

## THE EPSOM DERBY.



ALTHOUGH of late years the Epsom Derby has been overshadowed in money value by the institution of racing events originated to catch the moving spirit of the times, still the time-honoured classic race continues to hold the position of the 'great event' of the year, and to be successful in the 'blue garland,' is the ambition of every true English sportsman.

There are races upon which more money is made and laid, but put to the British vote, and the result would be the Derby carries the palm in popularity. The result is looked forward to in all parts of the world. This year's contest will be ever notable for a horse owned and bred in sunny Australia taking part in the race. For many months we have been on the tip-toe of expectation as to how Kirkham would shape, but the colt's display was full of disappointment, for he finished seventh out of a field of eight.

Sainfoin, the hero of this year's Derby, an illustration of whom will be found below, is owned and trained by Mr John Porter, of the world-famed Kingsclere stable. He was bred

his private trainer and established him at Kingsclere, which from that day to this has been his home. Carmel was the last Derby mount of Porter's and he then concentrated himself entirely upon training operations. In the old days Blue Gown, Greensleeves, Kosierucian, Pero Gomez, The Palmer, Morna, Sedersolite, and many others were prepared here. To write a history of the Turf for the last five-and-twenty years. At the time that Mr Gretton went over to Alec Taylor, the Duke of Westminster had lost the services of Robert Peck, and arranged with Mr Porter; and soon afterwards Lord Stamford, having returned to the Turf, entrusted his horses to the same trusty hands. Park House started well for its new patrons, Sshotover winning the Two Thousand and the Derby, and Gobeinniss the Oaks. It was the beginning of that phenomenal success of the Kingsclere stable which, as we have said before, was raised into a glorious rivalry with the traditions of Danebury and White-wail. The year after Sshotover's Derby came another Epsom winner, St. Blaise; and then the crowning glory, Ormonde, who has almost, if not quite, superseded Isonomy in John Porter's estimation as being the greatest horse of the century. Mr Porter's great disappointment has been Friar's Balsam, of whom such great things were anticipated. But if he lost with what he considered a big thing, he won with inferior animals; as an instance, when Orbit carried off the Grand £10,000 Prize at Sandown. Ben Strome was another disappointment. But then how much there has been to counterbalance these slight checks: Mr Porter's clients at the present time are the Prince of Wales, the Duke of West-

## ALMOST DROWNED.

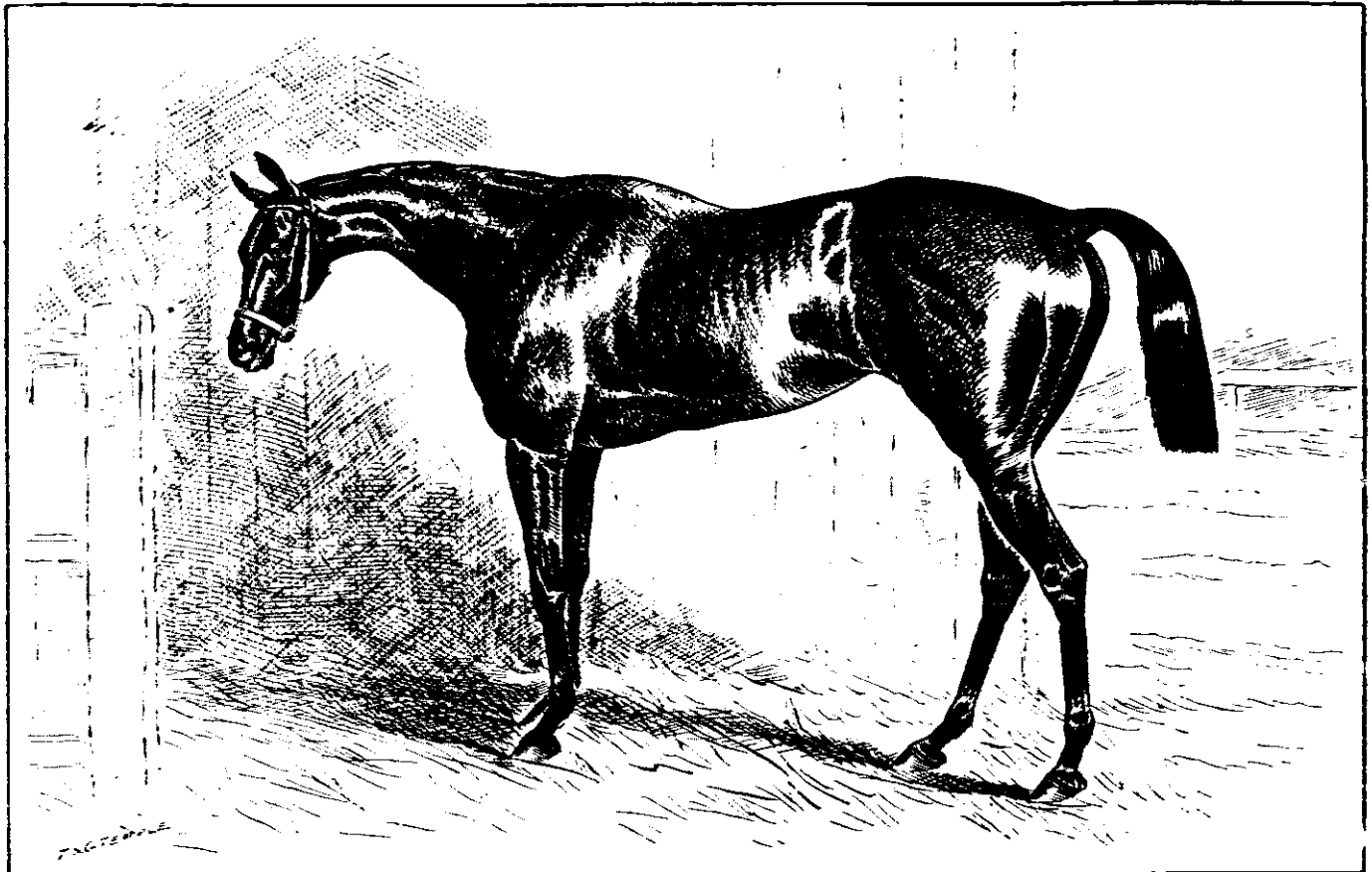
THE author of 'New Zealand after Fifty Years' was a passenger on board the ship *Sir George Pollock*, bound from London to New Zealand. When about a thousand miles south of the Cape of Good Hope, in a very cold latitude, he was fishing for albatrosses and molly-mocks over the stern, when a sudden lurch of the vessel pitched him overboard. He fell about twenty feet, and as he struck the water flat on his chest the wind was pretty well knocked out of him and he was for the moment half-stunned.

When I came to myself I was floating pretty comfortably, my thick woollen clothes supporting me, and my wide-awake hat floating by my side. There was a heavy swell, and, as I rose to the crest of a wave, I saw the ship, looking very small, as if she were already a long way off. I noticed, however, that she was hove to, and I felt sure that I should be picked up.

My only fear was that the albatrosses might swoop down upon me and kill me with their terrible beaks, as they had killed the carpenter of the same ship the voyage before.

A long time passed—hours, it seemed to me—and, my clothes having become soaked, I floated low in the water and could no longer empty my mouth fast enough to get breath or keep the ship in sight. Every wave that came sank me deeper and made me swallow more water.

I began to feel deadly cold and thought it was all over with me. I could not help blaming my friends on the ship for their cruelty in letting me drown, when they might so



SAINFOIN, WINNER OF THE ENGLISH DERBY. 1880

at Hampton Court, and at the sale of Her Majesty's yearlings in June, 1888, was purchased by his present owner for 550 guineas. Sainfoin was bred by Springfield from Sainfoin, the latter being by Wenlock from Sainfoin, by Stockwell from Lady Evelyn, by Don John from Industry, by Priam. Sainfoin has two lines of Stockwell in his pedigree, Springfield's sire, St. Albans, being got by Stockwell from Bribery, as the colt has no end of famous racing blood in his veins, Sainfoin's only public performance as a two-year-old was the Ascot Stakes, which he won easily.

For the first time in the history of the race the Jockey Club this year guaranteed 5,000 sovs. to the winner, and with the subscriptions, Sainfoin's owner will receive about £3,500. The richest Derby on record was that of Lord Lyon in 1869, the stake totalling up to £7,500, and Kettle-drum, Blair Athol, Merry Hampton, and Ayrshire are credited with the fastest time in which the race has been run.

In an interesting account of Mr John Porter, which lately appeared in the English *Livestock and Poultry Gazette*, the following is given—John Porter began his career under old John Day—'Honest John,' as Lord George Bentinck, we think it was, christened him, and the phrase has ever since been quoted. One of the first famous horses John Porter rode was *Vivax*; he could then scale at 60. In John Day's employ at this time was 'Tiny' Wells, one of the worthiest and cleverest jockeys that ever donned silk. It was at the age of twenty-five, in the year 1865, that that keenest eye of sportsmen, whether for a man or a horse, the late Sir Joseph Hawley, engaged young Porter as

minister, the Earl of Portsmouth, Lord Alington, Sir Frederick Johnston, Mr Mackenzie, Mr J. Gretton of Bass and Cox, Captain C. Bowling, Mr W. Low, the American millionaire, and—his noble self.

## RESEMBLANCE IN MARRIED COUPLES.

It has been observed in the case of mature married couples who have lived together for a long period of years, harmonious in thought and feeling and subject to the same conditions in life, that they acquire a strong facial resemblance. The Photographic Society of Geneva took the photographs of seventy-eight couples to see to what extent this facial resemblance prevails. The result was, that in twenty-four cases the resemblance in the personal appearance of the husband and wife was greater than that of brother and sister; in thirty cases it was equally great, and in only twenty-four was there a total absence of resemblance.

A FRUITLESS APPEAL.—Tramp—'Can't you help me a little, sir? I'm absolutely resigned to skin and bone.' 'Oh! Mr Grumpy—You've tackled the wrong man; you can't "skin" me, sah, nor can you "bone" me.'

There is a place for every one in the world—and out of it, according to the theologians. Which place is the burning question.

easily have sent a boat for me, but I forgave them and said my prayers. I could no longer keep my head above water, and at last I saw it green over my eyes as I looked up, my head swam round and I thought I was going to sleep.

I was aroused by something touching me, foring me down in the water, and then dragging me out altogether, and the next thing I knew I was among men who were talking, though I could not understand them for the rushing and whizzing in my ears.

The first words I understood were something about 'handling him up,' and at the same time I felt myself lifted up the ship's side and seized by a number of arms. Soon I knew that I was lying in warm blankets with hot bottles under my armpits and feet.

I could hear voices round me and knew what they said, and I could feel hands rubbing my limbs and turning me about. But I could not speak or move or show any sign of life, and in my inside I still felt so cold I thought I must die. At length I felt something very hot in my mouth, and I gulped and it went down my throat. It came again and again, and warmed me and made me feel better, though fearfully sick.

Then I felt all over me a terrible pricking and twitching like pins and needles when your foot has gone to sleep. After that I got drowsy, and the next thing I remember I was lying in my berth with my father and sister sitting by me.

I had been nearly half an hour in the cold waters of the Southern ocean, and it was two hours before they could tell for certain whether I was dead or alive.