

bamboo parasol — to urge their human steeds (not native coolies this time, but English gentlemen) to win. The English gentlemen jockies go to the post in the hard sun, with wet bamboo or plantain leaves packed under their helmets, but they are game enough (as the world may always expect of our European Ulysses) to throw these away as the race reaches the keen stretch. As the Jockey Club of Bombay permits the women from Grant Road to attend unescorted, so the Hong-Kong Jockey Clubs permits the denizens of Lyndhurst Terrace to watch the scene from a remote corner of the stands. It would not be that "East of Suez" if exclusiveness had not its startling inconsistencies. At Peking, the foreigners do not adjourn to the famous old course outside the northwest gate, beneath the Taoist and Buddhist temples, until May.

They tell tales that at Mirs Bay and other practice waters, the mess of the war-ship lands, sets cups into the Chinese hills and tees off the first horseshoe gravestone for an impromptu game of golf. I know the courses which are laid among the native graves outside the Porta Cerco of Portuguese Macao, in the Heungshan district of China, and at Ichang are not much improved on this. Hong-Kong boasts of two courses. That at Wong Nei Chong is level, over a race-track twice, one swamp, and made bunkers. Pulling the stroke is costly, because most of the greens lie parallel with the track and ditch, which penalize the player if driven into. The other course at Deep Bay on the south side of the island is reached by climbing over four miles of hills, or by a launch sail of nine miles. The wooded hills are lofty, and the joy of contemplating that you are playing in view of the combing surf of the limitless Pacific is sublime. You