

nights are cold enough, the days are very seldom anything but bright and warm, and, though you may have tramped about in a bog for an hour or two, yet on coming out of it the genial warmth of the sun prevents any feeling of chill, and if the middle of the day, in about an hour dries you most perfectly. Let me, if I can, describe a day's snipe-shooting in Natal. The *dramatis persone* are our own and your humble servant. We are here in Natal, not of our own free will and pleasure, but from circumstances not unconnected with what the newspapers call the late complications of the Transvaal. One March afternoon our Mess President addresses us in the following terms:—"Look here, you boys, the 141st is expected to arrive here the day after to-morrow, and as some of them will I hope dine here, you must go out and get some snipe for dinner." "B. and I at this exchange glances, for we wot of a bog, or vley as it is called out here, which we fondly hope is unknown to mortal soldier except ourselves. We are sure it is well stocked with snipe, having tumbled across it by accident one afternoon as we were going home, but too late in the day to stop and shoot it. The next morning sees us on the alert, our ponies saddled about 9 a.m., and a man to hold them when we dismount, because, though the ponies are trained to stand (when you have dismounted and thrown the reins over their heads) till you come back, yet, after walking up a vley a mile in length, it is more pleasant to have a man who has led your pony for you about a hundred yards behind, than to have to walk back for it. So having mounted, gun in hand, and saddlebags to hold the game, we start off at a hand canter—which is the accustomed pace of the ponies in this country—for our happy hunting grounds. It may now be asked, and with reason, "What dogs did we take with us?" Do you remember in the pathetic ballad of "The Walrus and the Carpenter," the following lines occur:

You could not see a cloud, because no clouds were in the sky;  
No birds were flying overhead, there were no birds to fly;

In the same way, we did not take a dog, because there were no dogs to take. Bob B.'s steady old pointer—a capital dog at snipe—had had a long day at quail the day before and was too much knocked up. A retriever would have been the best dog for our purpose to do any good, but neither of us possessed one, neither was there one in the whole camp. However, we did not despair of making a bag without dogs, the only thing being that when birds fell they would have to be marked to the very blade of grass, or there was small chance of our finding them. The first place we were to try was a vley some distance off, where B. had shot ten couple of snipe one afternoon. "Ah," he said, "it was like being back in Ireland again" (of which peaceful island B. is a native) "to see them getting up all round you." We soon arrive at the vley, a narrow strip of bog between two hills; we enter it and begin to walk up. After walking about 300 yards, and not putting anything up, I begin to think that this vley is an imposture, and that we stand no chance of doing anything in it, when up gets a bird of immense size who goes flap, flap like an owl across the vley. He is certainly a snipe, except as to his flight. Bang! and he falls to B. Subsequently, when we get home he is weighed and found to scale eight ounces. Opinions are then given as to whether he is the solitary snipe, or merely a large species which inhabits these parts, and opinions are divided even unto this day. Another hundred yards and B. drops another, this time of the ordinary kind. I then get one, and have just put him in my pocket, when "scape, scape," up gets another behind me and goes like a Catherine wheel over my head. I concentrate all my energies, and miss him "clean and comfortable." A little further a whisp gets up just in front; B. gets a brace and one drops to my share; the rest fly forward, and we get three of them. This is not so bad, and with cheerful hearts we push on to the next vley, which is to be the *bonne bouche* of the day. A vley about two miles in length and varying from 10 to 200 yards in one place in breadth; a running stream about two yards wide, courses down the middle. We enter at the lower end; a few yards, and they begin to get up singly and in twos and threes. I lose my first bird in the long grass on the bank into which he drops; however, we have some pretty shooting as we tramp through the water, which is pleasantly warm. B. loses another in some tangled reeds a little later, and though we hunt for it with the greatest perseverance, which loses us some time, we have it to give it up as a bad job. Now they seem to be chary of getting up, and we imagine, after having walked some distance, that there are no more at this end, when a brace and a half get up under my feet. I get one, B. gets another, and one goes back, so I return for him, succeed in flushing him, and down he goes; but the smoke has blown back in my face, and I am unable to mark him exactly. While I am searching for him I hear a shot, and instinctively look up. A duck is coming straight over my head. He sees me and turns; but it is too late, and 2½ drachms of powder to an ounce of No. 8 remove him from this troublesome sphere. I then renew my search for the snipe, which I am lucky enough to find, and picking up the duck rejoin B., who has got a duck also; the two got up together about fifty yards off, and the first one fell to him. It is now about three o'clock, and we conclude to knock off for the day. We make for our ponies and lay the bag out to count. Twelve brace and a half and two duck, a serviceable sort of bag. Just one pull at the flask of whiskey and water to prevent any ill consequences of being so long in the wet; then we light our pipes, and jog home, well satisfied on the whole with our day's snipe-shooting in South Africa. R.

DEATH OF AN IRISH SPORTSMAN.—On Tuesday morning passed away Mr. Moses Taylor, whose tricolour jacket has been seen on almost every racecourse in Ireland. The deceased gentleman, who resided at Morrinstown Billa, Newbridge, had been long identified with the national pastime in Ireland as one of its keenest and most honourable sportsmen, and in private life the deceased gentleman was a model of courteous hospitality. Such animals as Night Thought, Grand National, Ben Battle, and Turco were of his stud, so that at times at least it may readily be inferred that success attended his efforts on the turf. At one time Mr. G. Moore was his especial mentor in racing matters, and he has had horses at Eyrefield, but as a rule Tom Connolly was his regular trainer, and Arizona was the last winner in the tricolour banner that the Curragh View trainer sent to the post for an honourable and not exacting master.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE MASTER AND MEN OF THE HAYDON HUNT FROM DROWNING.—On Wednesday morning, about eleven o'clock, while Mr. Maughan was out exercising his hounds he had occasion to cross the Tyne at a ford called Crossgate, a little west of Fourstones Station. On reaching about the middle of the river his horse suddenly got out of his depth, and the current being strong carried him down into the eddy, completely turning the animal over. Mr. Maughan, with a little struggling, got clear of his horse and managed to get on shore, but the horse was carried further down before he got out. J. Outwaite, the whip, fared still worse, as he got lower down, his horse rolling twice over him before he could make an effort to get out, which they both eventually did. Dick Bebb, the second whip, wisely turned back in time, when he saw how matters were, and was of great use on shore assisting his master out. Strange to say, neither men nor horses were much worse.

A BOUT WITH RHINOCEROS.

WRITERS of natural history have represented the rhinoceros as all but invulnerable. Jerdon says, "The very thick hide of this animal requires a hard ball, and a steel-tipped bullet was frequently used before the introduction of the deadly shell, now in general use against large game." Baldwin, in his "Large and Small Game of Bengal," states, "The hide of the rhinoceros is so very thick, being covered with huge plates, that unless struck on the head (behind the ear is also a very deadly place) bullets from a common gun do him little harm, and even rifle balls with large charges of powder, unless well placed, are ineffectual." To look at, the hide certainly seems impenetrable, but it is not so whilst on the living animal; when removed and dried it will turn a musket ball; but whilst it covers the rhinoceros it is not nearly so difficult to pierce as is the thinner but far tougher skin of the buffalo. The bulk of the beast is immense; the vital spots, excepting that behind the ear, are protected by vast masses of flesh, muscles, and bones, which render the slaying of this mammoth so difficult; but I have seen a man, far from strong, drive the blade of a long hunting-knife into a rhinoceros with one blow up to the hilt, which would have been impossible had the hide been of the impenetrable material generally attributed to it. These pachyderms are very plentiful in Assam. Wherever there are vast swamps and long reeds, there they are to be found. In the dooras or plains which skirt the foot of the Bhothan range, they are particularly plentiful, and I propose describing one hunt out of many to illustrate this spot.

There are three distinct species of rhinoceros in the East, which are again subdivided into two or three other varieties. They are the great, the lesser, and the two-horned. The first two are found in Assam and the neighbouring countries; the second is still found in the Sunderbunds, not far from Calcutta, and downwards through Burmah and the Malayan Peninsula, Siam, Cochin China, to Java and Borneo; the third, the two-horned species, extends from Chittagong southwards and eastwards, and is found in Sumatra alone among the islands.

A friend of mine, a capital sportsman, who had slain many tigers and deer, was most anxious to bag a rhinoceros—a beast he had never seen in its wild state. So as I had to visit the Dooras in April, 1870, he accompanied me.

I may premise that to hunt this brute successfully it is absolutely necessary to have elephants, for he is found in localities so densely covered with rank grass and reeds, that no one on foot would have a chance of seeing him; but he has a peculiarity which might lead to his extermination, and I am astonished, considering the very high prices which are paid for his horn, that native shikaries do not go after him more than they do. This peculiarity is returning daily to one certain point whilst he inhabits any particular jungle. It is generally in an open spot on the margin of a lake or beel, and all a pot-hunter has to do is to dig a pit and lie in wait to get a certain shot; but, luckily for the poor brute, the natives have imbibed our ideas as to his invulnerability, and leave him alone; but knowing the value of his horn, they generally followed us about and retrieved our wounded game, for we had not always time to hunt up badly hit animals, which escaped us for the time being, but eventually fell into the clutches of the natives. Not only is the horn valuable, being worth as much as £4 10s. a *sw* (2lb weight), but the flesh is greatly prized, even the most rigid and bigoted vegetarians partaking of it; the liver is dried and pulverised, and bottled up for use in certain diseases, whilst the hide is either dried and sold to rajpoots and others for converting into shields, or it is cut into strips, cooked over a charcoal fire, and eaten as we eat the crackling of a pig! These brutes are harmless enough until wounded and closely followed up; they will then turn to bay and charge savagely, inflicting fearful wounds, not with their horns, which are merely used as grubbers, but with their sharp tusks, with which they can cut the leg of an elephant to the bone. They fight a great deal among themselves, and inflict fearful wounds. I have killed them scored all over. Elephants dread them; very, very few will go near one when it is making its peculiar squeaking noise, nor stand a charge. They are not, therefore, easy beasts to kill. I was exceptionally lucky, for in six years, to my own gun, I killed forty-four. I helped to kill some thirty others, and saw some twenty others killed by comrades who were out with me, and I lost, and saw lost, fully fifty others. I probably came across some three hundred and more during my wanderings in Assam. The late Major Cock and a friend shot in one trip so many, in the Goalparah district, that by the sale of their horns they liberally paid for all the expenses of the trip. Seeing a great many African rhinoceros horns, ranging from 3ft long down to 2ft, for sale for a mere trifle, they bought them up thinking to make a good thing out of them, and sent them to old Becher to dispose of, the natives, accustomed to the mere tusks generally obtained from the Asiatic species (a fourteen-inch long horn being a rarity) that they would have none of them. And there they remained unsold for years, and were eventually sent back to Calcutta. The natives use them in their Nam-Ghurs or temples. There is a cavity or hollow in the base, which is filled with water, and used for religious ceremonies. Naturalists tell us the horn is composed of hairs conglomerated together, and is renewable if accidentally detached. These brutes live far from the haunts of man, but if any grain be grown within many miles of them they find it out and visit it nightly until they are either shot or they have destroyed the whole of it. Baldwin says the Government reward for killing one was twenty rupees, but in my day (from 1866 to 1874) it was only five.

Now to revert to my tale, which is strictly true. My friend (whom I shall call Jack) and I left Burpethah very early one morn in April. We started across country, but sent our kit by native paths to a village called Baikoe. We were fairly lucky, bagging several deer, and reaching camp about eleven, were soon in dishabille, and after breakfast took our usual post-prandial snooze. On waking up, the welcome news of a tiger close by was communicated to us. We ordered all the elephants to be ready at 5 p.m. Two only carried howdahs. Jack mounted one and took the left, I the other and guarded the right. The beating elephants, bare-backed, and ridden by their mahouts alone, were between us. We had not gone a couple of hundred yards when the tiger bounded away in our front; the grass was only about 3ft high; Jack took a long shot and fired, the tiger roared and pulled up. I thought of course that he was hit; we two went ahead until we were abreast of the spot where his majesty had disappeared. The beating elephants were jammed together and advanced in line. With the exception of the patch of grass, in which our adversary lay *perdu*, the country was open all round for a considerable distance, so it was impossible for Master Stripes to get away, without receiving the salute to which he was entitled. When the beating elephants were within fifty yards of him, he rushed at them, uttering sharp, loud growls, which are generally termed roars, but, finding them immovable, he turned off and came at me. He looked a beauty, with his mane all erect and his eyes flashing fire, as he bounded along towards me. I was on an elephant who did not care two straws for a tiger, but

if she saw a pony, she always ran for her life! There was not a blade of grass to hide the foe. He charged across a dried paddy field. I waited until he was within ten yards, then a shell in his chest rolled him over, close to the elephant's trunk. To make sure, I fired a ball behind his ear, and his earthly troubles were over. Examination proved that he had been untouched by my friend's shot; but the mark of an old wound, scarcely healed, showed that he had been in the wars and narrowly escaped with his life, for the bullet had been well placed, but, owing to bad powder used by natives, the missile had not had sufficient penetration to kill. He thus became our prize.

The next day we moved camp to Maina Muttee, intending to go on to Mattagorie on the Manass, a favourite locality for game. The Manass rises far-off in Bhothan, being fed by the melting snows of three peaks, each of them over twenty-two thousand feet high. Its waters are very cold. Wine or beer placed in bottles in the stream get icy cold in a few minutes. It is full of mahsur, miscalled Indian salmon, as it belongs to the barbel or carp kind, but it is not to be despised on that account, for not only is it delicious eating, but it gives grand sport. It will take a fly, but a large spoon it cannot resist. When shooting at the base of a range of mountains, never encamp too near the banks of a stream of any size which debouches from them, for nightly a blast of wind, generally amounting to almost a tornado, comes down. This takes the place of the air evaporated during the day, and is most deadly in its effects, carrying certain death to any who sleep a few nights within its influence.

There is a cursed custom in Assam: nothing is obtainable in a village in the interior, except by order of the Mouzadar (a native official), or at the regular hils or bazaars. To these the natives will travel many, many miles, to sell a few annasworth of grain or vegetables! Now I had been here frequently—I had paid for everything with my own hands, whatever price had been demanded. At different times I had given the villagers the carcasses of at least twelve rhinoceros, and probably double that number of buffaloes and deer; yet when I wanted rations, as usual, I was told nothing could be obtained without an order from the Mouzadar, who is generally a rascally Brahmin, living miles and miles away from his Mouzah, and therefore never get-at-able. Fortunately the Assistant-Commissioner had sent one of his Court Peons with me, with a written order that I was to be supplied with paddy for the elephants, and rice for my followers, but the villagers demurred even to this, and it was not until I tied the head man up to the pole of a tent that anything was forthcoming; then, as if by magic, fowls, eggs, vegetables, and grain came pouring in. To punish the people, we determined not to shoot here more than we required for our own camp. There is a nice little stream here in which we did "buffalo" some time. We saw lots of fish very like trout, weighing, I should say, from one to three or four pounds, but our tackle was packed away, so we left them alone for a future visit.

(To be continued.)

SIGNOR MAZZONI announces his sixth season of *réunions* for the study of concerted operatic music will commence on Thursday, October 5, at his residence, 15, Charlotte-street, Bedford-square.

The Prince of Wales had a deer drive on Monday afternoon in the forest of Birkhall. The company included the King of Greece, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, Colonel Teesdale, and Mr. Mackenzie, of Kintail.

On October 2 the third competition for the 200 Yards Swimming Championship and a silver cup is fixed to take place at the Lambeth Baths. E. C. Danels, of the North London Club, is the holder, and has won it twice in succession, so that, if fortunate enough to again win, the trophy becomes his own property.

It has been decided to entertain the Australian Eleven at a banquet next Thursday evening, at the Criterion. A large number of gentlemen interested in the Colonies will be present, and we believe tickets are to be obtained at the London offices of the National Bank of Australasia, Leadenhall-street, City.

This week, for once at least, the weather was undoubtedly in favour of the Australian cricketers, who were saved by the rain from almost certain defeat at the hands of Shaw's Eleven. Play was impossible on Tuesday, and so the match closed in a draw on Wednesday, when the score was all to the advantage of the English players. The bowling of Peate and the capital all-round play of the home Eleven gave us the comparative victory with 129 and 190 (for six wickets) against 87. The score was as follows:—Shaw's Eleven: Barlow, 7 and 56; Ulyett, 8 and 7; Midwinter, 5 and 25; Gunn, 21 and 3; Bates, 26 and 13; Scotton, 12 and 49 (not out); Selby, 3 and 19; Emmett, 27 and 2 (not out); Shaw, 4; Pilling, 11 (not out); Peate, 0; extras, 5 and 16; totals, 129 and 190. Australians: H. H. Massie, 0; A. C. Bannerman, 2; W. L. Murdoch, 14; P. S. McDonnell, 0; T. Horan, 3; G. Giffen, 16; J. M'C. Blackham, 0; G. J. Bonnor, 28; H. F. Boyle, 1; T. W. Garrett, 11; F. R. Spofforth, 8 (not out); extras, 4; total, 87.

1,000 YARDS SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIP OF SCOTLAND.—On Wednesday evening this was decided at the Dundee Public Baths, in the presence of a large assemblage, including many ladies. This was the third contest. The first prize is a silver cup worth £30, with an added prize of £5; second, £3; and third and fourth, £1. The entrants were:—Ferguson, of Paisley (the quarter-mile champion of Scotland); Baker, Forwell, and Miller, all of Dundee; and Walls and Hardie, of Edinburgh. There was a good deal of betting on the result. The favourite was Miller. At a recent 600 yards spin in the Tay he did a splendid performance, and notwithstanding the antecedents of some of his opponents, on this occasion he was freely backed to win. However, he was beaten most unsatisfactorily in the preliminary heats and the final lay between Forwell, Baker, Hardie, and Ferguson. The race was watched with the greatest interest. Almost at the outset Forwell took the lead, and with the overhand stroke from beginning to end kept it. Ferguson for three-quarters of the distance was only a little behind, but the result was Baker landed second, and Hardie third.

DOBELL'S TELESCOPIC STUD.—Mr. Dobell, of Hastings, sends us a specimen of a newly-invented collar stud, which appears calculated to be popular. The stem of the stud is double, and slides in and out upon itself like a telescope; the head can thus be adjusted to any thickness of shirt and collar, and when adjusted holds fast. The inconvenience of a loose stud is within the experience of most persons; the new stud avoids this, and is, moreover, comfortable to the neck. Shirt studs, solitaires, &c., are, we understand, made by the inventor on the same system. It should be added that the stud appears to have been made to stand hard wear if necessary.

LAWN TENNIS.—A match was played at Exmouth last week between the Exmouth and Budleigh Salterton clubs. There were three ladies and three gentlemen on each side, Exmouth being represented by Mrs. Gerrard, Miss Cole, Miss Luke, and Messrs. Cole Pine, Coffin, and Boles; whilst the Budleigh Salterton players were Messrs Ravenscroft, Rundall, and Bake, and Messrs. Goodwyn, Rattray, and Burn. The result was that Exmouth won by eleven games to six, and there was one drawn.



HATCHARDS, 187, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

ALL NEW AND STANDARD BOOKS.  
In Cloth and Leather Bindings. Catalogues free.

BIBLES, PRAYERS, CHURCH SERVICES, &c.  
In Ivory and Morocco. With and without Clasps.

LIBRARIES ARRANGED AND CATALOGUED.

The usual Discount. Post Orders Promptly Executed.

## GLISSADERMOS.

Gentlemen who wish to shave with ease and comfort should try it. This preparation requires neither soap, water, nor brush, simply a good razor brought to a keen edge on one of COWVAN'S CANTON STROPS. Price of the Glissadermos, 1s.; of the Razor Stropps, 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 9s. 6d. Of all Perfumers, Chemists, and Cutlers. R. Hovenden and Sons, 31 and 32, Berners-street, Oxford-street, and 93 and 95, City-road, London, E.C.

## WEDDING PRESENTS, PRESENTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

An ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE containing 300 Illustrations, sent post free to any part of the world.

**W. THORNHILL & Co.**  
To the Queen and Royal Family,  
144 and 145, NEW BOND ST., LONDON.  
ESTABLISHED 1734.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**SPHINX.**—You are right in three of your guesses, but wrong in the fourth.  
**EGGELL.**—The fashion adopted is thought to be the best and safest. We do not wish to be personal, but—if the cap fits, &c., &c.  
**S.**—Unsuitable.  
**AUTOLYCUS.**—You will have seen the advertisement before now most likely.  
On the 11th.  
**HEATH.**—Bend Op was favourite at 9 to 2, Foxhall 10 to 1. The same.  
**E. G. B.**—It should be suggested.  
**HERALD.**—We have heard nothing for a long time, but will let him know as soon as possible.  
**LETTERS.**—It is the same man. The wound is not severe.  
**S. T. A.**—Impossible to estimate. A horse may be worth a thousand pounds to one man while it would be dear at a gift to another. "Placing" is the art.  
**H. G.**—As soon as the jumping begins.  
**J. F. G.**—The competitors in a three-legged race who came in with three legs and a half, as it were, are undoubtedly disqualified. Were it not so, youths with little wile to carry in the way of conscience would take care that some of the fastenings *did* come untied.  
**J. M. P.**—Alexandre Dumas, *his*, was born in 1824.  
**BLUE BELL.**—We will do so next week.  
**G. E. T.**—Glen Albyn is a son of Blair Athol and Maid of Perth.  
**HOLDFAST.**—Perfectly correct. "Horse includes mare or gelding." See G. N. Steeplechase Rules.  
**LONG SHOT.**—The gentleman your name has a yearling book on the Derby, and will lay 10,000 to 100, but only to the actual owner of the animal backed. Several horses are already backed for the Derby of 1884. Whether any of them will be able to gallop remains to be seen.  
**S. STEPHEN.**—We know nothing about it.  
**TAXED CART.**—Your note was the first "Rapier" heard of. The printer and reader have fled, but "Rapier" has borrowed half-a-dozen of the 200 bloodhounds which an Italian gentleman says he *saw* in Egypt, where he knew they had been taken to pursue the Egyptian wounded. They must both die, of course. Glad you like the papers.

### THE ILLUSTRATED

## Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1882.

### GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

The comparatively large number of thoroughbred sires submitted to public competition at the recent Doncaster meeting, and the class represented by the majority of those offered in the market, are features in connection with the future of our horse supply not to be lightly thought of, and cast on one side, but to be seriously considered by those capable of taking advantage of the opportunities which now present themselves. For some time to come, according to present appearances, we are likely to suffer (if we may use the term) from a glut of material of this description, for reasons which must be apparent to anyone taking the trouble to observe what is going on round about him among breeders for racing purposes, many of whom are now casting about for new situations on behalf of the candidates they took up not long since in the hope of converting them into fashionable sires. In addition to the *furor* for producing blood stock encouraged by the exorbitant prices paid for yearlings a few years since, a further impetus was given to speculators in ventures of this description by what may be termed a succession of lucky hits made by certain of the previously "great unknowns" of the stud. Robert the Devil, Dresden China and Chippendale may be cited as three of the leading cases in point of high-class racing talent having its origin in the most despised and neglected origins; and hence it was that over-sanguine spirits came to the conclusion that from similarly obscure materials they could produce at will the same magnificent results. It required but a very short time to show that the foundations on which such shaky edifices of hope had been reared were weak and deceptive in the extreme; and that after all the maxim of like begetting like holds good in the vast majority of cases, brilliant exceptions only proving the truth of the rule that an exalted standard of merit among progenitors of our high-mettled coursers must be maintained in order to command success. The consequence therefore is, that a somewhat numerous section of what we may call third and fourth raters is placed for the present beyond the pale of profitable employment in the sphere they were too fondly expected to adorn; and to these "out of collar" may be added many others tried on the "higher rope" and found wanting, and only retained on their owners' hands for the reason that prices do not suit the pockets of purchasers intent on securing bargains for their money. A further fall must shortly,

we fear, ensue upon the existing crowded condition of the market; and thus golden opportunities will present themselves for those who may be on the look out for country stallions, an improvement upon which class as it is now constituted has long been urgently needed. It is notorious that a large proportion of these "walking gentlemen" on circuit in rural districts are a curse rather than a blessing to those compelled, for lack of more eligible material, to use them for their mares; and though in some few favoured places stallions of the right sort may be met with and used at moderate prices, this is the exception instead of the rule. Unsoundness in wind and limb is thus propagated far and wide, merely because anything with a pedigree is deemed sufficient for the purposes of its owner or hirer, in localities where no sort of club or association exists among agriculturists and others, founded with the object of ensuring the services to the neighbourhood of a stock-getter of name and reputation.

Institutions of this nature, which, we rejoice to learn, are on the increase all over the country, have hitherto turned their attention more to sources of supply for farm purposes than for the hunter and hackney departments; which, however, are likely soon to be more carefully administered, the great obstacle to success having hitherto been the precarious means of obtaining stallions in possession of the necessary qualifications for their business. Anything was once considered good enough to go the customary round during the season, and with most of the travelling stallion's customers it was a case of "Hobson's choice"; but we trust that we have succeeded in changing all this at last, now that producers of half-bred stock have been aroused to a sense of the situation at which they have arrived "after long years." Efforts are being made by public bodies and private individuals alike to establish a new *régime* as regards mates for their mares, and to supersede the crocks and cripples formerly deemed good enough for breeding purposes in rural districts; and though old customs and traditions are likely enough to take a deal of stamping out, the "common-sense of most" may be trusted to bring about much-needed reforms in this direction. From the obvious tendency lately developed of over-breeding for the turf, in addition to such fathers of the stud as lately figured in the Doncaster catalogue, we are also likely to be suited by others of similar calibre available for the procreation of half-breds; and if matters in the yearling sale-ring fail to mend, the supply is likely to be fully equal to the demand, and, what is still more important, prices will have to be lowered to suit the requirements of an entirely different class of customers.

If Lowlander and horses of his stamp are still likely to continue for some time above the mark of seekers after the size, bone, and substance indispensable to the production of marketable half-breds, there are plenty to be found calculated to do the work required of them, and never did it seem more opportune "to take occasion by the hand" than now, when so many, fallen from their once high estate, find their occupation gone. Recently in our rambles round Yorkshire, that equine nursery, we came across more than one "hanger on" at large racer-breeding establishments far better fitted to shine among half-breds than to rust in company where his chances were few and far between; and we can call to mind only a few thoroughbreds of the Ambergris and Castlereagh type which have achieved success in the higher sphere where their labours of love first began. Both in racing and agricultural supplies England is excellently well catered for, but there still remains the great middle class of horseflesh to be improved to an extent apparently never yet dreamed of in our philosophy; and this can only be effected by recourse being had to "blood," and that flowing in the veins of stallions otherwise well qualified to propagate a stalwart and staunch progeny. Now or never, therefore, must be the motto of those interested in removing the reproach that "anything is good enough" to recruit our half-bred resources; so let them hasten to utilise the supplies now forthcoming in such lavish abundance, and take advantage of an opportunity which may be the means of regenerating a somewhat neglected grade of our equine population.

### A BOUT WITH RHINOCEROS.

(Continued from our last.)

APRIL 19th. We shot about the neighbouring jungles—more for the pot than anything else. I had seven elephants and Jack three, one of them a very, very tall old Mucknah. He is deaf, and almost blind, and cannot go beyond two miles an hour to save his life, but then his very infirmities render him an exceptionally steady brute. He can't run away and he cannot get frightened, as he can neither see nor hear, as I have before said; but it is most heartrending being on his back when you are anxious to overtake a beast. All the prodding in the world won't accelerate his pace a yard beyond his usual stride per hour. We contented ourselves with two pigs for our cacharies, who prefer pork to anything, and three deer for the mahouts and camp followers. There were many shikaries about here, who, coming from Bengal, decimate the country of its tigers and panthers by means of poisoned arrows. They go prowling about, find out the paths by which these felines travel nightly, and lay their traps accordingly. So virulent is the poison that if but one drop of blood be obtained the wounded animal dies in two or three hours, often less. These men also fire at any game they see, with inadequate charges and bad weapons, and whilst wounding, do not kill, and drive away or render the wild beasts so wild that there is no getting near them. But directly they heard of our arrival they left off their own shikar and dogged our footsteps, remaining hidden from our ken, but tracking up and appropriating all our wounded. I ascertained that they thus secured a horn eighteen inches in length and nearly three surrs in weight of a rhinoceros we had wounded, and got off with it scot free, which was to them a clear gain of one hundred and fifty rupees, which a horn of that size would fetch.

April 20th. We went direct for the Manass. I was again on the old Mucknah. Our way lay across a vast plain, some of which was covered with long grass, other parts quite bare. We saw nothing worth firing at until we reached a tope of trees, an oasis in the vast grassy plain. Here we saw the tips of horns belonging to several marsh stags. Jack missed one, but I got close to a couple and bowled them over, but their horns were worthless, as the bone had not formed, and they were still in

velvet. I may here say that sambur, hog, spotted and brown-antlered deer all shed their horns between April and June, whilst the marsh deer do not shed theirs till November. Why should there be this difference?

Beyond this tope, we struck upon fresh rhinoceros tracks, and following them up carefully, came upon one fast asleep in the bed of an exposed nullah. Now these pachyderms retire either to pools of water, mud holes, marshes, long grass, or even to the shallow beds of running streams, and take their noon-day nap; but here was a huge brute fast asleep, with not even a blade of grass between him and an April sun. He had his head towards us, and in the position he was lying no vital spot was exposed; he looked for all the world like a monstrous pig. I was nearest, yet hesitated to fire, but my mahout, Sookur, with great presence of mind, whistled, and the sleeping beauty, raising his head, winked and blinked as the rays of the morning sun entered his orbits. Before he was thoroughly awake he had four conical well placed in his chest. He sprang up perfectly bewildered, and gnashing his teeth, came at us; but what chance had he? We were above him, and before he could get at us he was riddled with bullets and fell dead. The horn was a mere stump, scarcely worth the trouble of extracting. We went some way and then got into a herd of buffaloes. We wounded several; these got entangled amongst some creepers, and on our pushing our elephants right amongst them, fought savagely. One elephant was rather badly hurt; mine was charged by two, but I managed to kill both before they could close and inflict any damage. Jack, on the right, was keeping up a steady fusillade, so I went to his aid. I found him surrounded by slain and wounded and his own elephant badly prodded behind by a cow, who, taking advantage of my friend's being engaged in front with the leader of the herd, had unceremoniously charged him in the rear, and had nearly overthrown his koonkie, a fine female about 8ft high. My appearance on the field decided the battle. My five double rifles belched forth their contents, and in a few minutes the living had skedaddled, leaving eight dead, and carrying away in their midst many wounded. Jack killed a nice-sized deer for the pot shortly afterwards.

We then travelled fully three hours without firing a shot, for we only saw hundreds and hundreds of does of the marsh deer, and they were not worth shooting so far away from camp, for at Maltagore itself dozens could be got within a quarter of a mile of the place. At last the Manass was in sight, and our camp not half a mile off. The country was a dead level, covered with grass and a few trees. Under the shade of a huge cotton-tree, partially hidden, I saw an immense rhinoceros standing, half asleep. Its head and neck were hidden behind the trunk of the tree, but the shoulder was quite exposed. I got to within forty yards. It then showed signs of uneasiness, so I opened fire and down he went. As he struggled on the ground I poured in shot upon shot; but the more lead he ate, as the natives say, the more lively he got, and at last recovered his legs and ran forward, all abroad. He had doubtless received his death-warrant, but, as is often the case, the more shots you fire the livelier a wounded animal seems to get; and, do what I would, I could get no closer than fifty or sixty yards, and as the brute was trotting away straight ahead I had nothing to fire at but his broad stern. The blood was pouring from his mouth, and I knew he could not live beyond a quarter-of-an-hour, but the tangled forest was not a hundred yards distant, and once in that he was lost to me and mine for ever. I loaded and fired as fast as I could, cursing the slowness of the Mucknah, but gain a foot I could not. The jungle is not twenty yards distant, I must lose one of the finest rhinoceros I ever saw, when I heard hurried footsteps behind me, and to my delight I saw Jack, on his fast koonkie, overtaking me hand over hand. Just at the edge of the jungle, he got in between our prey and its sanctuary, and turned him towards me. The poor devil was too far gone to charge, and a volley from us both laid him low. He was a monster indeed—height 6ft 2in, length 13ft 4in, length of horn 14in; weight 2½ surrs.

Being close to our camp, I made for it direct, but Jack went off to the right and came across another monster. He fired seven shots into it, but it was close to a tree forest, into which it got, and we never saw it again, but heard that it was recovered by the native shikaries, who followed us about. Jack got to camp by 4 p.m. I had a boat ready, and the tackle had been all arranged by my pattern-man, or orderly, so we went out fishing. Jack caught the first fish, about 6lb in weight; I then got three, weighing respectively 19lb, 8lb, and 25lb. We kept one small one for ourselves, and gave the others to our Mussulman followers. I had sent a couple of elephants to bring in the head and shields of the big rhinoceros shot by me to-day, and the mahouts, both going and coming, saw a tiger eating one of our wounded marsh deer, and he would not get out of their way, but it was too late to go after him then. Our camp was pitched too close to the river's banks; the usual tornado set in, and we were both covered over with sand and burnt ashes in the morning, besides our tents were nearly blown down. Another night or two and we might have ordered our shrouds, so we moved camp a hundred yards further inland, and beyond hearing the wind howling down the valley of the river, did not feel it ourselves. This is one of the loveliest spots I ever saw anywhere during thirty-six years' wanderings. The hillsides are beautifully wooded, the various trees clothed with every shade of green. The run has many deserted herds. Some of these fell during the monsoon. Many of them are from 100ft to 100 yards broad, with perpendicular banks varying from a depth of 150ft to 70ft or less. There is a savage grandeur about it. From an eminence can be seen herds of wild elephants, gaur, very many buffaloes, rhinoceros, wild cattle, marsh sambur, spotted deer, barking deer, hog deer, antelope, and even the pigmy hogs are plentiful. Of the feathered kind there are thousands of florikan or the lesser babbler, marsh partridge, black partridge, pea fowl, jungle fowl, pheasants, pigeons, doves, and quail. The river is full of very large fish, which take a bait readily. Can there be a more lovely spot to attract the traveller or sportsman? Often as I went there I was never tired of contemplating the beauties of nature, and the splendid sport obtainable on either bank.

April 21st. I wanted to go after the tiger, but my friend wanted to recover the rhinoceros he lost yesterday, so I agreed to his proposal, but, so alike are these jungles, that, although the beast had been lost not half a mile off, the mahout could not guide us to the spot, so we lost several hours in vainly searching for him. We then gave up the unprofitable search and took up a fresh sport; but up to nine o'clock we saw nothing. As we were passing a narrow strip of very heavy grass jungle Jack caught sight of a rhinoceros, who needlessly exposed himself and got a couple of bullets for his carelessness. I never heard such a pandemonium in my life, before or since. Judging from the noise, I should say all the pachyderms in this neighbourhood had assembled together, and were swearing at us right heartily. The grass was so high and so dense I hesitated about taking our elephants into it, for fear of getting them out, for all, with one exception, which was mine, belonged to Government. The rhinoceros were excited to an unusual degree, and were rushing about perfectly frenzied, and I knew a free fight would ensue,



which would end, probably, disastrously for us, as our beasts were already trembling at the noise they heard, and were prepared to take up a strategic position in the rear rather than advance against the foe. But the grass looked very dry, so, going some way ahead, we took up our position in a bit of less dense jungle, and desired the mahouts to fire the grass towards us; but burn it would not, so we sat down to breakfast, determined to try a little later. We had scarcely commenced our meal when some of the mahouts ran up, saying there was a rhinoceros as big as an elephant feeding in the open, close by. We jumped up and mounted our beasts, and certainly saw a monster feeding quietly not far off. Now, there was a nullah close at hand, which ran past our unconscious enemy within ten yards. All we had to do was to get down where we were, crawl along its bed until alongside our quarry, and then to shoot him dead; instead of following this obvious course, we, like dolts, went at him straight, on the elephants. He was feeding so placidly, we thought we could get near enough to kill him with our first volley, but he was not so intent on his meal that he did not keep one eye open and an ear intent on any approaching sound; thus, before we got within certain distance of him, he looked up, saw us, and turned to bolt. We fired a couple of barrels each, he was on the edge of the nullah, and rolled over on his back, and I was in hopes that he might be mortally wounded, but no sooner did he reach the bottom than he recovered himself, ran up the opposite bank, and across country at a pace which plainly told us he did not intend to take breath until long out of our reach. Half a mile beyond, the forest commenced, so we gave up the chase and returned to where we had left our meal unfinished. Now, I did not want the elephants out, but I did not like being beaten. The grass would not burn, so, after a consultation, we determined to advance shoulder to shoulder, that is by wedging the elephants close together. We had barely entered the jungle when a cow rhinoceros, followed by a young one, charged Jack, whose elephant swerved, but its rider planted two well placed bullets, which turned the animal towards me. I gave it two pills, and it ran about fifty yards on and then rolled over as dead as a red herring. Jack got separated from me; I went straight on and found myself in the midst of the herd. There were at least a dozen or more all making their diabolical noises and frightening all the elephants except the Mucknah I was on. I had five rifles—two muzzle-loaders, two groove, No. 10 bore; two breech-loaders, rifles, No. 10 bore; one Magnum Express, .577. These I loaded and fired as rapidly as I could; one persistent devil would not be repelled, but charged right and left. I had floored two, two others went away very badly hit, yet the fifth would not leave me, and it was not until I fired my last shot out of one of the two-groove that he went to kingdom come. I had thus three dead and two if not more severely wounded. Sookur as usual was very eager and anxious to push on before I had reloaded my battery, nor would he desert until I gave him a tap on the top of his head with the butt end of one of my rifles, and an intimation that if he moved until ordered, I should bring it down with a far greater force. I never saw such a scene before or since: the patch of grass now more than one hundred yards square was alive with these pachyderms, but unfortunately the tangled tree forest was near, and into this most of the beasts escaped, and either died a lingering death or fell into the hands of the shikaris, who dogged our footsteps. Jack came up just as they were disappearing; he hit several but got none, but in following them up we overtook two and killed both.

Turning back to secure the trophies of the slain, a three-parts grown rhinoceros charged me, but I turned him. He then bore down upon Jack, whose elephant, being very unsteady, turned tail and ran for her life, followed by the rhinoceros. To shoot correctly at the pace he was going at was for Jack impossible, and, although he fired many shots—a few of which hit—the greater part missed, owing to the jolting and the pace at which he was taken from the field. The elephant was going at her best, but the rhinoceros outran her and charged home, but he was so done that he inflicted no damage, but was shot dead the next moment. Jack's elephant showed a broad mark on his quarter where she had been struck, and Jack himself was much cut about and bruised by the jolting he got. But all's well that ends well, and we turned homewards, shooting *en route* a couple of hog deer and a pig. In the evening we went fishing. Jack caught two—one 20lb and one 12lb. I also got two—19lb and 6lb. In all my hunting trips I have never come across so many rhinoceros together as on this occasion, nor have I known so many killed in one day. Had we had leisure to hunt them up, I am sure we could have recovered four or five more.

April 22nd. Jack was very ill all night; a bad attack of diarrhoea in a place like the one we were in, where there is no conveniences, dense jungle, and wild beasts galore. We started rather late next morning; we went more to explore than shoot—thinking of moving camp near the Gate nullah, or near the Pohomarah. The former showed but a very few marks, and we saw but two beasts; one declined to be killed, the other we circumvented beautifully, rushing round a tope of trees, whilst he went through their midst. We met him face to face, and our first discharge accounted for him; he was a large old beast, with a horn thirteen inches long, but it had been injured in some way, and the base was very offensive and full of maggots, and would have fallen off in a few days. The Pohomarah was nearly dry, so we gave up all idea of camping on its banks. I saw a gaur in a tope, and hit it hard, but it got away. We saw plenty of sambar, but as they were all does we did not molest them, but shot a deer near camp for the ladder.

April 23rd. We moved camp to-day; slight rain in the night and morning. We went across country and saw several elephants, but could not molest them unless they charged us first, as there was a fine of 500 rupees for shooting one, except in self-defence. We hit a stag marsh deer, and in following it up came across a rhinoceros, wounded, but lost in a tangled forest. We followed the course of a small river. Looking down, I saw a rhinoceros staring up at me. I let him have a couple of bullets; he ran up the bank at us, but died before he could do any damage. Jack went in chase of some buffaloes, and in a highish bit I came upon a bear and killed it. Jack killed a couple of buffaloes and then joined me, and soon after hit a rhinoceros, but it escaped. I came upon another and knocked it down, and we two stood over it and emptied the whole of our battery into it, but it got up and bolted, passing Jack's orderly; he got four more barrels, yet he escaped after all. Thus, out of five rhinoceros wounded to-day, we only got one. Such is luck. Our people saw two rhinoceros, and the elephant we had passed, and as he threatened to attack them, Seitaram, Sookur's uncle, had to fire at it. We pitched camp at Basbare. In the evening we went out again, and Jack secured a cow buffalo with horns 10 feet 6 inches.

April 24th. Rain again last night. We sent Seitaram and the orderly to look for the wounded rhinoceros of yesterday, but instead of doing so they followed up fresh marks, and being ahead of us disturbed the whole of the jungles; we had thus a long chase for nothing. To-day we saw the largest herd of buffaloes, with some of the biggest bulls, I ever saw in Assam; but the plain they were on had recently been burnt, and there was no getting near them. I came across a bear and rolled it

over, but it got into a nullah and escaped. The heat was awful, and not a tree to be seen. We came across fresh marks, and Sookur took them up and followed them up like a bloodhound. The tracking was in a series of circles, and for fully three hours we did not get a glimpse of the brute. Jack despaired and went off to the only tree visible and took shelter from the sun under its shade; but I knew Sookur, if left alone, would bring me up to the beast, so I went on and was at last rewarded by coming upon it, lying down in some long grass. As it jumped up a right and left deprived it of life. We then moved homewards and turned a cow rhinoceros with a calf out of a patch of long grass. We killed the mother at once and the calf too by an accident. The udder was full of milk, and our shikaris and Ghoorkha orderlies had a good drink and filled several bottles with the milk. I just tasted it; it was very sweet and watery, like a woman's in the earlier stages of nursing. I should imagine. In the bed of a deep nullah, I saw a rhinoceros lying on his back, and, thinking it was dead, called out, "here is one of our wounded ones dead." No sooner had I spoken than up it jumped and charged up the bank at the Mucknah, who for the first time swerved and no doubt saved his skin, as the rhinoceros just grazed him. Firing together, the pachyderm subsided at once.

April 25th. We moved camp to Kalegoung. We saw numerous marks of rhinoceros, but being tired of shooting them, did not go out of our way to search for them, but contented ourselves by shooting a few deer and ferokean for the pot.

April 26th. Rain again last night. We moved to Batabaree; the country very difficult to move across owing to the numerous nullahs and old irrigation channels. This country is now a howling wilderness, yet many years ago, when the population of the country must have been far greater than what it is now, this must have been a thriving and well cultivated district. Alas! now its only inhabitants are wild beasts. We killed a few deer and partridges, but did not follow up big game; we saw several wild elephants, and, close to camp, a rhinoceros jumped up in front of us and was at once killed.

April 27th.—Moved to Paka Marah; open country; plenty of birds and hog deer about; the cattle plague is raging, and every village has its Golgotha, where the dead cattle are thrown and on which tigers, jackals, and vultures feed.

April 28th, 29th, and 30th. Steady marching; we killed a few deer and plenty of birds for the table, and got back to Gawhatie after fifteen days' absence with the best bag I have ever made within the time. Jack, having fifteen days still to the good, went on to Kookoreah, where he and Barry shot a large rhinoceros with a horn upwards of thirteen inches long, two and a half surs in weight, besides wounding two others and bagging various buffalo and deer. This is a faithful account of one out of many trips. I have been as brief as possible, not wishing to occupy too much space in the columns of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, and I trust this narrative may be of use to some sportsmen of the future who may visit these fields either on business or pleasure, or both combined. Elephants are absolutely necessary; otherwise there are no great difficulties to be overcome. F. T. P.

## CRICKET, ATHLETICS, AQUATICS, &c.

The Australians beat an Eleven of Scotland, on Friday, by an innings and 23. The score was:—Australia, 155, against Scotland, 32 and 100. The Scotch representatives were:—J. G. Walker, 12 and 6; A. G. G. Asher, 1 and 0; A. D. Dunlop, 1 and 10; R. Sharp, 2 and 25; A. Watson, 1 and 11 (not out); D. Crichton, 0 and 0; T. Anderson, 9 and 4; J. Buchanan, 0 and 0; P. H. Morton, 5 and 32; R. Shanks, 0 and 11; G. Parsons 1 (not out), and 6.

On Tuesday the Australians defeated Eleven of England, at Harrogate, by four wickets, with 134 and 105 to 72 and 165. The English players were Uytell, 11 and 0; Hon. M. B. Hawke, 15 and 31; Maurice Read, 1 and 14; Lockwood, 2 and 21; Mr. E. M. Grace, 1 and 3; Emmett 23 (not out) and 36; Mr. W. R. Gilbert, 8 and 36; Mr. M. Riley, 6 and 0; Mr. W. E. Roller, 3 and 1; Peate, 0 and 14; Mr. G. A. B. Leatham, 0 and 0 (not out). Peate, Giffen, and Emmett bowled well. Bonnor, 27 and 13 (not out) headed the batting for the Australians, who played admirably all round. The Australians have, during their visit, played thirty-eight matches—won twenty-three and lost four. They were twice beaten by Cambridge University, once by the Players, and once by the North of England. The drawn matches were against the Orleans Club, Yorkshire (two), Notts, the M.C.C., Liverpool, and Eleven of England at Derby, Gloucestershire, a United Eleven at Tunbridge Wells, I Zingari at Scarborough, and Shaw's Eleven at the Oval. The wins were against Oxford University, Sussex, Surrey, Lancashire, Derbyshire, Yorkshire (three) Gentlemen of England at the Oval, the United Eleven at Chichester, Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, Middlesex, Northumberland, Gentlemen of Scotland, Gloucestershire, Kent, Somerset, England at the Oval (by 7 runs), Notts, Shaw's Eleven at Leeds, an Eleven of Scotland at Glasgow, and an Eleven of England at Harrogate. Their batting averages are: W. L. Murdoch 30-31, T. Horan 25-0, H. H. Massie 24-37, A. C. Bannerman 22-13, G. J. Bonnor 20-15, G. Giffen 18-29, P. S. McDonnell 17-16, J. M'C. Blackham 17-0, S. P. Jones 11-29, T. W. Garrett 11-34, G. E. Palmer 11-12, H. F. Boyle 9-12, F. R. Spofforth 8-10. Murdoch's best was 266 (not out), Massie's 200, Horan's 141 (not out), Bonnor's 122 (not out), and Bannerman's 120 (not out). The averages of their leading bowlers were: H. F. Boyle 11-98, F. R. Spofforth 12-26, G. E. Palmer 12-75, T. W. Garrett 13-95, and G. Giffen 22-24.

A match, for the benefit of the Seamen's Hospital, took place at Blackheath, on Friday and Saturday, between an Eleven of the South and Nineteen of the West Kent Wanderers. For the South, Mr. T. C. O'Brien made 62 and 30, and H. Wood, for the Wanderers, scored 38 and 4. The score was:—The South, 126 and 159, against 126 and 80.

The County beat the Town of Nottingham, on Saturday, by eight wickets, with 88 and 78, to 82 and 83. Scotton, Butler, and R. Williams did best for the winners, and Osoroff, G. Baker, Selby, Shaw, and T. Bowley best for the Town.

Mr. Hornby took a team of Lancashire gentlemen to Darwin on Saturday to play Darwin and District, for the benefit of Nash, and there were thousands of spectators. The gentlemen were defeated by 22 runs, the totals being 96 and 74. Mr. Hornby was caught and bowled by Nash's second ball; Mr. E. B. Rowley only scored four, but Mr. O. P. Lancashire batted briskly for 13, as did Mr. E. Lees for 10, whilst Mr. C. G. Halton put together a carefully compiled 31. Nash took seven of the Gentlemen's wickets at a cost of 38 runs.

At the Moseley Harriers concluding sports on Saturday, the principal results were:—220 Yards Open Handicap: C. H. Vale (20 yards), first; E. Jevon (17½ yards), second. 880 Yards Novices Race: A. Vickerstaff (10 yards), first; time, 2min 12.2-5sec. Two Miles Bicycle Handicap (open): G. H. Ilston (80 yards), first; H. Humphries (30 yards), second; time, 6min 8.4-5sec. Three-quarter Mile Open Handicap: P. H. Jones (80 yards), first; E. L. Stevens (80 yards), second; J. H.

Wynn (85 yards), third; time, 3min 8.4-5sec. George, who had entered for this race, sprained his ankle in the 220 Yards, and could not run.

At the Electric Bicycle and Athletic Club sports, at Lillie Bridge on Saturday, the results were:—120 Yards Handicap: A. Hunt (12½ yards), first. Mile Bicycle Handicap: F. W. G. White (50 yards), first. Mile Walking Handicap: Stubbs (85 yards), first; H. Wilks (100 yards), second; N. West (scratch), third; won easily. Five Miles Bicycle Handicap: F. W. G. White (280 yards), first; S. Trott (400 yards), second, by 100 yards. 440 Yards Handicap: H. G. Reed (5 yards), first; J. Smith (6 yards), second.

At the West Derby C. and F. sports on Saturday, the results were:—120 Yards Handicap (closed): W. W. Jackson (scratch), first; G. Whittaker (8 yards), second; time, 12½sec. 440 Yards Handicap (closed): W. W. Jackson (scratch), first; E. D. Dunn (3 yards), second; time, 60½sec. 120 Yards Handicap (honorary members): R. Johnson (scratch), first; time, 14½sec. Two Miles Bicycle Handicap: T. Hoverton (120 yards), first; J. Pickering (70 yards), second; time, 8min 21½sec. Half-mile Handicap: R. W. Drake (55 yards), first; J. Ferguson (55 yards), second; time, 2min 13½sec. 220 Yards Hurdle Handicap (closed): E. Shepherd (15 yards), first; E. Dunn (3 yards), second; time, 29½sec. 120 Yards Open Handicap: J. Hill (6½ yards), first; J. F. Rouse (7½ yards), second; D. H. Brownfield (4 yards), third; time, 12½sec. Half-mile Handicap (closed): T. Crellin (scratch), first; J. Armstrong (65 yards), second; time, 2min 17.1-5sec. Mile Open Handicap: W. H. Pickering (135 yards), first; R. J. McCracken (140 yards), second; time, 4min 36sec. The ground was heavy.

The third race for the Professional Bicycle Championship took place at Leicester on Saturday. The starters were:—K. Howell, Coventry; R. James, Birmingham; F. Wood, Leicester; F. Lees, Sheffield; and C. R. Garrard, Coventry. Wood won by a foot from Garrard, Howell, the same distance behind the second man, third; time, 1h 24min 26sec.

A 100 Miles Bicycle Race at Wrexham on Saturday was won by G. A. Pattison; time, 8h 16min 30sec; G. Monk, second. Monk's time, 8h 18min.

Six competitors took part in a race for the Mile Amateur Bicycle Championship of the North at Newcastle on Saturday. T. D. Oliver (holder) was successful; E. J. Wilkinson second, by a yard; G. Maughan, third; time, 3min 6sec.

The One, Four, and Ten Miles Amateur Championship Races of the Irish Bicycle Association were decided at Lansdowne-road, Dublin, on Saturday, and resulted:—One Mile: J. H. Craig, Irish Champion B.C., first; W. Woodside, Coleraie, second; E. Wardell, Waterford B.C., third; won by six yards; time, 3min 7½sec. Four Miles: J. H. Craig, Irish Champion B.C., first; W. M. Woodside, Coleraie, second; G. Wardell, Waterford B.C., 0; won by four lengths; time, 13min 54½sec. Ten Miles: W. M. Woodside, Coleraie, first; J. B. Whittaker, Metropolitan B.C., second; E. O. Bailey, Phoenix B.C., third; H. A. Taylor, Irish Champion B.C., 0; Woodside lapped his opponents several times; time, 43min 4sec.

At the Langham B.C. (Shoolbred's) sports at Surbiton on Saturday, the principal results were:—One Mile Handicap: T. Berwick (scratch), first; L. P. Hughes (20 yards), second; time, 3min 8½sec. Ten Miles Club Championship: L. B. Hughes, first; F. J. Dunham, second; T. Berwick, third; and A. F. Cardwell, 0; won easily by 150 yards; time, 36min 8sec. A Five Miles Match between Turner and Powell (two old members) was won easily by the former. A 120 Yards Flat Race caused some excitement. It was won by R. Ruskell (5 yards), T. H. Mallett (3 yards), second; W. Pollock (scratch), third; time, 12½sec.

At the first annual meeting of the Sayes Court Amateur Athletic Club on Saturday the 120 Yards Open Handicap fell to J. Austin (5 yards), J. D. Moore (2½ yards), second. The Mile Bicycle Race (open), to W. A. Heasman (95 yards); W. Duffy (80 yards), second; and the Mile Handicap (open), to A. F. Gardner (80 yards); W. Maxted (75 yards), second; time, 4min 35.1-5sec.

At the Manchester Southern Bicycle Club sports on Saturday the principal results were:—Two Miles Open Handicap: J. A. McKay (175 yards), first; F. B. Yahr (170 yards), second; F. W. Royle (400 yards), third; time, 5min 48½sec. Ten Miles Championship Race: J. A. Morley (holder), first; A. Edwards, second; by 50 yards; time, 36min 3½sec.

On Friday Mr. T. Vesey attempted to beat the tricycle record to Bath and back, but met with a series of disasters and was compelled to abandon the essay.

The English Football Association has passed a resolution not to meet Scotland in an international match unless the Scotch Association consent to send representatives to the conference for assimilating the rules of the game.

On Saturday, in the English Association Challenge Cup contests, Church defeated Clitheroe by five goals to nil, and Accrington (holders of the Lancashire Challenge Cup) defeated Haslingden by two goals to one.

At the first general meeting of the Sussex Football Association held at Brighton on Saturday, the following officers were appointed for the ensuing season:—President, Rev. J. Walker, Lancing College; vice-presidents, Mr. A. R. Bostock (Horsesham), Mr. H. Whitfield (Lewes), and Captain Cardwell (Eastbourne); treasurer, Mr. A. H. W. Wright (Chichester); and hon. sec., Mr. T. O. Sturges Jones (Chichester). The committee will comprise the officers and one member from each club belonging to the Association.

In football matches on Saturday, Queen's Park met the Rangers at Glasgow, and the former won by six goals to two. G. Ker, with the victors, was seriously injured during the game, and Harrower is still laid up from a hurt received a fortnight ago. Halliwell beat Great Lever at Bolton by two goals to one. The Sheffield Wednesday, who last year reached the semi-final of the English cup, played an annual match against Sheffield Attercliffe and beat them by three goals to one. The Blackburn Rovers opened their season against Liverpool, and beat them by ten goals to one. The Blackburn Olympic beat Witton by four goals to none. The Bolton Wanderers beat Stanley, after a brisk contest, by four goals to one. Notts Forest beat the Small Heath Alliance by four goals to nil.

The tenth annual pair-oared regatta of the Surrey Alliance Rowing Club was decided on Saturday, when the final heat was won by F. Wignome and R. Williamson (stroke), Price (cox.); F. Williamson and Carmody (stroke), Waller (cox.), second, by a length.

The annual race for the captaincy of the Ilfracombe Swimming Club was decided on Friday, the course half a mile, from the Hotel to the Pier:—C. P. Whittaker was first by ten yards; E. M. Puddicombe, second; F. W. Twiss, a good third.

An Open 108 Yards Race of the London Swimming Club was won on Friday by J. Gifford (14sec); F. Fairbridge (17sec), second; a 216 Yards Race for Policemen by J. Bryan; J. L. Simms, second; and a Novice Race, 108 yards, by N. G. Tulley; J. Hicks, jun., second, by a yard.

C. Thomas (29sec) won on Monday the final heat in the open contest for the Serpentine Club's £30 Challenge Cup; W. Henry (12sec), second.

The Otter Swimming Club decided the final race of the season (a 49 Yards Handicap) at the Marylebone Baths on Tuesday.