

"Well," said Dash, "if they send me a quarter of the work they have been sending to Twitterton, it will mean a good bit over two thousand a year! Why, if I were making that I should not be afraid to go to your father and ask for you."

"And he would give me to you, Dash; but still, capital is useful, and we must win the Cambridgeshire with Fortuna filly, so as to be quite independent."

"And then give up gambling!" said Dash.

"Yes; but keep a few mares and breed foals for dad to run. We will make him buy our yearlings!"

"Now, then, you young people," called Mrs. Baines; "it is time we went home, come along!"

So they went back to the crowd and the lanterns, and having told the portly hall porter to call the carriage, they were soon all seated in the open landau and rolling over Hammersmith Bridge on their way to Chester Square.

CHAPTER XXV.

"BERNCASTLER DOCTOR."

The London season, with its whirl of gaiety, came to an end with the beginning of Goodwood week, and there was a great exodus of the votaries of fashion to the Sussex downs.

Sir Robert and Delia stayed for the meeting with some friends, the Govetts, near Chichester; but Dash, on account of the possibility of his being required at chambers, had to do the journey every day by train from London to Drayton, where he had a hansom waiting to carry him up to the racecourse, and bring him back again in time to catch the special train to town.

The Cottingham stable had won five races in the first three days, and Dash had backed each winner well, so that he was having a very good meeting.

It happened that, on the Friday, Dash was the only occupant of the railway carriage until he reached a junction a few miles from Gatherstone, and there, on the platform, he saw Joe Tritton, also on his way to Goodwood, and beckoned to him to get in.

Joe quickly accepted the invitation, and seated himself opposite to Dash as the train moved on again.

"I am glad to have this opportunity of speaking to you, sir," said Tritton. "I wanted to have a chat about your filly."

"Oh, yes; how is she?" asked Dash.

"She is very well, and has grown and let down a good bit since I have had her. I looked about for a horse to lead her, and I found they wanted to sell old Berncastler out of Fenner's stable; or at any rate, they were willing to part with him at a price."

"How much do they want for him?" asked Dash.

"Three hundred and fifty pounds. That is with his engagement in a mile race at Brighton next week, which looks almost at his mercy, and would bring £100 back, if he won it."

"I am quite willing to buy the horse, if you want him," said Dash.

"Well, sir, I do want him; for, as I told you in my letter, I have nothing in my stable to lead the filly. You see, I have not long been settled at Poledown, for I came back from France only two years ago, after the death of Baron de la Pelouse, for whom I was private trainer; and my employers, who have only two or three horses each, would naturally not allow me to use them up in leading work for your mare. And, besides, I make it a rule not to mention the work that a horse belonging to one of my owners is doing to any of the others, so that I could not ask anyone to assist in preparing your mare by letting me use his horse."

"Of course not," agreed Dash, "I quite feel that; and you had better buy Berncastler Doctor."

"Very good, sir. I will see Fenner at Goodwood to-day, and tell him to send the horse over in the morning. His stable is only three miles from Poledown."

"And I will give you a cheque for £350 to pay him with," said Dash.

"Thank you; any time will do for that. But there are one or two other things I wanted to see you about. Have you registered an assumed name yet? You see if Berncastler Doctor is to run next week for you, you ought to register your assumed name at once."

"All right. I will go to Weatherby's to-morrow and do it. I am going to call myself 'Mr. Chambers,' as I told you."

"Then there is an account to be opened at Weatherby's; you will find it convenient to have an account there."

"What for?" asked Dash. "I am quite ready to open an account there, but I want to know what good it is."

"Well, if you have an account at Weatherby's, they pay your stakes when you run a horse, without the bother of your having to pay the entry at the

scales; and they receive your winnings for you when you win a race."

"I will attend to that to-morrow, then," said Dash; "but here we are at Drayton. I can give you a lift, as I have got a hansom here."

And Dash led the way out of the station and about a hundred yards up the road, to where a smart London hansom, with a good-looking and blood-like bay mare between the shafts, and a sporting young cabby on the box, in a white hat and grey dust coat, with a bunch of geraniums in the buttonhole, was drawn up on the grass by the roadside, waiting for him.

"Jump in," said Dash.

Mr. Joe Tritton did as he was desired, and Dash followed him, and they set off along the pretty roads, now dusty, and full of traffic, towards the high chalk hills on the top of which is the celebrated Goodwood racecourse.

They bowled along through the duke's park, and took matters steadily on the steep ascent which leads upward to the Birdless Grove, and watched the heavy omnibuses with their sweltering loads of humanity grinding laboriously up the precipitous incline, their weary cattle being assisted by trace-horses, mounted by swarthy gipsy lads, who, as soon as they had helped one ponderous vehicle to the top, turned and galloped down the grassy slopes to hitch on to the next carriage whose driver was willing to enlist their services.

At length they reached the grandstand, and Tritton went to the paddock, whilst Dash made his way to the lawn, in search of Dash and Delia.

He found Delia and Sir Robert seated at a table under the trees, with Mr. and Mrs. Govett, Mrs. Vasher Baines, and the rest of the Govetts' party, and he was soon engaged in stowing away prawns in aspic and pigeon pie at an alarming rate.

"Where are you going for the summer, Sir Robert?" asked Mrs. Baines.

"Oh, I am going to Aix-les-Bains with Lord Thistleton; we want a thorough wash and brush up," answered the baronet, "but I don't know whether Delia will care for it."

"Why not let Delia come with me?" suggested Mrs. Baines. "I am going to North Berwick for a fortnight, and then on to St. Andrews."

"Delia can go if she likes. I think it would be a very good plan," said Sir Robert.

"I should love to go with Laura," said Delia.

"Very well, then, that is settled. Thistleton and I start next Tuesday."

"I shall stop in London for another fortnight, and then I am going to Scotland with Twitterton," said Dash.

"What are you going to do after Doncaster, Dashwood?" asked Sir Robert.

"I have not made any plans so far ahead, Sir Robert," answered Dash.

"You had better come and stay with us at Oakwood, then, and help me to kill the partridges," said the baronet, genially.

"Nothing I should like better!" answered Dash.

"Very well, then, book that—the Monday after the St. Leger I shall hope to see you. But does Twitterton shoot? I should like him to come with you, if he would care to."

"I expect he would be delighted; I will ask him when I get back to town, and let you know."

This arrangement suited Delia extremely well, for she had not been looking forward with any pleasure to going to Aix-les-Bains with her father, and she determined that the particular spot in Scotland whither Dash and Twitterton should betake themselves should be St. Andrews; and, a little later on, when she was alone with Dash in the paddock, she confided to Dash that she would like them to go to the old Scotch University city, and that she was going to ask Mrs. Baines to go to Oakwood afterwards, for the shooting, so that they might have a jolly party there.

Then Dash told her that he had bought Berncastler Doctor, and that he was to run at Brighton.

"What colours will he run in?" she asked, much interested.

"I forgot that! We must choose some colours."

"Let me see," Delia said, "I think bronze, with French grey sleeves and a red cap would look pretty; you must have colours which you can distinguish at a distance, and a red cap is always a help."

"Very well, we will decide on those. I will register them when I go to Weatherby's, but I doubt whether I shall be able to get them made in time for Tuesday."

"It does not matter about that really. Perhaps it would be nicer if Berncastler Doctor ran in his trainer's colours, so that the Fortuna filly's jockey may have a brand new jacket when she runs."

(To be continued.)

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

CRICKET.

The following are the averages of the Australians during the tour just completed in England:—

First Class. Batting.

\* Not out. Armstrong's average is record, and so is his 303 not out.

Name.	Im.	N.O.	H.S.	Total.	Ave.
Armstrong ...	45	7	303*	1902	50.05
Noble ...	46	2	267	2053	46.66
Darling ...	51	7	117*	1693	38.47
Hill ...	48	3	181	1722	38.26
Trumper ...	47	1	110	1667	36.24
Duff ...	44	0	146	1341	30.47
Hopkins ...	39	5	154	996	29.29
Gregory ...	29	3	134	648	24.92
Gehrs ...	30	4	83	510	19.61
Cotter ...	40	3	48	677	18.29
Kelly ...	30	11	74*	340	17.89
McLeod ...	40	5	76	593	16.94
Laver ...	35	6	78	440	15.17
Newland ...	13	6	25*	67	9.57
Howell ...	27	8	46	179	9.42

Bowling.

Name.	Wkts.	Runs.	Ave.
F. Laver ...	115	2102	18.27
W. W. Armstrong ...	122	2231	18.28
W. P. Howell ...	63	1257	19.95
A. Cotter ...	119	2429	20.41
C. E. McLeod ...	78	1807	23.16
M. A. Noble ...	55	1464	26.61
A. J. Hopkins ...	23	784	34.08
R. A. Duff ...	9	314	34.88

The following have also bowled:—V. T. Trumper, none for 4; J. Darling, none for 10; S. E. Gregory, none for 12; D. R. A. Gehrs, none for 12; C. Hill, none for 16.

All Matches.

Name.	Im.	N.O.	H.S.	Total.	Ave.
Armstrong ...	48	7	303*	2002	48.82
Noble ...	49	2	267	2093	44.53
Darling ...	53	8	117*	1765	39.22
Hill ...	51	3	181	1846	38.45
Trumper ...	51	1	110	1798	35.96
Hopkins ...	42	5	154	1094	29.56
Duff ...	49	0	146	1417	28.91
Gregory ...	31	3	134	717	25.60
Gehrs ...	35	4	83	675	21.77
McLeod ...	43	6	103*	718	19.40
Kelly ...	35	12	74*	411	17.87
Cotter ...	45	3	48	744	17.71
Laver ...	37	6	78	480	15.48
Newland ...	18	8	25*	121	12.10
Howell ...	31	9	46	197	8.95

\* Not out. Armstrong's average is a record.

Name.	Wkts.	Runs.	Ave.
W. W. Armstrong ...	130	2298	17.67
F. Laver ...	115	2102	18.27
W. P. Howell ...	80	1527	19.08
A. Cotter ...	124	2460	19.83
C. E. McLeod ...	91	2004	22.02
M. A. Noble ...	59	1558	26.40
R. A. Duff ...	12	328	27.33
A. J. Hopkins ...	26	823	31.65

The following have also bowled:—C. Hill, two for 16; D. R. A. Gehrs, one for 33; V. T. Trumper, none for 4; J. J. Kelly, none for 7; J. Darling, none for 12; S. E. Gregory, none for 47.

In his retrospect of the four test games, a writer in London "Daily Chronicle" is terribly rough on Cotter. He thus delivers himself:—"Apart altogether from the course of events, there can be no question of the decline of Australian cricket. If they had no better fast bowler than Cotter, that furnishes no justification for his inclusion, for it is plain truth to say that he is the worst fast bowler who has ever participated in test match cricket. This is not the wisdom that comes of results, for I predicted the failure on the first day of the Australian tour. The Australians required to be very strong to afford passenger reserves such as Cotter, Newland, and Gehrs. I have omitted reference to Howell, because his exclusion from the side in recent matches baffles explanation. Summing up the matter, this scathing critic softens the reproach with this final reservation:—"But when the comparative mediocrity of the Australians is admitted, there remains the conclusion that the team have had to fight under the most disheartening conditions, and the general misfortune is typified in that brief eighty minutes' writhe in the death agony at Old Trafford"—the fourth test. Now that Cotter has bagged his 120 wickets for 20.38 runs apiece—good business in a season of heavy scoring—he has the laugh on his side.

A London paper is responsible for the following:—With the object of encouraging vigorous cricket, the vicar of Sturminster, Marshall, Dorset, has offered 2s 6d to the member of the club who in a match breaks any of the vicarage windows.

S. P. Jones has again been appointed coach to the Auckland Grammar School. Last season his tuition bore splendid fruit, and this year the school is expected to do even better.

The second annual meeting of the Parnell District Cricket Club was held in the Parnell District Football Club's shed on Friday. Mr. F. J. Ohlson presided. The annual report stated that the club in last year's championship matches had carried off the championships in the first and second grades. In the first grade team F. R. Mason headed the batting average with 38.27. The honours in bowling went to W. C. Oliff with an average of 9.14. In the representative matches against the Australian eleven, Hawke's Bay, and Taranaki, five of the club's members were selected to play, viz., F. R. Mason, C. Oliff, E. V. Sale, N. B. Lusk, and F. S. Murray. F. R. Mason was also chosen to play in the New Zealand team against the Australian eleven. The receipts during the year amounted to £70 13s 3d and the expenditure to £64 0s 2d, leaving a balance of £6 13s 1d in hand. The election of officers resulted as follows:—Patron, the Hon. E. Mitchelson; president, Mr. J. Fitt; vice-presidents, Messrs. F. Earl, J. C. Colbeck, and R. J. Yates; secretary, Mr. W. J. Dinnison; treasurer, Mr. W. McMurray; committee, Messrs. F. S. Murray, F. J. Ohlson, P. R. Fraser, R. B. Lusk, E. V. Sale, C. Oliff, and A. Fairburn; delegates to the association, Messrs. F. J. Ohlson, P. R. Fraser, and R. B. Lusk; auditors, Messrs. P. R. Fraser, and E. J. Greville.

The back of the cover of the book "Cricket on the Brain" is taken up with the sketch of a "field arranged for Cotter's bowling," in which there are five stretchers, two hospitals, two ambulance stations, one special stand "reserved for surgical and medical students," one "private nursing home for gentlemen (players not admitted)," one pavilion dispensary, and Cotter himself.

FOOTBALL.

The New Zealanders in England have been having a veritable cake walk as far as they have gone. Devon defeated by 55 to 4, Cornwall by 41 to 0, and now comes word that Bristol has succumbed also by 41 to 0, the score being made up of seven goals and two tries. To-day they play Northampton, and on Saturday against Leicester. These should also prove fairly easy matches.

Paeoa defeated Waihi on Saturday by 6 points to 3. The game was a very keen one throughout.

Hamilton beat Karangahake at Hamilton by 14 points to 5.

Wanganui beat Taranaki by 11 points to 3.

Wellington played a draw against Manawatu, each side scoring 3 points.

Our Taranaki correspondent writes (September 23):—There was some unpleasantness in the Taranaki touring team after the Manawatu match. Hardgreaves, the best back in the team, was ordered home for alleged bad conduct, and therefore did not play against Wellington, Wairarapa, and Wanganui. I understand the Taranaki Union will inquire into the affair in due course. The Wellington and Taranaki rep. teams play a match here on Thursday next.

Playing under Australian rules, Waihi met Auckland at Alexandra Park on Saturday. The game proved fast throughout, and resulted in a win for Auckland by 68 points to 48.

A team from H.M.s. Prometheus tackled Ponsonby at "socket," and after a close game were defeated by 2 goals to 1.

"Bovril, Limited," the Food Specialists, of 152-166 Old Street, London, are issuing a really beautiful engraving. It is from a painting by Fred. Morgan, and is entitled "Little Lady Bountiful." The scene shows a children's picnic party by a lake. Some gipsy children have shyly come forward, and these are being presented with cake and other delicacies. The subject is most artistically treated, and the picture is certain to prove popular, for no expense has been spared in the production. Mr. W. Floyd Harrop, of Auckland, is the New Zealand representative for "Bovril, Limited."