THE HORSE OF HORSES.

A CRITICAL VISIT TO THE PRESENT HERO OF THE TURF.

Ormonde, the Duke of Westminster's Colt, Examined and Described as He Appears in His Box and on the Track—His Trainer

Through all the chronic discussion that has been going on in England upon the degeneration of the British thoroughbred and upon the deplorable effect of the substitution of short races for the old-fashioned longer trials, a star has arisen over the equine world which, in the judgment of many of the most qualified observers, throws all other lights of past years into eclipse. This is the Duke of Westminster's bay colt Ormonde, the son of the Derby winner of 1880, Bend Or. Bend Or in his year laid low the famous Robert the Devil, and besides that he was sired by Doncaster, the Derby winner of 1873, who was a son of Stockwell, the "Emperor of Stallions," so Ormonde surely has a right to speed.

The star of Ormonde arose late in the season of 1885, but when that season closed it was still unblemished, the horse having won the three races in which he had been sent to the post. But the fame of The Bard, Mr. Peck's son of Petrarch, who had won fifteen straight races in the same season, and the renown of Saraband and Minting prevented the true ability of Ormonde from being fully understood. His year began in 1886. His victory in the Two Thousand Guineas, followed by his success in the Derby, crowned with the laurels of the St. Leger, makes him by the record the peer of the three other famous horses that have accomplished these triple feats. Some think they establish his claim to be the best colt ever bred.

This was not a year in which the quality of the British horse was noticeably inferior; quite the contrary. It has been a long time since so many animals of really high class have been seen together. Still, when I reached London in August, the name of Ormonde was on all lips that spoke of horses. Hearing his fame extolled so much on all sides, I determined that, inasmuch as he was being reserved for the St. Leger, and would appear on no race track before that, I would pay a visit to him at his own home. The fact that he was under the care of Mr. John Porter, one of the most famous and non red trainers of England, added additional zest to the expedition, because I knew that in seeing Ormonde I would also see the house and training establishment of one of the best of English trainers.

Mr. Porter lives in Kingsclere in Hampshire, and after I left Newmarket Mr. Kingsclere Downs are famous as old training grounds. It is a great rolling country, rolling on a grand scale, with hills a mile long and plateaus in proportion; and it is on the top of a very high and breezy plain that the Kingsclere horses take their exercise. Mr. Porter's house is in a valley. It was a most comfortable and roomy house of brick at the edge of a small English village, with stables at the back. The lawn was in a state of most complete perfection, and the evergreens, of many varieties, in as perfect condition as the grass. The house bore every mark of comfort and prosperity. The sound of a woman's voice singing an old English melody was stopped when I rang the bell. A neat and prettily dressed housemaid came to the door, and, upon my asking to see Mr. Porter, showed me into the library, to which I went to seek him. I had gone there without an introduction of any sort, and, to tell the truth, I should not have been surprised if Mr. Porter had looked upon me with suspicion as being an interloper. The room into which I was ushered was hung with many pictures of horses, some very good landscapes, and, besides these, there were several pieces of silver, racing cups, on the sideboard. It was exceedingly and pleasantly furnished. Soon the door opened and Mr. Porter appeared.

He was a small, slight man, about 55, with grayish hair and a smooth shaven face, quiet, straightforward, modest, and intelligent. He was well and plainly dressed, and his rather slight and somewhat short figure suggested that he had been a jockey of the old turfman's life, including the jockey's.

"Mr. Porter," said I, "I am from America, and I would like to see Ormonde."

"I will show him to you with pleasure," he said. "Will you have the kindness to come to the stable?" Nothing could have been simpler.

At the back of the house everything was as neat as in front, and we passed through a little courtyard into the stable, where, in a row of six boxes, flanked by his more moderate companions, stood Ormonde. The horse had been run six weeks before, after which he had had a slight let up, and he was just beginning hard work again for the Leger. Without being trained to the last notch, he was close to racing form, and in excellent order to be criticised. I went into his box and his trainer followed me.

His looks somewhat surprised me. He is not a perfect beauty, nor is he a perfect horse to the eye. Probably no jury of horsemen, on examining him, would assign to him the foremost rank among his rivals of all ages, nor even among horses of his own year. His color is dark bay, with the black rising nearly to the boughs. But almost the first point that the observer notices is that there is a great deal of daylight under him. In other words, he might almost be called leggy. Still, the next look will show that he is great both in power and substance, and a minute examination will not controvert this.

Ormonde is a very tall horse. He is about 16½ hands high, and gives you the impression of what might be called a growthy three-year-old, a horse that has not yet reached his full maturity, but will be vastly improved by time. With another year on him all the defects noticeable now will doubtless disappear. The feet are very good, and are free from contracts. The cannon bones are far broader than is usually seen. The knees and houghs are exceptionally big and clean, and as the eye rises further still and surveys the arms and second thighs, his power seems to grow and approach nearer to the ideal of a racer. The shoulders are long, bold, and sloping, but I have seen finer. The neck does not emerge from them with the cleanness often seen in other horses. The withers are moderate, and the body, beginning with its very deep girth, slightly sprung ribs, notably short back and long belly. Considering the hinder parts, the rump is prominent, with a moderate slope to the tail. The hips, without being of excessive breadth, are rather prominent than otherwise. But these, viewed from the side, from the point of the hip to the buttock and then to the hough, will find their mates in but few animals. They are superb. And it must be the splendid conformation indicated there that serves this great runner so well; for, passing around to the rear, it will be seen that the quarters, the seat of power, are very moderate, and even might be called mean by some judges, and they fall with only an average droop to the houghs. Another year on this colt will surely make him a wonder to look at. He now could pass through a barrel or a rather narrow gate. The shoulders, like the hips, are not very wide, the fore legs being well together. But blood shows from chest to tail.

When you pass forward of his shoulders it is slightly different. The neck is noticeably short, with a heavy throttle, and the head, from which looks a playful and good-natured eye, is unmistakably plain. From the tip of the rather short, blunt ear to the lip it is inferior in quality to the body; but the forehead is broad and the nostrils good. Compared with the beautiful black Coracle, by Hermit, that stood in the next box, Ormonde would only take second prize at a beauty show. But on the track. Alas poor Coracle!

Such is the horse at rest—a powerful, rangy, and fine-looking creature. But it was during the next half hour that I was made to realize that in this immature and imperfect structure there was concealed a power that might well justify the view that here is the culmination of the race. It was the hour for the Kingsclere hor-se' exercise, and in a few minutes the crack was saddled, bridled, and mounted, and, with half a dozen of the other racers, a procession was formed to the Downs.

Mr. Porter and I drove alongside, and the string walked along a little path by the roadside up the long hill to the plain. Ormonde going quietly. His first movement would not have reassured one of his exceptional quality. Occasionally with such beautiful animals as race horses the walk is awkward and stiff, and their trot clumsy. In these characteristics not disappearing even in the slow canters. And this was the case with Ormonde. He was no walker and no trotter, and when the lot were finally ranged to take their mile and a half spin it was strange that would have picked out the big bay as the king of all.

But within a hundred yards that uncertainty had disappeared. The powerful frame shed its awkwardness as a circus clown changes suddenly from a gawk to a tumbler. It stretched and gathered well the freedom, elasticity, ease, length, and power that marked a racer of racers, and the great horse strode by the side of his lesser companions like a greyhound among setters. He was not built to stand in stalls and wear blankets and mouth oats. He was built to run, and a runner he is, whose fame shall live as long as his race endures.

Such was his style when the pace was a stiff gallop, and I did not see him move faster, but those who have seen him stretch himself in his races say that he goes then with the same grand ease and perfect grace with which he takes his exercise. To see Ormonde sweep by one would think that he must be possessed of every equine virtue. All minor faults are forgotten when you see him moving, and the perfection of his motion impresses one with the thought that it need never stop. But it did stop at the end of a mile and a half, the black Coracle leading the track to the finish, for it was only an exercising dash, and the St. Leger was more than six weeks away. The team pulled up and walked back to the stable again, where, after bidding me good day, and offering the hospitality of his house with great friendliness, Mr. Porter followed, and I drove back to the Newmarket station, leaving such Ormonde and a master as able gentleman.

The enlargement of the horses to date is known. He won the third of the year's classic races, the St. Leger, starting at the uproar odds of 7 to 1 on, and thus put his name by the side of the memorable trio that had gone before him. These were West Australian, Gladiateur, and Lord Lyon. By likening them to Faith, Hope, and Charity, it would have to be said that "the greatest of these is Ormonde."

The proposed sweepstakes of a thousand pounds each between Ormonde, Melton, the winner of last year's Derby; Bendigo, the winner of the £10,000 and Eclipse stakes, each at 122 pounds, and Mr. Peck's The Bard, a perfect pattern of a horse, but small, with 112 pounds, promises to be the most memorable trial ever contested on the turf. It will be run on Oct. 29.

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THE FIGHT IN THE RAIN.

Ryan and Glover's Mill as Water and in the Water—Hammer and Tongs in the Wet.

From the Chicago Herald.

In full view of Pompeii, blue Vesuvius, and 2,000 drenched men, Paddy Ryan and Frank Glover fought in a furious rain storm on the slippery deck of the ship Pinafore, at Cheltenham Beach, last night.

It was supposed that, in view of the storm, the fight would take place in the pavilion, but about 10 o'clock Billy Lakeman rushed into the big building, and, swinging a dejected-looking umbrella, yelled to the crowd to take seats where the Pinafore was anchored. There was a scramble for the fence encircling the lake, and a wild desire to dodge the ticket taker at the gate and corral a dripping pine chair down where the boat was moored. Then the rain came down as it had not done before. There was a groan of anguish from the patient crowd, a despairing howl for "more umbrellas," and then a stampede was made for the pavilion. Just as the crowd stared upon the gate-keeper "Parson" Davies came to the rescue and told the fugitives to return to their seats, as the sluggers were coming. Despite their cheerless surroundings the 2,000 men found heart to cheer and return to the pine chairs and the pools of water on their seats.

It was just 10:12 o'clock when Paddy Ryan clambered over the rail of the reporters' desk and strode across the gang plank to the good ship Pinafore, moored about fifteen feet from the shore of the lake. He was robed in the majesty of a wet Derby hat and a big red tied quilt. As he took his seat in his corner another cloud upset and down came another heavy fall of rain. Small boys were swabbing off the deck of the gunboat getting it ready for action, but the heavy rain drove them away. Three minutes later Frank Glover walked swiftly over the plank and took the corner diagonally opposite Ryan's. An overcoat protected him from the dampness, and both men wore trousers. While the seconds were preparing the pugilists for their tray the wet and slippery deck was treated to a generous coating of sand.

It had been impossible to agree upon a referee, so two men had been selected to act—John D. Long of the Park Theatre, named by Ryan, and Charles Greenough, Glover's choice. Billy Lakeman acted as master of ceremonies and introduced the principals. Ryan stripped tear pair of maroon-colored tights with short skirts reaching to the knees. Weight was given up, but although he had trained off much of his former fat his stomach was too big and there was too much fat about his muscles to proclaim him in first-class shape. He was seconded by Tom Chandler of Boston and Paddy Carroll. Glover stripped at 158. He wore white tights with black stockings, and was cared for by his backer, Harry J. Franks, and James Faulkner, the wrestler. There was not a pound of extra weight about him, and Frank never stripped in finer form. William Sullivan and Tom Curig were appointed time-keepers.

Several minutes were wasted in putting on the gloves, stripping the combatants, and shaking hands, and when time was called for the first round the hour was 10:28. Both men jumped briskly into the centre of the ring and quickly assumed a guarded position, warily watching each other for fifteen or twenty seconds, shifting about the ring, and occasionally feinting for an opening. Finally Ryan made a cautious lead with his left for Glover's face, Glover countering on Ryan's body, and they closed in a clinch. That was the opening of all the scenes. The clinch lasted to the end of the round, and each kept punching away at anything and everything.

"Hi, there!" shouted Referee Long, jabbing his dripping umbrella between the two. "Hi, there! Break away, there! Break away, I tell you!" and he danced excitedly about them.

But it was no go. There was no break away there. Glover threw up his hand once to show his willingness to break the deadlock, but Ryan smashed him in the mouth, and that settled it. The men hammered away at each other right and left until, when the round was about two-thirds over, some one called time, and both took their seats.

There was no change in the second round. No sooner had time been called than Ryan threw himself on his smaller antagonist and tried to bear him down by his superior weight. Over against the ropes they went, slipping and sprawling about the stage, but never letting go their grip on each other. The sports were greatly disappointed in him, and said he ought to die. Not a drop of blood was shed, strange to say. Jumbo's injuries all being beneath his thick skin. The defeat of Jumbo is partly accounted for by the fact that he had been trained twice within three months, making him weak and stale

A Challenge to American Pugilists.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 18.—Daniel Daly, middleweight champion of the West, to-day published a sweeping challenge to fight any American pugilist of 145 pounds fighting weight, under any conditions his opponent may name. He also offers to fight Jim Kilrain, Fogarty, or Joe Killingsworth, six, eight or ten rounds, Queensberry rules, the other conditions to be arranged hereafter.

Sporting Notes.

S. G. Spier, the champion long-distance bicyclist of the world, who started from New York city on June 1 at 1 P. M. on a bicycle ride on a route for the Pacific, arrived here last evening at 5 o'clock in excellent health and spirits and as sound as at starting, having covered the distance in 109½ days, four and one-half days less than the best record. In giving an account of his long expedition, Mr. Spier says that he has been very leisurely on his journey, rarely starting in before 9 or 9 o'clock in the morning for a 100 miles, and often resting as early as 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Aside from perfect leisure, he frequently travelled miles out of his way for the sake of seeing any exhibition of skill and rapid riding, and it was in one exploit of this nature that he made sixty miles in four hours, at another 116 miles in twelve hours. He has kept a daily journal of every passing event since starting, and on its pages has recorded his impress of the Post office stamp of each town through which he passed. His bicycle was the first that has ever been seen over the rough and broken country from Denver to Salt Lake by way of Leadville, and also the only wheel that has ever turned on the summit of Mount Lincoln. Spier at an elevation of 14,000 feet. The travel from Leadville to Salt Lake, over the broad alkali deserts, was the most tedious of the trip, necessitating many privations and the hardest days of hard work. Mr. Spier declares enthusiastically that he is happily disappointed with his venture and is prepared to say that he can make the same trip again in twenty days' less time. —*San Francisco Chronicle, Sept. 10.*

GOSSIP ABOUT THE BOXERS.

FATE OF A WILMINGTON DARKY WHO ONCE CONFRONTED SULLIVAN.

Paddy Ryan and the Men who Want to Get at Him—McCaffrey Getting Ready for Nolan—The Englishman on American Sports.

When there was talk of matching Merwin Thompson against Sullivan, the latter objected to him, not because he had any doubt of his ability to thrash him, but because he had heard that he was "off color" a bit. He was not always so fastidious, for a friend told me the other night of a fight he had with a darky in Philadelphia. It took place at the outset of his fistic career, before he fought Paddy Ryan. He was the card of the week at Johnny Clark's, and advertised to give $50 to any man who would last him not four rounds, but four minutes. A gigantic negro from Wilmington thought he would take in that L, and he presented himself as a candidate for it. A dusky friend said to him:

"You fool, nigsah; you can't fight wid dat ar white man. He done break yer jaw."

"No he won't," was the reply. "I know he hain't much on er boxer, but I'll done cotch um in my arms and I'll hold um tight till de fo' minutes is ober. Den dat money's mine, shuah."

The darky wasn't able to carry out his programme as he intended. At the call of time he advanced toward "Sully" with extended arms, intending to grasp him. John stepped back as he came in, gave him a chop with the left that dazed him, and then a smash with that right on the jaw that made him turn a complete back somersault. That ended "the fight" and the darky's hopes for the fifty. When he came to his first words were:

"Is I saut?"

The fight between Paddy Ryan and Frank Glover resulted just as Sullivan predicted it would, and just as Dominick McCaffrey thought it would not. Paddy was too big and burly for Glover, who hadn't science enough to avoid his rushes. A much quicker, though smaller man, would have a better chance with Paddy than a strong, slow man, like Glover, who has only strength and hard hitting as his stock in trade as a fighter. When he is opposed by equal or superior strength his hard hitting powers cannot be brought into sufficient play. A relative of Joe Edingsworth told me the other day that Joe had taken a great fancy to a go with Ryan. I think he had better let him alone. Joe is very hard hitter and is a good deal quicker than Glover, but he lacks the weight and strong hits some with the ex-Trojan. When Dom McCaffrey gets through with Peter Nolan he would like to get a crack at Paddy. He was knocked by Ryan in Troy, and he has a grudge against him that he would like to take out of his hide. Some time ago he tried very hard to make a match with him, but Paddy would fight no one then until he had had another chance with Sullivan. I am told that one of the conditions Barney Davis made him when he assumed his management was that there should be no more fight no one until I have met Sullivan" nonsense, and the meet with Glover corroborates my information.

It was pretty hard to get McCaffrey back to the ring, but the man who winners when he gives his word, and having promised to be Nolan he shows that he means to be in prime condition for the encounter by at once going into active training. He is now at Lew Carson's at Far Rockaway, under the care of his old partner, Jack Lunn. Jack looks grown considerably in the past year, and he will strip as pretty a picture of a man as one will want to see. Nolan, too, is training, but not as actively as Dominick. He has poco lar ideas on the subject and believes that the main thing he needs is to look in good condition. He has very little superfluous flesh, and as he is but a moderate drinker he has no trouble in getting into fix. I think he has been seen in the West for a long time.

Young Dorforth says he will give Warren, the Californian, some new ideas on the art of boxing when they meet at Minneapolis. Perhaps the boot may be on the other leg, and he may be the pupil instead of the master. Hogan, the best bred man in Philadelphia, did not long remain the cook of the walk, for last Tuesday he ran across a ringer in the shape of Jimmy Nearey of Illinois. They were to box four rounds at Clark's, but two were enough for Hogan. Nearey hit him where and when he pleased, and at the end of the second round Jimmy cried peccavi.

I think Nearey can get plenty of backing against Warren should the latter come East. Talking of featherweights reminds me that Dick Hollywood, probably the cleverest boutain this country ever produced, is lying very ill at his home on Staten Island, and the chance for his recovery is very slim. Dick in his day whipped Jimmy Elliott, who afterward fought Charley Gallagher for the bantam championship of America. When he met Dick he was but a slip of a boy of 16, and was known among his gang as "Greyback." Dick's greatest fights were with Johnny Keating of Cincinnati. They fought a draw at Long Branch, a fight at Harlem Oval over the ropes, and met a second time at Manager Grove, below Cincinnati. Here Keating broke his arm, and the victory was awarded to Hollywood. For a long time he lived in Indianapolis, where he kept a saloon and was a popular detective. He had aspirations to be Chief of Police there, but he failed to get the place. He is the father of the Hollywood children, now well known in the dramatic profession.

It is sometimes interesting to see ourselves as others see us. An English friend sends me a Manchester paper, which contains a long interview on American sports had by one of its staff with James Carlan of Sheffield. "Jimmy," as he was called here, came to this country to beat all our sprinters. He ran with George Seward at Jerome Park, Pittsburgh Park, $2,500, and was beaten by him after a hard race. For quite a while he was the manager of Pastime Park in Philadelphia, and claims to have introduced dog racing into this country. He is the author of "Yellow Jack Grain," and has now settled down for good in Old England. Speaking of our sports, he says:

I consider the American fashion of collar-and-elbow wrestling to be the most graceful style extant. It is gaining practised by your American cousins and is rarely seen in England. For science and elegance it beats the Cumberland method and Lancashire's rather cruel style far and away. The Cumberland style was first introduced into America, and the Lancashire system, after having a full trial, is already dying out. Men of English birth have always been conspicuous in the past seven years—ever since Bibby of Ashton, now 45 years old, once champion here, went over in 1879 and succeeded in bringing the Cup home. Bibby was always a great favorite with us, and he was a wonderfully smart dog, and that he was almost a gentleman.

Jumbo acted like a cur, and seemed content to lie on the floor and be chewed up. Within five minutes he tried to trip Tug by throwing his weight on him. The Providence dog never let go except to get a better and deeper hold upon Jumbo's throat or neck. At the end of fifteen minutes Jumbo was a whipped dog, and began to whine. The sports agreed him for his cowardice, but it did no good. In twenty minutes Jumbo lay stiff and helpless on the floor of the pit, apparently dead, with Tige gnawing and punching away at his throat with vigor. This was kept up for five minutes more, and then Tige lay down to his work, so tired was he, but still biting away. It was said by nearly all that Jumbo was dead, but his handler would not believe it. Tige was allowed to chew away for 13½ minutes more, when it was agreed to make him off, as Jumbo lie cowed, and if he scratched the fight should be awarded to him. This was done and Tige scratched as lively as ever, while Jumbo's owner held him by the neck. The battle was given to Tige in 37½ minutes. Jumbo is probably dead by this time, but if he is not he never will be worth a cent for fighting. The sports were greatly disappointed in him, and said he ought to die. Not a drop of blood was shed, strange to say. Jumbo's injuries all being beneath his thick skin. The defeat of Jumbo is partly accounted for by the fact that he had been trained twice within three months, making him weak and stale

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LADIES' DAY ON THE HARLEM.

The New House of the Atalanta Club Opened and Some Good Races Rowed.

It was ladies' day at the Atalanta Boat Club on the Harlem River yesterday, and the members threw open their handsome new club house. It is anchored by the side of the old house. The houses are alike in their general appearance, both being built in the old English style of architecture. The new house is larger than the old, and is finished in natural wood, oiled, with stained glass windows in the front and rear. A barge was anchored next the club house in a position where spectators could see from the decks the races from High Bridge down to the club house. The finish was off the club house. A band played Strauss's waltzes and marches on the barge. The fronts of the club houses were gay with fluttering ribbons.

The course was three-fourths of a mile long, and the tide ebb.

The first race was for single gigs, and was won by H. A. McLean in 4m. 45s. H. C. Kudlich was second, ten seconds later.

Then came the single shells with B. F. Barnes, E. J. Stewart, and J. G. Griffiths at the line. Stewart got the lead, kept it, and increased it to a length of clear water. Griffiths put on a spurt at the last, but Stewart won in 4 minutes 19 seconds. Griffiths's time was 4 minutes 29 seconds.

The next race was for double sculls. B. F. Smith and R. A. Budd, H. D. Clapp and A. Woods, E. J. Stewart and B. F. Barnes were the contestants. The start was fair for all. Smith and Budd are rosy-cheeked boys. They gradually pushed their bow to the front. Clapp and Woods were in the rear, and did not pull over the entire course. Smith and Budd won in 3 minutes 49 seconds.

The pair-oared shells, W. E. Cody (bow) and B. A. Jackson (stroke) rowed against E. J. Stewart (bow) and W. W. Smith (stroke). Stewart and Smith would have won but for bad steering, but Cody and Jackson crossed the line first in 3 minutes 47 seconds. Stewart and Smith were 6 seconds behind.

The eight-oared barge race was next contested by two crews. Van Raden was stroke for one, and R. Schile for the other. Van Raden's crew made a poor start, but they overtook the other boat and won in 3 minutes 35 seconds.

Three crews started next in a four-oared shell race. R. Schile, B. A. Jackson, and J. E. Eustis were strokes of the three crews. It was the most exciting and the closest race of the day. Jackson's and Schile's boats crossed the line almost at the same instant. Jackson didn't believe it at first, when he was informed that his crew had won by a distance of five feet.

The regatta closed with an eight-oared shell race, with E. Barnes, R. Schile, and J. E. Eustis strokes in the three shells. It was a close race all around. Eustis's crew won in 2 minutes and 48 seconds, and the other shells were tied.

There was a reception, with dancing and fireworks, in the evening.

BEACH CLOSELY PRESSED.

Gaudaur Holds his Own in the Race Until Near the Finish.

LONDON, Sept. 18.—The boat race on the Thames to-day between William Beach of Australia and Jacob Gaudaur of Canada was won by Beach. The match was for £1,000 and the championship of the world.

Enormous crowds of people lined the river. The start was made at 4:56 P. M., the men getting away well together. Beach immediately got a slight lead, and at the Star and Garter was a third of a length ahead, pulling thirty-seven strokes a minute to Gaudaur's thirty-five. At the creek Gaudaur led by a third of a length. Beach spurted at the half-mile tree. He led by half a length at the Craven Cottage steps, and was the same distance ahead at Crab Tree. At Hammersmith Beach was three lengths in front.

Beach's time to Hammersmith was 8:58. Gaudaur covering the distance in 9:60. At Biffen's Gaudaur began to decrease his opponent's lead, and at Chiswick was only half a length behind. By the time Thorneycroft was reached Gaudaur was half a length in front of Beach, and at the punt the station he was still slightly in the lead. Beach then stopped rowing, and Gaudaur obtained a lead of two lengths. At Barnes Bridge Beach again spurted, and, going to the front, won by four lengths. Beach's time was 18 minutes 56 seconds.

It was a beautifully lovely day throughout. The weather was clear and cool. Before the start the betting was 5 to 1 in favor in Beach.

Point Breeze Park Races.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 18.—The second week of the running meeting at Point Breeze Park closed today with a fair attendance. The meeting has not been as successful as the managers anticipated, owing principally to their inability to secure the presence of first-class horses.

First Race—Three-quarters of a mile, selling allowances. Peacock led to the stretch, where he was passed by Bill Sterritt and Eva K., the former winning by a length and a half. Eva K. second, Peacock third. Time, 1:16. Betting—Even on Sterritt against the field.

Second Race—Purse $250, for horses that have run and not won any money at this meeting; three-quarters of a mile. Willie Martin led to the stretch, where Sam Bennett and George Angus drew out and led the race to themselves, Bennett finally winning by three lengths, Angus second, Lookout third. Time, 1:17¾. Betting—Two to 1 against Bennett.

Third Race—Handicap sweepstakes, 1⅛ miles, with $350 added. Russell led to the three-quarters, where he was joined by Kenilworth, Myrtle coming out rather third to the stretch, where Restless, who had been running six lengths in the rear, made her run, but could not overtake the leaders, Kenilworth winning by two lengths, Restless second, Miller third. Time, 1:56½. Betting—Three to 5 on Kenilworth.

Fourth Race—Selling allowances, one mile. King Bob led to the three-quarters, where Funis took the lead, followed by Myrtle. They had the race to themselves up the stretch, Myrtle winning by a length and a half. Tulse came in a creditable third. Time, 1:44¾. Betting—6 to 1 against Myrtle.

Fifth Race—Handicap hurdle, 1⅛ miles, over four hurdles. Rushbrook took the lead at the start, and was never headed, winning easily by three lengths, Rochester second, Bohemia third. Time, 2:04. Betting—2 to 5 on Rochester.

Trotting in the Poughkeepsie Driving Park.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Sept. 18.—At the Driving Park to-day the unfinished four-year-old trot was won by Marcus, who took one heat yesterday and two heats to-day. Black Jack took one heat yesterday and another to-day. Time—2:36, 2:31, 2:31, 2:31¼, 2:29¼.

The 2:23 class trot was won by H. P. McDonald's Electric in straight heats, Dick Organ second, and Merly third. Time—2:25, 2:24¼, 2:26¾.

The five-year-old trot was won by H. C. Woodruff's Wirsa in straight heats. Time—2:29¼, 2:28¼, 2:30.

Dr. J. McCormack of Poughkeepsie drove the team Bay Tom and Billy D. two trial heats of one mile each, in the first the quarter was made in 38, the half in 1:15, three-quarters in 1:52, and mile in 2:28. In the second heat the quarter was made in 35¾, the half in 1:10¾, three-quarters in 1:46½, and the mile in 2:23¾.

The pacer Frank, sire of Gossiper, was sent a mile in heat 2:16¾, making the quarter in 35, half in 1:09¾, three-quarters in 1:42, and mile in 2:18¾.

Alden Maid, sire of Wilmot, was sent one mile in 2:20¾. Skylight Flint was sold to Henry Hughes of New York for $3,500.

Olympic Athletic Club Games.

The fall games of the Olympic Athletic Club were held yesterday afternoon on the Manhattan Athletic Club's grounds, Eighty-sixth street and Eighth and Ninth avenues.

The 125 yards run (handicap) was won by C. Ward of the West side Athletic Club in 13½ seconds. A. C. Ashley of the same club was second. The 600 yards handicap went to George Tracey of the Wanderers' Amateur Athletic Club of Halifax, N. S. Time, 1 minute 16⅝ seconds. L. R. Sharp of the Olympic Athletic Club was second. C. M. Ams of the Olympic Club captured the mile and a half walk (handicap) in 11 minutes 36⅞ seconds. J. J. McDermott finished second in 10 minutes 41 seconds. The 3-mile run (handicap) was won by H. W. Partridge of the Nassau Athletic Club. Time, 37¾ seconds. J. A. Ullman of the Manhattan Athletic Club was second. The 120 yards hurdle race (handicap) was the most exciting event of the meeting. C. T. Wigand of the Brooklyn Athletic Club was the winner in 15 seconds. H. Mapes was second. Twenty-one runners started in the 220 yards run (handicap). The race was won by C. F. Wilson of the Brooklyn Athletic Club in 23 seconds. Mr. Corbett finished second. F. Dolan of the Scottish American Athletic Club won the mile and a half handicap run. Time, 7 minutes 14⅝ seconds. T. Regan of the West Side Athletic Club was second. F. H. Babcock of the Brooklyn Athletic Club jumped 20 feet 1⅛ inches and won the running broad jump. J. F. Sonurer of the Olympic Club came next. The last event was a two-mile bicycle race. H. Y. Pringle of the Ix ou Bicycle Club won in 7 minutes 58⅝ seconds. J. C. Barclay of the same club was second.

The Kill von Kull Association's Regatta.

Yesterday afternoon the annual regatta of the Kill von Kull Association was rowed off Bayonne. The course was one mile straight away. The water was rough. A senior single scull race was a walk over for W. C. Rowland, Captain of the Staten Island Athletic Club. A four-oared shell junior race in which crews from the Alcyone, the Arthur Kill, and the Staten Island Clubs were entered, was won by the Staten Island Club in 6 min. 44 sec., the Arthur Kills second, in 6 min. 54⅝ sec.

A pair-oared shell race between crews from the Staten Island and the Alcyone Clubs was won by the former in 6 min. 48½ sec. A pair-oared gig race, in which were entered crews from the Bayonne and the Arthur Kill Clubs, was won by the latter in 5 min. 44 sec.

A junior single-scull race was won by H. W. Janssen of the Staten Island Club in 6 min. 8 sec., James Cameron of the Alcyone Club finished 5-7 of a second later. A four-oared shell senior race was won by the Alcyone crew in 5 min. 28½ sec., with the Arthur Kills second in 5 min. 29½ sec. A four-oared barge race was won by the Clifton crew in 5 min. 45⅝ sec., with the Bayonnes a good second. In an eight-oared shell race the Staten Island Club walked away with a crew from the Alcyone Club, finishing in 5 min. 36½ sec.

Knights Templars Off to St. Louis.

There was a most unusual number of people at the Jersey Central Depot, foot of Liberty street, yesterday afternoon, who carried oddly shaped hat boxes, sword cases, and other travelling paraphernalia. The New York Bohiion Knights Templars were starting on their pilgrimage to the triennial conclave at St. Louis. The decoration, numbering 240 men and many ladies, went as an escort to Sir Charles Kennedy, Deputy Grand Master and Acting Grand Master of Knights Templars of the United states. They left New York at 5½ P. M. and will reach St. Louis on Monday morning. There they will be entertained by the local commanteries, and will take part in parades, excursions, and picnics. The New York delegation expects to be back in town on 24th or 25th next.

IN THE BASE BALL FIELD.

CHICAGO STILL LEADING IN THE RACE FOR THE PENNANT.

The New York Club Defeats the Philadelphia in a Sharp Contest—Chicago and Detroit Win—A Victory for the Indians.

Contrary to the expectations of the lovers of base ball in this city the New York Club has been losing ground since it came home, and, as it stands at present, there is little chance of getting second place, and even third is not a certainty. Chicago has been gaining ground, and Detroit has done some good work toward wresting the lead from them. In yesterday's games the Chicagos won, and so did the Detroit and New York Clubs. The fourth victory in the League yesterday was by the Washington Club over the Bostons. In the American Association the only change during the past week was the Brooklyns moving up to third place. The recent fine work of the Metropolitan Club has caused its stock to rise. The victors yesterday were: Metropolitan, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, and St. Louis.

AT THE POLO GROUNDS.

There was a fine game at the Polo grounds yesterday between the New York and Philadelphia Clubs. The home team had in mind the usage they have received from their Philadelphia foes on several occasions this season, and they went in to win. The visitors, on the other hand, were as fully determined not to lose, and the consequence was a stubbornly contested game of eight innings. Keefe and Casey were the pitchers, and of the two Keefe showed the better head work, and did good service in preventing the visitors from bringing their bats close enough together to become costly to the home team. The field work on either side was brilliant at many points, and it was cheered to the echo. Connor did not play yesterday owing to the death of his child, and Dorgan took care of first and Bagley looked after right garden.

For a new man he did sharp work. After the New Yorks had batted out a run from three hits in the first inning they seemed utterly unable to do anything with Casey's curvers, and at the end of the seventh inning they had added only two singles to three hits made in the first inning. As for the visitors, they had not done even a yell as this, for in the same time they had only made five scattered hits.

When the eighth inning opened the score was still 1 to 0 in favor of the home team. Wood started the ball for the visitors by hitting to Ward, who threw badly to first and gave a life. Wood moved up a base on an error by Dongan, and went to third on Fogarty's out. Irwin then lifted the ball over Richardson's head for three bases, bringing in the two men on bases, but he failed to get in himself, as the next man was third out.

It now looked rather gloomy for the home team, as, after such a close fielding contest, with light batting, they had little hope to win. Ewing, however, opened the innings for a single hit. Mutrie then fielded Gillespie's hit, and Dorgan was sent to first on called balls. This put three men on bases, with only one out, and presented a much better chance for the home team. Esterbrook stepped to the bat amid a wonderful stillness, and, after ticking a foul, caught the ball on the end of the willow. The collision caused by the bat and ball coming together and the mighty cheer was simultaneous. Esterbrook's eye at third bag and let out for it with a bull, and he succeeded in getting in the home men on bases had in the mean time scored. This hit won the game, as it proved to be the last inning that could be played, as it was getting dark.

Ewing caught yesterday in good form, but he seems to be very weak, and the game was delayed at one or two points, after he had made a sharp run, to allow him to recover himself. Richardson did very clever work at centre field. The score:

PHILADELPHIA.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	NEW YORK.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wood, l.f.	1	0	1	0	0	Ewing, c.	1	1	6	2	0
Andrews, c.f.	0	1	0	1	0	Ward, s.s.	0	1	2	1	1
Irwin, s.s.	1	3	2	4	0	Mutrie, l.f.	0	1	1	0	0
Fogarty, r.f.	0	0	1	0	0	Dorgan, 1st b.	1	0	10	0	1
Deasley, 1st b.	0	0	2	4	0	Esterbrk, 3d b.	1	2	0	1	0
Farrell, 3d b.	0	0	3	3	0	Richdsn, c.f.	1	1	3	0	0
Farrar, 1st b.	0	2	11	1	0	Bagley, r.f.	0	0	0	0	0
McGuire, c.	0	1	8	1	1	Keefe, p.	0	0	6	2	2
Casey, p.	0	0	0	5	4	Gerhardt, 2d b.	0	1	2	2	0
Totals	2	7	24	17	6	Totals	5	8	24	15	4

Philadelphia	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2—2
New York	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4—5

Earned runs—Philadelphia, 0; New York, 3. Two-base hits—Irwin, Ewing, Dorgan, Richardson. Three-base hits