CUTTING A CARD TO PIECES.

SCRATCHING ENTRIES AT THE RACES.

MANY HORSES TAKEN OUT AT GRAVESEND—GENERAL SORROW AND LAMENTATION OVER THE RACERS THAT WERE WITHDRAWN—BOOKMAKERS ROLLING IN RICHES.

Is there anything in life more pathetic and touching than compassion for the unfortunate? When good men encounter trouble and adversity, the sympathy of the upright must go out to them. The Brooklyn Jockey Club has had wonderful weather at this meeting. For many years storms and tempests have been frequent when this racing association was asking the friends of the thoroughbreds to look on while the champions of the turf were stretching their legs. In fact the rain fell so often, and the skies frowned darkly upon so many days when the Dwyers were running horses at Gravesend, that "Dwyer weather" was a jest among the people who went to the Brooklyn track. "Dwyer weather" among the visitors to horsefights meant darkness and gloom and falling floods. But we have changed all that, as the Parisians say. Taking all things into account, "Dwyer weather" at the autumn meeting at Gravesend has been the finest weather for racing that the most exacting of atmospheric experts could possibly desire. But when the air is auspicious. Fortune may be averse in other things. It was the hardest of hard luck that when the sun shone so kindly yesterday, and September was so sweet, owners and trainers should conspire to ruin so glowing and sparkling a programme as the Brooklyn Jockey Club had prepared.

Philip J. Dwyer, president of the Brooklyn Jockey Club, and Colonel Hugh D. McIntyre, secretary of the club, had taken extreme pains to arrange a most delightful and attractive card for the seventh day of the autumn meeting, but the wicked and perverse owners and trainers who are so plentiful on the American turf insisted upon withdrawing their colts and fillies without the slightest regard for the feelings of Mr. Dwyer and Colonel McIntyre. This was painful and even cruel. It was inexcusable. These heartless and inconsiderate owners and trainers ought to be sent incontinently to race their horses in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, near the river Acheron, and they ought never to be permitted to come back.

The Brooklyn Jockey Club on Friday evening forwarded to the New-York newspapers a list of probable starters for the races yesterday, which afforded dazzling promise of an afternoon of glittering sport. The club was grief-stricken when the misguided and devious owners and trainers withdrew their entries, after the trusting, confiding and hopeful supporters of racing had gone to the track, to such an extent that the programme was rent to tatters.

If Henry E. Abbey, or A. M. Palmer, or Charles Frohman, or T. Henry French, should put out placards and posters announcing that Patti and Melba and Eames and Calvé and the De Reszkes and Sir Henry Irving and Joseph Jefferson and other comets of opera and drama, would appear in a certain opera house at a certain time, and all these blazing marvels of the amusement firmament should stay away, and a few roof-garden singers and dancers should come out and beg the indulgence of the patrons of "art," it is possible that some faint protests might be heard in some remote corners of the house. The managers of racing associations hold no higher places in public life than those which are held by the managers of operas and plays. The Brooklyn Jockey Club sent word to the New-York newspapers—incomparably and incontestably the greatest, most important and most influential newspapers in the whole world—that twelve horses were likely to run in the first race on Saturday. Eight horses actually ran. The club sent word that four horses would probably start in the second race. Three ran. The club gave the newspapers reason to think that eight would scamper in the third race. Seven scampered.

But the club capped the climax in the fourth race. The list of probable starters which was sent out contained eighteen names. The list of actual starters that went to the post contained just four names, and no more.

Wasn't that farcical?

The hearts of good men in all parts of the country are bleeding for the good men of the Brooklyn Jockey Club, who were so deceived and deluded by unscrupulous and conscienceless owners and trainers. The good men of the club had ample reason to expect that these unrighteous owners and trainers would start eighteen horses in the fourth race, but these reluctant and recalcitrant owners and trainers took out no less than fourteen of the eighteen entries and only four went to the post. Good men are compelled to contend with many obstacles and embarrassments upon this mortal sphere, but even the early Christian martyrs in the antique Roman catacombs had no such anguish to endure as the officers of the Brooklyn Jockey Club suffered when the expected field of eighteen in the fourth race dwindled down to four.

Five were sent out as reasonably certain to run in the Second Special, the fifth race. Only two were actually in view when the starter "flashed his flag." That phrase, "flashed his flag," is a favorite one with Stephen Brodie and William McGlory. Isn't it neat? More discomfort and disappointment for the good men of the Brooklyn Jockey Club! Will the trials of the truly good never end?

Gossip is afloat to the effect that James Rowe, the Jockey Club starter, intends to give up starting, and to refuse any and all salaries and duties on the turf at the end of this season. This rumor may not be true. If it is true, Mr. Rowe deserves much credit and much praise for his noble self-sacrificing and unselfish resolution. It is probable that if Mr. Rowe decides to give up starting altogether a superb service of solid gold, similar to that which Queen Victoria set on the table when she entertained Richard Croker at Windsor Castle, will be presented to Mr. Rowe. The inscription on the gold salt-cellars and gold pepper-boxes is likely to be, "We ne'er shall look upon his like again." With this axiom there may be an engraved portrait of Clifford as he appeared when he was left at the post in the Brooklyn Handicap of 1894. The whole service is sure to be neat, chaste, appropriate and suitable.

Mr. Rowe has one or two intimate and confidential associates on the turf who are now drawing weighty salaries. If at least one of these will retire, he can get a diamond cluster and a pension from grateful turfmen, and the presentation will be one of the most pathetic and touching ceremonies ever known at a cake-walk.

If the bookmakers have a few more days as profitable and lucrative as those of Thursday and Saturday, they can afford to start a few Epsoms, Ascots, Goodwoods and Newmarkets themselves next year. William Donohue's Harrington, ridden by William Sims, esq., was a strong favorite in the first race. He ran second, while the second choice, Pop Gray, was far back, unplaced. Pop Gray was ridden by Doggett.

And the bookmakers played on.

In the second race Pierre Lorillard's April Fool, ridden by Griffin, was a furious and frenzied favorite at 2 to 1 on, but Dr. G. L. Knapp's Deerslayer beat April Fool very easily, at 3 to 1 against Deerslayer. It was generally reported that Deerslayer was in poor condition and could not beat April Fool. This was not so.

And the bookmakers played on.

In the third race August Belmont's filly Woodvine was at 2 to 1 on, and even 5 to 2 on. She won in a walk. At the price she did not have many backers. But Intermission, ridden by Sims, was plunged upon for second place. She was nowhere all the way. The third filly in the betting, who was also heavily backed for second place, was Annot Lyle, who is owned by W. H. Forbes, the eccentric Massachusetts millionaire, who paid $75,000 for the famous English colt Meddler, but who keeps Meddler in a glass case to look at and has never started him in this country. Reiff rode Annot Lyle. Mr. Forbes ought to train and ride his horses himself. Annot Lyle ran third.

And the bookmakers played on.

A. Closon, one of the most good-natured, beaming, smiling and benignant turfmen ever seen in America, is a nephew of the late lamented Dionysius Diogenes Withers, who did a great deal for the American turf. There were spacious times in the days of great Elizabeth and there were giants on the American turf when D. D. Withers was alive. Moreover, D. D. Withers was a true Prometheus among the giants. Since his death the turf has had too many gnomes and ghouls and trolls and dwarfs and Walbaums on it. But Mr. Closon is a worthy nephew of American Admiral Rous Withers. He follows Emerson's advice. He hitches his wagon to a star and he starts his Cassettes in the Futurities. But A. Clason is all right, and his Cassette ran second yesterday.

Whispers are heard here and there that Perry Belmont may be the next Democratic candidate for Governor in the Empire State. Perry Belmont, backed by David Bennett Hill, may be a power in Democratic politics in this State as temporary chairman of Democratic conventions, and as a forerunner and outrider for Roswell P. Flower, who upholds the gavel as permanent chairman, but Perry Belmont can never be a power on the turf if he permits St. Asaph J. Murphy to ride his colt Illusion as J. Murphy rode Illusion yesterday. Some people think that Perry Belmont has an eye on the Presidency. Well, there's no harm in that. Many men have had their eyes on the Presidency. Perry Belmont will never get anything but his eye on it. But aspiring Democratic statesmen who have their eyes on the Presidency ought never to let their colors appear on the turf unless they own racehorses of some merit, and unless they can get jockeys of some merit to ride their horses. Possibly J. Murphy, the jockey, is a distant and remote relative of Senator Murphy, the Troy ringleader, who disgraces the greatest State in the Union by representing the vilest and most corrupt ring politics ever known in New-York in the Senate of the United States. J. Murphy seems to be as much of a jockey as Ed Murphy, of Troy, is a statesman. Perry Belmont ought to get Ed Murphy instead of J. Murphy to ride Illusion hereafter. The two would go well together. The colt is well named. He is an iridescent illusion as a racer, while Ed Murphy, of Troy, is an absurd and grotesque and ridiculous illusion as a Senator.

Michael F. Dwyer backed Harry Reed lavishly in the fourth race, but Arapahoe, at 10 to 1, 15 to 1 and even 20 to 1, outran Harry Reed with amazing ease. Harry Reed was at odds on. He got second place. Hugh Penny was second choice. He showed no speed in any part of the race, and came in last.

And the bookmakers played on.

They had good reason to play on.

Only Clifford and Rey el Santa Anita started in the Second Special. Clifford was at four to one on. He led all the way, and won in a walk.

And the bookmakers played on. They did not lose much money even on that race.

In the last race the start was ghastly and ghostly. It was one of Mr. Rowe's finest efforts. The start in the third race was also one of Mr. Rowe's finest efforts. Mr. Rowe is full of years, riches and honors as a starter. He can well afford to retire now, and to spend the remaining years of a long and brilliant career as George Washington did, covered with the piled-up tributes of his grateful countrymen.

With an even start all around Forum would have won the last race. Mock Briggs was a tremendous favorite. He ran second. Forum was third. Michael F. Dwyer's Tom Cromwell, who was set back at Brighton Beach on Friday because Sims, his rider, committed a shocking foul, won the race very easily.

And the bookmakers played on. They had plenty to play with.

Why does the Brooklyn Jockey Club give a race of four and a half furlongs in the latter part of September? Why does the Brooklyn Jockey Club give so many short races at this meeting? Why does the Jockey Club permit the Brooklyn Jockey Club to give so many short races at this meeting? Let the wild winds ask the wild sky, as Tennyson says.

SUMMARY OF THE CONTESTS.

FIRST RACE—Heavy handicap, for all ages; purse $650. Six furlongs.

		Betting. St.	Pl
Brookdale Stable's br. g. Preston, by Faverdale—Sweet Honey, 3 yrs., 111 lb.	(Griffin) 1	6—1	8—5
W. Donohue's ch. g. Harrington, 4, 122	(Sims) 2	6—5	2—5
A. Clason's ch. f. Stonenellie, 4, 104 (car. 108)	(Reagan) 3	15—1	5—1
Integrity, 5, 108	(Duffy) 0	20—1	7—1
Illusion, 4, 107	(J. Murphy) 0	7—1	2—1
The Sage, 3, 115	(J. Perkins) 0	6—1	8—5
Pop Gray, 4, 115	(Doggett) 0	9—2	4—5
Captain T., 5, 103	(Keefe) 0	15—1	5—1

Time—1:15½.

Won in a drive by a half length; a length between second and third.

SECOND RACE—For three-year-olds; selling; purse $500. One mile and a sixteenth.

Oneck Stable's b. c. Deerslayer, by Midlothian—Doe, 107 lb.	(Doggett) 1	7—2	7—10
P. Lorillard's b. c. April Fool, 109	(Griffin) 2	1—2	out
C. Littlefield, jr's. ch. f. Sabilla, 102	(Reiff) 3	2—1	out

Time—1:52¾.

Won easily by a length; a head between second and third.

THIRD RACE—For two-year-old fillies; special weights; purse $500. Four and one-half furlongs.

Blemton Stable's ch. f. Woodvine, by Magnetizer—Woodbine, 108 lb.	(Griffin) 1	2—5	out
A. Clason's br. f. Cassette, 108	(Reagan) 2	15—1	3—1
W. A. Forbes's b. f. Annot Lyle, 115	(Reiff) 3	7—1	8—5
Wild Violet, 100	(O'Leary) 0	15—1	5—2
Intermission, 108 (car. 109)	(Sims) 0	6—1	6—5
La Vienta, 108	(Doggett) 0	20—1	6—1
Medica, 100 (car. 103)	(J. Perkins) 0	25—1	8—1

Time—0:55¾.

Won easily by a length and a half; a length between second and third.

FOURTH RACE—THE SPECULATION STAKES, for three-year-olds and upward; selling. Value $1,500. Six furlongs.

Santa Anita Stable's ch. f. Arapahoe, by Cheviot—Vienta, 4 yrs., 97 lb.	(O'Leary) 1	20—1	4—1
M. F. Dwyer's br. g. Harry Reed, 3, 93	(Keefe) 2	3—5	out.
Blemton Stable's b. c. Jack of Spades, 4, 102	(Griffin) 3	12—1	8—5
Hugh Penny, 5, 107	(Reiff) 0	8—5	2—5

Time—1:15.

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

FIFTH RACE—THE SECOND SPECIAL of $2,000; special weights. One mile and an eighth.

R. L. Rose's b. h. Clifford, by Bramble—Duchess, 5 yrs., 117 lb.	(Sims) 1	1—4	out.
Santa Anita Stable's b. c. Rey El Santa Anita, 4, 122	(Taral) 2	3—1	out.

Time—1:56½.

Won easily by a length.

SIXTH RACE—For two-year-olds; purse $500; special weights. Five furlongs.

M. F. Dwyer's ch. c. Tom Cromwell, by Bramble—Fonsie, 111 lb.	(Sims) 1	4—1	8—5
Duke & Wishard's br. c. Mock Briggs, 108	(Reiff) 2	4—5	1—3
Louis Stuart's blk. c. Forum, 103 (car. 104)	(Pickering) 3	8—1	3—1
Refugee, 108	(Griffin) 0	4—1	8—5
Palmerston, 111	(Overton) 0	15—1	6—1
Honolulu, 108	(Ballard) 0	8—1	3—1
King of Bohemia, 103	(J. Perkins) 0	5—1	2—1
Tremargo, 103	(O'Leary) 0	20—1	8—1
Whippany, 103	(Keefe) 0	8—1	3—1
Bon Ami, 103 (car. 104)	(J. Murphy) 0	20—1	8—1
Royal Gun, 100	(Sheedy) 0	15—1	6—1

Time—1:02½.

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

GRAVESEND ENTRIES FOR TO-MORROW.

FIRST RACE—Five furlongs.

Tom Cromwell	117	Kamsin	110
Alarum	117	Mack Briggs	107
Balmaghie	110	Marstan	107
Premier	110	Gismonda	107
Ostler Joe	110	Hersey	107
Cotton King	110	La Revoir	107
Captive	110	Remnant II	107
St. Lawrence	110	Carib	107

SECOND RACE—Handicap. One mile and a sixteenth.

Flying Dutchman	125	Connoisseur	109
Nanki Pooh	119	Brandywine	102
Lucania	109	Owlet	100
Gotham	109	Bombazette	90

THIRD RACE—Six furlongs.

Nick	109	Shelly Tuttle	103
Applause	108	Chattanooga	102
Waltzer	108	Prig	102
Wernberg	107	Iola	99
Ameer	107	Cuckoo	99
Pop Gray	105	The Swain	96
Key West	104	Hermanita	93
Melba	104		

FOURTH RACE—One mile and an eighth.

Counter Tenor	112	Pepper	100
Belmesthe	107	Connoisseur	100
Lamplighter	105	Deerslayer	95
Leonawell	105		

FIFTH RACE—Five and a half furlongs.

Ben Brush	118	Charma	103
Crescendo	118	Carib	103
Margrave	113	Lavienta	103
Salvable	113		

SIXTH RACE—One mile and a sixteenth.

Leonawell	109	Marshall	104
Ed. Kearney	108	Arapahoe	102
Beldemere	107	Cass	102
Peacemaker	106	Captain T.	102
Discount	104	Sue Kitty	89

CHAT AMONG TURFMEN.

COMMENTS AND SUGGESTIONS AS TO RACING AFFAIRS.

Inflation appears to have taken possession of the Gravesend racetrack. The programme was inflated at the ratio of 18 to 4. The form of the favorites was inflated to double their real worth. The layers of odds were inflated by the enormous numbers of promises to pay that were poured into their ears. The bettors were inflated almost to the bursting point with "the sure-thing tips" that filled the air. In fact, almost everybody was inflated with the idea that yesterday was the turning point in the road to fortune. W. Collapse Daly was inflated with anger because Starter Rowe left Captain T. at the post. The stewards were distended like a Presidential boom because foul riding was detected and punished at Brighton Beach on Friday.

The first collapse of the day was when the balloon-like programme was punctured by withdrawals. It was a day of explosions and collapse. The Beards, of Brooklyn, were the first to feel that inflation is dangerous, especially when jockeys are filled with the hydrogen of fulsome praise and faint ideas of the English roll. Sims's feeble imitation of the roll in the first race was more like an underdone biscuit than the real thing.

Griffin, who is filled with the oxygen of vanity, defeated Sims, the roller, on Harrington, and immediately began to enlarge about the ears. The rotundity of the bettors decreased amazingly as they held a "post mortem" after the race.

When the second race was called, a report was industriously disseminated that Deerslayer was as sadly out of condition as the Democratic party in New-Jersey. This report caused the flat bettors to pool their issues on April Fool, who was not a theory but a stern reality. Some misguided persons, who revel in the county of big pumpkins and boastingly tell of the marvellous horses bred in good old Monmouth, bet their cranberry crop on Sabilla. One of the layers-of-odds, who is called the Statesman, because he hails from Washington and knows less about silver than the mighty Jones of Nevada, had a tip of his own on Deerslayer, garnished with Vandyke trimmings, which was duly heralded by a warrior of the betting-ring known as "Plenty Bets." April Fool was bigger than Isinglass by post time in the estimation of his backers. The result of the race was startling. April Fool ran as if he were a spring joke, kept in cold storage, to be used in September. Deerslayer won easily, to the intense gratification of "Plenty Bets," who would have whooped and shouted if he had not had bets on both the other contestants.

There was an agreeable change for the bettors in the third race. In the previous races the promises of the favorite players went where the "woodbine twineth." Consequently they were rejoiced to get something back from that undefined place through the medium of Woodvine, who is out of Woodbine.

Their joy was of short duration, however, as Arapahoe scalped every one of them with the single exception of "Plenty Bets," who played every horse in the race. Harry Reed was heavily played by Michael F. Dwyer. Hugh Penny had many followers. Jack of Spades was supported also, while Arapahoe was wholly neglected, although she followed the trail of Galilee on that colt's first appearance after his rescue from the street that is not straight, and that was rejected by the medicine men who guard the morals of the turf. Arapahoe chased Harry Reed for a half mile. Then the Reed that bended, but did not get broke, although others did, in the storm of English racing ethics, chased Arapahoe to the finish.

It was reported that Michael F. Dwyer lost $15,000 on Harry Reed.

"Plenty Bets" ejaculated: "This is Hades," although everybody knew it was the Brooklyn Jockey Club fall meeting. Many nodded their heads in approval.

The redeeming feature of the day was the fine showing made by Clifford in the Second Special. J. W. Rogers instructed Sims as follows: "Don't choke him. Let the other fellow do the choking if there is any choking to be done." Clifford led very easily for the entire distance.

In the last race Mack Briggs was looked upon as an equine Moses, who was to lead the bettors out of the land of bondage where the layers of odds prevail and welchers thrive on the credit of the believers in the book of "dope." Isaac Thompson led the hosts that placed their faith in Mack Briggs. In a few short moments Isaac, he of the short odds, started a panic in the place of chairs, and caused the layers to quote 5 to 4 on as the best odds obtainable in the case of Mack Briggs.

When the race was over, and Tom Brownell was returned as the winner, there were lamentations among the faithful who bet on Mack Briggs. A sorrowful bettor mournfully told of his losses, and summed up the day's sport as follows: "The programme was stuffed as well as the spectators. It's an even thing. When the stuffing was pulled out of the programme the lining was pulled out of the stuffers."

MEETING OF THE JOCKEY CLUB STEWARDS.

A meeting of the stewards of the Jockey Club was held at the Brooklyn Jockey Club course yesterday afternoon. Messrs. August Belmont, James R. Keene, J. O. Donner and G. Lee Knapp were present. The action of the stewards of the Brighton Beach Association meeting, in suspending Otto Helder, the jockey, was approved, and a further suspension was imposed for the balance of the year, permission being granted to ride for his employer, H. Warnke, only. In the case of Penn, the jockey, who was also suspended during the Brighton Beach meeting, the suspension was continued until October 15, and as a further penalty, he will not be allowed to ride during the Westchester Racing Association meeting, except for his employers, A. H. & D. H. Morris. Jockey Horton's case was laid over in order to give him an opportunity to be heard. A license was granted to the Southern Racing Association to conduct a race meeting at Macon, Ga., on condition that they deposit each day with the steward representing the Jockey Club the amount of the purses to be run for, or within three days from the opening of their meeting deposit $20,000 to secure the meeting, or furnish the Jockey Club with a satisfactory guarantee that their purses will be paid. Francis Trevelyan was appointed official steward of the meeting.

ALIX BADLY INJURED.

Springfield, Ill., Sept. 28.—Andrew McDowell, the driver of Alix, announced last night that the little mare was badly injured and might not be able to trot again this season. He says she sprained a whirlbone in her effort yesterday afternoon by striking a hard spot in the track just as she was starting down the home stretch.

"Alix made the third quarter in thirty seconds," said McDowell, "and I was prepared to reach the wire in 2:06, in order to win the prize offered by the board for beating Azote's record on this track. Just as I let her go she hit the hard place and let down."

ENROLLED NOW AS EXPERTS.

FINE MARKSMANSHIP DISPLAYED AT THE CONTEST AT CREEDMOOR.

The first expert match of the season was shot at Creedmoor yesterday. There was, of course, a limited attendance, as only those who have made 45 or more in the sharpshooter class are allowed to compete. To become an expert the soldier must make at least an aggregate of eight hits out of ten shots, five shots at 200 yards and five at 500 yards at a "man" target. Following are the names of those who succeeded in making the required scores:

	Regiment.	200 yds.	500 yds.	Total.
T. J. Conroy, Co. A	7	5	5	10
George Doyle, Co. H	71	4	5	9
John Corrie, N. C. S.	12	4	5	9
F. J. Stewart, Co. G	71	4	4	8
J. C. Hegarty, Co. A	9	4	4	8
P. J. White, Co. E	7	5	3	8
R. M. Dunn, Co. G	7	4	4	8
E. S. Coy, Co. B	7	4	4	8
H. W. Janssen, Co. A	7	4	4	8
A. Stevens, Co. F	7	4	4	8
F. H. Hobby, N. C. S.	47	4	4	8
S. S. Johnson, Co. B	12	4	4	8
J. M. O'Donnell, Co. A	9	4	4	8

Did You Ever Fall Over a Precipice,

Or hold up the Washington Monument on the pit of your stomach—in a dream? Did you ever wake up in a cold sweat caused by some horrid phantasy? If so, the wisest thing that you could have done to renew your slumber undisturbed by the nightmare, would have been to take some Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which would have tranquillized you and relieved the indigestion, which was, perhaps the author of your hideous dream. Insomnia, nightmare, indigestion are easily remedied by the Bitters. Resort to it, also, if you are troubled with chills and fever, liver or kidney trouble, constipation, neuralgia or rheumatism. If you have lost your appetite don't go to the expense of advertising for it, but take the Bitters. Then will "good digestion wait on appetite and health on both." Just before retiring is a very suitable time to swallow a wineglassful.

AFTER POLO
USE CUTICURA SOAP
COOLING
SOOTHING
REFRESHING

After Polo, Hunting, Golf, or any Athletics, a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP is most soothing, cooling, and refreshing. It prevents and cures chafing, redness, and roughness of the skin, soothes inflammation, allays irritation, and when followed by a gentle anointing with CUTICURA, the great skin cure, proves most beneficial in relieving tired, strained, or lamed muscles.

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F. H. Clark, Co. D 7 4 5 9
D. C. Meyer, Co. C 7 4 4 8
T. J. Dolan, N. C. S. 12 4 4 8
E. De Forest, Field 23 4 4 8
S. O'Connor, Co. D 9 4 4 8
G. G. Barnard, Co. G 9 4 4 8

BALTIMORE DEFEATS NEW-YORK.

THE PENNANT QUESTION NO LONGER IN DOUBT; IN FACT, IT HAS NOT BEEN IN DOUBT FOR SOME TIME.

GAMES YESTERDAY.

Baltimore 5, New-York 2.	Washington 8, Boston 5.
Brooklyn 6, Philadelphia 3 (first game).	Cleveland 9, Louisville 8.
Brooklyn 6, Philadelphia 3 (second game).	Cincinnati 5, Chicago 4.
	Pittsburg 18, St. Louis 2.

The New-York and Baltimore teams crossed bats at the Polo Grounds yesterday, in the presence of a good-sized crowd, the champions winning through superior all-round work. The result was in doubt up to the eighth inning, when the local team went to pieces and allowed the Orioles to score three runs.

The game was interesting simply from the fact that Baltimore, with the victory, cannot lose the pennant. The Cleveland Spiders gave the men from Maryland a lively chase, but, as predicted some time ago, the Orioles were never in any real danger, for it was as certain as anything can be in baseball that Baltimore could at least break even in the final series with New-York. The local team is again No. 9. The score:

NEW-YORK.

	ab	r	1b	po	a	e
Fuller, ss	4	0	0	5	4	1
Tiernan, rf	4	0	1	2	0	0
VanHutten, cf	3	0	0	0	0	0
G. Davis, 2b	4	1	2	3	3	0
German, 3b	1	0	0	1	1	0
H. Davis, 1b	4	0	2	4	2	0
Stafford, lf	1	1	1	1	1	0
Robinson, c	2	0	2	8	1	1
Clark, p	2	0	0	0	0	1
Batton, 3b	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	25	2	8	24	12	4

BALTIMORE.

	ab	r	1b	po	a	e
Gleason, 2b	5	1	0	3	2	0
Keeler, rf	4	0	2	2	0	0
Jennings, ss	4	1	1	5	4	0
Kelley, lf	4	1	0	0	0	0
Brodie, cf	3	2	2	1	4	0
Reitz, 3b	4	0	1	1	2	0
Carey, 1b	4	0	2	9	0	0
Robinson, c	4	0	0	3	1	0
Hoffer, p	3	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	35	5	11	24	14	0

New-York	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	2
Baltimore	0	0	0	1	1	0	3	0	5

Earned runs—New-York 2, Baltimore 1. First base by errors—Baltimore 4. Left on bases—New-York 6, Baltimore 9. Struck out—By Clark 7, by Hoffer 2. Bases on balls—Off Clark 2, off Hoffer 5. Home run—Brodie. Two-base hits—Tiernan, Jennings, Reitz. Double plays—Jennings (unassisted), Fuller and H. Davis, Fuller, G. Davis and Farrell. Stolen base—Stafford. Sacrifice hits—German, Stafford. Hit by pitcher—Brodie. Time of game—2:05. Umpire—Keefe. Attendance, 8,000.

BROOKLYN WON TWICE.

TWO GAMES IN PHILADELPHIA, EACH RESULTING IN THE SAME SCORE.

Philadelphia, Sept. 28.—Philadelphia and Brooklyn played two games this afternoon, and the visitors won both by the same score—6 to 3. In the first Orth was batted freely, particularly in the sixth inning, and he lost his first game since joining the Philadelphias. The local team barely escaped a shut-out in the first contest. With two out in the ninth inning, Thompson, who batted in place of Madison, made a double, which scored two runs. Thompson also tallied on Hallman's single.

Carsey was ineffective after the fourth inning in the second game, and Brooklyn won again. The umpire called the second game on account of darkness in the eighth inning, when Brooklyn had scored two runs, with only one out. Daub pitched the first two innings of the second game, and hurt his hand in trying to stop a hit from Carsey's bat. Kennedy succeeded him. Several of the Philadelphia players received floral offerings, and Carsey got a gold watch and chain. Attendance, 5,945. The scores:

FIRST GAME.

PHILADELPHIA.

	ab	r	1b	po	a	e
Hamilton, cf	4	0	2	0	0	0
Delehanty, lf	4	0	0	2	0	1
Cross, 3b	4	0	0	2	2	0
Buckley, c	2	0	0	3	0	0
Grady, c	1	1	0	1	0	0
Sullivan, rf	4	1	2	2	0	0
Madison, ss	3	0	0	2	5	0
Hallman, 2b	4	0	2	4	4	0
Boyle, 1b	4	0	0	8	0	0
Orth, p	3	0	2	0	1	0
*Thompson	1	1	1	0	0	0
Totals	34	3	9	24	12	2

BROOKLYN.

	ab	r	1b	po	a	e
Griffin, cf	5	1	1	0	0	0
Shindle, 3b	5	1	3	0	3	0
Corcoran, ss	3	0	1	2	4	0
Foutz, 1b	5	0	3	12	0	0
Anderson, lf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Daly, 2b	2	1	1	5	0	0
Shoch, rf	4	1	1	2	0	0
Grim, c	4	1	1	3	2	0
Abbey, p	4	1	2	1	4	0
Totals	36	6	13	27	13	0

*Batted in Madison's place in ninth inning.

Philadelphia	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3
Brooklyn	0	0	0	0	1	5	0	x	6

Earned runs—Philadelphia 2, Brooklyn 2. First base by errors—Brooklyn 1. Left on bases—Philadelphia 4, Brooklyn 10. First base on balls—Off Orth 4. Struck out—By Abbey 1. Two-base hit—Thompson. Stolen bases—Hamilton, Daly. Double plays—Boyle (unassisted), Abbey, Grim and Corcoran. Hit by pitcher—By Abbey 1. Umpires—Henderson and Murray. Time—1:55.

SECOND GAME.

PHILADELPHIA.

	ab	r	1b	po	a	e
Hamilton, cf	2	2	1	1	0	0
Delehanty, lf	2	1	1	9	0	0
Cross, 3b	2	0	0	2	0	0
Grady, c	4	0	0	1	0	0
Thompson, rf	4	0	2	3	0	0
Madison, ss	4	0	0	1	2	0
Hallman, 2b	4	0	2	0	0	0
Boyle, 1b	3	0	0	5	0	0
Carsey, p	3	0	1	0	2	0
Totals	28	3	7	*22	4	0

BROOKLYN.

	ab	r	1b	po	a	e
Griffin, cf	3	2	1	5	0	0
Shindle, 3b	5	1	3	1	0	0
Corcoran, ss	5	0	2	2	3	1
Foutz, 1b	4	0	3	8	0	1
Anderson, lf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Daly, 2b	4	0	0	2	2	0
Shoch, rf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Grim, c	4	2	2	4	1	0
Daub, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
Kennedy, p	4	2	3	0	1	0
Totals	36	6	15	24	7	2

*One out when winning run was made.

Philadelphia	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	3
Brooklyn	0	0	1	0	2	1	0	2	6

Earned runs—Philadelphia 1, Brooklyn 5. First base by errors—Philadelphia 1. Left on bases—Philadelphia 7, Brooklyn 10. First base on balls—Off Carsey 2, off Daub 2, off Kennedy 2. Struck out—By Kennedy 3. Three-base hits—Hamilton. Two base-hits—Hallman, Grim. Sacrifice hits—Hamilton, Cross, Griffin. Stolen bases—Delehanty, Cross, Shindle. Double play—Foutz (unassisted). Umpires—Henderson and Murray. Time—1:30.

THE RECORDS.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	P'ct.	Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	P'ct.
Baltimore	85	42	.669	Boston	69	59	.539
Cleveland	84	45	.651	Cincinnati	66	62	[illegible]
Philadelphia	77	53	.592	New-York	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Chicago	70	58	.547	Washington	42	83	.336
Brooklyn	71	59	.546	St. Louis	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Pittsburg	71	60	.542	Louisville	34	96	.262

OTHER GAMES YESTERDAY.

Chicago, Sept. 28.—After Parker had lost the game for Chicago to-day Terry was put in the box, and the local nine made a sensational finish. But for a fine catch by Miller in the seventh inning, after it was too dark to see the ball, Chicago might have tied the score. Attendance, 400. The score:

Chicago	0