WINGED FOOT DID NOT FLY.

IN FACT SHE ALMOST HOBBLED.

AMAZING SLOWNESS OF JOHN J. M'CAFFERTY'S FILLY AT BRIGHTON BEACH.

The English turf extends impatient arms of eager yearning to John J. McCafferty. This sublimated quintessence of owner, trainer, jockey, speculator and Artful Dodger is sadly needed on the British racecourses. Richard Croker is running horses in England. So is Enoch Wishard. So are some other Americans. Our English friends have been full of becks and wiles and wreathed smiles ever since America showed a wrinkled front in regard to Venezuela. Great Britain has been so anxious to propitiate America ever since the Venezuela wrangle was begun that the Prince of Wales almost sank upon his knees in order to conciliate the goodwill of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston, a haughty military organization that never listened to any sound more martial than the gurgle of a cocktail, and whose warlike celebrity has been acquired chiefly by deadly battles at the Parker House bar and by pulling dead men under the table in Young's drinking-room. It was the colossal joke of the century—the lavish hospitality extended by the foremost of living Englishmen to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston as a truly representative embodiment of the belligerent prowess of the greatest Republic ever known. If the 7th Regiment of this metropolis had gone to London, that would have been another tale. Many of the officers and privates of the 7th Regiment are valiant trencher knights, and are capable of mixing drinks from midnight to morning with the best stomach champions of all countries. But the 7th Regiment is renowned for something else beside its exploits at banquets and in barrooms. Is the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Massachusetts famous in any way except for its prodigal consumption of rich dishes and fine wines? If it is, few people have ever discovered its achievements.

It was a funny end-of-the-century joke when the heir to England's throne and the Lord Mayor of London made so much ado over the big-waisted Gorgantuas of Beacon-st. and the Back Bay. But it was almost as much of a rib-splitting jest when the foremost turfmen of England accepted Richard Croker and Duke and Wishard as truly representative American turfmen. The fun is still kept up on the English courses, and the descendants of William the Conqueror (with several bars sinister) and of Charles the Second and the four Georges, whom Thackeray delighted to describe, are still ready to heap honors on Croker and Duke and Wishard as representative American turfmen. Yet a long-felt want exists in England. Our kin beyond the sea (not always kind-hearted kin) still lack the benignant and beneficent presence of John J. McCafferty and of those stewards of the Jockey Club who voted for the reinstatement of Hamilton. Why should our sweet cousins on the other side of the Atlantic be kept in suspense? Why should they be compelled to yearn with empty arms? Send them McCafferty by the fastest of all the ocean greyhounds. Don't linger longer, McCafferty. You would grace the English turf. You would shine at Newmarket and at Epsom by the side of R. Croker and E. Wishard. You are wasting your time and talents here. Hasten over the sounding foam. Don't wait. And pray take your whole stable with you and your riding boots and riding breeches and all your accounts with the bookmakers. England has not been conquered since the battle of Hastings in 1066. Here's to the new Conquest of England, the McCafferty Conquest. The McCafferty Conquest will far surpass in glory the conquest which the illegitimate son of the pretty daughter of the tanner of Falaise achieved over Harold thirty-four years before the close of the eleventh century. Charge, McCafferty, charge. On, McCafferty, on.

These were not the last words of Marmion. That formidable combination of John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett and Robert the Devil, whose name is immortalized in the trumpet call of Scott's stirring lines, said something about Chester and about Stanley. (Not Marcus Cicero Stanley, by the way.) Marmion, in his death throes on Flodden Field, wanted Chester to charge and told Stanley that he was "on." Some sceptical sciolists say that Chester was a bookmaker, that Flodden Field was the Brighton Beach of that period, and that Marmion was a turf commissioner who reported to Stanley that his commission on Winged Foot had been taken in the betting ring. But possibly this is a strained interpretation of Scott's verses. However that may be, it is nevertheless plain and clear that John J. McCafferty is needed on the English turf, and he isn't wanted here. He is a wonderful combination of owner, trainer, jockey and turf plunger, but when his fast filly Winged Foot runs fourth to Cleophus, Miss Prim and Lady Mitchell, there's something wrong in McCafferty's training or riding or betting. If there were a thoroughly competent board of stewards in control at Brighton Beach this affair would be probed to the bottom. Look at Winged Foot's record! Look at the races which she has run! Look at the fast colts which she has beaten! Study every race she ever ran! Then ponder! Winged Foot, at big odds on, was defeated by Cleophus, Miss Prim and Lady Mitchell, and McCafferty is still allowed to train and ride horses on the turf in this State!

Some things can be tolerated. Others can't. The racetracks in this State have cost some money. That money would become a poor investment if certain evidence should be put before the District-Attorneys and the Grand Juries and the Police Departments of this city and of Brooklyn. Some ugly facts have not yet been laid bare. Is a word to the wise sufficient? If a serious and earnest effort should be made to collect overwhelming evidence that certain laws of this State are violated on certain racetracks, would there be any insuperable difficulty in collecting such evidence?

Such evidence may perhaps be collected and used if McCafferty and Winged Foot are to be allowed to exhibit such antics hereafter as they exhibited yesterday. Every turfman who is not a dunce knows what Winged Foot can do when she is properly trained for a race, and how McCafferty can ride her when he aims to do his best. McCafferty's friends say that he bet $2,000 on Winged Foot yesterday. Several bookmakers and other persons say that he bet $2,000 on her. A friend of his has a betting book with entries in it to show that McCafferty bet $2,000 on Winged Foot. The English Jockey Club has a strict rule that jockeys shall not bet. The Jockey Club of this country has a rigid rule that jockeys shall not bet. The State of New-York has a law on its statute books which declares in substance that it is a misdemeanor to bet on a race. And yet McCafferty's friends and certain bookmakers say that he bet $2,000 on Winged Foot, and that he often bets heavily on his horses. McCafferty has a jockey's license from the Jockey Club, or he could not ride. Why is his license not revoked if he bets? But has no one ever heard of racetrack bets with a string to them. No person of common-sense can believe that Winged Foot exhibited her true form when she was last in a field of four, beaten by Cleophus, Miss Prim and Lady Mitchell. Wait and see how Winged Foot runs in the big stakes later, if she is allowed to run on any Eastern racetrack after her peculiar performance of yesterday. The plain truth is that after that so-called race the stewards at Brighton Beach and the stewards of the Jockey Club ought to advise McCafferty to take himself off to England, and to take all his horses with him. But Mr. Belmont is abroad, and what is to be expected of those stewards of the Jockey Club who voted to reinstate Hamilton?

Isn't it possible, however, to touch McCafferty's better nature and Winged Foot's better nature? Can't McCafferty be persuaded to take pity on the American turf and to do a noble and generous act? Can't he be prevailed upon to ship himself and all his horses to England right away, and to take with him those stewards of the Jockey Club who voted to reinstate Hamilton? Now here's a chance for McCafferty to prove himself a public benefactor and to earn the gratitude of all public-spirited Americans. England has treated America badly on several occasions and here's a chance to get even. Then ho for England, oh, McCafferty and Winged Foot! Let's revenge ourselves on those arrogant Englishmen. Separate them from their money McCafferty and Winged Foot. You are too expensive luxuries for America. England is the place for you both. Riley Grannan is there already. He was requested to take himself away from the Sheepshead Bay racecourse, as he was doing much mischief there and no good. Go to join Grannan, McCafferty. You and Grannan and Winged Foot and Gotham would make our British cousins sit up. With all the queer performances of McCafferty and Grannan and of all the queer McCafferty horses, heaven help the Englishmen.

The Brighton Beach stewards yesterday refused to restore Tod Sloane to the saddle, although Flynn, the starter, requested it. This was an impolitic, an unpopular, an injudicious and an unwise refusal. If the leading nations of the world should hold a conference and offer enormous rewards for the selection of the wisest men on earth, no one of the present board of stewards at Brighton Bach would be likely to get even third money. Nor would any one of the stewards of the Jockey Club, who voted for the reinstatement of Hamilton.

It was hot at Brighton yesterday. The first race was won easily by Karma, who was clearly entitled to win, both on public and on private form. Dalgretto, a rank outsider, was second. Right Royal, who was heavily backed, was third. He was ridden miserably by little Hirsch. Properly ridden Right Royal would have been second.

Some of the newspapers quote absurdly extravagant odds against outsiders, such odds as no bookmaker gives against actual bets. For instance, some newspapers quote 60 to 1 straight and 20 to 1 place against Dalgretto. There were never any such odds in the betting-ring, and never any odds anywhere approaching such figures. Newspapers which quote such opium dreams of quotations as those must be trying to help the bookmakers by quoting figures that are never offered. Some newspapers quote 15 to 1 straight against Tempestuous, who ran second in the second race. That is an opium quotation also. The bookmakers don't give such quotations against actual betting, and poor, deluded victims who go to the races expecting to get any such prices will find themselves sadly disappointed. It is nothing better than a gold brick deception to quote such ridiculous prices, which no bookmaker gives in actual betting.

Michael F. Dwyer plunged on Suisun in his old style in the second race. His commissioners went around the betting-ring repeatedly, and put on all the money which the bookmakers would take at 2 to 5. Sims could not ride Suisun at the weight, and Gardner had the mount. Suisun and Successful raced head and head for nearly a half-mile, with the Brookdale Stable's Tempestuous a close third. In the final furlong Successful found the struggle too severe, but Clayton sent up Tempestuous, and Gardner was forced to do all he could to save the prize. Suisun won by a head from Tempestuous. It was a startling fight for a 2-to-5 chance against an outsider, and Mr. Dwyer must have shivered. However, Gardner is not an able jockey, and a really skilful lightweight rider might have got Suisun home at least a length before Tempestuous.

Many columns of details might be written about McCafferty and Winged Foot. But every intelligent person should review the record of Winged Foot at Sheepshead Bay, and study her victories there. Then every intelligent person should remember that McCafferty is owner and trainer and speculator, as well as jockey. As owner and trainer of Winged Foot, it was his duty to keep her in the stable if she was not in proper condition. So, whether he rode her well or ill, he is greatly to blame for her coming in last behind Cleophus, Miss Prim and Lady Mitchell.

Tod Sloane is extremely popular, and the stewards made a woful mistake in refusing to let him ride yesterday. If he had been on Irish Reel in the fourth race the mare would have won, as Sloane understands her thoroughly and rides her superbly. Griffin does not understand her, and he rode her poorly. It is obvious that Griffin's form as a jockey this summer is far below his form of a year ago. The Fleischmann pair, Irish Reel and Sherlock, were coupled in the betting on the Wave Crest Stakes, and were first in speculative favor, but neither got a place. Griffin did not ride Irish Reel to the best advantage, and little Hewitt rode Sherlock as he might ride a plaster cast of a mud-turtle. It was a sorry sight. Refugee, the cast-off from the Belmont Stable, was first, while Zanone was second and Beldemere third. Glenmoyne was second choice, but he showed no speed in any part of the run, and came in fifth.

Pearl Song, at long odds, beat Deerslayer, a three-to-one-on favorite, a few days ago very easily by several lengths. Sir Francis isn't a much better horse than Deerslayer, but he defeated Pearl Song in a common canter yesterday. Ah, there, Mr. William C. Daly! And what do the sapient stewards at Brighton Beach think of the vagaries of Mr. William C. Daly's horses?

Gardner rode Zanone in the fourth race as if he had received instructions not to strain himself for first place, but to "cinch" second place at any cost. Zanone is handled by a smart, sly genius in the Hamilton Stable, whoever the Hamilton Stable may be. This genius is too smart and too sly for the stewards.

St. Francis Clarke is a superb poker player and everybody likes him. Clarke is a good fellow in many ways, but his stop-watch must be hypnotized. He put up 1:39¾ as the official time for the mile in the sixth race. Lehman won the race. If Lehman, carrying 116 pounds, can travel a mile in 1:39¾ around the sharp turns at Brighton, then Requital, or Hastings, or Handspring, if fit and well, can cover the ground in about 1:37. Lehman, with 116, a mile at Brighton Beach in 1:39¾! Preposterous. If Lehman can really do that, why not match him against Requital at weight for age for $50,000 a side? Lehman is only a second-class handicap horse. What did Lehman beat? The Winner and Gotham and Captain T. It is true that The Winner has some speed. But is he a great stake horse? Moreover, The Winner was at odds-on, and Wallace's horses rarely run miles in 1:40, or anywhere near that time, when they are at odds-on. Gotham is fast, but he is trained by that queer trainer John J. McCafferty, and he was ridden by that queer rider John J. McCafferty. So who can tell anything about Gotham?

DETAILS OF THE CONTESTS.

FIRST RACE—Purse $500; special weights. Five furlongs.

O. A. Jones's br. f. Karma, by Hindoo—Katie, 3 yrs., 100 lb (car. 103).....(Clayton) 1
Flemming & Black's b. g. Dalgretto, 5, 109.....(Hill) 2
Harlem Stable's ch. g. Right Royal, 3, 102.....(Hirsch) 3
Marsian, 102 (Gifford); Nochbarren, 109 (Ballard); Maple Prince, 105 (Hewitt); Inheritance, 109 (Lambley); Rama, 109 (car. 113) (Taral), and McIntyre, 109 (Gardner), also ran.

Time—1:02¾.

Betting—Karma, 8 to 5 and 3 to 5; Dalgretto, 10 and 4; Right Royal, 7 to 5 and 1 to 2; Marsian, 5 and 2; Nochbarren, 10 and 4; Maple Prince, 10 and 4; Inheritance, 10 and 4; Rama, 5 and 2; McIntyre, 10 and 4.

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

SECOND RACE—Purse $600; selling allowances. Five furlongs.

M. F. Dwyer's br. f. Suisun, by Strathmore—Beatrice, 100 lb.....(Gardner) 1
Brookdale Stable's ch. g. Tempestuous, 105.....(Clayton) 2
Kensico Stable's b. f. Successful, 102.....(Coyle) 3
Frayant, 95 (Hirsch); Sir Frederick, 103 (Hill); Second Chance, 95 (Powers); Squire Gilliam, 95 (Maher), and Taranto, 103 (Hewitt), also ran.

Time—1:02.

Betting—Suisun, 2 to 5 and out; Tempestuous, 5 and 2; Successful, 5 to 2 and 3 to 5; Frayant, 10 and 4; Sir Frederick, 15 and 6; Second Chance, 15 and 6; Squire Gilliam, 15 and 6; Taranto, 5 and 2.

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

THIRD RACE—Purse $500; selling allowances. One and one-sixteenth miles.

Eagle Stable's ch. g. Sir Francis, by Mr. Pickwick—Thora, 6 yrs., 108 lb.....(Doggett) 1
R. Bradley's b. g. Chugnut, 3, 91.....(Powers) 2
W. C. Daly's ch. h. Pearl Song, 5, 108.....(Keefe) 3

Time—1:48¾.

Betting—Sir Francis, 2 to 5 and out; Chugnut, 8 and out; Pearl Song, 6 to 5 and out.

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

FOURTH RACE—THE WAVE CREST STAKES; purse $1,500; selling allowances. Six furlongs.

W. M. Wallace's b. g. Refugee, by Exile—Bracken, 3 yrs., 92 lb (Powers)..... 1
Hamilton Stable's br. g. Zanone, 3, 99 (Gardner)..... 2
Prakness Stable's b. m. Beldemere, 5, 107 (Sims)..... 3
Irish Reel, 107 (Griffin); Glenmoyne, 106 (car. 108) (Doggett); Tinge, 104 (Clayton), and Sherlock, 100 (Hewitt), also ran.

Time—1:14¾.

Betting—Refugee, 7 and 2; Zanone, 5 and 7 to 5; Beldemere, 6 and 5 to 2; Irish Reel and Sherlock, 4 to 5 and 1 to 3; Glenmoyne, 7 to 5 and 2 to 5; Tinge, 10 and 4.

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

FIFTH RACE—THE DISTAFF STAKES; for two-year-old fillies; purse $1,500; penalties and allowances. Five furlongs.

M. F. Dwyer's ch. f. Cleophus, by Wagner—Linnie, 120 lb.....(Sims) 1
Mrs. C. Littlefield, jr.'s, b. f. Miss Prim, 103.....(Littlefield) 2
Jefferson Stable's b. f. Lady Mitchell, 110.....(Griffin) 3
Winged Foot, 120 (McCafferty), also ran.

Time—1:01½.

Betting—Cleophus, 7 to 5 and 1 to 3; Miss Prim, 7 and 2; Lady Mitchell, 5 and 6 to 5; Winged Foot, 1 to 2 and out.

Won cleverly by a length; a short head between second and third.

SIXTH RACE—Purse $500; handicap. One mile.

C. Fleischmann & Son's ch. h. Lehman, by Harry O'Fallon—Lady Royster, 5 yrs., 116 lb.....(Taral) 1
W. M. Wallace's b. c. The Winner, 3, 109.....(Hill) 2
J. J. McCafferty's ch. c. Gotham, 4, 122.....(McCafferty) 3
Captain T., 104 (Keefe), also ran.

Time—1:39¾.

Betting—Lehman, 3 and even; The Winner, 3 to 5 and 1 to 6; Gotham, 6 to 5 and 1 to 5; Captain T., 10 and 4.

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

SEVENTH RACE—Purse $500; special weights. Five furlongs.

O. H. P. Belmont's ch. g. Brandywine, by St. Blaise—Susquehanna, 4 yrs, 112 lb.....(J. Hill) 1
Gouverneur Stable's ch. m. Lustre, 6, 107.....(Clayton) 2
G. T. Kelly's br. g. Mangrove, 4, 109.....(Gardner) 3
Heresy, 109 (Hirsch); Galilee, 112 (Doggett), and Contrition, 107 (Keefe), also ran.

Time—1:01½.

Betting—Brandywine, 4 to 5 and 2 to 5; Lustre, 3 and 6 to 5; Mangrove, 10 and 4; Heresy, 10 and 4; Galilee, 7 to 5 and 3 to 5; Contrition, 10 and 4.

Won in a drive by a short head; three lengths between second and third.

TO-DAY'S ENTRIES AT BRIGHTON BEACH.

FIRST RACE—Purse $500; selling allowances. One and one-sixteenth miles.

Sir Dixon, jr.	115	Marshall	110
Mirage	112	Kallirhoe	108
Copyright	111	Premier	101
Darien	110		

SECOND RACE—Purse $500; for maiden two-year-olds; selling allowances. One-half mile.

Simonian	114	King Bon	102
Bonnie Eloise	110	Friendship	101
Joe Cutley	108	Sedgewick	101
Motorman	108	Yildiz	101
Tea Caddy	104	Athy	101
Little Nigger	103	Aunt Sally	101
Ben Ronald	103	Lottie H	101
Maud Adams	102	Conspirator	101
Emily Henderson	102	Atlantus	98

THIRD RACE—Purse $600; for three-year-olds; selling allowances. Six furlongs.

Graziosa	107	Emotional	98
Trillette	104	Royal Rover	95
Bonhomme	104	Eliza Belle	93
Tremargo	102		

FOURTH RACE—Purse $600; handicap. One and one-eighth miles.

Pearl Song	107	The Dragon	103
Illusion	105	Mirage	100

FIFTH RACE—Purse $600; for two-year-olds; allowances. Five furlongs.

Rotterdam	118	Florian	108
Sunny Slope	115	Wyalusing	108
Slow Poke	111	Chic	103
Russler	111	Altonwood	103
Meadowthorpe	111		

SIXTH RACE—Purse $500; for maiden two-year-olds; selling allowances. One half-mile.

Newsgatherer	115	Lawrence P.	104
Robbie W.	108	Klepper	104
Passover	107	Chic	104
Time Maker	106	Trianon	103
Roseban	105	Hurl	101
Doomful	105	Merry Saint	101
Kaiser Ludwig	105	Mafia	101
Tricotin	104	Woodbird	101
Brave Lad	104		

SEVENTH RACE—Purse $500; handicap. One and three-fourths miles over hurdles.

Flushing	160	Royal George	135
Southerner	153	Marble	130
St. Luke	142	Daly	130
Golden Gate	138		

RACING SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS OF A VETERAN TURFMAN.

Another day of the Brighton meeting has passed away and the records of the racing have been filed by men who vainly attempt to accumulate fortunes by betting upon the chances of the uncertain, fickle, erratic quadrupeds called thoroughbred racers. Many racegoers are believers in what is known as the "dope book." Students of this famous book, like Cagliostro, attempt to peer into the future and anticipate the present by tables computed from the past. Truly, the burdens of the believers in the book of dope are extremely difficult to bear. Every day adds to their cares. When some of the foremost exponents of the dope book were trying to reconcile Lehman's record-breaking performances of yesterday with his last previous performance they were astounded when a weedy, long-bearded denizen of the sand dunes, whose appearance indicated that he was the sole survivor of the Nancy brig, piped out in falsetto tones: "It's high tide, and Brighton racetrack is always a second or two faster at high tide than when the tide is out." The ancient's assertion tied the dope players up in a knot. They were unable to speak for a few moments, but gazed upon the relic of the past as he walked away, warbling, "Tilford won on a muddy day."

At this juncture George E. Smith, Robert Aikins, Thomas Woodford and Edward Gaines arrived upon the scene. One of the dope-players told the quartet of handicappers what the last of the old-time beachers said. The four men groaned aloud and in one voice expressed themselves as follows: "We have to keep a record of the owners, trainers, jockeys and layers-of-odds, in addition to the positions of each horse throughout every race, besides noting the condition of the track. Horses will run in and out at Brighton, any way you can fix it, but this is too much. We must carry astronomical charts, with the phases of the moon and the movements of the planets, but it is almost too much to add the tables of high and low water at Brighton."

When a horse like Lehman cannot run a mile better than 1:44 when the tide is out, and runs a mile in 1:39¾ when the tide is in, with Taral in the saddle in both races, racegoers should carry quadrants and sextants so as to take their bearings when they embark upon a voyage to Brighton Beach.

Another of the mysteries that puzzles the patrons of Brighton is the stern determination of one of the stewards to keep "Tod" Sloane on the ground five days for trying to win races, when in a recent case men were telegraphed for to distant points so as to reinstate a jockey that was placed under the ban of suspension on account of the suspicious running of horses which he had ridden. Perhaps Sloane is in the way of somebody. It is well known that some of the immaculate turfmen that remain on the turf by the grace of the "can't see a thing" element are bitterly prejudiced against him. Sloane is the favorite light-weight jockey of the public, and to the newspapers that endeavor to aid the turf by candid criticisms, and, consequently, Sloane must stand on the ground so that some of the favored pets of the turf may have mounts on the favorites.

High weights are essential to high-class racing. Does anybody believe that Lehman would have run a mile in 1:39¾ if anybody but Taral had been on his back? More weight-for-age races should be added to the programme. High-weight handicaps should be made with a maximum of 150 and a minimum of 110, or else they are little better than farces.

John J. McCafferty had a bad day. His friends say that he lost nearly $5,000 to the ring on the day's betting. He rode Winged Foot in his worst possible form, and went off and gave himself a severe talking to after the race.

One of the Teutonic layers-of-odds was angry at the assertions that a well-known plunger said that his indebtedness to the ring was a joke. He exclaimed: "Dot vas von choke, eh! Vell I laugh at dot choke. Ha! ha! ha! Vasn't yer see dot I vas laugh mit tirty-seven hundret on dose tabs, und dot man saidt it vas a choke? Vell, I laff vonce more mit him. Ha! ha! ha."

Other well-known layers-of-odds gathered around the jocose laver from Hoboken, and exchanged notes. It is no joke to the layers-of-odds, even if it appears so to the facetious plunger who deems upward of $40,000 in obligations a humorous episode in the career of a punter.

Michael F. Dwyer's star is again in the ascendant. His horses won two races yesterday and materially increased his exchequer. Suisun won a selling race by a narrow margin from Tempestuous. Cleophus won the Distaff Stakes cleverly from Miss Prim. Winged Foot, who won the Great Trial Stakes and other good races at Sheepshead Bay, came in absolutely last.

There was more or less of an outcry about the placing of the placed horses, but Miss Prim honestly gained the position by a head. The public, and the horsemen for that matter, have no extremely enthusiastic admiration for one of the judges. Hence possibly the talk about the accuracy of the placing of Miss Prim in second position. But the placing was correct.

In the last race, however, many persons believed that Lustre won.

Richard Croker's horses have finally earned brackets in England. Eau Gallie and Yale won races yesterday. Enoch Wishard's George H. Ketcham ran second in a race at the same meeting. Mr. Croker's horses must certainly have outclassed their opponents by many pounds to win under the tuition of Morton, Mr. Croker's English trainer. American horses appear to hold their own and "some other fellows" in England.

Several fortunate bettors, who looked up the form of Refugee in the Arabian Nights, won handsomely over his victory. Irish Reel, Sherlock and Glenmoyne were evidently under the evil influence of some villainous genii. Beldemere, who has recently been afflicted with spinal meningitis, caused one layer-of-odds, who plugged the Preakness mare at 6 to 5 against her chances of being in the first three, to writhe in anguish, as he booked $2,000 in losses to men who backed Beldemere because she was the fattest animal in the race. It is dangerous to take liberties with the Preakness horses, as they are always ridden to win if stable orders are obeyed.

CROKER'S YALE WINS AT BRIGHTON.

EAU GALLIE ALSO CAPTURES A RACE—THE RIPON ST. WILFRID MEETING.

London, Aug. 4.—The August meeting at Brighton opened to-day, and the racing will continue for three days. The principal contest on the card to-day was the race for the Brookside Plate, which was won by Richard Croker's bay colt Yale (£200), by Strathmore—Bonnie Lee; Mr. Russell's bay filly Pitcroy, by Minting—Chatelaine, was second; J. Jewitt's chestnut gelding Liscard (£200), by Hazelhatch—Elation, third.

The Alfriston Plate of 100 sovereigns, for horses that have never won up to the time of the meeting, weight for age, sex allowances, one mile, was won by Mr. Owsden's three-year-old chestnut colt Beauregarde, by Firnandez—Mabella. Mr. F. Grant's three-year-old Beauvais II, by Clarion—Brigette, was second, Mr. H. McCalmont's three-year-old bay colt Mitre, by Merry Hampton—Caroline, third. Mr. Richard Croker's chestnut gelding Tennessee also ran, but was not placed.

Eau Gallie (late Utica), formerly the property of Mr. Richard Croker, but now owned by Mr. Sibary, won the race for the Patcham Stakes. Manxman was second and Half-and-Half third. The last betting was 5 to 1 against Eau Gallie, 2 to 1 against Manxman, and 7 to 2 against Half-and-Half.

This was the second day of the Ripon St. Wilfrid meeting. The race for the Claro Plate was won by Leopold de Rothschild's bay filly Valide, E. Wishard's bay gelding George H. Ketcham, an American horse, was second, and Mr. Vyner's brown colt King Crow third. The post odds were 2 to 1 against the winner, 11 to 8 on George H. Ketcham, and 20 to 1 against King Crow.

DAMIEN WINS THE DERBY.

TWO FAVORITES AND FOUR OUTSIDERS WIN AT DETROIT.

Detroit, Mich., Aug. 4.—The summer meeting of the Detroit Jockey Club opened at the Grosse Point track this afternoon. The weather was hot, and the track fairly fast. A starting machine was used, and worked well. Only two favorites won, outsiders winning in four races. Nearly 10,000 persons were present when the feature of the day, the International Derby, a sweepstakes for three-year-olds, worth $5,000, was run. It was won by Damien, a rank outsider and a 15 to 1 shot. Ramiero, by Fonso, was a hot favorite, and Lady Inez was second choice at 5 to 1. The field got away promptly with Nimrod, Ramiero and Damien in front. Mermaid cut out the pace, however, and was a length and a half ahead at the first quarter, maintaining her advantage until nearly half the distance was covered, when she dropped back beaten. Ramiero and Argentina then went to the front, the former being three-quarters of a length ahead of Argentina when the three-quarters was passed. Argentina had her head in front of Ramiero at the mile, their positions being reversed at the mile and a quarter. Turning into the stretch Damien, which had been trailing the leaders, began to come fast, and had his field beaten a furlong from home, winning by two lengths from Nimrod, which was a head in front of Argentina, a head in front of the favorite. Lady Inez was never in the race. Summaries:

FIRST RACE—One mile.

Preston, 109 (Martin)	1	9—5
Joe Clark, 101 (Scherrer)	2	4—1
Egbert, 114 (Perkins)	3	5—1

Time—1:41½.

SECOND RACE—Six furlongs.

Jennie June, 106 (Sherland)	1	7—1
Miss Rowett, 104 (Paget)	2	20—1
Necedah, 104 (Scherrer)	3	10—1

Time—1:14¾.

THIRD RACE—Five furlongs.

Indo, 108 (Piggott)	1	7—1
Sutton, 113 (E. Williams)	2	6—1
Bernadillo, 97 (Scherrer)	3	8—1

Time—1:01¾.

FOURTH RACE—INTERNATIONAL DERBY—Mile and a half.

Damien, 112 (R. Williams)	1	15—1
Nimrod, 122 (Perkins)	2	12—1
Argentina, 102 (Scherrer)	3	8—1

Time—2:36¾.

FIFTH RACE—Seven furlongs.

Service, 110 (H. Shields)	1	6—1
Elano, 99 (T. Murphy)	2	15—1
Little Tom, 102 (Payton)	3	20—1

Time—1:28½.

SIXTH RACE—Six furlongs.

Halfling, 109 (H. Lewis)	1	7—5
Moylan, 106 (Martin)	2	5—1
Irene Woods, 95 (Scherrer)	3	10—1

Time—1:14¼.

TO RACE IN WISCONSIN.

Kenosha, Wis., Aug. 4.—The Hankins-Burke-Condon people, who have been ousted from Roby, Ind., purchased land for a racetrack in this county yesterday and say the track will be in operation in thirty days. The location is at Russell, on the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, eight miles from Kenosha

IN THE CYCLING WORLD

THE NEW-YORK CONSULATE AND THE PROPOSED BOULEVARD SEATS.

RAILROAD ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE NATIONAL MEET AT LOUISVILLE—THE NEW-JERSEY STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS—CHIEF CONSUL POTTER AT WORK—ABOUT '97 WHEEL MODELS.

In a consultation with the New-York Consulate of the L. A. W. as to placing seats for the public on the Western Boulevard, General C. H. T. Collis, the Commissioner of the Public Works Department, recently pointed out that if the benches were placed as suggested they would probably be used by undesirable characters to the exclusion of the respectable section of the community, and would make the thoroughfare a rendezvous for a disreputable class of persons. The majority of the members of the Committee on Streets and Highways of the Consulate indorsed the stand General Collis takes in the matter, and have also thanked him for the promptness and efficiency with which the Boulevard has been lighted. They think that at present in this respect it fills all the requirements of the public at large and cyclists as a body. The committee comment favorably on the stand General Collis has taken in reference to laying suitable rails at the Kingsbridge Road, and they say that they will endeavor to show their appreciation of his efficient and conscientious efforts in reference to the public welfare.

From present indications a large number of cyclists from this district will attend the National meet of the League of American Wheelmen at Louisville. Several of the railroads have made preparations to carry the crowd. The West Shore road has already arranged for a through car from this city to Louisville, and if necessary other cars will be added. This train will go over the West Shore, Nickel Plate, Big Four and Louisville and Nashville roads, arriving at the metropolis of Kentucky at 9:57 p. m. on Sunday. The train will leave the West Forty-second-st. Ferry at 6 o'clock on Saturday. The train will pick up cyclists at the different cities on its way through the State, and a large party will be taken on board at Buffalo. The price of the round trip will be $25.

All cyclists in New-Jersey are interested in the annual race meet of the New-Jersey Division of the L. A. W., which will take place at Paterson next Saturday. The State championships to be decided will be the one-third mile, one mile, two mile, and five mile races. There will be a two mile team race of three men each, open to members of clubs belonging to the Associated Cycling Clubs of New-Jersey. The other contests will be a one-mile novice, one-mile open, one and two mile handicaps, and a two-mile tandem handicap. Ten teams have entered the tandem race, among the number being Hedstrom and Henshaw, Harrison and Lefferson, Nagle and Judge, and the Apply brothers. The fight for the championships seems to be between Harrison, Lefferson and Ripley.

Isaac B. Potter, the Chief Consul of the New-York State Division of the L. A. W., is devoting a good deal of time to getting out the road books for this State. Much valuable time has been lost, and the Chief Consul has become wearied at the continual delay and has taken the matter in hand himself. Mr. Potter intended to go to the National meet at Louisville, but the road book matter may compel him to cancel the trip.

Some young rascals, and others not so young, seem to be miserable unless they can annoy cyclists. The drinking fountains placed along the Boulevard in Brooklyn have proved a boon to cyclists as well as to horsemen. A rest in the shade and a draught of the water from these fountains is one of the pleasures of wheeling in Brooklyn. At times, however, these scamps congregate around the fountains, and placing their fingers over the water tubes throw the spray over passing cyclists. Their victims are generally women.

So many new ideas have come to light this year regarding bicycles and cycle accessories that some of the manufacturers are getting nervous. To adopt all the devices, many of which will be seen on the '97 models, will increase the price of wheel manufacture considerably. Still, the innovations possessing real merit will be found on almost all the high grade wheels, no matter what the cost.

Cyclists desiring to join the League of American Wheelmen may obtain full printed information and membership blanks by sending name and address to the Cycling Editor, Tribune.

After commending The Tribune on the course it has taken in regard to cycling, and particularly the position it has taken on the racing question, a reader writes as follows:

Looking at the question of amateur standing as an outsider, the thought strikes me that it might be well to go back to the "laurel wreath" of old to crown the victor in the athletic contests of to-day, and to take away the delusive diamond and the shining watch, with its stated value, from the programme of our amateur games. The youngster of to-day is a practical lad before he sheds his abbreviated trousers, and I believe that much of the dishonesty of athletics would disappear with the solid gold and diamonds that now dangle before the eyes of the contestant. Do not tempt the boy to leave the path of honor by allowing him to compete for that which represents a money value to him. If he seeks glory alone, a bronze medal is sufficient reward for excellence. A fast amateur can win prizes that represent a greater money value than the second-rate professional can. I have in mind now a young amateur whose prizes will foot up in the hundreds of dollars this season. The League of American Wheelmen may not be able to prevent manufacturers, clubs and colleges from paying expenses to those who can serve them well in this line, but they can take away from our young friends the possibility of raising money on their prizes. What right have the League of American Wheelmen to say that an amateur may win a diamond and may give it away, but must not sell it. When this organization attempts to control the personal property of its members it is time to protest. Homes for the aged, juvenile institutions, reformatories, etc., are granted this privilege, because the inmates are incapable of caring for themselves or have lost the right of self-government, but I fail to see why the League of American Wheelmen, in its racing supervision, should exercise this right. E. G.

BALD BREAKS A WORLD'S RECORD.

TWO STATE RECORDS ALSO SMASHED AT GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Aug. 4.—Two State and one world's record smashed were what made 3,000 people go wild with enthusiasm at the bicycle races to-day. There was a stiff breeze blowing from the south, but wonderful time was made in spite of it. Bald first went for the one-third mile flying start world's record of 0:33 3-5, made by W. Hamilton, at Coronado, Cal., March 2, 1896. He was paced by L. C. Johnson, of Cleveland; C. D. Grant and J. T. Esperon, of Detroit, on a triplet. The crowd fairly held their breath from the time the pistol was fired until Eddie came over the tape. His time was 33 seconds flat, lowering the world's record three-fifths of a second.

Ralph Samberg, of Port Huron, then went for the quarter-mile world's amateur record of 0:25 1-5. He was paced by a triplet. His time was 0:25 flat, which lowers the State record two-fifths of a second.

"Cannon-ball" Eddie then went for the two-thirds mile world's record. He made it in 1:12 2-5, which is the State record. Harry Hart, of Grand Rapids, then went for the one-third mile unpaced, standing start, track record, making it in 0:40 4-5, which lowers the previous record one-fifth second.

The crowd went wild when Sanger won the professional two-mile handicap. He was scratch man against a field of ten. He won the race by two lengths. Summaries:

Quarter-mile (open, amateur)—H. B. Marsh, Grand Rapids, won. Time—36 2-5 sec.

One mile (open, professional)—W. C. Sanger, Milwaukee, won; William F. Sanger, Milwaukee, second; Glen P. Thayer, Grand Rapids, third. Time—2:15 1-5.

Two-thirds mile (open, amateur)—H. B. Marsh, Grand Rapids, won. Time—1:38.

One mile (2:30 class, amateur)—E. A. Moross, Detroit, won. Time—2:16 1-5.

Two-mile (handicap, professional)—W. C. Sanger, won; A. F. Pingenheimer, Milwaukee, second; Glen P. Thayer, Grand Rapids, third. Time—4:28.

NEW