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SULLIVAN'S FIRST DEFEAT.*The Great Pugilist Meets a Cowboy in Montana Who Persuades Him to be Whipped.*

When the John L. Sullivan combination made its last Western trip a little event took place at Helena, Montana, which has never been in the papers, according to the "Ladies' Bed." As we all know it is usually taken in the towns where he comes, especially the Western ones, where he usually sees much that is new. On this occasion at Helena he was making the rounds with a couple of the members of the combination and a local sport, and it was pretty late when they struck a large saloon which, perhaps, more than any other, was frequented by the stockmen. There were probably twenty-five or thirty cowboys in the saloon at the time. After a drink all around, a big, square-shouldered man stepped up and said:

*"So ye's John L. be ye?"**"Well, I want to say I kin lick ye the best day ye ever saw."**"Very likely," replied Sullivan starting out, seeing that the man had been drinking and was not going to be quiet.**"Oh, ye needn't 'very likely' me—I kin do it an' I'm goin' to!" Ye needn't be 'shamed to fight with me, the boys kin tell ye I kin lick ye."**"Ye bet him kin roar half a dozen, an' we'll see him do it!"**Here most of them drew their six-shooters, and the fight while the rest covered the other members of the Sullivan party and the bar-keepers with their weapons and the bar-ring.**"All right, I'll hit him back," yelled the boys.**"Ye bet I will! I knock him down an' jag him with my spurs!"**He sprang off his horse, revolver and hand it to a friend who stood in front of the ring and said:**"Back, ye! I can hold the an' keep it right behind me so I can get it off quick if I step back and wait."**Then he turned to Sullivan and added: "Now I don't want none o'er hurryin' fightin', nor moshin' in the ring, but I kin lick ye, and I kin do it an' straight, fair fight an' ef ye go to tryin' to knock me out I'll grab that air gun an' fill ye so full led ye won't be able to get out."**"That's right," yelled the boys.**Sullivan saw the fellow meant business, and that whatever kind of a fighter he might be, he was off to a good start, so that the others were at his back. He saw the only thing he could do was to let him have his own way, simply keeping from getting into his hair, and when he did, Sullivan allowed himself to be pounded all over the ring. He could easily have knocked him down for him, but that was not the friend of his right behind him all the time holding that revolver out invitingly, and always cocked. This kept it up for fully fifteen minutes till the boy was tired out, and Sullivan never more than tapped his opponent, though he took several quite heavy hits. Finally, when they stopped and shook hands, while they yelled till they were hoarse and fired their six-shooters at the ceiling the Sullivan was dead after which he lay down in the middle of the ring and patted him on the back patroonizing and told him that, though he was a very fair fighter, he needed to train a little more. So he tackled Long Jack again. It was the only time Sullivan got the worst of a fight.***Books in Dakota.***"A boom out in Dakota? A boom in Dakota? Well, I should say we had," exclaimed a passenger from the west shore of the Missouri. "You never saw anything like it. Things are just whooping. New towns everywhere, new buildings, plenty of land buyers and speculators—why, it just beats the books."**"Books? Books? Books? What's wrong with the crop outlook is good, I suppose?"**"That's where I'm a little uneasy, stranger. What's what's wrong? We're going to have a short crop of wheat?"**"Backward season?"**"No, sir, it's a hummer."**"Chinch bugs?"**"Nary a bug."**"Rust or smut?"**"Nary a smut."**"Grasshoppers, perhaps?"**"There ain't a single grasshopper in the Territory."**"What then, is going to spoil the wheat crop?"**"Why you, see, 'bout half the land in the Territory has been staked out into town lots, an' the farmers haven't been able to get much plowin' done."**"The crop outlook is good, I suppose?"**"That's where I'm a little uneasy, stranger. 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