The race is run, and the testimony of winners and losers is very much in order. Many have been disappointed; and, on the other hand, many are much pleased. Did the best horses win? Ah, that's another question. Let us all adjourn to the stand and watch the battle; it is well worth watching. The entries for the first race are getting ready. The sorrel we heard so much against from the "lamb," is very confident. His opponents are a well-groomed, quiet-looking little thoroughbred, and a big, stalwart gray, both of whom show signs of plenty of good work; though the latter is murmured against most undeservedly on account of some darkly whispered crookedness in the past.

The race is called, and they bunch together back of the wire. Well in hand they come down toward it, and the gong sounds a successful start. The sorrel has the inside track, with the gray the farthest from him. They are well together to the first quarter, and the crowd gives evidence of deep interest. But now, look! the sorrel pulls ahead. Two is flagging a little; Three's rider has just touched spur to flank. The pace is furious, but One leads, and passes the half two lengths ahead. The talent grow restless, and Two's rider comes in for a share of quiet, but none the less forcible abuse. "Why doesn't he push him?" is the exasperated query; "he'll never win at that pace." At the three-quarter, One leads by a good six, Two and Three neck and neck behind. "All over," is the general position, when a cheer goes up, and disappointed backers turn again toward the course. "Ah! Pretty! Magnificent! Splendid!" Two has pulled himself together, and by a magnificent spurt is snatching the lead, length by length, from One. Two furlongs, and One leads by a length; one furlong, and Two has a half length more to the good. The flag falls, and One has won by a neck. Fatal delay! that prevented blood from telling. The winner goes prancing gayly toward the stables, surrounded by an eager crowd of "backers," who heap congratulations upon his trembling rider in their customary fashion.

Let us pass by the second race, won by Modesty, under a cruel whip, over Innocence from Maine, who loses hard in the pink of condition, and Unknown distanced; the third, won by the favorite in a canter; and the fourth, which the favorite also takes from a field of one at an easy gait; and come to the fifth,—a hot contest. Mug, whose recent clipping gives him a ludicrous expression, Grouch, and Squee are the entries. Grouch plays foxy, and leaves the wire first. Squee behaves badly, and looks out of it, but pulls together at the quarter, and starts down the track with the bit in his teeth, crawling up on Grouch, who looks grouchy. Mug is running easily, and looks like the winner at the half. Grouch is now pushed till he stumbles, and drops behind with a snort. Squee doesn't know when he's well off, however, and Grouch regains his place four lengths behind Mug, whose rider sits his saddle like the veteran that he is, and holds the lead easily. It is neck and neck on the stretch, but Mug gets the benefit of his clip (strong breeze blowing), and wins by a length, Grouch second.

Much amusement is furnished by Squee's action at the post. He tries madly to climb into the judge's stand, then, getting the bit in his teeth, starts off around the track again, and finally stops dead under the wire, refuses to budge, and is finally hauled off on the scraper.

The sixth race was won in a romp by Ha Ha, the other two playfully contesting for second place. Peculiarity won the seventh, because Blunderbuss and Kimflam refused to respond to the spur, and acted like yearlings.

The eighth race was a rank disappointment. Moonbeam, the Dutch mare with the heavy feet and white eyes, Chief, and Wild Willie, were the entries. Chief was an easy favorite at 8 to 5, and, getting the lead at the start, kept it half way round. Moonbeam was playing games with the track, but his rider got him quieted down after some hard work, and he chased along like a freight caboose. Chief and Wild Willie seemed to be trying the sacrifice racket, and finally interfered. Wild Willie capped the climax by putting his head in Chief's jaw, running that way for a good eighth. This was what Moonbeam needed, and before Wild Willie and Chief got untangled, had got three good lengths to her credit. The others woke up now, and Chief started down the stretch in fine form, but Moonbeam stumbled along somehow, and crossed half a neck ahead. The Lounger feels unable to add anything to the above succinct account. Further comment is unnecessary.