

effects thereof afterwards. I honestly believe that there are plenty of colonials of Mr Callow's age who could accomplish a similar feat to his, provided always they were sound in wind and limb, if they would only keep their weight down by plenty of walking exercise. Most of us are too lazy, that's the truth on't.

INTEREST in the premier international seems to be on the increase at Home, if we may judge from the enormous crowd—a record one for a Rugby game—which visited the classic ground of the Academicals at Raeburn Place, Edinburgh, to witness the nineteenth meeting between England and Scotland. A good deal has been written and said about past players and past results, so there is no good going into this part of the question. Suffice it to say that the teams turned out with one exception on either side as selected by the respective unions. Robinson, of Blackheath, could not play for England, and Yiend took his place; while on the Scottish side, Leggatt of the Watsonians, to everybody's regret, owing to a bad knee, had to forego his chance of playing in the premier match of the season. W. A. McDonald, the old Edinburgh High School boy and Glasgow University, filled the vacancy. The weather was splendid, and the ground in capital condition. Punctual to time both teams appeared on the field, and were received with loud cheers. England defended the south goal, while Scotland played up the hill. Scotland had the best of the opening stages, and got early within the English twenty-five. England got over the centre line, but Stevenson, with a smart bit of play, dropped the ball back almost to the corner flag. England again relieved their lines, and played raged for a few minutes on neutral lines. Alderson next gained a lot of ground by a useful punt; Boswell, however, retaliated. Evershed and Woods rushed the ball to the Scottish twenty five, the ball eventually going into touch near goal. After the kick-out, the Scottish forwards came away in grand style, but Lockwood saved. Lockwood next tried to break away, but was finely tackled. A minute or so later he was more successful, and dropped almost to the home twenty-five, and then Yatley took England to the touch-line. The ball was eventually rushed over; but Scotland gained the touch. A free kick was next obtained by England, and Woods made a good shot at goal. Campbell was now prominent, and a free kick fell to Scotland. M'Ewan, who took the kick made a splendid attempt to place a goal, the ball just grazing the post.

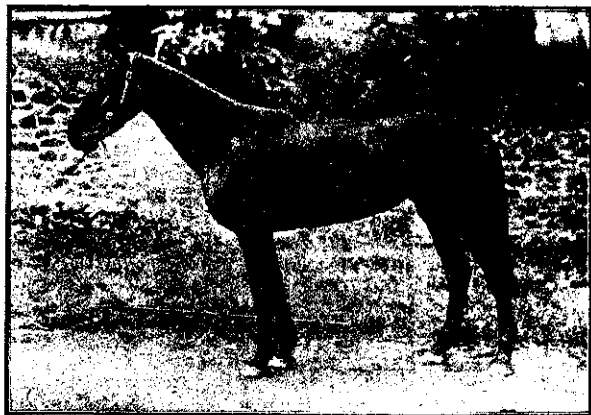
The Scottish forwards were now playing much better, and got within the English twenty-five. Lockwood, however, with the best run of the day so far, relieved, and had reached the Scottish twenty-five flag before he was brought down, Scotland having to touch down almost immediately after. Inter changes between the back divisions followed, and play still close to the Scottish line. Excitement was now at its height, and Briggs tried to get through the maul. Play raged in front of the Scottish goal, and Burnet, getting possession, got behind just outside the posts. Alderson took the kick, and was successful in scoring a goal. After the kick from the centre, England was quickly again busy in Scotland's territory. Half-time was almost immediately called, with the score: England, one goal; Scotland, nil.

AFTER the start of the ball in the second half, M'Ewan and Boswell, for Scotland, broke away in grand style, the ball being only saved on the touch-line. The ball was eventually passed out to Clause, who essayed a drop, and the ball was kicked dead. Dyson was next prominent in giving relief to his side, but Stevenson got in his drop, and Scotland was again looking dangerous; but Briggs, however, was again to the fore, and the English lines were once more out of danger. After a break away by the Scottish forwards, Lockwood ran right through them and dropped into touch at the Scottish twenty-five, and M'Millan and Neilson gained a lot of ground for Scotland. Alderson at this point got wounded, but a drop of 'Scotch' soon brought him round, and Campbell brought play to the English twenty-five. Lockwood, and then J. Orr, made their marks, but nothing was gained by either of them. Neilson next broke away, but he was grandly tackled. England gained a lot of ground by the ball being passed back, but Stevenson was to the fore again, and pointed finely into touch. The best bit of passing of the day now took place, between J. Orr, Neilson, and Campbell, which brought the Scotchmen down the field. With a few minutes to play, and Scotland close on the English line, excitement was intense, but the Englishmen, playing well together, got the ball away, and, Varley again being prominent, play was transferred to Scottish ground. The whistle almost immediately sounded, and the nineteenth international between England and Scotland finished with the score—England, one goal (5 points); Scotland, nil.

The match fell below expectation and very seldom was the standard of play above the average. For the most part

it was contested by the forwards, the backs putting in very little meritorious work. The forward nature of the game gave the halves very few chances to pass out to the three quarters, who, being all on their own hook, had to make the most of any chances they might obtain for themselves. The Scotch forwards were the best, M'Millan, M'Ewan, and Millar, playing very well. D'Arcy Anderson at half got two black eyes by accident, and he played very hard. Both he and Orr were overshadowed by Briggs and Varley. The losing three quarters were poor, Campbell being the best. H. J. Stevenson, at back, was the most conspicuous player on the field, and he wrought brilliantly throughout. Coop, his vis à-vis, was fairly good. Alderson played a rare individual game, but passing was scarcely ever attempted by him. The halves, as stated, were excellent. At forward, Woods, Nichol, Bromet, and Bullough were the best.

LOVERS of horses must have often felt how great a pity it is that horse-racing, which might be as innocent a recreation and amusement as any other form of sport, has been degraded into a mere medium for gambling. Racing has been called the sport of kings, and if it were possible to get rid of the betting nuisance, would undoubtedly well deserve the title, but at present 'tis often, more's the pity, the sport of knaves. The polo sports, of which we gave an account last week, were an admirable instance of horse-racing freed from all its obnoxious and evil attendants. The excitement was keen, the sport good, and the afternoon in every way enjoyable, and yet the totalisator was *non cat*. The ponies enjoyed the fun as much as their riders, and the rascally element usual at any meeting in which horses take part, was conspicuous by its absence. We give this week a picture of Rangiora, winner of the Polo Cup and Ladies' Bracelet, and one of the



F. W. Edwards. POLO PONY 'RANGIORA.' photo, Auckland.

smartest ponies in the north. Rangiora is a bay mare, the property of Mr Ivon Wansbrough, bred by Messrs Spencer Bros., Tauranga, by Gillie Callum (imported) out of Mr Thorpe's steepchase mare Ruby.

A NEW ZEALAND athlete who recently went to 'Frisco, but who still finds time to think of New Zealand, home, beauty and the GRAPHIC, sends me the following account of the great 72 hours' race recently held in 'Frisco, when Ashinger beat Lamb, the English long distance rider, by only two feet in a distance of 1,022 miles 7 laps. The last day's racing was started at eleven o'clock in the morning, instead of one o'clock in the afternoon. Lumsden's fall while the men were racing on their last mile of Friday's work practically threw him out of the race for first prize. He went back to fifth place, where he stayed to the end.

LUMSDEN'S fall was a bad one. The management had offered a special prize to the man who finished first the greatest number of times in the last mile each night during the week. All the men were sporting, with Ashinger first, Lamb second, Reading third and Lumsden lapping him on the outside. Just as the riders passed the trainers' tables Lumsden without any warning swerved and struck Reading's wheel. Both men fell. Reading was up and off in a minute, but poor Lumsden, who was regarded by many as the winner of the race, struck one of the tables, cut his face, broke his nose and lay bleeding and senseless on the floor. This settled all chance of his winning, as four men were well ahead of him before he recovered.

THE final hours of the race were full of excitement, and the four thousand or more spectators were wrought up to a high pitch of enthusiasm when Lamb or Ashinger spurred for the lead, which they did every few moments. Lamb completed the 1,000th mile first in 70h. 15m. 30s. They had been exactly even for twelve hours and the gain of one lap would probably mean the race.

THE finish was quite exciting. When the pistol was fired for the last mile Ashinger was leading, but Lamb was close on his wheel. They began their final brush at a terrible pace and there was hardly two feet between them in all those ten desperate laps. When Ashinger finally won the race by two feet the crowd cheered itself hoarse. At twenty minutes past ten o'clock p.m. Ashinger was presented with an American flag, which he carried around the track two or three times, amid great enthusiasm. The men finished in the following order:—

	Miles.	Laps.
Charles W. Ashinger, America, first.....	1,022	7
William Lamb, England, second.....	1,022	7
William Martin, Ireland, third.....	1,022	6
Edward Reading, America, fourth.....	1,022	5
J. D. Lumsden, Scotland, fifth.....	934	2
Albert Schock, America, sixth.....	940	1
William Stage, Scotland, seventh.....	900	0

ASHINGER won by only two feet. The men were all behind Prince's record of 1,042 miles under the same conditions. The race has not been a success financially, and it is said that the management has lost \$8,000 on its venture. The following amounts will go to the first seven men:—Ashinger \$1,000; Lamb, \$500; Martin, \$350; Reading, \$250; Lumsden, \$150; Schock, \$125, and Stage, \$100. Willy Wood, the English short distance rider, was ejected from the building yesterday for using foul and abusive language to the referee.

FANCY DRESS BALL AT AUCKLAND.

THERE is a never ending charm about a fancy dress ball, and the one given in the Remuera Hall in aid of the Auckland Benevolent Society attracted an immense number of participants and spectators. The idea originated with Mrs Pritt, upon whom too much praise can hardly be bestowed for the energetic manner in which she carried it out. The dance was a huge success from first to last. The decorations were tasteful, the stage, capably undertaken by Miss Mona Thompson, presenting a fairy scene of chrysanthemums and ferns. This lady, by the way, wore one of the prettiest frocks in the room—that of a Normandy Peasant. Her sister, Miss Kathleen Thompson, looked lovely as a Court Lady. The good genius of the evening, Mrs Pritt appeared to great advantage in a very handsome black lace dress with a becoming white aigrette.

The pretty frocks were so numerous that selection is extremely difficult. The historical and character costumes were excellent in most cases. Miss Thomas, as Powder and Patches, was very successful. Miss E. Buckland's costume was much admired, as was the wearer, though some doubt was expressed as to what she represented. The two Messrs Brodie received many compliments on their get-up and general appearance; they each wore the uniform of the 71st Highlanders. As a Shepherdesse Miss Emily McFarlane looked bewitching. The costume of a Court Gentleman eminently suited Mr F. Atkins, as did that of a Courtier of Charles II.'s reign Mr E. Stevenson. The three Misses Von Sturmer were in evening garb, the eldest wearing a crimson frock, the second cream colour, while the third was attired in an Empire gown. Two little girls (Misses Draper and Ware) in Kate Greenaway style were much admired. Another charming juvenile was Master J. Pritt, whose page's suit of real ermine and satin, and white wig, was irresistible. Master Finlayson, as a Court Gentleman, was also excellent. Two Jack Tars were delightfully represented by the Misses Blanche Banks and Maude Buckland. There were also two Red Riding Hoods, the one being the younger Miss Hay, the other Miss Singleton. This is always a becoming make-up. Miss Zeenie Davis looked well in cream with a red sash. Miss Upton was never seen to better advantage than in her pretty cream gown. As a Chinaman, Mr 'Fleet' Hesketh was unique, Mr J. Lennox making an immitable Clown. Mr Firth, as a Moor, was good, and young Mr Corrie presented a life-like picture of John Gilpin. Miss Elliott wore the Stars and Stripes with grace. Dresden China was taken by Miss Elsie Walker. Miss Daisy Worsp looked charming in a long-trained white satin gown.

Amongst the onlookers were Mrs G. Williams, in a handsome black costume; Mrs Haines, wearing a lovely dove-grey opera cloak brodered with silver and feather-trimmed, black dress; Mrs Moss Davis, striking red satin gown; Mrs McArthur, black; Mrs Thompson, pale green (very handsome and becoming); Mrs Winstone, lovely white satin, *en train*, with rich lace trimming; Mrs Buckland, black; Mrs Law, fascinating white and black gown; also Mesdames Pickmere, Hardie, Ching, Roach, Worsp, and Thomas. The efficient ladies' committee—Mesdames Pritt, McMillan, Nelson, Lennox, T. Morrin, Buckland, Winstone, Thompson, Bassett, and Hales—had provided a *richer* supper in so liberal a manner that the following day Mrs Pritt carried three baskets of fragments and a parcel to the Costley Home and the Kindergarten. Truly we may say, 'Go and do likewise.'

The Morisco Dance and Baby Polka were arranged by the clever and energetic Mrs Hay, who, by-the-by, wore a pretty white satin gown partially obscured by a crimson plump opera cloak. Twelve sweet little girls in long baby clothes, and twelve dear little boys in blue flowered print, with floppy hoods, performed this enchanting dance to perfection. The music, supplied by Mr J. Burke, was exceptionally good.