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ROWELL'S WONDROUS SCORE.

MORE THAN HALF OF 700 MILES DONE IN HALF THE SIX DAYS.

Hazael, in Turn, Second, and Close to the Leader—The Lepper Stubbornly Receding, and Three Men Closing on Him Together from the Rear Rank—Scores at 1 A. M.

The remarkable feature of the third day of the race now going on in Madison Square Garden was the fact that the sturdy and enduring leader, Charles Rowell, had passed the 350th mile before 9 P. M., or the end of the sixty-ninth hour of the contest. A continuation of this performance—and from all outward signs he appeared fully able to keep up his gait to the finish with the same amount of rest he took in less than the first half of the 142 hours—would carry him beyond 700 miles. His countryman, Hazael, was sadly in want of sleep, and as Rowell led him some sixteen miles, the little Englishman turned in, partly for the purpose of giving Hazael needed slumber, to keep him from breaking down for second place. Hughes appeared a total wreck, and the other racers were too far away to be dangerous.

A city with a population varying from two to ten thousand persons is congregated every day within the four walls of the Garden. Nine-tenths of the inhabitants are transient. They drop in for one or two hours, smoke a few cigars, take several drinks, shout if there is any shouting going on, and go away. The one thousand permanent residents are seven tired and foot-sore pedestrians, a score or more of trainers, some seventy scorers, ticket takers, bartenders, cashiers, peanut venders, reporters, telegraph boys, paper venders, book makers, cigar dealers, policemen, venders, and impecunious-looking men who are stopping out the week. There is a bartender every five feet along half a city block of bar on the Twenty-sixth street side, and twelve cashiers make change. Between 1 and 5 o'clock in the morning nothing alcoholic is sold, and the liquor law is thus complied with. Opposite the bar is the lunch counter, of equal length, piled high with sandwiches, cake, boiled eggs, pickles, and cold meats. Behind are urns of coffee. On the same side of the building are shooting galleries and weighing machines. In the central enclosure are the tables of the bookmakers, the reporters' and scorers' stand, and a tobacco shop. On the second floor are billiard rooms.

Mr. Hamilton Busbey, the referee, is the Mayor of the city. He is there nearly all day, watchful that everything goes right. When he retired at midnight on Tuesday he left his house address, with instructions to call him at once if anything happened. He reappeared at daylight, counted over the receipts of the evening, examined the tickets for counterfeits, and saw that the money was safely deposited.

At 6 o'clock yesterday morning Hazael and Fitzgerald were the only men on the track, and both were going at a jog trot. They kept a long distance apart, and made no attempt to race with each other, but went at what seemingly their natural gait. The average time of Hazael's laps was 1 minute and 13 seconds, or a mile in 3 minutes 44 seconds. The average time of Fitzgerald's laps was 1 minute 22 seconds, or a mile in 4 minutes 56 seconds.

Hazael continued his trot, and steadily approached Hughes, who, during the night, made his 250th mile, and was applauded. At 1:56 he finished his 251st mile, was even with Hughes, and then went on, and took second place. At 1:55 Fitzgerald made his 250th mile, caught up with Hart's score, and passed it. At 2 o'clock Hughes had made 251 miles, Hazael laps behind three miles ahead of the best record for 10 hours. Precisely at 2 o'clock Noremac appeared, and seemed to be in good shape.

At 2:07 o'clock Hughes came on the track. He was so stiff that he could hardly move his back or legs. He seemed to work himself along by jerking his arms. Applause followed him around the track. He wore white clothing and a bright-green cap, and was very pale. He had been resting two hours and six minutes. To the surprise of everyone, when he reached his hut he went into it and stayed.

Hazael retired for two minutes, and when he returned walked several laps. Fitzgerald continued his run. A scorer said to him, "You'll beat them all before Saturday."

"I'm a good whipper-in, I'm a-thinkin'," he replied.

Hughes worked himself again at 2:20, and made his first lap in a little over two minutes. Then he began to run, and went along nicely. Hart began his third day at 2:26, having been off two hours and thirteen minutes. He stepped out briskly and showed no signs of stiffness. At 2:29 Rowell retired to change his clothes. At this time there were far more people in the Garden than on Tuesday morning, and more interest was taken in the race. The air was comfortably pure.

ALL OF THEM AT IT AGAIN.

A burst of applause announced Rowell's appearance at 2:36. He had rested 2 hours and 16 minutes. He walked until he got near to him, and then fell in behind and followed him. Hazael came on again at 2:41, and Sullivan at 2:42. All of the men were now on the track, and the third day's race began in earnest. Hart joined Rowell and Hughes, and the three trotted along for a time, one dropped out, and Hazael took his place and went out the pace.

At 3 o'clock the score was:

	Miles	Laps		Miles	Laps
Rowell	252	4	Hart	221	7
Hazael	251	4	Sullivan	221	7
Hughes	251	—	Noremac	208	3
Fitzgerald	224	6			

The best previous record for 71 hours was 252 miles 5 laps, made by Rowell on Nov. 2, 1881, so that three men were ahead of the record. Hazael went off at 3:26, and at 3:30 Hughes passed him and resumed second place. Hazael soon returned and regained it.

A few minutes after 4 o'clock A. M. the three men at the front of the race were closer together than at any time since Monday forenoon. The score showed 280 miles for Rowell, 275 for Hazael, and 274 for Hughes. All three were well ahead of the best previous record. There was not a single lap between the six logs, nor any change in the relative standing. Their faces showed nothing more than that they had been three nights without much sleep. There was no sign of illness or great distress. Hazael stayed within five miles of Rowell until 5 o'clock, and let Hughes open and break a lap and breakfast, thus dropping back nine miles from the leader.

HOW ROWELL SET OUT ON HIS FOURTH HUNDRED MILES.

Heavy rain was pelting the roof of the Garden, the daylight was lowered to a dismal degree, and no enlivening crowd was present when Rowell scored 300 miles at 10 o'clock, but the few spectators made all the noise they could by clapping their hands and yelling.

"Now you're half way through, Charley," cried a man with a London accent.

Rowell smiled rather seriously, as though mindful that even more than four miles might be required to win. He was then about 36 hours ahead of the record, and had been off the track, indicating stiffness, for nearly 9½ hours out of the 58¾. During the 10 hours which he had spent in motion it is doubtful if he walked five miles. All the rest of his travel was on a run. He retired for half an hour, and on returning dropped in to see Hughes at the heels of Hazael, who was in the lead. The distance between them, almost to five miles, Hughes had not similarly improved to time. On the contrary, he moved slowly and laboriously, his face became pale and drawn, and there were other alarming symptoms of an early collapse. Hazael showed little deterioration, but completed 300 miles at 11:40 with a spirited burst of speed. He was then five miles and a quarter behind Rowell. The score at noon, sixty hours from the start, was:

	Miles	Laps		Miles	Laps
Rowell	307	2	Hart	273	3
Hazael	301	1	Sullivan	264	2
Hughes	300	5	Noremac	242	1
Fitzgerald	281				

Hughes had not visibly improved by a rest of an hour. He limped painfully from his room, and made his way to the most secluded place conceivable. He lifted his feet as though they were hundred-pound weights, and at last was a big, black scowl of pain. He made several efforts to run, but it was not until he had spent seventeen minutes in going a mile that he succeeded in striking a faster pace than a walk.

HAZAEL'S CHASE OF THE LEADER.

A more spirited feature of the race than Hughes's half spell drew attention him. This was the struggle in progress between Rowell and Hazael. During two hours they ran together, with exactly six miles difference in their scores. An impression spread that Rowell was in real danger from this fleet though unwieldy runner, and for the first time since Monday some of the bookmakers would bet against the leader. They demanded odds of 3 to 1 as to first place, and 6 to 1 as to second. This episode was brought to an end just before 7 o'clock by Hazael, who had run himself completely out of breath and strength. He was not looking badly, but absolutely required rest and attention. Rowell, too, was about run out, and for the next mile walked leisurely, mopping his wet head with a handkerchief, distending his lungs, and showing plainly that he was glad his antagonist was for a while off the course.

The humid afternoon of the third day of the race proved a terrible strain to some of the men circling the sawdust path. Burly Hughes suffered the most.

Rowell appeared on the track at 1 in a bright, clean Jersey, fresh trunks, and neat silken trench cloth. He made the same tidy appearance that he always takes a pride in.

At 1:15, while Hazael and Noremac were taking a rest from their exhausting task, the five racers on the track dropped into Indian file, with Sullivan at the head of the line. Hart second, followed in order by Fitzgerald and Hughes, while Rowell brought up the rear. The five made the circuit of the furlong at the rate of a minute 10 seconds to the lap. This required nimble trotting. Most of them could keep up the pace for only a few laps. Sullivan and Hart were the first to drop to the rear, followed by Fitzgerald, and then Hughes. The Englishman hobbled on ahead of the stragglers, apparently safer than ever in first position.

A PAIR OF WORTHLESS THIRD MEN.

Hughes's efforts to keep on in the race were painfully laborious. He could not lift his feet from the track as he limped along. Little spurts of speed came from his legs every time his shoes pressed into the path. The big figure swayed ponderously from side to side with the jerky motions of his arms.

"Look at him kicking the sawdust," said Barney Aaron. "Is feet weigh a ton apiece?"

Nearly an hour later Fred Merrill, who is acting for Hart, exclaimed: "There he goes; he's gone."

Hughes was being led into his cabin. His feet dragged over the boards, his black hair seemed pasted to his pallid forehead, and his cheeks were clammy and of a deadly hue. It seemed impossible that he could be brought on the track again. The exhausted athlete was hurriedly carried from the Garden and given a Turkish bath and other restorative treatment. He had just completed 300 miles when taken from the track. Within fifty minutes he was on the endless sawdust path again, hobbling into the four hundred block on the third afternoon of the race. The leader was then 25 miles ahead of him.

In the mean time the English side-wheeler, Hazael, who had taken second place from Hughes, was in his cabin in an almost wrecked condition. His backer, Albert Smith, had been sent for. A few minutes after his arrival the side-wheeler hobbled on the track again, where he soon warmed into his telling pace. The crowd of men that now half filled the Garden applauded his indomitable pluck, and Aaron exclaimed to Smith: "By Cyrus, 'e's got the people with 'im."

When Rowell came up with Hazael and passed him he gave his countryman a look of sympathy. Both Rowell and his men feel friendly to the other Englishman, and they regret that the necessities of the race have crowded the veteran George so terribly since the start.

THE LEPPER'S BRONZE RIVAL.

Hart's appetite, which had been poor from the start, improved greatly yesterday. He ran with remarkable ease and vigor, giving promise of getting up to the front ranks before Saturday night. This caused rejoicing among the trainers around his cabin, and they were about as lively as any in the semicircle faced by the quarters of the racers. In marked contrast should be the group in front of Hughes's