DOMINO GREAT NO MORE.

THE FAVORITE FOR THE SUBURBAN BEATEN BY LAZZARONE.

A Most Unsatisfactory Race, with Owner Beard and Trainer Donohue Before the Stewards to Explain the Victor's In-and-out Running—Hamilton Substituted for Murphy, and the Ring Badly Scorched by Those Who Were in the Secret—Domino Collapsed Three Furlongs from Home, and Sir Walter Was Winning When Lazzarone Rushed Up—The Victory of the Outsider Received with Comparative Silence—Murphy Says Lazzarone Had Speed to Sell Sometimes and None at All at Others—Sir Walter Has His Usual Game Race—Handspring a Grand Colt—A Large Crowd Present.

A brilliant assemblage of 15,000 persons paid tribute to the American thoroughbred by thronging the grounds of the Coney Island Jockey Club, at Sheepshead Bay yesterday. The desire to see the twelfth Suburban Handicap decided had brought a representative gathering from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and a dozen other cities to the magnificent course. All, or nearly all, came with the expectation of witnessing the triumph of the great public idol, Domino, the property of Messrs. J. R. and F. P. Keene. In no former year had such a decided favorite been slated for any of the great races of the season. The result of the contest was a great surprise, Domino collapsing utterly three furlongs from home and being no better than fourth at the finish, while victory perched upon the colors of the Erie Stable, their four-year-old, Lazzarone, by Spendthrift, out of Spinaway, winning most decisively, with the Oneck Stable's Sir Walter second and the Blemton Stable's Song and Dance third.

DEAD SILENCE AT THE FINISH.

There was scarcely a ripple of applause when the outsider dashed to the front on the home-stretch, and few, except those who profited by the victory, crowded about the finishing point and cheered horse and jockey on their return to the weighing stand. To be plain, the race for the twelfth Suburban Handicap will long be remembered by those who saw it, and by the participants, the Jockey Club having concluded to investigate the running of the horse Lazzarone. A most searching inquiry will be made by the stewards to establish the guilt, if there be any, in the handling of the horse.

The following was received last evening from Assistant Secretary F. O'Hanlon of the Jockey Club:

"The stewards of the Coney Island Jockey Club meeting summoned Messrs. Beard and Donohue, owner and trainer of the horse Lazzarone, before them immediately after the last race to explain the running of the horse in his previous races as compared with to-day's race, Jockey Murphy, who rode him in his previous races, not being present, decision in the matter was reserved until his statement can be obtained."

THE RECORD OF THE VICTOR.

Lazzarone is a half brother to Mr. Croker's Montauk, the colt with which the ex-chieftain of Tammany hopes to win the English Derby of 1896. He was bred in Kentucky, and was sold as a three-year-old for $8,500 by H. Eugene Leigh of La Belle stud to J. R. Beard of Brooklyn. J. R. Beard is a brother of Francis Beard, the horseman whose high steppers have won favor at the New York and Brooklyn horse shows for some years, and whose differences with the swell horse show of Brooklyn last year, through the alleged roughing of curb chains and raising of shoes to bring a horse up to a certain standard in height, were published at the time. Mr. Beard was also the promoter of the pony race meeting at Parkway last year, when scandals were numerous.

When Mr. Beard bought Lazzarone he turned him over to William Donohue, the ex-jockey, now the owner of Roche, Our Jack, and other fair handicap horses, to train, and it was by him that the chestnut horse was prepared for the Brooklyn Handicap in the spring. He was a rank outsider in the betting, was strongly supported by his owner, both to win and for a place, and Isaac Murphy, the colored Archer of the turf, was brought from Kentucky especially to pilot the horse on the opening day of the Brooklyn Jockey Club's meeting. The readers of THE SUN were told at the time how the four-year-old, after trailing his field for half a mile, amazed the onlookers by a flight of speed that was startling in the extreme. When the shouting was the loudest for Sir Walter, and when it seemed that the gamecock of the Midlothian family had the race secured, Lazzarone swooped down upon him like an eagle from his eyrie and had him beaten almost before the public realized it. The black with vermilion sleeves, however, had scarcely flashed in the van before Hornpipe shot from the ruck, and, collaring him almost on the post, won a superb race by a neck.

A VERY FICKLE RACER.

Naturally it was expected that the horse at his next appearance would run most promisingly, as he had shown himself to be first-class or very nearly that high standard. On Saturday, June 1, he started in a handicap at 1 3-16 miles, and was favorite in the betting at 4 to 5. The horse had no speed on that occasion, and after going seven furlongs Isaac Murphy was at work with whip and spur, and he finished far behind Patrician, Redskin, Stephen J., and Sister Mary. It was a striking reversal of form, and the public could not understand it at the time, viewing it as one of those peculiar performances which now and then baffle the turf. Horses, like men, have their days for accomplishing great feats, and at times they will run most disappointingly. On Tuesday, June 4, Lazzarone again faced the starter, this time in the Brookdale Handicap at one mile and a furlong, for which Sir Walter was the favorite. He was beaten badly by Stephen J. and Sir Walter, and nobody considered him a factor for the Suburban, much surprise being expressed that he was a starter.

THE TALENT SUSPICIOUS.

The talent had began to look upon his race for the Brooklyn Handicap as a fluke, but after he won the Suburban at 10, 12, and 15 to 1, being heavily supported by his owner and his friends, the talent wagged their heads and did not mince matters in discussing the race. There was the liveliest kind of a scandal over the colt's in-and-out running, and the stewards of the Coney Island Jockey Club, meeting immediately, set to work to investigate the horse's performance. They hunted for Isaac Murphy, who had ridden the horse in the previous races, and who, for some unknown reason, was displaced by Hamilton for yesterday's contest; but the Kentucky rider could not be found, having left the track at an early hour. Murphy did everything in his power to win with the horse on all three occasions when he rode him, and there never has been the slightest stain on his reputation as a jockey or horseman in the twenty years in which he has been actively before the public.

THE JOCKEY CLUB TO INVESTIGATE.

It is a great pity that so prosperous a turf season, especially in the year of 1895, when a determined effort is being made to elevate the character of the sport, that such an unfortunate race should have occurred. The Jockey Club, from the start, has announced its determination to have clean racing at all hazards. The race for the Suburban of 1895 will undoubtedly be probed to the bottom, and if there has been any wrong-doing, those who are responsible for it will have to pay the penalty. The sport was never on such a firm basis as it is now, and races like that of yesterday call for the most searching inquiry. If Mr. Beard and his trainer are innocent the public, which condemned them yesterday, should know it. If they are guilty they should be punished.

DOMINO'S STAYING POWER WAS OVERRATED.

There is no accounting for Domino's defeat other than upon the theory that he has been badly overrated this year. That he was a game, flinty-hearted two-year-old his long list of victories, culminating with the Futurity Stakes, gives brilliant proof, and that he was a high-class performer last year his series of races with Clifford and Henry of Navarre show most clearly. It was in his last race with Clifford and Henry of Navarre at Morris Park last autumn that he first showed the white feather, stopping, as he did yesterday, a little after six furlongs had been covered, and causing those who all along had claimed that he was not bred for a world-beater over a distance of ground to exclaim: "I told you so." When he first appeared this spring he fairly smothered that speedy horse, Wernberg, at Gravesend, and as time wore on and Ramapo, Rey El Santa Anita, and other formidable candidates for the Suburban went lame or became disabled, the star of Domino was in the ascendant.

FAITH IN THE BLACK CHAMPION.

So firm in the belief that the black champion could not be beaten for yesterday's race were the best judges of form in the East that even money was eagerly accepted on his chances more than a week ago. It was Domino in Delmonico's and the other cafés up town; Domino in the haunts of clubdom; Domino in upper Broadway and beneath the shadow of Trinity's spire, and it was Domino at Sheepshead Bay, Gravesend, and all over Coney Island. The black son of Himyar was upon a pedestal, and all worshipped their idol, which, alas, so soon crumbled to clay. There was absolutely no excuse for the horse yesterday. He was perfectly trained, ridden with rare skill by one of the best jockeys in the country, got a beautiful start, had a good pace set for him, and was unhampered by a big and unwieldy field. The track was to his liking, the day was perfect, and the occasion all that Mr. Keene or his friends could have desired. Yet he was beaten woefully, even Song and Dance, a selling plater, finishing in front of him.

A NEW ERA IN RACING.

Yesterday was one of nature's own days, the sun smiling serenely from a sky of azure. A breeze blew out of the east with enough abandon to stir the diaphanous laces about the fair throats of the thousands of beautiful women in the boxes and seats of the grand stand. From end to end the long timber-like structure, so fragile to look at, but secure, with its bands and girders of iron, was a bouquet of rare beauty. Women whose power in society and in the world of fashion is acknowledged daily were seen at the course for the first time in years, and veterans of the turf, when they let their eyes feast upon the banquet of loveliness, murmured: "This is indeed a new era of racing." It brought back memories of the old days of Jerome Park, when it was the proper thing to patronize the races, and recalled pleasant memories of the days before the touts and the demi-monde brought the sport so perilously near disruption. There were no touts at Sheepshead Bay yesterday, and the few of the demi-monde who were there behaved themselves decomingly. There were no such scenes in the wine room as disgraced some of our prominent tracks three or four years ago. A conservative estimate of the attendance would place the crowd present when the great race was called at 15,000 persons, an astonishing attendance to be considered that 90 per cent. of them had come to the track prepared to see Domino win the Suburban unchallenged, for it was acknowledged by all that the race was the poorest in years on paper, the field being the smallest that had ever gone to the post for this important event. The band was sadly missed, and the Coney Island executive, realizing this, announced that it would be in its accustomed place on Tuesday next.

ALL EYES ON DOMINO.

Mr. Rowe performed his duties as starter so promptly that it was only a few minutes after 4 o'clock when the Suburban Handicap candidates appeared for their warming-up gallop. Domino was the cynosure. When the horse galloped down the straight 10,000 eyes were upon him. He moved with all the rare grace and power for which he is famous, and the bettors, confident that the opportunity for a plunge had arrived, determined to play as high as their means would allow. Sir Walter, Rubicon, Declare, and Song and Dance, what were they? Mere accessories in the glory of the midnight son of Himyar.

When the bugle's fanfare called the horses to the post the crowd took interest in the other contestants. Every seat of the grand stand and club house had been occupied, while thousands were upon the broad roof from which the Atlantic, dotted with the sails of a hundred vessels, and darkened here and there by the smoke of an incoming or outgoing liner, was as plainly visible as though it rolled at their very feet.

Hundreds were in the saddles beneath the trees at the end of the oval betting ring, and other hundreds clustered like flies on the greensward of the infield, moving hither and thither restlessly in anticipation of the treat which was in store for them.

All eyes were upon the paddock and the gate leading therefrom, where a majority of the horses received their last preparation for their struggle for the great prize. Domino had been saddled in the grove at the head of the stretch, and he was half way down the straight with Taral sitting proudly upon his back before the throng recognized him. Then there was a fluttering of fans and clapping of hands, and the black fellow pranced gayly, snapping at his bit and curving his neck as though he realized in what high favor he was held by the onlookers. He was accompanied by a two-year-old bestrode by a young negro, it having become the fashion to send a stable companion to the post with horses of such high nervous organization as Domino, and the black boy held down his head modestly, knowing that none of the plaudits was for him. Perhaps the young negro was thinking that some day he might be a great rider and receive the plaudits of thousands as Taral was then, and visions of an income of $20,000 a year, a valet, and a dozen other luxuries may have floated through his juvenile mind.

A RESPLENDENT FAVORITE.

Domino's coat shone like satin fresh from the loom. His eye rivalled in brilliancy the sparkle of a mountain spring as it dashes over the rocks. His great flaring nostrils, pink lined, fluttered at each respiration, and he scarcely stirred the dust, so lightly did he tread the earth. Truly, he looked like a champion. He entered the paddock with the two-year-old, Song and Dance, the plain, but useful gelding selected to carry the colors of August Belmont, the President of the Jockey Club, was first to start for the post. Henry Griffin, the youngest and richest of the first-class riders of America, was in the saddle, but Song and Dance was an outsider and a selling plater to boot, and few persons gave him a welcome as he passed the long grand stand, with its rows of thousands of bright, expectant faces.

THE STALWART CHESTNUT APPEARS.

Through the paddock gate a moment later emerged a stalwart chestnut of superb proportions, a hood veiling the greater portion of his fine, blood-like head. It was Lazzarone, one of the outsiders, with Hamilton, a jockey of rare skill, in the saddle. With head high in the air, the son of Spendthrift seemed to scent the coming of the battle. He lunged boldly once or twice, fought for his head, and his rider had to take a fresh hold of the knotted reins before turning up the stretch. There was a world of power in the movements of the horse as he strode up the stretch, fighting for his head and eager for the fray. Declare, the candidate of ex-President P. J. Dwyer of the Brooklyn Jockey Club, trotted demurely past the crowd, attracting little attention, for like Song and Dance, his chances were not considered worthy of attention. He was ridden by Penn, a clever lad, who, if kept away from bad associations, will be famous as a rider some day. The handsome chestnut which followed closely at Declare's heels was the once great Rubicon, owned by John E. McDonald of this city, whose friends were glad to see him get a first-class horse last season. Rubicon, however, has not done well so far this year, and the smallness of the field was his owner's excuse for starting him for yesterday's race. Willie Midgley, as usual, rode the brother to Chaos.

AN OVATION FOR THE BLACK HORSE.

Domino was last of all to join his field. Taral waiting until the others had clustered in front of the starter before leaving the paddock. Cheer after cheer greeted horse and rider as they swept up the stretch, and when the black fellow turned on the outside and ranged alongside the others thousands settled back in their seats, and those who had speculated on Domino regarded their money as good as won. Song and Dance had drawn the pole, with Domino next on the extreme outside. The Blemton gelding inherits some of the temper of his dam, the famous Heel and Toe, and he lashed out vigorously with his long, sinewy legs striving to find a resting place for his hoofs in the ribs of his nearest competitor. The smallness of the field assured a prompt start, and there had been but one or two desultory breaks before Mr. Rowe caught them perfectly alligned, and whipping his flag through the air gave the signal to depart for the twelfth Suburban.

OFF THEY GO!

Declare at once rushed to the front with mighty strides, but swift as was his flight it was approached by Domino, who darted across from the outside and in a dozen strides was racing head and head with the leader. As they swept down past the stand the black and the bay were running stride for stride, the bay horse's head and neck outstretched, while the favorite's mouth was open wide under the restraining pull Taral had on him in the effort to keep him from rushing to the front. In the cloud of dust at their heels thundered Sir Walter, Rubicon, and Song and Dance, while immediately behind them was Lazzarone, buck jumping and fighting Hamilton so furiously that the veins stood out on the jockey's wrist like whipcords, so strong was the pull he had upon the horse. Around the lower turn Taral took a tighter hold of Domino, and Declare was left for the moment the master of the field.

Penn let the bay horse race right merrily, and, lengthening his stride as the long run up the backstretch began, the Dwyer candidate showed a length and a half ahead of Declare. There was a dash of orange and purple on the outside of the track, and gallant little Sir Walter sprang from the bunch, and in a twinkling was at Declare's throttlatch. There was a cheer from the followers of the Oneck confederacy, for there are men in New York who love this little bundle of bone and muscle, and whether conqueror or conquered they are with him to a man.

STRUGGLE OF THE JOCKEYS.

It was a signal for a change in the situation, for, as Doggett challenged the leader, Taral moved warily with Domino, Rubicon mended his position, and Hamilton, from being the trailer with Lazzerone, passed Song and Dance, and took up a position where he would be dangerous when the time came. The earth shook with the tread of the flying feet of the six horses as they flew up the backstretch, the soft sand giving forth no sound, so swiftly did they pass over it. A small puff of dust here and there, and they were gone. Passing the old Dwyer stable, Doggett glanced over his shoulder at Taral, who still sat Domino like a centaur, and, realizing that it is the pace that kills, leaned a trifle further forward in the saddle, bending over until his face almost touched the knotted ribbons upon his darling's neck, and, loosening one wrap of the rein, called upon Sir Walter for an extra effort. Despite his 126 pounds, the lion-hearted son of Midlothian sprang forward with renewed speed, shook Declare off as though he were a despised outcast of some outlawed track, and in the twinkling of an eye, it seemed, had opened a gap of two lengths. Taral's seat in the saddle changed instantly, and Domino was away in pursuit of his old rival with the quickness of thought.

MUCH MONEY IN PERIL.

The blood of the onlookers was at fever heat, for the entire phase of the race had changed in a second. To competent judges, Domino was doing his best, and as he passed the seventh furlong pole, and Sir Walter's tail still waved defiantly fifteen feet away, the crowd woke up to the situation. They realized for the first time that the thousands and tens of thousands of dollars wagered on the favorite were in peril, and they held their breaths while the horses sped on. Hamilton had watched Domino's every movement, and the moment Taral started in pursuit of the leader, Lazzarone, upon whom the colored jockey had until then maintained a stout pull, sprang forward with speed that was as great as either of the leaders. The others were lost, so terrific was the pace in the run to the woods and the bend for home. Taral was undecided for a moment what to do, but jockeys must think and act promptly, and before a hundred yards of the wild pursuit had been completed he found that the black demon was not closing one inch of the ground between himself and the flying leader.

STEEL AND CATGUT FOR DOMINO.

His steel-shod heels were plied mercifully at first, then with the vigor of despair they were forced into the heaving sides of the favorite and tore great furrows, from which the blood ran crimson to the sand beneath. Steel was unavailing. The whalebone was then brought into play, and the woods rang with the music of the catgut as it was plied vigorously against the sides of the struggling son of Himyar. Not only was he not gaining on Sir Walter, but there at his flank nodded the hooded head of Lazzarone, and as yard after yard passed, and the faces of the crowd were misty before him, the rider crept up to his shoulder and then passed him. Doggett's cap had been torn from his head by the wind as he rushed breathlessly along, and when he came close enough to the multitude, the boy's white face was hard and set, his teeth were clenched, and he was riding the gallant Sir Walter as though his life depended upon his reception. He could feel the effect of the great weight upon the little giant, which staggered beneath him, but was not the goal almost at hand, and victory would be sweet upon such an occasion as this, for one swift glance over his shoulder a quarter of a mile from home told him that Domino was beaten. "Sir Walter wins," was the cry.

LAZZARONE GETS THERE.

But almost before the shout had died away Lazzarone was upon him. Tired through the exertion of making the pace with a handicap of at least seven pounds, the little champion, with the bit between his teeth, and with fire flashing from his eyes, prepared for the battle. His beautiful neck and head were stretched far out like those of the swan in flight; and while his action, low and perfect as ever, carried him rapidly over the ground, the great strain had done its work, and the stride was not so long nor so powerful as a few hundred yards further back. Lazzarone was undenying; his speed had been husbanded; he had a pull of 11 pounds in the weights, and at each stride he gained a foot or more. Now he was at the leader's shoulder, now at his neck, and now at his head. Another bound and he was in the lead; another, and yet another, and he swept on to the finishing line, conqueror of his field and winner of the twelfth Suburban. Sir Walter was second, two lengths away, while Song and Dance, passing Domino in the last furlong, earned third money.

Only those who bet upon Lazzarone applauded him as he was ridden back to the weighing stand. A great gloom seemed to have spread over the majority of the spectators; and the reception accorded to Hamilton and the good horse he rode was in striking contrast to that given the winner. Rubicon, Loantaka, Lowlander, Eurus, and other outsiders which won this race in former years. The horse's previous races, barring the Brooklyn Handicap, had been so disappointing, and his improvement so startling, that it seemed to be a shock to everybody.

Taral, whose face was ashen, shook hands warmly with Hamilton, who had the honor to ride Hornpipe in the Brooklyn Handicap this year, and congratulated him upon winning. After weighing in the victorious jockey was hoisted into a chair of flowers and carried in triumph to the paddock. In conversation later he said that he had ridden a good horse, and that, barring a little disappointment in the backstretch in getting through next the rail, the race had been very satisfactory. He had waiting orders, and he carried them out to perfection. Taral could not understand Domino, and appeared to be very downcast over the result.

Some persons questioned the wisdom of sending Sir Walter out to test the mettle of the imported horse, but Mr. Knapp, who gave the orders, said that he was perfectly satisfied that it was the proper thing to do. He had tried waiting tactics with the little fellow and had failed to win. He did not think Sir Walter was as good as he had seen him, but he was content with his performance. Sir Walter has started oftener with 120 pounds or more in the saddle than any other five-year-old that ever wore iron in this country.

A HARVEST FOR LAZZARONE'S BACKERS.

It is known that the owner of the horse and his friends took a great many thousands of dollars out of the betting ring, getting 12 to 1 for most of their money. Riley Grannon of Kentucky, one of the greatest plungers of the day, also backed Lazzarone and won probably $20,000. A select coterie from Brooklyn was in high feather, having played the horse with the utmost confidence and reaped a rich harvest.

Isaac Murphy, the jockey who had ridden Lazzarone in the Brooklyn, and in fact all of his other races except yesterday, arrived late yesterday evening, and was asked why he did not ride the horse yesterday. Murphy said:

"I went to the track yesterday expecting to have the mount, but I was told on getting there that Hamilton had been engaged to ride for the balance of the season, and, of course, they would have to put him up to-day."

"How about Lazzarone? How did he act in his previous races?"

"Well, at Brooklyn he had speed to sell sometimes, and at others he couldn't run at all, and I would have to go at him good ride hard."

Murphy is a very conservative man; is well educated, and is a high-class horseman.

THE OTHER RACES.

There is nothing but praise for the other races on the programme of the Coney Island Jockey Club. The seventh double event for two-year-olds brought a strong field of stake horses to the post, Applegate being a slight favorite over Hazlet. It is said that Gideon & Daly, who had won previously on Butterflies and Monaco, placed the pick of their stable out at their ease, and before the race the junior member of the firm told Frank McCabe, who trained Handspring for P. J. Dwyer, that he would like to bet $20,000 that Hazlet would beat that colt.

The outcome of the race was a surprise of startling proportions, Handspring slipped his field shortly after the start, and in spite of his 125 pounds, simply galloped his competitors into the ground. He was three lengths in the lead at the elbow, with Applegate, Hazlet, and Refugee driving to catch him, and this advantage he increased materially when Doggett let him run opposite the old betting ring. In fact, Handspring showed conclusively yesterday that he is the best colt of the year seen so far. His time for the 6½ furlongs equals the track record of 1:16 2-5 made by his sire, Hanover, when he was a five-year-old, but to make the performance all the more impressive, Handspring carried one pound more than Hanover. Applegate was second, while Hazlet, ridden out to the last ounce, beat Jefferson only a short head for third money.

When Applegate and Handspring met for the first time at the Brooklyn meeting, Applegate won by a length, but he had nothing in reserve at the finish. He was dead fit, and had been in training for some time, racing in Virginia, on the next occasion they met, Applegate won easily. Handspring was so far past his best that it could not be accepted as his true form. In the Tremont Stakes, which followed, Applegate tried to give Handspring twelve pounds and failed, being beaten a length by the chestnut colt and Refugee. Since that Handspring has gone lame and lost his form, and Mr. Dwyer's colt would beat him again this year at even weights, unless the pair should meet in the mud. William Barnes of the Melbourne stud, who bred Handspring, was at the course and saw the colt win.

Probably the fastest three-year-olds in this country met in the opening dash of five furlongs, for which Butterflies was a slight favorite. The reputation of Baldwin's Roy del Carrero has preceded him, and when the flag fell he and Rubicule set a hair-raising clip. Rubicule was beaten at the eighth pole, and Baldwin's colt looked like a winner, as everything behind him was driving. He tired badly, however, in the last two yards, and Griffin, whose exertion on Butterflies was indefatigable, got out up in time to win by half a length. Rubicule was a good second, and Monaco third.

Monaco outclassed his field in a dash at a mile for three-year-olds, and Hamilton won with him very cleverly, after waiting on The Swain and Hailstone for three-quarters of a mile. Doggett was the only colt near him at the finish, and it is the belief that if he had enough when Hamilton asked him to race in earnest, The Swain was a fair third. Monaco is a colt of much higher class than those opposed to him yesterday, and he should win good stakes for his owner.

The scramble for maiden two-year-olds at half a mile, which was fifth on the card, produced red-hot betting and a scorching contest. First it looked as though Radnor would win; then it was dollars to cents that Honolulu would do the trick; but right on the post Griffin got up with Hastings and got the verdict. Honolulu will do, and with equal jockeys he would have won. In this race the jockeys behaved badly, and Midgley was fined $50, Griffin $25, J. Lamie $25, and McLain, Reefe, and Calahan $10 each.

Old Long Beach astonished himself by winning the last race on the grass course in almost record time, running the mile and one-sixteenth in 1:47 1-5, and winning by three lengths. Capt. T., the pacemaker nearly all the journey, was second and Chiswick third.

Hamilton yesterday was engaged to ride for Col. Jacob Ruppert's stable for the balance of the season.

The stewards of the day were Messrs. J. Otto Donner, James Galway, and J. J. Burke.

Summaries follow:

FIRST RACE.

For three-year-olds and upward; a sweepstakes of $15 each, with $600 added, of which $100 to the second and $50 to the third; five furlongs.

Gideon & Daly's b. f. The Butterflies, 3, by Sir Dixon—Mercedes, 109 (Griffin) 1
Santa Anita Stable's b. c. Rey Del Caredes, 3, 114 (Doggett) 2
A. H. & D. H. Morris's br. f. Ridicule, 3, 109 (Penn) 3
Gotham, Jack of Spades, and Gold Dollar also ran.

Time, 0:59 4-5.

Betting—Nine to 5 against The Butterflies, 3 to 1 Ridicule, 3 to 1 Gotham, 4 to 1 Rey Del Caredes, 6 to 1 Jack of Spades, 30 to 1 Gold Dollar.

SECOND RACE.

For three-year-olds, non-winners of $500 in 1895; a sweepstakes of $15 each, with $500 added, of which $100 to the second and $50 to the third; one mile.

Louis Stuart's ch. c. Monaco, 3, by Spendthrift—Maid of Athol, 105 (Hamilton) 1
Oneck Stable's ch. c. Doggett, 3, 105 (Doggett) 2
A. H. & D. H. Morris's b. c. The Swain, 3, 105 (Penn) 3
Sabilla, Manchester, April Fool, Hailstone, Lonsdale, King Michael, and El Capitan also ran.

Time, 1:42.

Betting—Eight to 5 against Monaco, 8 to 1 April Fool, 5 to 1 Manchester, 8 to 1 Sabilla, 10 to 1 Hailstone, 12 to 1 Lonsdale, 15 to 1 each Doggett, The Swain, King Michael, and El Capitan.

THIRD RACE.

The Double Event, a sweepstakes for 2-year-olds, foals of 1893, by subscriptions of $50 each; $25 forfeit if struck out by May 15, 1895, for horses entered by Aug. 1, 1894, or $150 each, $50 forfeit, for those entered by Jan. 2, 1895; starters to pay $50 additional, which shall entitle them to start for both events; the association to add the amount necessary to make the value of the two events $5,000 each; in each event the second to receive $750 and the third $250 out of the money so added; $1,000 additional in plate or money (at the option of the winner) will be given should the two events be won by the same horse. Conditions of the first event, to be run on the first day of the June meeting, 1895: Winners of two races of $2,000, or of one of $5,000, seven pounds extra. Maidens never having been placed second for a race of $3,000, allowed five pounds. The produce of mares or stallions which have not produced a winner prior to Jan. 1, 1895, if nominated at the time of starting, allowed three pounds; of both, five pounds. The winner to receive $1,000, the second $750, and the third $250. Five and a half furlongs.

P. J. Dwyer's ch. c. Handspring, by Hanover—My Favorite, 125 (Doggett) 1
J. J. McCafferty's ch. c. Applegate, 125 (McCafferty) 2
Gideon & Daly's ch. c. Hazlet, 118 (Griffin) 3
Jefferson, La Vienta, Defender, and Refugee also ran.

Time, 1:06 2-5.

Betting—Six to 5 against Applegate, 2 to 1 Hazlet, 4 to 1 Refugee, 5 to 1 Handspring, 8 to 1 Defender, 10 to 1 Jefferson, 20 to 1 La Vienta.

FOURTH RACE.

The Suburban Handicap; a handicap sweepstakes of $100 each, half forfeit, and only $10 if declared out by Saturday, May 11, with $5,000 added, of which $1,000 to the second and $500 to the third; weights to be announced Wednesday, May 1; winners, after publication of weights, of two races of any value, or of one of $2,000, 3 pounds extra; of two of $1,000, or of one of $2,000, 5 pounds extra; of three of $1,000, or of two of $2,000, or of one of $5,000, 12 pounds extra; in the case of horses handicapped at 115 pounds or over, the penalties shall apply to the extent of one-half only; in the case of those handicapped at 122 pounds or over, to the extent of one-quarter only, and in the case of those handicapped at 130 pounds or over, they shall not apply at all; penalties in the case of horses three years old shall not make the weight exceed 115 pounds; one mile and a quarter.

Erie Stable's ch. c., Lazzarone, 4, by Spendthrift—Spinaway, 115 (Hamilton) 1
Oneck Stable's ch. h. Sir Walter, 5, 126 (Doggett) 2
Blemton Stable's b. g. Song and Dance, 4, 103 (Griffin) 3
Domino, Declare, and Rubicon also ran.

Time, 2:07 4-5.

Betting—Five to 2 on Domino, 6 to 1 against Sir Walter, 10 to 1 Lazzarone, 10 to 1 Song and Dance, 10 to 1 Declare, 12 to 1 Rubicon.

FIFTH RACE.

Maiden race No. 1, for maidens 2 years old, a sweepstakes of $15 each, with $500 added, of which $100 to the second and $50 to the third; one-half mile.

Gideon & Daly's br. c. Hastings, by Spendthrift—Imp. Cinderella, 118 (Griffin) 1
Santa Anita Stable's ch. g. Handmor, 115 (McClain) 2
Hampton Stable's ch. g. Kildare, 118 (Lamie) 3
Diakka, Tenderness, Yankee Doodle, Lorrania, Forum, Nantucket, Horace Davis, Castleton, Gismonda, and Relian also ran.

Time, 0:48.

Betting—Two to 1 against Tenderness, 5 to 2 Hastings, 6 to 1 Honolulu, 8 to 1 Forum, 10 to 1 Lorrania, 20 to 1 Nantucket, 20 to 1 Horace Davis, 12 to 1 Relian, 15 to 1 Gismonda, 20 to 1 Yankee Doodle, 20 to 1 Radnor, 20 to 1 Diakka.

SIXTH RACE.

For three-year-olds and upward; selling; a sweepstakes of $15 each, with $500 added, of which $100 to the second and $50 to the third; the winner to be sold at auction for $2,000; one mile and one-sixteenth on turf.

P. J. Dwyer's b. h. Long Beach, 6, by Longfellow—Semper Idem, 104 (Doggett) 1
W. Daly's ch. h. Captain T., 5, 105 (Sheedy) 2
J. B. White's b. h. Chiswick, 5, 103 (Penn) 3
Assignee, Ajax, Tom Skidmore, and Salonica also ran.

Time, 1:47 1-5.

Betting—Two to 1 against Captain T., 3 to 1 Ajax, 8 to 1 Tom Skidmore, 4 to 1 Assignee, 4 to 1, Long Beach, 5 to 1 Chiswick, 6 to 1 Salonica.

MADDOX'S GREAT PERFORMANCE.

He Breaks the World's Record for Ten Miles at Manhattan Beach.

Fully 10,000 persons left the Manhattan Beach bicycle track yesterday well pleased with the annual championship race meeting of the New York division of the League of American Wheelmen. The special feature of the programme was the ten-mile race. It was won by Harry Maddox, the Asbury Park fisherman. Sims, the intercollegiate champion, also did fine work in this contest. He lost by a bare length of a wheel.

The world's competition record was cut badly, nearly three minutes being taken from the American record and over a minute from the record of the world, made by a foreigner. The riders were paced by a quadruplet made up of Pat O'Connor, Terrill of San Francisco, Coburn of St. Louis, and Oscar Brandt of this city. Dirnberger directed the work of the pacemakers, who were assisted for two miles by the noted tandem pair, Mayo and Sanders of Boston.

The divisional times of the contest, all world's records from three miles, are as follows: One mile, 2:12; two miles, 4:20; three miles, 6:26 2-5; four miles, 8:37; five miles, 10:47 3-5; six miles, 12:59 1-5, all held by Sims; seven miles, 15:08 2-5, by Conn Baker; eight miles, 17:17 3-5, by Sims; nine miles, 19:31, by Sims, and ten miles, 21:39 2-5, by Harry Maddox.

Bald won a decisive victory over Charley Murphy in the final heat of the one-mile open race, clearly outsprinting his rival in the last quarter and winning by two lengths. Bald was continually yelling to the tandem team to go faster, and had they done as asked the record of 2:01 4-5, now held by Murphy and taken from Bald on May 30, would certainly have reverted to the Buffalo man. Summaries:

One Mile, Novice—Final heat, won by G. Reith, New York; E. W. Goff, Somerville, N. J., second; H. P. Barker, Brooklyn, third; G. H. Curtis, New York, fourth. Time, 2:26 4-5.

One Mile, Scratch, Class A—New York State L. A. W. championship. Final heat; time limit, 2:30. L. G. Bach, Brooklyn, first; C. M. Ertz, New York city, second; L. G. Hoppe, Brooklyn, third. Time, 2:44 2-5. No race. Not run over.

One Mile, Open, Class B.—Final heat won by E. C. Fahl, Buffalo; C. M. Murphy, Brooklyn, second; Otto Zeigler, California, third. Time, 2:04 2-5. Macdonald and Baker also ran.

One mile, Handicap, Class A—Final heat won by E. H. Rodgers, Lyndhurst, 110 yards; C. M. Ertz, New York, 20 yards, second; J. W. Conklin, Arlington, 140 yards, third. Time, 2:09 1-5.

Five mile Scratch, Class A championship of Metropolitan District; silver cup presented by American Wheelmen; one mile heats. First heat, won by F. D. White, Lyndhurst; W. A. Barbeau, New York city, second; E. Baxter, New York city, third; J. F. Hasler, Plainfield, fourth. Time, 2:30. Second heat, won by E. H. Rodgers, Lyndhurst; W. C. Roome, N. J. A. C., second; E. A. Bolinger, New York, third; T. Hughes, Paterson, fourth. Time, 2:25 2-5. Final heat, won by W. C. Roome, N. J. A. C.

One Mile, Handicap, Class B—Won by Conn Baker, Columbia, 75 yards; Ray Maddox, New York, 70 yards, second; F. H. Allen, Springfield, 75 yards, third. Time, 2:11 2-5.

Three-mile, Class A, L. A. W. Championship—Won by L. G. Hoppe, Brooklyn; W. A. Barbeau, New York, second; E. A. Bolinger, New York, third. Time, 7:32 1-5.

Ten mile Open, Class B—Won by H. H. Maddox; W. F. Sims, Baltimore, second; Conn Baker third. Time, 21:39 2-5.

Larned Still the Middle States Tennis Champion.

A brilliant victory yesterday in straight sets over John Howland made Larned once more the Middle States tennis champion. The courts at Orange were crowded with spectators. The doubles was finished only as far as the semi-final round. Hobart and Fischer will play Larned and Howland on Monday for the championship. Miss Schultz and Hobart won the mixed doubles after losing a love set to Miss Atkinson and Dr. Frazer. Summaries:

Men's Singles—Championship round: William A. Larned, Summit, N. J., holder, beat John Howland, New York, challenger, 15—10, 8—6, 6—4.

Men's Doubles—Semi-final round: Clarence Hobart, N. Y. L. A. and E. P. Fischer, West Side T. C., beat J. F. Lamb, Lenox, and Dr. W. S. Frazer, Kings County T. C., 6—4, 6—4. Final round: A. Larned, Summit, and John Howland, New York, beat S. C. Hillitt and Dr. Frazer, N. Y. L. A., 10—8, 6—2.

Mixed Doubles—Final round: Clarence Hobart and Miss Atkinson, New York; E. C. Fischer and Miss Juliette A. Kinson, Kings County T. C., 6—8, 6—2, 6—3.

Take a Delightful Vacation

Trip by sea to Denver, Col., via Mallory Line to Galveston. Reduced excursion tickets on sale to June 24. Write to Agents, Pier 20, E. R., New York, for circular "Denver Trip." Adv.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

Examination of the First Two Candidates for the Degree of D. D.

WASHINGTON, June 15.—The commencement season of the Catholic University of America began to-day with the public examination of one of the first two candidates for the degree of Doctor of Divinity educated at the institution. The candidate was the Rev. George L. Lucas of Scranton, Pa. In accordance with the conditions under which the degree will be conferred by the university, the candidate was required to defend his dissertation, "Agnosticism and Religion, being an examination of Herbert Spencer's religion of the unknowable," and seventy-five theses drawn therefrom, against all who might appear. The critics to-day comprised members of the faculty and Mgr. Satolli, the Papal Delegate, and against them all the candidate made a successful stand in support of his work, a production of nearly 200 printed pages. It was written in English, but 41 of the 75 theses were in Latin. The ordeal will be resumed on Monday, when for another three hours the candidate must face his critics, who on that occasion, it is understood, will comprise a number of Jesuit fathers particularly interested in some of his arguments.

Tuesday and Wednesday will be devoted to an examination of Father Edward Du Blanchy, a superior of the Marist College of Brookland, District of Columbia, under similar conditions. His dissertation is entitled: "No Salvation Outside of the Church." It is 275 pages long, and with the theses is entirely in Latin.

The graduating exercises will take place at the university at 9:30 A. M., Thursday, the 20th inst., Mgr. Satolli presiding. The graduates this year number nineteen—nine bachelors, eight licentiates, and two doctors. They are all from the Divinity School, the only one so far in operation. Prior to the graduating exercises at 7:30 that morning, Bishop Keane will ordain to the priesthood Francis Gilfillan of St. Louis, Thomas Edward Cusack of Alton, Ill., John Joseph Clifford of Los Angeles, Cal., Patrick Joseph Keane of San Francisco, Charles Findlay Watterson, M. D., of Davenport, Ia., and Joseph McSorley of the Paulists, New York.

Precautions Against Filibustering and Yellow Fever.

WASHINGTON, June 15.—Secretaries Olney and Herbert called on Attorney-General Harmon this morning and discussed with him the