FINE SPORT AT SHEEPSHEAD

HENRY OF NAVARRE IN THE BAY STAKES.

A CLOSE CONTEST WITH BANQUET—HOW ROCHE FOULED HORNPIPE—ARAB LEFT AT THE POST.

The air yesterday was like the grip of the Sugar Trust on President Cleveland, Secretary Carlisle, Attorney-General Olney and the Democratic majority in the United States Senate—close, sticky, moist and foul. It was one of the worst days of the year in its clammy, corpse-like clasp of suffering humanity. It was a belated dogday, with a touch of hydrophobia in it. Colonel Ingersoll recently put together some melodious phrases about the cool, comforting, consolatory rest of the grave. If the garrulous and agnostic Colonel could have given any trustworthy guarantee yesterday that the grave would be chilly and comforting, and would have consented to lead the way in digging pits for subterranean repose at the Sheepshead Bay track, hundreds of people would have been busy in the inner field in excavating places of refuge from the turmoil, worry, torment and heat of a most abominable September day—that is, if the Coney Island Jockey Club or Colonel Ingersoll would have kindly supplied the shovels. It is well-known, however, that there is a labor union of professional grave-diggers in the betting ring. These zealous and indefatigable undertakers and embalmers were on the lookout for inanimate things yesterday, and they succeeded in saving several corpses from the dissecting rooms of the medical colleges, and they kindly put the dead bodies under ground.

No rain fell to keep the grass green over these peaceful graves. But these abiding places of the past and gone will undoubtedly be cared for in one way or another at some time or other.

TROLLEY CARS FOR BETTING.

All the jockey clubs declare that racing cannot be kept up without betting. They insist that betting-rings are wholly indispensable to the maintenance of the turf. If that is true, the clubs ought to furnish enlarged facilities for betting. Why does not the Coney Island Jockey Club provide one trolley line from the Brighton Beach cars to the betting-ring, another trolley line from Austin Corbin's cars to the betting-ring, and still another trolley line from the clubhouse to the betting-ring? Trolley lines are very cheap in these days, and since betting is so inestimable a boon, benefit and blessing to the turf, betting ought to be made as attractive, easy and convenient as possible. It is a long and weary journey from the Brighton Beach Railroad tracks to the bookmakers' den; it is a tedious trip from the Manhattan Beach trains to the cave of Adullam, where the professional penciliers dwell, and it is a fatiguing and exhausting walk from the clubhouse to the abode of the chalk-wielders. Why not make everything agreeable and pleasant and comfortable and convenient for the people who are crazy to bet with the bookmakers? They will all lose their money in the long run to the bookmakers anyway if they keep on betting. Why not make the "facilis descensus" into the Avernus of bankruptcy as smooth and slippery and unirritating as possible? Why make people puff and pant and rush and get heated and tired in their efforts to enrich the bookmakers? The vice of betting is certainly a monster of frightful mien when ill-balanced, credulous, innocent and simple persons are compelled to travel upon exhausting journeys on hot days and to struggle and squirm and strive in the seething caldron of a broiling betting-ring in order to lose their money.

DOMINO AND CLIFFORD TO MEET.

To-day the great race between Domino and Clifford will be run. The two are wonderfully fast racers and the contest between them will be very fine. With only two horses to start, the starter is likely to get them on their way without leaving one of them at the post, as he left the favorite, Clifford, in the Brooklyn Handicap. It will be a most opulent and copious struggle between Domino and Clifford—a grapple that will set the heart-strings of the spectators to thrumming. James R. Keene and his son, Foxhall P. Keene, have exhibited great generosity, public spirit and disinterested devotion to the highest interests of the turf in consenting to run that Zeus-like thunderbolt of a racehorse of theirs, Domino, on this the last day of the Coney Island Jockey Club's meeting, in order to render illustrious this closing day, and to give the lovers of the best and noblest racing an opportunity to see what their Olympian colt, the champion of America, will do against that instantaneous and almost impregnable devourer of space, the Western wonder, Clifford. All admirers of what is the most admirable and excellent on the turf ought to be *grateful to* James R. Keene and Foxhall P. Keene *for this race.*

FOXHALL KEENE'S COMPLAINT OF FOUL.

But the Keenes were not well treated at the track yesterday. Their colt Hornpipe, who ran second to Richard Croker's colt Dobbins in the valuable Realization Stakes in June, was in the fourth race, with only ninety pounds in the saddle. He would surely have won the race but that he was badly fouled by Faraday and Roche. First Faraday jostled him and interfered with him, and then Roche bored him into the fence so that little Isom, who rode Hornpipe, was cut off and squeezed and pushed and pressed so that it was impossible for him to win with Hornpipe. Roche was first over the line, with Hornpipe second and Dobbins third. The fouling by Faraday and Roche (especially Roche) was so plain and so serious that Foxhall Keene himself went promptly into the stewards' stand and made a complaint. He was followed by Isom, the rider of Hornpipe, who also made a complaint of foul.

Foxhall Keene is the best amateur rider who ever rode in races in America. None of the stewards ever gained fame as a rider. Foxhall Keene knows more about riding than all the stewards put together. But the stewards decided against him and against his jockey, and refused to take the race away from Roche, who ought to have been disqualified and set back for fouling. Roche caused all the trouble originally on September 1, in the race in which Dobbins was set back for alleged fouling. Roche first fouled Dobbins in that race, and yet the race was given to Roche.

Is there any reason why Roche should enjoy special privileges in the way of fouling horses and not get set back?

This was the first claim of foul which Foxhall Keene ever made in his long, varied, extensive and brilliant turf career. It was a just and proper claim, and ought to have been allowed.

Dobbins ran poorly in this race, in which Faraday and Roche fouled Hornpipe. He did not run like the Dobbins that won the Realization Stakes in a canter. But Dobbins will be running on his native heath (so to speak, figuratively) at the Gravesend track of the Brooklyn Jockey Club in the meeting which will open to-morrow, and, stimulated by the aristocratic atmosphere, associations, precedents and traditions of the place, he will probably run much better than he has been running at Sheepshead Bay. Dobbins really belongs to the consecrated inner circle of the select One Hundred and Fifty. The Four Hundred at Sheepshead Bay are not quite exclusive enough for him.

One thing is certain. If Dobbins wins a race at Gravesend, he'll get it. Make no mistake.

Christopher Smith, the Western plunger and owner of the Kendall Stable, seems to have made a mistake in placing Yo Tambien, the reputed Queen of the Western Turf, and F. Jordan, the reputed Duke of York of the Western jockeys. If Yo Tambien and Jordan cannot do much better than they have done so far in the East, the proper place for them is racing at Maspeth at night by electric light.

HENRY OF NAVARRE AND BANQUET.

Four horses ran in the Bay Stakes (the fifth race), at $50 each, $3,000 added, of which $500 was given to the second horse and $250 to the third. The distance was one mile and three-sixteenths, and the four starters carried weight for age, without penalties or allowances. Henry of Navarre was ridden by Taral, and naturally and properly was an all-wool favorite, at big odds-on. Banquet was second choice, Yo Tambien third and Sir Walter lowest of all in the betting. The pace was ridiculously slow at first, and Doggett, on Sir Walter, was compelled to go out and make the running, as Sir Walter is at his worst in slow-run, waiting races. On the backstretch Yo Tambien joined Sir Walter, and as the four horses entered the final half-mile Henry of Navarre and Banquet dashed up to the leading pair. For a furlong the four ran in a close bunch, but as they approached the homestretch, Henry of Navarre and Banquet easily drew away from Sir Walter and Yo Tambien. Henry of Navarre and Banquet pounded away hammer and tongs, head and head, to the end, Henry of Navarre taking the race, after a most stirring and thrilling struggle, by a head. Yo Tambien and Sir Walter were beaten off.

Banquet never ran a better race in his life than he ran yesterday, and it required all of Taral's surpassing skill and strength to get Henry of Navarre home the winner, although Henry is a knight of the white plume, marshal of France, victor at Ivry and at several other places.

STARTING IN THE MILE CHUTE.

Mr. Rowe has made some agonizing starts this year in the mile chute. That mile chute seems at times to cast a fatal spell over him. On the last day of the June meeting he dropped the flag to a ghastly, ghostly graveyard start in that mile chute. Last week he sent the horses off in that chute in the race which Figaro won, with Chant second, to one of the worst starts ever seen by men or angels. Many other starts which he has made in that mile chute have been horrifying. Yesterday he sent the horses off in the third race, in that grewsome gulch of a mile chute, in a style which ought to have caused the stewards of the meeting to have hysterics. But the stewards were as unruffled and icy and unapproachable as the North Pole itself. They generally are. Arab, who was heavily backed for the race, was practically left at the post, and the other horses straggled along like a funeral procession on its way to Calvary Cemetery.

Why don't the stewards send for ex-Speaker Flynn, of New-Jersey, to start horses out of the mile chute? Mr. Flynn made many admirable starts at Brighton Beach. Mr. Rowe was never Speaker of the New-Jersey Assembly. Any man who has ever been a Speaker of that majestic body of legislators can control jockeys and start horses far better than any man who has not been Speaker.

Colonel Chinn's Ingomar was booked all over the ring with unbounded confidence for this third race. He would have captured it without doubt but for Hamilton's cowardly way of riding. Ingomar was the fastest horse in the race (except, perhaps, Arab, who was left at the post), but Hamilton was afraid to move up with Ingomar among the other horses until it was too late. Ingomar came with a dazzling rush in the homestretch, but secured third place only, Anna at good odds winning the race, with Judge Morrow second.

Hamilton is notorious for his cowardice in riding, when there is the slightest possible chance of a mishap. He will never run the risk of an accident of any kind. The thought of a jostle and a possible fall makes his coal-black face turn the color of the inner side of a frog's leg. It was a sad mistake for Colonel Chinn to put Hamilton on Ingomar in a field of more than four starters.

Four favorites out of six were successful—Rubicon in the first race, Perry Belmont's handsome colt by the Ill-Used, out of Magnetism, in the second; Henry of Navarre, in the fifth, and Harry Reed in the sixth. Of these four all but Henry of Navarre won with the greatest ease.

Yo Tambien and Sir Walter were badly knocked about in the fifth race, so badly, in fact, that Sir Walter was thrown to his knees. Complaints of foul against Taral, who rode Henry of Navarre, and Sims, who rode Banquet, were made by Doggett and Jordan, but were dismissed by the stewards.

HOW THE STEWARDS COULD BECOME FAMOUS.

Queer things often happen on the last days of meetings. The stewards ought to watch all the starting, all the riding and all the performances of all the horses with the eyes of Argus to-day, and they ought to strike hard and spare not, wherever they see anything wrong. What public benefactors boards of stewards who would be bold and brave and strong could make themselves! How much good they could accomplish! What genuine and lasting popularity, honor and esteem they could gain for themselves! How clean and sweet and wholesome they could make the turf!

Stewards of the true stamp, of genuine sterling mintage (not vintage) could restore public confidence in racing, could double and quadruple the attendance at racetracks, could enlarge and multiply the dividends on racing stock and could achieve distinction, fame and glory. Why will they not do it? Brighton Beach has set them the example. But some of our racing stewards prefer to rule off newspaper men, who desire honest racing and nothing but honest racing, because those newspaper men tell unpleasant truths about the state of affairs on the turf. Some of our stewards wish to stamp out the liberty of the press, as it is stamped out in Russia. Some of our stewards are eager to rule off newspaper men whom they look upon as easy victims, persons without influence, whom it is safe to strike down. Why will not all our stewards choose the noble part, and devote all their energies and abilities to purifying the turf thoroughly? Some of our stewards are unwilling to investigate and expose wrongdoing on the turf, because they say that scandals hurt the racecourses. That is an unwise and mistaken policy. If you once convince the American people that racing is honest clear through, that all frauds on the turf are sternly suppressed, then they will support racing with tenfold the liberality of the past.

The stewards of this meeting ought to watch very sharply for queer work to-day in the second, third and seventh races. Some queer owners have some queer horses in some of those races, and on the last day of a meeting queer owners often try to do queer work.

Gloaming in the seventh race ought to be watched with especial care.

DETAILS OF THE RACING.

FIRST RACE—$15 each, $1,000 added; special conditions. Futurity course.

		Betting. St.	Pl.
J. E. McDonald's ch. c. Rubicon, by Rayon D'Or—Lilly R., 3 yrs., 116 lb.	(Midgeley) 1	3–5	1–4
A. F. Walcott's ch. m. Melba, 5, 119	(Taral) 2	25–1	6–1
Manhattan Stable's b. f. Flirt, 3, 113	(Sims) 3	9–2	7–5
Florence, 3, 113	(Reiff) 0	30–1	6–1
Ed. Kearney, 3, 116	(Doggett) 0	25–1	6–1
Harrington, 3, 113	(J. Reagan) 0	5–1	7–2
Prig, 3, 116	(Littlefield) 0	60–1	12–1

Time—1:19 4-5.

Mutuals—Rubicon straight $7.75, place $6.75, one, two, three $6.10; Melba place $19.05, one, two, three $10.55; Flirt one, two, three $8.10.

Won by two lengths; a head between second and third.

SECOND RACE—For two-year-olds; $15 each, $1,000 added; allowances. Futurity course.

Perry Belmont's b. c., by The Ill-Used—Magnetism, 118 lb.	(Sims) 1	4–5	1–3
J. A., A. H. & D. H. Morris's b. f. Mirage, 118	(Littlefield) 2	30–1	10–1
G. Straus's br. c. Lo Bengula, 111	(J. Reagan) 3	15–1	4–1
Louisa filly, 108	(Griffin) 0	20–1	4–1
Emma, 115	(Reiff) 0	100–1	40–1
Favora colt, 118	(Midgeley) 0	5–1	5–2
Nicolini, 111	(Lambley) 0	200–1	50–1
Major McLaughlin, 111	(Hamilton) 0	8–1	5–2
Emulate filly, 108	(Carter) 0	100–1	40–1
Midstar, 111	(Doggett) 0	60–1	20–1
Dr. France, 118	(Taral) 0	8–1	5–2
Canterbury, 111	(H. Jones) 0	30–1	10–1

Time—1:11 4-5.

Mutuals—Magnetism colt straight $9.50, place $7.20, one, two, three $7; Mirage place $103.85, one, two, three $15.90; Lo Bengula one, two, three $12.45.

Won by two lengths; a scant length between second and third.

THIRD RACE—Selling; purse $1,000. One mile.

R. T. Holloway's b. m. Anna, by Longfellow—Lida Gaines, 6 yrs., 98 lb.	(H. Jones) 1	8–1	3–1
McCafferty & Wishard's b. h. Judge Morrow, aged, 101	(Reiff) 2	40–1	10–1
J. P. Chinn's b. g. Ingomar, 4, 104 (car 105½)	(Hamilton) 3	7–2	8–5
Speculation, 5, 103 (car. 108)	(Doggett) 0	5–1	2–1
Red Demonio, 5, 105 (car. 108)	(Sims) 0	12–1	4–1
Clarus, 3, 84	(J. Davis) 0	300–1	80–1
Sarcasm, 3, 84 (car. 85)	(Sheedy) 0	100–1	80–1
Sandowne, 4, 103	(Penn) 0	15–1	6–1
Clementina, 3, 92	(T. Sloane) 0	30–1	10–1
Jim Lee, 3, 87	(McClain) 0	5–1	2–1
Chiswick, 4, 97	(R. Doggett) 0	30–1	10–1
Arab, aged, 100	(Lambley) 0	4–1	7–5

Time—1:49 1-5.

Mutuals—Anna straight $41.15, place $24.85, one, two, three $23.90; Judge Morrow place $74.50, one, two, three $41.50; Ingomar one, two, three $14.90.

Won by a scant length; a neck between second and third.

FOURTH RACE—Handicap; $20 each, $1,000 added. One and one-eighth miles.

W. Donohue's b. c. Roche, by Panique—Rebecca Rowett, 4 yrs., 117 lb.	(Hamilton) 1	4–1	6–5
J. R. & F. P. Keene's b. c. Hornpipe, 3, 90	(Isom) 2	12–1	4–1
Manhattan Stable's ch. c. Dobbins, 3, 111	(Sims) 3	9–5	7–10
Saragassa, 4, 107	(J. Reagan) 0	4–1	6–5
Faraday, 5, 114	(Littlefield) 0	4–1	6–5

Time—1:53 3-5.

Mutuals—Roche straight $29.65, place $16.45, one, two, three $4.50; Hornpipe place $23, one, two, three $9.30, Dobbins one, two, three $5.75.

Won by a head; same distance between second and third.

FIFTH RACE—BAY STAKES; $50 each, $3,000 added. One and three-sixteenths miles.

B. McClelland's ch. c. Henry of Navarre, by Knight of Ellerslie—Moss Rose, 3 yrs., 112 lb	(Taral) 1	7–10	1–4
M. F. Dwyer's b. g. Banquet, aged, 119	(Sims) 2	9–2	4–5
Kendall Stable's ch. m. Yo Tambien, 5, 110	(Jordan) 3	5–1	6–5
Sir Walter, 4, 122	(Doggett) 0	8–1	2–1

Time—2:02 3-5.

Mutuals—Henry of Navarre straight $9.15, place $5.85; Banquet place $7.65.

Won by a head; ten lengths between second and third.

SIXTH RACE—FIFTH PARTRIDGE STAKES for two-year-olds; $25 each, $1,250 added; penalties and allowances. Six furlongs on the turf.

M. F. Dwyer's br. g. Harry Reed, by Himyar—Violet, 110 lb.	(Sims) 1	1–4	out
J. A., A. H. & D. H. Morris's b. f. Owlet, 105	(Penn) 2	20–1	2–1
J. W. Rogers's b. f. Lucania, 101	(H. Jones) 3	25–1	4–1
McKee, 105	(Griffin) 0	5–1	1–2

Time—1:14 2-5.

Mutuals—Harry Reed straight $5.50, place $5.55; Owlet place $10.65.

Won by two lengths; a length between second and third.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY ENTRIES.

FIRST RACE—For three-year-olds and upward; $1,000 added. Seven furlongs.

Beldemere	113	Ben Lomond	104
Maid Marian	107	Flora Thornton	101
Jack of Spades	104		

SECOND RACE—For three-year-olds and upward; a handicap; $1,250 added. One mile and a quarter.

Victorious	110	Soundmore	98
Peacemaker	104	Redskin	93
Maid Marian	100	Chiswick	90
Strathmeath	100	Terrapin	83

THIRD RACE—For three-year-olds and upward; $1,000 added. One mile.

Hugh Penny	104	Discount	98
Bimbo	102	Tom Skidmore	97
Marshall	102	Chattanooga	93
Illume	99	Terrapin	91
Mr. Sass	99	Gallatin	84

FOURTH RACE—THE SEPTEMBER STAKES, a sweepstakes for three-year-olds. One mile and three furlongs.

Senator Grady	122	Figaro	102
Peacemaker	112	Longdale	102
John Cooper	108	Prince Carl	102
Dorian	108	Star Actress	99

FIFTH RACE—Purse $5,000.

Clifford	122	Domino	112

SIXTH RACE—GREAT EASTERN HANDICAP, for two-year-olds. Value of the race, $5,000. Futurity course, about three-quarters of a mile.

Lissak	127	Gutta Percha	105
Waltzer	125	Dolabra	105
Gotham	125	Silvie	103
Connoisseur	120	Favora colt	100
Monaco	118	Sadie	97
Keenan	117	Salvation	97
Sir Galahad	117	Lux	97

SEVENTH RACE—For three-year-olds and upward; $1,000 added. One mile and a quarter on the turf.

The Pepper	134	Star Actress	116
Gloaming	131	Coquette	115
Harry Alonzo	122	Jordan	115
Hyderabad	119	Bess McDuff	112
Madrid	118	Chief Justice	112

TALK AMONG THE TURFMEN.

INCIDENTS AT THE SHEEPSHEAD BAY RACE-TRACK—COMMENTS ON THE SPORT.

The haze that has caused so much trouble for the spectators at Sheepshead Bay when races were run over the Futurity course had not entirely disappeared yesterday. An unusual activity was displayed in the foul market. J. J. McCafferty did not seem to be at all uneasy about the outcome of the investigation of his horses. He is an extremely plain-spoken young man. Moreover there are few turfmen who are as observant as McCafferty is. He is shrewdly intelligent, sharp-eyed, and has plunged deeply into the intricate mysteries of the turf. McCafferty has had an excellent chance to perfect his education, and is as well aware that two pulls, a yank, and a dive into a pocket means joy to the bookmakers and sorrow to the public. He keeps his own counsel in regard to his horses, to the intense disgust of certain bookmakers, who have for years practically controlled some of the leading stables, as far as inside information is concerned.

Some turfmen say that no man can assert that McCafferty is associated with any bookmaker in the ring, or that betters stand around any particular slate in the betting ring to obtain a line on his horses. The Tribune is not, however, defending McCafferty or his methods, by any means. Here in outline and substance is the result of the McCafferty investigation. J. J. McCafferty is a pure and spotless turfman and is highly creditable to the turf. The stewards deeply regret that such a villanous horse as Watterson, who is named after the sponsor of the Star-Eyed Goddess of Reform, was ever permitted to associate with such earnestly consistent, truly honest racers as Nero, Buckrene, Florence and the other equine angels that munch McCafferty's oats. Owing to the profound regard which the stewards have for McCafferty's welfare, they have decided that in future that perverse brute will not be permitted to deceive his owners and the public.

Watterson is a thoroughly depraved animal and delights in getting people into trouble. Racegoers recollect that it was only a year ago when Watterson caused Charles Oxx to be ruled off the turf. Hence it is eminently just that Watterson should be condemned to Maspeth or the shafts of a coal cart.

J. P. Korn's St. Michael case was referred to the stewards of the Jockey Club. The St. Michael race developed a peculiar circumstance that may, perhaps, cause trouble to many persons. When the stewards called for Michael Daly, the trainer of St. Michael, to appear before them, it was discovered that Daly was an unlicensed trainer. As he trained Copyright the stewards ordered that Copyright should not be permitted to start in yesterday's races. It is possible that the owners of the horses which ran second and third to the horses trained by Daly may claim the money won by the Daly horses on licensed tracks this season. Just where the blame lies for this state of affairs is not known. It is reported that there are a number of trainers who have not asked for licenses, but have experienced no difficulties in entering and racing their horses.

What startling changes in a horse's form a sale will make at times! There were two instances in yesterday's races. Lo Bengula easily defeated Mirage the last time they met, but yesterday Mirage, who was shrewdly played for the place at long odds, defeated Lo Bengula in a moderate drive. Of course, it was not a reversal of form so much as a reversal of trainers that caused the change.

McKee could not run a yard in the last race. His new trainer said that McKee is not a good horse on the turf. As the horse has only been in his stable a day, Shields did not have a chance to become familiar with his peculiarities.

Everybody at the track asked his neighbor who will win the great race on Thursday, Domino or Clifford. Of course, an argument ensued, no matter which horse was selected. The stock argument of Clifford's followers was that Ducat could not give Clifford any kind of a contest in a race, no matter what the weights carried by them might be. Clifford could beat him easily at any distance in their work. Consequently, Clifford should win the race with Domino. The Domino partisan would say, "That's all right as an argument, but it will not do in this case, as Domino is of a different breed of cats from Ducat. When Domino catches record-breakers in the homestretch, and ranges alongside of them, it's all over."

Of ten bookmakers who were asked whether Domino or Clifford would be the favorite only two were willing to answer positively. One said Domino and the other said Clifford. The others said it was too difficult a question to answer.

There is every probability that the race will prove an exciting contest from start to finish. Both horses are in superlative condition for the race, and there are many well-informed turfmen who confidently predict that the race will be a tremendously fast one from the beginning, and that the record made by Ducat is extremely likely to be obliterated. All that is necessary to wind up the meeting in the typical blaze of glory is a fair day and a fast track.

Rubicon caused his backers to feel the qualms of doubt in their vitals in the first race. Midgely, who rode him, is a peculiar boy, and acts as if his only desire was to have somebody fan him or else he would faint. Rubicon won, however, with comparative ease at the finish, and then the favorite players gave vent to a long, deep sigh of relief.

In the second race Sims took no chances, but kept the Magnetism colt sailing, and won at the finish by a handsome margin, a length and a half from Mirage, who was shrewdly played by some sharp speculators for the place.

The third race furnished one of the best betting races of the season. No less than seven different horses were backed to win. Ingomar and Arab carried the most money, but Anna was well played by her owner and the Kentucky contingent. Byron McClelland and John Murray led them in their onslaught on the bookmakers. The race was greatly injured by a wretched start, in which Arab was left at the post, and several others were hopelessly out of it. Ingomar, who was ridden by Hamilton, was restrained by his rider until he was in the ruck on the backstretch. Anna, who was off badly, ran a fine race, as she ran around her field and took the lead in the stretch, and won easily by a length.

There was much unfavorable comment about the start throughout the grounds. Lantley, who rode Arab, has been ill. He looks haggard and drawn. Many persons said he was not well enough to ride.

The sixth race proved an exciting, but unsatisfactory contest. Dobbins was the favorite at 9 to 5. Roche, Saragassa and Faraday were well supported by their followers. Hornpipe set a hot pace for a mile, when the field closed up with him. Roche could not get through, as the horses were in a line lapped on each other in front of him. Dobbins looked like the winner, when Hamilton, on Roche, forced his way through with Roche to the discomfiture of Faraday and Hornpipe. The result of Hamilton's rush was to disconcert all of his opponents, so that he was first past the finish by a half-length in front of Hornpipe, with Dobbins beaten for the place by a head. Foxhall Keene claimed a foul against Roche and Faraday. In doing so Mr. Keene was justified by the facts, and the claimed foul against Roche and Faraday. In doing sense of their duty to the public and cause the notoriously reckless riding of some jockeys to be suppressed. The stewards decided that there was no foul committed by Roche, and that Faraday was to blame for the set-back given to Hornpipe.

The sixth race was one of the most exciting contests of the meeting, as it resulted in a duel between Henry of Navarre, ridden by Taral, and Banquet, ridden by Sims. Yo Tambien was practically declared out of the race when Jordan was put up to ride her. There was no pace at the start, and the horses simply galloped for the first half mile. Then the real racing began. Sims, on Banquet, was the first to call on his mount in earnest. He was closely followed by Taral on Henry of Navarre, who brushed Jordan and Yo Tambien on one side, causing Sir Walter to hit one of his legs against a fence post. He fell to his knees, and Doggett and Sir Walter were literally sent to the other side of Jordan. After this mishap Henry of Navarre and Banquet fought the battle out alone. It was a desperate contest, and the horses ran locked for three-sixteenths of a mile. Henry of Navarre ran as true as steel under Taral's severe punishment. Sims, on Banquet, had a more difficult task, as Banquet is inclined to swerve when hard pressed. With no perceptible advantage to either contestant until within ten yards of the wire, both horses and jockeys did their utmost. Taral's superior finishing powers, however, prevailed, and he landed Henry of Navarre a winner by a head.

Jordan and Doggett claimed foul against Taral and Sims. The complaints were dismissed without hesitation. The stewards should have seized on Jordan when they had him in the stand and advised him to adopt the calling of a motorman on some trolley road.

John Croker, Alfred Lakeland, Ted Sloane and several other persons who took part in the Parkway meeting have been asked to appear before the stewards of the Jockey Club.

ALIX AND DIRECTLY DID NOT TROT.

Indianapolis, Sept. 5.—Five thousand people were attracted to the Indianapolis Driving Club races at the State Fair Grounds to-day by the announcement that Alix and Directly would attempt to lower their records. Owing to heavy rains early in the morning, however, the track was four seconds slow, and McDowell and the owners of Directly refused to let either horse go. Owing to the mud no records were broken. Summaries:

2:40 CLASS—THREE-YEAR-OLD TROT—STAKE $1,000.

Onaqua (Staner)	7	3	1	1
Silurian (Bowerman)	2	1	3	5
Dentine (D. Thomas)	3	7	5	2

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Vanleer (Milan)	4	2	7	3	4
Almira Highwood (A. Thomas)	1	5	2	6dis	
Imitator (Hill)	5	4	6	4	3
Flossie Besant (Taylor)	6	6	4	dr	
Lynn Bourbon (Fathom)	8	8	dr		

Time—2:23¼, 2:22½, 2:26½, 2:23½, 2:24¾.

2:15 CLASS—PURSE $1,000.

Seal (Curry)	7	6	3	1	3	1 1
Jewel (Riley)	10	10	6	3	1	2 2
Lettie Lorraine (Red)	9	3	4	2	2	dr
Bourbon Patchen (Hernley)	2	2	8	4	4	dr
Frank Ogan (Walker)	5	4	5	5	5	dr
Ollie L. (Mulhall)	1	9	1	dis		
Merry Chimes (Geers)	8	1	2	dis		
Black Dick, jr. (Dangler)	6	5	7	dr		
Dr. Hallo (Wilson)	3	7	dr			
Venture (Lockhart)	4	8	dr			

Time—2:11¾, 2:12¾, 2:11¾, 2:12¼, 2:12¾, 2:15¾.

No time given last heat.

The 2:18 trot, stake $1,000, was not finished, only one heat being trotted. This was won by Brown Dick, driven by Jacobs.

PHOEBE WILKES'S SPURT.

THE FEATURE OF THE DAY AT FLEETWOOD.

A SUPERB RACE AGAINST MR. OLCOTT'S YOUNG MARE ALAR—DARKNESS LEAVES THE STRUGGLE UNDECIDED.

The third day's races at the Fleetwood Grand Circuit meeting resulted in some good sport yesterday. The track was in fair condition and the attendance was larger than on the preceding day. The race of the day was in the 2:11 class, trotting, which brought together the two great mares, Alar and Phoebe Wilkes, the former driven by John Goldsmith and the latter by Mr. E. McHenry. Alar was heavily backed by New-York horsemen, while the Western contingent and most of the circuit followers plunged on the Chicago mare. The first heat left the issue as much in doubt as ever, Phoebe Wilkes making a break just as the word was given, after which McHenry laid her up instead of trying to overhaul Alar, who trotted swiftly away in the lead with the two flashy horses, J. M. D. and Cobwebs, in hot pursuit. J. M. D. made a stirring brush coming up the hill past the point of rocks, but he could not quite reach the leader, who won at the finish with something apparently to spare in 2:11½.

Phoebe Wilkes remained favorite even after this heat, but it was even money against her chance. The second heat was another false test as Alar made a most unaccountable break, and Phoebe landed the heat without much effort.

In the third round neither mare made a mistake and the contest was a superb one, but Alar trotted in front from start to finish closely pressed in the homestretch by Phoebe Wilkes. The time was 2:11¾, a new record for Mr. Olcott's fine young mare. This clear-cut victory seemed to assure to her the race, and in the betting before the fourth heat Alar was a pronounced favorite.

McHenry made the drive of his life in this round, however, and by one of the most brilliantly managed finishes ever witnessed on any trotting track, snatched the victory from Goldsmith and Alar just as they appeared to have the heat and the race safely in hand. As the two horses neared the wire McHenry took a last chance by showering the whip strokes upon Phoebe's back. Instead of breaking, as any save a game horse would have done under such a drive, the deep-chested mare responded with a wonderful rush and in the last few strides made the fight so fierce that Alar suddenly went into the air, running out a neck or more in the lead. Much applause followed the decision of the judges, which gave the heat to Phoebe Wilkes in 2:11¼. McHenry was anxious to have the race out there and then, but it was too dark for further trotting and the officials decided to carry the race over. After a night's rest Alar is likely to win, for she appears to possess a shade more speed than Phoebe Wilkes.

The 2:25 trotters were a common lot, the race being the slowest of the meeting thus far. After the third heat it was charged that E. L. Robinson was not being driven to win, and at the request of the suspected driver A. P. McDonald was selected to take the place of Demarest for the remainder of the race. The change did no good, however.

To-day's card includes, besides the regular contests, a special race between the fast pacers Mascot 2:04, Guy 2:00¾, and Will Kerr, 2:07½; a trotting race under saddle is also on the card. Summaries:

2:25 CLASS—TROTTING—SPEEDWAY PURSE $3,000.

J. E. Turner's b. m. Happy Lady, by Happy Russell, dam Lady Washington, by General Washington (Turner)	7	2	1	1	1
George Scattergood's b. s. E. L. Robinson, by Epaulet (M. Demarest and A. P. McDonald)	8	1	3	2	2
Rumbarger & Co.'s ch. m. Clemmie G. II, by Post Boy (H. O. Shank)	1	4	10	10	9
S. H. Bailey's b. g. Little Ethan, by Ashley's Ethan Allen (William Sheridan)	4	8	2	3	3
W. A. Betsch's blk. s. Tom Medium, by Riley Medium (William Werner)	2	5	9	6	4
Thomas Bennett's b. s. Cudahy, by Allandorf (M. E. McHenry)	3	6	7	5	6
W. P. Thompson's ch. s. Dudley Olcott, by Albert W. (F. W. Noble)	5	10	6	4	5
Daniel Lewis's b. m. Lizzie H., by Winowski (John Stillinglaw)	10	8	5	9	8
William McLean's blk. m. Flossie, by Atlantic (William Johnson)	11	9	8	8	7
George H. Ketcham's blk. m. Miss Rachel, by Harbert Wilkes (Ketcham)	6	7	4	7	dr
Frank Coe's b. m. Ariena, by Arlington (C. W. Weeks)	9	dis			

Time—2:18¾, 2:19, 2:20¼, 2:21, 2:20.

2:23 CLASS—FOUR-YEAR-OLDS—TROTTING—REALIZATION PURSE $2,000.

E. S. Green's ch. f. Psyche, by Wilkes Goldoust, dam by Lowell's Goldoust (Green)	1	1	1
S. T. Dickinson's br. f. Sally Simmons, by Simmons (George Starr)	2	2	2
George Scattergood's b. f. Happy Minnie, by Happy Russel (Scattergood)	3	3	3
F. N. Lawrence's b. c. Spendthrift, by Wild Rake (Jones)	dis		
S. Walton's b. f. Whibooka, by Wilkes Boy (T. Settle)	dis		

Time—2:15¾, 2:17, 2:16.

2:14 CLASS—PACING—PURSE $1,500.

John Collins's blk. m. Raven, by Alcantara, dam Rachel B., by Allie Wood (Collins)	1	1	1
M. Salisbury's b. g. Doc Sperry, by Altamont (M. E. McHenry)	4	2	5
C. W. Zimmer's b. m. Elsa Eddy, by Jerome Eddy (Zimmer)	7	5	2
James Golden's ch. m. Whisper, by Alcander (Golden)	2	6	7
J. H. Carmichael's ch. s. Sterling, by Harold (Carmichael)	5	3	3
C. F. Caldwell's b. m. Nelly F., by Antero (F. Jones)	3	4	6
A. P. McDonald's b. g. Foxey, by Alcantara (McDonald)	6	7	4

Time—2:11¾, 2:11¾, 2:11¾.

2:11 CLASS—TROTTING—PURSE $2,000. (Undivided.)

M. E. McHenry's br. m. Phoebe Wilkes, by Hambletonian Wilkes, dam Dolly Smith, by Fisk's Mambrino Chief (McHenry)	4	1