

place at the close of the stalking season is a favourite resort of sportsmen who wish to see their own and their neighbours' trophies reproduced in almost lifelike form. It is thought by many that good old heads are every year getting scarcer. Possibly this arises from too many stags being killed when young nowadays by sportsmen who wish to score more by death list and weight of venison than the securing of some wary old veteran which has the cup so much prized by the old school. Such heads as are given in our picture prove, however, that there still exists this incentive to keen, hard and sportsmanlike stalking. The sight of the stags to the old sportsmen, after many years, is apt to bring back old memories most vividly; and the picture completes itself with great truth and vividness, and

and in two folds in front; the draped *ceinture* is also of the same. A large rosette of the *mousseline de soie* is also fastened at the left side, whilst from it falls long streamer ends, which float with every movement of this brilliant actress. This gown is quite unique and is most becoming to the slight graceful figure of the wearer (see illustration). In her hair she wears an elegant wreath of forget-me-nots and small-ivy leaves. In the third act Mrs. Tree is gowned in a dress of pale yellow silk, which is not remarkable save for the sash of black mousseline de soie, which gives a chic and uncommon effect to the whole toilette. Miss Lily Hanbury wears in the first act a dress of pink broché. It has Récamier sleeves drawn in with narrow black ribbon velvet; a row of black ribbon velvet, a little wider, heads the flounce of pink *mousseline de soie* which trims the skirt. The bodice is draped with soft cream lace and the *ceinture* is of cream satin. In the next act she dons a beautiful evening gown of grey brocade in a cascade pattern, the bodice being entirely draped with *écru* guipure, which is drawn into the waist with a diamond star; another similar star is to be seen peeping out from the drapery. The sleeves have flounces of guipure, and a bertha of guipure borders the décolletage (see illustration). In the last act she wears a charming little dress of cream delaine strewn with heliotrope flowers, the bodice is of heliotrope silk with yoke of guipure, the collar and cuffs being of the silk; sleeves of the delaine. The skirt is trimmed with a *bouillonnée* of the heliotrope silk, which is brought at intervals half way up the skirt. Miss Gertrude Kingston in her difficult part of Madame Obnoskin wears several charming toilettes. The bolero jacket of one of these ideal creations is of red heliotrope satin; it opens over a waistcoat and sash of yellow silk cut low, the V being filled up by a vest of embroidered *écru* muslin; the skirt is of lavender cashmere lined with heliotrope satin and opening over a *tablier* of pleated *mousseline de soie*; this latter has also a flounce of *écru* lace. The bolero has a Court collar edged with beaver and a band of beaver borders the skirt. Another gown she wears is of black net over silk. Each seam of the gored skirt is outlined with jet, and the bodice and sleeves are of velvet with a corselet of jet, whilst *bretelles* of jet give an air of novelty to the décolletage. In this handsome dress there is absolutely no relief to the sombreness of the prevailing hue, yet it is one of the most effective toilettes ever seen on the stage.

running on with his hares at the finish, although a bit slovenly in the early points, improving each time towards the end. Luff slipped in quite his best form. The other stakes were of a local nature. SARUM.

GOLF JOTTINGS.

MID-SURREY LADIES' GOLF CLUB.—The January medal of this flourishing young club produced a particularly keen and interesting struggle as far as the gross scoring was concerned, and although the net returns were not quite as close, there was never any lack of interest. I note that the gross scores of the first two were exactly equal, but whereas Miss Agnes Roberts had a start of twenty, Miss Bowyer had to be content with two less. The full cards therefore came out as follows: Miss Agnes Roberts 114—20—94, and Miss Bowyer 114—18—96. It was altogether impossible to separate the next pair, Mrs. Sydney Higgins and Miss K. A. Burke, for each handed in a card on which was written 134—36—98. Between this pair of dead-heaters and the next player, Miss M. Woodd, there is, however, the rather considerable gap of eight strokes, for this lady failed to get under 100 net, as her card of 129—23—106 plainly demonstrates. The scoring is of course not of a very high order of merit, but too much praise can hardly be awarded to the handicapping committee for the able manner in which they have discharged their by no means easy task. I always consider it is infinitely more difficult to produce close finishes between ladies than it is between men. Anything like a careful perusal of the results of competitions in ladies' clubs will, I fancy, fully substantiate the truth of this remark. Only a week or two back in these columns I was dealing with the returns of a ladies' club, and the winner of the particular competition was very nearly thirty in front of her nearest opponent. Of course this is an extreme case, but in a smaller degree the same thing is constantly occurring. Considering how short a time the club has been in existence, the Mid-Surrey ladies are to be congratulated on the immense success which has attended their efforts, and I have no doubt, as time goes on, the improvement so manifest in everything relating to the club will extend to the scoring.

BRIGHTON AND HOVE GOLF CLUB.—“A man of courage is also full of faith.” This quotation is particularly applicable to the winner of the Berens Gold Medal of the above club, the competition for which had been, owing to the severity of the weather, postponed till last Saturday. Time after time of late has Mr. S. S. Schultz, although playing really good golf, found himself doomed to defeat. And frequently, too, this defeat has been the more galling as one stroke would have changed the whole aspect of affairs. Mr. Schultz, however, belongs to that class of men who are sure to have their fair share of success at such a game as golf. He possesses in an eminent degree what Macaulay calls “that masculine and full-grown robustness of mind.” Whatever happens he is ever equable. If he wins, so much the better; if he loses, well, better luck next time. Never, however, for a moment does he lose heart, and when the next competition comes round he is at the first tee as full of fight as ever. I am exceedingly glad therefore that Saturday last saw Mr. Schultz



“THE CHARLATAN.”—MRS. TREE IN ACT II.

puts some of the old fire in the stalker long after he is unable to take the hill. We take a description from “The Moor and the Loch,” of a day in the Marquis of Breadalbane's forest. “We hastened to take advantage of the change, and Robertson, ten yards in advance, mounting every knoll and searching every hollow with an eye that seemed to penetrate the very mist, suddenly threw himself upon the ground, and signalled us to do the same. A roar like that of a bull presently let us know the cause, and in a little amphitheatre about five hundred yards off, his profile in full relief, stood as noble a stag as ever tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky. There he was, like knight of old, every now and then sounding his trumpet of defiance and courting the battle and the strife. Nor did he challenge long in vain, for while we were admiring his majestic attitude another champion rushed upon him, and a fierce encounter followed. We could distinctly hear the clashing of their horns as they alternately drove each other to the extremity of the lists.” The end of it all is that the author shoots the victor of the contest.

R.

DRESS AT THE HAYMARKET.

“A PLAY of Modern Life” is the sub-title given to *The Charlatan*, and the dresses are those of the moment and good examples of the latest caprices of Madame la Mode; this is so much the case, that if this famous dame was to be present at a performance of this new drama of Mr. Buchanan's, these *creations* of the costumier's art would assuredly distract her attention. Mrs. Beerholm Tree is—and rightly—noted for her exquisite taste in dress. She is, moreover, not ashamed to confess to a feminine weakness for pretty gowns. She is herself most artistic, and most of her beautiful robes are of her own designing. In the first act of this new play she wears a dress of cream satin over a *tablier* of the same embroidered round the bottom in gold thread. It has a full front of brocade muslin, and a sash of the muslin is knotted in a loose bow to the side; the long ends, which are drawn into a point and finished off with we gold tassels, fall right to the edge of the gown. The dress has a border of fine cream canvas, edged with a row of gold braid on either side. Mrs. Tree knows the effect of a touch of colour; she wears in her bodice a bunch of violets, which gives the needed finish and relieves the mass of cream satin by adding the delicate influence of just a shade of softer hue. But by far the most beautiful dress she wears is the one in which she appears in the second act. It is of white surah covered in front with silver gauze, over which a drapery of white muslin strewn with we silver stars is arranged; this drapery starts from the right side, and falls in graceful folds over the front of the gown, and also covers the soft white surah train which trails slightly on the ground, and has the effect of adding to the height of the wearer. The bodice is of muslin over silk; it is cut very low, and is edged with a narrow flounce of chiffon. The sleeves are of muslin, and are quite narrow; they fall like a flounce from the shoulder, whilst from beneath this upper sleeve comes a drapery of the muslin which encircles the elbow somewhat after the Eastern style. A drapery of rich turquoise blue *mousseline de soie* trims the bodice, being arranged crossways at the back

THE ORFORD (SUFFOLK) OPEN COURSING MEETING.

STEWARDS, MESSRS. A. Heywood, W. H. Crisp, J. Mills, M. G. Hale, T. P. Hale, J. J. Hornby, B. J. Foulsham, H. Brinkley, Hon. Sec. Mr. W. Wilson. Judge, Mr. J. Sturley Nunn. Slipper, A. Luff. This popular Suffolk meeting came off on Thursday and Friday last, by the kind permission of A. Heywood, Esq. The coursing over this fine estate is undoubtedly the best marsh coursing in England, and I am beginning to think the sport always shown here is equal to that at Amesbury! Nothing could be more successful than these two days' meeting was—the best of good going over these beautiful, level marshes, with the dykes nice and evenly cut out and regularly attended to, hares in great abundance, which were all of the stout Orford type, giving their pursuers, in the majority of instances a terrible gruelling; in fact this is the only thing which might be improved here, and that could be most easily done by making some escapes for the hares, and thereby not getting such persistently long trials. To show the kind of game country this is, I understand that when Baron Hirsch was some little time ago down with Mr. Heywood, he offered that gentleman £10,000 for one year's shooting here, but the offer was refused. The hon. sec., Mr. W. Wilson, achieved a truly big performance in filling his stakes some days before the draw, as in the present state of coursing it is no easy matter to fill three sixteens, and then add two eights for the second day; it must also be stated that both days' coursing took place entirely on his own farm, and we were never at any time more than a couple of miles from our hotel: there are several miles of marshes on each side of where we coursed with an equal number of hares and equally good runnings, so that they could easily run off a Waterloo cup here, and I hope each year the executive may get more ambitious and enlarge their programme. We spent a very jolly time at the comfortable quarters of the Crown and Castle Hotel, and the very large company sitting down to dinner each night were warm in their praise of the good catering of their host, Mr. George Hunt: this hotel must be a charming spot in the summer months, for the river Ore runs almost close to it, parallel to the German Ocean, which is less than a mile away, so there is a grand view from here, with Orford Ness Lighthouse standing out in front. This river has twelve miles of good yachting water, before it runs out into the Ocean, and there is a yacht kept for the convenience of the guests at the hotel. The Regatta is held here the early part of August, which I fully intend to see; as it was, I was so pleased with the neighbourhood and the kind hospitality of its people, that instead of leaving with my friends Friday night, I stayed over till the Monday. The meeting was held in glorious weather, and in the principal stake, the Orford Stakes, for sixteen all aged greyhounds at £3 3s. each, winner £25, second £12 10s., third and fourth £3 each, there was a very fair class of dogs running, including Prince Charles, Young Pears' Soap, Washington, Princess Christian, Happy Bubble, Sweet Temper, High Wind, Bonnet O'Blue, and Maggie XIV. The two latter Messrs. Knight and Moore had sent up some two hundred miles to compete; from the same kennel that that good little bitch Pattern came from three years ago, and won his stake together with the Silver Town Cup, presented by the inhabitants. This time the kennel did not meet with quite equal success, although very near it. Bonnet O'Blue led off with a pretty display with Dancing Queen, but in his second course against Young Pears' Soap (who had run a real, nice course previously), he had a demon of a hare, and before he could be picked up, unfortunately got on to two fresh hares, and was run to a complete standstill; Maggie easily won her two courses, and the majority of us thought it was a clever win for High Wind although falling in the dyke against Sweet Temper, but the judge decided differently, and Mr. T. P. Hale met with equally bad luck in the second round with Henpecked, as it appeared to be a win for the latter; the judging on the first day I regret to say caused a great difference of opinion, but improved on the second. Sweet Temper appeared to get a lucky verdict also against Princess Christian. The second day was noticeable for the real, game performance of the distressed Bonnet O'Blue, for after losing the run up he fairly smothered Prince Charles. Maggie XIV. when she had nicely beaten Sweet Temper in the early part of the course, came down a cropper in trying to kill, this left her without an effort, and the black easily won, otherwise the two Wiltshire dogs would have been first and second. In the final course Sweet Temper led Bonnet a long way, but the latter equalised it by a clever performance and a smart kill, which brought the cup off. Then it the next go, the blue after losing the first turn took possession and had nicely won, till nature gave way and the Salisbury dog was eventually beaten but not disgraced. Sweet Temper by Pears' Soap—Minnie Greentick, was a bit lucky in his first course, but he must be given the credit, for showing pace, and



“THE CHARLATAN.”—MISS HANBURY IN ACT II.

carry off the medal with a score of 90—4—86. Sound, very sound golf this, when the weather factor is duly taken into account. Mr. Perceval writes me that the ground was wet and muddy, and that a strong south-west wind made golf by no means easy. That Mr. Schultz must have been playing a fine game will be gleaned from the fact that not a single other player made a return of less than three figures. For second place there was a dead-heat between Mr. Alistair Sandeman and Major Edwarde, but the scores compare badly indeed with that of the winner. The first-named player went round in 109—18—91, whilst the soldier took 111—20—91 to complete his labours. Neither of these players, however, can hope for much success at the game, as I fancy that it is only on rare