

FLYING FEET.

The Ten Broeck-Mollie McCarthy Race Yesterday.

The Kentucky Horse Shuts Out the Mare in the First Heat.

The Event Witnessed by Twenty Thousand People.

A Killing Struggle Which Will Result in the Retirement of Both Contestants.

Kentucky Delirious With Joy, and McCarthy's Friends Filled With Sorrow.

To the Associated Press.

Louisville, July 4.—In the first race to-day Dan K. beat Harkaway easily. Time, 2:14 1/4. The race was a mile and three-quarter dash.

The second race, sweepstakes for two years old, resulted, Goodnight first, Kenton second, Charlemagne third. Time, 1:30.

[Special to the Indianapolis Journal.]

The two races already run had shown the track to have been not less than five seconds slow, and it was in that peccatum condition most trying to runners, being without elasticity and exacting a constant pull and strain. Such being the case, the crowd came to understand that no extraordinary fast time need be looked for. The condition of the track would, of necessity, make the racing all the more desperate when the "King of the Turf" and the "Queen of the Pacific Slope," as the contestants in the great race have been poetically named, came together in the final struggle for glory. The preliminary trials having been disposed of, the crowd began to shuffle about with impatience to witness "the race." Mollie McCarthy came on the track first and was driven before the grand stand. The mare seemed to be in perfect form, and was indeed a beauty. Her almost perfect movement excited the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm, and the California delegation, in the center of which sat the California belle, Miss Mollie McCarthy, went fairly into raptures.

Ten Broeck came upon the course surrounded by a score or more of guards, from which one might infer that the noble animal was in momentary danger of assassination or bodily injury. The horse, too, was in the pink of condition, never having looked better nor given evidence of finer or more skillful training. Both racers were full of animal spirits and eager for the contest. The jockeys, Walker for Harper, and Howson, the California rider, were duly weighed, the horses saddled and everything got in readiness for the start. A hush fell over the throng, and the excitement became really painful. It was evident that no time would be lost in faints, and for a moment nothing could be heard but a suppressed rustle from the grand stand. Then the signal was given and both horses came to the string on a run, and at the tap of the drum

SPRANG AWAY LIKE ARROWS FROM THE BOW.

Mollie McCarthy a half length in the lead. Around the turn they flew, and at the quarter the same relative positions were maintained. As the flying horses neared the half the mare drew slightly forward, and when at the half she was seen to be a length ahead, the vast crowd fairly shook the earth with applause. From that time on during each stage of the race, the Babel of sound from the mighty concourse of humanity never ceased, but ebbed and flowed between a subdued roar when the horses were on the back stretch and a perfect crash of cheers when they passed under the string on each side. Mollie led Ten Broeck by two lengths at the end of the first mile, which was in 1:48, being very fast for the track. Entering the second mile, Ten Broeck lapped the mare for a moment, but running with the same apparently easy stride which had characterized her action from the start, she again drew away, and all through the second mile kept from one to two lengths ahead. The two miles were finished in 3:15. Ten Broeck's action seemed labored, and from the difference in their running his friends began to cherish dismal forebodings of defeat.

Those who noticed the gleaming teeth and strained, desperate look of his jockey, Walker, as they passed the stand, could better understand how sternly the race was being fought for every foot of ground covered. Though Ten Broeck was in the rear, and was undoubtedly running in difficulty, yet his game courage never faltered, and ran as fast as she might, the beautiful mare could never escape the remorseless shadow that pressed her flying footsteps like a pursuing fate.

For two miles and a quarter she kept her pride of place, but here the terrible strain told. For a second she faltered, and like a flash Ten Broeck was past her and in the lead. Such a yell as went up to the heavens had never before been heard on the "dark and bloody ground." Quickly recovering, Mollie gallantly held her own for a time, but could not recover the lost lead. Ten Broeck led a length at the half, two lengths at the three-quarters, and finished the third mile in 5:43, full five lengths in front. Both horses were now running slowly, and it was plainly to be seen that they were much exhausted by the fierce, long sustained struggle over the first two and a half miles, and that the heat was surely Ten Broeck's. At the quarter on the fourth mile he was ten lengths in the lead, full twenty-five at the half, and now it began to dawn upon the minds of the multitude that the game daughter of Monday and Hennie Farrow was likely to be distanced. All doubts on this point was dispelled when, soon after passing the half-mile post, she was seen to stop, and her rider dismounted. Ten Broeck came on running slowly, a desperately tired horse, and finished the heat and race a winner in 8:19 1/4.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

So sudden and unexpected a termination has that concentrated the attention of a nation for weeks, and drawn twenty thousand spectators gathered from Maine to California, almost seemed a tragedy. The excitement was intense. The Kentuckians were crazy. They shrieked and

shouted till they were hoarse, fairly mobbed the winning horse, carried Walker, his jockey, about on their shoulders, and would have done the same to Ten Broeck, but for a decent respect for his kicking powers. Meantime, nobody knew what had become of Mollie McCarthy, till after many minutes her jockey came slowly leading her down the home stretch, and it was announced that she had broken down. Great sympathy was felt and expressed for the misfortune to the splendid mare who had come so far to battle with the King of the Turf upon his native heath, and many hopes were expressed that her injuries might not prove as severe as it was feared they were. Late in the evening it was reported that Ten Broeck was in a dangerous condition from exhaustion, and that Mollie McCarthy was dead, the reports greatly intensifying the prevailing excitement, but the reports were unfounded in fact, though it is almost certain that neither horse can ever run another race.

The betting on the big race was not so heavy as was expected, though a large amount of money changed hands on the result. In the pools to-day and last night the odds were \$1,000 to \$550 on the horse, though at one time during the progress of the heat odds of 10 to 1 were offered on the mare.

A SHORT HISTORY OF PETROLEUM.

The Lumberman's Gazette gives the following short history of petroleum: The production of petroleum as an article of trade dates from the 28th of August, 1859, when Colonel Drake, in a well 69 1/2 feet deep "struck oil," and coined a phrase that will last as long as the English language. From that beginning it has increased to an annual production of 14,500,000 barrels of crude oil. The first export was in 1861, of 27,000 barrels, valued at \$1,000,000, and the export of petroleum for the year 1877 was, in round numbers, \$62,000,000. The annual product of petroleum to-day—crude and refined—is greater in value than the entire production of iron, and is more than double that of the anthracite coal of the State of Pennsylvania, and exceeds the gold and silver product of the whole country. As an article of export it is forth, and contests closely for the third rank. Our leading exports are relatively as follows: Cotton, annually, from \$175,000,000 to \$27,000,000; wheat flour, from \$69,000,000 to \$120,000,000; pork and its products (bacon, ham and lard), from \$57,000,000 to \$82,000,000, and petroleum from \$4,800,000,000 to \$62,000,000. The total export of petroleum from 1861 to and including 1877 (16 years), has been \$452,668,668, custom house valuation.

Yours truly,
ALBERT VON RODER.

"It is unnecessary for me to enumerate the diseases for which the VEGETINE should be used. I know of no disease which will not admit of its use, with good results. Almost innumerable complaints are caused by poison secretions in the blood, which can be entirely expelled from the system by the use of the vegetine. When a person is ill with poison in the blood, the disease rapidly yields; all pains cease, healthy action is promptly restored, and the patient is cured.

Yours truly,
ERNEST DURIGAN.

Residence 621 Race Street,
Place of business, 573 Center St.
CINCINNATI, O., April 10, 1877.

DR. H. R. STEVENS.—
Dear Sir—I was seriously troubled with Kidney Complaint for a long time. I have consulted the best doctors in this city. I have used your VEGETINE for this disease, and it has cured me. The doctors failed to do so.

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