

"If we never try people, how are we to find out what they are made of?" said the girl mischievously.

"I shall have to mind what I'm about, I see, if you make testing people your mission in life."

Emily's mood changed. She had been wrathful, and now began to fear her wrath had gone too far; she was apt to be hasty in her speech, and equally hasty in her repentance.

"Please forgive me; I went too far. I'm sorry I said that about you."

"You've said several things about me. Which of them are you sorry for?"

"Whichever of them are false. I'm most sorry for having called you mean, after you were so kind about the umbrella. And all this time the water's running off your hat, and your clothes are getting spoiled, and all out of kindness to me."

"Stop a moment, though. I'd rather you spoke your mind than stored up all my evil deeds silently against me."

"Don't you see how I felt? Miss Townsend likes you, I'm sure" (Emily took pains to pronounce the words carelessly, as if they did not signify much), "and I couldn't bear to hear you make fun of what must have been such deadly earnest to her."

"I'm afraid I can make no reply to that remark without rousing your ire again; and that I really

can't face. Let's talk of other things — poetry, for instance."

Emily stood still, spite of the rain, and looked at him. "You're making fun of me!"

"What right have you to suppose such a thing?"

"I thought it might be your mission in life to laugh at people."

"Do you know, I begin to think you and I have attained to a very lofty stage of friendship?"

"How so?" said Emily, laughing. "Appearances are quite the other way."

"Because we feel it a duty to treat each other to such wholesome home-truths. The real candid friend, you know, is a rare and desirable person. You like candour, I believe?"

"One ought to like it."

"One gets hardened to it, at all events. I feel so well hardened now that if you have any more sharp sayings in reserve, you might as well fire them off at once."

"I shan't be foolish enough to fire them off just when you're so thoroughly well hardened. I'll wait for a softer moment."

"When you can hope to give me wholesome pain, I presume?"

"Exactly. Reproofs are like mustard plasters: they do no good until they smart."

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.



## CRICKET AT THE UNIVERSITIES.



MR. C. B. FRY, WADHAM COLLEGE, CAPTAIN OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY CRICKET CLUB, 1894.

(From a photograph by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.)

July, find themselves completely at a loss when they have to play professional bowling on sticky wickets. The summer of 1893, of course, was an exception to the general run of English summers, and cricketers had a better chance of distinguishing themselves at

THE cricket seasons at Oxford and Cambridge are frequently of a somewhat peculiar character, owing to the summer terms at the Universities being so early in the year. First-class cricket in May is often victimised by the weather. Slow wickets follow in rapid succession, and Freshmen who during the season before have made their centuries on the hard grounds which most schools possess in June and

the Universities than generally falls to their share. But we may take it for an established fact that, as a rule, aspirants for places in the University elevens have a good deal to put up with in the way of soft wickets and bad weather.

The Universities begin their cricket with trial matches for the Seniors and Freshmen. The Freshmen's match is the more interesting of the two, because the form of most of the Seniors is well known. At Oxford the "Fresher" has better opportunities of distinguishing himself than at Cambridge, for the Dark Blue captain follows up the ordinary game by a match between the 'Varsity Eleven and sixteen of the first year men. The latter match



P. H. LATHAM, PEMBROKE COLLEGE, CAPTAIN OF THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY CRICKET CLUB, 1894.

(Photograph by Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.)

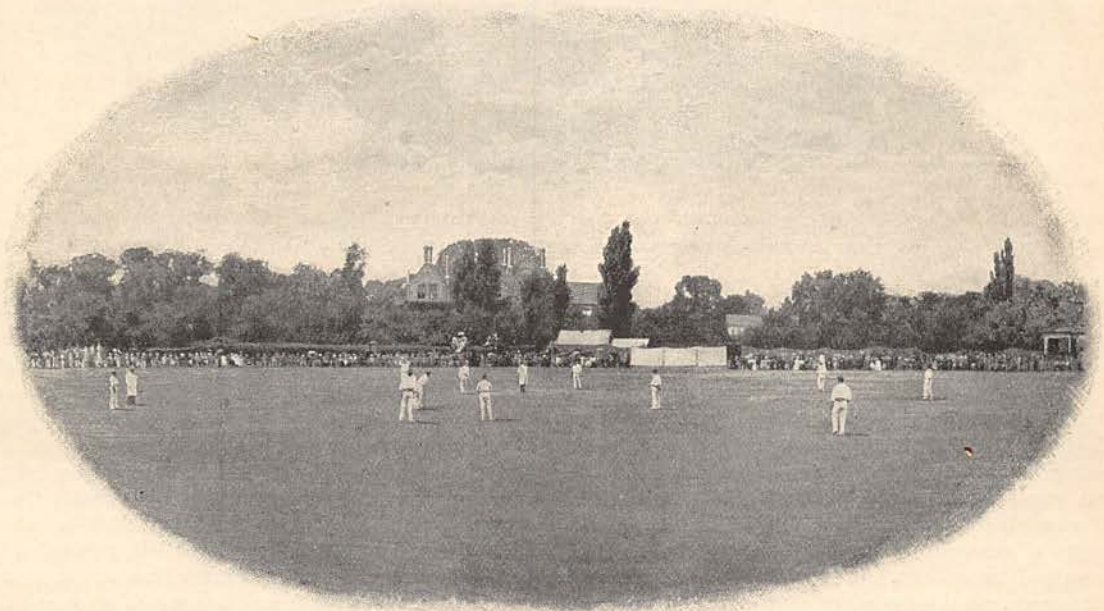


is dispensed with by the Cantabs; but, on the other hand, inter-college matches are taken more notice of at Cambridge than at Oxford, and the games between the famous Trinity and Jesus Elevens are always looked upon as trials for the 'Varsity team.

As may naturally be supposed, both Universities have excellent grounds, yet The Parks at Oxford, although an exceedingly picturesque spot, has its disadvantages as a 'Varsity cricket ground. For instance, the 'Varsity cannot charge admission to any match played there, and thus the Oxonians are placed at a pecuniary disadvantage when compared with the Cantabs, who have the right to charge an entrance-fee to their ground. One result of this difference is that

After term is over, both University teams go "on tour." Cambridge often play Sussex and Surrey, while Oxford also play Sussex, but have Lancashire as their other opponents. Both teams play M.C.C. at Lords during the week before the all-important 'Varsity match.

The first Inter-'Varsity match in which a player takes part is a most trying ordeal, and in connection with this we cannot but remember the case of T. C. O'Brien. The famous Middlesex batsman is said to have made a sporting bet with some friends that he would make a "century" against Cambridge. So far, however, was he from winning his bet, that when the match was over his share of the Oxford total amounted to 0 and



OXFORD UNIVERSITY v. AUSTRALIANS, 1893.

(From an instantaneous photograph by Messrs. H. W. Taunt & Co., Oxford.)

the professionals engaged by Cambridge are better men than those who bowl in The Parks.

We do not often hear of men who have failed to get their "Blues" distinguishing themselves afterwards in first-class cricket. Of the few names which we can recall, perhaps those of W. O. Moberley and the late F. M. Lucas are the most noted.

Of late years the Cantabs have had stronger Elevens than their opponents. S. M. J. Woods, G. M'Gregor, and F. S. Jackson have in turn captained the Light Blues, and captained them well, and the individual merits of these cricketers have done much to ensure the success of their respective teams.

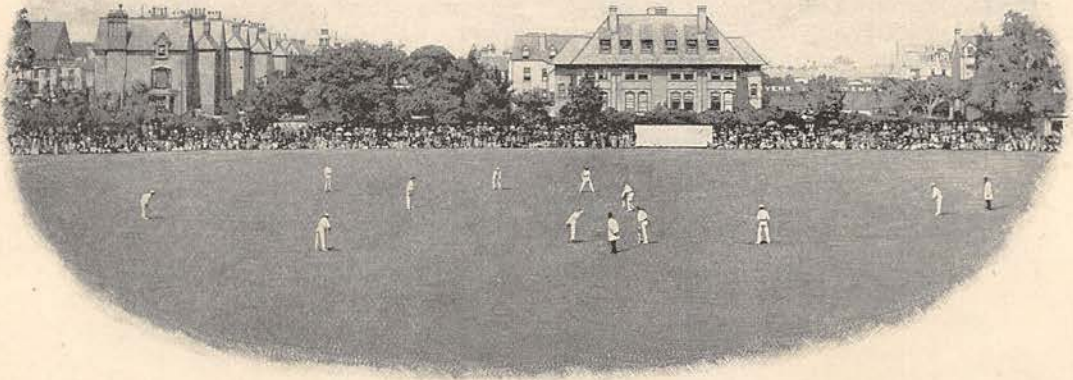
The clubs—*e.g.*, The Hawks and The Crusaders—which play matches against the colleges do a lot towards promoting good cricket in Cambridge; and it is a pity that some Oxford clubs, like The Authentics or Harlequins, do not arrange their fixtures upon somewhat similar lines.

0—the detested "pair of spectacles" instead of a "century"!

It may not be well-known that when E. A. Nepean first bowled the slow twisters for which he has since become famous, his performance was looked upon as a farce, and all the fielders laughed heartily. In those days Nepean was only looked upon as a batsman. Since then, W. G. and E. M. Grace have fallen victims in one over to his bowling!

An amusing incident, in which R. H. Moss, the Oxford fast bowler, was the chief participator, happened some three or four seasons ago in The Parks. Moss was generally a great hitter, but for a time he ceased to take any delight in hitting, and became what cricketers call a "pronounced poker." In one match the fielders, taking advantage of this tame style of play, had come in close to the batsman, when he suddenly let out, and made one of the biggest hits ever seen in The Parks. The fielders then retired to respectable





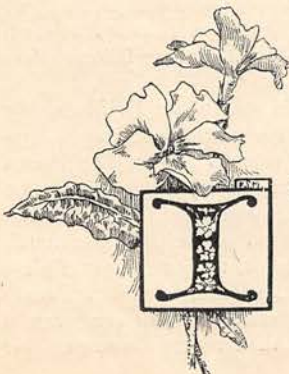
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY *v.* AUSTRALIANS, 1893.  
 (From an instantaneous photograph by Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.)

distances, for they had discovered that Moss was a man with whom it was impossible to trifle with safety to themselves.

A good story comes from Cambridge, where, after a match between the 'Varsity and the Gentlemen of England, the Light Blue captain entertained the visitors at dinner. After dinner an impromptu dance was started, and when W. G. Grace chose W. L. Murdoch for a partner, those present had an opportunity of observing a sight which might almost be described as august. But the spectacle became even tragic when some other couple tripped up these champions of England and Australia, and deposited them side by side in the fireplace. The mighty had indeed fallen with a resounding fall!

An incident in the 'Varsity match of last year, which at the time aroused a good deal of comment, is worthy of mention. Oxford, in their first innings with nine wickets down, found themselves rather over

eighty runs behind their antagonists. When T. S. B. Wilson, the last Oxford batsman, came in, he walked across to W. H. Brain, who was batting at the other end, and was understood to tell him to get out, so that the follow-on might not be saved. L. H. Gay, the Cambridge wicket-keeper, overheard this conversation, and repeated it to C. M. Wells, who was bowling. The result of this was a ridiculous piece of cricket. Cambridge intended Oxford to save the follow-on, while Oxford were bent on getting out. Wells proceeded to bowl a wide, which Brain, after frantic exertions, covered, but Wells made no mistake with his next ball, which was a shocking wide, and went to the boundary. Thus the follow-on was saved and the tactics of the Oxonians were frustrated. It seemed, however, a pity that such a farce should take place in a match between the Universities, yet one good result was derived from it, for the whole follow-on question has since been discussed.




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## A PARTY OF TWO.

BY ONE OF THEM.

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SAID: "Let those who will pack themselves into railway-carriages, and whirl about the country at sixty miles an hour; let daring honey-mooners brave the pains

and perils of the English Channel in a hot and throbbing steamer; let the resigned paterfamilias accompany his wife and children to the fashionable 'health resort,' there to be roasted on the blazing beach; let the sprightly bachelor crouch crab-like on his 'safety,' and flash, heedless of the beauties of Nature, up hill and down dale, kept continually at