LUCKY DWYER BROTHERS.

TREMONT WINS THE SEQUENCE AND INSPECTOR B. THE BELMONT.

Virgil's Son Alone Again at the Finish—Enquirer's Son a Great Three-year-old—McLaughlin Starts to Ride Miss Woodford.

Jockey McLaughlin started for St. Louis last evening after riding in Jerome Park. He will carry the news to his pet racer Miss Woodford that her young stable companion, Tremont, won the Sequence Stakes, and another young member of the stable, Inspector B., captured the Belmont Stakes. As Miss Woodford is known to be the most intelligent thoroughbred in the Brooklyn stable, this will spur her on to do her best on Monday to win the Eclipse Stakes from her old rival, Freeland, and other Western flyers, especially as Jimmy travelled such a long distance to pilot her to victory.

The way in which Tremont won the Sequence Stakes yesterday, combined with his grand race for the Juvenile Stakes on the previous Saturday, stamps him the best two-year-old of the year that has shown up thus far. The black, rather narrow-chested, racing-built son of Virgil sprang forward in his work with a natural love for the sport. The distance was an eighth of a mile further than his initial race, but he dashed away with a speed that left his five fashionably bred rivals well clear of his heels before he had gone a furlong. When McLaughlin reached the top of the hill at the head of the homestretch he looked back. Seeing that he was alone in the race he had no occasion to urge the colt in the quarter of a mile and more that stretched between him and the goal, for the finishing line was a furlong beyond the judges' stand. Moving along with clean-cut strides, the colt raced home free and easy, four lengths ahead of Commodore Kittson's bay filly Australana, daughter of Alarm and Australind, in the fast time of 1:02¾, with 115 pounds up.

Inspector B. appeared in the next race, the Belmont Stakes for three-year-olds, at a mile and a half. McLaughlin laid back in the snug bunch of four until a mile and a quarter of the race had been galloped over, making the issue in the long homestretch. The pace was hot between The Bard and Inspector B. until half the stretch was left behind, then the son of Enquirer proved a race horse again by bidding good-by to the son of Longfellow and winning the race with ease by a length in 2:41, exactly the same time that Luke Blackburn won the United Hotel Stakes, at the same distance, and with equal weight, 118 pounds, in Saratoga, Aug. 5, 1880.

Three other interesting races on the flat were reeled off, the day's sport ending with the usual circus steeplechase, in which the bookmakers backed the old mare Rose with Pat Meany on her back at 2 to 1 against the field. The field proved very gallant to the aged mare. Disturbance stopping in an effort to toss his rider into the water jump, Rory O'More going down gracefully at the drop under the eyes of the fashionable patrons of the turf on the club house lawn, Bruton bolting on his run to the foot-and-a-half high wall on the north field, and Hart bidding farewell to Rose at the foot of Picnic Hill. Of course Rose went home alone.

The attendance was large and betting was freely indulged in, mostly through the interpreters bookmakers. Any amount, from $5 to $5,000, could be placed on any race, without risk or trouble, if one avoided rascals who claim connection with reputable pencilliers. These fellows hand out colored cards with figures on them that no outsider can understand. If the horse that the dupes bet on wins, holders of the tickets search in vain for the venders.

Following are details of the races:

FIRST RACE.

Free handicap sweepstakes of $25 each, with $500 added, $100 to second. One mile and a sixteenth.

Summit Stable's ch. g. Rosicrucian, 5, by Spinaway—Bonnie May, 105 (W. Donohue) 1

J. Rowe's ch. c. Guano, 4, by Springbok—Grace, 114 (Hayward) 2

Stanley Mortimer's ch. h. Duke of Westmoreland, 5, by Wilful—Mateline, 116 (McLaughlin) 3

Rowland, sutler, Sapphire, Wallflower, Bon Soir, and Sainbury also ran.

Time, 1:52¾.

Betting—Against the Duke of Westmoreland, 8 to 2; Royal Arch, 3 to 1; Sutler, 8 to 1; Bon Soir and Salisbury, 5 to 1 each; Guano and Rowland, 6 to 1 each; Sapphire and Wallflower, 8 to 1 each.

The starter sent the horses away in fairly snug order, with the exception of Guano, who appeared at the post for the first time this season. Hayward rode Guano a long chase after the leaders, Wallflower, Sutler, Rosicrucian and these three heading the bunch alternately until well into the far turn, where Donohue sent Royal Arch to the front, Wallflower, the Duke of Westmoreland, and Sutler pressing him hard, and Guano beginning to move for the lead, while Bon Soir, Salisbury, and Sapphire were fading away. Royal Arch led into and up the straight, Guano closing on him at the finish, just shutting out the light as Royal Arch passed the line winner in the fast time of 1:52¾. The Duke of Westmoreland came in third, two lengths behind Guano.

FIGHT OR THE JUVENILES.

The Sequence Stakes, for two-year-olds, at $50 each, half forfeit, with $1,000 added, $250 to second. Fifty-six nominations. Five furlongs.

Dwyer Bros.' b. c. Tremont, by Virgil—Ann Fief, 115 (McLaughlin) 1

N. W. Kittson's b. f. Australana, by Alarm—Australind, 112 (Fitzpatrick) 2

Fairfax stable's gr. c. Guillaume, by Flood—Frolic, 115 (Barker) 3

The Juliette colt, Lady Primrose, straightlace, and Raymond also ran.

Time, 1:02¾.

Betting—100 to 40 on Tremont, 5 to 1 each against the Juliette colt, Australana, and Raymond; 8 to 1 against Guillaume, and 8 to 5 even against Lady Primrose and St Sightlace.

The youngsters started in the straight course at the south end of the park. Hayward was on the Juliette colt on the extreme outside, and McLaughlin next to him on Tremont, Australana was on the inside, and the others well abreast between them when the flag fell. McLaughlin took the lead on Tremont from the first bound, Guillaume, Raymond, Straightlace, and the others running well up for a furlong, when the Juliette colt took second position, while Tremont was opening a breach that widened at every stride. When McLaughlin reached the top of the hill leading into the homestretch he had the racing son of Virgil half a dozen lengths in the van. Finding himself alone in the race, he came on as he pleased, leading Tremont winner four lengths in front of Australana, Guillaume third.

THE SELLING RACE.

For three-year-olds, at $100 each, half forfeit, with $1,200 added; $300 to second out of the stakes. Sixty-seven nominations. One mile and a half.

Dwyer Bros.' b. c. Inspector B., by Enquirer—Colossa, 116 (McLaughlin) 1

Mr. Keene's b. c. The Bard, by Bradamante, 118 (Fisher) 2

Preakness stable's b. c. Linden, by Longfellow—Linda Rosa, 118 (Hayward) 3

Buffalo and Saxony also ran.

Time, 2:41.

Betting—Even money on The Bard; against Inspector B., 6 to 5; Buffalo, 4 to 1; Linden, 5 to 1; Saxony, 12 to 1.

The horses started as leisurely as though they were out for a holiday gallop, moving in a compact cluster with Saxony at the head and Inspector B. at the tail. Passing the stand on a rather stiff gallop, Saxony had his neck out in the clear, Buffalo alongside, The Bard third, and Inspector B. fourth, with no daylight between any of them. Making the turn for Picnic Hill an expert circus rider could have spread his legs across at least four of the racers, Saxony still at the head. In the run for the bluff, after rounding Picnic Hill, the pace increased somewhat, and The Bard headed Saxony by half a length, Buffalo third, and Inspector B. laying back in the rear. McLaughlin felt of Inspector in the whirl for the turn and moved him up to The Bard, taking second place. McLaughlin held this position until half way along the homestretch, when he sent Inspector B. out for the race, which he won with ease, a length and a half in front of The Bard, Linden three lengths behind, third.

FOURTH RACE.

A free handicap sweepstakes of $25 each, with $500 added. Five to second, one mile and three-sixteenths.

Richmond stable's b. h. Springfield, aged, by Bonnie Scotland—Bonnet, 103 (Littlefield) 1

W. Donohue's b. c. Tecumseh, 4, by Atilla—The Squaw, 109 (owner) 2

D. D. Withers's ch. c. Stonebuck, 4, by Stonehenge—Falsetto, 117 (Hayward) 3

Brambleton, War Eagle, Fosteral, Sussex, and Himalaya also ran.

Time, 2:05.

Betting—Against Tecumseh and Himalaya, 2 to 1 each; Stonebuck and Brambleton, 6 to 1 each; Fosteral and War Eagle, 8 to each; Springfield and Sussex, 10 to 1 each.

The race was close and brisk from flag fall to finish, Springfield, Fosteral, and War Eagle headed the front row in the opening furlong, Himalaya taking the lead at the turn for Picnic Hill, and showing the way round the bluff to the far turn, where Littlefield moved Springfield up again and took command of the squad, followed by Stonebuck and Tecumseh. All thundered into the homestretch in fighting shape, and a hot battle came between Springfield and Tecumseh in the last furlong, with the others looking on from a distance. The Bonnie Scotland blood proving the stoutest, Littlefield sent Springfield over the line winner, Tecumseh was hanging at his saddle girths, Stonebuck was six lengths away, third.

THE SELLING RACE.

Purse $500, for three-year-olds and upward; selling allowances. Seven-eighths of a mile.

Pacific Stable's ch. h. Phil Lewis, aged, by Hiawatha—Miss Swift, 102 (Wilkins) 1

B. Kahn's b. f. Moonshine, 3, by Harry Lamar—Moonlight, 92 (Griffin) 2

Mr. Keene's ch. c. Edgefield, 3, by Enquirer—Orphan Girl, 95 (Davis) 3

Hotchkinde, Zangiar, Mentmore and Canonicus also ran.

Time—1:32.

Betting—Against Hotchkinde and Edgefield, 2 to 1 each; Phil Lewis, 3 to 1; Moonshine, 4 to 1; Canonicus, 8 to 1; Mentmore, 6 to 1; Zangiar, 8 to 1.

After a long delay at the post the field was sent away with Zangiar on a flying start. Hotchkinde a long one behind the chute by half a dozen lengths, the others clinching behind the second horse. Zangiar began to die away on the run in into the homestretch, where Phil Lewis, Moonshine, Edgefield, and Hotchkinde made a gallant race, all finishing in close order. Phil Lewis won, a neck in front of Moonshine, Edgefield lapping. There was no bid for the winner.

THE JUMPERS' RACE.

Handicap steeplechase; purse $500, of which $100 to second; over the full steeplechase course.

J. L. Lloyd's ch. m. Rose, aged, by Hesmold—dam by Niagara, 138 (P. Meany) 1

M. J. Daly's ch. h. Jim Carlisle, 5, by Lucifer—Susie Mariner, 150 (Wynne) 2

R. W. Hopson's ch. g. Will Davis, aged, by Padladem—Betsy, 140 (Grace) 3

Sun Star, Disturbance, Rory O'More, Bruton, and Hart also started.

Time, 4:44.

Betting—Against Rose, even money; Jim Carlisle and Disturbance, 5 to 1 each; Bruton, 7 to 1; Rory O'More, 8 to 1; Will Davis and Sun Star, 10 to 1 each; Hart, 12 to 1.

Pat Meany was first away on Rose. He then held the mare back in a safe place until after a series of disasters, during which Hart bolted and left the hunt at Picnic Hill, Rory O'More went down at the drop under the bluff, Disturbance stopped in front of the water, tossing his rider into the bushes, and Bruton bolted on the run to the wall in the north field. Rose then set the pace, winning twenty lengths ahead of Jim Carlisle, Will Davis and Sun Star following them in.

The meeting will close on Tuesday. The Empire Handicap, at a mile and a quarter, with several cracks in the list of fifty-eight nominations, will be the event of the day, and a dash of five furlongs for two-year-olds and a race of one mile and a sixteenth for three-year-olds will also be of great interest.

OARSMEN IN CHOPPY WATER.

Hanlan and Lee Win the Double Scull Race—Trial Heats in the Singles.

TORONTO, June 5.—Owing to the rain and wind the races of the Hanlan International Regatta set down for to-day did not begin until after 4 P. M. The first event was the double scull race. Edward Hanlan of Toronto and G. W. Lee of Newark, N. J., and G. H. Hosmer of Boston and John McKay of Dartmouth were the only contestants. The race was over a three-mile course. The water was very choppy, and it was necessary for the oarsmen to exercise great skill to prevent their boats from upsetting. Hanlan and Lee led easily to the mile-and-a-half turn buoy. By that time both boats were carrying a pretty good load of water, thrown in by the waves breaking over the sides. Hosmer and McKay stopped on the home stretch and removed the water from their boat. They then spurted and passed their opponents. Hanlan and Lee pulled a fine, steady stroke, and, passing Hosmer and McKay, won the race by about four lengths. Time, 26 minutes 19 2-5 seconds.

The two trial heats in the singles, one and a half miles, was rowed later in the afternoon, when the wind went down. In the first heat the contestants were Albert Hamm of Dartmouth, N. S.; P. H. Conly of Portland, Me.; G. W. Lee, and F. A. Plaisted. Hamm's boat upset on turning the buoy. Lee won. Time, 8 minutes 56 seconds. Conly second and Plaisted third.

In the second heat the rowers were Hanlan, Hosmer, and McKay, John Kiz of Pittsburgh, and Joseph Stanton of Toronto. The latter turned the buoy from the wrong side, and was declared out of the race. Hanlan led from the first, and kept his position without any apparent exertion to the finish, winning in 8 minutes 54-5 seconds, Hosmer was several lengths behind, and McKay was a fair third.

The final heat will be between Lee, Conly, Hanlan, and Hosmer, and it will be rowed on Monday at 4½ P. M. A consolation race will also be rowed on Monday afternoon.

THE OELRICHS CUP IS OURS.

New York's Lacrosse Club Outplays the Famous South Boston Party.

The final games for the lacrosse championship of the United States and the possession of the Oelrichs cup were played yesterday on the St. George ground, Staten Island. Erastus Wiman was among those present. Six clubs had originally entered in this the second series; but, owing to sundry mishaps, the Brooklyn Athletic, Boston and Independent Clubs of Boston, and Yale University could not compete. This narrowed the contest down to the South Bostons and the Druids of Baltimore, the winner of the game having to play the final bout with the New York Club, which had previously won the first series by beating Stevens Institute and Princeton College.

The South Bostons were too heavy for the lighter Druid team, and the latter had not really a chance to display their usual good team play. They were also unfortunate at the goals, only one being obtained from them by good play, the other three being scratches. They were defeated by 4 goals to 0.

A very pretty game of lacrosse has hardly ever been seen than that played by the New York and South Boston clubs. The Bostonians had shown the Druids how to play a rather rough game, but when they tried the same game with the heavy New York team they found their match. Although the home club had much the best of the game from start to finish, yet the visitors from the "Hub" played up well, but not well enough to prevent a defeat by four straight goals. This is the first victory of New York for the Oelrichs cup since five years ago they lost it. This was the winning team:

Goal, F. S. Wheeler; point, D. Brown; cover point, A. D. Ritchey; first defence field, W. J. Robinson; second defence field, H. J. Wright; third defence field, J. A. Miller; first centre field, J. Merritt; second attack, W. Fryor; second attack, W. Meharg; first attack, J. F. McCaine; outside home, G. Popham; inside home, C. Lennox; field captain, E. Cluff.

Umpires, Messrs. C. M. Roberts and G. Ober. Referee, W. Ritchey.

YACHT RACE ON THE SOUND.

The Knickerbocker Club Has Just the Kind of a Day It Longed For.

The Knickerbocker Yacht Club had fine weather yesterday for its annual spring regatta, which had been postponed on account of a calm. The race was a very pretty one from the start to the finish. The fresh southeast breeze of the morning was just what the yachtsmen had been praying for, and it did not leave them all day. It was a fast race, too. The course was twenty miles with a turn.

Soon after 10 o'clock the twenty-five yachts, representing eight classes, left their anchorage off Port Morris and made ready for signal to start. At 10:45 the preparatory gun sounded and the yachts were off, and a moment later had passed the imaginary line east of the boathouse at Port Morris. After rounding Gangway Buoy the fleet sailed for home with a fair wind. The Lizzie R. was the leading boat in her class when a squall capsized her. The oyster dredge Ella Fish helped right her. Beyond a good wetting none of her crew was damaged. The Rover carried away her topmast on the return.

The Amanda passed the line at 2:18.11, followed by the Lorna, Elephant, Rosetta, and Surf in close order. The winners in each class are: First class, Elephant; second class, Black Hawk; third class, Amanda; fourth class, Lorna; Fifth class, Dandy; sixth class, Truant; seventh class, Bon Ton. The Centennial sailed over a ten mile course. The judges, C. C. Baker, John Hyslop, and Theodore Zerega, accompanied the yachts on the steam yacht Mystic.

BACK FROM THEIR TWO WEEKS' RIDE.

The Gentlemen Riders Reached Tremont Last Night and Will Come to Town To-day.

The members of the New York Riding Club, who have just completed a two-weeks' trip through the New England hills, going as far north as Saratoga, arrived at Tremont last evening from Tarrytown. They will spend the night there and will take breakfast at Judge Smith's, at the invitation of the stay-at-home members of the club. The whole party will ride in together. They expect to reach their headquarters in Fifty-sixth street at 1 o'clock this afternoon.

Spoiling a Prize Fight.

SALEM, Mass., June 5.—The citizens of Manchester by the sea, who go to bed at sundown and rise with the lark, looked with alarm and amazement this morning at the unusual spectacle of a hundred men running like frightened sheep before a score of determined policemen. The men trampled on each other in their mad haste to get away from the officers. They reached the wharf, and one or two who were in the rear jumped into the water rather than fall into the clutches of the officers. They were huddled together like sheep in a pen when the officers reached the wharf, but they recovered their spirits when they found they were safe.

These men had gone to Manchester to witness a prize fight between Morehouse and Tobey, two sailor bruisers. For a purse of $250 the men were going to pound each other with bare fists until one of them threw up the sponge. This was their third attempt to fight, and each time the mill has been interrupted by the police. Warrants are out for the arrest of the principals.

The Triton Boat Club's Regatta.

There were over a thousand ladies in the grand stand of the Triton Boat Club, on the Passaic River at Newark, yesterday afternoon, it being the occasion of that club's twelfth annual regatta. There were four events on the programme. The four-oared shell race had three entries, and was won by the Blues by half a length over the Whites, while the Reds were practically out of the race. The winning crew was: S. N. Ogden, bow; J. Clarence Swinnerton, T. F. Kerr, J. D. Freeman, stroke. Pair-oared gig race had four entries. The Whites won easily, the crew being: A. J. Nassy, bow; W. G. Coates, stroke; F. W. Bodil, coxswain. The Yellows came in second. The Red crew capsized in turning the buoy, and the Blues went to their assistance. There were three entries in the double-scull race, which was won by the Reds in a well-rowed race by a quarter of a length over the Whites and half a length over the Blues. The winning crew was: H. C. Roemmel, bow, and G. D. Small, stroke. The six-oared gig race had two entries. The Reds rowed in fine form from start to finish, winning by two lengths. The names of the victorious crew were: H. C. Roemmel, bow, S. N. Ogden, R. M. Phillips, G. H. Phillips, F. Phillips, George D. Small, stroke; A. S. Ward, coxswain. Handsome prizes were awarded the winners.

IT WILL BE A FIGHT TO A FINISH.

If the Referee Decides It a Draw the Men will Fight Again the Same Night.

Apparently the coming match between Joe Ellingsworth and Jack Fogarty, which will take place at Oakland Park Rink, Jersey City, on June 10, will be a hard fight. If the referee should decide it a draw and there is no decision for the $1,000 stake, each man will take ten men and continue the fight to a finish that same night. Ellingsworth is training under Thomas P. Evens at Nyack.

"He is in first-class condition," Evens said yesterday. "He has been working like a beaver, and if Fogarty beats him he will find out that he has had to fight hard for it. When I first took Ellingsworth in hand he was in poor health, caused from too much use of tobacco. Ellingsworth is a first-class all-around athletic, being an excellent pedestrian, jumper, weight thrower, tumbler, horizontal bar performer, and in his work is a good man in using the dumb-bells, as well as a fir-t-class boxer. He expects when he meets Fogarty at Oakland Park Rink to reverse the decision which was given recently in his former contest with Fogarty."

Gus Tuthill, the backer of Jack Fogarty, said last night:

"I have my hands full, for, in addition to his match to box ten rounds with Ellingsworth, for which he is in careful training at Mount Vernon, N. Y., he will also box an unknown on June 8, at his benefit."

Tuthill has also matched Fogerty (win or lose with Ellingsworth) to knock out Hartford Dave at Albany on June 14, in six rounds, with small gloves, Marquis of Queensberry rules, or forfeit $50. After a short rest of five days he will appear at Adams, Mass., and take up an offer of $300 which has been made him to spar any 160-pound man.

"I suspect that the unknown is George Le Blanche the Marine, Tuthill said last night. But Marine or no Marine I will have Fogarty on hand to face him. On June 24 Fogarty is to spar Denny Kelleher of Quincy, Mass., for a purse and an outside stake."

Ad Fowler, Jack Dempsey's old trainer, has charge of Fogarty, and is confident that he will win.

MR. WESTON'S SCHEME.

The Pedestrian Proposes Tests of Physical Endurance Between Military Men.

Edward Payson Weston, the pedestrian, is about to accomplish the undertaking he planned a year ago, the object of which is to subject to such tests of physical endurance as would be encountered in a military campaign the militia of this and other States and those members of volunteer regiments from Canada and England as will care to compete with them. The tests will take place at Glenwood, Glen Island, and the period of contest will extend over eleven weeks. It will begin on Monday, June 21. Each contest is to last 5¾ days of twelve consecutive hours. The competitors must be at least 20 years of age, and have been members in good and regular standing of the militia regiment they represent before Jan. 1, 1885. No professional athletes need apply. Each competitor will be required to march, in heavy marching order, carrying accoutrements weighing 40½ pounds. No entrance fee will be required, but the number of competitors from each regiment will be limited to five. Each competitor will be provided with a tent containing accommodations for himself and an attendant, and suitable food will also be supplied, but he must find himself in certain specified domestic articles. The first week's contests will be between members of the Seventh Regiment, the Twenty-second, Twenty-fourth, Twenty-first, Twelfth, Eighth, Ninth, Sixty-ninth and Tennison Rifles of New Jersey teams. The next six weeks will be devoted to trial contests between militiamen of the different States, and the following fortnight the winners of prizes in the preceding contests will compete. The tenth week the prize winners of the fourth week's contest will compete with Canadians, and the eleventh week, the ninth-week winners will compete with London volunteers. The contests will combine walking, running, and other gymnastic tests in addition to regular military work. Two thousand dollars will be distributed in prizes to each of the two international weeks and $1,000 on each of the others. The judges are to be commissioned officers selected by the military committee under whose auspices the contests are to be held. Among those who have endorsed Mr. Weston's enterprise are the Hon. Noah Davis, Prof. Doremus, Henry Clews, John H. Starin, George William Curtis, Stuyvesant Fish, William Jay, Gen. Josiah Porter, Gen. Varian, Col. William C. Church, Surgeon-General C. R. Francis of London, and other Englishmen.

The proposed "military camp of instruction" will be opened on the date named above with an address by Prof. Doremus. Mr. Weston's undertaking is officially countenanced by Gov. Hill, as well as the Adjutant-General of the State, and he has already sufficiently many competitors entered to render the success of the enterprise quite likely.

Racing at Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, June 5.—The track was slow today.

First Race—Seven-eighths of a mile. Betting—Field, $25; Malva R., $11; Ligan, $12; Kansas, $5. *Malva R.* won by a head. Peacock second, Charley Lucas third. Time, 1:32.

Second Race—Five-eighths of a mile. Betting—Jacobin, $25; Enchantress, $10; field, $11. *Jacobin* won by five lengths, Hornpipe second, Cleveland third. Time, 1:06¾.

Third Race—One mile. Betting—Carter's entry, $50; Spalding, $30; Fenton, $31; field, $30. *Dill* won by a head, Aretino second, Spalding third. Time, 1:46.

Fourth Race—Mountain Stakes; one and one-quarter miles. Betting—Brown's entry (Wallace and Jim Guest) $50; High Flight, $25; Red stone, $12; field, $26. *Wallace* won by a head, Red Stone second, Jerusalem third. Time, 2:12.

Fifth Race—One and one-quarter miles, hurdles. Betting—Ascot, $35; Bucephalus, $25; Judge Jackson, $26; Hallbreen, $10; field, $14. *Ascot* won by five lengths, Hallbreen second, Bucephalus third. Time, 2:22. Judge Jackson fell at the last hurdle, and the jockey, Shelton, was thrown and probably fatally injured.

North Hudson Driving Park.

A large crowd of the lovers of trotting gathered yesterday at the track of the North Hudson Driving Park Association, in Guttenberg, N. J., to witness the closing day of the second spring meeting.

The first event was the unfinished 2:37 class trot, for a purse of $300, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness, in which L. E. Dunham's g. g. Zann had captured the first heat in 2:30. E. R. Thorne's b. m. Lady Barefoot the second in 2:29¾. A. Cesory's b. g. Frank C. the third in 2:31¾. Lady Barefoot, after a close and exciting finish, captured the fourth heat in 2:31¾, and Zahn the fifth in 2:33. Yesterday Lady Barefoot won the sixth heat and race in 2:29¾, Zahn getting second money, Frank C. third, and Dunham's entry fourth.

The second trot was for a purse of $400, mile heats, best three in five. The starters were A. W. Cowan's br. g. Harry Mac, C. F. Canfield's ch. g. Irisdiland, H. Pope's br. m. Nettie T., and Disarow Bros.' br. g. Kelsie. In the pools Nettie T. sold for $50; field, $30. Nettie T. captured the first and fourth heats in 2:26 and 2:24¾, Harry Mac got the third, and Irisdiland won the second, fifth, and sixth heats and race in 2:17¾, 2:22¾, 2:22.

Mme. Marantette, the lady rider and driver, undertook to send the running team, Major Sanke and Evergreen, between a mile and a half and there half the record ever made by such team (1:26) over a half-mile track, she went the mile in the fast time of 1:53¾, passing the half-mile in 55 seconds.

Sporting Notes.

Major Doswell has sold his three-year-olds Eolus and Eutaw to Mr. Cassidy on private terms.

Jack Slattery of South Boston and M. C. Murphy are matched to run 100 yards for $5 at Boston on June 24.

The light weights, Young Badger and Tom Flaherty, have deposited $100 each for a fight to a finish at Fall River, Mass., on June 28.

Ned Conners of Philadelphia offers to meet Jack Langdon in a fight to a finish, with bare knuckles, for a purse of $500, near Philadelphia, inside of four weeks.

A six-round glove fight will take place to-morrow night between Billy Oliver and Tommy Danforth. London prize ring rules. At Jack Goulding's benefit at Hughes's club rooms, Third avenue, near 110th street.

"If W. H. Clark of Liverpool, who challenged me to a one-mile swim for the R. K. Fox medal and $500 a side," William Metcalf says "and will cover the forfeit which I have now up, I will make a match to suit him."

Dominick McCaffrey is practising single scull rowing. He offered to spar Jack Dempsey in New York city, for gate receipts, the latter part of June. Dempsey says if McCaffrey can put up $5,000 for a fight to a finish he can be accommodated.

William Beach, the champion oarsman, is ready to meet Ed Hanlan's representative to arrange a match for $2,500 or $5,000 a side. He has not yet heard from either Hanlan or Teemer, and there is an impression that there is little prospect for the big sweepstakes race at present.

Alfred Kimm, the celebrated long-distance pedestrian, who accomplished 525 miles in the last late national go-as-you-please race, will undertake to beat the running record of six and ten miles to-morrow between Harry Hill's hotel at Flushing, L. I. He will start at noon on the half-mile course, and finish on the small enclosure for a purse.

The eleven Parsees who have come from India to show the Englishmen how to play cricket made their appearance last week in a match with the Lord Sheffield's eleven. The Parsees made an easy win against their opponents 142. Their names are Balia, Baria, Major, Dastur, Patel, Framjee, Moreuas, Bhedivar, Khambatta, Poohkana, and Lisowalla.

Father in Jail and Mother Missing.

William McLachlan, who works for George W. O'Dell of 116 West Twentieth street, was sent to the Island a week ago for assaulting a policeman. His wife, Jennie, who tried to drown herself last summer, disappeared on Friday, leaving her daughters, Annie, aged 11; Jennie, aged 8, and Mary, aged 6, without food in her rooms in the rear of 116 West Twentieth street. Agent Stocking of the children's society learned yesterday that the children were starving, took them to Jefferson Market, and had them committed to public institutions.

Divorced.

Judge Donohue has granted an absolute divorce to Effie L. Sausey from Robert Sausey; to Addie F. Appleton from Maurice Appleton, and a limited divorce to Eliza Nevill from Denis Nevill. Judge Beach has granted a limited divorce to Frida Slabotsky from Selig Slabotsky.

Custom House Removals.

Butler G. Noble, superintendent of the Custom House secure room, was removed yesterday. No cause was assigned. Clerk S. H. Kellogg and Inspectors John B. Hays and Edward Lawrence were also removed.

A GREAT FIGHT AT PIOCHE.

THE MATCH BETWEEN GOTHAM BILL'S YOUNG MAN AND THE BULL.

Probably the Most Amazing Fist Battle that Ever Took Place in Nevada or Elsewhere—A Little Gossip About Eminent Boxers.

I met a rich old miner of a sporting turn of mind the other night, and was much interested in some of his experiences. Said he: "Ten years ago you couldn't have found a livelier town in Nevada than Pioche. It was a typical mining town, and as money was abundant sport was plenty, you bet. Among those who landed there when the tide of prosperity was highest was an English fighter named Baldock, but who was more generally known as 'The Bull,' both on account of his nationality and the habit he had when fighting of rushing in on his man, head down, like the animal he was nicknamed after. He stood about five feet eight inches high, was very sturdily built, and weighed, when in anything like condition, about 170 pounds. He wasn't a very scientific fighter, by any manner of means, but he had great strength and hitting powers, and was as game as a pebble.

"The Bull soon became the pugilistic champion of the town, and as no one in it would face him there, he had to invite competitors from other places. This he did by means of a challenge to any one in the Territory to meet him for a large stake. There was no reply for a week or two, and Gotham Bill, a well-known gambler, who had been out of town for several days, quietly walked into the Blazing Stump saloon where the Bull's deposit was up, and covered it on behalf of an "unknown." He was very reticent as to who his man was, but declared that though he was as tall as the Bull, he would not weigh as much as he by ten pounds. 'I ain't a saying as he kin lick the Bull,' he explained, 'an' I'm a making the match mainly for the interest of the town. Luck's bin pooty good with me of late, an' a thousand more or less won't make much difference to me a hundred years hence. Wot'll you have to drink, boys?' As Bill was known to be quite liberal with his winnings, this story went, and all treated 'Mr. Unknown,' and hoped that the best man might win.

"As might be supposed, the match created considerable excitement. The Unknown did not show up until the afternoon of the fight, and then it was leaked that he had been into town after midnight and had been at once put to bed in Bill's own quarters. The miners all stuck by the Bull, and offered to bet any amount of money on him. None but a few gamblers were willing to back the Unknown, and they asked fabulous odds. By sundown full $20,000 had been posted on the Englishman at four to one, and you thought a man was doing you a favor in betting with you. The fight was the last thing on the programme of the evening, and the tariff of admission was raised at $5 a head. Many of this figure the house was packed. Fully $30,000 was staked on the result before the stage manager announced that the men were all ready, and had agreed on Jack Jerdolomayn as the referee. A moment later they stepped on the stage, and, amid the plaudits of the audience, were presented. The Bull looked fine flesh, and it was evident that he thought he had a sure thing. The Unknown was about twenty-two years old, and was quite a likely-looking young fellow. After the articles of agreement (which were very brief) had been read, the men shook hands and went to their chairs. A moment later time was called and they toed the scratch.

"Hardly had they put themselves in position before the Bull ducked his head and drove at his man. To the surprise of all the Unknown stepped to one side and smashed his opponent square on the nose, sending the blood in his side, and near ly rolling him into the orchestra. The boys could hardly believe their eyes. For a second they almost stopped breathing, and then they gave such a yell that it shook the rafters. The Bull was bleeding when he faced the scratch for the second round, but he looked awfully vicious. He went at his opponent as though he would annihilate him instanter, but he could not get on to him with full force. The Unknown banged him on the nose and eyes until he bled like a stuck pig, though he could not help being generally forced down by the superior weight of the Englishman champion. In this way they fought some ten rounds, and then it began to look as though the Bull's strength was telling on his antagonist, who was getting tired, as much from his own exertions as from any punishment he had received. The Bull was badly bruised and cut; one of his eyes was closed and the other was puffing. His nose was out of shape, and his ribs had been roasted until they looked as though the shells of three-score eggs under his skin. His only advantage lay in his strength. In the eleventh round they clinched and pulled and hauled each other all over the stage, and of a sudden the Unknown's second yelled 'Foul! Foul! He's gouging my man.' They were instantly separated, and the Unknown was taken to his chair in the wings. His seconds and friends threw a quilt over him, and the stage was filled with disputing partisans. So close was the crowd at the entrance in which the Unknown sat that he could not be seen. The Bull denied that he had done anything wrong, and after five minutes' wrangling the referee ordered them to resume fighting and cleared the stage. The rest seemed to pave done the Unknown a world of good, for he appeared as sory as a kitten, and the way he warmed the Bull was a caution. He avoided his rushes with the greatest ease, hit him when and where he pleased, and to make a long story short, he knocked him senseless in the eighteenth round.

"Then there was a high old time. Despite the fact that the miners had lost their money, they felt sight that the Bull had met his match at last. The Unknown presented but few marks of the desperate contest he had figured in. He had a few humps on his face and his ribs were red with the hugging they had received, but that was all. Everybody thought that what Gotham Bill didn't know about picking out a fighting man was not worth knowing, and he set them up at a lively rate for all the boys. The Unknown left the town as suddenly as he came into it, and it wasn't until Gotham Bill shook Pioche and went back to York that we found out the Unknown's secret. It appears there were two of them, or rather that there was a pair of twins named Hurley, who looked so much alike that their best friends couldn't tell them apart. They were splendid fighters, and belonged in Chicago. One of them had seen the Bull on the sneak while disguised, and had told Bill that up the job to take him and the rest of us into camp. As they were tenderfeet, and worked in a camp thirty miles from the town, none of us was on to them. They had several of Bill's pals for confidants, and when the first brother, Jack, went on the stage and fought the Bull they had the other brother hid in a dark place in one of the wings. The manager of the hall was in with the scheme, and had himself leaned a scene against the wall to make a nice dark hiding place. The claim of foul was made in order to get Jack out of the building and to ring Jim, his brother in. Jack merely stepped into a dark dressing room and changed there until the affair was over and every one had gone to the barroom, when he slipped out the back way and got into a wagon in waiting, and was driven off. Jim's tights had been dusted and soiled, so that they looked like Jack's, and a little paint artistically applied represented the punishment he had got. It was a daisy scheme and worked like a charm, but if the boys who were skinned could have caught the Hurleys or Bill, I think they would have strung them up like onions." Very likely they would.

Jack Dempsey says he is going back to England for a two-month pleasure visit after his exhibition with Pete Nolan at Cincinnati. If he makes the trip he will be sure to call on Jem Smith, and there is a prospect of their crossing daddies. Nothing ago Smith's backers made an offer to match their man against Jack. As he goes the boys seem well heeled with American money it looks as though it ought not to be a difficult matter to get them together for the orthodox English champion stake, £200. Burke can afford to wager that, for if he only made a stand-off with Smith it would give him prestige in this country on his return that would speedily repay him tenfold for the capital thus invested. I doubt if he could make a draw off with Smith. The latter is big and strong, and is a hard hitter. He had no difficulty in disposing of Greenfield, and that is more than Jack can say. He was put to his trumps with Alf, as every one knows. If he goes against Smith he will have a good mark to judge the new champion by.

Jack Fogarty and Joe Ellingsworth ought to have no difficulty in deciding which is the best man on June 10. They have bound themselves to fight ten rounds on that date at Hoboken, where Jack Dempsey and Pete M. Coy settled their little affair. If at the end of the ten rounds the referee is in doubt as to which has had the best of it, he can order them to fight on and keep them at it until one or the other is fore to the mast. Fogarty's hand is entirely well, and he declares that he is fit to fight for a man's life. Ellingsworth is very confident, and looks as hard as nails. He will have to fight much better than he did at Clarendon Hall if he wishes to change the record made there.

Jack Dempsey says he Paddy Cardiff are not to fight after all, at least not now, at all events. Jack, it seems, has become convinced that he had better stick to his own class and let the heavy weights alone. Cardiff came East about eighteen months ago and sparred for a week with Dominick McCaffrey. The first time they had the mitts on he tried to be funny at Dominick's expense, but a tight-handed smash on the jaw that knocked him to his knees and caused him to see more stars than he could count in a month brought him to his senses, and during the rest of their bouts he was as nice as pie. He fought a draw with Danny Kelleher, and had great difficulty in getting off that wall, though Danny was as fat as a pig and blew like a porpoise. If Dempsey has doubts as to his ability to get away with Cardiff, he had better leave McCaffrey, Mitchell, and Burke severely alone.

THE GIANTS ARE DEFEATED.

THE CHICAGO MEN WHIP THEM IN A WELL-FOUGHT GAME.

The Home Team's Heavy Batting did Not Count—Brooklyn Makes a Lot of Runs—The Metropolitans Beaten at Baltimore.

The New York Giants faced, yesterday, for for the first time in our town this season, the Chicago champions, their old rivals. Long before the gates of the Polo grounds were opened a struggling crowd had gathered around them, and when the game was ready to begin the turnstiles registered just one short of 11,000. The Seventh Regiment Band was there, and blew out music with great industry for two hours. The visitors arrived in carriages at 3:15, and marched to the home plate, while the band hospitably played, "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." Then the crowd got up and cheered, almost loud enough to be heard in New Jersey. Hundreds of boys and men, who couldn't or wouldn't pay the admission fee, took reserved positions at knot holes and cracks in the fence, and on the neighboring trees and telegraph poles.

The champions batted the ball a little for practice, and the crowd, which appreciated their splendid appearance, cheered some more. Then the Giants came along, marching to the air of "The New York March," each player with his bat held in the hollow of his right arm. They compared not unfavorably with the champions. Physically the teams are more similar than any two teams that have ever battled on the Polo gr