HENDRIX'S BRIGHT OUTLOOK

LIFTED UPON THE TOP WAVE OF POPULAR ENTHUSIASM.

Mayor Low's Lessening Chances—All Brooklyn Excited Over the Combat Between the Millionaire and the People's Candidate.

Before the gaze of a handsome and rosy-cheeked young man of comfortable figure, who looked out upon the busy streets yesterday, Brooklyn looked blue and cold. The young man was faultlessly dressed. His Prince Albert coat was faced with silk where its lapels rolled back from the buttons at its ample waist. He held himself erect and his head was firmly poised.

"It's a cold day," said he to the almost equally fine-looking gentleman who sat writing at a desk in the same room.

"Very," said the person addressed, dropping his pen and rising from his chair to stand by the side of the other. After a moment's pause he added: "It has been cold just a week if I am not mistaken."

"Just a week," said the young man with the rosy cheeks and comfortable manner.

And yet Brooklyn was anything but cold. The brilliant sun of a bright autumn day bathed the streets with its warmth, and the only chilling objects to a thoughtful man were the shrivelled leaves on the sidewalks that were in the full vigor of life but a little while ago, and yet now were lifeless and blown from their high positions. The first speaker was the Hon. Seth Low, and his point of observation was a window in the Mayor's office in the City Hall. The person he addressed was his private secretary, Mr. Allen. Mr. Allen is the close friend of Mr. Low as well as his lieutenant, and his friends say that the millionaire Mayor once declared that if he could not be renominated for the Mayoralty he would rather the nominee would be Mr. Allen than any one else. Mr. Allen is a grandson of Commodore Vanderbilt, and has the reputation of being the best-dressed man in Brooklyn.

There never was such excitement over a nomination in Brooklyn as that of Mr. Hendrix has made. The mass meeting of Wednesday night set the city aflame with enthusiasm for the candidate of the people, who began, with a knowledge of his reputation, and have now became acquainted with his personal appearance, his vigorous speech, his independent position, and his magnetic presence. In the stores, on the streets, in the horse cars, the banks, public buildings, ferryboats, everywhere, the one topic of general discussion is the Hendrix boom and the picturesque battle between the young man who never had to economize and the young man who had to husband his means from the start. The general political battle of the other candidates rages all around, but it is the duel between Hendrix and Low that interests the people, and their names are the only ones that are heard outside of the political headquarters.

Ex-Senator Murtha said last night that the Democrats have canvassed every district in the city carefully. The outlook is splendid. The registration figures and the reports of those who have been among the people go to prove the same thing, that the increase in the Republican wards is caused by the reappearance as voters of those Republicans who were disinterested two years ago, but are now awakened and mean to take part in this canvass against the man whose training all through life has made him the reverse of economical and frugal. In the Democratic wards the registration is very full; in many past the limits of the Gubernatorial year, and in all largely in excess of that of 1881.

Mr. Hendrix met a large committee of retail grocers yesterday, and they thanked him for the interest he has shown in the project for a public market for Brooklyn. The system of carting produce over to New York, they said, added a cost of about $5 a load to the Long Island farmers, and to a considerable degree increased the cost of their produce to the Brooklyn householders. Very confidently the grocers said to Mr. Hendrix that after January they intended to call upon him in the Mayor's office and submit plans for a market building.

Only the very few persons who have been in the position in which Mr. Hendrix now finds himself can have any idea what it is to be lifted out of the quiet routine of a working career upon the top wave of popularity in a red-hot political canvass. Hendrix himself, though he was closely connected, as a friend and as an interested reporter, with the very similar experience Seth Low had two years ago, got no such conception of the experience as he is now obtaining. His work as a newspaper man has been more than ordinarily quiet. His home was close to the business and political centre of the town, and he prized the company of his books, his wife, and the curly-haired, bright-eyed little boy, who is supposed by Mr. Hendrix's friends to be the exacting and enslaving Boss that the opponents of the winning side are pretending to be afraid of. He long ago expressed the wish that he might remain in Brooklyn in order to identify himself with that city, and, after ten years of close study of men and matters in the City Hall and Court House, the affairs of Brooklyn were so well understood by him that he had begun to enjoy a chance to taste the pleasures of the domestic fireside. Hendrix's house is 397 Pres dent street—an unpretentious three-story dwelling in a quiet out-of-the-way street.

A reporter of THE SUN called on him last Monday morning, when the present tidal wave had got fairly in motion. The reporter found knots of people on the sidewalk, and took his place behind a line of people at the door. Mr. Hendrix fronted the other end of the line. He answers the bell himself when he is at home. It is rung incessantly during the daytime and early evening. The street is dark at night, and the neighbors' houses are so often mistaken for Mr. Hendrix's that the family next door have felt obliged to put up a new and conspicuous number plate. The first man in the line wanted a picture for a store window in Fulton street, the second wanted to make the acquaintance of the next Mayor and to inform him that, although a Republican, he was going to help prove that Brooklyn had not become a principality with only one man within its borders possessing the capacity or the right to take charge of its affairs. The third was a character.

"I just called," said he, "to find out when you was agoin' to bring your sourcase 'round to the Sixth ward?"

My what?" Mr. Hendrix asked.

"Your sourcase—your carcase," said the character.

Mr. Hendrix laughed, shook the man's hand, told him he'd try to get around there as early as possible, and turned to the fourth man, who brought great news of a Hendrix club to be organized in the Eastern District that night.

While the people's candidate was arranging his attire for the street the reporter sat in the little back room on the first floor. There is a library table in the middle of the room, and it was piled high with the letters that the carriers bring by the score. Some of them the public has seen. Those represented all the rest, which are assurances of the support and votes of the warm-hearted people who admire the irreproachable character and high purpose of the man who has dared to oppose the reelection of an ambitious millionaire. The signatures they bear are those of the most eminent Democrats, the most successful merchants, popular clergymen, and the modest men of the homes of Brooklyn, irrespective of past political faith.

A heap of lithographs was lying on the floor, and for the rest the room was plainly furnished with a bookcase, sofa, chairs, and a series of engravings modestly framed. Mr. Hendrix and the reporter got ten feet from the door when a fine-looking old gentleman stopped the candidate and said: "Aren't you Mr. Hendrix? I have often seen you though we were never introduced. Your friends give you a high character, sir, and I shall be pleased to vote for you."

The walk along Court street was attended by a series of gratifying incidents. Friends and acquaintances stopped the candidate; people who saw him coming ran into their stores to notify the occupants, who turned out to look at him, strangers introduced themselves, saying: "I don't know you, but I know your friend so and so." Excuse my familiarity, my friend, but I want to tell you that I'm going to vote for you." At last the Democratic headquarters were reached, and Mr. Hendrix said he would run in "just for one minute." As he sprang up the stairs a sufficient number of persons to block the wide stoop dashed up after him, treading on his and one another's heels, and pushing and elbowing through the half-closed doorway to get into the front room ahead of him, and see him face to face as he entered. A greeting that began with the murmur of his name and quickly swelled into applause arose from the throng in the room. Mr. Hendrix made his way to the private apartment behind the partition, and thither in fifteen minutes the reporter followed to learn what delayed him. There was no need to ask the question. Mr. Hendrix was surrounded by people representing every ward in the city and all eager to assure him that the prospects were brilliant on every hand.

The tour among the factories and workshops along the river front in company with ex-Mayor Howell has already been described. Similar journeys are made every day, that as many as possible shall have a chance to see and talk to their candidate. Mr. Hendrix on that day met scores of Democrats among the employers and the employees who assured him that the party ranks were solid for him, and a dozen out of fifteen of the Republican heads of establishments told him that their desire for an economical administration led them to oppose Mayor Low.

"He has never had to economize in anything," said the owner of one great factory, "and it was idle to suppose that he would overcome the habits of a lifetime just because he was elected Mayor."

Among non-partisans this was the principal explanation for the opposition to Seth Low. The marking up of the valuation of property, the increase of the tax rate in addition, and the lavish expenditures that permitted only $150,000 to be set apart for payment on the public debt were brought to contrast badly with the $183,000 put aside for that purpose under Low's predecessor, when the assessed valuation was $10,000,000 less than to-day.

Second to this as a ground of complaint was the breach of faith by Mayor Low in turning his back on his own pet project of Horse Rule, and applying at Albany for the right to issue bonds for $300,000 for repairs of streets, a measure the leading Democrats opposed, and the Governor promptly vetoed.

The inexcusable condition of all the streets, except those around the Mayor's Queen Anne palace on the Heights, was another cause of complaint. Another was the cruel course of the Mayor in attempting to dismiss in dishonor that master workman who not only brought to completion the bridge, that is the pride of the city, but who became a cripple for life while engaged in the work. Yet another subject of criticism was the new and dangerous experiment in politics exhibited in the club of aides formed by the Mayor to instantly secure for his friends that office and patronage and share in the salaries paid by the people that, according to American principles, should only be granted after years of faithful toil in the public services.

Last night Mr. Hendrix spoke in German in the Eastern District in Germania Hall and in English at the Masonic Temple. He won many new friends, besides the frequent applause of the assemblages. Ex-Judge Morris says his strength increases every day, and Mr. Robert Furey is trying to find takers for the odds he is giving on Hendrix's election.

Police officials, high and low, are pronouncedly in favor of Mr. Hendrix. "There are," said one of the Republican Captains yesterday, "about 800 men connected with the department, and all of them are voters. Over 500 of them will vote for Mr. Hendrix."

BAD FAITH—MAYOR LOW ACCUSED.

The Unwonted Vim of the Brooklyn Prohibitionists Due to his Course.

The Hon. Charles C. Leigh is a third candidate for Mayor in Brooklyn. He is not like the other two, a young man, but is white-haired, and has been before the people a greater number of years than either of his opponents have been in the world. He is the nominee of the Kings County Prohibition Alliance, of which he is also the President. There never was such a stir among the temperance people over there as at present. They are more united and more in earnest than ever before, because they desire to administer, by as large a vote as possible, a stern rebuke to the present head of the city Government for the bad faith he has shown in his dealings with them, and for his contemptuous disregard for what the religious element in that city of churches and homes considers the best interests of the place with regard to the liquor question. The only obstacle in the way of the Prohibitionists is their need of money. They have a thorough organization in each ward, and the district leaders are earnest men, but more funds are needed for the expenses of such a campaign as they feel ought to be made in Brooklyn.

The candidate for Mayor, the Hon. Charles C. Leigh, was one of the organizers of the Republican party in this State and Chairman of the Committee of the City and County of New York, of which body President Arthur was a member. He has repeatedly represented the people in the Legislature at Albany. He was one of the founders of the National Freedmen's Relief Association, and long before that an ardent abolitionist. His business capacity is not questioned in Brooklyn, where he is engaged in the crockery trade. He had much to do with the enterprise that secured to the world the French Atlantic cable. In the Methodist Episcopal Church his earnestness, eloquence, and manifold gifts have enabled him to hold the chair of honor in the national councils. The reporter of THE SUN found him in his store at 111 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

"The complaint we make against Mayor Low," said he, "is this: We went to him two years ago and asked him two questions: 'Are you in favor of closing, and will you use your official power to close, the dram shops on the Sabbath day, and will you also prevent the violation of the law by the sale to children of alcoholic beverages in dram shops?' He said he would. We said to him: 'Mr. Low, under the new charter you have the power to appoint a Board of Excise and also the head of police. Thus it is within your power to accomplish what we desire.' We furthermore said to him, 'We consider dram shops altogether too numerous. If elected, will you direct your Board of Excise to lessen the number?' I will,' said he. On that account we went in and voted for him and labored for his election.

"We complain," Mr. Leigh continued, in a grave and impressive tone that betrayed the warmth of his feeling, "that he has not kept his pledges. He has increased the number of dram shops by between 100 and 200; up to last February the number was 165. The dram shops as a rule are open on the Sabbath day—probably 30 out of 100 of them are—and children, as formerly, continue to go in them to purchase liquor. On these accounts, we cannot rely on Mayor Low in the future. We went to him with a different feeling from that with which we would have gone to an ordinary politician, for we knew him by reputation as a Christian gentleman and the Superintendent of a Sunday school, and we confided in him and in his promises. Instead, he has deceived us in every particular. I think we can say, With the police force he has he could at least make an effort, but there has been none—no effort of any consequence to fulfil his promises.

"If we had the means we could push our organization and principles; we could make a wonderful difference in the voting if we had funds by means of which to enlighten the people. But we intend to push our ticket not by, or with what means we have, but by putting our hands in our individual pockets, and in every way doing our utmost. The alliance regards the dram shop not only as a nuisance, but as a crime in the community and a sin against God. We cannot cast our votes for either of the present parties so long as they uphold the dram shops. We earnestly request every one who feels as we do to vote with us, that we may show numerical strength such as to lead the other parties to put our plank in their platforms. We are holding meetings all over the city and appealing to all who value their homes to swell our vote."

"You did not call on Mayor Low in this present canvass?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Leigh, with dignity, "we did not care to call on him again."

"I have nothing to say against Mr. Hendrix," said Mr. Leigh. "He is an intelligent and upright man, I believe. We take to ourselves the credit of having forced the politicians to nominate reputable men on both sides. We have the kindliest wishes for Mr. Hendrix, and would like to see Mayor Low defeated."

Racing Through the Mud.

The track at Brighton Beach was very muddy yesterday. Two races out of the five were won by favorites. In the first race, for two-year-olds, one mile, Vocalic sold at $75, Boulette, $25; Andrew Smith $20; Jim Carlisle, $15. Andrew Smith won by one and a half lengths, Boulette second, Vocalic third. Time, 1:51. Mutuels paid $20.95.

In the second race, for all ages, three-quarters of a mile, Frank E. sold at $110, Little Fred, and Hotchchinie, $50 each; Lena, $35. Little Fred won by four lengths, Hotchchinie second, Lena third. Time, 1:18¾. Mutuels paid $28.30.

In the third race, for all ages, seven eighths of a mile, Little Buttercup sold at $80; Edwin A. and Dizzy Blonde, $50 each; Clarence, $45; field, $30. Little Buttercup won by six lengths, Dizzy Blonde second, Edwin A. third. Time, 1:32. Mutuels paid $19.10.

In the fourth race, for all ages, one mile and a half, Sabreck and Marshall sold at $110 each; Ida B., $50; Ben Wood won by three lengths, Marshall second. Time, 2:44¾. Mutuels paid $10.95.

In the fifth race, steeplechase, about one and a half miles, Major Wheeler sold at $90; Odette, $45; Puritan, $25; Reel, $20. Odette won by three lengths, Puritan second, Major Wheeler third. Time, 2:46¾. Mutuels paid $20.55.

Memphis Jockey Club Races.

MEMPHIS, Oct. 25.—The first race to-day was for two-year olds, five-eighths of a mile. Lady Laird, after a whipping finish, beat Zacoora by half a length, but was disqualified for foul riding, and Zacoora was given first place. Manitoba second and Miss Yates third. Time, 1:06. French pools paid $14.20.

The second race, National stake, for three-year olds, one and one-sixteenth miles, was won by Ascender by a nose from Aztec. He only offer starter. Time, 1:52½. French pools paid $18.50.

The third race, selling and maiden allowances, three-quarters of a mile heats, was won by Fallon in 1:23½ and 1:22. Muck won the second heat in 1:22. French pools paid $11.20.

The fourth race could not be run on account of the darkness, and was postponed until Saturday. The entries and pools stand.

At the West Side Driving Park.

The first event at the West Side Driving Park, Jersey City, yesterday, was a trot between Farmer Boy and Bessie H., mile heats. Farmer Boy was the favorite at $50 to $20, and won the first heat in 2:45. Bessie H. won the next two in 2:42¾ and 2:42¼. Farmer Boy won the third and fifth heats and trot in 2:45 and 2:47.

In the trot between Montgomery Boy and Fred Cole, Fred Cole won the first and fourth heats in 2:44 and 2:46. Montgomery Boy won the second, third, and fifth heats and trot in 2:46½, 2:47, and 2:48½.

Platt's Chlorides, the Best Disinfectant,

Should now be used in your house. It costs little; may prevent much expense. Is sold by druggists in quart bottles at 50c. each.—*Adv.*

Platt's Chlorides, the Best Disinfectant,

Purifies the waste pipes, water closets, &c., and chemically destroys odious or breeding matter. Use it now.—*Adv.*

Platt's Chlorides, the Best Disinfectant,

Has no odor, yet is very efficient. Destroys disease germs and prevents sickness.—*Adv.*

Young and middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms should send three stamps for Part VII. of pamphlet issued by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.—*Adv.*

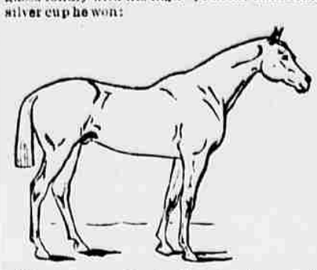
OUTLINES FROM THE SHOW.

ELEVEN CHARACTER SKETCHES OF THE BEST HORSE SOCIETY.

Claims of the Ass and the Kuln to a Place in the Ancestral Portrait Gallery of Spendthrift, the Leopard, and Maud S.—No Kuln in the Show—What he would Look Like.

Five hundred clean, new stalls, each with its equine tenant nodding benignly and waiting to be petted. Five hundred nimble grooms tending the beauties. Throngs of people about each stall patting and admiring glossy flanks and flowing manes. Women pushing into the stalls to lay their heads against the noses of the horses and smooth their necks with delicate gloved hands. Outside an oval sweep of seats, one above the other, packed with fashionable men and women. A tan-bark ellipse with judges clustered in the centre, a band blaring sonorously. Horses of all sizes, breeds, and appearances trotting, jumping, running and pacing, and posing. The clang of fire bells, the clatter of hoofs, and the shouts of cheering thousands. All this in one building, made brilliant by the white glare of electric lights and picturesque by the countless incidents that attend a great crowd sight seeing, is the first National Horse Show as it unfolds its wonders to the visitor. He will spend hours wandering delightedly through the nooks and corners, find something that calls forth admiration at every turn.

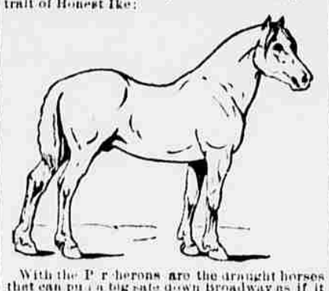
The first thing the visitor sees, going by catalogue, is the thoroughbred racer. He is a beauty and no mistake. There are a goodly number of thoroughbreds in the show. One of the lucky ones is Spendthrift, owned by Mr. James R. Keene. This is how he looks as he gazes fondly with his nigh eye at the handsome silver cup he won:



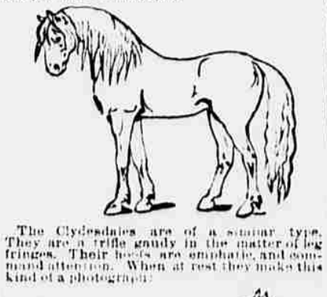
There is an enthusiastic colored groom in stall 11 who pats Leonard on the flank and says, "Is best horse in de show, sah."

Leopard is a thoroughbred Arab. A blue rosette over his stall shows that he is a first prize beauty. His characteristics are his shining speckled flank, his lavish tail and mane, and his speaking eye. He is one of the pets of the show, and is highly popular with the ladies. This is Leopard:

The Arab's rivals for popularity are the Percherons. They are the equine Jumbos of the show, and, like the Arabs, are professional beauties. Honest Ike, one of the heavy, is the heaviest in the show. He tips the scales at 2,000 pounds. Rassail is the most gorgeous Percheron of all. His snow-white mane is a yard and a half long. It falls over his neck like a sheet of spray. His tail sweeps the ground, and he knows it, too. Below is the portrait of Honest Ike:

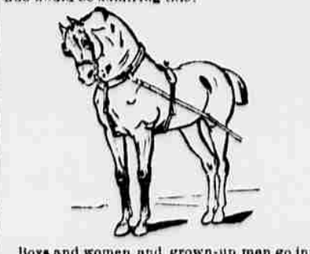


With the Percherons are the draught horses that can pull a big sugar down Broadway as if it were a peanut shell. They like admiration, and get it without difficulty. They are kind and gentle, and don't bite anything but hay. The handsomest type is the Conestoga. This is a portrait from the life:



The Clydesdales are of a similar type. They are a trifle gaudy in the matter of leg fringes. Their heels are emphatic, and command attention. When at rest they make this kind of a photograph:

There is a white choice of coaching horses in the show, 41 to coaches. The neatest thing in parade is probably the Cleveland bay. If a visitor harnessed up the imported bay Baronet in the show and started for the Park, Fifth avenue would be admiring this:

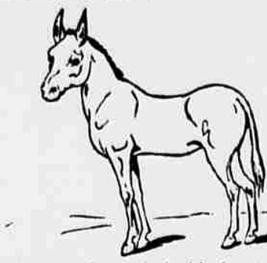


Boys and women and grown-up men go into ecstasies over the ponies of the show. There are polo ponies, children's ponies, and Shetland ponies. The Shetlands are almost small enough for watch charms, and as pretty as a picture. This is first prize Chester's picture:

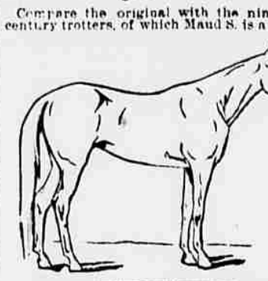
Some visitors to the show don't know the difference between a regular, bum-drum horse and the American mustang. One way to find out is to play polo—if you don't know how to ride. The mustang has his weather eye open. He finds out a rider's weak points. Below is an American mustang, trying to look innocent. The reader, however, cannot see his off eye winking:

There are several prize mules in the show. There is no need of giving a picture of the mule. His reputation is universal. He is considered disreputable, a heeler, and a kicker in the equine family, so to speak. The Spanish ass is very like a mule in respect to ears and heels. By being circumspect in movement the spectator may get near enough to the Spanish ass to obtain, with comparative safety, a comprehensive front view of the animal, like this:

The philosophers of the Horse Show adhere to the theory that the horse had a prehistoric progenitor. They trace the nineteenth century steed back to the kuln. The kuln is a cross between an ass and a zebra. The riotous excess of the ass in heels was held in check by the superior foresight of the zebra, and in the course of time there was developed the animal which is now, doubtless, effectively exhibited in the balky horse. There are no balky horses and no kulns in the show. If there was a kuln on exhibition, this would be his profile, with the buzz-saw mane clearly defined:



Compare the original with the nineteenth century trotters, of which Maud S. is a type:



SIGHTS AT THE HORSE SHOW.

Owners of Four-in-hands Handle the Reins—Green Hunters Bolting.

Madison Square Garden was packed during the afternoon and evening of the fourth day of the National Horse Show. About the same programme was gone through with as on the previous days. There were long delays between some of the exhibitions, making the waits tedious to the spectators, many of whom could only catch an occasional glimpse of a horse's head or a rider's hat.

In the afternoon an attempt was made to have the hunters take the water jump again. For some unknown reason, although the jump is low and narrow, all the half-bred as well as thoroughbred jumpers shun it with a nervous dread. Miss Melhuish rushed her horse twice at the water, determined that he should go over. The first time he stopped as if shot, with his head over the water; the second time he bolted and ran into the Executive Committee, knocking three of them down and smashing six silk hats.

While Mr. Ward was attempting to send Mr. Thomas Orgill's horse Salvini over the rails in the green hunters' class, Salvini made a sudden bolt into the fire engine compartment, throwing Mr. Ward under the machine, and scattering the firemen. Fortunately, no one was injured.

Mr. Hugo Fritsch and Mr. W. P. Douglass received applause for the artistic manner in which they handled their four-in-hand teams and drags in the tanbark ellipse. Mr. Fritsch won the prize.

There was an interesting display of riding saddle horses for the high school style prize.

Mr. Ashington carried off the palm in the hunters' class, carrying up to 224 pounds.

The evening performances closed with practising the high jump. Foxhall Keene did the neatest work on his white pony. Foxhall and Master Magoun, a lad of 12, who won a prize late on Wednesday night, compete favorably with the best trained riders.

Following are the awards made yesterday and not heretofore printed:

Class 78—Tandem team, four years old and over—Mr. G. F. Candler's Victor and Dandy, first prize, $100; Mr. L. Berry Wall's Kentucky and Mr. George Lorillard's Lord Gordon, second, $50.

Class 79—Saddle horse, four years old and over—Mr. A. J. Cassatt's Bond Or, by imported Buckden, first, $100; Mr. John Sandford's Post Guard, by Glenelg, second, $50.

Class 95—Green hunters, up to not less than 150 pounds—F. Gray Griswold's gray horse The Duke, first, $40; Phillip Tillinghast's chestnut horse Vanderdecken, second, $20.

Class 8—Four-in-hand team—$100 in plate—W. P. Douglass's Bob, Roy, Dandy, and Donald.

Following are the special prizes:

By Mr. Louis Bruch—$50 for the best and smallest stallion and pony, all ponies—Mandolin's black Midget.

By Mr. Berry Rodman—$20 for the best pony, not exceeding 14 hands 1 inch—Prescott Lawrence's brown mare Rachel.

By the Association—$100 for the best Shetland brood mare with foal at foot—Mrs. William Watson's Rexie.

By Mr. Cornelius Fellows—$100 for the best cob—A. J. Cassatt's bay s. g. Little Wonder.

By the Association—$100 for the best home-bred thoroughbred stallion—J. R. Keene's spendthrift.

By M. H. Morgan—$100 in plate for the best thoroughbred lady's hunter, Jr.—Wharton's Question.

By Mr. J. P. Chester—$100 for the best thoroughbred steeplechase hunter—Mr. Wharton's Question.

By the Association—A piece of plate for the best horsed and best appointed Demi Daumont—Mr. J. F. Schenck's Sahib and Kismet.

By Mr. W. P. Douglass—$150 in plate for the best four-in-hand and best appointed gentlemen's drag—Mr. Hugo Fritsch's Thunder, Gay, Lad, and Fairfield.

By Mr. Isaac Bell, Jr.—$100 for the best Park team, four horses, owners to drive—W. P. Douglass's Rob, Roy, Dandy, and Donald.

By the Gentlemen's Riding Club—$100 for the saddle horse class, trained to the high school—Louis Maurer's chestnut Rock.

By Mr. W. P. Douglass—$100 to the best carrying weight hunter, up to 224 pounds—Charles Lanier's chestnut horse Homemade.

SLOSSON BEATS SEXTON.

Winning the Cushion Carrom Championship in the 141st Inning.

CHICAGO, Oct. 25.—A game of cushion carrom billiards for the championship and $500 a side was played last night at Central Music Hall between William Sexton and George F. Slosson. There were 1,500 spectators. M. Honohan of Chicago was referee. The game for the greater part was slow and tedious, Slosson taking the lead at the start and keeping it to the end. In the 139th inning Sexton, who had gradually narrowed the gap of 101 points, put in a plucky run of 30, and was then within reaching distance. Slosson was visibly unnerved by the unexpected danger of losing when victory seemed secure, and Sexton got another chance; but when he had made eight points he dislodged his cue tip and had to take another cue. This circumstance depressed him greatly, and he ended at 13 a run which promised to give him the game. Slosson then took courage, and in the 141st inning made the two points necessary to give him the cushion carrom championship. The score was:

Sexton, 483. Highest run, 30. Average, 3.60-141.
Slosson, 500. Highest run, 38. Average, 3.77-141.

Church of the Bladder,

Stinging irritation, inflammation, and kidney and urinary complaints cured by "Buchu-paiba." $1.—*Adv.*

Keep's underwear for fall, in all weights of knit and flannel, in white, scarlet, and fancy styles, at popular prices. Broadway and Bleecker st. Branch stores, 119 Fulton st. and 1,193 Broadway.—*Adv.*

MR. TRAVERS'S YACHT WINS.

Thousands of Dollars Lost Loose by a Match Between the Gracie and Fanny.

The yachting season closed yesterday with the ocean race between the sloops Fanny and Gracie. The Fanny won, but completed the race within the required eight hours by only a few minutes. As a veteran yachtsman said, the fact that there was a result at all will ease financial matters up considerably in club circles, and let loose thousands of dollars tied up in stakeholders' hands for further speculation or investment.

The judges' steamer left the barge office at 8 o'clock, with Messrs. W. R. Travers of the Fanny, J. P. Earle of the Gracie, Commodore Robert Centre, referee; F. W. J. Hurst, and David Austin, the judges, and a merry party of much-untered yachtsmen on board. At Sandy Hook there was a nice sailing breeze from about north by west. The racers were sailed by their regular professional skippers and crews. Capt. Frank Baker being at the wheel of the Gracie, and Hank Haff, with a host of South Side skiff talent, handling the Fanny. The course was made south by east, and a big black board was put up by Commodore Centre so that the yachts could see it as they went by.

The start was from Buoy 5. The craft went flying across the line close together, under a cloud of canvas, the Gracie at 11:8:14, the Fanny at 11:8:22. The Fanny sent up an enormous spinnaker as she crossed, but the Gracie had some trouble with hers, and after tearing it badly ran up a smaller one. This gave the Fanny the advantage, and she quickly forged ahead. It was a run down the Jersey coast close to the beach, on which the surf made music. At 12:15 the Fanny was increasing her lead, both having about this time jibed mainsails over to port and set spinnakers to starboard.

After following the flyers for a while the judges' steamer went back to Buoy 5, the log was thrown over, and the twenty-mile stream to windward began. At 1:30 the wind had hauled a trifle to north by east, and both craft had taken in spinnakers and had main booms over to starboard again, and were gradually working off shore.

It was astonishing to see old Commodore Whiting rowing out in the seaway with his small boat. Although he is more than sixty years old, he had rowed all the way down from South Brooklyn to see the yacht race, a distance, at 2 o'clock, of nearly twenty miles. It is said that he can pull with ease forty miles a day, and that on long-distance pulling he can knock out Hanlan or any other man.

At 2:15 11½ knots had been reeled off, and the steamer hove to for a while to time the contestants. The Fanny was 9 minutes 10 seconds ahead in passing, or 12 minutes 50 seconds ahead even upon difference in start and time allowances. The wind had pegged out considerably, and it was slow work down to the mark buoy, which was turned by the Fanny at 3:16:5; Gracie, 3:28:17.

After rounding it was a long leg up the beach. The wind held light until the boats were off the Highland lights, when it breezed up finely, and the Gracie decreased very considerably the lead of her fleet-heeled opponent. The Fanny skimmed by the finish amid a shower of pyrotechnics from the schooner yacht Montauk at 7:02:57, and the Gracie finished at 7:07:35. The summary is as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gracie	11:08:14	7:07:35	8:59:21	8:59:21
Fanny	11:08:22	7:02:57	7:56:35	7:53:05

The Fanny thus beats the Gracie by 8 minutes 18 seconds, corrected time.

THE PIMLICO RACES.

Welcher, George Kinney, Bella, Aella and Ranger the Winners.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 25.—The fall meeting of the Maryland Jockey Club, at Pimlico, began to-day after a postponement from Tuesday, in consequence of a heavy rain storm. The weather to-day was bright and beautiful, but the track was so thoroughly saturated that it remained heavy throughout the day.

The first race was the Central stakes for two-year-olds, one mile. Before the start Reveller was a big favorite, selling in the pools at $50 to $25 for Tolu. Reveller kept the lead from the upper turn to the three-quarter post, but as they came down the homestretch Welcher made a bold dash and took the lead at the seven furlong post. He finished winner two lengths ahead of Tolu, second, one length ahead of Reveller third, Blast fourth, Isaquena fifth, Woodlark sixth, and Nuot last. Time, 1:49. French pools paid $25.65.

The second race was the Dixie stakes, two miles, for three-year-olds. George Kinney, Trafalgar, and Monition started. George Kinney sold at 4 to 1 against the field, having brought $100 to $15 for Trafalgar and $10 for Gonfalon. The start was good, with George Kinney first away, Trafalgar second. Kinney kept the lead to the finish, coming home winner by eight lengths ahead of Trafalgar second, and Gonfalon twenty lengths away. Time, 3:36. French pools paid $57.

The third race was the Oriole handicap for all ages, one and one-eighth miles. Lorillard's pair, Parole and Aranza, were favorites in the pools at $100 to $38 for Heel-and-Toe, $30 for Bella, and $17 for Empress. Aranza was first away, with Parole second, and Bella third. Entering the upper turn, Bella went to second place, followed by Heel-and-Toe, third, and there was no change of position until the three-quarter post was reached. Then the fight for the finish began. Parole made a powerful effort to get to the lead, but he was then at the pole where the track was heaviest, and though he took the whip he could not respond. Bella, on a better part of the course, ran to the front and held the commanding position, pressed by Parole, but she finished winner by a half length in front of Parole, second, and a neck ahead of Aranza, third. Empress fourth, and Heel-and-Toe last. Time, 2:04. French pools paid $44.20.

The fourth race was two mile heats for all ages. Aella and Nettie started, with Aella as a strong favorite. Aella won. Time, 3:59½ and 3:56½. French pools paid $6.

The fifth race was a handicap steeplechase for all ages over the regular course. The starters were Wildmath, Ranger and Abraham. Ranger won, two lengths in front of Guth, second, four lengths in front of Abraham, last. Time, 5:08. French pools paid $11.60.

In the Pimlico Stakes to-morrow the Dwyer brothers have agreed to start George Kinney and Miss Woodford positively, and Mr. P. Lorillard has agreed positively to start Iroquois and Drake Carter. The club in that event has agreed to add the $3,000 originally donated for the stakes, from which it was relieved by the inability of Eole to come to the post. It is probable that Aranza also may be started in that race.

Camden the Victim of Poor Bookkeeping.

Tax Receiver Wrighthouse of Camden has complained to the Common Council that the books of his office were kept by his predecessor in such a loose manner that thousands of dollars have been lost to the city. The charge will be investigated.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

New York Stock Exchange—Sales Oct. 25.

UNITED STATES AND STATE BONDS (IN $1,000S).

10 U.S. 4s, c	121⅞	10 U.S. 4½s, c	114½
10 U.S. 4s, r	122	1 La. con. (s. 20)	73
10 U.S. 4½s, r	114½	1 Ark. 7s, Cent. iss	5½

RAILROAD AND OTHER SHARES (IN 100S).

18 Atl. & Pac. inc	25	4 Lake Sh. 2d c	122
10 S.L.H.&E.1st	27½	10 Louis. & Nash	69⅞
5 Bur., C.R.&N	102	1 Louis. & N. C'Br	90
10 Ches. & O.	36⅝	1 Man. Beach 7s	77
7 Ches. & O. cur	47½	1 Mich. Cen.	91
1 Chi. & Alt. s. f	117	8 Mich. Cen. 5s	105⅝
152 C., B. & Q. deb	—	7 Mo. P. con.	104⅛
5 C., B. & Q.	89⅝	7 Mil. & L. 1st	116½
3 C., B. & Q. 4s ind	88	44 Nor. P. 1st	113⅝
1 C., C. & I. 1st	122½	14 N. O. & Pac. 1st	82½
2 Clev. Col. 1st	133	5 N. Y. Sus. 1st	70½
2 Cin. Pac. 5s	112½	5 N. Y. Cen.	112
30 C., N. O. & T. P.	31⅝	15 N. Y. Cen. ex	107½
26 Col. & H. V. 1st	108	2 N. Hav. & Chat	116
1 Del. & H. 7s, p.	116	8 N. Y. & Nor. 1st	121½
4 Den. & R. G. 1st	108	15 N. Y. Ch. & St. L.	16
8 Den. & R. G. con	97	2 do 2d	90½
30 Den. & Sio. Cit. 1st	109½	5 N. Y. & N. E.	37½
5 Ft. W. & Den. 1st	118	1 do 1st	90
10 Erie con. 1st	125½	4 N. & W.	10⅞
30 Erie con. 2d	107½	5 Omaha con	136½
10 E. Tenn. 5s	72½	2 Ohio & Miss. con	31½
28 E. Tenn. inc.	20⅝	6 Or. R. & N.	107
14 E. Worth 1st	96½	1 Oregon Ry. & Nav.	93
10 Harlem 1st r	265	10 Oregon S. L.	91½
4 Iron Mt. C. &		11 Or. & Cal.	36½
Ext.	109⅞	10 Peo. Dec. & Evans.	38½
1 Iron Mt. C. & F	107	5 Pitts. Ft. W. & C. 1st	136
25 Iron Mt. 5s	70	5 St. L. & Mac. con	90
6 Int. & Gt. N.	40	5 St. P. 1st c. Mil.	108½
13 Kan. P. inc.	104	5 do 2d do	108
5 Kan. P. 1st s.	106½	98 Tex. Pac. R. G.	73¼
5 Keok. & D. M. 5s	105	2 Tex. Pac. inc.	30
86 Kans. & T. 2d	53½	5 Tol. & Wab. con. c	36
10 Kans. & T. gtd	41	4 Un. Pac. 1st	114½
10 L. E. & West. in	25	448 W. S. 2d 5s	74½
1 Long Dock	117½		

RAILROAD AND OTHER SHARES.

Railroads &c.		400 N. Y. Cent	120⅛
300 Atl. & Pac.	25	100 N. Y. Cent. s. 60	118½
200 Atl. T. & S.	80½	12 N. Y. New H.	250
820 Bankers' &		15 N. Y. Lake E.	22
Mer. Pd.	135⅛	1 N. Y. N. H. & H.	250
100 C., C. & I.	93½	100 N. Y. & N. E.	24⅞
200 Can. South	55½	100 N. Y. Sus