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ROWELL 15 MILES AHEAD.

GUYON STILL SECOND, WITH WESTON 42 MILES IN THE REAR.

His Valet, in Full Evening Dress, Expresses Faith in his Master—The Pluck of Hart, the Colored Boy—Feeding him on Raw Beef—Sympathy for Jackson, the Pale-Faced Fall River Spinner—Female Enthusiasm for the Handsome Guyon—The Pools.

At 1 o'clock this morning the relative position of the pedestrians was as follows:

Men.	Miles.	Laps.	Names.	Miles.	Laps.
1. Rowell	215	1	7. Weston	173	1
2. Guyon	200		8. Panchot	154	6
3. Merritt	197	2	9. Jackson	160	7
4. Hart	193	5	10. Federmeyer	150	
5. Hazael	188	3	11. Krohne	160	
6. Ennis	180	4	12. Taylor	100	2

At noon, yesterday, all of the pedestrians, with the exception of Dutcher, who had withdrawn for good on Monday, were on the track. In the course of a long walking match there are times when the enthusiasm seems to be dead, and it seemed to be dead then. There were not many persons in the Garden, and scarcely anybody was about the betting tables, where the bookmakers sat with their hats tipped over their eyes, slumbering. The footfalls of the men walking fell on the india-rubber like track noiselessly. The band had not come, and everything was solemn, humdrum, and silent.

Three burrs were what would have been suggested to anybody by Merritt, Guyon, and Rowell. One after another in the order named they pumped along so close together that they seemed a single machine. Geese journeying along a country road are accustomed to move in exactly the same way, and they wear much the same wise and absorbed expression. At times Hazael would attach himself to the machine in the rear of Rowell, but frequently he would switch off and act as a leech to Ennis or anybody else he thought would be annoyed by it. Merritt's heart did not seem to be breaking exactly because Guyon hung at his heels, and Guyon's heart did not seem to be affected on account of Rowell. All three looked pretty much alike, and indicated as little by their expression as the three parts of a sandwich. When Hazael hung on to the train the little open-eyed Englishman would look around at his awkward countryman and coach him. Weston ambled around, reversing his course at almost every lap, and capering up to one man after another like a colt in search of a playmate. Norman Taylor had lapsed; he did not seem to mind things. His thoughts, by the relaxed lines of his face, were retrospective and unpleasant, and his feet moved slowly like the feet of the aged. There was nothing remarkable about any of the others. They were all very dirty, except Weston and the upper part of Federmeyer, who wore over his blue tights an exceedingly delicate mouse-colored shirt, which was buttoned in no part, and the flaps of which floated unconfined.

But at 3 o'clock all this was suddenly changed. There was not a bedraggled pedestrian on the track. The tights were spotless, and all the breech cloths were fresh and bright. Hart, the negro, looked perhaps the most lustrous. His skin shone with a healthy and pleasant polish; he went erect, his breast protruded, he carried a crisp and sparkling bouquet in his right hand, and he coyed a quill toothpick between his teeth with an altogether confident and spirited air.

Panchot did not look happy. His dark, sharp face was sweaty and worried, and his heavy eyebrows drooped as if spirit and strength were lacking to hold them up. Although he was even with Weston to a lap, he evidently had paid dearly for his position, whereas the other was full of effervescence and was unable to refrain from cutting monkey-shines. Panchot walked like the embodiment of melancholy, and his tights, being blue, were the type and the interpretation of his mental condition.

Ennis, on the contrary, looked wholly different from what he would have been justified in looking like from his score. His brow hung heavy and determined. He kept eyes his bent on the track except when he passed the score dials, and then he always searched out the score of Ennis. Less than anybody else is he likely to suffer from a lapse on the part of his scorer. Each time he comes around his eye searches out the man who keeps his record for him, and the latter seems to feel Ennis's eye even when he is not himself looking, and he puts down a mark instantly. But Ennis's score was only 140 at 3 o'clock.

Guyon, it is a favorite thing to say, has no staying power. At 3 o'clock yesterday the relapse had not come on him. Of a sudden he started on a sharp run, and he brought out the first applause of the day that had been really hearty. He has a good fresh color and outlines that it is a pleasure to look at. Only his eye—if anything—shows fatigue, and appearance probably comes as much from the deep setting of his eyes and the natural dark rings beneath these as from anything else. His running was sharp, and for a space he seemed to pass the dials three times to anybody else's once.

There was enthusiasm now. The band had come, and the strains of "Tommy Dodd" and "Pop Goes the Weasel" were acting on Weston as a chopping sea acts on a short tugboat. He was at once plunged into a rhapsody of movements; but everybody was inspirited. Hazael, who somewhat resembles in outline a broiled chicken as it is ordinarily served in the restaurants, spurted too, and loped around the track, each of his absurd angles seemingly trying to get ahead of the other. His head, tapering up from his ears to a Thersites-like apex and ending in an array of sparse, bristling, and electrified hairs, was hung forward below his shoulders and spasmodically rolled from side to side, at the same time his bright green breech clout was nightly in a very startling way.

The burrs by this had become separated. Rowell was behind Guyon, and he had to trot gently to keep up with the sharp walking of the other, who strode on, handsome and eager, the sweat glistening on his deep-colored face and neck; and when Guyon ran, the heavy-limbed Englishman failed to keep up at all. Suddenly the place resounded with the now well-filled and animated Garden, as the handsome Guyon put on his bursts of speed, leaving Rowell as if the latter had been anchored.

Krohne had changed his colors from red into a sort of bottle-green. Huge, sharp-boned, and lumberous, the music did not stir him much. Weston's contemplation of his score of 128 miles failed to give him any spirit. Federmeyer's long hair shook up and down as it it would come off with every step he took, and was too much of a handicap for the "wheelbarrow man," who had only 123 miles to his credit. Merritt was a very different person from these. He is tall and sloping, and his proller runs up from his breast. Rowell's nose with expansive nostrils at a break. His nose then projects like a large thatch over a hay rick, and a perpetual drop of perspiration seems to feed a joy in its opportunity of stealing along that truly Roman feature and pausing airily on its tip.

As for Weston, his head goes like the irresistible poll of a wandering dervish. It is round and smooth, and sleek, and its thin hair is so tightly plastered down that it does not in any measure interrupt the natural capital outlines. His thin lips curl up in a continuous smile, and that smile says plainly enough that the champion is wholly and irredeemably conceited with himself. He punches O'Leary and Capt. Williams every time he comes in front of the dials, and he winks at all the reporters. He does not show any signs of exhaustion. His red tights and his navy blue trunks are smart, and, apparently, cover no lameness. Weazen as his face is, and as many of the signs of age as it shows lurking in the lines drawn hither and thither in its parchment-colored surface, it still affords abundant evidences of the nervous vivacity of youth; and his small eyes, the size of those ordinary clay marbles which are bought eight for a cent, still shine and scintillate as brilliantly as the tails of fire flies in an alder swamp. He oscillates notably at the hips, and his head goes like a ball in a socket. He seemed to regard his score of 145 with complacency—indeed, his complacency is twice as much, to all appearances, as that of Rowell, who was 37 miles ahead of him. Why not? He swings his cane like a sceptre, and he runs like a deer. He has gained three miles on Rowell within an hour, and it may be that the force which Rowell has expended still remains with the champion, to be employed by him when he sees fit. If he would keep on the inner instead of the outer edge of the track, however, the champion would make his laps more frequently and with less work.

Rowell goes on as he always goes, unmoved by any influences that are external. "Pop Goes the Weasel" has no effect on him, unless possibly he may deprecate it as being a most extraordinary motive power to Weston, who capers under it with the agility of a monkey in the pursuit of a nut.

Jackson throughout walked with a determination that is remarkable when his appearance is considered. His legs are big enough, but they seem to be attached to his body without any of the customary intermediation of flank. His hair, wet from frequent applications of a sponge, stands up in a wild and improbable way. His color is a faded and disheartening brown, and his whole appearance is not unlike that of a leathern bellows which has been almost shut up.

MORE POLICE THAN SPECTATORS.

The Garden in the Early Morning—The Pedestrians Off Briskly After a Long Rest—Hart Failing on the Track—Weston Cheerful.

At 1 o'clock yesterday morning the Garden was occupied by disappointed spectators. Those who had entered after 10 P. M. on Monday received only a slight return for their dollars. Hazael quit the track at 10:50 for his first long rest. Rowell followed suit. Then Guyon dropped out, followed by Ennis. The others were soon gone, and the plodding Federmeyer had the track to himself. After a weary waiting for the reappearance of the men the spectators thinned out yet more. At the pool tables languid betters offered to put up 1 to 20 that either Weston, Merritt, or Hazael would win, but odds of 3 to 2 were asked for bets that Rowell would win, with few takers.

In a short time the tables were deserted, and the entire building assumed a dismal appearance. Men were sleeping in the boxes and on the benches. Most of the scorers quit their posts. There was no music. Occasionally a window sash dropped and mashed a few panes of glass. The policemen lounged at convenient leaning places. The rule against smoking on the ground floor was suspended. Even the austere Capt. Williams smoked, and all hands who were awake awaited the reappearance of the contestants.

Hazael was the first of the leaders to come back at 12:55, after a trifle over two hours' rest. Krohne followed. He was transformed from a stork to a flamingo, being clad in red, with black trunks. His walk was apparently painful, but after a few laps he brightened into a brief run. He made five miles in two hours and a half. Jackson started again at 1¼, and ran up his score to 100 miles in about an hour. Guyon began his second day at 2½, after over three hours' rest, and was warmly applauded. He was watched with much interest, for he was the next man to Rowell. Rowell had taken, however, forty-five minutes less rest, so that he had paid something for his lead. Rowell, Guyon, Krohne, and Jackson were soon walking together.

At 3 o'clock Rowell was 12 miles ahead of Guyon and 24 ahead of Hazael. Weston was asleep, and the report was freely circulated that he intended to make only his 95 miles a day. Hart, after 2¾ hours' rest, began his second day's walk stiff and sore. By this time Guyon, Rowell, and Panchot were walking briskly together. Federmeyer, sturdy and unfathomable, emerged from his tent at 3:20, and was greeted with cries of "Go it, old wheelbarrow!" "Give Fritz a lap!" "Hurry up, old Stick-to-It!"

SCENES IN THE EARLY MORNING HOURS.

The throngs at the back of the scorers amused themselves by chaffing the men at the dials. One unfortunate, who let Panchot go by without noticing it, was saluted with cries of "Wake up, wooden head! Give Panchot that last lap!" At this time two men skylarking near the barroom raised a cry of "Fight," and there was a rush to the spot, but order was soon restored with the words "It's all over."

Merritt got to work again at 2½, after a rest of 2 hours and 12 minutes, and started in briskly. Rowell changed his striped shirt and began his old dog trot, followed by Panchot, amid a storm of cheers and cries of "Worry him, Panchot!" "Shake him up!" But there were not enough persons in the building to get up much enthusiasm, and the click of the billiard balls in the gallery could be plainly heard in the lull that followed each spasmodic burst. As Rowell came around with a plate of food he was greeted with cries of "Go it, Pie Eater!"

Weston returned for his second day's work at five minutes after 5. He had rested three hours and a half and was warmly cheered as he walked briskly by. On his second lap he began to run and Ennis was renewed applause, but soon he relapsed into his accustomed walk. His friends said that although his score stood at 96 to Rowell's 135, he was really not far behind, because he had taken eight hours' rest. Rowell had slept a little over two hours. In other words, the six hours' rest less than Weston's was claimed to represent at least 25 miles, at some point in the race. After a few laps the champion freshened up and started to run in good style. As he passed one group he was greeted with: "Keep it up, old boy!" "One more for the beer!"

As Panchot trotted by he was hailed with "Ah, old Buffalo!" and "There goes the next mail!"

Hart, Weston, Guyon, Rowell, Hazael, and Merritt began to walk in Indian file, and were saluted with a shower of remarks. Weston kept running briskly. One enthusiastic admirer hailed him as "the best man on the track." Many who had seen him go off were surprised at his fresh look, and some believed that he intended to make buckles the task of overhauling Rowell. Others, with knowing glances, asserted that Weston was playing in this walk the part that O'Leary played in the last one with Rowell, and that he was only trying to keep on the track six days, without hope of winning. The hopes of his friends rose as he began to run again.

Weston turned in the 100th mile at 4:56:35, and a little spurt of enthusiasm was caused by his brisk walking as Rowell fell in his rear, and shadowed him about the track. Weston, however, raised a laugh by turning sharply in front of the judges' stand, leaving Rowell to walk on alone. Jackson excited some remark by walking around the track with a cigar in his mouth.

AFTER DAYBREAK.

Daylight was streaming into the building. The scorers had been filled with food, and the walkers were indulging in refreshments. Rowell took milk and champagne, Krohne ginger beer, and Weston ice. The building was not cleared, but the windows were all opened, and the cool morning air came in with such force that the few hundred spectators were compelled to button their coats. The barroom alone was warm. The stowaways stretched on the rear benches got a good stirring with the draughts that whistled around them. The lights were put out, leaving the building gloomy.

Rowell quit the track at nine minutes to 6, while Merritt, Hart, Guyon, Hazael, and Federmeyer were pacing briskly in solemn procession. There were wonderment at the nonappearance of Ennis, who had quit the track at 11½. It was rumored that he was sick. A small crowd collected in front of his tent, and cheered him as he emerged, after seven hours' rest, at 6¼ o'clock. He began his second day's work with a score of 162 miles and laps. By this time Rowell had returned and was running. Merritt was already ahead. He seemed to fancy that he might wrest the second place from Guyon. Hazael trotted a few laps, and Weston kept alternately walking and running. He reversed his course often, changed his stick, carried food and drink around the course, bowed and talked with friends, and kept busy generally. Krohne turned his 100th mile at 6:45, and was encouraged with a round of applause. Guyon had taken off his eye protector. He had worn it in the night on account of the dazzling electric light.

THE COLORED BOY DOWN.

At 7:03 the drowsy spectators were aroused by a commotion at the Fourth avenue end of the track. There was a rush across the quarter stretch. Hart had fallen on the track, doubled up with cramps. Englehardt dropped his newspaper, and, with his assistants, hastened to the spot. Half a dozen policemen had already gathered. The stretchers in carrying Hart into Taylor's hut, where the colored athlete was stretched on a cot. He received a vigorous rubbing. Messengers were despatched for restoratives and appliances, and an eager crowd gathered about the tent, inquiring as to the prospects of his recovery. The two policemen at the tent flap peeped in and kept the outsiders acquainted with the condition of the patient. In a few minutes the suspense was relieved. Englehardt's cheering voice was heard saying, "You're all right now." At 7:10 Hart came slowly out of the tent holding to his stomach a huge sponge saturated with liquor. He walked doleefully to his own quarters while the seventh lap on his 126th mile was scored. He was the fourth man in the race at that time.

Federmeyer scored his 100th mile at 6:55, and retired to his tent for another rest. Hart came out of his tent at 7:20, and was followed around the course with faint applause. He walked as usual with the O'Leary gait. Some one cried out: "Good boy, Hart! you're good yet."

At 8, the number of spectators, by actual count, excluding policemen and attendants, was 200. The policemen were so numerous that had each carried out a man no one would have remained to look at the race. Weston was talkative and lively. Surprise was manifested at the long absence of Taylor, who had retired at the long stretch of 11 minutes to 1. Shortly after 8 his trainer told a SUN reporter that Taylor would be out on the track soon. He was at the foot of the list, with 81 miles to his credit. The Garden contained the smallest number of spectators of any period since the walk began. One man said the cause of the sparce attendance was the fear that in the promised clearing out between 5 and 6 A. M. somebody would get clubbed by a Williams. Blue uniforms with round-topped felt hats were plentiful. Most of those entering at the door were policemen.

INCIDENTS OF THE DAY.

How the Men Appeared After 36 Hours—A Brush Between Taylor and Hazael—The Track, the Policemen, and the Music.

Going from the fresh morning air and bright sunlight to the interior of the Garden at 9 o'clock, you experienced a depressing change. Without, the air was almost balmy, and the light tempered by the haze that characterizes the Indian summer of late autumn. Within the big building the atmosphere was damp and chilling, and a haze was made by the walkers' feet beating up the dust on the track that only added to the gloom. The sunlight, streaming through an occasional window as it could, converted this haze into golden bars, but these only intensified the gloom that prevailed where the sunlight did not reach, and had the effect of making men seek bars that were anything but golden. There were few spectators within at that hour. Subtracting the small army of judges, scorers, timekeepers, attendants, trainers, messengers, servants, and policemen from the visitors, and not over 300 persons would have remained. Many of these were asleep, having made a night of it, and remaining for another day's amusement—a result of the failure of the promise of the managers to clear the building at an early hour. It was explained that spectators were not cleared out because they were so few. As for cleaning the Garden, a few women with brooms and pails were busy moving around the enclosure, finding everywhere ample need to work. The floors were a mass of cigar stubs, tobacco, peanut shells, bits of paper, and the accumulation of over twenty-four hours' occupation by a throng of idle men.

In this cheerless place nine men were walking at 9 o'clock for the championship of the world, plodding steadily along without the encouragement of music or applause, and these are often powerful stimulants to these leg workers. The big black bulletin board showed that in the 32 hours since he started on his six days' journey, Rowell had made 157 miles, an average of nearly five miles an hour. He was yet walking firmly and quickly, having just been refreshed with a bath and a fresh pair of clothes. His face looked bright, save a dark tinge under each eye, and it seemed as though his shoulder blades were becoming more prominent as he swung his arms back and forth. When the little Englishman began his walk here in March last his shoulder blades were hardly visible, being well covered with flesh; but by these long days and nights they stuck out sharp and conspicuous, so much flesh had he lost in the long tramp. Barnesley, his trainer, said that he was in first-class condition yesterday, neither chafed, blistered, nor otherwise sore, and good for any amount of work yet. He looked it certainly, as he trudged around the track like a walking machine. Next to Rowell's on the bulletin board was the name of Guyon, with 144 miles to his credit. He had just had his first solid meal since he started, and he seemed as fresh as a daisy. His eyes were bright, his cheeks rosy, and he walked with the springy step and erect, easily swinging form that distinguishes him among the fleet.

The long youth, Merritt, surprised those who came into the Garden at this hour, for he had taken third place, and was striding on in his usual nonchalant manner, with 138 miles behind him. He alone of the twelve had his head covered, and the pink silk jockey cap that perched on the back of his head, his swarthy face look darker. He showed no sign of fatigue, walking with the same shambling gait with which he started, his arms hanging close to his lank sides. Dooney Harris, his trainer, was delighted, saying that the boy would astonish the others before the week was out.

Jackson, the little Fall River spinner, was only four miles behind the Buffalo letter carrier. He was sallow-faced and hollow-eyed, with a suspicion of a limp. It did not seem as though he could last another day. His father, mother, brother and little sister watched him, and the lad walked as though determined to sustain the family honor.

Next to him was the champion, with only 119 miles scored to him; but he looked as bright as a new button, and walked fast and jauntily.

Unfortunate John Ennis and his rebellious stomach were five miles ahead of Weston. John walked slowly, his eyes were nearly shut, and his face was haggard. The stomach was evidently getting the better of him, but the man wouldn't give up, and went on with an air of stubborn determination.

Krohne was not on the track. His dial marked 108 miles. Federmeyer was next, six miles behind, walking quickly, with a jerk that made his long hair flap up and down curiously. The third man of the three not visible, and last on the list, was Taylor, the sprinter, who had not been seen at supper. He was evidently bound to have a nice, easy time, for he quit the track at 1 o'clock that morning, having made 81 miles, and was yet in his tent. At 7 o'clock he had sent out word that he thought that he should withdraw, but afterward he repented, and gave notice that right after breakfast he would begin work again.

RULES NOT ENFORCED.

There seemed to be an effort on the part of most of the policemen to keep smokers off of the ground floor. But some of these guardians were still oblivious. A gentleman called one uniformed policeman's attention to the fact that three men were leaning over the railing and puffing in the pedestrians' faces.

"I ain't on duty," said the man. "It's a big race, ain't it? Do you think Ennis stands a show?"

Policeman 301 permitted men all around him to smoke as he stood on the track watching the pedestrians. He not only saw them, but talked with them about Ennis's prospects.

At 9:10 big Krohne came out clad in red throughout, save a pair of black trunks, made by cutting off the legs of a pair of trousers, and a pair of black cloth overgaiters. He went at his work with the old jerky stride, seemingly slow, but covering much ground. His head thrown back, revealed a well-grown "Adam's apple." Ten minutes later Panchot limped from his tent putting his moccasined feet gingerly to the track.

"How's your man," asked THE SUN reporter of Jack Goulding, Panchot's trainer.

"Ees hall right but fur 'is bloody temper," snapped the Englishman, "and ees bin foolin' with a bloody quack doctor. Who wants doctors around? Hi 'ad 'im hin 'is baath an' hout hin eleven minutes, an' ees bin an' spent forty minutes with a toe doctor patchin' of 'is toes. Hi say, ole man, you never 'ad no toe doctor, did you?" turning to Old Sport, the redoubtable Campana, whose black eyes peered from under his cap.

"Toe doctor—not much, mister," answered the Sport. "I just runs a needle through 'em with a hunk of yarn, and lets 'em go. I walked six weeks with my toes full of yarn. Dan O'Leary will cure any man's feet in no time. No, sir; no toe doctor for me."

At 9:30 the flap of Taylor's tent was pulled aside, and the Pie Eater appeared very slowly. He wore the brown cardigan jacket and linen trousers, and was in his stocking feet. After leisurely walking the circuit, he dropped the jacket and set forth on his little mincing trot. Sprague, his trainer, said that Taylor felt real well, and would do good work. He ought to have felt well, for he had rested eight hours. When he was seen trotting swiftly around the track the few spectators set up a cheer, and the Vermonter nodded his head to his friends and kept on.

"Now he'll do something big," said the girl. "He's rested, and is off for a 20-mile run." It looked that way for some time.

Charlie, Weston's "valet," as the champion calls him, stood at the door of his tent in dress coat and white necktie, in marked contrast to the dog training Charlie who affected generally flannel shirts, no coats, and diminutive caps. "Oh, yes, there's plenty of time for Mr. Weston to catch up if he don't get bad again. He's feeling all right now, and is doing well. He'll close in on Rowell, unless Rowell keeps up the pace all through the race, and I don't think he can do that." Charlie has been with Weston for three years. Major Busby, Weston's manager and representative, looked cheerful as the champion spun around. "Weston is pretty fresh this morning," he said, "and that's a good sign. I thing he is sure of second place any way."

Mr. Atkinson of the London *Sporting Life* said that he thought Weston sure of second or third place. At this time he was 38 miles behind Rowell. He walked and ran alternately, making good time, keeping his eyes constantly on the spectators. He seemed to care much more about attracting attention than for making a good score. At the least encouragement he kicked up his heels, cantered stiff legged, went sideways, balanced his cane on his nose, and played other childish antics that gained him no respect. He walked most of the time to the right around the ellipse, while the others went to the left. Consequently he was forced to walk well out on the track. He must lose many miles in the six days' walk by this scheme.

At 10 o'clock the score stood: Rowell, 162; Guyon, 148; Merritt, 141; Hazael, 140; Hart, 133; Panchot, 128; Jackson, 125; Weston, 123; Ennis, 116; Krohne, 111; Federmeyer, 106, and Taylor, 85.

A BRUSH BETWEEN HAZAEL AND TAYLOR.

Just after 10 Taylor tried to pass Hazael, who was loping around the track, but he found that he couldn't. He put on steam and ran like the wind; so did the round-shouldered Englishman. Around the track they flew at a 12-mile gait, and the spectators arose and fairly yelled. But the Yankee was no match for the Britisher, and gave up the contest with a shake of his head. Then Hazael relapsed into a walk. Throughout the morning he and Rowell walked together, and it was said that Rowell was coaching him for second place. This gained credence as Rowell, putting himself behind Guyon, shadowed him for miles. But it did not seem to bother the Chicagoian at all, and he walked on splendidly. For nearly an hour there was a file of walkers circling the ellipse. Merritt led, followed by Guyon, on whose heels Rowell almost trod, while Hazael followed Rowell and Hart followed Hazael. After making 86 miles Taylor stopped running.

At 10 the bookmakers, with their tin boxes of tickets and money, began to take their places under the bulletin slates. The first thing done was to rub out the figures indicating the odds of the night before, and to put in their place new ones. Opposite Rowell's name they left a blank. They posted up a dollar apiece on his chance of winning, at any odds. How the others stood in the estimation of the bookmakers the following table shows:

To Win.		First or Second.
10 to 1 against	Guyon	3 to 2
25 to 1 against	Merritt	4 to 1
25 to 1 against	Hazael	4 to 1
25 to 1 against	Weston	5 to 1
50 to 1 against	Hart	15 to 1
50 to 1 against	Ennis	15 to 1
75 to 1 against	Panchot	30 to 1
150 to 1 against	Jackson	50 to 1
150 to 1 against	Krohne	50 to 1
200 to 1 against	Taylor	50 to 1
400 to 2 against	Federmeyer	150 to 1

The spectators increased in size slowly as the morning wore on, and the Garden became a more cheerful spot. As the sun climbed the sky it shone down through the great square openings in the roof, throwing great patches of light upon the floor and upon the track. It lighted up the banging decorations, the red stripe of an Arlington ball, shone through the colored lamps that arched over the centre of the building, and revealed how faded were some ancient evergreen festoons. A great ray of light fell upon the fountain near the bookmakers' stand, and the solitary turtle that has his home in the stagnant water climbed up to the basin's edge and basked in its warmth and light. The effect on the pedestrians was as marked. The sunlight seemed to give them new strength.

Weston cut up antics innumerable and tried hard to get a laugh from the throng. Rowell clung to Guyon like a brother, and Guyon to Merritt, and Hazael and Panchot and Hart brought up the rear. Thus in Indian file they tramped around the Garden. Jackson, who had been taking a rest, came out of his tent with a hop, and was off on a run that showed that the little fellow has much more strength than he seemed to possess.

AT HIGH NOON.

Between 11 and 12, Taylor and Federmeyer added only one mile each to their scores. The Pie Eater was evidently sick. Urged to go and make up for lost time, he steadily shook his head. Federmeyer had astonished all by appearing without the traditional gray shirt. Clad in a tight flannel shirt, black trunks and blue tights, he was discovered to have a very well-made, compact body. Had no been shaved and shorn he would have made as good an appearance as any pedestrian. After making 51 miles he turned to go into his tent. A young man at the entrance pushed him away and said: "Now don't stop; go right on. You can't come in here now."

"I vel come een," exclaimed the little Frenchman, and after a brief struggle in he went, and throwing himself on the bed was soon asleep.

"I was told to keep him on the track," said the young man, "and I tried to do it. He seems to want to stop and look around the tent every few laps." Federmeyer looked tired and sleepy when he came out, and he went slowly.

"He'll be walking on Saturday sure," said a well-posted man. So will Krohne, at the same old pace and looking just as fresh as he does now. Guyon is good for second place, if not first, I believe, and Merritt will be close behind. Don't you believe it when you hear that Merritt and Guyon ain't lasters."

Weston rested and Rowell gained two miles on him, so that at noon the Englishman, having made 171 miles, was exactly 40 ahead of the champion. Guyon was 15 miles behind Rowell, and Hazael, who had got into third place, was 8 miles behind Guyon. Hart was going gamely. Many wishes were made that "Dan O'Leary's coon would beat the Englishman." It was rumored about that Weston was doing just what he set out to do—walk 95 miles on each of the six days. That must place 570 miles to his credit on Saturday.

JACKSON'S FATHER'S ZEAL.

The track had by this time become worn, and the elder Jackson, who saw his son's feet slowly but surely going to pieces, begged the managers to have fresh sawdust put on it. At first no attention was paid to his request, and then he seized a rake and slowly and carefully began to rake the scattered sawdust from the edges to the centre of the path. It was a work of time, but the old man stuck to his boy to have a good path, and he persevered. This had the desired effect, and the track was carefully sawdusted and made as good as new.

The spectators increased as the afternoon wore on. Among those who came to see were many actors. The fact that Tony Hart, Billy Gray, John Wild, and others of Harrigan & Hart's company were there, gave rise to the rumor that Ned Harrigan was preparing another In-Toe-Natural Walking Match. The band came at two, and played very fast tunes, and, under the influence of its inspiration, the men did well. Guyon began to run, going a fine strong style, covering the ground very rapidly. As he neared the end of his lap the spectators became wild with enthusiasm, and their cheers drowned the music. The music furnished is not classical, neither is it very melodious; but it is fast, lively, inspiring, and loud, the best kind of pedestrian music.

Having made 97 miles, Taylor went to bed a used up man, and Sprague said that he would not appear again. It was thought that Federmeyer and Jackson would have to quit before the close of another twenty-four hours. Ennis, who had been fighting his stomach, walking with pain and doing little running, began to run well late in the afternoon. A trot brings a cheer any time in the Garden, and when his friends saw this fellow go at it at a tremendous fast gait, they cheered lustily. By 5 o'clock there were four or five thousand persons in the Garden, and a throng was pouring steadily through the doors.

WARMING UP IN THE EVENING.

Weston's Antics—The Colored Boy Making a Spurt—Flowers for Rowell—Mr. Atkinson's Estimate of the Walkers—Guyon's Record.

At 5 P. M. the procession of walkers was headed by Mr. Hart of Hartt, who bore himself like Tom Sayers. His clenched hands were no longer pressed against his breast à la Daniel O'Leary, but held out as though for offence and defence. His head was carried a little to one side as though to dodge a blow. His tights were wrinkled as though they had been bought too large or he had decreased his weight on the track. But there was no mistaking his condition or his pluck. He was as good a man as ever. When Hazael chased him he beat that runner around the track.

Weston grew amusing. He scratched his side like a monkey, he winked, he slashed the air with his whip handle, and ever and anon he ran a lap or two. During the first twenty-four hours he had not recognized a friendly face among the spectators, though they were plenty. Last night he had a nod or a smile for twice as many persons as he knew. When Hazael chased him, he turned on his heel and buffed the Englishman.

Hazael looked straighter and carried his limbs less promiscuously than before. His face looked better, and he stepped with surer tread than on the first day. He seemed to like to dog Rowell better than the others.

There is seldom anything noticeable about Rowell, except that he seems to be always on the track, always ahead on the score, always oblivious to everything around him, and always in good form and at his ease. When Hazael chased him it was the same as when Hazael paid him no heed.

Federmeyer created a sensation at 6 minutes past 5 o'clock by coming out in a new suit. For 36 hours he had been walking in clothing three-quarters hidden by a long gray woollen shirt worn in the Chinese fashion. Suddenly he appeared in white drawers, blue trunks, and white shirt. If he had made a lap on his hands the audience would not have been more astonished. His hair settled his identity, and he was cheered. THE SUN reporter was prepared for even a greater surprise. Mr. O'Leary whispered that before to-night a barber will be put to work on the Frenchman's head, if a barber can be found who will contract for the job instead of by the hour. Hazael attempted to chase Federmeyer, but he couldn't walk slowly enough.

Norman Taylor renewed his walk at 5:55, after a rest. He walked as though he was attending the funeral of his chances for any gate money. He bowed sadly to a friend, looked mournfully at his score, then hung his head and went in a devil-may-care manner. Hazael did not chase Taylor. Suddenly, at 6 P. M., the band played the choruses of "Pop Goes the Weasel" and "Tommy Dodd." Weston ran as in his best hours, and Panchot broke into a lope and restored good feeling in his own behalf. Hazael perceived this and chased him down to a walk again. Ennis, the last of those on the track, but even with Panchot and ahead of many others on the dials, made his tour over the course with the solid trend and consequential air of an elephant. He seemed to bear down on the miles and crush them under the tanbark a lap at a time.

Mr. Atkinson, the referee, had an idle moment last night, and reviewed the walk thus far, and as he thought it would end.

There is no news about my man," said he, in reference to Rowell. "He has slept well, and is refreshed. This afternoon he took it easy, for he is not pushed at all; but now I see he is working a little harder. Oh, yes, his limbs and stomach are all right, and he complains of nothing. He is not receiving the attention he did last year. No presents nor letters come to his tent—except, let me see—there was one despatch, but I don't know who sent it. He does not hear from his friends on the other side.

"As I look at it," said Mr. Atkinson, "there is a chance of a strong race for second place. Merritt is a good man, and will push Guyon very hard. Then Weston is picking up, and has got his name on the board for the first time since the walk began. You know we only put the names of the first six men on the blackboard, and he did not rank sixth until to-day."

A reporter said he thought Weston had been drinking brandy. A liquor of the color of brandy was in a glass he carried five minutes before.

"I think it was not brandy," said Mr. Atkinson. "It was probably tea or ginger beer; ginger beer's his favorite drink."

"As for Taylor," said Mr. Atkinson, "he wanted to go off the track. He is tired. His people bade him remain on. I'm sure I don't know why. Taylor is a good man, but has not got bottom enough for a race of this sort. A man who goes into a thing of this kind must expect to suffer a good deal and work very hard."

"Is Hazael sick?"

"No, I think not. He is going for a place, and will make his 450 miles. He has no further ambition. He finds it pleasanter in his tent than in the track."

Mr. Atkinson telegraphs to Sir John Astley every night at 6 o'clock, sending the record of the men and the status of the betting. On Tuesday, in a race, he always sends his longest despatch, and he did so yesterday.

Mr. Atkinson said that he considered it just as well that the building was not cleared of spectators yesterday morning, and said that no attempt to enforce the order to that effect will be made during the contest. He added that it would be next to impossible, without an army of police, to turn out a thousand or two thousand persons who had paid their money to see an event that was then in progress. Mr. Atkinson noticed many women curled up and fast asleep on the benches in the galleries on Monday night.

ROWELL'S TWO HUNDREDTH MILE.

At 7:19 o'clock Rowell made his 200th mile. He was applauded to the echo. He made it on a fast trot. He continued to run one lap longer, as though in recognition of the din his friends and admirers were making. Then he retired. At the time Weston had made 162 miles; Hazael, 171; Guyon, 185; Ennis, 176; Panchot, 154; Merritt, 172; Hart, 169; Krohne, 142; Taylor, 100; Jackson, 148; Federmeyer, 136. Guyon was steadily cutting down Rowell's lead, and though he walked, whoever followed him had to run. Ennis was doing finely, breaking into a run occasionally. His friends took heart at sight of him. Krohne lumbered heavily along, but broke into a fine run when he neared his friends. He looks bad, but has a determined tread. Taylor had gone to bed, having made his 100 miles at 6 o'clock 23 minutes and 15 seconds. Hazael, the dogger, was making sad havoc with Merritt's lead, but Merritt looked fresher than any of the walkers, except Guyon.

Guyon made his 200th mile at 20 minutes past 8 o'clock. As the finger of the dial recorded the lap, he turned to a friend near the reporters' stand and shouted in a clear, manly voice, "Well, that beats my best record." A second afterward he began to run at the rate of six miles an hour. On the fourth lap he decreased his speed, and turned the mile in a little less than three minutes. Weston caught the running fever from him, and made the same number of laps in an opposite direction. He was chirping like a bird, and evidently in the best of spirits. He stepped one side, and playfully knocked off Atkinson's hat. The hat rolled in the sawdust, and as Atkinson stooped to pick it up the champion kicked him.

Ten minutes afterward the little Ethiopian passed Hazael and took the fourth place on the score. A lady wearing diamond earrings and richly dressed stepped upon the course in front of his tent and presented the colored boy with a large basket of flowers. The basket bore the card, "Compliments of Miss Annie Mulligan." During the attentions of the lady, by the name of Englehardt, the boy ate nearly a pound of finely cut raw beef. After Hart had taken the fourth place "Blower" Brown met him on the track and gave him a large bandanna handkerchief of a bright red color. "I don't know the little fellow," he said, "but er loike 'im because 'e's a game un."

At twenty-five minutes after 9 Guyon had made 191 miles; Merritt, 181; Weston, 171, and Krohne, 151. The singularity of the figures attracted the attention of policy players, some of whom took down the numbers, separating them into gips and sevens. When Guyon completed Rowell's 209th mile a magnificent stand of flowers was placed in front of his tent. It was eight feet high and capped by a beautiful star. Mr. Atkinson announced that the flowers were a testimonial of regard from the guests of the Ashland House. Rowell stopped twice in front of his tent and gazed at the floral monument, about which the timid lady presented Hart with a flowered horseshoe. The little fellow made a lap holding the horseshoe high in the air, and it was afterward fastened to his tent. This presentation, the raw meat, and the strains of the "Suwanee River" had a perceptible effect upon the Ethiopian. He regained his former chipperness, and again saucily dogged Rowell. Two weeks ago he passed Hart, and maintained his place two feet in front for more than a mile. Rowell preserved his equanimity. Neither his face nor manner indicated that he was annoyed. Hart walked like a Skidmore on parade, and Rowell followed with the military tread of a British soldier. On the ninth lap they separated, and Weston lap after lap drove away of Rowell and maintained it for some minutes.

Fully 6,000 persons were in the house at 10:30. The aisles surrounding the track were packed, and every seat was filled. The best good nature prevailed, and there was not enough tobacco smoke to color the air. The boxes of the contestants were filled with ladies. Many of them were so tired that they closed their eyes as though listening to a sermon. When Guyon broke into a run they invariably awoke, clapped their hands, and waved their handkerchiefs. A few ladies lined the track from the inside. There was a group in front of Guyon's tent, one at the door of Ennis's quarters, and a third at Jackson's, and two at Weston's. Outbursts of applause were frequent. The aisles surrounding the track were packed, and the fifty bartenders seemed to be more fatigued with their labors than the pedestrians.

ENCOURAGING THE MEN.

Just on the curve in front of Guyon's tent to the right of the main entrance a throng of well-meaning but irrepressible spectators set the example for those in their neighborhood to cheer and coax and scold and applaud the pedestrians. Ennis was treated familiarly. "Go it, John—old boy," they cried to him. "Good for you, Hart, you're the stuff to put out you." Was a salutation to the colored boy. "Hazael, you old loafer, brace up," was shouted to the shambling Englishman. "Good boy, Rowell," "Keep it up, Rowell." "Dog him, Rowell," were some of the cries