SURPRISES AT MONMOUTH.

DWYERS' COLT LONGSTREET BEATEN FOR THE STOCKTON STAKES.

A Fifteen-to-one Colt Wins the Atlantic Stakes—Badge Lands the Midsummer Handicap—Queer Riding in the Opening Dash—An In-and-out Day, With Upsets.

The seven thousand persons within the gates of the Monmouth Park Racing Association yesterday saw some good and at the same time very poor racing. The day was lowering, and rain fell at intervals, making the track a trifle heavy. Close finishes were the order of the day, and had the riding of all the horses been above reproach those present would have reason to congratulate themselves on witnessing one of the best day's racing of the season; but, unfortunately, some of the races were open to suspicion, and the judges of the Monmouth Association will undoubtedly hear from it, either directly or indirectly, within the next few days, as the tenor of public opinion was too unanimous to admit of mistake. In a word, there are two hundred shrewd racing men who watched the first race from start to finish, who declare that Tipstaff was not permitted to try for the race at three-quarters of a mile, which Jay F. Dee won. Martin, who made his early reputation as a jockey under the colors of Green B. Morris, the owner of Tipstaff, but who has ridden for Mr. Walter Gratz for the past two years, winning the Suburban and other big races for that gentleman with Elkwood, had the mount on Tipstaff. Mr. Gratz would not permit him to ride any of his horses after two or three bad races in the early spring, and of late he has been riding wherever he could. He rode Tipstaff under a strong pull the entire journey and finished third to Jay F. Dee and G. W. Cook. Everybody saw the horse fighting for his head for the first five furlongs, but the judges said not a word, and the jockey went away without being cautioned.

A prominent turf writer spoke to Mr. Withers before the close of the day about the race. Mr. Withers, who is really the controlling spirit at Monmouth Park, said: "Martin has ridden abominable races one to-day on my own horse, Fitzroy. I cannot understand how he came to be up on him."

Mr. Green B. Morris, who owns Tipstaff, and who, rumor says, backed him, said that newspaper men are prejudiced; that they all bet on the horses, and cannot view a race impartially. He claimed that his colt ran the first half mile in 48¾ seconds, and that he was satisfied with the race Martin rode, adding: "It was the same as that on Barrister in the fifth." In the fifth, Martin never rode better, driving Barrister all the way, and only losing in the last few jumps because Jubal had the most speed. If Tipstaff ran the first half in 48¾ seconds, Jay F. Dee and Orator, both of whom passed him as though he was anchored, must have covered the distance at record-breaking pace.

Tenny, the favorite for the Midsummer Handicap, ran so disappointingly that Fred Littlefield, who rode him, came into the reporters' stand and said: "It wasn't my fault that he didn't get there. I rode him all I knew how, but he either could not or would not run." George Taylor, who was under contract to ride for the Dwyer Brothers this year, resigned to-day because he was not permitted to ride Longstreet in the Stockton Stakes. Garrison piloting the colt at five pounds overweight, Taylor did not relish having to stand down and see his rival reach the honors on his stable crack, and so withdrew from the employ of the Brooklyn brothers, who, during the afternoon, had to employ Garrison and Hamilton.

Badge won the Midsummer Handicap very cleverly, despite the 124 pounds on his back, while Mr. Withers's Æcola colt walked off with the Atlantic Stakes. Reporter beat Longstreet in the Stockton Stakes after his indifferent showing a few days ago, was a revelation. In a word, yesterday's racing was of the most in-and-out character.

THE STOCKTON STAKES.

The Stockton Stakes for three-year-olds at one mile and a quarter was the race of the day. It was considered the surest kind of sure money to bet on Longstreet, even with six pounds overweight up to win, and the Dwyer representative was cheerfully played by his owners and the public at the short odds of 5 to 3 on. The colt's good showing in the Lorillard, after getting off badly and being interfered with, was the best tip they wanted, and it was considered all over but the shouting so far as the first horse past the post was concerned. The colt was the indirect cause of the split between the Dwyers and their jockey, George Taylor, who wanted to ride in the race. He was told that Garrison had been engaged to guide the crack of the Brooklyn stable at 5 pounds overweight, and Taylor promptly handed in his resignation. Sam Brown's brown colt Reporter, a great colt in a track a trifle heavy, was second choice at 4 to 1. Eric coming next at 6 to 1, Cynosure 15 to 1, Philander and Sorento being quoted at 20 to 1 each. The California's second for the American Derby was apparently forgotten by the fickle throng, and he had very few admirers even for the place. Longstreet was first out, and cantered past the post looking fit to race for any amount of money. Reporter, trained to the hour, caused much favorable comment, while Eric, with his awkward shambling gait, so deceptive to the unlinated, had few charms for any but the regular followers of the cheerbooks' stamp. Reporter, Sorrento, and Eric were the first away, Philander and Cynosure last. Passing the stand, Reporter was first by a length, running easily under a strong pull. Sorrento second, three parts of a length before Eric, who was a head in front of Longstreet, Cynosure 4. Around the turn and up the backstretch to the half-mile pole the order was unchanged, Garrison sitting perfectly still and under the impression that he could head the leader any time he wanted to. When the upper turn was entered Garrison gave Longstreet his head, and he went alongside Reporter. That was all right, but when he attempted to head him there was a horse against him. Littlefield gave Reporter his head and away the favorites flew, and the crowd began shouting "Longstreet's beaten!" Such was the case, for despite Garrison's most determined efforts with both whip and spur, Longstreet was gradually being left by the son of Enquirer. Longstreet came again in the last furlong under awful punishment, and Littlefield was compelled to sit down and ride to get Reporter home first. Reporter by half a length. Longstreet just managing to squeeze home second a head before Sorrento, who ran a rattling good race at the end. Eric was very close up, too, and ran well for the weight carried. Longstreet's defeat was a racer for the talent, who thought that the colt would have won beyond a doubt had Taylor been permitted to ride him at 111 pounds. They claimed that the five pounds overweight did the business. Thousands of dollars were lost on the favorite, on whom one of the biggest plunges of the year was made.

The Stockton Stakes, for three-year-olds at $100 each, h. f., or only $10 if declared by Jan. 1, 1889, or $20 if declared by Feb. 1, 1889, $25 if declared by June 25, 1889, with $2,500 added, of which $500 to the second and $200 to third; a winner of two or more stakes forfeit extra. Those not having won such a stake allowed 5 lbs.; maidens allowed 12 lbs. One mile and a quarter.

S. S. Brown's br. c. Reporter, by Enquirer—Bonnie Meade, 111 (Littlefield).....1
Dwyer Bros.'ch. c. Longstreet, 111 (Garrison).....2
J. McCarty's ch. c. Sorrento, 111 (Barbee).....3
Eric, Cynosure and Philander also ran.
Time—2:13¾.

Post Betting—Five to 3 on Longstreet; against Reporter, 4 to 1; Eric, 6 to 1; Cynosure and Philander, each 15 to 1; Sorrento, 20 to 1.

THE ATLANTIC STAKES.

There was great interest in the Atlantic Stakes for two-year-olds, some of the real crackerjacks of the turf being engaged. Torso, the winner of several stakes this year, with the honors of the Double Event fresh upon him, was installed the favorite at 6 to 5 against, and the plungers couldn't get their money on too quickly, arguing that Col. Scott's representative was a soft place in which to touch the bookmakers' pockets. Padishah, Mr. Belmont's handsome colt, was a good second favorite, with 2 to 1 against him, but not a few of the followers of the maroon and scarlet ignored the chestnut son of Blaise for his relative Clarendon, who made his debut in this race. One of the few boys got by St. Blaise, he is one of the grandest-looking colts seen on the turf this year. He appeared big and unfit for a bruising race, and his admirers got their money on at 12 and 15 to 1 straight and as high as 6 to 1 for a place. With George Taylor to guide him his chances with only 108 pounds up were rosier than any of the other outsiders. The Withers's clinking unnamed colt by Stonehenge out of Æcola was lancied by a great many shrewd bettors, and they got the real good price of 15 to 1 against, which was also the closing quotation against Dr. Helmuth and Clarendon. Marie K. was the outsider at 40 to 1. In the first buck, Helmuth took the bit between his teeth and sailed away up the backstretch at a great rate, he covered five furlongs at almost top speed before Littlefield could pull him up, and then he had to be cantered around to the starting point. Of course he had no chance of winning after such a runaway dash, he was never prominent. When the flag fell to a good start, Marie K., Padishah, and Torso were a little in front, and Blue Bird bringing up the rear. Torso went out and made the pace very fast to the quarter, where Æcola colt came strong and within the next furlong headed him as he was swinging into the stretch for the run home, the Æcola colt being a sure winner. Taylor brought Clarendon on the outside in the run home, and he beat all but Mr. Withers's unnamed one, who won easily by two lengths. Clarendon second, was two lengths before Padishah third. Torso came next. Blue Bird did not show himself a worthy brother of the one-time crack Blue Wing, exhibiting no speed at any stage of the distance. Fitzpatrick said after the race that Torso struck a slippery spot on the upper turn and sprawled all over himself. This explains his apparent quitting when collared by the Æcola Colt.

The Atlantic Stakes for two-year-olds of $50 each, $15 forfeit, with $1,500 added, of which $500 to the second; those not having won $2,000 allowed 5 pounds; maidens allowed 10 pounds. Three-quarters of a mile.

B. D. Withers's Stonehenge—Æcola colt, 103 (Hamilton).....1
A. Belmont's ch. c. Clarendon, 108 (Taylor).....2
A. Belmont's ch. c. Padishah, 118 (Garrison).....3
Torso, Starlight, Blue Bird, Dr. Helmuth, and Marie K. also ran.
Time—1:17¾.

Post Betting.—Against Torso, 6 to 5; Padishah, 2 to 1; Æcola colt, Clarendon, Dr. Helmuth, 15 to 1 each; Starlight, 20 to 1; Blue Bird, 25 to 1; Marie K., 40 to 1.

THE MIDSUMMER HANDICAP.

Dave Pulsifer's Tenny was choice of the talent for the Midsummer Handicap at one mile, notwithstanding the fact that he was giving a year and a lot of weight to such good performers as Bella B., Defaulter, Tristan, Fitzroy, and Fitzjames, 6 to 5 being the best odds obtainable as the bell clanged a warning "to post." Bella B. was admired by many who were afraid to back the jade for fear she would sulk and not try to land the money. They hung back until five minutes before the time of starting, when a commission of the Dwyer Brothers simply loaded the ring. The public followed in the wake of the Commissioner and played the filly for all they had in their pockets at 5 to 1 against. Badge, small and ordinary looking, was next in favor at 4½ to 1, but he wasn't played to any appreciable extent, save by a sanguine few, as it was thought 124 pounds would stalk home the winner. The rest were at pretty long odds, Defaulter being the outsider at 25 to 1. It was a capital start for all, Tristan, Fitzjames, and Fitzroy getting off in front with the others bunched, Bella B. and Unite last. Tristan and Fitzjames raced head and head for three-quarters of a mile, leading the field at different points by from a length to two lengths and a half, Bella B., Badge, and Defaulter being the most prominent of the others. Fitzroy was beaten before he had gone half a mile. When well straightened out for home, Bella B., Badge, Tristan, and Defaulter made a great race, Badge forged to the front at the furlong pole, and, despite Hamilton's desperate drive on Bella B., he won by a length and a half. Bella B., second, was only a neck before Tristan, third, a neck before Defaulter, who will do to play soon. Unite was prominent for three-quarters of a mile, but she came in last. The time, 1:44, is fast, considering the condition of the track.

The Midsummer Handicap, a sweepstakes of $50 each, half forfeit, or only $10 if declared, with $1,500 added, of which $500 to the second; one mile.

McClelland & Roche's b. c. Badge, 4, by the Ill-Used—Maggie Mc, 124 (Hayward).....1
Dwyer Bros.' b. f. Bella B., 4, 110 (Hamilton).....2
L. Stuart's b. c. Tristan, 4, 108 (Hayward, Jr.).....3
Defaulter, Fitzjames, Fitzroy, Tenny, and Unite also ran.
Time, 1:44.

Post Betting—Against Tenny, 6 to 5; Bella B., 8 to 1; Badge, 4½ to 2; Fitzroy and Fitzjames, each 12 to 1; Tristan and Unite, each 15 to 1; Defaulter, 25 to 1.

THE FIRST RACE.

There was a vexatious delay at the post for the opening race at three-quarters of a mile, for which Mr. Withers's Orator and the Auburndale Stable's Jay F. Dee were installed warm favorites, the former having a slight lead in the betting. G. W. Cook, the Western phenomenon, that hasn't been in the East long enough to be exploded, was next in favor and Tipstaff followed him. It was pretty long odds against any of the other starters, Burch, Jay F. Dee, and Telie Doe kept the field at the post for twenty-five minutes while they went through a series of evolutions that were anything but pleasing to those in the stand who had money on the result. They were finally sent away to a good start for all but Niagara and Burch, the last named being left at the post. Tipstaff, G. W. Cook, and Jay F. Dee in front, Jay F. Dee had run a mile altogether in the many breaks, but he sailed out in front before a quarter had been covered, and was never afterward headed, winning easily by two lengths from G. W. Cook, who came strong in the stretch. Tipstaff third. Orator showed some speed for half a mile, when he shut up like a jackknife.

Free handicap sweepstakes of $25 each, if not declared out, with $700 added, of which $150 to the second; three-quarters of a mile.

Auburndale Stable's b. c. Jay F. Dee, 3, by Tympanum—Lena, 112 (Bergan).....1
J. N. Carlisle's b. g. G. W. Cook, 4, 112 (De Long).....2
G. B. Morris's ch. c. Tipstaff, 3, 103 (Martin).....3
Orator, Sir Joseph, Tristran, Telie Doe, and Burch also ran.
Time, 1:16.

Post Betting—Against Orator, 12 to 5; Jay F. Dee, 8 to 1; Tipstaff, 6 to 1; G. W. Cook, 8 to 1; Burch, 10 to 1; Sir Joseph, 12 to 1; Telie Doe, 12 to 1; Niagara, 25 to 1.

THE FIFTH RACE.

The fifth race at one mile and three furlongs was productive of very spirited betting. Inverwick and Jubal being warm favorites at 9 to 5 and 2 to 1, while the other contestants were considered so evenly matched that 6 to 1 could be had against any of them. Barrister and Inverwick got the jump for the mile, running head and head. Then the Withers candidate had enough of it, and as she dropped back beaten Stockton and Jubal challenged Green Morris's colt and together they had it lively to the end. It was nip and tuck, but Jubal won by a very short nose, Barrister second, a length in front of Stockton. Old Lelex sulked and was never in the hunt.

Free handicap sweepstakes of $35 each, if not declared out, with $1,500 added, of which $350 to the second and $150 to the third. One mile and three furlongs.

C. Littfield's b. c. Jubal, 3, by Jim Johnson—Avoca, 106 (F. Littlefield).....1
G. B. Morris's ch. c. Barrister, 4, 104 (Martin).....2
Louis Stewart's ch. h. Stockton, 869 (Hayward, Jr.).....3
Inverwick, Sellick, and Lelex also ran.
Time, 2:27¾.

Post Betting—Against Inverwick, 9 to 5; Jubal, 2 to 1; Stockton, 6 to 1; Lelex, Barrister, and Sellick, 8 to 1.

THE SIXTH RACE.

The selling race, which had twelve starters, was a regular love feast for the talent. Benedictine being a strong favorite at 11 to 5 against, and he carried them through in great style, winning in hand after showing the way for the last seven furlongs. Endurer ran prominently for three-fourths of a mile, when he shut up, as Long Knight and Kermess went up and tried to reach the leader. Long Knight secured second place by a length. It was the second race for Charles Littlefield, and his friends were jubilant over his success. It was his son Fred's third winning mount, and altogether it was a big day for the Littlefield family. Benedictine was bought in for $2,505, an advance of $505 over his entered price. Irma H. was tipped to win but she was never prominent, a bad fall before the race when Benedictine knocked her down evidently destroying her chances.

Purse $750 for three-year-olds and upward, the winner to be sold at auction for $3,000; if entered to be sold for less, three pounds allowed for each $500 down to $2,000, then three pounds for each $250 down to $1,500, then two pounds for each $125 down to $1,000, then three pounds for each $125 down to $500. One mile.

C. Littlefield's ch. g. Benedictine, 4, by Hurran—Zicka, 110 (F. Littlefield).....1
J. E. McDonald's b. g. Long Knight, aged, 106 (Hunter).....2
R. Tucker's ch. f. Kermesse, 4, 105 (Martin).....3
Vivid, Maia, Sam Wood, Boccacio, Syntax, Endurer, Housatonic, Jimra H., and Bohemian also ran.
Time, 1:45½.

Post Betting—Against Benedictine, 11 to 5; Long Knight and Hurran, 7 to 1, each; Sam Wood, 8 to 1; Boccacio, 10 to 1; Maia, Endurer, Housatonic, each 12 to 1; Vivid, 15 to 1; Kermesse and Syntax, each 20 to 1; Bohemian, 40 to 1.

THE ELBERON STAKES.

Dr. Street's Bellair was the favorite for the Elberon Stakes at three-quarters of a mile, but he was closely pressed by Ben Harrison, who had hosts of followers at 2 to 1 against; Adolph was third choice at 3 to 1, while Gloster was backed at 5 to 1; Village Maid and Huntoon were outsiders at 12 to 1 each. Huntoon led for half a mile, when Bellair and Ben Harrison moved out, and in the last furlong had the race to themselves in a neck-and-neck finish, Bellair winning by a neck from Ben Harrison, Adolph third, four lengths away.

The Elberon Stakes, a free welter weight handicap sweepstakes of $25 each, if not declared out, with $750 added, of which $150 to the second; horses may be entered by persons not their owners; gentleman riders allowed 7 pounds; three quarters of a mile.

S. W. Street's ch. c. Bellair, 3, by Rayon d'Or—Florence, 115 (Hamilton).....1
H. Hendy's ch. g. Ben Harrison, 3, 125 (Taylor).....2
P. H. Ryan's ch. g. Adolph, aged, 130 (Hayward).....3
Village Maid, Huntoon, and Gloster also ran.
Time, 1:17¾.

Post betting—Against Bellair, 6 to 5; Ben Harrison, 2 to 1; Adolph, 3 to 1; Gloster, 5 to 1; Village Maid, 12 to 1; Huntoon, 12 to 1.

NOTES.

Mr. D. D. Withers's two-year-old filly, by King Ernest, out of Miss Bassett, ran away at Monmouth yesterday morning while at work and broke one of her legs. She will probably be destroyed.

Badge ran a splendid race with the top weight in the Midsummer Handicap.

Somebody got mired over Bella B.

Clarendon is a grand looking colt, and is a credit to his imported sire. He is a bay St. Blaise, a rarity as they go so far.

The Æcola colt made a runaway race of it in the Atlanta Stakes.

Tubal is quite a high-class colt.

Bella B. is pretty ugly tempered yet, and has to be worked the reverse way of the track.

It was such an easy thing to pick the winners yesterday.

Harvest Handicap Weights.

Secretary J. R. Coster has assigned the weights for the Harvest Handicap, to be run at Monmouth Park on Tuesday. Hanover and Kingston are on top with 129 pounds each. The others follow in this order:

Hanover	129	Stockton	105
Kingston	129	Kelian	114
Firenzi	124	Brother Ben	107
Exile	124	Hindoo	103
Inspector B	124	Hyperion	104
Badge	124	Barrister	104
Eurus	123	Inverwick	105
Tea Tray	120	Forest King	104
Taragon	119	Piller	104
Marauder	119	Gatepaw	107
Raceland	119	Fortunio	98
Lagerard	119	Pentamoone	101
Tenny	110	Bromosmare	104
Charley Dreux	110	Bohemian	103
Lizzie	115	Wagram	102
Judge Murray	113	Diablo	109
Richmond	112	Rustler	98
Gen. Hyster	112	Munson	99
Buddhist	108	Sahhian	90
Aurelia	117	Violanti	93
Defaulter	111	Rebecca	90
Bessie June	110	Quietly	90
Ro la B	110	Donley	90
Tristan	107		

RACING AT WASHINGTON PARK.

The Great Western Handicap Won by the Lightly Weighted Elyton.

CHICAGO, July 13.—The races at Washington Park to-day were witnessed by 10,000 spectators. The track was heavy and the time slow. The leading event was the great Western Handicap, at a mile and a half, which the lightly weighted Elyton captured with difficulty. One of the main features was the success of Barnes in the saddle, he riding the winners of four of the seven races, including the Great Western.

First Race—Purse $500; maiden two-year-olds; five-eighths of a mile. W. G. Morris won, Morse second, Kiro third. Time, 1:07.

Second Race—Purse and conditions as in the first; five-eighths of a mile. Alarm Bell won, Lottie S. second, Cameo third. Time, 1:06¼.

Third Race—Purse $600; selling; three-year-olds; three-quarters of a mile. Leo Brigel won, Cassandra second, Vermont third. Time, 1:20¼.

Fourth Race—Purse and conditions as in third; three-quarters of a mile. Mamie Fonso won, Angelus second, Cora Fisher third. Time, 1:20¼.

Fifth Race—The Great Western Handicap, $50 each, half forfeit, with $1,500 added, worth $2,365 to the winner; 1½ miles. Starters—Elyton, 4, 93 (Barnes); Flood Tide, 3, 97 (Hart); Gilford, 5, 103 (Stoval); Kaloolah, 114, and Beaconsfield, 107. Betting—8 to 5 against Elyton, 11 to 5 Kaloolah, 5 to 2 Gilford, 8 to 1 Beaconsfield, 15 to 1 Flood Tide. Flood Tide was first off, but was easily passed by Gilford, who led Flood Tide a neck for the first six furlongs. At the end of a mile Elyton, Gilford, and Flood Tide were head and head, Kaloolah and Beaconsfield being already beaten. At the end of the next quarter Gilford was out of it and Flood Tide led into the stretch, where Barnes cut loose with Elyton, and, taking the lead, won by a length and a half from Flood Tide, with Gilford third, six lengths behind Flood Tide. Time, 2:44¾.

Sixth Race—Purse $600, allowances; eleven and one-eighth miles. Kate Malone won, Bledsoe second, Lela May third. Time, 2:02¾.

Seventh Race—Purse $600; mile heats. Betting before first heat—Three to 5 against Famine; 5 to 2, Unlucky; 5 to 1, Dad; 15 to 30 to 1, the others. After first heat—One to 5, Famine; 8 to 1, Dad and Unlucky; 50 to 1, Fosteral. Famine won both heats as she pleased, Dad second in the last heat, and Unlucky third. Bon Air and Effie H. were distanced in the first heat. Time—1:49, 1:48¾.

Sale of Kentucky Trotting Stock.

LEXINGTON, Ky., July 13.—The Fairlawn stud reports the following important trotting sales:

To Justice Johnson, Barre, Mich.—Earl of Aberdeen, bay colt, 2, by Aberdeen, dam by C. M. Clay, Jr., for $1,750; Lizzie Medium, bay filly, 3, by Happy Medium, dam Lizzie Bowne by Magic, for $1,500.

To W. T. Withers, Jr., Lexington—Whippoorwill, bay filly, 4, by Aberdeen, dam by Edwin Forrest, for $1,500.

To L. C. Stevenson & Co., Malvern, Iowa—Aberdeen, bay colt, 3, by Aberdeen, dam Almira by Almont, for $1,500.

To M. A. Shallcross, Louisville—Augustine, bay mare, 8, by Pancoast, dam Augusta, dam of Chanter, 2:20¾, for $2,500.

To W. H. Linell, Pontiac, Ill.—Fayette Medium, gray colt, 4, by Happy Medium, dam Lisee, by Alexander's Abdallah, for $1,200.

Axtell Described.

From the Spirit of the Times.

JANESVILLE, July 6.—Axtell was far from being ordered for his mile in 2:15¾. He was but recently from the stud, where he received seventeen mares, high in flesh, weighing 1,050 pounds, 50 pounds more than he will carry when he lowers the stallion record. Axtel has grown and filled out grandly since last season. He now stands 15.2¾. In his conformation he is what may be termed evenly balanced, same height at withers as rump. He wears a five ounce shoe forward and three ounces behind. His gait is simply perfection, as it must be to trot that fast with such light shoes.

Did He Run the Mile and a Half in 2:30?

From the Chicago Tribune.

Spectators at Washington Park on July 10 in all probability saw a horse run one mile and a half faster than any other horse has ever run the distance. It was Beaconsfield who made this wonderful performance, and he was not among the winners. He did not even get a place, but he ran much faster than the horses that were placed. It was in the handicap, the second race, won by Elyton, whose time, 2:30¾, was within half a second of the record. When the flag fell Beaconsfield was seventy-five yards behind every other horse in the race. He sulked as usual and did not break away with the others, and Sheridan left him. When the wire was reached he was in fifth position, about six lengths behind the winner, and showing more speed than any of his competitors. He must have run the distance in 2:30 or better.

Why Romeo Died.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

FRESNO, July 5.—The valuable four-year-old trotting stallion Romeo, owned by the Owens Brothers, died at their ranch yesterday. Romeo was one of the best bred horses in the county, being sired by sultan out of a thoroughbred mare. Owens Brothers bought him when a yearling, paying $1,000, and he had recently developed great speed. His death is said to be due to the malpractice of a travelling fakir who claimed to be a veterinary surgeon, and who doctored the horse for a disease he never had.

A Toad Tackles a Snake.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

"I once saw something when a small boy," said an old stager yesterday, "that I never heard of since, and that was a toad attack a snake, after the latter had been forced to let go his hold. It was in a blacksmith shop built of logs in Indiana county. The blacksmith was working at his anvil when a squeaking sound was heard at one side of the shop which attracted attention.

"Turning to look, the blacksmith and the narrator saw a large toad dragging himself into the inclosure, with a 15-inch garter snake following. The snake had the hind leg of a toad swallowed. With a pair of hot tongs the blacksmith caught the snake, which released its hold as quickly as possible, instead of hopping away, as was to be expected, the toad turned itself around and, leaping six inches high in the air, came down on the body of the snake and bit it savagely."

At that time the narrator was innocent of even the taste of whiskey, so that he says he knows it was a real snake that he saw, and no illusion. When he told the story to his father he was forced, to save himself from a whipping for lying, to bring the blacksmith for proof, and as the latter was an elder in the Presbyterian Church and a teetotaler, the rod was laid away for the time being.

Dan Warner's Erudite Saurian.

From the Eustis Lake Region.

In this paper a few weeks ago mention was made of an alligator about four feet long that had been captured by Dan Warner on the sidewalk in the most thickly settled portion of our city. Dan felt when he saw the young saurian that it possessed unusual intelligence, and set about to teach him. It is perfectly wonderful the progress John has been disciplined into since made. The bake shop is to him a revelation. He will, after the bread is taken from the pans, take the utensils and pile them in the corner as neatly as a boy could do it.

The first trick he learned was to stand on his tail and hind feet. It is pathetic to see him as he assumes the position and crosses his fore feet over his breast, awaiting the loaf which is to be given him as a reward for his skill.

He is fond of cider, and Schmidt & Warner have found it necessary to place the barrel beyond his reach, as he has half a dozen times turned the faucet.

The boys do not mind a single glass, but he does not seem to have learned the art of cutting it off, and he was not discovered until a gallon or more had been wasted.

The music by the band pleases him hugely, and he will lie in front of the band room every practice night until the last note is heard.

His harness will not be done for another week, but Dan is confident he will drive well.

Dan has given him a huge paimleaf fan, and he handles this with the utmost grace in keeping off the flies, which annoy him excessively.

Pussy's Ride Tramp-Fashion.

From the Hartford Post.

One of Boston's handsomest Maltese cats arrived in this city recently on the 12:45 express via Springfield. She secured passage in a drawing-room car, or rather under it, just before the train left the Boston and Albany depot in Boston, and came through in a hurry. The cat got on the train and settled herself comfortably upon the brake beam of one of the trucks just before the train started, but supposed she would jump off when the car began to move. On the contrary, the cat fastened her claws into the woodwork all the firmer when the train started, and during the ride of 100 miles maintained her position undisturbed by the whirlwind of sand and gravel that would have smothered an ordinary mortal.

When the train reached this city she was still in the possession of her senses, and had become so firmly attached to her new home that the porter could scarcely pull her off the truck. When he did she, however, quickly ran back and took up her former seat on the truck, and it was only when the station baggage master again pulled her off and held her in his arms till the train moved away that the cultured cat could be persuaded to remain in the capital city. She was in the best of spirits in making her rapid transit, and when Hackman Banning placed her on the back seat of his hack she immediately began to purr contentedly, and rode in great style to her new home on Barber street, running her claws down into the cushioned seat and pulling slowly upon the cloth in her musical peace of mind.

A Robin Vanquishes a Cat.

From the Kingston Freeman.

This morning a young robin, in trying to fly from its nest in one of the tall trees in front of the Court House, fell on the grass plot. Its three out spread into the yard and taking the bird into its mouth started with it toward the barn. The bird gave a cry, when the parent robin flew from the tree and attacked the cat with such firmness that she dropped the bird. The cat then backed up against the fence and showed fight. The old bird, not one bit dismayed, with bill wide open, feathers ruffled, and screaming with rage, struck the feline twice. The fur flew. The cat was so frightened that it ran away as fast as it could and crawled under the corner of a building.

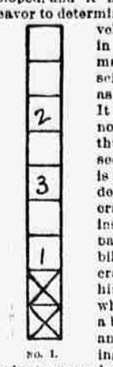
OBSERVATIONS AT THE GAME.

THE VARIOUS METHODS OF SCORING BY DIFFERENT INDIVIDUALS.

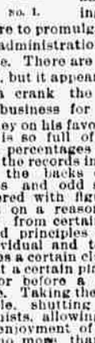
The Exhibition of the Peculiarities of Human Nature, and the Development of Enthusiasm Over the Display of Skill.

It is not difficult to define the degrees of enthusiasm for the national game, but it is difficult to apply the degrees, because all from the mildest admiration to the wildest enthusiasm may be developed in one individual, the surroundings and the occasion causing the difference. The mere admirer, who glances at a bulletin board as he passes by and occasionally looks over the record to see how his favorite club stands, may see only a few games played and be satisfied, while another individual who watches the record closely, but for one reason or another is prevented from seeing more than one or two games in the season, may be enthusiastic and not easily satisfied. Neither could keep a correct score of a game. Both would have enjoyment in watching the display of skill and agility, and would at times become imbued with the excitement of the occasion, but while one would consider it a mild dissipation or a short relief from the cares of business, the other would consider it an occasion of which he would have pleasant memories many days afterward. If, however, with three men on bases, a heavy hitter of the home team taps the ball over the fence for a home run, the enthusiasm of each is only confined by the strength of the vocal cords and the standing room in front of a seat.

Between the extremes of enthusiasm are many degrees, some dormant and others developed, and it might be interesting to endeavor to determine the possibility of the development of various degrees in any one individual. We may yet have students of the science of base ball enthusiasm as of the science of the game. It has become a custom even now to call most base ball enthusiasts cranks, but the term seems to be misapplied, and it is about time for a more exact definition. It is a fact that the crank pure and simple is an insignificant member of a base ball crowd. Any man of sensibility objects to being called a crank when the term reminds him of the flighty individual who wears a base ball suit, with a big red heart on the breast, and disturbs religious gatherings through his unquenchable desire to promulgate his notions as umpire of the administrations of the affairs of the universe. There are extreme enthusiasts, it is true, but it appears to be only fair to designate as a crank the enthusiast who neglects his business for the game, bets too much money on his favorite club—when it is losing—has his head full of hits, errors, and percentages that he carries the records in his head and has the backs of old envelopes and odd slips of paper covered with figures to show that on a reasonable deduction from certain well-recognized principles and average individual and team performances a certain club is bound to be at a certain place in the list by or before a certain fixed time. Taking the crowd as a whole, shutting out the extremists, allowing all the fullest enjoyment of the game, it is no more than reasonable not to be harsh with any enthusiast who shouts himself hoarse and acts like a wild man, especially in the ninth inning with the home team ahead.



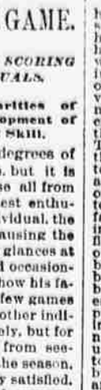
No. 1.


No. 2.

It is not surprising that so many are interested in the display of skill, agility, sureness of vision and quickness of perception. While some may be interested only in the work of the team as a whole, others have their favorite individual players. The pitcher and the catcher are more closely watched than the other players, for on the puzzling curves and stopping and throwing of the ball depend the most important points of the game. But the big first baseman, with his long reach and capacious hands, the agile second baseman, the accurate short stop, the trustworthy third baseman, and the fleet outfielders have their admirers. The difficulties of the work of each player are fully appreciated, and while brilliant plays receive the loudest applause from the crowd, the special admirer sees in what is regarded as ordinary playing displays of nerve and muscular action that are not appreciated by less interested spectators. Readiness to step and the successful accomplishment of a special effort by a player is only exceeded by the readiness to condemn an inexcusable muff.

Next to the study of human nature as exhibited on the grandstand and the bleaching boards is that of the methods of scoring the game. Comparatively few persons keep the full score. It is easy enough to keep in the head a score of the runs and outs, but the base hits, errors, over-throws, bases, &c., require a score card or the brain of an expert mathematician. Some constant spectators are able, through their familiarity with the players, to keep a more complete mental score than the occasional spectator who depends on the card for the name of the player at the bat. The latter may have names of the players on the tip of his tongue, but not be able to distinguish Gore from Ewing, or Smiling Mickey Welch from Counsellor John Ward. If he misses the first inning he has to inquire of his neighbor, "Who's at the bat now?" If the neighbor happens to be a constant spectator there is a slight tinge of contempt in the reply. It is very annoying to the moderate enthusiast to be frequently asked by inquisitive individual questions that any careful observer would consider unnecessary. Any one seeing Roger Connor once, for instance, should never forget him. At the same time the well-informed spectator will readily give points about players of visiting teams.

The six examples of scoring are from as many score cards of a game between New York and Pittsburgh. The fourth inning was particularly lively. Three-base hits, two bases on balls, and two runs being the features. The difference between the methods of individuals could not be more striking. Illustration No. 3 shows the runs by cross marks and the outs by numerals. It is very simple, and allows the scorer to see at a glance how the score stands, but the information conveyed is limited. The very simplest, as shown in the second cut, has only a single mark for each run and small circles for the outs. Women take great satisfaction in being able to make this score. The boyish enthusiast tries to keep a more comprehensive score by taking in base hits and bases on balls. The third drawing is a specimen of his memorandum. He always has a sharply point lead pencil, and, using the outs, by neat and small marks, keeps a clean and useful score. The strictly private or very exclusive score card is unsatisfactory often to the maker, and always to the overlooker. You can see an example of it in cut 4. For the benefit of those it may be sufficient to prevent a repetition of the frequent inquiry, "Let me see your score card, please?" by the careless scorer after visits to the bar, but by a few observations its key may be obtained. What earthly reason the scorer had for using A. M. and H. in scoring the outs of O'Rourke, Ewing, and Ward in that particular inning, is known only by the maker of the score and the maker of the scorer. Almost any other score card on the stand would give the key to the characters, but the underlying principles that actuated the use of them are mysterious. The careless scorer often gets mixed, especially if he tries to record more than runs and outs. See what hieroglyphs there are on No. 5. His card is always dirty and crumpled, and his errors outnumber those on the field. The comprehensive score is readily understood by the average spectator, and was explained with pleasure by the maker. The sixth cut is an illustration of a page of B. P. Avery. The first man at the bat in the inning referred to by the score gives O'Rourke a 6, with a small numeral close by to indicate the first out. Then Whitney is credited with a base hit by a dot in the upper left-hand corner of the square or first base. If it had been a two-base hit it would have been indicated by a dot in the upper right-hand corner or second base, if a three-base hit, by a dot in the lower left-hand corner, and if a home run by a dot or small H in the lower right-hand corner. If he had stolen the second before Crane advanced him by a base hit, the feat would have been indicated by S in the upper right-hand corner, or second base, but the advances by Crane and Gore, who made a base hit, are not indicated except by leaving blank the other corners of the square. The runs are indicated by R, the larger the better, unless the team is in a batting streak, and a player goes to bat more than once in an inning. Tiernan took first base on balls, and the fact is indicated by a small B in the upper left-hand corner or first base. Ewing was the second out, and Connor took his base on balls. Ward tried to bring in the men on the bases, but he popped up a fly that was easily caught. The various plays are easily distinguished in this score, and the method is not too complicated for general use. It is wiser to not attempt to be extremely comprehensive by recording the errors, wild pitches, assists, and other plays.



No. 6.

Two Cockeyed Cravats Coming.

We copy from the *Men's Outfitter* the designs of two interesting cravats that have appeared in Paris. They are described as "dress bows," prepared for the fall trade.

The original dimensions of this tie are six

and three-quarters inches in a straight line, from tip to tip. The width of the middle band, measured from top to bottom, is about an inch and a half.

The beauty of the second cravat is a trifle more complex. It has a fold like the usual tied

cravat, which, we suppose, elevates it above the other in the scale of values applied to neckwear. It is a shade less extensive. Measuring it from tip to tip of its pinions, as one measures the spread of an eagle, it covers but 6½ inches.

But will these lovely and strictly original conceptions cross the ocean? Will we have them in America?

Wait, watch, and see.

Minisink Valley Historical Society's Celebration.

GOSHEN, N. Y., July 13.—The Minisink Valley Historical Society, which was organized at Port Jervis a few months ago, will hold its semi-annual meeting on the anniversary of the battle of Minisink, July 22, in the grove of Levi Cuddeback, at Cuddebackville, on the line of the Port Jervis, New York and Monticello Railroad. A review of the society's work since organization, which comprises the collection and preservation of historical papers, documents, data, &c., for the historian, will be given. Addresses will be delivered by C. E. Cuddeback of Port Jervis,