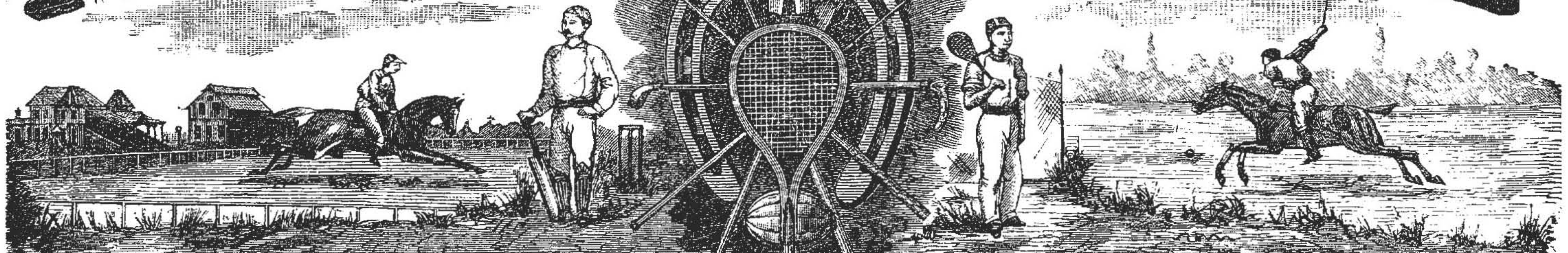


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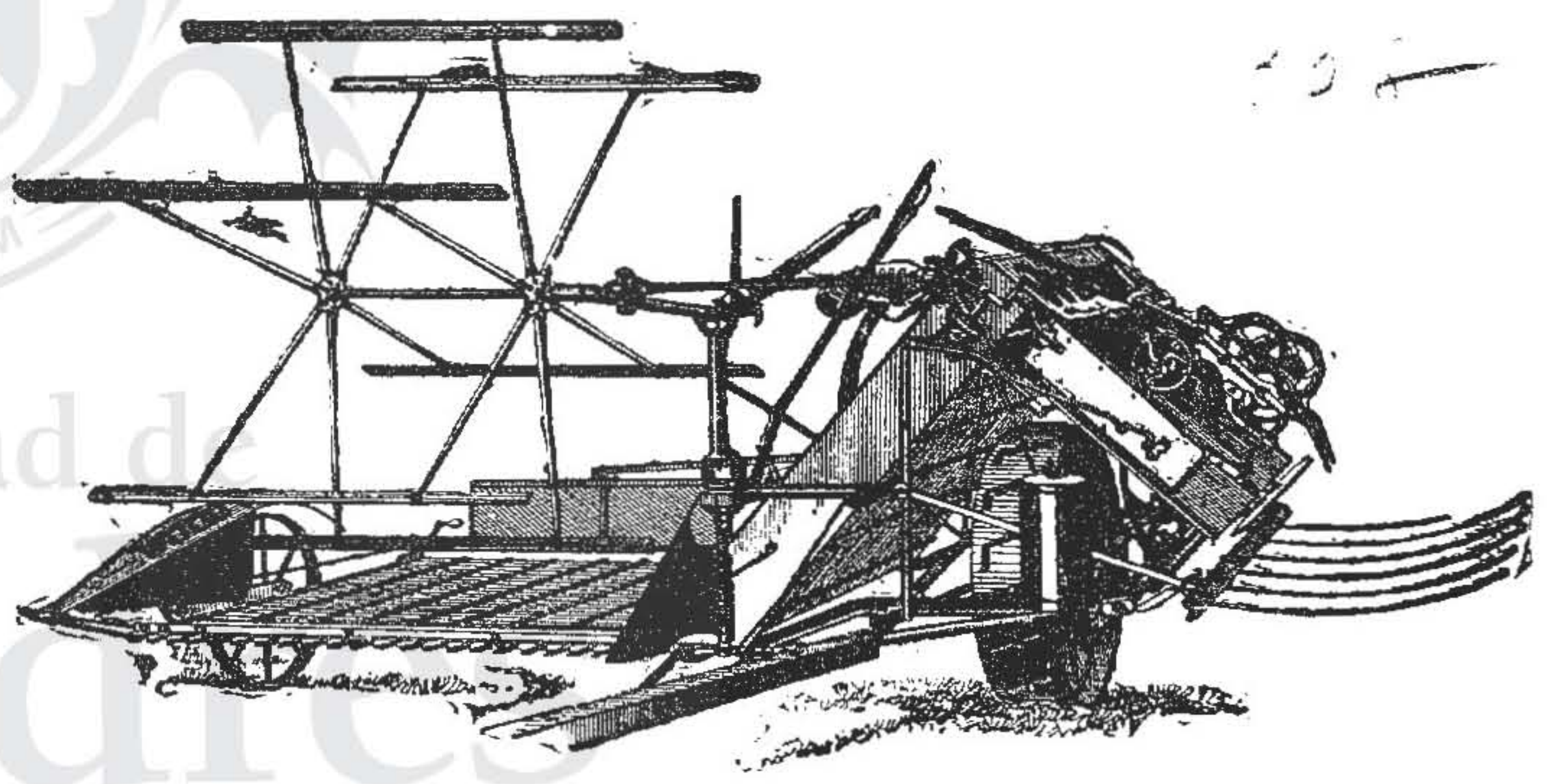
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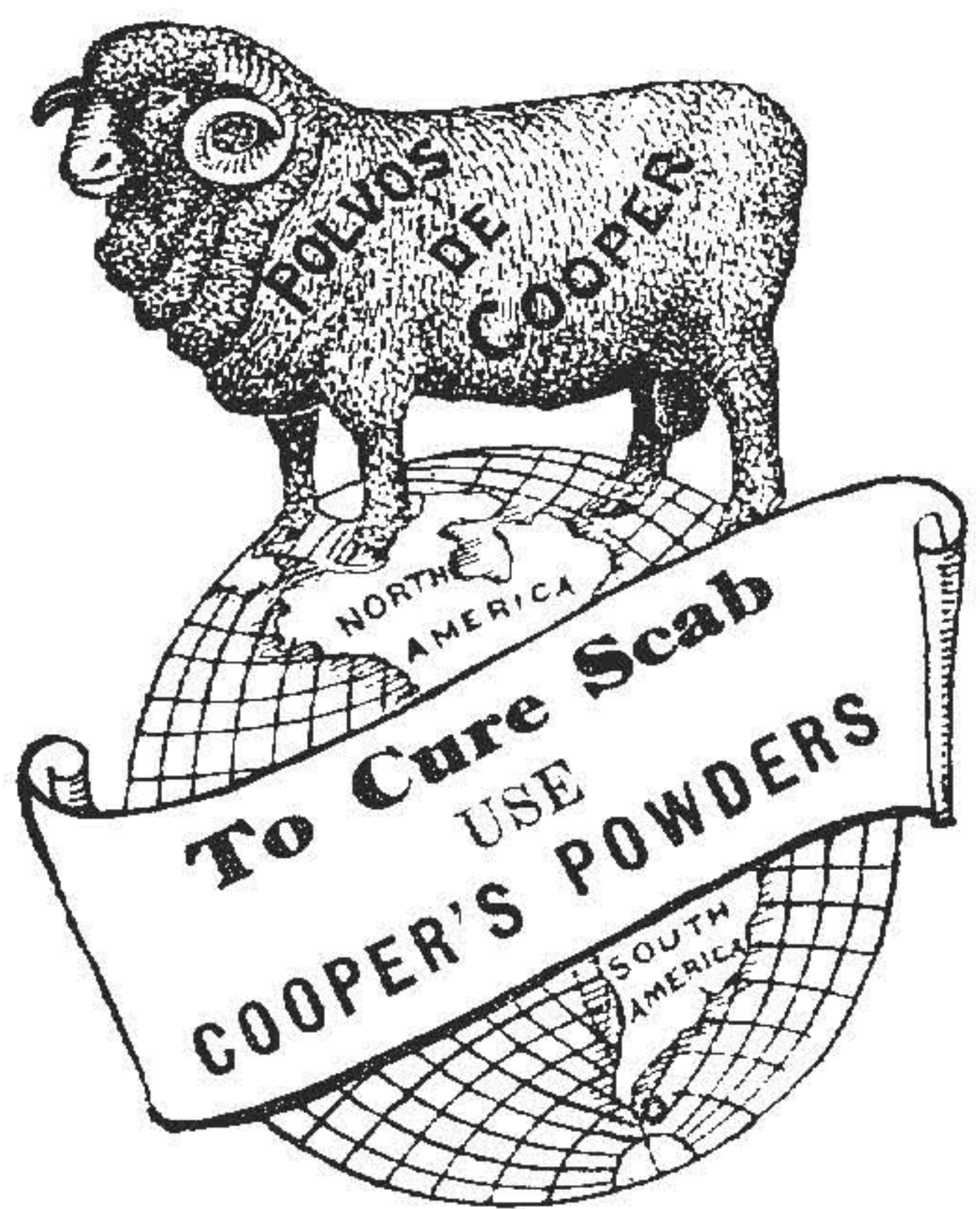
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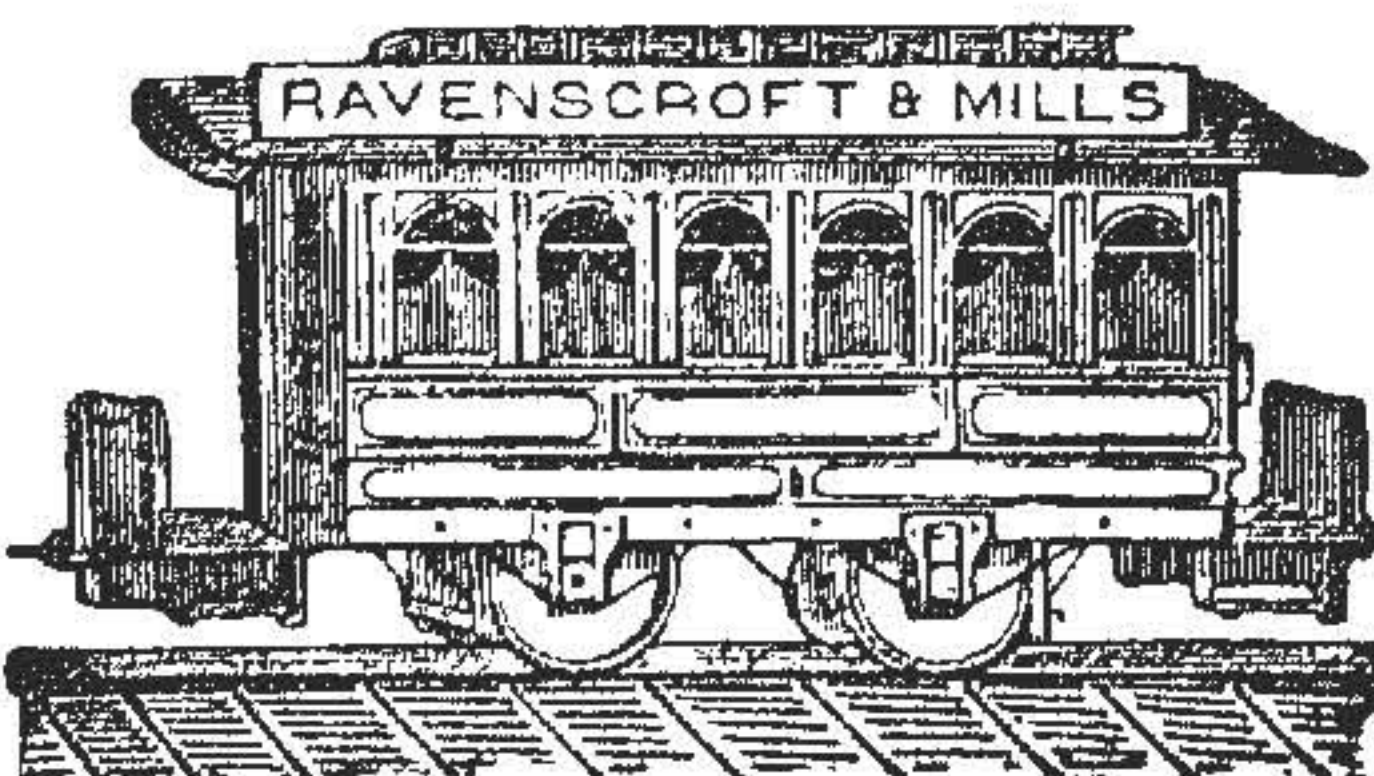
" " Knee.

" " Calf.

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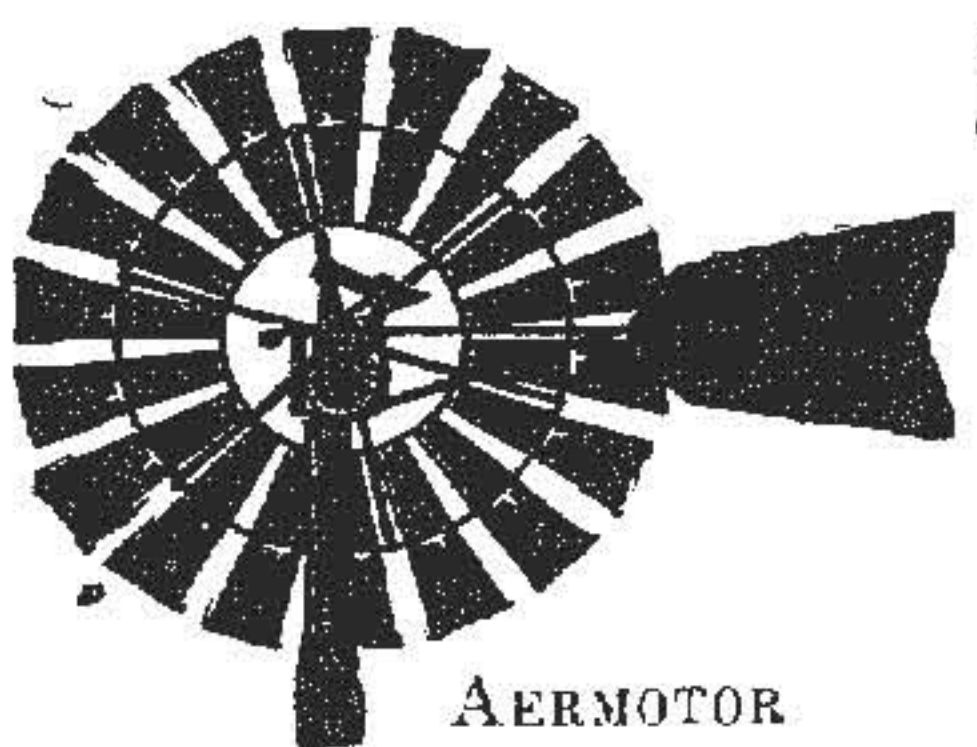
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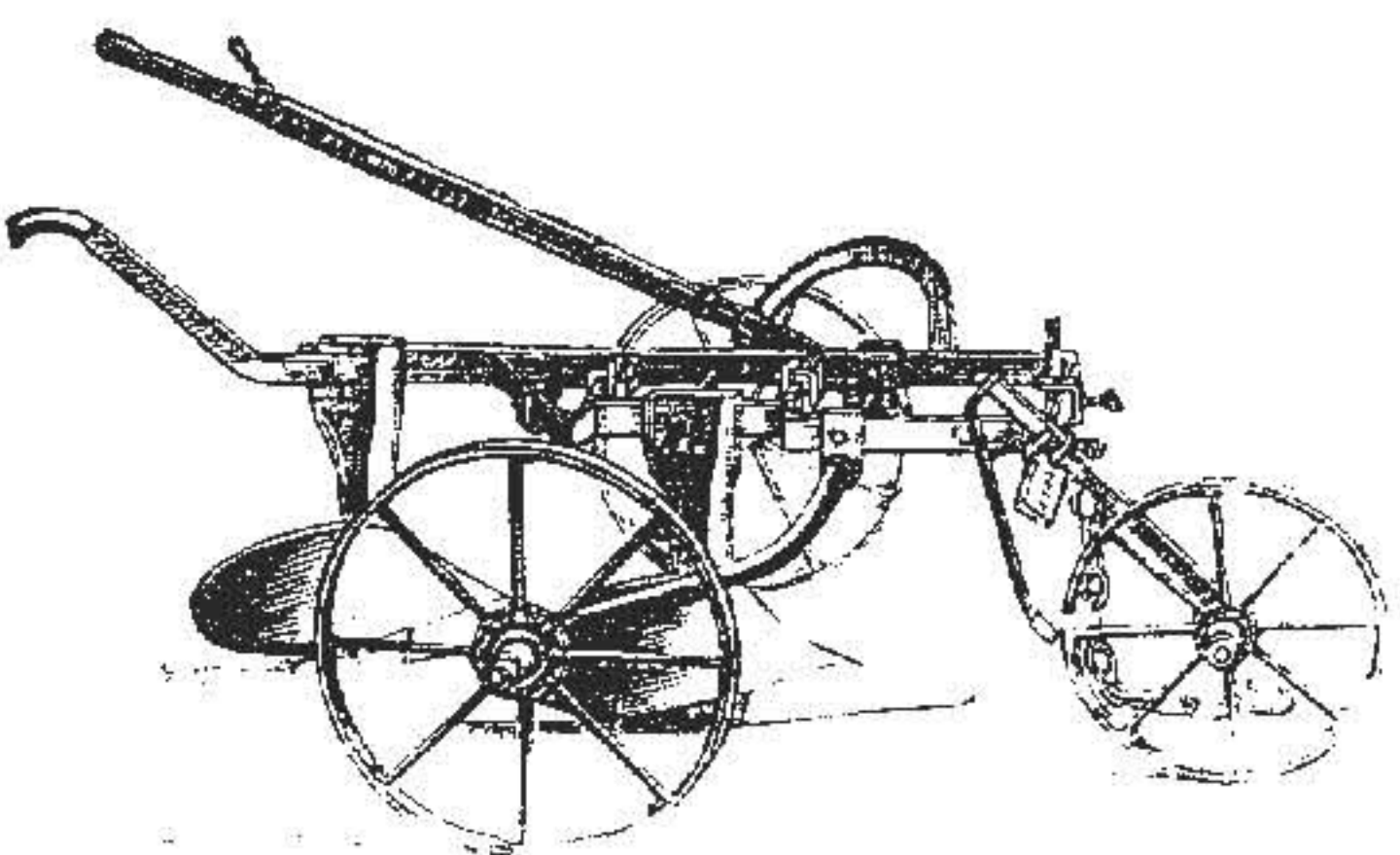
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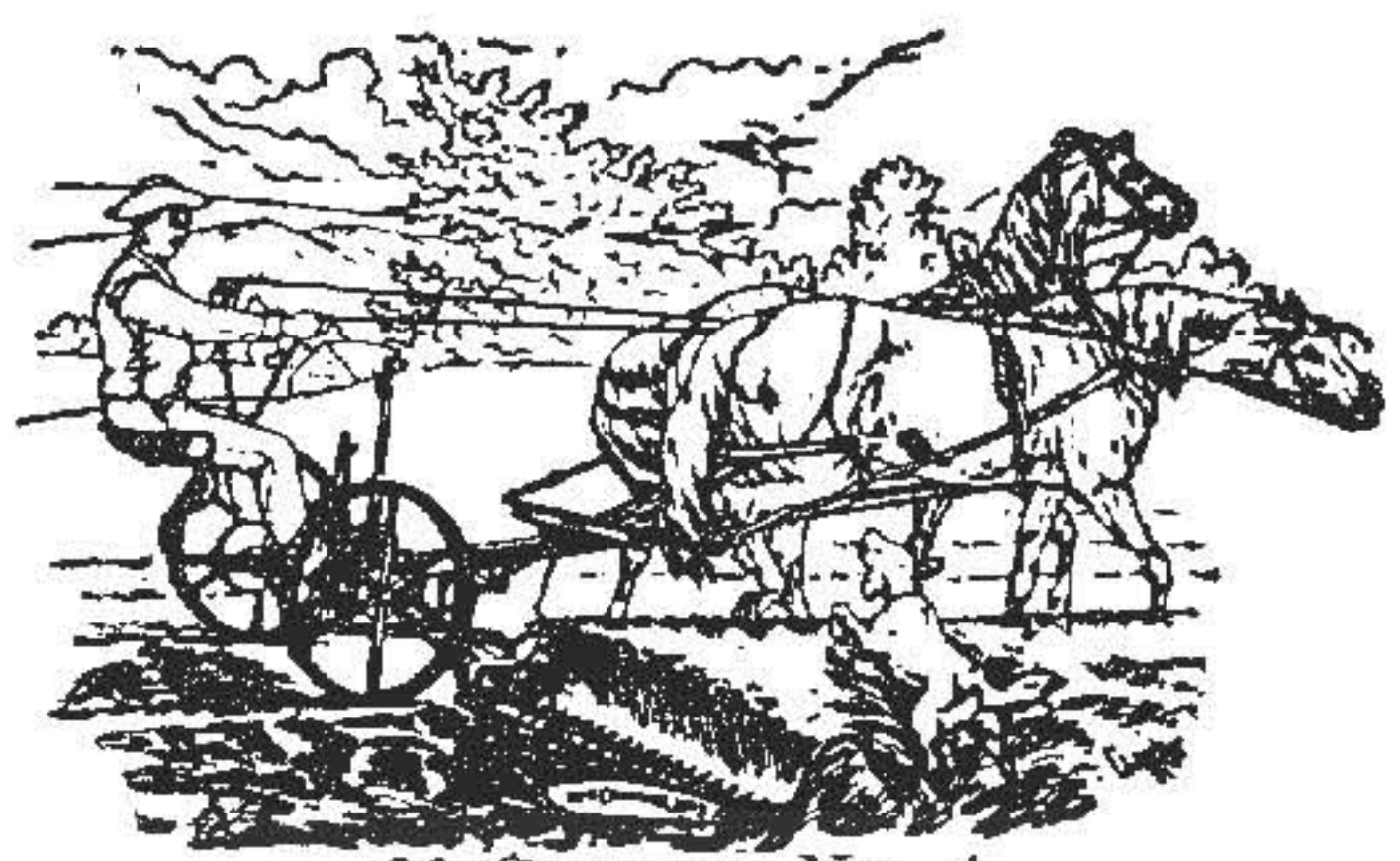
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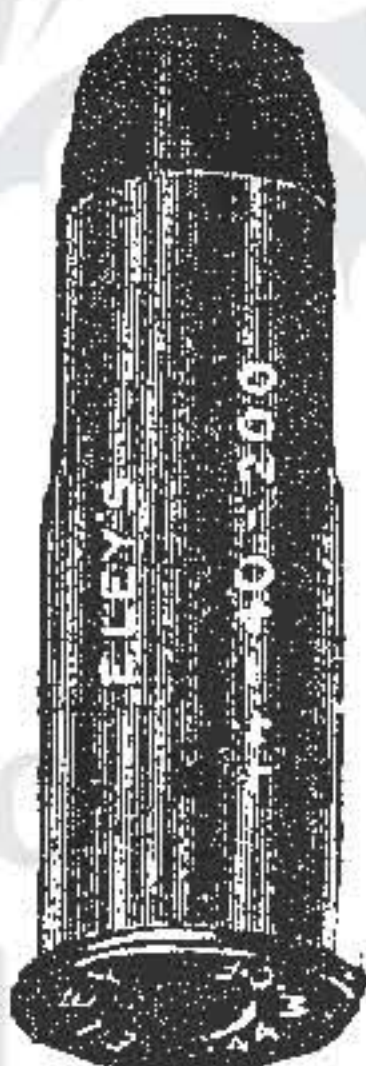
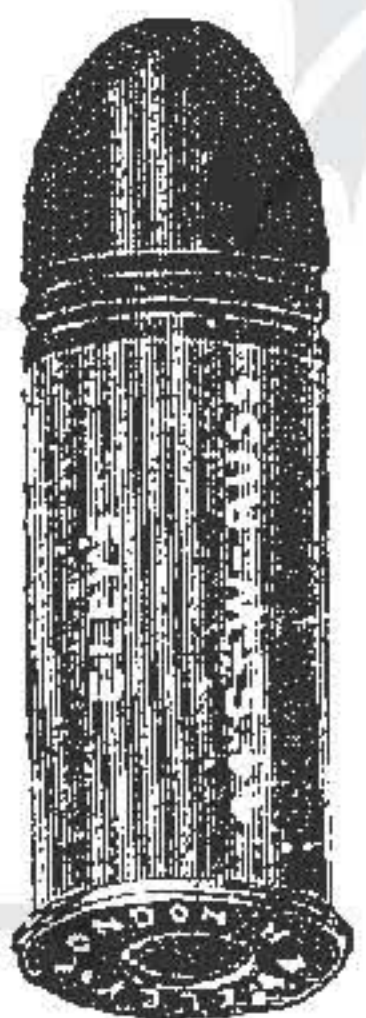
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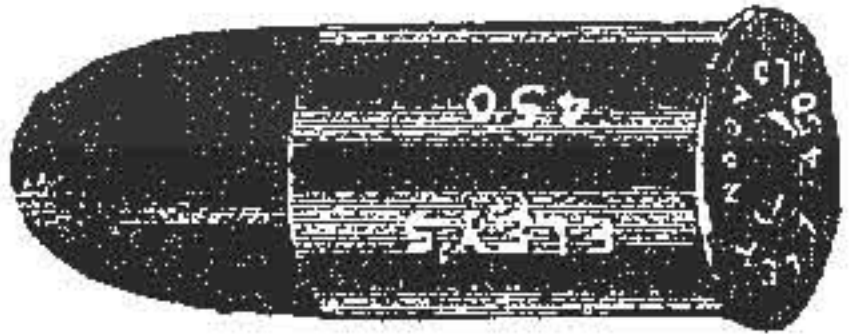
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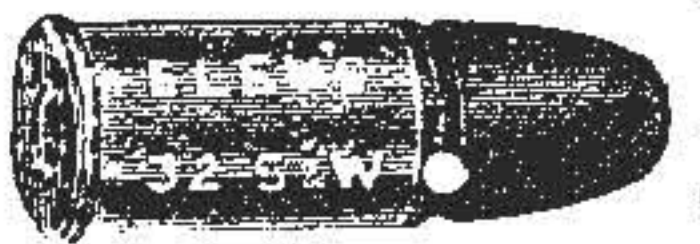
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1891

No. 1—August 5:
Mr. M. G. FORTUNE, Hon. Sec. Hurlingham Club.No. 2—September 9:
ORMONDE.No. 3—September 30:
PHENIX.No. 4—November 18:
THE SANTA FÉ AND SANTIAGO DEL ESTERO POLO TEAMS.No. 5*—December 9:
THE NORTHERN CRICKET XI.No. 6—December 23:
THE SOUTHERN CRICKET XI.
* Only a few numbers left.

1892

No. 7—January 27:
WINNING CREW IN THE INTERNATIONAL FOUR-OARED RACE (Buenos Aires Rowing Club), Tigre Regatta, 1891.No. 8—March 23:
WHIPPER-IN.No. 9—April 13:
THE CRUISE OF THE DART, No. 1No. 10—May 11:
THE CRUISE OF THE DART, No. 2No. 11—June 1:
THE CRUISE OF THE DART, No. 3No. 12—June 22:
THE CRUISE OF THE DART, No. 4No. 13—July 6:
HURLINGHAM CRICKET XI.No. 14—July 20:
UNITED RAILWAYS CRICKET XI.No. 15—August 10:
ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS.No. 16—August 31:
THE BUENOS AIRES RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM.No. 17—September 14:
HURLINGHAM POLO TEAM.No. 18—October 5:
PRIZE CARICATURE.No. 19—October 19:
ROSARIO LAWN TENNIS TEAM.No. 20—November 30:
TIGRE REGATTA.No. 21—December 21:
THE SOUTHERN CRICKET TEAM.

1893

No. 22—January 18:
THE NORTHERN CRICKET TEAM.No. 23—February 1:
CRICKET GROUNDS—PALERMONo. 24—February 15:
ST. HONORAT.No. 25—March 22:
HURLINGHAM.No. 26—April 26:
THE GAUCHOS IN LONDON.No. 27—June 20:
THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TEAMS.No. 28—August 23:
THE BUENOS AIRES FRONTON.No. 29—November 1:
ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS, 1893.No. 30—December 6:
LOMAS A.C. ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TEAM.No. 31—December 13:
THE VALPARAISO AND BUENOS AIRES CRICKET TEAMS.No. 32—December 27:
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HOME NEWS

RACING

A steeplechase meeting at Gatwick and the Sandow Park December Meeting occupied the week, ending on December the 9th, and both were fortunate in having most wonderful weather. As a consequence the attendances were far above the average at both fixtures, at Gatwick, especially, and sport was very good. Several old flat-racers proved successful under National Hunt rules, including Pampero, a son of Philammon's. Below we give the principal races on each of the days:—

GATWICK—December 5th.

National Hurdle Race of 250 sovs.; 2 ¼ miles.

Mr J. A. Miller's b g Innisheen, by Balliol— Humility, 6 y, 10 st 11 lb.....Halsey	1
Capt. H. T. Fenwick's County Council, 4 y, 11 st 11 lb.....G. Williamson	2
Mr H. M. Dyas' Gillstown, 6 y, 10 st 13 lb.J. Walsh	3
Mr E. Loder's Overcast, 4 y, 11 st 11 lb...Mawson	0
Lord Stanley's Greywell, aged, 10 st 13 lb Mr G. B. Milne	0
Betting—7 to 4 each agst County Council and Greywell, 7 to 1 agst Innisheen, 8 to 1 agst Gillstown, and 10 to 1 agst Overcast.	

Dec. 6th.

Metropolitan Steeplechase, (Handicap) of 300 sovs; 3 miles.	
Capt. C. H. Fenwick's b g Why Not, by Castlereagh —Twitter, aged, 12 st 7 lb.....A. Nightingall	1
Capt. H. B. Purefoy's Grigou, aged, 10 st 7 lb. Walsh	2
Mr H. L. Powell's Ulysses, aged, 10 st 5 lb ..Sensier	3
Sir H. de Trafford's Roman Oak, aged, 11 st 13 lb Barker	0
Lord Shrewsbury's Happy-go-Lucky, 6 y, 11 st 9 lb S. Woodlands	0
Mr F. Godson's Arran, 6 y, 10 st 10 lb G. Williamson	0
Duke of Hamilton's Trouville, 5 y, 10 st 6 lb Mr G. B. Milne	0
Mr W. E. Drury's Bay Leaf, aged, 10 st 1 lb Thornton	0
Betting—6 to 4 agst Why Not, 7 to 1 each agst Trouville and Grigou, 8 to 1 agst Happy-go-Lucky, 10 to 1 each agst Ulysses and Roman Oak, 100 to 8 agst Arran, and 100 to 7 agst Bayleaf.	

SANDOWN.—Dec. 7th.

Prince of Wales' Steeplechase (Handicap) of 200 sovs; 2 miles.	
Mr E. Loder's b g Field Marshal, by Border Minstrel—Rouge Gagne, aged, 11 st 13 lb. Mawson	1
Mr A. M. Singer's Tenby, aged, 12 st Mr G. S. Davies	2
Capt. H. T. Fenwick's Owick, 5 y, 12 st 7 lb Williamson	3
Lord Shaftesbury's Carrollstown, 6 y, 12 st 7 lb Mr G. B. Milne	0
Mr C. S. W. Reeve's Seawall, 5 y, 11 st 13 lb Mr Atkinson	0
Mr J. Hardman's Sister of Mercy, 6 y, 10 st 11 lb Morris	0
Mr W. Sibary's Calife, 5 y, 10 st 9 lb. A. Nightingall	0
Betting—2 to 1 agst Field Marshal, 3 to 1 agst Sea Wall, 11 to 2 agst Owick, 100 to 14 agst Calife, and 10 to 1 each agst Carrollstown, Tenby, and Sister of Mercy.	
Grand Annual Hurdle Race (Handicap) of 300 sovs; 2 miles.	
Mr G. C. Scruby's gr c Dereham, by Melton —Athel Maid, 5 y, 10 st 13 lb.....G. Morris	1
Mr G. Grant's Partisan, aged, 12 st 1 lb.....Dollery	2
Mr C. Trimmer's Oregon, 5 y, 12 st 7 lb.....Sensier	3
Mr T. Cannon's Dornoch, aged, 12 st 2 lb...Mawson	0
Mr E. C. Smith's Black Duck, 4 y, 11 st 3 lb G. Williamson	0
Lord Hastings's Towton, 4 y, 11 st 1 lb.....Hewitt	0
Mr W. Sibary's Stigma, 5 y, 11 st.....R. Nightingall	0
Mr McCutchen's Explorer, 5 y, 10 st 12 lb...Escott	0
Mr H. Hyams's Magellan, 4 y, 10 st 3 lb A. Nightingall	0
Betting—9 to 4 agst Explorer, 5 to 1 each agst Dornoch and Magellan, 7 to 1 agst Stigma, 8 to 1 agst Dereham, 10 to 1 each agst Partisan and Black Duck, and 100 to 6 agst Oregon.	

CHRISTMAS ROSES

"Pink-tinted, like the Alpine snows,
Fair and pure is Noel's rose."

Mrs Dallas, finding her life in furnished apartments somewhat solitary, wrote to invite her niece Anne to come and spend a month or two with her, and Anne, nothing loathe to exchange a grey sweep of upland country in November for the pleasures and gaieties of town, gladly accepted the invitation.

Besides, putting concerts, and theatres, and picture galleries out of the question altogether, two months with Aunt Dallas—that dearest and cleverest of aunts—was a treat in itself, and as Isobel and Georgina saw Anne off by the forenoon express, and bundled themselves into the phaeton again under a heap of rugs they couldn't help saying to Charlie, as he flicked the pony lightly, it was rather nice to be Anne, who, as Aunt Dallas' godchild, had always the first invitation to stay with her.

But grumbling was a thing foreign to the nature of the Wedderburns, and by the time Donald was trotting up the home avenue the girls left at home were planning how best to make the dark days pass pleasantly for mother, and gaily laughing over the hundred and one little agricultural and domestic difficulties that beset their daily life in Charlie's newly acquired position of a county laird; difficulties that appealed more to their sense of the ludicrous than the tragic fortunately, and which the London-bred family found far more comic than did their country neighbours, to whom a mistake as to butcher meat or daily papers was a very real and substantial grievance.

"Well, mother, dear, she is really off, best clothes, fat fowls, green garden stuff, and Christmas roses, the last by far the most ladylike part of her baggage, fiddle case and all, and I wish Aunt Dallas joy of her."

Said Georgina bursting into the drawingroom, and nearly upsetting the grave-faced Dandie puppy on the hearthrug in her hurry, while Isobel, following more quietly, adjusted her mother's shawls with gentle touch, and Charlie seizing the Dandie waltzed it round the room.

Southwards rushed the express, and in a wonderfully short space of time a pretty little lady, hardly elderly yet, and wonderfully like a miniature Mrs Wedderburn, with the same charm of intellectuality lighting up her face, was kissing Anne and hurrying her and all her heterogeneous luggage into a cab, while a thousand questions were asked and answered as to the people at home and the mode of winter life at Sothorans.

"Have you nice rooms, Auntie?" said Anne.
"Yes, dear, charming rooms, such nice people, and it is a very quiet stair, and there is only one lodger in the next flat, poor man."

"Why that sigh, most tender-hearted Auntie?"
"Well, poor lad, Mrs Goff tells me he had influenza so badly lately and is rather delicate now, he is an orphan, too, and so musical, I hear him playing every evening."
"Dear me! that's bad, the music I mean, and he seems rather a nuisance to have both music and the influenza next door; even an orphan can't be pardoned these things!" And Anne made a wry face.

"But, tell me, Auntie, any good concerts, and what of the pictures at the galleries? I am hungering for these things, and with a huge hunger, too, for I hunger for myself and all my family, to whom I must take home enough mental artistic food, you know, to keep them from famishing in the wilds."

And chatting merrily on Aunt and niece soon arrived at Mrs Dallas' rooms, with which Anne was charmed.

while the gift of some Christmas roses made good Mrs Goff equally charmed with her new inmate. Some of these fair Christmas roses Mrs Goff handed to her neighbour next door, thinking, she said, they might make the young gentleman's room a bit cheery for him when he came in tired from the city.

And Frank Rae looking admiringly at their purity and whiteness was reminded of the home garden of his boyhood and felt his lonely room and his solitary life brightened by the little touch of human kindness, and Mrs Goff was in turn made very happy by his kindly words of thanks. Artistic in every fibre of his nature, music was a passion with Frank Rae, but musical training was too costly, musical success too doubtful, and so left early an orphan, he had stuck to his mercantile work in the city and was beginning to prosper there; but he was shy and made few friends and had no one to sympathise with his musical hopes and longings, so his heart ached sometimes for sympathy, and the artistic nature pined for something more than "the daily round, the common task," of desk and ledger.

Evening by evening his violin came out of its case, and wonderful strains rang through his little room and comforted him as no human voice had done since his mother passed to her rest. Great had been his pleasure when Mrs Dallas came to Mrs Goff's rooms to find that the widow lady was a true musician, and that through the thin partition it was possible to accompany with his violin her nightly piano playing!

United thus by a common love of music they yet remained personal strangers, for both were reticent by nature and neither cared to make the first advance to acquaintanceship. Mrs Dallas was amused by the violin accompaniment to her playing, but she was not very strong, and therefore a little lazy, and felt disinclined to trouble herself about the young man though she felt a kindly interest in his well being, and he in turn only knew her by sight on the stairs. Thus Anne to her amusement found them strangers, but bound together by a curious bond of mutual harmony.

And taking up the little link in her strong young hands Anne forged it nightly into a stronger chain. For taking her aunt's place at the piano she not only played the old sweet masterpieces her aunt loved but the weird soul searching music of the modern spirit, and ever the ghostly violin through the wall joined in and wailed and sobbed and shrieked in love, or joy, or sorrow, obedient to her time and touch. At first Anne was simply amused by the strange accompaniment, then she got to listen for it eagerly, then to long for it with a passionate longing, and at last the perfect music of those unseen fingers dominated her like a real mesmeric presence, and Mrs Dallas declared they were both absolutely haunted by the unseen player!

And to Frank Rae, the unknown musician became a sort of fairy dream, associated somehow with the pure white Christmas roses, which, all unknown to her, had carried their message of beauty and comfort into his lonely room. The first time he saw the ladies at a concert Anne wore a white wrap, edged with swans-down, that admirably suited his ideal Christmas rose—his fair lady of Noel—with her waving gold brown hair, her deep blue eyes, and the strong, grave, face pale with a healthy palor, and strong with a womanly strength, a human woman warm with life and love, yet his pure, white, mystic queen of snow! Meantime, November fogs made London hideous, and December frosts hung white and raw, thickening all the air, and darkening the short winter days with a horrid darkness. It was Christmas Eve, and the early afternoon being somewhat bright Anne proposed she should go to do a few final trifles of necessary Christmas shopping for Mrs Dallas, who had a cold.

Her aunt exacted a promise she would take a cab home, and let her go. Anne found the shopping took longer time than she had thought possible, and was horrified when it was done to find it had grown not only dark but foggy.

Foggy, with a white, fast thickening fog, that made breathing hateful and seeing impossible, so she hailed a hansom, and told the man to drive her home.

"I'll do my best, miss," he said, "but it's a far way, and its thickening fast hevery minute."

After what seemed to her ages, there was a jolt, a crash, and Anne found herself on her feet somehow, and the hansom upset against some railings. The horse was badly bruised, and a wheel off, so, as a passing policeman, who came to cabby's rescue, told her, there was nothing for it but to walk home, he civilly directed her how to turn, advised her to keep close to the walls, and comforted her by saying she was quite near home. And so, following his instructions as well as she could, she crept carefully along, feeling her way rather than seeing it.

All went well till she had to cross an open space between two gardens, quite close to her destination, when she felt sure she heard footsteps following her, and her heart almost stopped beating, as a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder, and a rough voice said:

"Yer money quick, or I'll shoot yer."

Anne, startled and bewildered, hesitated, and while she hesitated, the man pointed a revolver close to her face, and said:

"Make haste, will yer, or 'ere goes. I 'as no time to waste with yer fooling."

And as Anne still struggled feebly with a back pocket, the revolver would certainly have been used, had not a deft hand dashed it wildly to the ground, and a well-directed blow felled the would-be burglar.

"There, you villain! and I only wish I could have you run in," she heard a pleasant voice saying. "And now, Madame, take my arm, you must be sadly shaken, and I'll try, the fog permitting, to see you to your home."

Anne put out a trembling hand, and gladly clung to the proffered arm—when oh! surprise of surprises, he

(Continued on page 5).

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ALLOWED	Mon. nac.
On accounts current and deposits at sight	1 %
On deposits at 30 days' notice	2 "
On deposits at 90 days' fixed	4 "
On deposits a months	4 "
On deposits at 12 months	conventional
	Oro sellado
On accounts current	nil
On deposits at 7 days' notice	2 %
Do. 30 do. do.	2 "
Do. 90 do. fixed	4 "
CHARGED	M/N ORO
On debit balances in account current	9% 9%

R. A. THURBURN, Manager.
Buenos Aires, Dec. 5, 1893.

Club Soda and Ginger Ale
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Of Cameron and Cameron
Portland Cement
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LA CERVEZA DE MODA Y LA MEJOR
DIRIGIR LOS PEDIDOS Á LA
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BUENOS AIRES
Administrador General, **JUAN RUSSELL**

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NEWLY DISCOVERED
NON-POISONOUS COLD WATER
SHEEP DIP
INFALLIBLE for the cure of Scab.
DESTROYER of all flies, lice, ticks and Parasites to which sheep, cattle and horses are subject.
PROMOTES the growth of wool. Causes no irritation after being applied.
ONCE USED will always be used.

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BUENOS AIRES

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SOUTH AMERICA, Limited
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Capital subscribed..... £1,000,000
Do. Paid up..... 500,000
Reserve Fund..... 320,000
£820,000

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PAYS

	m/n.	ORO
On deposits in account current and at sight	1 %	without interest
On deposits at 7 days' notice up to \$50,000	2 %	2 %
On deposits at 30 days' notice up to \$50,000	4 %	3 %
On deposits at 3 months fixed	4 %	4 %
" " " longer periods..	by arrangement.	

CHARGES
For advance in current account..... 10% 10%
Buenos Aires, Nov. 10, 1893.
M. B. BROOKS,
ACTING MANAGER.

JAQUECA

THE VOLTA CRUZ
Cure for Rheumatism and Headache
"After suffering from childhood with Chronic Headache, I am to-day completely cured having used the VOLTA CRUZ, therefore I recommend all those who suffer from said complaint to use the VOLTA CRUZ."
FELIPE ZAPATA.
"Estacion Rocha, Sept. 20, 1893."

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500 METRES LONG.
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ENTRANCE—\$1 m/n

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N.B.—Lands can be rented for Pasturage purposes on Long Leases and specially favourable terms.

Whiskey Royal Whiskey
Arms
J. G. THOMPSON & Co.
LEITH.

E. R. PORTAIS
AGENT
456 - CUYO - 456

John P. Whigham
Veterinary Surgeon
158 - Calle Reconquista - 158
Escritorio No. 4

looking down and she looking up, saw dimly through the mist, she the unknown violinist, and he the lady of his dream!

And so that disagreeable little adventure, and its consequent walk through the fog—it is strange, by the way, how very long it is possible to take in a fog to traverse two short streets—had a most agreeable result, for Anne asked her deliverer to come in and be thanked, and Mrs Dallas not only gave him the cosiest of afternoon teas and the warmest of gratitude, but she asked him, when she heard he was to spend a solitary Christmas, to come in and dine with them, and bring the mystic violin.

Thus on Christmas night the happy violinist dined on what he felt to be the nectar and ambrosia of the gods, instead of light Burgundy and plum pudding, sent from Fortheray, and gazed across a table decked with maiden hair fern, and Christmas roses, at his ideal Christmas rose, to-night fairer than ever with her cheeks pink tinted with a happy flush like the petals of a rose of Noel, and a bouquet of Christmas roses catching up the old lace berthe of her black velvet gown!

And after dinner there was music, such music! And a cosy chat by the fire, in which, as the world is small, it was but natural, Frank Rae and the ladies should find some mutual friends for whom their common regard cemented their newly formed friendship. That happy Christmas night was only the first of many such evenings, when Frank Rae's violin and Anne's piano, accompanied each other on the right side of the dividing partition at last.

Christmas Eve a year after, the ground just powdered with snow, the air clear and cold, and the hall and rooms at Fortheray decorated with holly and evergreens and everywhere Christmas roses. And looking rather ruefully at each other, while the few near relatives and intimate friends who are their guests have gone to rest, following the example of their hostess and Aunt Dallas; Isobel, Georgina, and Charlie Wedderburn give a last look out of the front door, into the frosty starlight, at the newly-made wheelmarks on the whitened drive.

"Gone," says Isobel sadly, "quite gone, and whatever shall we do without her?"

"Do!" says Georgina savagely, "take care you don't visit Aunt Dallas and do likewise, my dear. We can't thin out this happy family any more to please ideal violinists, even if they do know how to grapple with burglars."

"Oh, bother both violins and burglars," adds Charlie. "Why need they have been so romantic? Why marry on a Christmas Eve? Couldn't he have left us in peace one more Christmas Day? And, ugh! the cold of the thing, and the folly of it!"

"Commend me to June when I marry and to real roses. I'll have chilblains for life helping the gardener to scrape these horrid things out of the snow." With a disgusted look at the Christmas roses.

"Oh! girls, get some one to bring us hot coffee, or I shall become an icicle."

And shutting the door the three went off to try the consolation of cakes and coffee, while Mr and Mrs Frank drove happily to the railway station, blissfully oblivious of two white satin shoes and a huge bunch of Christmas roses that dangled cheerfully from the carriage door-handle, and greatly delighted the railway porters and the village boys en route.

EN PASSANT.

A week of heat with no sign of the drought, which is doing so much damage to the agricultural interest of the country, coming to an end, as each successive storm comes up with its attendant fall of rain, everyone says "at last," but the wish is father to the thought and the clouds and rain pass off before even the dust is properly laid, and the weather becomes if anything more suffocating than before. Dire and woful news comes from the camp on nearly every side, much of the maize crop entirely lost, sheep and cattle dying in hundreds and going mad from want of water, lakes and arroyos dried up and still the blessed rain from Heaven comes not to mitigate the effects of a drought which is unsurpassed even within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." I have heard a technical opinion to the effect that now that it is too late to repair the damage done by the drought, that it would be but a doubtful blessing were rain to fall in abundance at the present moment. Not being sufficiently enlightened on the matter of camp and agricultural interest as to gainsay this opinion or otherwise, I must perforce remain silent and leave others to speak who are better informed, but I may add a rider that a good downfall would be very welcome in the town and suburbs as the dust makes one more to the list of trials which have to be patiently borne during this roaring weather.

.

The manias of mankind are numerous and of every conceivable description, but when religious and suicidal mania go hand in hand in the person of a single individual one may look for startling results. Such an instance we have demonstrated last week in the person of a French Basque female of some thirty summers. The weight of

her sins seemed to weigh too heavily upon her, and she appeared to have a firm faith in the doctrine of expiation by fire. Most people are brought up in the belief that a sinful life will, after the crossing of the Styx, be awarded its meed of punishment by a period of torture in flames of some kind or another, but the greater of us are content to stave off the evil day as long as possible, having that hankering after life, and a firm belief in the proverb "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," which characterise mankind in general. Not so our native of the Pyrenees who elected to taste of the tortures of the damned before her day had come. To this end she, at dead of night, stole quietly to the azotea of the house where she was employed as a nurse, and set alight to herself to attain which end she had previously soaked her vestments in kerosene. The flames naturally attracted the attention of the police, who tried to save the unfortunate and misguided woman. They succeeded in removing her to the hospital where, in dreadful agony, she managed to explain that she had acted thus to "purge herself of her sins!" It is to be hoped that the powers above will, for her sake, think that she has attained her desideratum.

.

Another more harmless species of maniac that I have come across in my wanderings later was one who was possessed of a military mania. It was his fortune in life to acquire riches in the sordid path of commerce, and it was not till he had reached a ripe age that he was able to indulge his propensities. However, in a fashionable suburb, this disappointed child of Mars bought for himself a plot of land, and having built a house thereon, he further proceeded to embellish the ground by constructing the trace of a species of fortress. I have some acquaintance with Vauban myself, and it was with pleasure that I was able to note that he also had apparently studied the designs of the famous military architect, as the construction answered in almost every detail to the class of military fort entitled a bastion front. He had, however, spoilt the symmetrical design by adding an entrance composed of two castellated towers with drawbridge and portcullis, which might have belonged to an ancient feudal castle. Needless to say the whole structure was in miniature. I am told that it was the delight of the retired almacenero to teach his sons and their youthful friends the art of attack and defence by making them man the walls and repel the assaults of an imaginary enemy! The old man is, however, gathered to his fathers, and very shortly an ungrateful offspring will have razed to the ground the edifice which was probably the apple of his father's eye. Why pull it down? It would make an excellent canon and defence during a revolution. My idea.

.

The present Municipality, with the co-operation of Sr Thays, of whom I have frequently spoken in these notes, has been doing so much lately to embellish the city that it was with great surprise that I read in an evening colleague it was proposed to cut down the trees in the Avenida Alvear close to the Recoleta. The paragraph in question began with an attack of Anglophobia—"El Diario" very often gets an attack of this malady---and proceeded very rightly to cry out against the demolition of the trees in question. The reason for the procedure alleged was that before the "casnarinas" were fully grown a telegraph wire had been run above them, and which was now found to be a source of hindrance rather than of utility. The argument used was naturally that it would be preferable to remove the wire rather than the trees. The result was the publication on the ensuing day of a letter from Sr Thays, who stated in reply that some weeks before the Municipality had decreed that the wire should be removed to some more convenient position and that there was no intention of demolishing the trees in question. From a botanical point of view the matter is of interest also, as in the said letter it was stated that the wire pressing as it were on the trees overhead had had the effect of stunting their upward growth and rendering the foliage of the lower portion denser, thus increasing their shade giving properties.

.

The death of Dr Hugo Bunge caused a profound sensation in Buenos Aires and especially among the foreign community as in all commercial and mercantile questions or disputes he was the advocate whom the litigants mostly tried to secure to plead their cause. A perfect linguist and the essence of courteousness, Dr Bunge was

much respected by all classes with whom he came in contact and it is much to be regretted that such a distinguished light of the Argentine Bar should have been cut off in the very prime of life. His chambers in the Calle San Martin were always thronged with those who sought his opinion and such dimensions did his work latterly assume that he found he was unable to cope successfully single handed therewith and obliged to select a partner to assist him. Of all parties and of all races were his clients, and there is no doubt that somewhat of his success and popularity was his uprightness of character and a careful abstention from the political arena. Had he cared to turn his vigorous talent towards politics there is little doubt but that he would have gained in the Senate a reputation equal to that which he acquired in the Forum. Dr Bunge died at the Tigre Hotel of typhoid fever after a very short illness of only eight days, and at the early age of forty years. His funeral at the Recoleta was attended by a vast concourse of mourners of all nations who had united to render the last honours to one whose genius and unaffected uprightness had rendered him worthy to be ranked as one among the brightest of Argentina's sons.

.

The latest sensational news comes from the West Coast of Africa. Sierra Leone is not the most pleasant spot where the requirements of the British Army condemn its officers to sojourn. The Gold Coast as a health resort has not the best of reputations, and the risks of finding an early grave in a military expedition to the interior of succumbing a victim to the pestilential fever there prevalent while in garrison are so well-known to most Englishmen that the district is not regarded quite in the light of a paradise on earth. When, however, the chances of being shot by mistake by troops of a nation with whom we are at peace are added to the above, the qualifications of the Gold Coast to being a pleasant abode, become minimised to a degree. The telegraph tells us that while Major Ellis was encamped with the troops under his command, his camp was attacked by some 1000 Senegalese soldiers under Lieutenant Moritz. Despite the numerical inferiority of the English, a desperate resistance was made and before the mistake was observed twenty-nine men, including the French Lieutenant, had been killed. The French and English troops united in interring Lieutenant Moritz with military honours. It not thought that the incident will provoke international complications as the French Government will almost surely make all possible amends and the more so as the officer responsible for the error has himself fallen a victim thereto. The meagre details to hand by the telegraph need amplification. Up to date the affair has altogether being one of those accidents which are said to occur even in the best regulated families.

.

I am glad to note that mine was not the only pen which commented upon the backwardness of the Argentines present at the Tigre Hotel last Sunday week in not dancing when Furlotti's orchestra was playing all the most delightful waltzes of their repertoire. The subject was taken up by a Spanish contemporary last week, and the strictures passed were to the same effect as those which I made in these notes. If everybody "waited for somebody else to begin," there would be not much dancing or any other form of amusement in the world among people gathered together avowedly for that purpose. It is but self-consciousness, a quality inherent to a very great degree in the Argentine race, and especially among the fair sex. The men have it not to such a great extent; indeed, it is more the reverse, as in society the Argentine and male members of the Latin races in general are gifted with easy manners often enhanced by a graceful presence, distinctly throwing into the shade the gaucheries and awkward deportment of his Anglo-Saxon brethren, who may not have had the advantage of moving to any very great extent in society.

H. SCOTT ROBSON

GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT

Camp, Live Stock, House Property

Bolsa de Comercio No. 8

ESTANCIA AND COLONY.

Wool continued to come into the markets last week in large quantities, but sales were very difficult to effect, and nearly five hundred thousand kilos of wool remained in deposit at the end of the week. On Thursday Messrs Gibson Brothers sold 40,000 kilos of cross Lincoln wool from Tuyú at \$9.60 the ten kilos.

* *

Two hundred and fifty squares of wheat have been burnt by a camp fire at Curumalan besides a large number of sheep and a long line of fencing. Camp fires have been very frequent of late as might well be expected considering the burnt up state of everything growing.

* *

On account of an epidemic that has broken out amongst the cattle in the districts of San Nicolás, Ramallo, San Pedro, Baradero, San Antonio de Areco, Olavarría and Suipacha, the National Interventor has declared these districts to be infected. The disease which is rapidly spreading has been occasioned by the long drought, and the animals attacked by it appear to suffer from a form of madness.

* *

Another large fire in the Santa-Fé wheat fields is reported from the Humboldt colony. It resulted in the loss of six large wheat stacks, a threshing machine and some stacks of linseed. One of the sons of the unfortunate owner, a man named Lambmann, was also severely burnt.

* *

During the past year of 1893, the number of troops of cattle which entered the Corrales was 8730, the total number of head reaching 724,656. The number of sheep which entered the South Barracas was 1,404,614. Messrs. Salaberry and Errecaborde receiving the largest total of consignments.

* *

Judging from the first consignment of barley, one of 28,000 kilos, from the Tornquist colony to Bahía Blanca, this cereal will prove very successful in the colony, and next season many more squares will be put down under seed. The Buenos Aires breweries, which show preference to barley grown in this district, are responsible for the impulse given to colonists to grow so much of it.

* *

Mr A. Olmos, of Rio Cuarto, sold last week 18,000 novillos from his estancias in Cordoba to a saladero in Santa Fé at a reserved price. This is one of the most important transactions in live cattle of the season.

* *

At a meeting last month of the South American Land Company, whose lands are situated at French, out west beyond Trenque Lauquen, Mr John Fair gave the following particulars of the Company's count:—

"The cattle on 30th June, 1892, numbered 7652; calves marked, 1787; died, 111; sold, 24; slaughtered, 214; lost, two, making 1436, our count on 30th June, 1893, being 9088. The original stock of animals purchased was only 3179. There have been sold in the interim 4904, and the stock to-day is 9089. As to the sheep the count in 1892 was 14,623; altogether the purchases have been about 10,000, and have been sold 1850, and the count on 30th June this year was 16,340, showing also a fair increase, not an increase that one would expect in good years, but still it is in the right direction. The count of horses on 30th June, 1893, was 346; purchases and foals marked, 73; died, 19; net increase, 54, with a stock of 400 on the place."

* *

The last season's pampa wools found a ready sale, and at better prices than hitherto obtained in Buenos Aires. The fluctuations in the price of gold made the purchase of wool rather difficult, Mr Lyon, the Company's manager, having to fix the prices at a comparatively low figure. This season, at about the same figure as last year, the Company may be able to make further purchases, and they hope these will be attended with similar results to those on the last occasion.

* *

We note that the Company have purchased some rams in Australia. Surely except when something very special is required, purchasing rams in Australia is like bringing coals to Newcastle. There are as good sheep now being bred and sold in this country as any breeder could wish for, and we would certainly rather buy rams

bred in and used to the country from such flocks as those of Messrs. Gibson, Olivera, Zeballos, Newton, Senillosa, Shennan and Bell, for instance, than go all the way to Australia for them for such a purpose as the Company requires them.

* *

On the 16th, 17th and 18th of February, a rural fair will be held at Carmen de las Flores. Every arrangement has been made for the successful location of fine stock in a pavilion which measures a thousand yards square, and which will be well lighted and ventilated. Sheep and cattle off the camp will be well cared for in paddocks, which will be plentifully supplied with hay, grass and water.

* *

The split in the New Australia colony in Paraguay has resulted in seventeen families and seven or eight single men having been forced to leave the settlement. Within so short a time of its foundation it is to be regretted that so unpleasant an incident has to be recorded of the colony.

* *

Eighty persons in all left the colony, including children. Their departure was greatly due to the influence of one person, who has been expelled from the colony; the persons who have left were also dissatisfied amongst themselves.

We read that a feature of this colony is the prohibition of liquors and spirits of all descriptions, which rule is kept strictly.

Also it seems that no accounts are given. The reason of this can be justified by persons who are not interested in the matter, that they have worked for the benefit of the colony. Some deeds have to be signed by the Government, but it takes a long time to get anything from a South American Government.

* *

According to astronomers the hottest years are those in which the greatest number of spots appear in the sun. These spots reappear at certain intervals of time. Founding their opinion on this circumstance meteorologists assert that there is an infallible rule by which years of heat and drought can be foretold.

The years, the number of which end in 3, are subject to the rule of one being wet and the two following dry. A proof of this is the following, 1783 was wet, and the two following, 1793 and 1803, dry; 1813 was wet, and the two following, 1823, and 1833, dry; 1843 was wet, and the two following, 1853 and 1863, dry; 1873 was wet, and the two following, 1883 and 1893, dry.

There is also another rule. The great droughts observe a cycle of 42 years. Historians cite the years 591, 1010, 1053, 1095, 1137, 1179, 1305, 1473, 1299, 1641, 1683, and 1767 as terrible years of drought causing famine and producing epidemics. In 1809 and 1851 there were no great disasters but hardly any rain fell.

The past year of 1893 was therefore predestined to be dry and hot.

* *

Readers of this column will be shocked to hear of the murder of Mr J. Palmer Smythies, at his estancia La Turbias, Las Rosas, Santa Fé, where he was greatly respected by those who knew him intimately. It appears that Mr Smythies dismissed his capataz and on settled his account but the man returned shortly afterwards and demanded ten dollars more, which his late master refused to give him saying that he had been paid all that was due. The capataz stuck to his claim, however, so he and Mr Smythies went to the Juzgado in Las Rosas to let the Judge decide the matter. After hearing both sides of the case, the Judge decided in favour of Mr Smythies, to whom the capataz said as they left the court together: "You are going to pay for this, amigo." Mr Smythies immediately drove off home. The capataz it appears, immediately went to a store and bought a knife, and with a friend started in pursuit. They overtook the trap, in which with his master was a boy, a brother of the dismissed capataz, just at the gate of the murdered man's camp, and immediately attacking Mr Smythies stabbed him in three places and then cut his throat.

At the puesto at the gate, where the murder was committed, lives a sister of the murderer, and she asserts that she neither saw nor heard anything of it, though she was in the house at the time, so the truth will be very difficult to arrive at. Mr Smythies never carried fire arms and it is through this that the unfortunate gentleman lost his life. The boy and the capataz accomplice are both in the hands of the police, but the murderer himself is still at large. Indeed should he be caught we question if he would be punished if we take previous cases as an example.

* *

When the news of his fearful murder spread, Mr Dickenson, who owns the neighbouring estancia of Las Lomas, immediately sent out to capture the criminal. He went from estancia to estancia, but could find no trace of the murderer. However, he captured a man who was known to be on terms of great intimacy with the murderer.

Only just recently, Mr Smythies had all his wheat burnt, and it was discovered that this was the work of incendiaries and who now turn out to be his assassins.

Mr Palmer Smythies came to the country about twenty years ago. He was well off and had the reputation of being an excellent civil engineer. After a short sojourn in Buenos Aires, he came to Rosario, where his enterprising spirit was very soon felt. He was an intelligent engineer, and saw at once that there was a great deal to be done in the way of public works, not only in the province but also in Rosario. He proposed the cana-

lisation of the Parana, a very heavy work, which, however, was nothing for his iron energy and will. Had the project been carried out, we should have to-day numbers of ocean-going steamers in the port of Rosario. Another great project of his was to irrigate the province by means of canals. The project was thrown out by Cafferata. He was also the author of a drainage project for Rosario. Tired of looking for success in that direction, he turned his attention to the camp, and purchased the Las Turbias estancia in Cañada de Gomez.

* *

Very bad news comes from the Tandil camps, where the saltona locusts are eating up what little grass there is on them. The bicho moro is also making great ravages on the quintas and gardens round about the little town of Tandil.

* *

Hay has gone up tremendously in price during the last few days, as the drought shows no real sign of breaking, and forage gets scarcer every day. Fifty dollars the thousand kilos may be now taken as the average price for home consumption.

* *

Don Lewis Jones, one of the founders of the Welsh Colony, Chubut, has had an interview with H. E. Dr. Costa, Minister of Foreign Affairs, about forming another Welsh Colony further down on the coast. The Minister promised Mr Jones every support from the Government, and congratulated him on the great success of the Chubut Colony.

* *

The following prices which we take from an Australian paper will be read with interest:—

Sydney—Wheat: Chick, 3s. 3d. to 3s. 4d; milling, 3s. 7d; oats, fair feed, 2s. 8d. to 2s. 8½d; heavy feed, 2s. 9d; maize, 3s. 7d; barley, Cape, 3s; bran, 7½d; pollard, 9d. to 9½d; potatoes, local grown, new crop, £3 15s. to £4 5s; onions, £12 to £12 10s; butter, dairy, 6d. to 7d; factory, 7d. to 8d; cheese, 3d. to 4¼d; bacon, 5d. to 6d.

Melbourne—Wheat, 2s. 10d. to 2s. 10½d, oats, Algerian, 1s. 10d; Tartarian, 1s. 11d; stout white, 2s. 1d. to 2s. 2d; maize, 2s. 11d; bran, 6¾d; pollard, 7d; peas, Prussian blue, 2s. 3d; potatoes, £9 to £9 10s.

Adelaide—Wheat, 2s. 9d; flour, roller, £7 5s. to £7 10s; bran, 7½d; pollard, 7½d.

Australian Wool Sales.

Melbourne—At the wool sales greasy lambs' wool is bringing up to 11½d; merino fleece, 9¼d; crossbred, 9½d; scoured, 1s 1¼d.

Adelaide—At the wool sales 15,300 bales have been offered up to date, of which 13,300 bales have been sold. Crossbreds are ½d. higher, and inferior merino are slightly easier.

* *

A tremendous camp fire in San Salvador Colony, in Entre Rios, has been one of the worst calamities of the kind yet. The colonists were fighting the fire with the wind in their favour, when suddenly it chopped round, blew a gale, and drove the flames over their wheat fields and houses with such fearful rapidity that the first were destroyed. The colonists and their families ran for their lives. Shocking to relate, two terrified little children were left behind in the stampede and burned to ashes. Everything except the houses was destroyed, and many horses and sheep perished. The fire was stopped by the high road to Corrientes, which cut the flames.

* *

We take the following criterion of a beautiful cow from a very old book on cattle:—

She's long in her face, she's fine in her horn,
She'll quickly get fat without cake or corn.
She's clean in her jaws, and full in her chime,
She's heavy in flank and wide in her loin.

She's broad in her ribs, and long in her rump,
A straight and flat back, with never a hump;
She's wide in her hips and calm in her eyes,
She's fine in her shoulders, and thin in her thighs.

She's light in her neck and small in her tail,
She's wide in her breast, and good at the pail;
She's fine in her bone and silky of skin,
She's a grazier's without, and a butcher's within.

* *

Apropos of the baneful results of fast shearing, a correspondent, writing to a New Zealand paper with reference to published statements of some big shearing

JUAN LEAN GENERAL CAMP AGENT

AND

Salesman in Corrales

195 - RECONQUISTA - 195

(Union Telephone 973)

TO RENT, EIGHT AND A HALF LEAGUES of SUPERIOR CAMP, with Norias, etc., on a five years' contract, Partido General Villegas; and on the same camp 6000 head of cattle, al corte, very well bred, to be sold.

Estancieros having sheep or cattle in condition for exportation would oblige by letting me have particulars of them.

Disinfecting Powder

SANITAS
Small Tins, 70 cts.
SANITAS

KIDD & HUTTON

385 - CALLE BOLIVAR - 385

tallies on a Queensland station, says:—"If I had anything to do with this station I should first sack the manager, then the shearers, and afterwards call up the account of the owner. I have seen a good deal of temerity on a station, but this beats the lot. There is no doubt that shearers can do more with the machine than with the old-fashioned shears, but I have never seen men do properly anything like this. Take the average of well-regulated sheds, and men who look after their business will have no averages of this kind. I have seen the Williams Bros. and Holland—two of the cracks of the Narramine district—and they could not do anything of this description. Big tallies mean slumming, bad work, and the inattention, inability, and uselessness of the man over the shed. Big tallies (of the abnormal character mentioned in the paragraph) are no recommendation to either master or man; in fact, it is quite the other way round."

* *

The complete removal of all the milk from butter intended for long keeping is indispensable. The casein of the milk is really a ferment, an active chemical agent in the decomposition of the butter, and the change of the fat in part to volatile acids, which confers a very undesirable odour and flavour on the butter. But when the butter is intended for immediate use it does not require such complete separation from the milk, and a little of it may be left in the butter with advantage, as it develops that fine flavour which is known as the nutty taste and the aromatic odour which gives the sweetness to the butter. Without these butter is quite insipid and has a very indistinct odour of mere fat. Thus the butter-maker may spoil his product by too much carelessness in washing it, and do what is often thought to be a fault and the effect of overwashing. This should be well understood. Water cannot take anything from fat of any kind. It cannot dissolve any part of it, and thus butter is not itself hurt in any way by any amount of washing in pure water. But the washing takes from the butter the small remnant of milk remaining in it, and leaves it pure and necessarily flavourless. In course of time, a few days or longer, the butter begins to change by an inherent chemical process, and the flavouring acids are slowly developed in it. And then it is ripe, much as fruit becomes ripe, and acquire its finest flavour by the production of the first elements of decomposition in it. If butter is to be packed for future use, this change in it will go on sufficiently without any help from a starter in the form of a remnant of the buttermilk, but if it is for immediate use, a minute quantity of milk is desirable in it.

* *

The following quotations of freights, which in the last day or two have risen somewhat, will be of interest:

For Rio Grande—Maize and flour, \$6 gold.
For Porto Alegre—Maize and flour, \$7 gold.
For Santos—Flour, \$8 gold; hay, \$10 gold the 1000 kilos; bran, \$10 gold the 1000 kilos; maize, \$8 gold; the ship to discharge.
For Rio Janeiro—Maize, \$3 gold; hay, \$2.50 gold the cubic metre, the shipper to discharge.
For Corunna—Dry hides, 100 fcs.
For Lisbon—Grease, 35 fcs.
For Bordeaux—Grease, 15 fcs.; skins and dry hides, 45 fcs.; salted hides, 30 fcs.; cereals, 19 fcs.
For Havre—Wool, 17.50 fcs.; cereals, 25 fcs.
For Antwerp—Wool, 20 fcs.; cereals, 25 fcs.
For Barcelona—Dry hides, 65 fcs.; grease, 25 fcs.; cereals, 29 fcs.
For Marseilles—Wool and skins, 20 fcs.; cereals, 20 fcs.; dry hides, 65 fcs.
For Genoa—Wool, 10 fcs.; dry hides, 65 fcs.; cereals, 12.50 fcs.
Sailing vessels are taking wheat from La Plata at 18s and from Rosario at 24s and 24s 6d.

* *

The wool market opened very dull at the beginning of the week and very few sales were effected. The largest prices on Monday were \$10.30 for cross Lincoln, and 8.30 for fine wools. 361,850 kilos were sold at Plaza Constitucion and 149,100 at the Central Market.

* *

The Pampa Central is progressing fast. Last week at Santa Rosa de Toay a fine fronton was inaugurated by an exciting game between four amateurs, the winners being presented with gold medals by their admirers.

* *

Mutton hams may be cured as follows, and as sheep are just now cheap they can be recommended, and are most useful in summer time. They should be taken from a fat sheep. Boil enough water to cover the hams, add enough salt to float an egg, and a pinch of saltpetre the size of the top joint of your thumb; add 2 lb. of the real old black sugar and 1 oz. of mixed spice. When blood-warm put in your hams. After fourteen days boil the brine again, add a little more salt, skim off the scum that will rise, then turn your cask upside down, and in it burn a handful of sulphur on a bundle of straw. In four weeks you will have grand hams. Large hams will require two months. Every fourteen days the brine should be reboiled, and the cask again cleared as before. Do this and you will lose no meat. Keep a stone weight on the hams to keep them under the pickle, and keep the cask covered.

* *

The drought has set people thinking and experimenting with new fodder plants calculated to stand the altered conditions of their climate. In France the discussion in the French Academie des Sciences on tree leaves as fodder, with the analysis and practical experi-

ments, has been followed up by various corresponding members of that learned body. The latest contribution to the subject was a note by M. Doumet-Adanson, which was read by M. Duchartre before the Academie. M. Doumet-Adanson has made a prolonged study of a new fodder plant, the Polygonum sacchaliense, of the high-lands of Japan. It is remarkable for its rapid and luxuriant growths, even in dry and arid soils. In three weeks it attains a height of two or three metres. It has a branching stem, with numerous ribbed leaves, and is of good feeding qualities. The yield of fodder is very high; two cuttings may be taken from the first year and three on the third year of growth, yielding a heavier crop, says M. Duchartre, per acre than any European fodder plant. Every square metre sown gives from 20 to 40 kilogrammes of fodder. M. Doumet-Adanson has experimented with the plant in France, and finds that it grows well, and gives excellent results.

* *

The food is greatly appreciated by cattle. Such a plant, owing to its not requiring water, is of incalculable value in dry seasons; and M. Doumet-Adanson believes that it could be widely introduced not only in colonies but in Europe. The cultivation of the Polygonum sacchaliense as a means of augmenting fodder crops would undoubtedly have considerable advantages over a systematic attempt at deriving a large amount of cattle food from tree leaves; for if trees are deprived of their leaves to any great extent they, of course, suffer, and the hotter the season the more the trees require their foliage.

* *

The total weight of produce in the green state varies from twenty to forty kilogrammes the square metre, or 200,000 to 400,000 kilos the hectare, equalling 200,000 lb., or 89 tons 6 cwt. 16 lb. to 178 tons 12 cwt. per English acre, or nearly double the weight of a crop of cabbage planted at two feet apart, and each plant weighing, when full grown, 10 lb.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL NOTES

At the Odeon, one of the most comfortable of the smallest theatres, a French Opera and Operette Company had intended to inaugurate its season in March, but owing to the breakdown of the steamer, and a long quarantine, it was not till May that the debut was made. Had the Company been properly managed the season might have a successful one from a pecuniary point of view, but it turned out otherwise. Differences arose between the artists and the management, and beneficiary performances had to be given in order to enable members of the troupe to pay their passages back to France. With the exception of MM. Engel and Freich and Mlle. Marcolini, there were no other members of the Company who could aspire to sing in opera. Mlle. Marcolini possessed a well trained voice and her vocalisation was excellent, but in the higher register she was weak and at times sung painfully out of time. The particular stars in opera bouffe were Mles. Brean and Deschamps, the former a dainty little actress with a most diminutive voice, so small that it was often drowned by the orchestra and entirely inaudible beyond the front rows of the stalls. Gounod's Mireille, Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Été, and one or two other works which were new to Buenos Aires audiences, were given by this Company, but indifferently. The season terminated before the full number of subscription performances announced had been attained.

* *

Madame Tabau and Company gave a series of performances chiefly translations from French and Italian comedies and dramas at the Nacional theatre. Madame Tebau is an actress who at one time was doubtless very acceptable as in juvenile parts but has now reached an age where stage illusion is powerless to deceive the eye and thus many of her delineations of chaste and youthful heroiness of the drama were wout to partake somewhat of the ridiculous. Her dramatic talent was however conspicuous in parts where she played older women such as the Countess in Scribe and Halévy's comedy, La Bataille des Dames. The season was interesting and remarkable if only for the production of Thermidor a play which was suppressed in France owing to political reasons. The same Company after a tour in Chile returned to the Opera House giving there a few farewell performances before breaking up and leaving these shores for Spain.

* *

The new Rivadavia theatre which was built on the site of the old Goldoni house in the Plaza Lorea was inaugurated in the month of September with a modest Italian Opera Company which did not long hold the boards. The bright particular star thereof was Sta Amalia Burmann

an artist gifted with a fine mezzo soprano voice of excellent compass and timbre. A Zarzuela company succeeded the Opera troupe wherein Lola Millanes, an old Buenos Aires favorite, re-appeared on the scene after a most successful tour to Chile and Peru.

* *

The San Martin has always been what may be called a popular house, and after remaining closed for some time Frank Brown came down from Rio and inaugurated in the latter half of the year what proved to be a most successful season, both from a pecuniary and artistic standpoint. There has never been in Buenos Aires a more popular clown than the above-named, and the public showed that they appreciated and remembered their old love by flocking to the San Martin during the time Brown and his circus troupe remained in the city.

* *

Rosita de la Plata joined the Company, and proved that she had in nowise deteriorated as an eouyère since her last visit, and justified the excellent reputation she has established both here and in Europe. A very fair Italian Opera Company, at popular prices, followed after the departure of the circus, and Gomes' opera, Il Guarany, was again brought to light, after having remained a stranger to the Buenos Aires stage for many years. Sta. Burmann joined this Company from the Rivadavia, and made her debut as Santazza, a most praiseworthy performance, and to which the public paid full tribute.

* *

Señor Elias, the tenor of the Company, is also worthy of a meed of praise, his best efforts being the role of Il Guarany. Signor Tomba was but awaiting the close of the temporada to begin his season, and the favourite old Company was enthusiastically welcomed, though sadly in need of an infusion of new blood, especially in the ranks of the chorus. However, at present, Sta. Luisa Tetrizzini, Cesari and Elias have been engaged by the commendatore, proving themselves valuable acquisitions. Especially the charming prima donna, who was vociferously and deservedly applauded last week on the occasion of her debut and re-appearance in Lucia de Lammermoor. This Company continues to hold the boards of the San Martin at present.

* *

Of the minor theatres the Zarzuela undoubtedly bears away the palm both in the matter of artists and continual change and variety of programme. Mercedes Aranaz a piquante and graceful actress is the chief attraction and was seen to especial advantage in a fantastic bouffe entitled De Palermo á la Luna which remained in the bills for several months on end. The music thereof is unworthy of special remark, bright though it be, but the political and local allusions are witty and pointed which doubtless is the reason of its finding so much favour with the public. Many new zarzuelas and farces have been produced at this theatre during the past year most of them worthy but of relegation to the obscurity whence they temporarily emerged.

* *

At the Comedia Sr Juarez made a great hit with Il duo de la Africana a humorous skit which had a success and run almost equal to the Gran Via. Of the artists who continue to perform at the Zarzuela, Comedia, Apolo, Lirico and the other minor theatres the principal are the sisters Aranaz, Lola Millanes, Cifuentes, Linares, Galé, Prado, Ruiz and Gil who are to be found now at one house and now at the other. The performances by sections at these theatres has been found to be a lucrative idea and agreeable to the public in general.

* *

I omitted to mention that in the autumn a very mediocre French comedy company appeared at the Opera House, the fate of which was a disastrous one.

* *

With regard to statistics it is stated in "La Nacion" that during the year that there took place 2803 performances at twenty-two different theatres and halls in which 452 men and 287 women took part, the total attendance thereat being calculated at 1,200,922 spectators. The gross proceeds amounted to \$1,818,484 without including the subscription performances at the Opera House.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

All communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR RIVER PLATE SPORT AND PASTIME, PIEDAD 559, BUENOS AIRES.

The writer's name and address are required with all letters but not for publication, unless desired. Letters and enquiries from anonymous correspondents will not receive attention.

Advertisements, orders for papers, &c., should be addressed to Messrs. RAVENSCROFT & MILLS, PIEDAD 559, BUENOS AIRES, and should be kept distinct from communications intended for the Editorial Department.

AGENTS.

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River Plate Sport and Pastime

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1894.

SPORTING NOTES

There are twenty-two holidays this year, two of which have already passed. Carnival and Easter fall very early this year, the first commencing on the 5th of February and the second on the 22nd of March. I understand that the third championship polo tournament will most likely be held at Hurlingham on the 22nd, 23rd, 24th, and 25th of March, a date which should suit everybody.

This being the case, it is quite time that our polo clubs got into practice, though, indeed, polo is almost an impossibility in this weather. However, should plenty of rain fall soon, the grounds should all be in excellent condition. Cañada de Gomez and La Banda seem at present to be the only places where the "ring of the ball and the cheery call" is to be heard.

By the way, although it should always be "a cheery call" at polo I am afraid it is more often a very bad word, and I heard a lady describe the game the other day as one played on ponies in which the players each ride at the ball in turn, hit at it, miss it, say damn, and make way for the next man to do the same.

The second annual general meeting of the Quilmes Club is to be held at the Hotel Universo, Quilmes, on Wednesday next, at eight o'clock p.m. The business to be discussed is, the receipt of the committee's report for the past year, to receive the financial statement, and to elect officers for the present year.

Buenos Aires obtained revenge on Rosario at Palermo on Sunday, when they won by ten wickets, not so decisive a win, however, as Rosario scored over them in the first match. The fielding on both sides left a very great deal to be desired, and the want of smartness displayed by both teams made the game lose a great deal of its interest for the few spectators who witnessed it.

In the Hurlingham v. Lomas match there were a few catches "battered," but in contrast to the Palermo match the fielding was much smarter and cleaner. I am afraid that a great many cricketers here think that if they can stop a ball, and make a few runs, they have done all that is necessary to shine in the cricket field, and the sooner they disillusionise themselves the better for the game as played in this country.

At a meeting of the Hurlingham Racing Committee held lately it was decided to hold race meetings on the following days during this next season:—Friday, February 2nd; Thursday, March 22nd; Thursday, May 11th; Friday, June 29th; Wednesday, August 15th; Saturday, September 8th; Thursday, November 1st; Saturday, December 8th.

On Thursday, March 22nd, the Polo Association Cup for polo ponies will be run for, on Friday the 29th June, the Member's Cup, and on Saturday the 8th September, the Ayrshire Cup will figure on the programme. The programme for the opening meeting on February the 2nd will be found in another column. It will doubtless be added to before our next number.

The following will represent Lomas against Flores in the lawn tennis match to be played at Lomas on Sunday, the 14th:

Messrs F. L. Jacobs and B. W. Gardom, L. Corry Smith and E. P. Rowland, A. Anderson and H. E. Gwyther, P. L. G. Bridger and H. B. Anderson. Play commences on arrival of the 11 o'clock train from Plaza Constitucion.

The Smoking Concert at which the presentation of the badges won by the Lomas A. C. in last year's competition, held under the auspices of the Argentine Association Football League, will take place on the evening of February 1st at the La France Salon. The concert, which will commence at 8.30 p.m. will include items by Messrs Permain, McReddie, Morgan, Crowe, Greenlees, Stirling, Wilson, and Lee.

A telegram received from New York states that the Cesar Cantu, with her captain, G. Fondacaro, and crew of three men, has arrived all well after some eight months' sail from Montevideo. The small boat, it is said, was not spoken once during the whole voyage which seems remarkable.

The Jockey Club have issued their programme of classic races for this next season. There are thirty-five races on the programme of an aggregate value of \$194,000 m.n., 8000 argentinos, and an "objet d'art." The Gran Premio Nacional, or Argentine Derby, still remains the richest prize, \$25,000 going to its winner, \$2000 to the second horse, \$1000 to the third, and \$1000 to the breeder of the winner.

By the sad death of Mr Frank Ward, Rosario loses an Englishman who always worked hard in the interests of sport there. Mr Ward, who died in Rosario last week of typhoid fever, was the right hand man of the United Club, which he brought to life again and kept on its legs in spite of many difficulties and discouragements.

The defeat of the Argentine representatives, Buenos Aires and Malakoff, by Reverie in the Montevideo International on Saturday last came as a surprise to many. To show how strong public opinion went in favour of Sr Zubiaurre's pair, it is sufficient to say that out of a total of 3631 tickets, 2540 were taken on them. Reverie and Pintado, who were bracketed in the betting, had 814, Colibri 176, and Guerrillero 101 invested on them. Camors was wisely not started. He was anything but fit, and showed none of his old form in his gallops.

I am told that neither Buenos Aires nor Malakoff looked so well as we are accustomed to see them here, but that is easily understood. Reverie, on the contrary, looked a very different mare to what she was when she ran in the International here, and when she was decidedly on the big side. Pintado was started to make the running for her. Colibri is only a moderate horse, and Guerrillero has seen his best days, and very good days they were, too.

Pintado fulfilled his mission well, and made the pace very hot, followed by Malakoff, till within nearly five hundred metres from home, when he dropped back, and Reverie joined Malakoff. Buenos Aires also made his effort here, but racing down the straight, which by the way is only about two hundred and fifty yards long, Malakoff was beaten, and Reverie easily took the lead and won from Buenos Aires by nearly a length, amidst the wildest enthusiasm, in 3 min. 14 1-5 secs.

The Buenos Aires horses seemed to negotiate the ups and downs of the course very badly as indeed is not to be wondered at considering they have never had to gallop up or down the slightest of hills in all their lives. They also were some-

what upset after their voyage across the river, and off their feed for a day or so after they landed. At the same time Reverie deserves every credit for her win, she is a real good mare as we saw when she ran here, and no one will grudge the Montevideans their victory.

Reverie, it may be remembered, was bought for the Messrs Piñeyrua at Mr Kemmis' sale in October, 1892, for the low price of 4000 paper dollars. She is therefore a four-year-old, and is a "fifteen-sixteenth" bred one, by Whipper In out of Lotus, so in a way the triumph belongs to Argentina as much, if not more, than to Uruguay, as, although it never is so, the breeder of a successful racehorse is the right man to whom to give the credit for its success.

This reminds me of a mistake the public always make in overlooking the trainer of a racehorse when he makes a fine performance. The jockey comes in for any amount of praise and presents, but somehow the trainer seems nearly always forgotten, though it is he really who has all the worry, all the care, and who has to exercise all the skill to enable his charge to win, and the smallest mistake on his part can do more than much bigger blunders on the part of the jockey in the race itself.

The other Buenos Aires horses running on Saturday and Sunday at Montevideo, however, did well. The Masher won a good race, so also did Cham, Sem and Ravachol, though, perhaps, Cham and Sem should now be considered Montevidean horses. Ituzaingo, Malakoff, and Buenos Aires will not remain some time in Montevideo so that they may take part in the Premio Revancha in the beginning of February, as is generally reported, as all of them returned here yesterday morning by the Venus.

The Masher will not return to Buenos Aires again, as Sr. Hoevel has sold him for seven thousand dollars to the Montevidean stable "Sans Peur," under whose colours he ran and won on Saturday.

The entries for the classic races of 1894 will close at the Jockey Club on the 17th, at one o'clock p.m. The classic programme of the Hipodromo Nacional will, I understand, be the same as that of last year, but the International will be worth, in future, thirty thousand dollars.

BOOTS.

CRICKET

CRICKET FIXTURES.

JANUARY

Sun. 14—B. A. C. C. v. Quilmes, at Quilmes.
Sun. 14—Lanus v. Hurlingham, at Lanus.
Sun. 21—B. A. C. C. v. Flores, at Flores.
Sun. 21—Western Ry. v. Lomas, at Lomas.
Sun. 28—Lomas v. Rosario Ry., at Belgrano.
Sun. 28—B. A. C. C. v. Hurlingham, at Palermo.
Sun. ..—Rosario A.C. v. Las Rosas C.C., at Rosario.

FEBRUARY

Fri. 2—London Bank v. Lomas, at Lomas.
Fri. 2—Hurlingham v. Quilmes, at Hurlingham.
Sun. 4—B. A. C. C. v. Western Ry., at Tolosa.
Sun. 4—Rosario Ry. v. Lanus, at Lanus.
Sun. 4—B. A. C. C. v. Montevideo, at Palermo.
Mon. 5, Tues. 6 (Carnival)—Rosario v. Lomas, at Lomas.
Sun. 11—London Bank v. B. A. C. C., Palermo.
Sun. 11—Lanus v. Lomas, at Lanus.
Sun. 18—B. A. C. C. v. Lomas, at Lomas.
Sun. 18—Flores v. Rosario Ry., Flores.
Sun. 18—Western Ry. v. Lanus, at Lanus.
Sun. 25—London Bank v. Hurlingham, at Hurlingham.
Sun. 25—Lanus v. Quilmes, at Quilmes.
Sun. 25—Western Ry. v. Rosario Ry., at Belgrano.

MARCH

Sun. 4—London Bank v. Flores, at Flores.
Sun. 4—B. A. C. C. v. Lanus, at Lanus.
Sun. 4—Lomas v. Western Ry., at Tolosa.
Sun. 11—B. A. C. C. v. Rosario Ry., at Palermo.
Sun. 11—Quilmes v. Hurlingham, at Quilmes.
Sun. 18—London Bank v. Rosario Ry., at Palermo.
Sun. 18—Lomas v. Flores, at Flores.
Thurs. 22 (Holy Week)—B. A. C. C. v. Montevideo, at Montevideo.

Fri. 23, Sat. 24 (Holy Week)—Rosario v. Lomas, at Rosario
Sun. 25—Flores v. Lanus, at Lanus.

APRIL

Sun. 1—Flores v. Hurlingham, at Hurlingham.
Sun. 1—London Bank v. Lanus, at Palermo.

ROLDAN v. CORDOBA.

A cricket match was played at Cordoba on Saturday, January 6th, between the Roldan and Cordoba Clubs. The result was a win for Roldan by seven runs. Shortly after the conclusion of the first innings a slight storm came up, and as the delay caused thereby rendered it impossible to finish the match, it was decided to accept the result of the first innings as final. Scores:—

Table with 4 columns: Player, Innings, Runs, Wickets. Lists players like G. W. Pumfrett, H. Tilley, H. Dorning, etc., and their performance in the match.

Total... 77 Total... 70

BOWLING ANALYSIS

Table with 4 columns: Bowler, O, M, R, W. Shows bowling statistics for Cordoba C.C. and Roldan C.C. bowlers like Griffin, Fowler, Constable, etc.

RACING

PALERMO—JANUARY 7.

Positively the last meeting of the season was held at Palermo last Sunday in the cause of charity, and must be characterised as a dismal failure, though the Sociedad de Beneficencia Hermanas de Dolores benefited by it to some small extent pecuniarily.

The programme was reduced to five races, as the other two, not having filled, were eliminated altogether. Fields were small and the collection of "crocks" in the paddock, with a few notable exceptions, the worst we have ever seen on a racecourse. There is little to say about the racing which contained little interest on account of the absence of any horse approaching first class form. Perhaps the best horse running was Sud America, a horse which has recently been imported and ran fairly well at home. He will no doubt do well next season when he gets more used to the country if he stands training.

The following are details of the meeting:—

PREMIO LOS POBRES, for maiden three-year-olds, colts 57 kilos, fillies 55 kilos, \$700 to the 1st, 100 to the 2nd, 1100 metres.

Table listing race results for Premio Los Pobres, including names of horses and jockeys like Wavelet, P. Lara, etc.

Simoun made all the running, and won by half a length from Bogey, who lost some ground through wrenching off one of his plates, and who finished a length in front of Charnante.

Tickets—Simoun and Bogey with 891 win and 1169 place, Charnante 525—734, Pensamiento 211—225, Lavalle 40—65, Quequen 201—183, Atlantida 107—138, May Blossom 588—984, Pyrita 299—403. Totals 2852—3901.

Dividends—Simoun \$5.76 win and 3.37 place, Bogey place, Charnante 4.19 place.

PREMIO PIEDAD, an open handicap, \$1000 to the 1st, 100 to the 2nd, 1200 metres.

Table listing race results for Premio Piedad, including names of horses and jockeys like Rose Noble, N. Sosa, etc.

Whitethorn led to the turn where Sud America easily took command, and keeping in front to the finish won easily by two lengths from Holland, who finished a length in front of Whitethorn.

Tickets—Sud Americana with 1145 win and 1255 place, Holland 1329—1189, Whitethorn 1149—639, Junio 377—347, Gaviota 138—198. Totals 4138—3628.

Dividends—Sud America \$6.50 win and 2.65 place, Holland \$2.69 place.

PREMIO MISERICORDIA, a handicap open to all three-year-olds, \$1000 to the 1st, 100 to the 2nd, 1750 metres.

Table listing race results for Premio Misericordia, including names of horses and jockeys like C. Braseco, B. Pavon, etc.

Anzoleto and Mr Gilmore raced together some distance in front of the others to the straight. Here the latter took the lead, but Bogey ran on when the others stopped, and won by half a length, a length separated second and third.

Tickets—Bogey with 249 win and 360 place, Mr Gilmore 785—733, Anzoleto 499—738, Opal 1717—1320, Urania 225—170, Saeta 588—579. Totals 4063—3900.

Dividends—Bogey \$29.37 win and 8.71 place, Mr Gilmore 5.29 place.

PREMIO INVALIDOS, a handicap for all horses that have not won more than \$6000 before the day of the race, \$800 to the 1st, 100 to the 2nd; 1500 metres.

Table listing race results for Premio Invalidos, including names of horses and jockeys like Veterano, N. Sosa, etc.

Junio led for half the distance, but Veterano took up the running in the turn, and eventually won easily by half a length from Santa Fé, who was the same distance in front of Tristan.

Tickets—Veterano with 616 win and 646 place, Santa Fé 1229—1084, Tristan 781—610, Washington 266—251, Junio 647—733, Chiquito 123—189, Saeta 261—276, La Capital 366—401. Totals 4287—4190.

Dividends—Veterano \$12.52 win and 5.15 place, Santa Fé 3.88 place.

PREMIO CONGREGACION, an open handicap, \$1000 to the 1st, 100 to the 2nd, 1600 metres.

Table listing race results for Premio Congregacion, including names of horses and jockeys like Lucifer, G. Morales, etc.

The pair ran together till reaching the stands, when Lucifer drew out and won by two lengths.

Tickets—Lucifer with 1341 win and Santa Fé 2406 win. Total 3747 win.

Dividend—Lucifer \$5.02 win.

The following table, showing the best times made over the different courses, both at Palermo and Belgrano, we take from the extraordinary edition of the "Prensa" of the 1st inst.:

Table with 3 columns: Race, Kilos, Time. Lists best times for various distances like 1000 metres, 1100 metres, etc.

Table with 3 columns: Race, Kilos, Time. Lists best times for 1100 metres and 1200 metres.

Table with 3 columns: Race, Kilos, Time. Lists best times for 1200 metres and 1300 metres.

Table with 3 columns: Race, Kilos, Time. Lists best times for 1300 metres and 1400 metres.

Table with 3 columns: Race, Kilos, Time. Lists best times for 1400 metres and 1450 metres.

Table with 3 columns: Race, Kilos, Time. Lists best times for 1450 metres and 1500 metres.

Table with 3 columns: Race, Kilos, Time. Lists best times for 1500 metres and 1600 metres.

Table with 3 columns: Race, Kilos, Time. Lists best times for 1600 metres.

Table with 3 columns: Race, Kilos, Time. Lists best times for 1750 metres.

Table with 3 columns: Race, Kilos, Time. Lists best times for 1900 metres.

Table with 3 columns: Race, Kilos, Time. Lists best times for 2000 metres.

Table with 3 columns: Race, Kilos, Time. Lists best times for 2200 metres.

Table with 3 columns: Race, Kilos, Time. Lists best times for 2300 metres.

Table with 3 columns: Race, Kilos, Time. Lists best times for 2500 metres.

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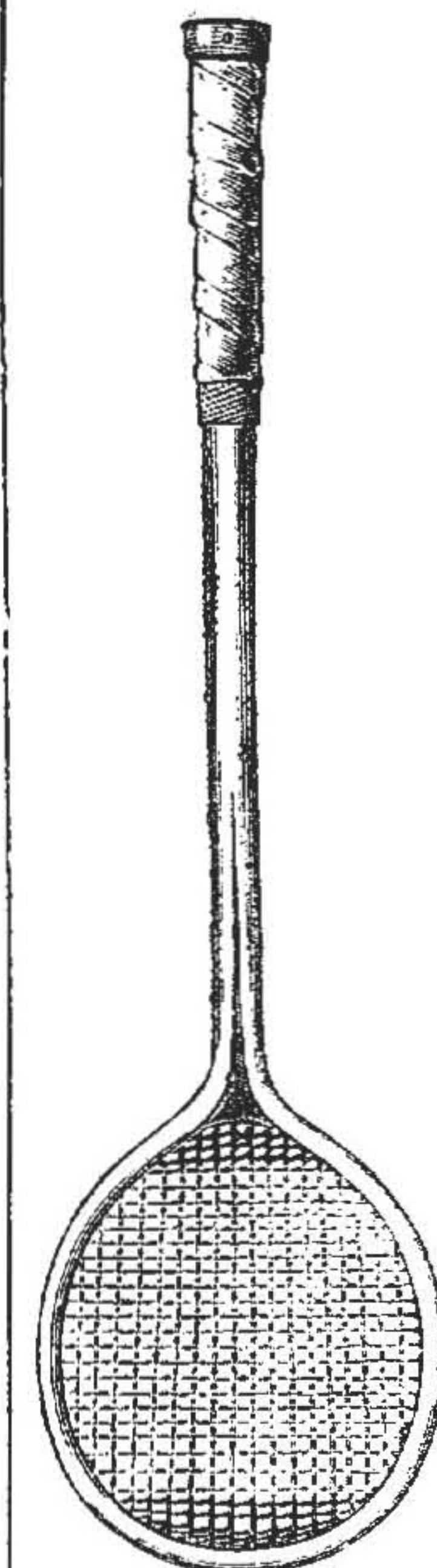
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A Summer Ramble in the Cordilleras.

(Continued.)

I wasn't gone more than five minutes, and returned bringing Jack's gun and the dogs which Brandon had left tied up, fearing that if they tried to follow him they would have been swept away by the water, a calamity he would never have got over. The goats were still there, and I handed Jack the gun, and he let fly, and down came a fine three-parts grown female, nearly on the top of Brandon, who gave a skip and nearly fell off the rock.

"You got no warming that time," said Jack laughing, "at least I didn't hear the bell toll, did you, Dick?"

"No I didn't," I replied, "but as Brandon says it was a ghostly warning, perhaps it was only to be heard by the person whom it was meant to warn, so perhaps Brandon here did."

"No, sir, I didn't hear nothing, sir, at least not then; but I do hope, sir, as you didn't mean what you said, sir, last night about telling the folks at the Horse Shoe about that little, a hem, shall I call it a hincident, sir?"

"It altogether depends on yourself," said Jack with mock severity, "if, ever I see you show the white feather again, the very first thing I do when I get home, before ever even I go to say good afternoon to the governor or mater, I'll go straight to the Horse Shoe and say, 'gentlemen, I'm sorry to say that Hezekiah Brandon is a coward, he heard a bell toll and fainted,' and that will cook your goose, I think, and all the yarns you can spin won't be worth half a pint of beer after that."

"Well, sir, you won't see no white feather along of me, sir, so long as we don't have to do with nothing unsupernatural. I'll stand up to any man there is, though I'm only a little un, but anything unsupernatural I can't abide, I'm bound to run if I sees a ghost, was it ever so?"

"All right," said Jack, winking at me, "then I'll bar the unsupernatural."

"Thank ye, sir," said Brandon.

And then we carried the goat in.

In spite of what I had said to Jack that morning, I could not sleep a bit that night. I turned and twisted about on my recado, and my bones ached from very weariness, twice I got up, and crept down the stairs to see if it was not nearly sunrise, and each time I was disappointed, Jack and Brandon slept well, for they had both been awake the night before, and this night I envied them. But at last there was no mistake, for it was light enough for me to see my watch, so I put on my clothes, lit the fire and then called them.

"Get up," I cried, "let us have some breakfast, and then we'll go and rout out the Jesuits."

The water had gone down now, and the brook was very little larger than it was when we came up, though the water was still muddy. While we were getting breakfast ready, Jack sent Brandon off to bring the mules, so that we could start at once, for we were both of us eager to unravel the mystery of the bell. And a little after the sun rose we all three started.

We rode straight towards the laguna, which we passed on the left or south side, but as we neared it we had to keep close to the mountains on account of the mud, and slush, that had been washed down. We were all talking, speculating as to what and whom we should find, when Jack's mule stepped suddenly to one side. Looking to enquire the cause, we perceived a small hole like a well, about a yard wide or a little more, and on getting off to look down, saw water at about fifty feet, as near as we could judge.

"Look's like a well, sir, don't it, but cut in the solid rock," said Brandon.

"It does so," remarked Jack, "but what the deuce did they want a well for with all this water about?"

"It's very rum, certainly," said I, "I should think they must always have had plenty of water, as there are lots of springs at the foot of the mountains, but never mind that now, we will ask them when we see them, so let's go on and find out where they are."

"I vote we make straight for those tall trees we can see in the middle of that wood," said Jack, as we remounted and set off once more, "if we don't actually find them there, I can climb up one of them, and have a look round and probably discover their whereabouts."

So we rode on in the direction which Jack had pointed out. We soon came to a thick wood that was either quince or mulberry, I don't know which, but so thick that we could at first find no way to enter it, but on riding round a little way we came to a broad avenue, covered with short green grass like an English lawn, from which a herd of goats which were browsing there when we found it scampered off. The avenue was skirted on either side by rows of enormous walnut trees, and at the end we saw two houses, completely covered with ivy, roses, and honeysuckle.

"Here we are," cried Jack, "the old blackguards hid themselves well, come along, we'll soon scrape acquaintance with them," and off he started at a pace which Dolly, who was no mean goer when properly urged, found it hard work to keep up with. The avenue I should have mentioned was about two hundred yards long, and not caring, for the honour of my mule, to be beaten, I sent her along at her best pace, and passed him just at the end. He was off first, however, and calling out to Brandon, who was a good third, to hold our mules, he ran towards the door of the nearest house, which was open, and entered, and I with him. But what met our eyes caused us both to come to a standstill, while yet on the threshold, for what we saw was this. The room was a good sized one, about fifteen feet long, by about the same width, and in the centre a table all covered over with a kind of very short green moss; on the table

was an earthenware jar, meant, no doubt, for holding water, several glasses, and an old, curiously-fashioned clay pipe. On either side of the table were long benches, but everything had the same green mouldy appearance. Hanging round the walls were several things we did not stop to examine, for on our right we saw a door, which apparently led into another room, and we went silently towards that door. This led into an inner room, in which there was a window which had originally been closed by a shutter, but which now, however, had fallen out and lay on the floor, and round the room were eight wooden pallets, rather than bedsteads, and six of these were occupied, for on each of the six lay the black figure of a priest. I pulled off my hat, Jack did the same, for we saw we were not in the presence of the living, but of the dead. The cowl of each one was drawn over the face, and I walked quietly as though fearing to disturb them; a mighty fear was on me, too, and I lifted the covering from the face of him who lay nearest, and there beneath was a fleshless skull. I looked round at the others, but attempted no more to look under the covering, in fact, I had no time, for Jack also had seen what I had found, and in three strides he was outside that door, and I too. Now since we had entered, as Jack irreverently said, to "scrape acquaintance with the Jesuits," neither of us had spoken a word, and this bears out my theory as to men being silent in times of great doubt or danger, for we, indeed, had been in great doubt, though but in little danger.

"How awful," said Jack, for when once outside he found speech to tell his thoughts. "How fearful, I wish we had never come, I shall never forget that terrible room and those silent figures, we must let Brandon down easily, for if he was to come upon those poor old fellows suddenly, he would have such a fright that I really believe he would go mad or have a fit, but where is he? I left him with the mules, and now I can't see him anywhere."

We looked round, but the old fellow had disappeared. "He may have gone into the other house," said I, "let's go and see."

So we went to the door of the house, that stood close by that which we had just quitted, and there beheld a truly curious sight. It was evidently the chapel, for at the end was an altar, and over it a large crucifix, but we saw little then of what else there was to see, for in the centre of the chapel was Brandon, and in a curious attitude. Who has not seen a well-trained pointer in a stubble, drawing up to a covey of hidden partridges? Well, at that moment, Brandon made me think of that pointer. His body was bent forward, his hands were stretched out slightly in front of him, as though to ward off something he was afraid of, and, like the dog, he slowly lifted one foot as though fearful of being heard, and placed it in front of the other, very slowly he advanced, but there was something so utterly horrible to me in the sight that I moved suddenly. Brandon uttered a loud scream, and, turning hurriedly, sprang right into Jack's arms, nearly overturning him; indeed, I think he would have fallen had I not caught hold of him.

"It moved, sir, it moved!" he cried, and fell fainting on to the floor.

We looked to see what had frightened him so greatly, and there in the dim light, just in front of where Brandon had stood, lay a black figure before the altar, its arms outstretched. We went and looked at it, and found that the cowl had been cut through at the back, and through the cut in the cowl we beheld the split skull of a man.

"By God, it's murder!" said I, "but come and let us look to Brandon, we will examine into this later on."

We carried the old man out, and sat him on the ground with his back against a tree and his face to the wind, he had had a terrible shock there was no doubt of that, and we were both somewhat alarmed at his condition. What had frightened him was a supposed movement of that dreadful object which lay on the floor of the chapel, but that, needless to say, was an optical delusion, caused either by the shadow of Jack or myself, as we quietly entered the door behind him. Unaware of our presence he had seen our shadow on that awful thing, and fancied it moved, and caused the sudden panic and consequent collapse. We knew from what we had seen the preceding night that the old man was wonderfully superstitious, and his fancy naturally apt to create illusions; the stalactite we had found in the caves frightened him, the bell had nearly scared him out of his wits, and now he had gone off into a dead faint at the sight of the murdered priest. Fond as we were of him we began to think him rather a nuisance.

"Confounded old ass," said Jack, as we stood looking at him, "what ever are we going to do with him if he's going to carry on like this? I can't send him home from here by himself, he would get lost before he reached Buenos Aires, and we cannot take him with us supposing we do go to help Hilca and his people, I almost wish I had never brought him."

As we could do nothing for him until he came to, we turned to look at the chapel once more. It was, as I have said, covered entirely with ivy, roses and honeysuckle, though when we looked under these we found that the walls were of stone, and more than a yard thick, the stones were not dressed in any way, but simply slabs pieced together with great ingenuity, in front of the doorway was a porch, with slabs for seats on either side, and over the door a little square belfry, in which hung the bell we had heard the night before, this discovery of the bell raised our curiosity to know how it could possibly have rung of its own accord, since there was no living being near to ring it, and neither Jack nor I were believers in the supernatural, and it was some minutes before, by moving first to one side and then the other, a little forward, or a step or two back, that we could obtain a good look at it, and then we perceived that on the bell was a ring, and on a beam above

it was a hook, but between the hook and the ring were three links of chain.

"I have it," I cried, "it swung in the wind. We did not hear it before the wind came, and we never heard it since."

I set to work to think what was the meaning of those three links. Why had not the hook been passed through the ring on the bell, as is always the case everywhere else? when Jack came up, and putting his hand on my shoulder:

"Come along, old chap," said he, "Brandon, the old idiot, is all right again, and I want to look all over this place, we have seen nothing yet, except those poor fellows, but we may be able to find out something about them, how they lived and how they died."

"So far as the man in the chapel is concerned," said I, "there is no doubt about the manner of his death, his head was split from behind with an axe, or some other sharp instrument. There is the cut in the skull, and the cut in the cowl that covered his head, but as you say, let us go and have another look, we have really seen nothing yet."

So we went first into the chapel together, to see what traces we could find of the murder that had evidently been committed there, and also to make any discoveries we could. The door was the first thing that struck me as peculiar, for it was not hung on hinges as doors usually are, but slipped up and down in a groove made in the stones, in which holes were made, so that by pushing in a peg at a particular hole, the door could be kept open at any height desired, or else lowered to the floor. It was now as we entered it, pegged up to about six feet high, with a stout wooden peg on either side. The priest, for such without doubt he was, or rather had been, was lying right in front of the crucifix, and with the poor split head almost touching the altar: in the right hand was a little copper crucifix, so we imagine that he must have been absorbed in prayer when the coward blow was struck. The clothes with which his bones were covered looked all right where they were not covered with dust, or mildew, though when we touched them they came to pieces in our hands, rotted as much by old age as damp. Right at the foot of the altar Jack found three copper corners for a book, such as one sees on old bibles in England, and a copper clasp too, though of paper, or covering, there was no sign, and one was wanting to complete the set. The book had probably been eaten by mice, and the missing corner carried away too. There was no window of any sort in the chapel, the only light entering it came through the door. There were two large flat stones on either side of the crucifix, and on each one an inscription in Latin, but in Roman characters, and they read thus: the one on the left was, "Salvum fac populum tuum domine," and the other "Benedic hereditate Tuæ." There were no candles or anything else on the altar, and with the exception of these things, and a couple of rude benches similar to those we had seen in the dwelling house, the place was bare. But the floor was paved with large flat stones, and on one of them, just where the skeleton's feet rested, there was a thick iron ring.

"Never mind that," said Jack, who saw I stayed to examine this, "let us see what we can find in the house where the six skeletons are, some paper, some book, any thing in fact that may tell us something about these people. I am beginning to think that they have all of them been murdered, for there are only seven skeletons, one of which has the skull split, and where is the eighth? I believe he did it and cleared, but what could he have done it for?"

"Hold," I exclaimed, "how funnily things piece themselves together. You know we could not make out what these people came here for, that they did not come to convert the heathen we know, firstly because there are none here, nor as far as we know have there ever been, besides you remember the inscription on the outside of the cave with the caution about replacing the stones carefully 'lest the way should become known to the heathen.' Then that well we found to-day was not really a well at all, but a hole bored in the search for gold. Depend upon it these poor fellows had worked a good deal, and collected a good lot, but one of them killed the rest. As you say, eight men came here, we find seven skeletons, and the stones at the mouth of the cave replaced from the outside, which plainly proves that the eighth man got away, and never came back, and I believe he carried off all the gold with him."

Now, we had in a manner got over our first surprise and horror, we could look round the room without the unpleasant feeling which had caused us both to quit it so quickly on our first entry, and there were many things which attracted our notice which we had not then seen, for Jack discovered in a corner a copper urn, or vase, that had a lid, and which contained a number of seeds, though what some of them were neither of us could tell, but there were a handful of acorns, some onion seed, and peas, all tied up in pieces of linen, and at the bottom some copper fish hooks of different sizes, and in very good condition.

We also found a lot of mining tools, which confirmed our suspicions, some picks, cold chisels, hammers, and four spades, the shape of the spades on old guineas, but rusted so thin that Jack pushed his finger through one. The skeletons themselves we did not like to disturb to see whether there was anything under the pillows or hidden in their clothing, they had rested there so long that it seemed to us that it would be little less than sacrilege were we to move them, though what I did do was to uncover all their faces and look at their teeth, and found that three of the men in the house and the skeleton we found in the chapel had been old men, while the other three were evidently quite young; so I judged that the man that had murdered the seven was also a young one, for I had read that these Jesuits, whenever they sent a number of men away to do any special work, always selected the men, so that should any have par-

ticular failings the others should counteract them. so that if, for instance, two were sent — inclined to be outspoken or lig' -hearted, his companion would, on the contrary, be silent or austere; and in this manner one would tend to counteract the other. And here I found that four of the eight had been tolerably old men, and three quite young, therefore my deduction was that the missing man had also been young.

There were several boxes, too, in the room, heavily clamped with iron, and I searched them through for any book or writing, but in vain, there was nothing in them but old clothes, one or two pruning knives much worn, and, tied up in a piece of black cloth, three very small lumps of gold. These I took to be the first they had found, and these of all the things we found were the only ones that had withstood the ravages of time, for they were as bright and as clean to-day as they were when first they had delighted the eyes, and awakened the greed, aye, and probably caused the death of these unfortunate men more than two hundred years ago. There were also three wooden pack saddles, somewhat similar to those we had brought, but made of some hard wood and consequently heavier. The roofs of both the living house and the chapel were made with split tube tiles such as one often sees in the old houses in Buenos Aires to this day, and which, though clumsy, form the best roof I know, for unless they crack no water can get in, and these we supposed they must have made themselves.

By the door of the dwelling house was a dog kennel, made of stone also, over the front of which was carved the admonition "cave canem," and by roking about among the dust and rubbish inside we found some bones of the former occupant; the skull was very large, almost the size of a man's, so the dog had probably been a mastiff.

But what struck me as peculiar, and I remarked it to Jack, was that neither the goats, of which there were plenty feeding all round, nor the cocks and hens that roosted in the trees in the avenue, seemed ever to have entered either the dwelling house of the dead or the chapel. And I firmly believe that we were the first living things of any sort that had entered those doors since the man went out a murderer and a thief. Out-buildings, such as kitchen or stables, we found none, had there been any they must have fallen or been blown down long ago. We walked round looking about among the trees for a bit, and then Jack said:

"I say, Dick, I am tired of all these horrors, let us go and do something a little more lively, suppose we go down to the laguna and shoot some duck, and we will catch some fish, too, when we have time, I have brought those fishhooks in my pocket."

"All right," said I, "only don't say anything to Brandon about his scare this morning, it can do no good, we had better leave him alone for a bit, he'll forget it in time."

So we started for the lake, taking Brandon with us, who at first seemed to expect that Jack would say something about his fright in the chapel, and it was not before some time that he began to appear at ease.

By tacit consent we went back to our cave early that day, for when we had shot sufficient for our requirements we left off. I know I, for my part, wanted to be quiet for a bit, so as to be able to think out all these things. What had we better do? Should we bury the skeletons, or leave them where they had lain so long? I didn't like the idea of leaving there, and yet I didn't quite like the idea either of just digging a hole and putting them out of sight; so I decided we would leave them alone, as neither the goats nor the fowls had trodden over them, and as we could not give them Christian burial, nor put up a tombstone to mark the place, we would not molest them, and who knows but that in years to come they may not be found by some of their own order, especially if we went and told the priests on our return to Mendoza.

So I said to Jack, who was busy greasing his boots near me:

"I say, old chap, I don't think we will meddle with those skeletons, not bury them, I mean, but when we get back to Mendoza we will tell old Dr Knight the story, and he will put us in the way of telling it to the Jesuits, perhaps they may have some papers or something relating to those eight men, and at any rate they would be glad to give them Christian burial. And we won't tell Hilca, should we see him again, or any of his people about this. Let the padres in Mendoza have the first chance, it belongs to them by right, I think."

"I think so, too, said he, "but I should never have thought of that, and, as you say, it would hardly be fair for us to dig a hole and then chuck them in like a lot of old bones."

And so it was arranged, and we cautioned Brandon, too, about saying anything to anybody about this place, about the skeletons we had found, or in fact anything we had seen or done during the last few days, until after we had got safely back, but if anybody should question him about what we had seen he was simply to say that we had been in the mountains.

"There is still that ring in the stone in the chapel unaccounted for, you know," said Jack after a time. "I think we ought to try and find out something about that, there might be something underneath worth finding, we will go and have a look at it to-morrow, if you like."

"No," I replied, "don't let us go back there yet awhile, there is plenty to see among those woods, and we can get some shooting there, too, I think. Let us look round a bit and enjoy ourselves, it makes me feel quite triste looking at that place. We will go back there before we leave, if you like, but not yet."

So for the next two days we did nothing but wander about among the woods and shoot wild barndoor fowls, and very good sport they gave us when the dogs did not flush them too far off. But on the morning of

the third, seeing that the cave was dry again, and the its usual size, I proposed that we should go and see what kind of place it was where the water ran down into the earth. So we started, taking Brandon with us and all our rope, about fifty yards of it, our lantern, and a couple of spare candles, so as to be prepared for any emergency. We had little distance to go to find it—not quite two hundred yards, in fact I think it was the very place where I first felt the wind on my face when we came up, for it was at a very narrow corner, where a large point of rock jutted out from the side, and just opposite that point was a wide opening. Now considering that this opening was on the inside angle, in front of the point of rock, it will be seen that most of the water rushing quickly in would naturally shoot off it right into the opening, and most of it go down, but where it went to was what we wanted to find out. On entering this opening we found that the rock sloped downwards at an acute angle, and was smooth and slippery, and perhaps about twenty-five feet wide, but there was not a loose stone either big or little to be seen anywhere, and the lumps of rock there were sticking up from the floor, and from out of the sides were all worn round and smooth by the water; this slope continued for twenty-five paces, and then came a little drop of between three and four feet, and again another slope, but this time not so acute, and then there was a hole, and the other side of the hole the cavern ended, for we could see the black wall rising to the roof ten yards or so in front of us; but on the edge of the hole there was a round flat stone, which forming part of the floor was a fixture, and on this I sat, and leaning over, lowered the lantern, to see if I could find the bottom, but I saw none, so tying the lantern on to the end of the rope, I lowered it over the edge, and by degrees let out the whole length, but still could see no bottom, indeed I could see nothing below the lantern, as the bottom of it threw a shadow over all there was below, but we could see the further side quite plainly, as the light went down, and it was black and smooth and slightly concave. So Jack sent Brandon off to bring some stones to throw down, thinking that by the sound we might judge more or less of the depth. He brought five, about as big as his fist, and we threw them down one after the other, but we heard no sound as they fell, neither could we hear when they touched the bottom. Then Jack turned to me and said, laughing:

"By Jove, old man, there was not much fear of the water filling up that hole, it quite realises one's idea of the bottomless pit, I would give a lot to know how deep it really is."

"Well, that I don't suppose we shall ever know," I replied, "and I am very sure I am not going down to satisfy your curiosity."

But I didn't sit on that stone any longer either, for the proximity of that horrible hole gave me a very disagreeable feeling, so we all went back as soon as we had drawn the lantern up, taking a great deal of unnecessary care not to slip. We explored several other caves that day, most of them were only short, but one we found led us for over half a mile, but upwards. We did not get to the end of that one as it got so narrow that we could get no further, though the split in the rock rose higher than fifteen feet. That was the last one we entered, for our candles had burned so low that we could no longer hold them.

Next morning, while we were having our breakfast, I said to Jack:

"Suppose we go up to the top of those hills that are on the south side of the lake between here and the chapel, for there seems to be a flat space up there and I should like to see what lies beyond, to the north we can see there is no way out as the mountains are too precipitous to climb from within, but I think we could get up on the south side, and we can ride most of the way."

"All right," said he, "anything for a change," so we caught our mules and started. We found the mountains were much more easy of ascent than we had at first supposed, and we rode the whole way, our mules climbing up without much difficulty, and when we reached the top we saw that there was a wide level space up there, as if the top or point of a mountain had been cut off, we also found a great quantity of goats, for there was plenty of rich, black soil among which grew low shrubs, though there was no grass. We picked our way across this, and when we came to the further side we found that it ended in a precipice, at the bottom of which ran a stream towards the east; beyond that the mountains rose again on every side, but far away to the south we saw one taller than the rest, from the summit of which ascended a tiny column of smoke.

"I do believe that is the volcano Tinguiririca that Hilca told us of," said Jack, "at the foot of which lies the Laguna del Diamante, where his people live."

"I expect that is it," I replied.

"But it doesn't look three days' journey from here, or anything like it."

"No," I answered, "he said it wasn't, but with the curves and the ups and downs it took three days to get there."

"Well, anyhow, if that is the mountain he told us of this would be a first-rate place to see the smoke of his bonfire from, so the day after to-morrow," said Jack, turning to Brandon, "you can come up here early and keep a good look out till twelve o'clock, and if you see any smoke to the south come back and let us know, and we can then start at once for the place where we camped that night the Indian left us."

"Yes, sir, all right, sir, and I'll bring my rifle, too, and shoot some of them goats."

We pattered about for a bit and then returned, but on the following day we went off to the chapel again to see, as Jack said, "what was under that stone with the ring in it." When we got there and had tied up our

mules, we went right into the chapel, and I pushed the bones of the feet of the dead priest off the stone into which the ring was fastened, and tried to raise it, but it was stuck fast, so we loosened the earth all round with our knives and I tried again, but it would not come. We looked round for something to use as a lever, and presently Brandon found a piece of a broken branch, which, with a little trimming, we managed to pass through the ring so that the point of it rested on another stone. We slowly heaved our side, and the stone came up. Below it we saw a flight of stone steps leading down into a vault. When we had lit our candle and descended we found ourselves in a vault or chamber cut out of the solid rock, at the further side of which a tunnel appeared leading down a steep decline, and I was about to enter this when Jack cried out "look at all these little square boxes in this corner," so I turned and held the lantern that way, and saw eighteen boxes made of wood, but with clamps of iron, very strong, but the lids of all had been forced off. They would not hold a greater capacity, perhaps, than eight inches, by eight, by eight, by eight, I picked one of them up, and found nailed on to the side a piece of vellum or parchment, on which was some writing, but the ink was so faded that it was some time before I could ascertain what was written there, but finally I read "Oro fino en pedazos chicos 27lbs 5 oz (Fine gold in small pieces 27lb. 5 oz.) and the date A. D. 1653. The others had all the same pieces of vellum nailed on to them, but the dates varied: 1653 was the earliest one and 1662 was the latest, and the amounts of gold they had contained was not the same either, for some contained 30lb., while one had only 25lb, but taking round numbers, each box would have contained on an average a little over £1,000 worth of gold—and all of them were empty. It was now clear to us that these men had been in these mountains for fifteen years, nine of which had been employed in mining and exploring for gold, four in getting there by way of the road up the red mountain, and two had been used in making their house and chapel and planting trees. So that fifteen years of seven men's lives had been thrown away first, and their lives had been forfeited in the end, to one man's greed. And he had got a credit of something over £18,000 and a debit of seven men's lives. And he must have killed them all at the same time, as had he not done so, those who had died first would have been buried by the others, but here they all were, six on the beds, and one on the floor of the chapel. We next entered the tunnel which descended at a very stiff grade for seventeen paces and then ran on a level for seventy-six more. The roof was about six feet from the ground and it was five feet wide, but the stone was not hard but rotten. On either side were small passages leading out of the main one, but these did not go in deep with the exception of the last or furthest away from the entrance, and this ran in for about twenty-five paces, not straight, but curved, and at the end we found a pick, two crow-bars, and a box evidently used for carrying the debris of broken stone out of the passage. The pick and the crow bar were much blunted though little rusted, as the air down there was both dry and warm. Well, we had seen all there was to see and found very little, but why had the priests dug their mine in the centre of the floor of the chapel. Jack suggested a solution of this question which I now think was very near the truth, for he said:—

"I don't think they dug their mine in the chapel at all, but simply built this chapel over the mine."

Meaning by this that after having searched for a good place for gold and found what they had considered the best, they had dug down, and finding it good had built a chapel over it to conceal it should any inquisitive people find the way into the valley and try to discover what they were doing there, for who would expect to find a mine under a church?

"What a confounded nuisance that neither of us knows anything about mineralogy," said I, "we don't even know whether they got their gold out of this shaft or washed for it in the streams. Though they must have got some out of here at any rate, or they would not have gone on so long."

"There was not much hard work about it anyhow," said Jack, "for see, this stuff is regularly rotten."

"That is all very fine, we see it is rotten now, but how do you know what it was like two hundred years ago, for all we can tell the stone has rotted since, merely from being laid bare to the air."

We went up the steps again and replaced the stone, and then as we were standing just outside the chapel porch looking round, a sudden gust of wind coming down from the mountain caused the bell to toll twice.

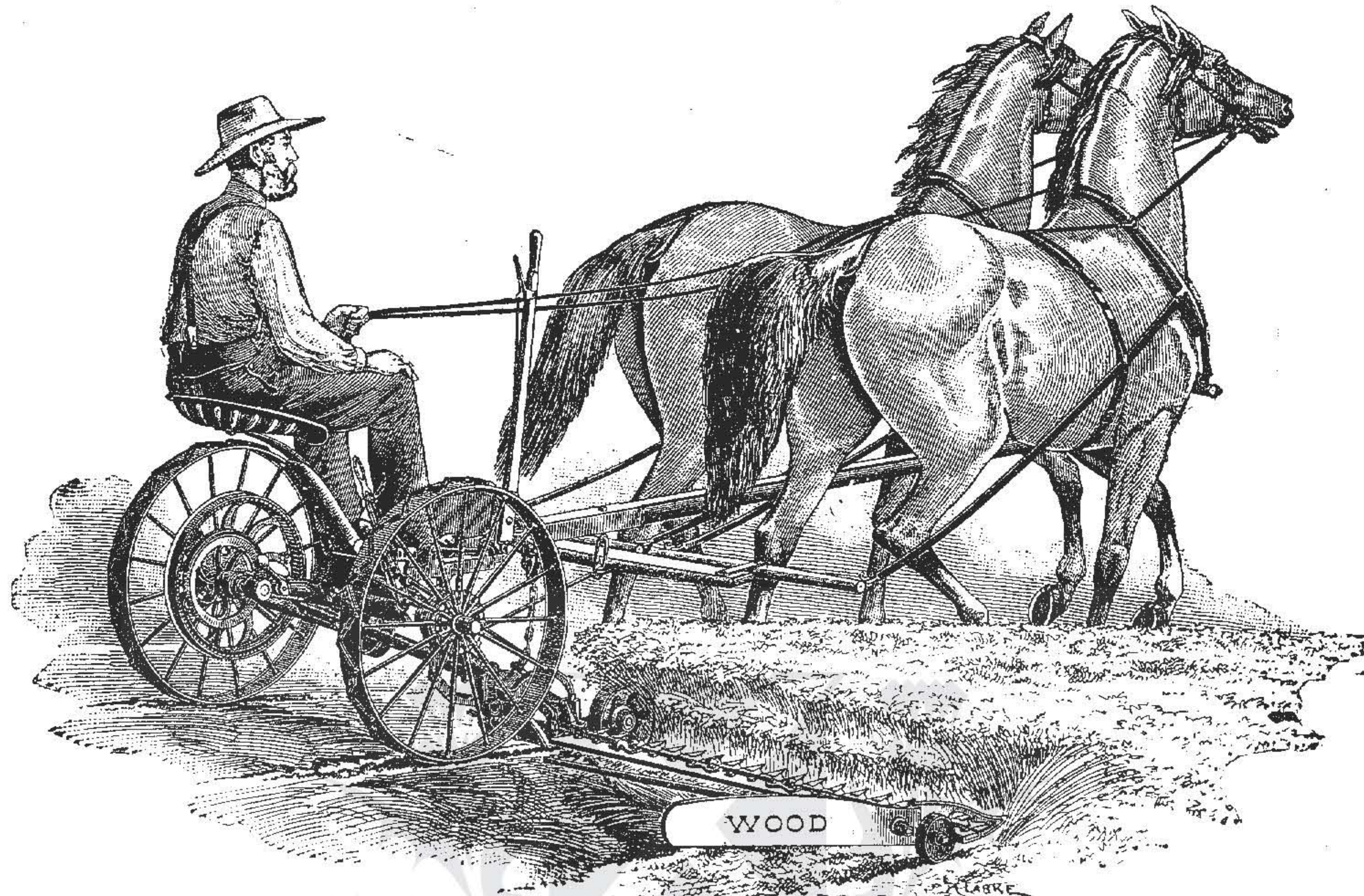
"What do you think was their reason for hanging the bell so that any gust of wind should set it tolling?" asked Jack.

"That is what has been puzzling me ever since we first found this place," I replied, "and the only way I can explain it is that they used all to go down there to work at the same time, and put those three links on to the bell on purpose, so that should any sudden storm of wind come up while they were all there they might have warning of it. I don't see what else they could have done it for. Or perhaps half of them might have been working at something else, planting trees, fishing, or prospecting for gold, and those who remained behind were all working below. But they evidently had some reason for it, else they would never have put those three extra links there."

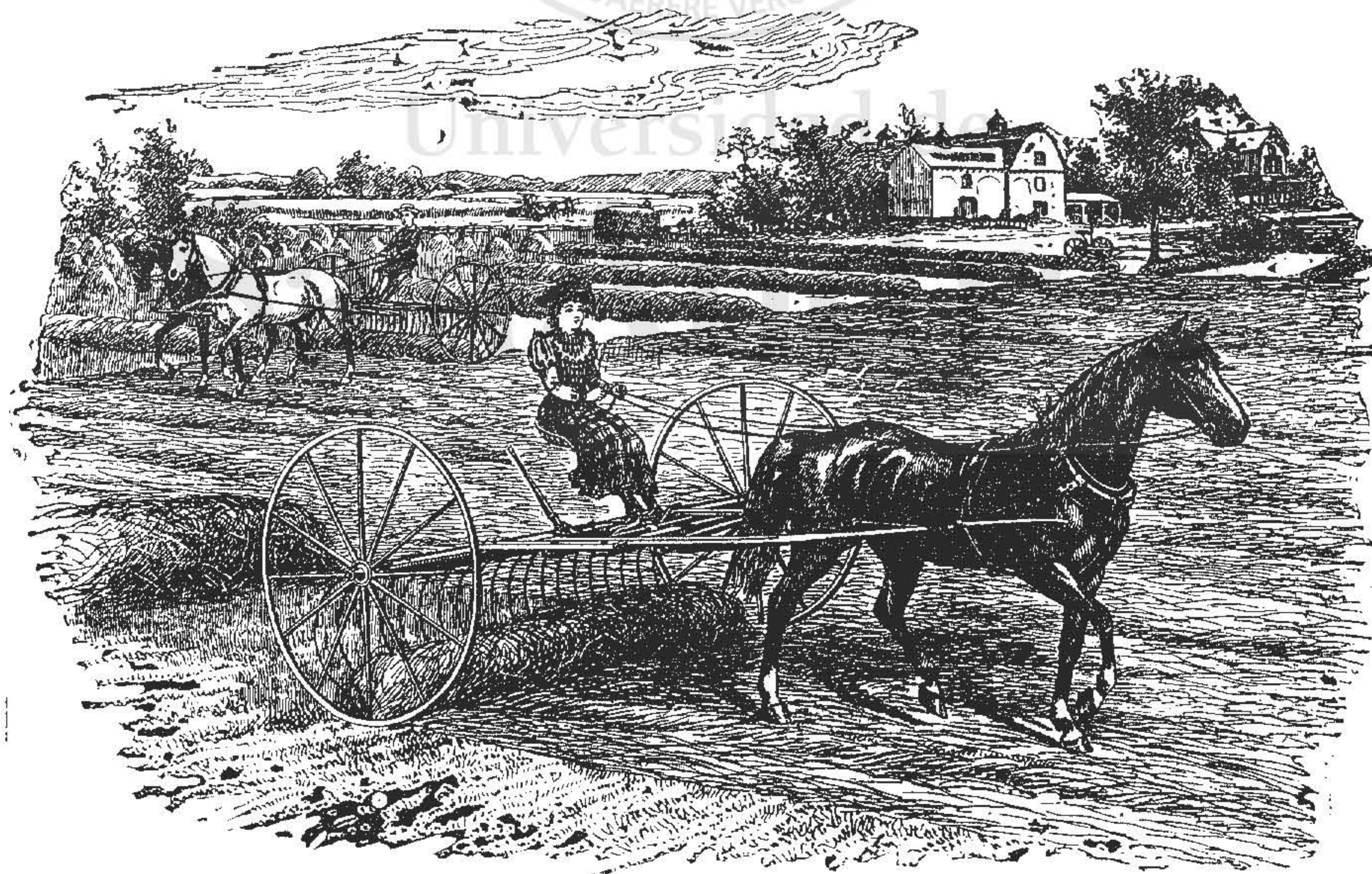
"By Jove," said Jack, as we rode back that afternoon, "I've a good mind to go home and marry Lucy, and bring her out here, and build an estancia. What a splendid place for raising cattle, plenty of grass, water, and shelter, and they would want no looking after either, for they would never get out."

(To be continued.)

WALTER A. WOOD'S MOWERS



HAY RAKES



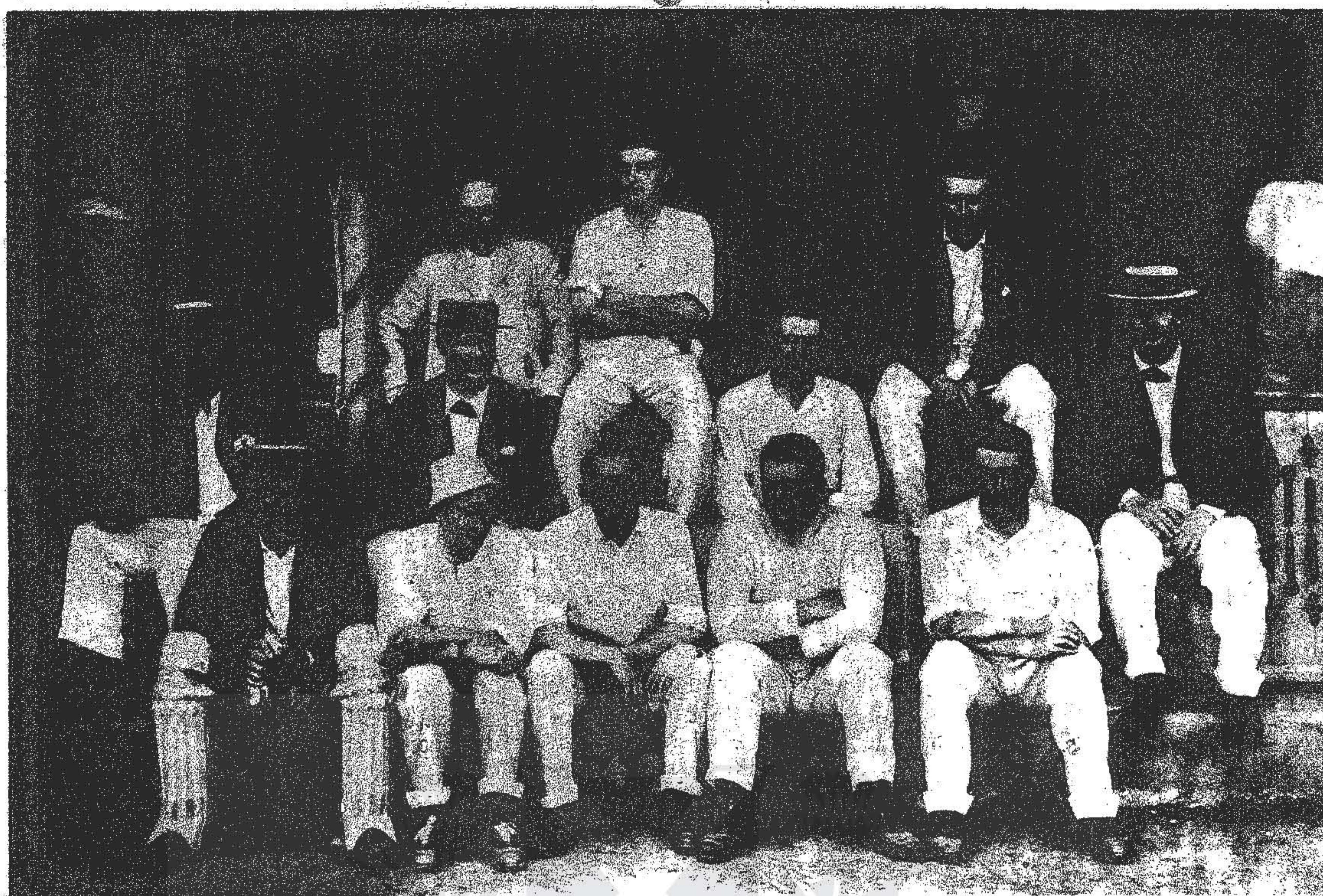
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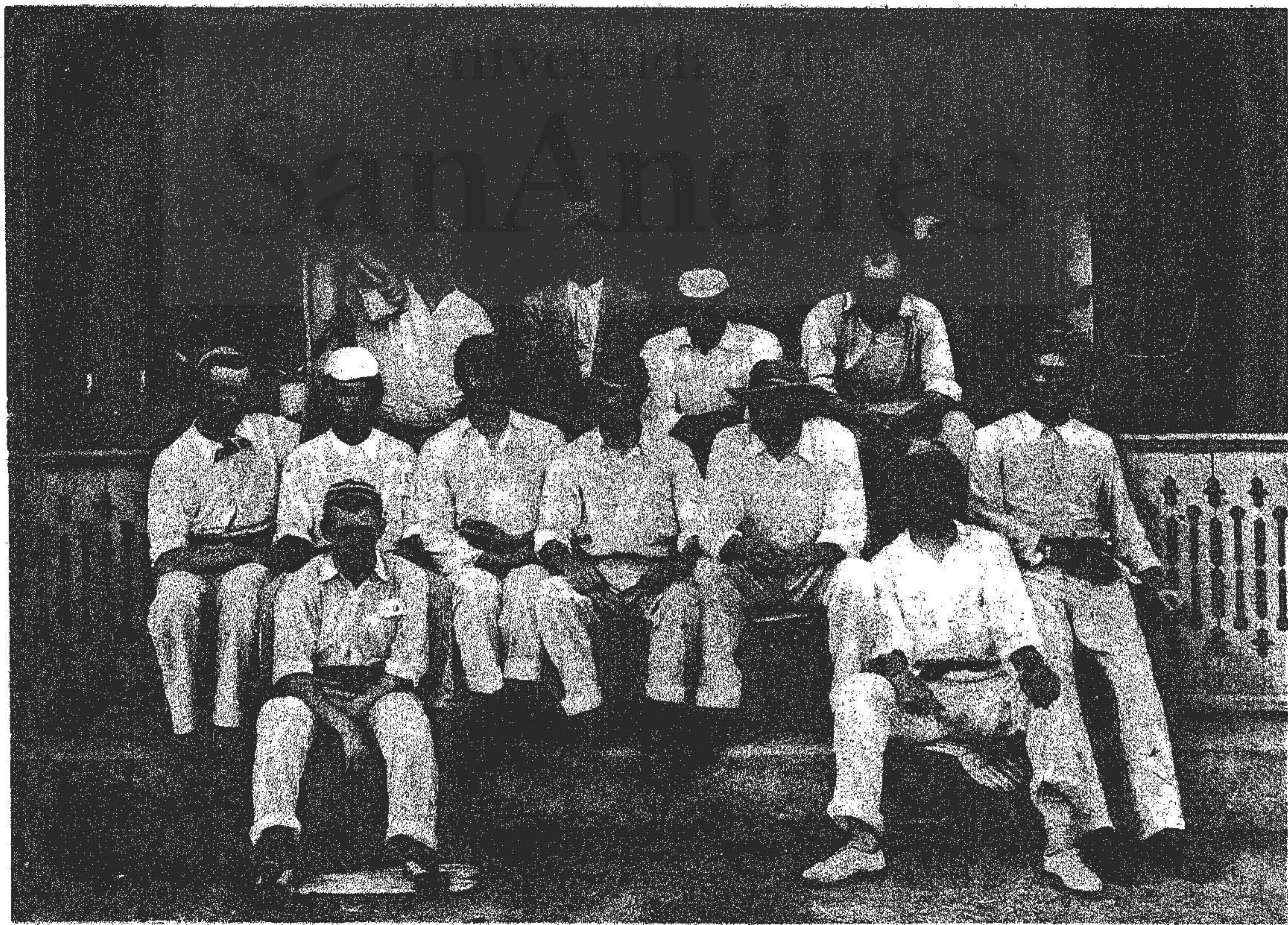
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