniel, the New Orleans correspondent of the Associated Press, was to hire a special train, which has been arranged to go to Chicago to be used in transporting their corps to and from the fight. At the time it was thought that the battle would probably take place on the 7th of July, but it was postponed to the 8th. Subsequent events proved the thoughtfulness of such a scheme to be well planned and the result was secured. The special train of the Associated Press brought to New Orleans the first tidings of the fight and two hours in advance of the regular trains which took out the excursionists.

En Route to the Fight.

RICHMOND, Miss., July 8.—The first train arrived at 5:30. After worrying around for half of the night at New Orleans and speculating on the chances for the fight the people at the hotels, clubs and on the streets moved with a common impulse toward the depot. The train was packed with people, and the atmosphere was one of intense excitement. The train was packed with people, and the atmosphere was one of intense excitement. The train was packed with people, and the atmosphere was one of intense excitement.

A TERRIBLE CRUSH.

The holders of the inner-ring tickets, who had paid for their trip, were forced to go through a narrow passage-way well guarded with policemen, to reach the cars. At this small opening several hundred people jostled, pushed and fought to get admittance. Clothes were torn, hats crushed and nervous people shocked, but the crowd finally got through and seven cars of the select were filled. The train was packed with people, and the atmosphere was one of intense excitement. The train was packed with people, and the atmosphere was one of intense excitement.

JOY IN NEW ORLEANS.

Sullivan's Victory Giving the Utmost Satisfaction.

NEW ORLEANS, La., July 8.—(Special Telegram to The Era.)—The amphitheater just behind the sports grounds gave way during the tenth round and a little excitement ensued. No one was hurt and order was resumed without delay.

The battle grounds were isolated from the outside world, telegraphic communication being cut off from all points.

The scene at the conclusion of the final round was affecting. Mitchell solicited \$1,000 for Kilrain's wife, Cleary brutally replied: "Not a G—d—d nickie." The spectators hooted at him. The Baltimore man cried like a baby when prevented from continuing the battle. Sullivan acted splendidly and exhibited none of the curtness he has been charged with on other occasions.

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