WHIRLWIND JOE PATCHEN

THE KANSAS STALLION OUTPACES ROBERT J. ON BUFFALO'S TRACK.

He Wins Three Out of Four Heats in a Remarkable Burst of Speed—The Gelding Wins the Third Heat, but Driver Curry Claims a Foul That Is Not Allowed—A Magnificent Struggle in Which the Victor Shows Sterling Qualities and Surprises a Crowd of 10,000 Spectators—Joe Patchen and John R. Gentry May Be Matched—Results of the Other Races.

BUFFALO, Aug. 8.—Joe Patchen, 2:04, the highly bred Kansas stallion, earned new laurels for himself and his driver, Jack Curry, by defeating Village Farm's famous pacing gelding, Robert J., 2:01¾, holder of the best on record at the side-wheel gait, in a match for $5,000 a side, at Buffalo Driving Park this afternoon. Patchen won the first, second, and fourth heats in 2:04¾, 2:04¾, and 2:06¼ respectively, while Robert J. took the third heat in 2:05¼. Curry made a claim of foul driving against Geers in the third heat, but it was not allowed. The Messrs. Hamlin, father and son, took the defeat of their champion like good sportsmen. Geers thinks Robert J. would have won had he been lucky enough to draw the pole, but there will be many who will never agree with him. Patchen proved himself a real champion, displaying speed and gameness of a high degree.

An enthusiastic crowd of 10,000 persons saw the sport, many coming from New York, Chicago, and other points to see the race. The public had a splendid opportunity to study the rivals during the early afternoon, and they were out between heats until they were called upon to try for supremacy and the stake of $10,000. The nimble gelding was the favorite of course, as he is owned in Buffalo. It would be difficult for anybody to find a fault in the conformation of either the pacing king, as records go, or the great stallion from Kansas, who just now is regarded by many as one of the greatest harness race horses this country has ever produced. Built on speed lines, but of a much more dainty and fragile mould than his rivals, Robert J. fills the eye whether standing or at speed. He has the fine head and neck of the thoroughbred, and would pass muster for a galloper, but for the fact that he has the slightly drooping rump characteristic of the pacing horse. Like many thoroughbreds he is well over on his knees, and his owners say he was foaled that way. It is a sign of exceptional strength in thoroughbred horses to have this peculiarity, and judging from the number of hard races and fast miles Robert J. has had in the past three years the same theory stands good with regard to the harness horse. His stride is easy and of lightning-like rapidity, the stroke being straight and direct, without a particle of waste motion. There is no striving or straining, the gelding moving with the ease and grace of a swallow in full flight, and the spectator can blindfold himself and listen to the pacer's footfalls as he flashes down the stretch, hoof beat following hoof beat with a rhythm that is music to a horseman, and perfect as any that ever came from the brain or pen of a master.

Joe Patchen is a massive stallion of midnight hue, the inky blackness of his coat relieved by a blazed face and four white legs. The Western contingent swarmed to the rail when the Kansas-bred side-wheeler ambled up the stretch early in the afternoon, the fresh breeze tossing the horse's mane and upturning the sombrero which the Western driver, Jack Curry, wore to shield his eyes from the glare of the sun. There was a world of power in the massive quarters of the giant, and Curry swished his whip across the black fellow's back. Patchen knew it was only in play, but he had listened to the whalebone when it played a different tune, and his ears played to and fro, showing the rare intelligence with which he is endowed. The black horse is a most impressive animal when under full speed, and the Buffalonians, who, of course, were Robert J. men to the core, had their misgivings when Curry let the stallion step through the stretch at nearly a two-minute gait.

The fact that there was quite a breeze blowing up the homestretch was taken as an unfavorable indication by the admirers of the gelding, for these were precisely the conditions at Cleveland last week when Joe Patchen lowered the colors of the Hartford gelding in one of the greatest races ever decided upon any track. Robert J. looked so speedy and bright, however, that Andy Welch was forced, by sheer weight of money, to make the gelding the favorite at 3 to 5. The Westerners took even money against Joe Patchen, and said that they would cash their tickets.

It was 4 o'clock when Starter Frank Walker of Indianapolis announced the coming of the gladiators of pacerdom, and a cheer went up from the 10,000 persons in the stand and field as Geers, in the black cap and jacket of Village Farm, emerged from the stable and jogged past the stand. Curry and his pet, Joe Patchen, were close behind, and the pacer jogged up and down the stretch, while the scraper made a final circuit of the track, smoothing and levelling the surface until it was like a piece of velvet.

A coin was tossed to see which flyer should have the pole, and Harry Hamlin philosophically when he lost, and the black whirlwind was allowed the rail. This meant that the whalebone gelding would have to pace around his doughty opponent if he wanted to take the lead at any stage of the game. Once the pair came down to the score at a terrific pace, but Starter Walker was arranging some details, and Geers and Curry pulled up before the turn was reached. At the next score Joe Patchen was tangled up and broke badly before reaching the lower end of the stand. The bell sounded the recall, and one of the sharpshooters, with his money on the champion, shouted excitedly:

"The little fellow is too much for him; he can carry him so fast that Patchen's head will swim."

Once more they wheeled in line, and within thirty yards the pair were pacing a storm. Robert J.'s feet flashed in and out, and Joe Patchen's muscular legs were playing like the pistons of some mighty engine. The throng in the grand stand sat breathless as the pair came on head and head to the score, and Patchen's white face was only a few inches in the van when the starter, leaning far out of his box, shouted:

"Go!"

The hard track with its thin cushion of dust gave back the echo of the hoof beats as the flyers paced to the turn, Joe Patchen's advantage at the pole making his show a trifle in front at the quarter, which was reached in 31 seconds. A cheer rent the sky as the backstretch was entered, for Robert J. gained slowly, inch by inch, until he was hidden behind the massive black, and so they paced to the half-mile pole, which was passed in 1:01¾.

It looked like a superb work out or exhibition on the part of Joe Patchen, for the diminutive champion could not be seen. Those who love a champion, whether horse or man, knew, however, that beyond the black satin stride as stout-hearted a gelding as ever wore a harness, and that he was being piloted by one of the men whose careers as drivers are beyond reproach, and it was only natural that the sympathies of the crowd should be with the son of Hartford.

Swinging for the turn, a great shout went up from the crowd. Robert J.'s thin neck and bony head showed in front. It was only for a moment, however, as Joe Patchen, like a bulldog, lowered his ears savagely and, answering Curry's call, went up to the leader. The ownership was a question of inches at the head of the homestretch. It was the same thing at the last furlong pole, with Geers and Curry eying each other narrowly, and the pacers straining every nerve and muscle for supremacy. Both horses wore snaffle bridles, and they were fully cognizant of all that was passing as were their drivers and they entered into the struggle with a desperation almost human in its earnestness.

At the distance, however, Geers tapped Robert lightly with his whip and the throng shouted: "He's beaten! Robert's beaten!"

And so he was, for Geers was now driving with all the energy of which he is capable. The next time the whip descended the flesh rose in an angry welt on the champion's side and the brave little fellow made a noble rally. Curry spoke to Patchen and the black demon responded right valiantly. Try as he might, Geers could not get past Patchen's shoulder, and so they finished, both horses out to the last ounce.

There was silence for a moment when the populace realized that their idol had been shattered, but it was only for a moment, and then realizing the merit of the black horse's performance the applause was unstinted. The official time of the heat follows: Quarter, 0:31 seconds; half, 1:01¾; three-quarters, 1:32½, and mile, 2:04¾.

Geers climbed out of the sulky and put the ever present cigar between his lips before he said a word to anybody. Then he superintended the unharnessing of his pet. Later on the Hamlins, father and son, had a consultation with Geers, and they tried to figure out how they were beaten. The Western wonder was surrounded by a jubilant crowd, and the black horse was hailed as the king and the horse capable of beating John R. Gentry, the present holder of the record for pacing stallions.

Both horses cooled out splendidly, and were as limber and supple as could be when they appeared for the second heat. They scored down twice, with Robert J. a trifle in front, and Starter Walker stopped them. At the third trial Joe Patchen, at the pole, was perhaps a foot in front of his antagonist, and they got word to depart. The whirlwind patter of their feet raised the dust in tiny clouds as the pair flashed to the turn. The black fellow's advantage had been scarcely a head at the start, but at the quarter, which was passed in 0:31, the same as in the opening heat, the black stallion led by half a length. Geers seemed to be nursing Robert J. for a supreme effort at the finish of the heat, but Curry let his King march up the back stretch, and there was scarcely any diminution in the awful speed at the half, which was passed in 1:02. Robert J. was at Joe Patchen's saddle, and the throng sat silently watching the greatest representatives of their kind in the world, barring John R. Gentry, and waited anxiously for the moment when Geers would call upon the champion by the record to take the lead.

Going to the three-quarters, Robert J. made his brush, and for perhaps fifty yards the bay nose of the gelding showed in advance of the stallion's intelligent face. It was only for a brief period, however, as Joe Patchen squared away in the homestretch, and, pacing like a wild horse, secured his former advantage. The grand stand rose at him as he came home, without whipping or urging, and beat Robert J. again by half a length in 2:04¾, the same time as the opening heat was paced in, and winning it much more decisively.

In vain did Geers rally Robert J. The champion had met his match for the time being. When the time by quarters was announced as 0:31, 1:02, 1:33, 2:04¾, the splendor of the performance was fully realized, and the public showed its appreciation by long continued applause.

But if the first and second heats were exciting the third was sufficient to put the blood of every spectator at fever heat. Robert J. had a neck the best of the send-off, but Joe Patchen went past the gelding in the first hundred yards, and was half a length to the good at the turn. The same distance separated the pair at the quarter in 0:31¾. Going up the back stretch, however, Geers sent Robert J. up to Patchen's shoulders, and so they passed to the beginning of the upper turn, where like a meteor Robert J. shot away from the black horse and was a length and a half in the lead at the middle of the turn. Loud and mighty was the shout when Robert J.'s face showed in the van, and there was a great cry of exultation from the throng.

It was seen that Geers had taken the pole, and that Joe Patchen would have to pace around him in order to win. The "Silect Man from Tennessee," as Geers is known, did not wait to be challenged by the black whirlwind, but straightway began driving at the head of the stretch. The blaze-faced stallion fairly flew down the straight, and, gaining inch by inch and foot by foot, brought Geers to the whip a hundred yards from the wire. Curry was listed far away over to the left, as he lifted and urged Joe Patchen, and his face was pale and drawn, so earnest were his endervors to get his black idol home in front. Geers was working like a beaver, and there was real terror in his face as he plied the whip fast and furiously.

Strong as a lion finished Joe Patchen, and victory would have been his in another stride, but the wire was at hand, and Robert J. staggered home first by a nose. Curry could scarcely pull up Joe Patchen in time to get to the judges' stand to make a protest against awarding Robert J. the heat. He claimed that Geers had cut across him in taking the pole, and said that the driver of Robert J. admitted the foul and expressed his sorrow that it had occurred. Hamilton Busby, one of the judges, told Curry that he had not had his glasses on the race, and that Robert J. had room enough to take the pole. This aroused Curry's ire, and he became excited. Geers is proverbially silent, but while he would not admit that he had fouled Joe Patchen, he did say:

"When I started to take the pole I thought and certainly did have enough room to do so. Robert J., however, came back to me a little." To a question as to whether he had fouled Curry, Geers was silent. When Starter Walker stepped to the front of his stand and prepared to announce the result of the heat there was a dead silence, and only the judges knew which had won.

"Robert J. wins," said Mr. Walker, and there was some handclapping, but above it all most persistently came a storm of hisses. For nearly a minute the majority of the crowd expressed its disapproval of the verdict. When silence reigned again Mr. Walker concluded, giving the time by quarters, as follows: 0:31¾, 1:03½, 1:34, 2:05¼.

It was even money Joe Patchen and 5 to 3 on Robert J. for the fourth heat, which was called when the sun was just beginning to say good night behind a bank of clouds. Curry was savage, and as soon as the start was made he pushed for the lead, and evidently wanted to get the pole if his horse had the speed to do so. The pace was terrific, so fast, in fact, that Curry in his over-anxiety drove the black horse off his feet when he was nearly a length in front of the gelding. A shout that was almost a scream greeted Joe Patchen's mishap. The excitement was at its highest when Robert J. broke and the pair ran for probably fifty yards at a quarter-horse gait. Curry, by a piece of masterly reinmanship, settled Joe Patchen first, and had the pole before Geers could get Robert J. pacing again.

Robert J. in answer to a few sharp taps of the whip, went to the wheel going to the half-mile pole and all awaited the customary spurt around the upper turn. Curry was out for blood, however, and when Geers made his effort, Patchen paced like the demon that he is, and the best that Robert J. could do was to keep the black horse at bay. Down the homestretch Curry drove for his life and at the distance Geers lifted his whip. Robert J. swerved momentarily, broke into a wild run, and the race was over, Joe Patchen jogging home when Geers pulled up beaten, winning by a couple of lengths in 2:06¼.

Wild cheering greeted the victory of Joe Patchen, and it must have been sweet music to Curry, for as he passed the wire he smiled at somebody in the judges' stand. The time by quarters was as follows: 0:31, 1:03, 1:34½, 2:06¼. While the time made to-day is not as fast on the average as that of the race at Cleveland last week, to-day's was a better race than that at the Forest City from a spectator's point of view. It was the second fastest four-heat race on record, and everybody voted it a world beater so far as excitement goes. Of the other races decided yesterday, none save the three-year-old trot was devoid of interest, the postponed 2:16 class, which was such a red-hot contest on Wednesday, when Athanio, Nellie A., Sabina, and Gretchen each won heats, Athanio and Nellie A. only needed a heat each to wind the race up. The seventh heat, which was trotted in 2:14, was a rasping one, Athanio and Nellie A. trotting head and head to the homestretch, with Gretchen right in behind Athanio at the pole and under a double pull. Nellie A. Carthy made a fatal error by waiting with Gretchen in the hope that Geers would go wide with the favorite and let him through. Had he gone to the outside he could not have lost, for as it was he got out of the pocket a hundred yards from the wire, and was only beaten by a neck. "Knap" thought he won, but the California three-year-old was a few inches to the good at the wire. It was a case of a race thrown away, for the big colt was a very tired horse. This gave Athanio the first money.

The unfinished 2:23 class, in which Falkland had two heats to his credit, was full of the glorious uncertainties of racing. Falkland at the outset was a big favorite, but Jock Bowen, the veteran from New England, who rarely strays far from home without goods that are "ready money," to quote the talent, stepped the Blackstone gelding. Yankee Luck, to the front and won the next heats in 2:15 and 2:15¼.

Falkland made a bad break in the second heat trotted to-day and had to run to save his distance. Kinney cut loose with him the next time, but Kate V., an Ohio product, beat both Yankee Luck and the Happy Medium stallion in 2:14. Falkland won and only a nose behind the mare at the wire. Falkland out-trotted his competitors fairly and squarely in the next heat and won the race, Kate V. finishing second in the final heat and Yankee Luck third.

Although Geddes had driven Larabie out at Cleveland in 2:12¾, nobody wanted Splan's gelding in the trot for three-year-olds to beat Mr. Corbett's Fred Kahl, and the black son of Guy Wilkes won off the reel, with Geddes second each time and Dresch third. Janie Shelton was distanced in the first heat. The winner is a race horse and a regular Guy Wilkes to look at, going low headed and businesslike. Rachel, the favorite for the 2:29 pace, lost the first and second heats to the speedy gelding Bumps, this son of Baron Wilkes stepping his initial mile in 2:09¾. After the second heat Bumps was tired, and Rachel marched away with the race.

Andrew J. Welch of Hartford to-day sold the champion two-year-old filly of 1895, Hattie R., 2:20¾, to Ed De Cernea of New York for $6,500. Hattie R. is by the Ohio sire Bobby Burns, son of Gen. Wilkes, and her dam is Reflexes. The readers of THE SUN can judge of her quality when it is announced that the writer saw her beat Hamlin's Nightingale the last half of a mile, 1:05¾, this morning.

Nightingale has a record of 2:10¾, but the two-year-old marched away from her, going the last eight of a mile in 15¾ seconds. Hattie R. was bought by Col. Ed De Cernia for ex-Congressman Reed of Erie, Pa., who has for several years past sent teams of trotters to the New York Horse Show. Hattie R. is regarded by horsemen as a phenomenal trotter, one that with care and judicious training should some day aspire to championship honors.

An effort is being made to arrange a match between John R. Gentry and Joe Patchen to be decided here next week. It is understood that McHenry, who controls and drives John R. Gentry, is willing to race the champion stallion against the Kansas demon.

Ed Geers and others who are qualified to be considered experts think that Robert J. would have won to-day's race if he had drawn the pole. They are sighting here confronted with the fact that Joe Patchen passed around Robert in the third heat and made up more than a length in a quarter of a mile. Summaries:

2:16 class, trotting, purse $2,000 (unfinished from yesterday):

Athanio, blk. s., by Junio (Geers)	5	1	10	3	3	1 1
Nellie A., b. m.	7	6	4	1	10	8 3
Gretchen, b. m.	1	10	5	2	7	6 2
Sabina, b. m.	11	4	3	4	1	2 4
Fred H., b. g.	6	3	6	6	2	3 5
Bravado, blk. s.	4	2	2	5	11	5 dr
Psyche, ch. m.	3	5	7	8	5	7 dr
Bertie L., b. m.	10	9	11	11	4	4 dr
Belmont, b. g.	9	8	9	7	9	9 dr
Adelaide McGregor, b. m.	2	7	8	9	8	dr.
Jennie K., b. m.	5	11	1	10	6	dr.
Time—2:13¼, 2:12¾, 2:14¼, 2:13, 2:16, 2:16, 2:14¼.						

2:24 class, trotting, purse $3,000 (unfinished from yesterday):

Falkland, b. s., by Happy Medium, dam by Princeps (Kinney)	1	1	5	2	2	2
Yankee Luck, b. g.	2	2	1	1	1	3
Miss Hoon, b. m.	4	3	4	4	5	dr
Kate V., b. m.	3	4	2	3	4	1
Eastview, br. g.	5	5	3	5	3	5 dr
Fannie S., b. m.	6	6	7	dr		
Zuletta, ch. m.	9	7	6	dr		
Sableburst, blk. s.	7	8	dr			
Time—2:16¼, 2:16, 2:15, 2:16¼, 2:16¼, 2:17.						

Three-year-old, 2:27, trotting.

Fred Kohl, blk. s., by Guy Wilkes (Dickerson)	1	1	1
Geddes, b. g.	12	2	2
Dresch, b. g.	8	3	3
Janie Shelton, ch. f.	dis		
Time—2:16½, 2:16¼, 2:17¼.			

Match race; purse $2,000.

Joe Patchen, blk. s., by Patchen Wilkes, dam Josephine Young, by Joe Young (Curry)	1	1	2 1
Robert J., b. g., by Hartford, dam Geraldine, by Jay Gould (Geers)	2	2	1 2

Time by quarter miles:
First heat—31½, 1:01¾, 1:32½, 2:04¾.
Second heat—31, 1:02, 1:33, 2:04¾.
Third heat—31¾, 1:03½, 1:34, 2:05¼.
Fourth heat—31½, 1:03, 1:34¼, 2:06¼.

2:29 pace; purse $2,000.

Rachel, b. s., by Baron Wilkes (Kinney)	6	8	1	1	1
Bumps, b. g.	1	1	3	4	3
Valleau, blk. s.	2	2	5	2	2
Bert Oliver, b. g.	3	3	2	7	4
Billie C., b. g.	4	4	4	dis.	
Arthur L., blk. s.	5	dr.			
Kate Greenlander, blk. m.	dr.				
Gem D., b. g.	dis.				
Time—2:09¼, 2:11, 2:12½, 2:14¼, 2:18.					

FAST PACING AT TERRE HAUTE.

Brown Hal, Jr., Disposes of the Hot Favorite, Aileen, Cleverly.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Aug. 8.—It was nearly dark to-night when Rubenstein took the third and winning heat in the 2:07 pace, which had been looked forward to as a sensational event, but which had but two starters, Rubenstein and Coastman. Rubenstein behaved badly in scoring, dancing after the manner of Flying Jib, and this delayed the conclusion of the race.

A large proportion of the 6,000 persons who went to the grounds remained to see the end, there being a chance for Coastman to win because it was thought his competitor was not right.

The race of the day was the 2:18 pace, in which Aileen, with her record of 2:07½, was the favorite at $20. Earlmont sold at $18, and Brown Hal, Jr., at $10. The first heat was won by Earlmont in 2:10¾, a half second faster than his record made yesterday. Earlmont broke on the first turn of the second heat and fell so far back it was thought he would be laid up, but Thomas pushed him along steadily. He went under the wire but a nose behind Aileen. Thomas asked to withdraw Earlmont on account of lameness, but was refused. Both he and Aileen, who led the field to the three-quarters, then broke, and Brown Hal, Jr., took the heat in 2:10¾.

Earlmont's lameness was now beyond all question and he was withdrawn. The fourth heat was no contest for Brown Hal. He won the fifth and last heat handily, although he was lame before he started in the heat. Baron Dillon was a strong favorite in the 2:17 trot, but Maggie Sherman took the first two heats, the favorite being a close second. The next three heats went to him in easy manner. Summaries:

2:17 trot; purse $1,500.

Baron Dillon, b. h., by Baron Wilkes (Fuller)	4	2	1	1
Maggie Sherman, ch. m. (Garrity)	1	1	2	5
Birch, b. g.	6	4	5	2
Lizelle, b. m. (Charles Fuller)	2	3	7	8
Roxane, b. g. (Weelan)	3	6	3	7
Lou Dockey, br. g. (Hills)	5	7	4	3
Will Marion, br. g. (Curt)	8	5	8	6
Olie K., br. m. (Davis)	7	8	6	4

Time—2:15, 2:13¾, 2:13¾, 2:14¾, 2:13.

2:18 pace, purse $2,500.

Brown Hal, Jr., br. h., by Brown Hal (McAdams)	6	9	1	1	1
Aileen, b. m. (Shockey)	2	1	3	5	2
Sir Edwin Arnold, s. h. (Burnett)	4	2	4	2	3
Frank Taylor, b. g. (Fleming)	9	5	4	2	4
Keen Cutter, b. m. (Cassidy)	7	4	6	4	dis
Pat Murphy, blk. g. (Graves)	11	8	7	6	dis
Earlmont, b. h. (Thomas)	1	10	2	3	dis.
Emma Wilkes, b. m. (Garrity)	3	6	dis.		
Major Cleland, ch. h. (Boag)	10	7	dis.		
Pretention, b. h. (Montgomery)	5	dis.			
Ally, g. g. (Hubbick)	8	dis.			
Time—2:10¾, 2:11¼, 2:10¾, 2:13¾, 2:13¾.					

2:07 pace; purse $1,000.

Rubenstein, br. h. by Baron Wilkes, (Laird)	1	1	1
Coastman, br. h., (Coffey)	2	2	2
Time—2:13, 2:07½, 2:11¾.			

Star Alcyone Fails to Better His Record.

ALBANY, Aug. 8.—Fully 1,200 people attended the races at Island Park this afternoon. The weather was all that could be desired, and the track was in excellent condition. Apart from the regular programme there was a special event, Star Alcyone, a bay stallion, owned by Harry Sweny of Albany, was put on the track to pace against his own time, 2:14¾, and did no better than 2:16¼ and 2:18¾. Summaries:

2:23 class, trotting; purse $400.

Orangelander	9	1	1	1	
Kitty Scory	1	2	2	4	
Azmon	4	5	4	2	2
Elf	2	4	5	10	
Edia Orr	3	3	7	3	7
Cornelia Wilkes	8	6	7	3	
G. H. F.	6	8	8	8	
Belle Ackerson	8	3	3	7	
Robert Thayer	10	12	10	8	
George L. Mepelean	12	7	6	6	
Magnolia Queen	7	10	9	dr	
A. A. A.	11	11	dr.		
Time—2:19¾, 2:18¾, 2:18¾, 2:19¾.					

2:34 class, pacing; purse $400.

Forestina	1	1	1
Wilkes Patchen	2	2	2
Lady Blue	2	3	4
Magnolia Bell	4	4	3
Ogden A. Brown	3	5	5
Sufficient	5	6	7
Soldier	8	7	6
Kingbird	6	8	8
Time—2:20¾, 2:24¾, 2:24¾.			

2:35 class, trotting; purse $400.

Leonatus	1	1	4	1
Alle P.	6	2	1	3
Memorial	8	3	2	2
Bell Clare	3	4	3	4
Julia W.	3	6	5	4
Valerine	4	5	6	8
Abbreviation	5	8	8	5
Frank Bauer	7	7	7	7
Allegation	9	dr.		
Konsar	dis.			
Time—2:21¾, 2:20, 2:23¾, 2:20¾.				

Harness Racers in Maine.

PORTLAND, Me., Aug. 8.—To-day's races at Rigby Park were exciting, and there was a big crowd on hand to witness the fine sport. The attendance was the largest of the week. Summaries:

2:20 trot, purse $500 (finished from Tuesday).

Honeywood, b. m., by St. Bel (Gale)	1	1	3	6	2	3 1
Ingleside	2	3	2	1	4	1 2
Ernsle, b. m. (Wilkes)	3	2	1	4	1	2 3
Jack Wyman, b. g. (O'Neil)	4	4	5	5	3	dr.
Brown Dick, br. g. (Turner)	6	5	4	8	5	dr.
Gene Briggs, br. s. (Briggs)	5	7	6	2	6	dr.
Gobelin, br. h. (Smart)	7	6	7	dr.		
Billy C., b. g. (B. Demarest)	8	dr.				
Time—2:18¼, 2:16, 2:16, 2:17¾, 2:17¾, 2:16¾, 2:16¾.						

2:20 pace, purse $500.

Dan Robinson, ch. g., by Nuthurst—Yapp	1	1	1	1	1	1
Dorcas	2	2	2	3	2	2
R. H. D., br. s.	3	3	3	2	3	3
Howell, br. s.	5	4	5	5	4	5
Becker, b. g.	4	5	4	4	5	4
S. Bell, b. g.	6	6	6	6	6	dr
William K., b. s.	7	6	dr			
Time—2:15¾, 2:15, 2:15¼.						

2:28 trot, purse $500.

Dick, b. g., by Son of Kentucky Prince (Bowen)	3	2	1	1	1	
Brown Lace, b. m., by Volmer (Feek)	1	1	2	3	3	
Mickey, r. s.	2	3	3	2	2	
Jane, g. m.	4	8	4	4	5	
Belle Beatler, ch. m.	5	6	7	5	4	
Arthur Cleveland, b. s.	7	4	5	6	dr	
Leola, br. m.	6	5	6	7	dis	
Sylvia, ch. m.	8	7	8	8	dis.	
Time—2:21¾, 2:19¾, 2:19¾, 2:18¾, 2:20¾.						

2:14 trot, purse $500.

Lynne Bel, bl. s., by Wolbrino (Bitzer)	1	1	1
Caprice, b. m.	7	3	2
J. M. B., b. g.	2	2	3
Nutshell, b. m.	9	7	7
Vega, bl. s.	8	5	6
Walter Wilkes, br. g.	4	4	4
Charley Ford, b. g.	3	6	5
Noregay, b. m.	6	8	5
N. Y. Central, br. g.	5	9	9
Time, 2:13¾, 2:12, 2:11¼.			

IMMIGRATION INCREASING.

Commissioner McSweeney Says the Better Class of Italians Are Coming.

Assistant Commissioner of Immigration Edward McSweeney, who, during Dr. Senner's absence, is in authority on Ellis Island, gave out yesterday figures regarding the immigration at the port for the first six months of 1895.

From Jan. 1, 1895, to Aug. 1 there entered this port through Ellis Island 147,819 persons. During the same period in 1894 the number was 112,028.

Commissioner McSweeney said that the better class of Italians are coming here in larger numbers.

The First Battery Entertains the Sixth.

STATE CAMP, PEEKSKILL, N. Y., Aug. 8.—The morning drills of the batteries were very spirited, everything being done at a trot or gallop. The thunder of the guns as the batteries went into action made the welkin ring. Last night the First Battery entertained the Sixth of Binghamton with vaudeville on a stage made of tent platform. Corporal Henry Redlich was stage manager. A glove contest between Driver Charles Weish, sometimes called "Annie Rooney," and Corporal Rengleman, and the "hula-hula" by Sergeant Grob and Cannoneer Spreeder were parts of the show.

Policeman Brady Shows How His Revolver Worked.

Policeman Owen Brady of the Bedford avenue station, Williamsburgh, stopped on his way home yesterday at William Dooney's saloon, 189 Bedford avenue, Thomas J. Qualey of 189 Bedford avenue was in the place. The bartender wanted to see Brady's revolver. Brady handed it to the man, who, after looking it over, returned it to Brady. While Brady was trying to explain how the hammer worked he exploded a cartridge. The bullet made a flesh wound in Qualey's right thigh.

Caught a Burglar in the Railroad Yards.

Special Policeman Ryerson, who is employed in the Pennsylvania Railroad yards at Waldo avenue, Jersey City, where the Pullman cars are stored when not in use, noticed a man about 4 o'clock yesterday morning dodging around behind the cars and arrested him. At the Oakland avenue station the prisoner gave his name as Carl Keller, but refused to tell where he lived. He had a "jimmy," some skeleton keys, and other tools used by burglars in his possession. Police Justice Douglas remanded him to give the police a chance to look up his record.

DEFENDER BEATS JUBILEE,

ALTHOUGH GEN. PAINE'S YACHT SHOWS MORE SPEED THAN BEFORE.

Only Five Boats Respond to the Starting Gun Off Newport—The Programme May Be Abandoned—Navahoe, However, May Give the Syndicate Yacht a Few Trials—Vigilant Visits the Fleet and Returns to Bristol—Captains Haff and Terry Positively Deny the Statements Made by Capt. Barr, and Insist that Mr. Iselin Was Inclined to Concede the Gould Boat Right of Way at the Start on Tuesday.

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 8.—The Defender sailed another great race to-day, and defeated the Jubilee 9 minutes and 19 seconds in a heavy sea over a twenty-one-mile triangular course, consisting of seven miles of windward work, a close reach and a broad one. Incidentally it may be remarked that the Jubilee also sailed a great race, and would have given the Vigilant a hard rub in the long heavy rolling sea left from yesterday's storm had Mr. Gould's yacht started. The Vigilant, however, did not start and remained at Bristol nearly all day, returning to Newport late this afternoon.

The course sailed was precisely the same as the one over which the Defender beat the Vigilant 9 minutes and 9 seconds last Tuesday in the race for the Drexel Cup, and as the Vigilant is not particularly good in this sort of going, the Paine boat would have given her a close race. While the Defender beat the Jubilee 7 minutes and 54 seconds in the beat to windward, the Boston boat showed up wonderfully well in reaching, being beaten only 1 second on the broad reach and 1 minute 24 seconds on the close one.

While the race was well worth watching it was almost lost sight of in the heated discussion going on about the Vigilant's withdrawal and the Regatta Committee's decision upholding the Defender and refusing to sustain Mr. Willard's protests. The Regatta Committee were seen on the tug Winslow, which was acting as the judges' boat in to-day's race, but they declined to make any statement for publication, and said they had no reply to make to Mr. Willard's criticism.

C. Oliver Iselin, the managing member of the Defender Syndicate, was seen at the New York Yacht Club station this evening. When asked if he had any reply to make to Mr. Willard's criticism or comment on the Regatta Committee's decision, he smilingly replied: "I have not. The committee have rendered their decision, and there is nothing more to say." When asked if he had decided anything about the Defender's future movements, he said: "I shall stay here as long as there is anything to race against, but I don't know how long that will be."

Herbert C. Leeds, who sails on the Defender, was asked if he cared to make any statement on the Defender-Vigilant trouble. He said:

"Neither Mr. Iselin nor any one else on the Defender cares to rush into print as the other side have done. The committee have rendered their decision and that is all there is about it. The Defender is sailed by three of the best yachtsmen in the country. By that I mean C. Oliver Iselin and Capts. Haff and Terry, who have never had a protest sustained against them. We have been confident of our position from the first, and have preferred to remain quiet. The Regatta Committee who had to decide the protest one way or the other have done so in favor of the Defender. There is nothing more to say."

When asked about the future movements of the Defender Mr. Leeds said:

"Nothing has been decided yet. We are without a trial horse. The Defender ought to be raced every day to thoroughly tune her up. The Vigilant was supposed to act as the trial boat, but now she has been withdrawn. Mr. Royal Phelphs Carroll, in a very sportsmanlike way, has placed the Navahoe at the disposal of Mr. Iselin, and it is possible that some trials of speed may be arranged between the two boats."

"Do you think the Vigilant is faster this year than she was in 1893?"

"I think she is probably three minutes faster over a thirty-mile course. She certainly has a better fitting suit of sails, and this should materially improve her speed. While the ballast she carries, ballast from inside to her keel has done it is hard to say. It has probably made her stiffer in a blow and somewhat slower in light weather. Taken all around I think she may be three minutes faster. It would have been very interesting to race against the Vigilant in her old form to-day. She would probably have beaten the Jubilee, but not by as much as when they met last. The Jubilee did poorly in the windward work, but she reaches very fast, and on this point of sailing I think she is better than the Vigilant."

Capt. Haff of the Defender was highly indignant at Capt. Barr's statement published in to-day's SUN, but was well pleased with the Regatta Committee's decision, which he says is the only one they could have given under the circumstances. The Captain said: "The idea of a statement that the overheard Mr. Iselin tell him to bear away for the line is utterly false, and that his statement crediting Mr. Iselin with calling for water from the Britannia on the other side last year is equally untrue, as it was the pilot, an Englishman, who called for water."

Capt. Terry, who assists Capt. Haff on the Defender, said, in answer to Capt. Barr's statement that Capt. Haff was ordered by Mr. Iselin to bear down on the Vigilant:

"Capt. Barr is greatly mistaken. You know I am on board the Defender assisting Capt. Haff. I was down on the lee rail of the Defender before the start, and was there for the special purpose of watching the Vigilant and reporting every move made by Capt. Barr. I watched the Vigilant's wheel, and never took my eyes off it. Instead of saying anything to bear away I heard Mr. Iselin say, and what is more I heard him say very distinctly, to Capt. Haff: 'Look out, Captain! The Vigilant has the right of way. Do not bear down on him; he has the right of way.' I kept watching the Vigilant's wheel, and was telling Haff what they were doing. After what Mr. Iselin said, and I heard him most distinctly, I watched Barr still more closely.

"I saw him roll up his wheel, and then called to Haff and said he was bearing away, and with that Haff bore away with him. You know as well as I do that when you once alter your course you can't come back, and that when Barr bore away he lost the race. I heard Mr. Iselin say emphatically the statement of Barr that Mr. Iselin said bear away. I admit that Bar