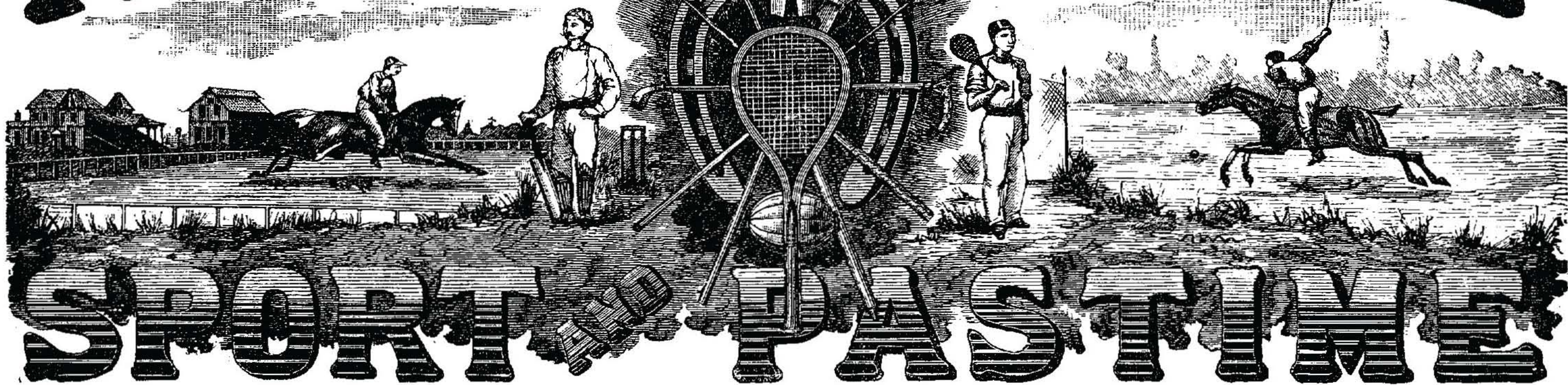


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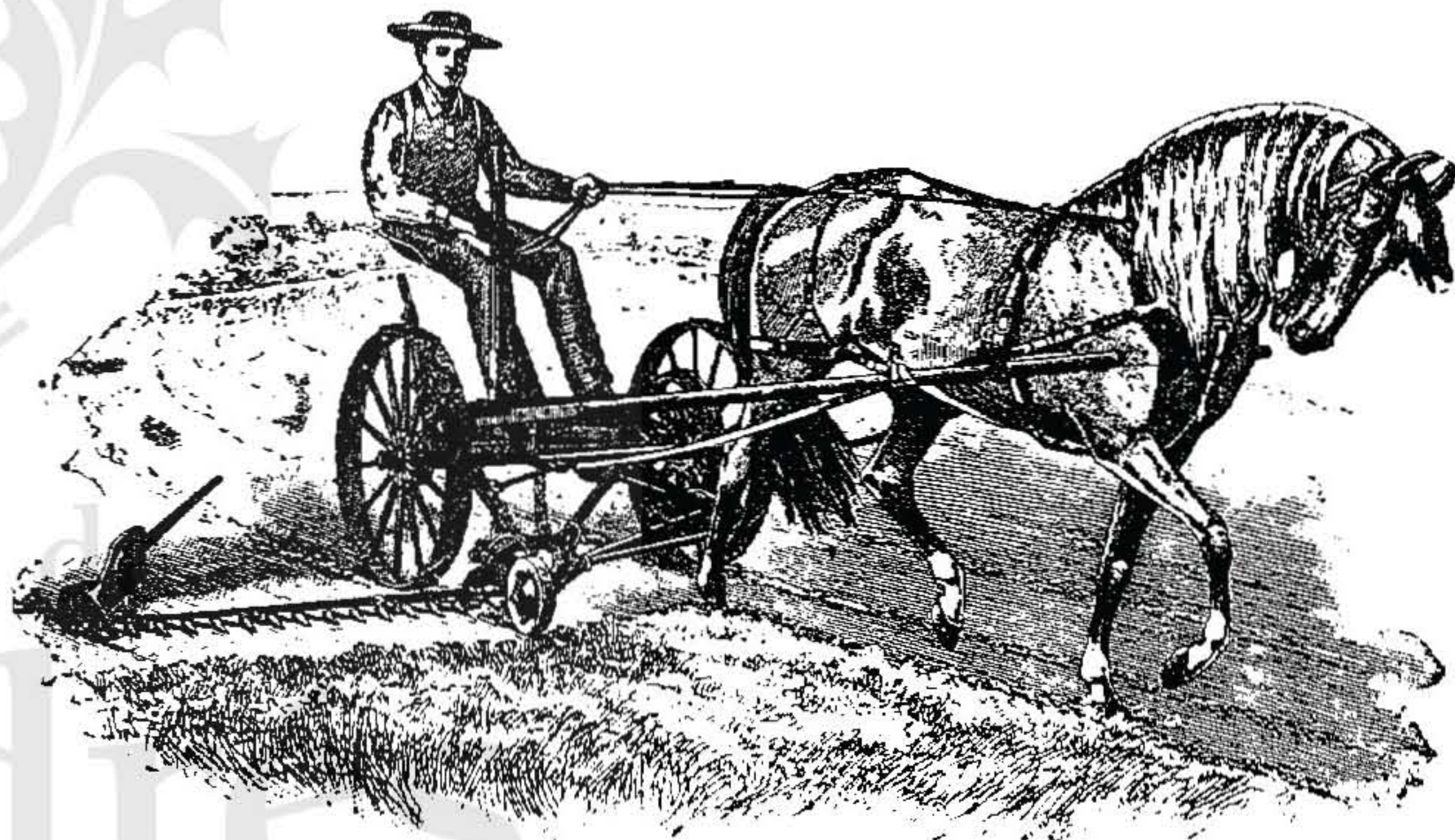
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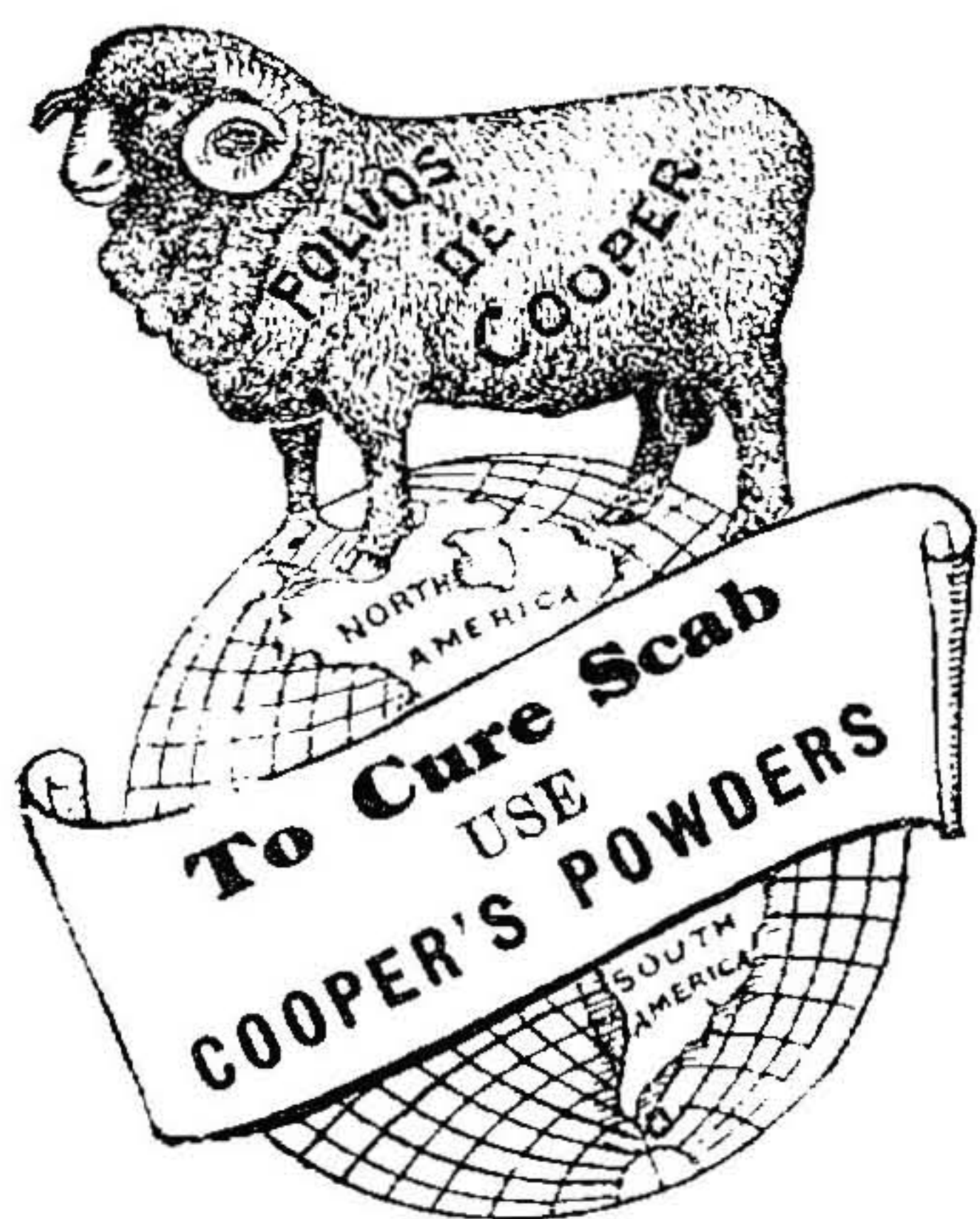
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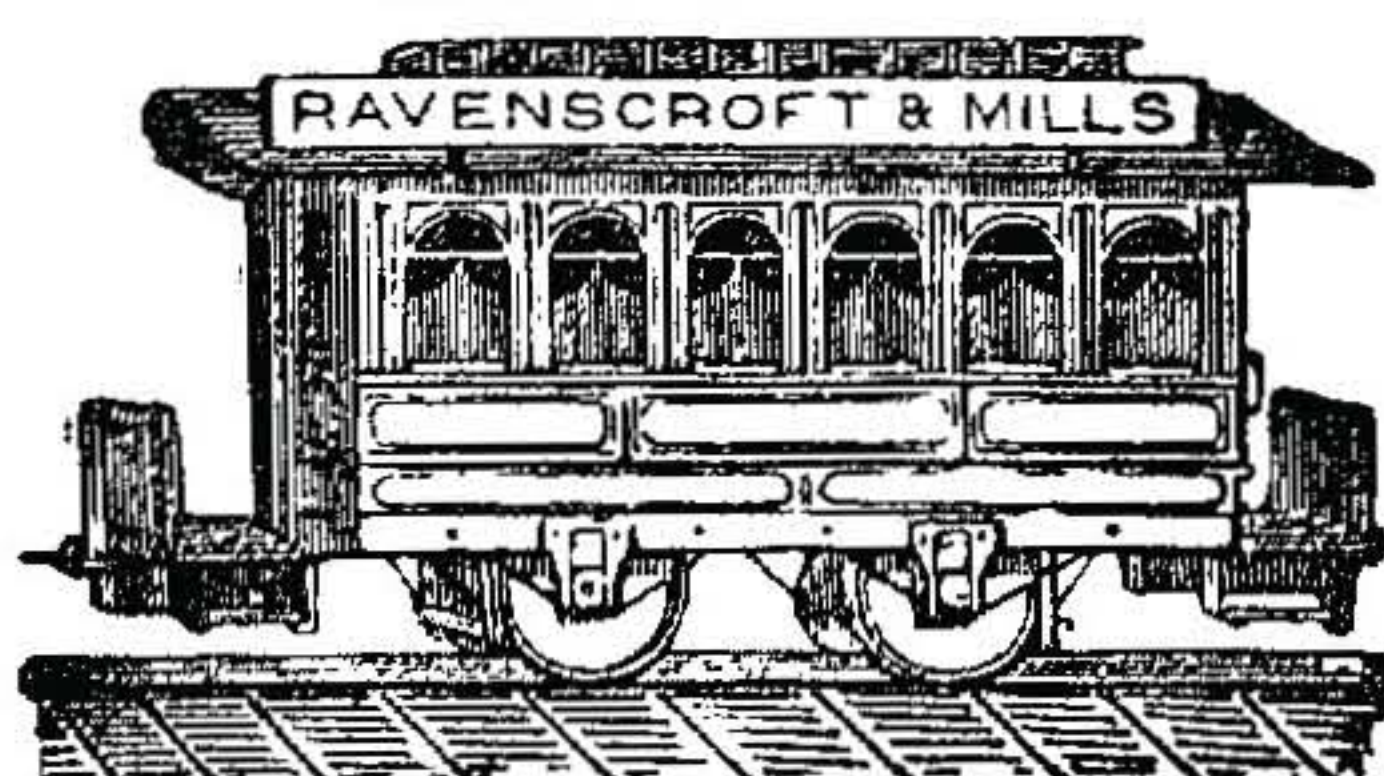
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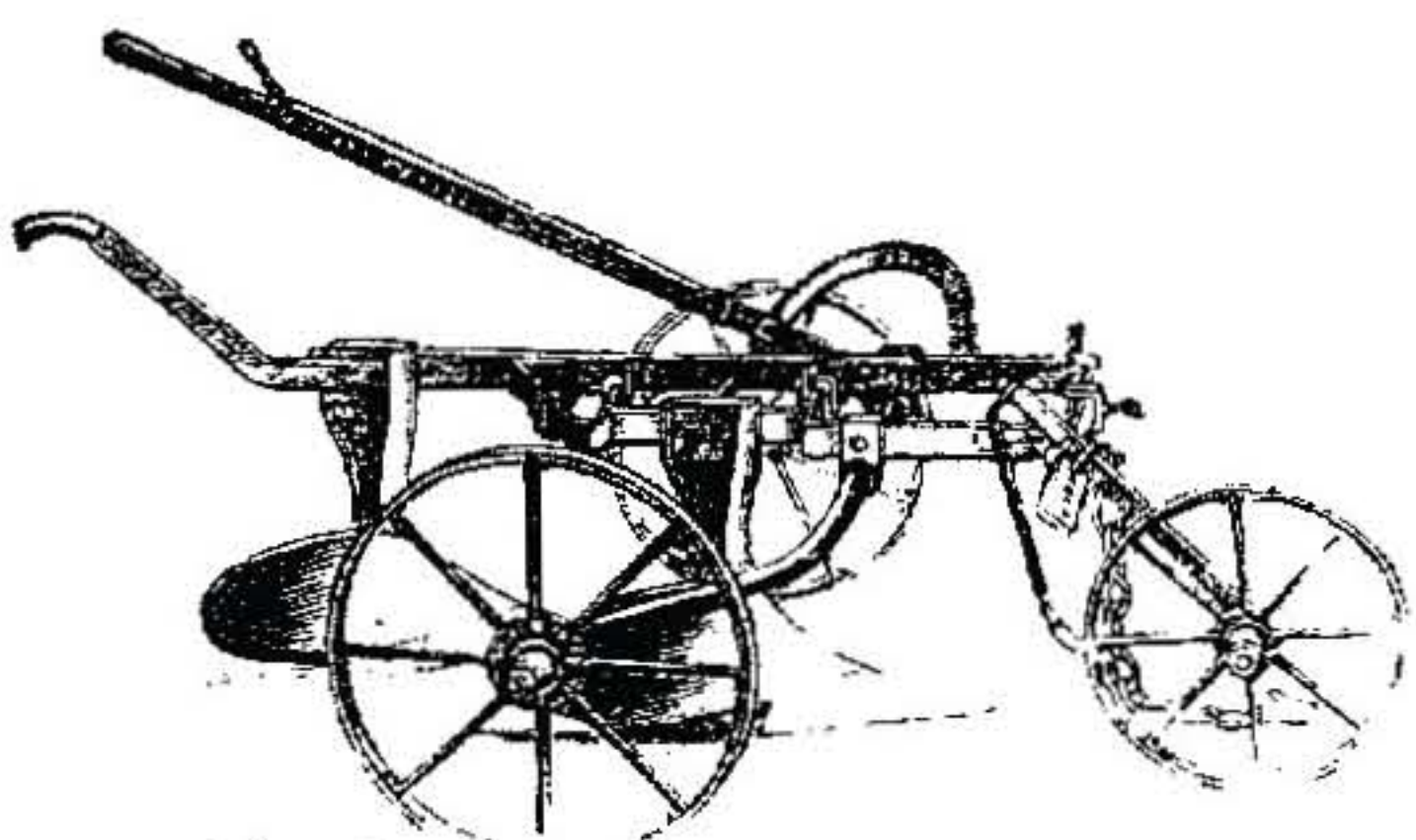
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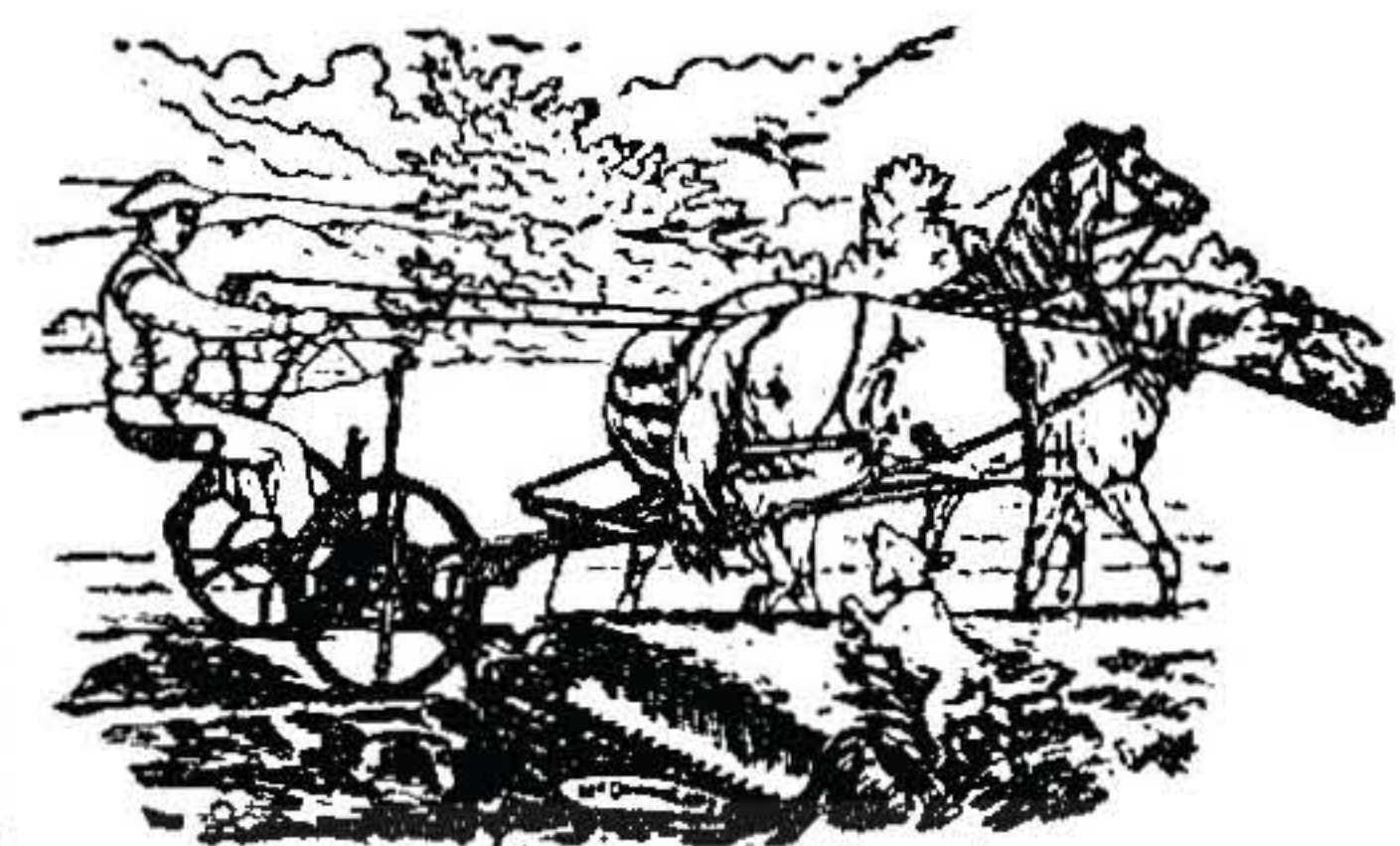
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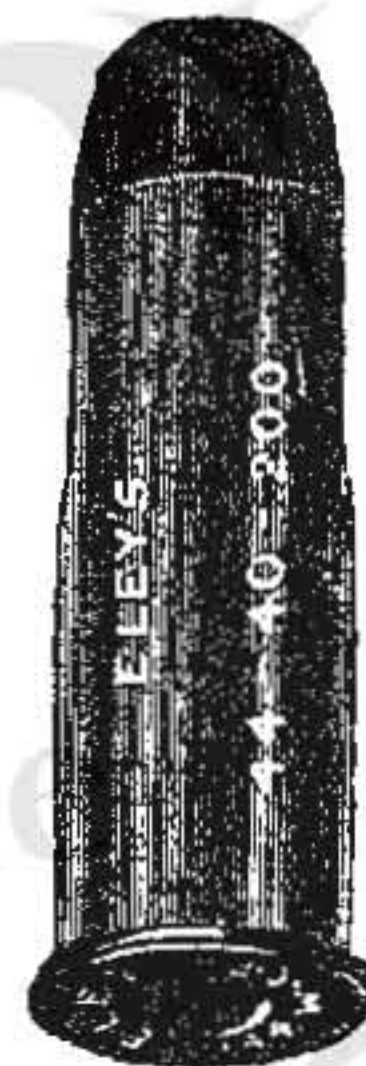
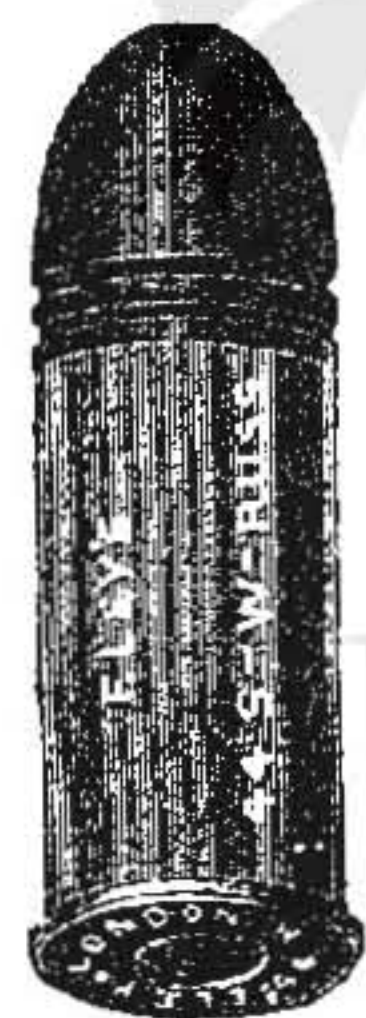
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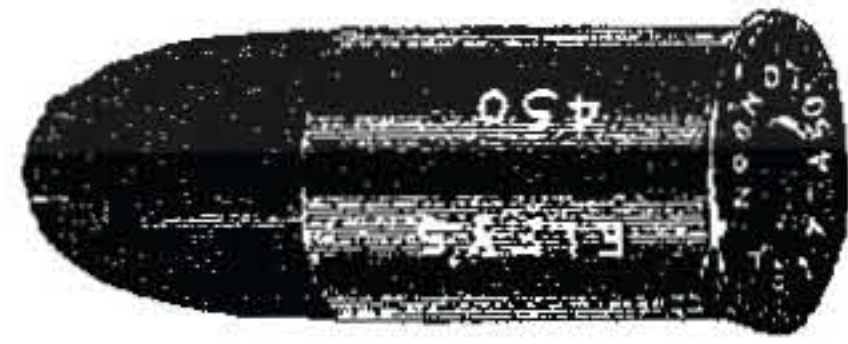
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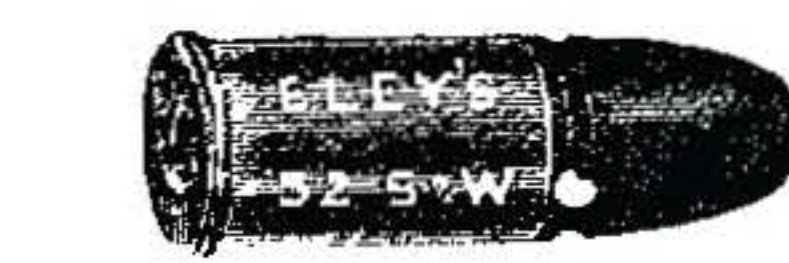


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1891

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. 1

No. 10—May 11:
THE CRUISE OF THE DART, No. 2

No. 11—June 1:
THE CRUISE OF THE DART, No. 3

No. 12—June 22:
THE CRUISE OF THE DART, No. 4

No. 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 BUENOSAIRES 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—PALERMO

No. 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:
HURLINGHAM POLO TEAM.

1894

No. 33—January 10:
THE NORTH & SOUTH CRICKET TEAMS OF 1893.

No. 34—January 31:—
ARGENTINE YACHTS.

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HOME NEWS

RACING

The Wolverhampton (Dunstall Park) Meeting is the only fixture to report upon for the week ending on January 20th, the date up to which we have received mails from home. The meeting was successful, as in most instances there were good fields, though as a rule the several events were won with ridiculous ease.

We give below the principal events of each day's sport:

Wolverhampton Hurdle Handicap of 80 sovs; 2 miles.	
Mr W. Marshall's b g Doge, by Macheath—Princess Caroline, 5 yrs, 12 st 3 lb (inc. 9 lb extra).....	G. Morris 1
Mr J. Stoddart's Protectionist, 5 yrs, 10 st 8 lb.....	J. Jones 2
Mr W. Puttrell's Romano, aged, 11 st 12 lb...Dollery	3
Mr J. S. Jackson's East Riding, 4 yrs, 10 st 12 lb.....	Armstrong 4
Lord Shrewsbury's Ballyohara, 5 yrs, 11 st 13 lb.....	W. Woodland 0
Mr W. H. Smart's Lady Physician, 4 yrs, 11 st 11 lb.....	R. Mitchell 0
Mr E. McGregor's Poussin, aged, 11 st 11 lb...Owner	0
Capt. H. P. Gooch's Golden Oriole, 5 yrs, 11 st, 6 lb.....	G. Turner 0
Mr A. Byron's Lady Erne, 4 yrs, 11 st 4 lb.....	S. Woodland 0
Mr R. P. Hickman's Smart, 4 yrs, 11 st 3 lb.....	Williamson 0
Mr G. Gilman's Lady Frances, 5 yrs, 10 st 13 lb.....	Mr Teague 0

Betting: 3 to 1 agst East Riding, 5 to 1 each agst Romano and Smart, 6 to 1 agst Doge, and 10 to 1 agst any other.

Won by a neck, three lengths dividing second and third.

Staffordshire Handicap Steeplechase of 100 sovs; 2 miles.	
Capt. H. T. Fenwick's ch g Owick, by Ring-leader—Nova Scotia, 6 yrs, 12 st 7 lb. G. Williamson	1
Mr T. R. Irving's Waterford, 6 yrs, 10st 9 lb.....	F. Hassall 2
Lord Shrewsbury's Happy-go-Lucky, aged, 12 st 6 lb.....	Mr Ricardo 3
Mr W. Newton's Whiskeroso, aged, 12 st 5 lb.....	W. Thornton 0

Betting: 2 to 1 on Owick, 4 to 1 agst Whiskeroso, 100 to 15 agst Happy-go-Lucky, and 10 to 1 agst Waterford.

Won by twelve lengths, a head separating second and third.

FOOTBALL.

Even at the second attempt it was not decided whether Devon or Somerset should enter the second series of matches in the Rugby Union Counties Championship, as their match, played at Exeter on January 17th, resulted, like the first in a draw of a try each; so the match was to have been replayed on January 24th.

Against Yorkshire on January 13th, Somerset had but little chance as they were without some of their best men from Wales and so Yorkshire earned an easy victory by three goals and four tries to nothing.

Another Rugby Union County match was between Northumberland and Cumberland, which after an open game was won by Northumberland by a goal and a try to nothing.

Under Association Rules Surrey gained a very decisive victory over Kent at Reigate by the large margin of eight goals to two, the on-sidedness of the match being most apparent in the first part of the game.

London v. Sussex at Leyton, in very unpleasant weather, resulted in a win for London by six goals to none.

Northamptonshire and Leicestershire could each only send an unrepresentative team for their match on January 13th, and so the game lost much of its interest. Leicestershire had revenge for previous defeats by winning by six goals to one.

Wonderful interest was taken in the third Newport and Cardiff match played at Newport on Jan. 13th. Each club had proved victorious in a previous match, so at least 12,000 persons assembled to witness the decider. Lively and interesting play resulted, Newport maintaining a decided advantage which eventually gave them the victory by three tries to nothing.

Like many professional teams at home, Aston Villa showed two very different styles of play in their matches against the Corinthians and Woolwich Arsenal respectively. Against the former the game is described as thoroughly enjoyable and pleasant. Aston Villa won by six goals to four. The Villa forwards passed well and effectively; the half backs not only tackled well, but fed the front division smartly, and the backs did their work admirably. Had the Corinthian defence been equal to that of the other side, victory might have been theirs. The match with Woolwich Arsenal, however, was of a different nature, and Aston Villa did little more than fool around, and the game suffered in consequence. They did just enough to win the game by three goals to two and no more.

One of the most important matches under Rugby rules to be recorded for the week, is Blackheath v. London Scottish. Though the game was fought out by the most brilliant of players there were some blemishes in the play, caused apparently by over keenness, and this seems to have been especially the case with the Scottish four international three-quarters (Gowans, Neilson, McGregor and Campbell) who passed so indiscriminately in their opponents' twenty-five that they destroyed various opportunities. In the result the Blackheath men won by two goals and a try to a goal, the superior tackling of the winners giving them the victory.

SKATING

The last day's racing for the professional speed skating championship of the world is described as of the most splendid character.

Hagen's performance in the 10,000 metres race was a marvellous one. Probably in consequence of being nettled at the result at 500 metres, which we described last week, he skated from first to last at top speed, apparently intent upon showing what he could do with Kingma, who was never in the hunt from start to finish, and was beaten by nearly a lap and three-quarters. We read that it had been quite evident that on the first dry Hagen could have beaten his principal opponent by much more than he did had he so wished; but in this race he signified his intention of making a record, and succeeded in doing so, both at 5000 metres and at the full distance. His respective times, 8 min. 33 2-5 sec., and 18 min. 52 1-5 sec. were far in advance of the best previous performances, which were 9 min. 7 sec., made by Halvorsen, at Hamar; and 19 min. 47 2-5 secs. by Nielsen, at Stockholm. He never slackened or faltered the whole way, skating steadily at the rate of 80 strokes a minute in the straights, with an immensely long and powerful stroke, and showing himself to be undoubtedly the finest skater, either amateur or professional, that has been seen for many years past, even if ever before. The

day was all in favour of fast time, for the south-west wind, that had never been of much strength, had dropped to nothing when the races commenced, and the ice was not sticky, but smooth and hard. Marten Kingma skated quite as well as was expected, though, when he found he was outpaced, he did not perhaps exert himself to the fullest extent, but reserved something for his second meeting with Hagen, at Amsterdam. There can be no question that, at anything over 500 metres, Hagen is the better man; but Kingma's greater smartness in starting gives him a slight advantage at short distances.

The first four in all the events were the same, so the form worked out correctly. How the veteran S. van der Schaaf wins the prizes he does is a subject for comment. Something like forty years of age, and of a build and appearance anything but suggestive of speed, he is always in the first flight. Short and not of athletic figure, and with a length of leg by no means excessive for his height, he gets a very long stroke, and on his Dutch skates shows the way to many good performers who use the new favourite Norwegian racing ones.

Having therefore won three of the four events, Hagen became professional speed skating champion of the world, and entitled to the champion sash and the extra prize of 200 guilders, while Marten Kingma gained the extra second prize of 100 guilders.

BILLIARDS

The Billiard Association Sport-barred Championship was concluded on January the 13th at the National Sporting Club, W. Mitchell, the holder, defeating C. Dawson by 837.

Both players started badly on the last day and while Mitchell displayed great improvement, his opponent continued to show indifferent form. Three times Mitchell reached the third figure, and during the afternoon he widened the gap to 571, the scores being respectively 8250 and 7679. Mitchell, in the evening, advanced his position by improving an unfinished break of 102 to the extent of fifty-five points, but Dawson failed lamentably in more than one instance. Breaks were for a long time small, but Mitchell steadily added to his advantage, and when at last Dawson opened out in a break of 98, which was well played, and again in one of 112, it was felt that his chance was quite hopeless. Nearing the close Mitchell played consistently well, and, winding up grandly with 196, he won the match by 837 points. The result, as may be supposed, was remarkably displeasing to Dawson, who has expressed his willingness to again meet Mitchell. Mitchell has on three occasions proved his right to hold the cup and title; success in the next match will secure to him absolute possession of the cup.

ROWING

Practice for the Inter-University Boat Race was commenced at Oxford on Friday, Jan. 12, with the following eight: C. H. S. Bower, Christ Church, 11 st; A. B. Nutter, Brasenose, 12 st 7 lb; J. A. Morrison, New College, 12 st 3 lb; E. G. Tew, Magdalen, 13 st 12 lb; W. B. Stewart, Brasenose, 13 st 6 lb; M. C. Pilkington, Magdalen, 12 st; W. E. Crum, New College, 11 st 12 lb; C. M. Pitman (st.), New College, 11 st 12 lb.

Owing to the frost, it was impossible to begin practice for the University Boat Race at Cambridge until Saturday Jan. 13th, although most of the crew had come into residence on the previous Monday.

The crew was constituted as follows: A. H. Finch, Third Trinity, 11 st; R. F. Bayford, Trinity Hall, 11 st 10 lb; R. W. Broadrick, First Trinity, 11 st 6 lb; W. A. Bieher, Trinity Hall, 13 st 9 lb; H. A. Game, First Trinity, 12 st 5 lb; H. M. Bland, Third Trinity, 11 st 11 lb; R. O. Kerrison, Third Trinity, 11 st 12 1/2 lb; T. G. Lewis (st.), Third Trinity, 12 st 1 lb; F. C. Begg (cox.), Trinity Hall, 8st 4 lb.

THE SPORT REGULATION BILL.

In a memorandum to Mr A. C. Morton's bill in the House of Commons on this question, it is stated that this bill aims at the abolition of the various forms of so-called sport, the distinguishing mark of which is that the animal which is the object of the sport, though nominally wild, is in fact kept in confinement and released for the immediate purpose of the sport. The bill does not apply to any form of sport which is concerned with really wild animals. The Cruelty to Animals Acts, 1849 and 1854, with the exception of a section which relates to fighting and baiting animals, apply exclusively to domestic animals. At present the animals which this bill is intended to protect enjoy no legal protection whatever from any kind of cruelty.

The Bill provides that any person who either takes part or assists in the hunting, coursing, or shooting of any animal which has been kept in confinement, and is released for the purpose of such hunting, coursing, or shooting; or keeps or uses, or assists in the management of any place for the purpose of such hunting, coursing or shooting, or permits any place to be so used, shall be liable, on conviction in manner provided by the Summary Jurisdiction Acts, to a penalty not exceeding £20 for each day on which he commits such offence. Any person who receives money for the admission of any other person to any place kept or used for the purpose aforesaid shall be deemed to be the keeper of that place. This act shall not apply to the shooting of any bird which has been released before the day when such shooting takes place. This act may be cited as the Sport Regulation Act, 1894.

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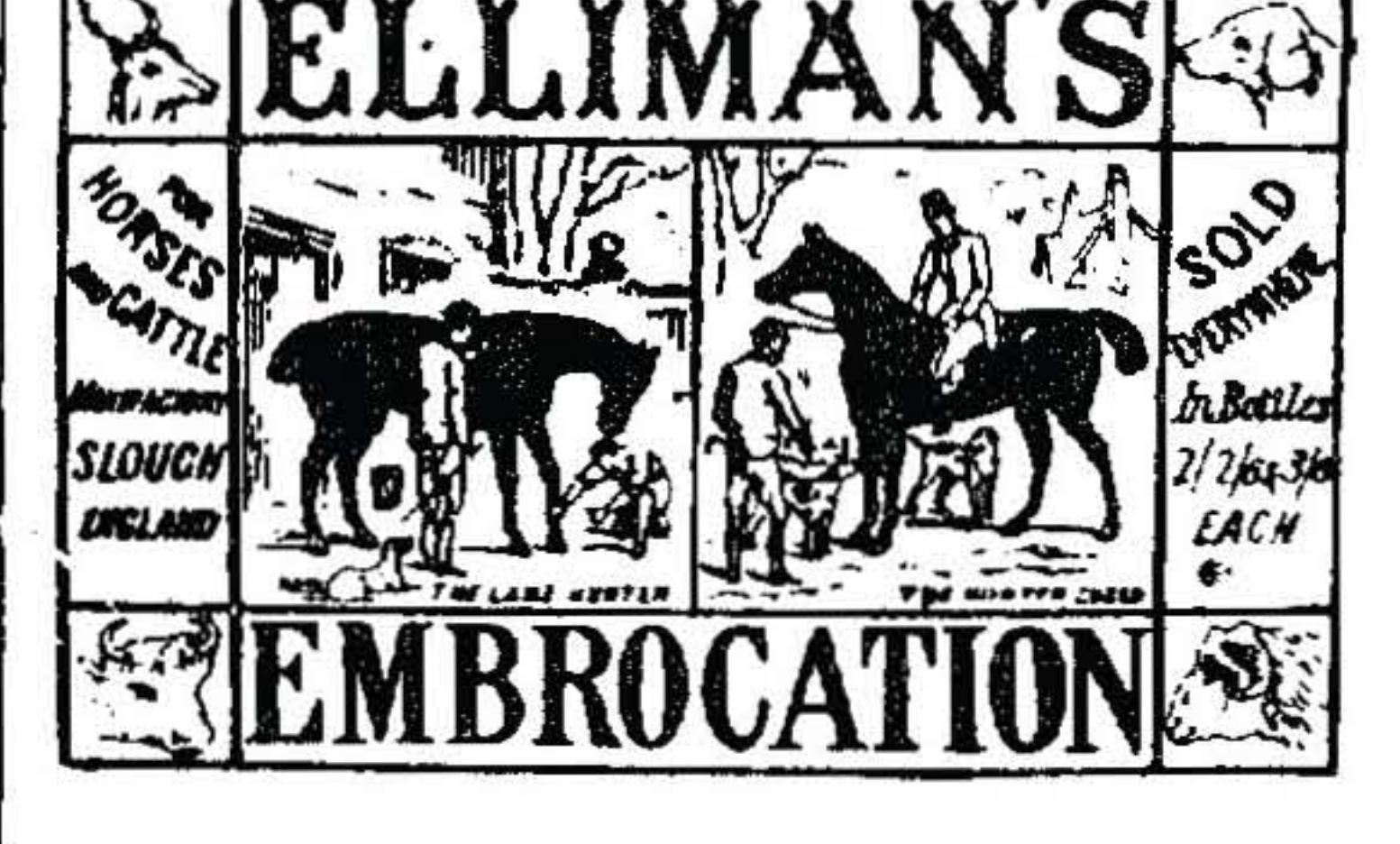
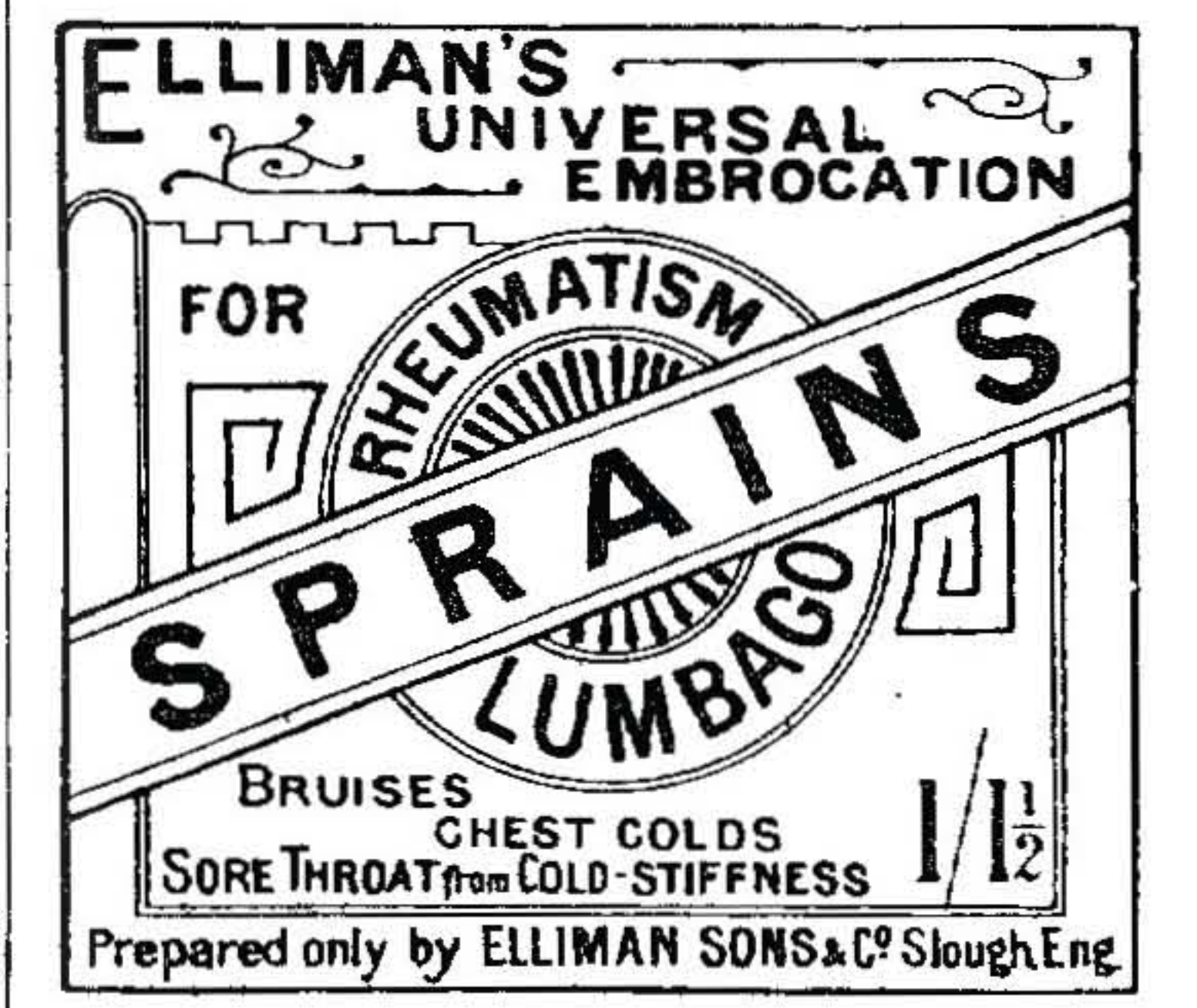


FABRICA
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LA CERVEZA DE MODA
Y LA MEJOR
DIRIGIR LOS PEDIDOS A LA
Cia. CERVECERIA BIECKERT Lda.
817-JUNCAL-817
BUENOS AIRES
Administrador General, JUAN RUSSELL

NOXONA
NON COLD POISONOUS WATER DIP
ACEITE
AUMENTA EL CRECIMIENTO DE LA LANA
EL PERFECTO BAÑO CURA EN UNA VEZ UNICOS PROPIETARIOS FABRICANTES.
NEWTON CHAMBER & Co. Ltd.
INGLATERRA.
E. B. O'MEARA.
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BRITISH BANK
OF
SOUTH AMERICA, Limited
ESTABLISHED 1863
Capital subscribed..... £1,000,000
Do. Paid up..... 500,000
Reserve Fund..... 320,000
£820,000

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EN PASSANT.

Of late the hygienic authorities of our capital have been busy fining sellers of adulterated food, and very rightly too, for if food representing to be otherwise than it is, be sold, those whose duty it is to protect the public in the alimentary line, must of necessity fall in the first place on the actual retailers who deal with the public. It appears, however, these said retailers have been made use of by their wholesale brothers, who have not fully explained to them the component parts of every thing delivered. For this omission, the smaller fry, whose feelings are hurt, having in a great many cases paid the price of the legitimate article, have resolved to prosecute the sellers for having sold them adulterated food. They also claim damages for fines and consequent loss of credit in their several districts. It is to be hoped they win as nearly all these adulterations are made up on order from wholesale people who make an enormous profit, before parting with goods to the little grocer in the poorer districts.

.

An aeronaut, called Storti, proposes to go from here to Santiago in Chile in a balloon he is having made expressly for the trip in the Calle Montes de Oca. He calculates he can do the distance, which from point to point is 1,300 kilometres, in forty-three hours and he will travel at an altitude of from 200 to 5000 metres. The desire to be up in a balloon has probably possessed most people at some time, or another, but the flights of those who have tried, even of the best aeronauts, are involuntary and frequently end disastrously. The parachute has made ballooning less dangerous, as one can come down gently, but it hardly seems worth while to go up so high for the simple sake of coming down without hurting one's self. If by any possibility balloons could be steered and if Mr Storti can show at the end of his hazardous undertaking that he can command a balloon along a given track, his self imposed risk will not have been in vain, as there are many uses in times of war and peace that a balloon could be put to, were one sure of arriving at any given place, but I think the present generation will pass away before we can go to the seaside or out to the camp to spend the week end, travelling by balloon.

.

Nothing is to stand in the way of the Plaza Mayo being made beautiful according to the ideas of the band of gardeners superintending the work. They are going to take up big trees in Palermo Park and transplant them in the plaza. In order that they may be able to do this the railway and telephone companies having wires along the avenues of Alvear and Sarmiento will have to raise them to a height of fifteen metres. There used to be a popular prejudice in favour of transplanting trees, especially big ones, when the sap was down. We shall see whether this prejudice was right or wrong after our municipal lords have completed their empiric work and the trees are a year older.

.

Following in the footsteps of his predecessor, Dr. Alvear, who did so much to beautify and improve the north end of the city during his reign as Mayor, Dr. Montes de Oca is determined with the exception, probably, of the peculiarity in favour of grottoes possessed by the late doctor to run him pretty close in the mania for changing the landscape of the city. His latest idea is to suppress a plaza at the corner of Calle Junin and Vicente Lopez, and make a new one alongside the old English cemetery in Calle Victoria.

.

It is reported on the best authority that the Pacific Railway authorities are going, at long last, to build a railway station on their own account at Hurlingham. Perhaps it may not be known that the existing platform was put up by Mr Quirno on an occasion when an auction of some of his land was to take place, and there it has remained ever since, and very useful it has been. However, a neat brick station with some shelter from wind, sun and rain, will help to set off the approach to this healthy and sporting village. The last time I was there I counted sixteen Englishmen on the platform waiting for the train to take them into town, some of whom had been driven up from the new club house in a turn-out that reminded me of another place of the same name.

Whether the failure of some of the banks a few years ago frightened the poorer classes, or whether it is their innate fear of trusting their savings to unknown establishments, is the cause of them hoarding up their money in their lodgings I can't say, but the result is very fatal to a great many of the savers, I counted up, in one day's police report, sums amounting to over \$15,000 as having been stolen. One can't help feeling sorry, in a most genuine way, for these over careful savers, because what they lose is their all and represents the savings of years of labour, and is meant either to take the owners home, or settle them in business here. But did they only know it, they are acting very wrongly to themselves and others, by keeping valuables where they are easily got at, and thereby putting temptation in people's way. The same thing very often happens in higher circles where people, through carelessness, put temptation in the way of their servants. Lots of servants, men especially, would go on all right if the spirit stand were kept locked, but the fact of it not being locked has obliged many a patron to part with a good servant he has helped by his thoughtlessness to ruin.

.

Anyone wanting a cheap photo hung in conspicuous places in this and other cities of the republic, has only got to get run in for anything, no matter what, so long as it is trivial. It seems that at the police stations they have got a craze for collecting photos of the inhabitants, most likely they have some new machines, and it amuses them to play with the new toy, their game has seriously annoyed two generally peaceful Custom House peons, who in the heat of argument raised their voices and went through the gesticulations usual with these people in such cases, this style of discussion palled on the ubiquitous blue on the look out for an outlet for his officialdom. So he marched the sons of labour to his station, where amidst their indignant protests they were photographed, expostulating that they were not robbers or bad characters, and it would be their social ruin to have their photographs in the same album as the scum that frequent the state jails were in vain, they were answered that it was now the custom to record the visit of everyone who called at the station accompanied by an officer, by keeping a copy of their countenances, and that this was easiest and most effectually done by the process of photography.

.

I wonder if a man going home late after dinner, and say lost his way, if they have a special service of electric light, so as not to keep the gentleman waiting until the sun is high enough to take his picture. If not, I venture to suggest to the Head of Police that such an installation be put up without delay. While on the subject of photographs, some very funny things have been going on at home in this line. Perhaps every one does not know that photography can lie in such a way as almost defies contradiction. For instance, a man might be photographed in the act of breaking into a house, and, by a very simple process, the head of anybody can be put on the man committing the burglary in such a way as almost to defy detection; this, as evidence, would go a long way to convict any man before an ordinary jury. It appears that someone at home has been mixing up photos in this way, and produced the most astonishing results, which they sell for hush money to the timid ones. It is expected we shall hear a good deal about this in the law courts at home soon, when we may expect some rather piquant reading. I hope the scoundrel who has been playing the game of mingling heads and bodies of different people to suit his own purpose will reap a rich harvest of punishment as a reward for his vile following.

.

The Standard after unfolding a tale of woe to its subscribers pleads to be allowed to raise the monthly subscription from \$1.50 to \$2.00. In its old age, we can't yet say declining years, it naturally wants a little extra of the artificial support of this country so well named long ago "shin plasters" by our elderly comrade.

.

After two hundred years steady and successful work, is the Bank of England going to prove the truth of the adage "nothing in this world can last?" Reading the "Investor's Review" one would think so, but the "St James's Budget" takes the other side, and conclusively proves the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" to be in

excellent financial condition. Let us hope she be, for to tear up by the roots the other adage "as safe as the Bank of England" would be a wrench that few who lived before this age of distrust came upon us would care to undergo. This is not a financial paper, so we will close this note with some rather sarcastic lines in which our temporarily adopted home is mentioned:—

By England's stormy Bank I stand,
And cast a curious eye,
To Argentina's goldless land,
Where agio is so high.

And wonder how the dickens 'tis—
With methods much the same—
One country does a splendid "biz,"
The other comes to shame.

.

I can vouch for the accuracy of the following dialogue between a best man and a Juez de Paz, who was going through the usual preliminaries before tying a couple together:

"What was the lady's father?" asked the Juez.
"Captain in the navy."
"Is he alive?"
"No, he was killed in the Egyptian war."
"I never heard of Egypt," said the Juez; "let us put down died in Switzerland."

The best man explained the difficulty there would be about getting a man-of-war into Switzerland, so they compromised by inscribing in the archives of the town the scene of death as Africa, a place the Juez said he had heard of.

.

If an exception prove a rule, then the glorious freedom of election in this Republic is an established fact, as exemplified by the Province of Santa Fé last Sunday, where things seem to have been very well organised for the winning party. The week before we heard on all sides and read in all the papers of the new era about to be opened up in this country by honesty of Government, brought about by a perfectly free and unfettered election all over the Republic. In the Province of Buenos Aires and other provinces the people were allowed to vote as they liked, but in Santa Fé things were different, as any one can see by reading the journals interested in the subject. This is not a political paper.

.

I see in the London letter of the "Argentine Times" that Colonel Howard Vincent has returned home after a short tour of commercial enquiry and political observation in South America, and that he is now going to elaborate the series of detailed reports he transmitted to Sheffield during his travels. I think it exceedingly unfair that any one having anything except the vain glory to be derived from public notices in newspapers, at heart, should attempt to touch on such an important and delicate subject as commerce, and presume to advise by offering an opinion on matters after a cursory and very superficial glance. When a man takes upon himself to lecture he assumes a responsibility which he ought to fit himself for by really studying his subject. I write somewhat strongly on this subject, because some people at home take anything said from a platform in a very serious light, and in many cases I have known information from such a source materially affect the welfare of a listener. Certainly to such men of energy as Sir Howard Vincent England owes a great deal of her commercial success, but the fever for flying round the world and reporting one's observations as realities in a semi-official way is misleading, and therefore dangerous to those interested.

.

On the 9th inst. the state of siege was raised all over the Republic, with the exception of the Capital, the Provinces of Buenos Aires and Santa Fé. It is expected very soon that the better will be taken off them also, so we may look for some lively reading again in the native papers.

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I hope nothing said in these columns with regard to the vagaries of the Municipality has caused the acting Lord Mayor, Dr. Montes de Oca, to send in his irrevocable resignation. That he has done so is a matter of history and a loss to the town, for he had energy and worked hard, but financing, whether it be a town, or anything else, with no balance in the bank, is a task which most men find beyond their powers and if the truth were known, it is not improbable that a reason such as this places Dr. Lino Loureço at the head of the Municipality for the time being.

There is an old lady living in the State of New York, at a place called Henrietta, who counts her years as close on a century. Being asked if she could explain how it was her life was prolonged beyond the usual span, she replied as follows:—
 "The reason why I have lived so long and kept so hearty and well is simply because I never drank tea or coffee, and never got married. People, she added, who drink tea and coffee and marry ought not to expect to live very long." The lady's name is Miss Eliza Work. I don't know whether she ever read the works of a Scotch doctor called Duncan, brought up in France, who inveighed most strongly against hot drinks of all kinds. Speaking of coffee, he said it made the liver like Vesuvius on a working day. Everybody has their fads about drinks. The oldest lady I ever knew died at the age of one hundred and four, but she drank whisky.

* * *

It may be interesting to those seeking novelty in the sensation line to hear some novel experiments in the art of flying have been made by Herr Lilienthal, but judging by the instantaneous photographs made near Berlin of the new flying-machine carrying its inventor down a decline of 10 deg or 15 deg., there is no danger of its competing with other forms of locomotion at present. Two enormous slightly-curved wings, having a surface of fifteen square metres, above and between which the head just emerges, are attached to an extraordinary-looking structure resembling in shape a huge scorpion tail. To get this unwieldy piece of apparatus into functional activity the aerial aspirant has to take a sharp run of four or five steps against the wind, when he jumps into the air, and can then slide down over a distance of about 250 metres. By shifting his centre of gravity relatively to the centre of resistance he can give the wing surface any desired inclination, and thereby to a certain extent slide down quicker or slower, or alter the direction. Experts seem to think that the machine is a step in the right direction, and that it only requires to be "taken up by a great many people" to secure improvements by which the art of keeping one's balance in mid-air may be developed. Meanwhile it is described as affording "fine sport!"

CAIUS AUGUSTUS.

Some years back, at a time when speculation on forthcoming events took a wider range than at the present day—that is, before starting price betting had come so much into vogue—among those best acquainted with the inner workings of the Turf world, it was voted as remarkable how well-informed as to the genuineness or the reverse of candidates for the principal handicaps a certain section of the ring constantly proved to be.

Whatever may be the case at the present day, it is undoubtedly the fact that at the time alluded to early information was obtained illicitly from official sources by certain members of the ring.

The times at which horses were scratched for various events were not then recorded as accurately as they now are, and owing to this laxness bookmakers were frequently enabled to lay the odds to large sums of money against horses which they knew at the time of making the bets had already been scratched for the race in question.

In very many instances the times of scratchings were never recorded at all; in others, letters from owners ordering the striking out of their horses were held back by accomplices of bookmakers, so as to allow time for the latter to get a bit out of the departed.

Prominent among the particular section of the ring previously alluded to, in fact it might almost be said its guiding spirit, was a man named Bettley, with whom, among others, were intimately associated three other bookmakers named Trent, Penshill, and Laythem.

Everyone knows that now-a-days a great deal of the communication that passes between persons engaged in important business of any kind is entrusted to the telegraph. We live at such a pace in these times that it becomes a matter of necessity to complete a transaction in a few hours with which our forefathers would have been satisfied to occupy as many days.

Racing business essentially requires the free use of the wire, being dependent to such an extent on what a day, or even an hour, may bring forth. Though at the time of which I write the telegraph was not so much used in racing affairs as is now the case, there was a good deal of early information to be gleaned from the perusal of telegraphic messages by any one with sufficient knowledge of racing to understand their contents.

In the office of one of the principal firms of racing officials there was a certain clerk named George Parker, who was one of the chief sources from which the Penshill-Bettley clique obtained their early information. It is not necessary to enter into details as to how this arrangement had come about in the first instance—suffice it to say that it had been in existence for a considerable time before the event of this story took place.

James Parker, the brother of George, was a telegraph

clerk. He was well up in the service, and was stationed at the head office in London. In the ordinary course of his duties, messages transmitted to and through London came continually before him.

James did not scruple to turn the information of which he became officially cognisant to his own and to his brother's advantage, in all cases where he felt that he could do so without risk of discovery, and of the items of early racing news which George Parker was able to furnish to Bettley, many originated in the gleanings of telegraphic messages which James was able to place at his brother's disposal.

One of the principal south country stables was just at this time especially laying itself out for handicaps. The confederacy included certain very bold and dashing bettors, who with every confidence in the judgment of their exceedingly clever trainer, Tom Measure, had latterly hit up the ring to a very considerable extent. As a consequence that body were becoming chary of laying against horses trained at Poleton, on the Berkshire Downs, the establishment over which Tom Measure presided.

On the appearance of the weights for the City and Suburban a four-year-old in Measure's stable, entered in the name of Mr W. Dallington, called Caius Augustus, to whom the handicapper had allotted 7st. 9lb., had been generally pitched upon as one of the best treated, if not actually the best treated animal, in the race. This was a colt of good class, a winner of several races, and one who had made a prominent show in his year, having been placed in both the Derby and St. Leger.

It soon became evident that the ring did not intend to be caught over this colt on this occasion, since he was promptly installed a good favourite on the Boulogne lists and in the early betting that took place on the race at the principal London clubs.

Some three weeks before the day of the race Caius Augustus, who had made great improvement in the course of his preparation, was tried to be as nearly a certainty to win the City and Suburban as anything in racing can be; in fact, Measure came to the conclusion that his representative would stand a chance second to none if the handicapper had put another 14lb. on his back.

"They're offering a terrible bad price already," observed Captain Duckworth, one of the patrons of the stable, to the trainer, as they were talking the matter over in the house of the latter after the trial, "and I expect they'll dry up altogether when we come to back him for anything to speak of. It seems to me that we've got him in almost too well. What do you propose to do?"

"Mr Dallington wrote last week to say that I was to use my discretion as to running the horse or no: though at the same time he was in favour of keeping him until Ascot," replied Measure.

"Then if I were you, Measure," rejoined Duckworth, "I shouldn't run him at Epsom—at any rate not unless we can get a fair price."

"I think from present appearances we should be lucky if our commission averaged 6 to 1," said the trainer, "and I am sure that such a price will not satisfy Mr Dallington."

"No, that I am sure of, too," replied the other. "I see they quote him at 100 to 12 already, and not a shilling on for any of us yet. Do you think they'll know of his trial by this afternoon?"

"Sure to, sir, the touts were all out this morning, and though I waited an hour and a half after the other horses came in, I understand that they did not go away until after the trial had taken place."

"Then you may lay your life that the commission won't average even 5 to 1," said Captain Duckworth. "And at that it won't be any earthly use to run the horse at all."

"You're very likely right, sir," replied the trainer. "Anyhow we had better wait a day or two before doing anything. I will write to Mr Dallington, and hear what he has to say."

Now in the village of Langbury, some few miles distant from Poleton, there resided a friend of Measure, by name John Davey.

Davey was himself by way of being a trainer of race-horses, though the horses that he had in his stable were but few in number, and were for the most part his own property. His principal interest was centred in the Poleton stable, of the fortunes of which he was an enthusiastic and consistent follower. He believed implicitly in Measure, and made a very good thing financially by the information that he was able to acquire from him.

Occasionally Davey was entrusted with the working of commissions for the Poleton stable, and these he had hitherto managed to execute very satisfactorily.

Davey rode over to Poleton on the day of the trial, and learned from Measure how well Caius Augustus had acquitted himself in the morning.

"But it looks like being little or no good to us after all," observed the trainer, as he finished the description of the colt's performance. "I'm afraid we shan't be able to back him. He's not likely to go back in the market after to-day's trial, and he certainly won't run if we can't get a fair price about him."

And it must be confessed that there did not seem much prospect of this latter contingency being fulfilled when as time went by the price of the Poleton candidate became daily shorter and shorter.

It now wanted but ten days to the day of the race, and although the stable had not yet put a farthing on Caius Augustus, not one fraction of a point over 5 to 1 would the ring offer against the colt. Hardly ever had a favourite been firmer in the betting for an important handicap.

Some days back it had been arranged between Dallington and Measure that they should run Caius Augustus for the Epsom event, if they could obtain the odds of 10

to 1 to the three thousand pounds which constituted the stable commission.

This price, however, the stable commissioner on being communicated with at once informed them was in the present state of the market utterly out of the question, the outside price at which he estimated he could invest the money being 4 to 1.

This of course the Poleton division would not for one moment entertain, so the commission was withdrawn, and it was as good as determined that Caius Augustus should not compete at Epsom.

Now it did not by any means suit John Davey that the Poleton horse should be an absentee when the numbers went up for the City and Suburban, since knowing what an improved animal Caius Augustus was, he had quite early in the wagering taken some long shots about the colt to win him a good stake.

Without disclosing this fact to Measure, he put before the latter the great desirability of running the horse now that he was fit and well, and, moreover, pointed out that it was improbable that the colt would ever again be given such an extraordinary chance as he now had of carrying off an important handicap.

He also pooh-poohed the impossibility of getting a fair price about the horse, expressing his belief that it was fairly practicable to get on all the money they wanted at the desired rate. To such good purpose did he reason with Measure that in the end the latter entrusted him with the commission to back Caius Augustus for £3000 at a limit of not less than 10 to 1.

In this connection, Davey determined to put in operation a plan which he had for some time past been turning over in his mind. He had been much struck, some few weeks back by overhearing on the District Railway a conversation held between two men in the next compartment to him. One observed to the other, "What do you think? Why, from the telegraph, of course. He has a pal who always gives him the office over anything like that. Trust him, he always knows as soon as anybody." Putting two and two together he had arrived at the solution of what had at one time been a great puzzle to him. On two separate occasions when Measure had wired information respecting the breaking down of two horses under his charge of their respective owners, although it had not come to the knowledge of the touts, the news had become public some hours before the owners were in possession of the information sent by the trainer. On his way up to London on the morning of the Monday, eight days before the race, on reaching Reading Davey went to the telegraph office, and despatched the following message to himself at Surbiton, where he was going to stay the night, as coming from Measure.

"Davey, Richmond-road, Surbiton.—Caius cast in box; ricked his back badly; impossible to run him in City; see Dallington and explain; must strike him out. Measure, Poleton."

On arriving in town Davey went direct to one of the chief racing clubs, where he interviewed a bookmaker named Rawson, through whose agency he generally executed the commissions with which he was entrusted. In the course of an hour or two offers to bet against Caius Augustus began to be rather freely made in a certain quarter, Trent and Bettley being apparently anxious to accommodate backers of the favourite at a slightly easier rate of odds than had hitherto been in offer. As the afternoon progressed the demonstration against Caius Augustus became more pronounced, and a rumour became prevalent to the effect that the horse had met with an accident that morning.

It did not under these circumstances take long to knock the horse out, especially when Trent and Bettley commenced operations, since backers had almost invariably found to their cost, that when a favourite began to be peppered by this clique, it was quite time to put up the shutters.

Nevertheless, a large sum of money was entrusted to the deposed favourite before the assembly broke up, the principal supporter of the colt being the bookmaker, Rawson, who accepted all the offers to big money that he could get at anything over ten to one. However, when his commission was exhausted, there was nothing to arrest the further decline of the Poleton candidate, who gradually drifted out to twenty-five to one, offered all round the room!

But when on the following day the touts reported Caius Augustus as going strong and well at exercise, a species of panic seized the layers, and Caius returned at one bound to his former place in the quotations.

Davey returned to Poleton bringing the very satisfactory intelligence that, owing to some apparently inexplicable scare in regard to their horse, he had been able to execute their commission at the good odds of 14 to 1—the names of Trent, Bettley, Penshill, Laythem, and others of the clique being returned as responsible for the various bets laid.

The news that the rumour of the accident to Caius was false, and the further intelligence that the colt had never been better in his life than now, came as a most unpleasant surprise to the Bettley division, who naturally turned to George Parker for an explanation. A particularly stormy interview took place between the latter and Joe Bettley, in which Bettley openly accused Parker of having deliberately put them all "in the cart."

As a consequence of this interview the two brothers Parker met to talk matters over on the following evening.

"I shall chuck it after this, George," said the telegraph clerk. "Some one has evidently tumbled to it that the messages are milked, and no doubt he sent that one through yesterday as a blind. I'm not-going to risk it again. If Bettley and his lot give you away, as they are likely enough to do if they get landed over this, I'm sure to be spotted—and to be sacked, if nothing worse."

"True enough, Jem," replied his brother. "I've had pretty nearly enough of them myself. They're a mean grasping lot, that it's no catch to do anything for. I shall chuck it too."

"I think we might do a little bit on our own account," suggested James, after a pause. "We haven't done too well out of it all so far. I have a plan which I believe we might safely work out," continued he—which plan they then and there proceeded to discuss. Early on the following Monday morning a telegram was handed in at the Head Telegraph Office, taken in, it so happened, by James Parker himself—at least, so investigation subsequently disclosed, addressed to Messrs Weatherby, Old Burlington-street.

"Please strike my horse, Caius Augustus, out of the City and Suburban. Inform Tattersall's and the clubs. Dallington."

On the assembly of the principal bookmakers at the clubs, Messrs Weatherby's notice of this important scratching was naturally the chief topic of conversation. By a few the announcement was received with incredulity, but to show their faith in its authenticity most of the bookmakers—including the clever clique—laid numerous bets of 1000 to 20, and 1000 to 15, "all in," against Mr Dallington's horse, five-and-twenty to thirty of such wagers going into one hand, that of a bookmaker in a small way of business, but of good credit, who openly expressed his disbelief in the announcement.

Later in the day the notice was withdrawn on receipt of a wire from Mr Walter Dallington, denouncing the telegraphic scratching as a forgery, to the fury of the Bettley division, who had thus twice burnt their fingers over the Poleton candidate.

And when on the following day Caius Augustus ran home the winner of the City and Suburban six lengths in front of a field of seven and twenty other competitors, it is scarcely to be wondered at that the language of these layers was "frequent and free" at the way in which they had been tricked.

Mr Dallington ineffectually offered a large reward for information that would lead to the conviction of the sender of the forged telegram, for the culprit was never discovered.

James Parker retired from his position in the telegraph department of the Post-Office, and at the same time his brother George resigned his situation in the office of the firm of racing officials—the brothers having, it was stated, unexpectedly come into a fortune of some fifteen thousand pounds apiece.

Davey was much complimented by the patrons of the Poleton stable on his efficient execution of the stable commission.

A few days after the decision of the race, in the course of relating the whole affair—in the presence of Measure and Captain Duckworth—to a young owner for whom he trained, Davey made the observation that "some unprincipled scoundrel" sent a forged telegram striking Caius Augustus out of the race."

Who really had the credit—in the minds of those associated with the horse—of sending that forged telegram was to a certain extent indicated by a remark which Captain Duckworth subsequently made to the Poleton trainer—

"When I want to get a long price about one of my horses, Measure," said he, "I shall give the commission to the 'unprincipled scoundrel.'"—JOHN TREW-HAY, in "Sporting and Dramatic News."

A FAMOUS STEEPLECHASE

That grandest of all outdoor sports, steeplechasing—so called, as all the world knows, because such races were in olden times run from one church spire to another—was said to have been inaugurated at St Albans in 1834, but the first cross-country event to achieve any great amount of notoriety was that held in the vicinity of Aylesbury in the year following. This famous race has been popularised in song and by means of coloured plates descriptive of various phases of the contest, copies of which are doubtless possessed by many who will read these lines; but its true history has rarely been related in prose, and the particulars thereof can scarcely prove uninteresting.

One evening, at the celebrated Crockford's Club, discussing the peculiarities of the various hunting districts in England, Mr Henry Peyton, the eldest son of that "prince of whips," Sir Henry Peyton—whose yellow drag and faultless team of greys with their brightly kept harness were a thing of renown in the "good old times"—spoke of the difficulties of crossing the Vale of Aylesbury, mentioning especially the brooks which intersected the course afterwards selected. This was questioned by some of the noble sportsmen present, and the conversation ended by a promise from Mr Peyton that he would undertake to give them a fair four-mile course over a hunting country which he himself had often ridden, and which he stated that men hunting in that district were compelled fairly to face if they rode to hounds like sportsmen.

It should be noted that at that time Mr Peyton was allowed to be one of the best cross-country riders in England. His proposal was accepted, and he determined to carry it out. He consulted his friend, Captain Lamb, on the subject, and the latter undertook to find a silver cup of fifty guineas as a prize, and the following conditions were drawn up and agreed to: Each horse to carry 12st 7lb, twenty guineas entrance p.p., the second horse to save his stake; and the race was fixed to come off within one month. When the entries were closed it was found that there were twenty-one subscribers.

On the night before the race the headquarters of the committee, the White Hart at Aylesbury, was crowded with the elite of the sporting world; every inn was

filled, and stables were at a premium. There was no railway then to the town, and as the race was timed for twelve o'clock, there was but little chance of visitors from London arriving in time unless they came overnight.

The course determined on was from Waddesdon windmill, about four and a half miles from Aylesbury, to a field in front of the church, the steeple of which forms a distinctive feature in the district and for some miles round. There is a small grass enclosure in front of the windmill, and the whole line, excepting about three acres of allotment and gardens near the town, was then under grass.

The fences were left in their natural state, untrimmed, and were not formidable in aspect, but really difficult to negotiate. The course was most severe, and comprised several doubles and tall bullfinchers, ox-fences with post and rails, big singles, one cross road, one deeply-rutted lane, one fairly-sized brook, one thick spinney, and the River Thames, about twenty-eight feet wide.

This line ran parallel with the turnpike road, so that a horseman riding along it was able to keep abreast of the runners, and could see nearly every fence jumped. No flags marked the course, and until the morning of the race the line of country was kept a profound secret for fear that any of the proposed riders should avail himself of the opportunity of seeing the fences, and thus find out any weak place in the obstacles to be encountered.

On the morning of the race the company thronged the whole line of the turnpike road. The course to be taken was announced for the first time, but no flags whatever were used, except the usual two in the winning-field. The horses, with their riders mounted, left the White Hart and other inns, after weighing in the yard of the head-quarters. The colours worn by the riders were of unusual brilliance, one jockey, Mr Allnutt, father of the celebrated Lady Brassey, appearing in a very resplendent satin jacket of purple and green plaid. This Mr Peyton stroked, remarking—"How pretty! I wonder if it will be as clean as now at the end of the race."

Twenty horses faced the starter, who thus addressed the competitors—

"Do you see Aylesbury church-steeple?"

"Yes."

"Well, when you get near it, you will see two red flags in a field; now the first horse that passes between those two flags will win the race; none of you must go on to the turnpike road, or you will be disqualified. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Then off!" and away they sped on their perilous journey. At the river twelve or more seemed to be racing at it together, and a moment after thirteen were floating about and struggling to get out in a disorderly crowd. The Marquis of Waterford, who rode his nearly-thoroughbred horse Lancet, put him at the river at a splitting pace, but as soon as his fore-feet touched the bank he fell backwards. The poor horse was got out with great difficulty after being in the water a long time, and a fortnight after died in the White Hart stable at Aylesbury from the injuries received while being pulled out of the river.

Mr Allnutt, on the grey mare Laurestina, was the first out of the river, and sailed gallantly away at least a long field ahead, before ever old Martin Beecher, on a well-known rat-tailed horse, Vivian, could get well on his way. He had ridden his horse gently down the bank into the water, and once on the other side flung himself off on to the land, and pulled his horse out, remounted, and set off in hot pursuit of the mare.

That veteran sportsman, John Brown of Tring, still living, though about ninety years of age—immortalised by the poetical description of the "Bag Fox," when Lord Lonsdale hunted with his well-known harriers—was on his famous hunter, Confidence, and had a regular souser; no novelty to him, however, as he always fearlessly rode to hounds at everything which came in his way. Then the young jockey, Jem Mason, one of the finest and most accomplished horsemen who ever appeared in the pigskin, and afterwards to become famous as the rider of Lottery, made his debut in public on Mr Tilbury's Prospero. Mr Anderson rode his own horse, The Poet. But each and every one found the bottom of the river, and many of them did not make any attempt afterwards to overtake the leading horses.

In the end, Laurestina, after keeping the lead for the whole distance from the river, fell from sheer distress into the winning field, and old Beecher, on Vivian, slipped past her and won cleverly. Mr Allnutt quickly remounted and came in second, whilst the third place was awarded to Prospero. Captain Lamb, the owner of Vivian, won only a small stake, as plunging on steeplechases was but little practised in those days.

This race was the prelude to many more similar events in the Aylesbury Vale, and in the year 1836 two of the most celebrated steeplechases of the day were run during the February meeting of the Royal Hunt. The first was a heavy-weight race, for horses carrying 12 st 7 lb, and was run early in the day, on Tuesday, so that the hounds could meet after the conclusion of the race.

Vivian, again steered by Beecher, was the favourite, but was beaten a short length by Saladin, ridden by Powell. The first-named was a great favourite, and most people thought he ought to have won; perhaps the captain had made too sure. This race was marked by many mishaps, one of which was the crippling for life of Billy Bean, who, after scuttling through a deep brook, came to a stiff bullfincher, and, in steering his horse through a gap near a tree, caught his leg against the trunk, and broke his knee cap.

On the Thursday the light-weight race was run, each horse carrying 11 st 7 lb, and many of the same horses competed as on Tuesday. Here the rat-tailed veteran, Vivian, won an exciting race; Grimaldi, the old grey of

St. Albans notoriety, being second; the Pony, third; and the winner's former competitor, Laurestina, fourth.

It was a splendid race over one of the stiffest countries in England. The start was at Waddesdon, and the course was on the opposite side of the road to that of 1835. The finish was at Quarrendon. The Marquis of Waterford fell two fences from home, and his horse, Yellow Dwarf, was very much injured. He rode himself, and felt sure of winning, but came to grief at a great double which he attempted to clear at one stride.

From this time forward the fame of the Aylesbury Vale country, both as a hunting and steeplechasing centre, became firmly established. The races usually took place about eleven o'clock, and the turn out of the stag about half-past twelve, and after a jovial club dinner in the evening the company were generally well tired out; but still it left time for many a joke and a freak.

On one occasion the Marquis of Waterford brought his horse upstairs into the dining-room. Lord Jocelyn and Mr Ricardo led the horse up the garden steps which were very steep indeed, took him into the dining-room and round the table, gave him some apples and biscuits, which he ate, and then commenced to get him downstairs, and he was led round the corridor to the front staircase, which was easy of descent.

The floor of the passage was polished oak, and, although carpeted in the middle, the horse slipped badly, and at the head of the stairs obstinately refused to move one jot. At last he began kicking, smashed the passage windows, and soon cleared a ring behind him, Lord Jocelyn and his comrade resolutely sticking to his head. Eventually when a little quieted they blindfolded him, and, once he began to descend, he could not stop, and blundered down into the entrance hall, having done himself no injury; and, excepting to a few bannisters and some windows, but little damage was done.—"Sporting Bits."

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL NOTES

A book entitled "The Recollections of Fred Leslie," by Mr W. T. Vincent, has just been published, and will be found of much interest to all who admired the great comedian. The author gives a table of salaries, which shows how rapid was Leslie's rise, and how a popular actor is paid nowadays:—

	Per week
Royalty, Paul Pry, Feb. 7, 1878.....	£1
Theatre Royal, Lady of the Lake, Sept. 1, 1878..	£3
Glasgow (special engagement).	
Royalty, Year's agreement, Oct., 1878	£2 15s
Folly, Dragoons, &c., Easter, 1879.....	£7
Alhambra, La Petite Mademoiselle, Oct. 1879, (run)	£8 8s
Alhambra, La Fille du Tambour Major; April, 1880	£10
Alhambra, Mefistofele II., Dec., 1880	£12
Alhambra, Jeanne, Jeannette, and Jeanneton, March, 1881.....	£12
Alhambra, Bronze, Horse, July, 1881.....	£15
America, Mdme. Favart and Olivette, Sept., 1881.	£25
Avenue, Mdme. Favart, March, 1882.....	£25
Avenue, Manteaux Noirs, June, 1882.....	£25
Comedy, Rip Van Winkle, Oct. 14, 1883.....	£25
America, Merry War and Beggar Student, Autumn, 1883	£40
Alhambra, Beggar Student, May, 1884.....	£40
Comedy, Rip Van Winkle, Sept., 1884	£40
Comedy, Grand Mogul and Barbe Bleue, Nov. 17, 1884	£40
Provinces, Rip Van Winkle, Summer, 1885.....	£40
Opera Comique, Fay o'Fire, Nov. 14, 1885.....	£40
Gaiety, Little Jack Sheppard, Dec. 26, 1886	£40
Dec., 1886	£50
Three years' engagement Dec., 1887	£55
Dec., 1888	£60
Australia and America, Miss Esmeralda and Monte Cristo, 1888-9.....	£100
Gaiety, Ruy Blas, Sept. 21, 1889.....	£75
Australia, Ruy Blas and Cinder-Ellen, April, 1891	£100
Gaiety, Cinder-Ellen, Dec. 24, 1891.....	£100
Gaiety, Prospective engagement for 1893.....	£120

In addition to his salary, Leslie received royalties from his burlesques, sharing equally with his collaborator in each instance. From this source his income was considerably augmented, as the royalties on a Gaiety burlesque amount to £3 or £4 for each performance in London and the chief towns, with reduced charges for second and third-rate places.

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River Plate Sport and Pastime

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1894.

SPORTING NOTES

The rain which fell on Sunday morning kept many of both the Buenos Aires and London Bank Cricket Clubs from putting in an appearance. The match, therefore, did not come off, though a pick-up game was played by those who were present on the ground.

* *

There is no cricket fixture of great importance between this and Holy Week, when the B.A.C.C. and Montevideo, and Rosario and Lomas, play two day matches, the former at Montevideo and the latter at Rosario. After these two matches the cricket season may be said to have practically ended. So it is not too early even now to think about football.

* *

Rugby football in Buenos Aires last season was an undoubted failure owing to our Rugby Union Clubs having arranged no fixtures till after the season had already commenced, and the Argentine Association League had already drawn up their programme and secured for their clubs the services of many Rugby players, who doubtless gave up all idea of there being sufficient games under Rugby rules to keep them busy.

* *

This winter, therefore, it behoves the secretaries of our Rugby Union Clubs to not only meet together and arrange fixtures for the season, but also to work in as much as possible with the Association League. That, for the number of players under both rules, there are for too many clubs in Buenos Aires few will deny. So the question naturally arises as to which are unnecessary. The Buenos Aires F. C. should, of course, be the last to be given up, but at the same time, drawing as it must do this season for its players almost entirely on Lomas, Hurlingham, Flores and even Quilmes, I think it would help to solve the difficulty if the premier club only supplied teams for such matches as those against Rosario and Montevideo.

* *

In this way, to a great extent, the confusion arising from seeing a man playing one day for Buenos Aires, another for Hurlingham, and a third for Flores or Lomas, would be greatly got rid of, and at the same time the traditions of the club would be kept up as before. It has been suggested that a Rugby competition for a cup should be established, and though such a competition has its objections it would no doubt do a great deal of good for Rugby football in Buenos Aires.

* *

The meeting of the Committee of the Polo Association is to be held this afternoon at these offices, to arrange about the championship tournament at Hurlingham next month. As yet it is rather too early to predict how many teams will compete, but their number will certainly

not be less than eight. No club has, of course, entered officially as yet but I have the best authority for naming the following teams.

* *

Quilmes will in all probability be represented by Messrs F. J. Bennett, J. Bennett, A. Mohr Bell, and T. Murray. Hurlingham will have two teams, one of which will consist of Messrs H. S. Robson, J. Ravenscroft, F. Furber, and F. J. Balfour. One Casuals' team is to be Messrs Follett Holt, Newman Smith, F. S. Robinson, and P. Talbot or N. Finlayson. Belgrano, I take it, as the scene of action is so near home, is sure to send a team, but neither Flores nor Lomas seem at present able to do so.

* *

I am told that the Petacas team will not come down this year, at least the three natives will not, though a scratch team will probably be sent from their part of the world. This is a pity, as the natives not only add greatly to the interest of the tournament, but they also always give the side they play against a real good game.

* *

It should not be forgotten that the Polo Association cup will be run for at Hurlingham on March 22nd, the first day of the polo tournament. The conditions of the cup are as follows:—The Polo Association cup, added to a sweepstakes of \$20 each, for polo ponies the property of, and to be ridden by regular playing members of an affiliated polo club, weight for inches, ponies of 56 in. to carry 80 kilos, ponies ridden by their owners allowed five kilos, 1500 metres.

* *

Captain Herbert, who is going to publish a "Polo Guide," has asked me to obtain particulars of all the polo clubs in South America. Should this catch the eye of any secretary of a polo club not affiliated to the Polo Association, or in some other far-off country, I should be obliged if he would let me have the name of his club, his own name and address, club colours, situation or locality of ground, nearest town or village, nearest railway station and line, and rules under which the club plays.

* *

The entries for the classic races to be run this next season at Belgrano were opened on Saturday last at the Hipodromo Club. They are numerous, and many races count on more entries than they could last year. For the International are entered all the best horses of last season, amongst which I may mention Etoile, Camors, Buenos Aires, Malakoff, Ituzaingo, Anacoreta, Limethorpe, Esperanza, Infernal, Athos, Sargento, and Destructor. Athos, it will be seen, is again in training after a few months' retirement at the stud.

* *

A visit to some of the training stables just now in the off season is particularly interesting. Talking of Athos, he has certainly improved greatly in appearance since he was taken out of training last year, and it is more than probable that he has got back some of his old form by the rest he has enjoyed. Camors, too, is a much improved horse since I last saw him a perfect bag of bones at Belgrano just before he went to Montevideo. Etoile appears to have recovered satisfactorily from her accident, but what damage has been done will not be found out just yet till she gets into work.

* *

With regard to the season's crop of two-year-olds it is not too much to say that a better lot has never been in training at Palermo and Belgrano, and the first few classic races for youngsters should be exceptionally interesting. The sons and daughters of Phoenix and Whipper In will this year have much stronger opponents in the offspring of Orbit, St Mirin, Star, and some others of our stallions than they have hitherto met before.

* *

Some visitors at Mar del Plata may recognise Gattatore and Danton, who are both there now getting the benefit of the sea bathing, and a great deal of good it has done them. Both horses are hacked about the place like ponies, and I am told take as much interest in the pigeon shooting as if they knew all about it. Nothing picks up a jaded horse and strengthens his legs like sea bathing in strong water.

A propos of my note last week on the subject of giving horses swimming exercise on account of the ground being too hard or the animals legs somewhat dicky, a correspondent writes me saying that in India especially it is a common method of training horses and ponies.

He tells a good story also of Weeks, the well-known importer of "walers" into India. During the hot weather of 188? several ponies had been trained in the tanks, amongst those a very fast waler pony of Lord William Beresford whose trainer was Southall. Weeks came up on to the stand with the latter, and on reading over the programme, upon which the first name figured was "Bob," he turned round to all of us present and made the trite remark:—Well, swelp me, call this a 'orse race, why I calls it a bloomin' regatter!

* *

The Jockey Club's new premises in Calle Florida were "embargoed" last week by the courts, which should be one of the last things to have happened to it; it seems in a sense quite a national disgrace that the most influential club in the country should have allowed themselves to be in such straits.

* *

I have been shown a letter in yesterday's "Times of Argentina," signed Rusticus, criticising what he is pleased to call "the very unpleasant remarks on many members" made by me last week in these Notes. He does not say so, but I presume Rusticus refers to members of the Hurlingham Club. That Rusticus knows nothing about racing is evident from the ignorance he displays when he writes about points of rule, and one can only wonder why he did not supply himself with a Ruff's Guide, if not the Rules of Racing of the Hurlingham Club, before allowing his letter to appear in print.

* *

This being so, the remarks of Rusticus will carry no weight with racing men, but I may as well set him right on the few points he displays ignorance. The first paragraph of one of the most important of the Hurlingham Rules of Racing runs:—

"A horse which crosses another is disqualified, unless it be proved that he was two clear lengths ahead of the other when he crossed."

And the second paragraph of Rule 16 reads:

"Every objection must be made in writing, and signed by the owner, rider or groom of some other horse engaged in the race, in a book kept for that purpose in the weighing room."

These quotations are sufficient to answer Rusticus' fourth paragraph.

* *

As regards myself "and another" scooping almost "the entire pool, by winning almost every race" at a meeting at Hurlingham some time back, if Rusticus cares to turn back the records of Hurlingham racing he will see that I have been running ponies now for nearly three years, and have only won three races, with a pony of my own, of a total value of \$370, though certainly two of them were won on the same day. This does not look like "good business," when certain men have a pony entered, to back "them." The grammar is not mine.

* *

Rusticus offers to lay "heavy odds that of all the men who run ponies at Hurlingham not one per cent kept racers at home." I did not question this fact, as he implies, in the last paragraph of my notes, which I fail to see is "uncalled for" or "unpleasantly insulting," or anything more than a statement made after careful observation. I will be glad to take the heavy odds offered by Rusticus.

* *

Rusticus asks who is Mr Franks? He also airs what is evidently the only item of racing law he knows when he remind us that "in England the ownership or part ownership of a horse must be registered." I need hardly say that both the Jockey and Hurlingham Clubs have the same rule, and if Rusticus will call at the offices of the latter club he will be shown the register and then know all about "Mr Franks." I regret if the concluding lines of my notes "should have caused much bitter feeling," but if the cap fits "many who had only the slightest interest in the whole affair," let 'em wear it, I did not mean to be personal in my remarks.

Boots.

CRICKET

CRICKET FIXTURES.

FEBRUARY

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.

MONTEVIDEO CRICKET CLUB—FIXTURES

Sunday, Feb. 25—Peñarol v. C. C.
 Sunday, March 4—Over 26 v. Under 26.
 Sunday, March 18—Eleven v. Twenty-two.
 Sunday, April 1—North (U. K.) v. South (U. K.)
 Sunday, April 15—Secretary's v. Captain's Team.

LOMAS v. LANUS.

Played at Lanus on Sunday last this match resulted in a win for Lomas by 102 runs.

Syer and Rudd started well for Lanus, but the rest did very little and the innings closed for 43 runs, Rath bowling magnificently.

Rowland and Rath made a good beginning for Lomas till Rath ran himself out, and was quickly followed by Rowland. A. Anderson and Tabor made a good stand, both playing very good cricket, and placed the result out of doubt; the rest did little and the innings closed for 145. A. Anderson played very well, his 63 being made without a chance. He was nearly run out once but proved equal to the occasion, and he had hard lines in the catch that disposed of him being a remarkable one. The fielding on both sides was good, Lanus in particular were exceedingly smart. The scores are as follows:

Lanus C. C.	1st inn	Lomas A. C.	1st inn
B. B. Syer, c Halstead, b Rath	17	P. M. Rath, run out	10
R. W. Rudd, b Rath	9	E. P. Rowland, run out	19
R. Brooking, c Tabor, b Rath	0	B. W. Gardom, b Ryan	2
W. Brown, c Rath, b Bridger	0	A. Anderson, c Gibson, b Bridge	63
F. W. Fothergill, b Rath	0	C. A. Tabor, b Ryan	31
C. Tupholme, c Anderson, b Bridger	4	F. H. Jacobs, c Gibson, b Brown	0
T. Bridge, run out	2	P. L. G. Bridger, c Duncan, b Brown	3
T. O'Ryan, not out	3	R. L. Halstead, b Brown	4
W. R. Power, c Tabor, b Rath	1	W. H. Walker, c Fothergill, b Brown	1
D. Gibson, b Rath	5	H. O. Dodds, run out	3
D. Duncan, run out	1	F. Minturn, not out	0
Byes	1	Byes	9
Total	43	Total	145

BOWLING ANALYSIS Lanus C. C.

	O	M	R	W
P. M. Rath	9.3	1	22	6
P. L. G. Bridger	9	2	20	2

Lomas A. C.

	O	M	R	W
W. Brown	18.2	4	47	4
C. R. Tupholme	11	2	33	—
R. W. Rudd	6	—	24	—
T. P. Ryan	7	1	14	2
R. Brooking	3	—	13	—
T. Bridge	6	4	5	1

ROLDAN CLUB v. CENTRAL ARGENTINE C.C.

The above match was played at Roldan on the 24th December, 1893, and resulted in a win for the visitors on the first innings by the small majority of 9 runs. Scores:

Roldan Club	1st inn	2nd inn	
A. Brooke, b Lamb	0		
F. Martin, 1-b-w, b Lamb	14	not out 35	
A. V. O'Connell, b Lamb	5	b Patterson 2	
H. Dornig, b Tilley	1	not out 12	
J. M. Ellery, c Mayne, b Lamb	15	b Patterson 4	
B. Wilkinson, b Lamb	14	b Patterson 17	
J. D. Pryce, not out	0		
R. Rowbotham, b Lamb	0		
T. H. Wilson, b Lamb	4		
H. S. Griffiths, b Lamb	0		
S. E. Pilkington, b Lamb	1		
Extras	6	Extras 2	
Total	64	Total	72

BOWLING ANALYSIS

First Innings.

	O	M	R	W
Lamb	12	5	22	9
Tilley	5	—	18	1
Munroe	2	—	9	—
Simms	4	—	9	—

Second Innings.

	O	M	R	W
Patterson	7	1	26	3
Mayne	5	—	20	—
Simms	4	—	24	—

C. A. R. C. C.

	O	M	R	W
A. Patterson, c O'Connell, b Martin	0	—	—	0
H. Hopper, b Wilkinson	20	—	—	—
S. Simms, b Martin	1	—	—	—
A. M. Lamb, b Dornig	21	—	—	—
H. Lueky, b Wilkinson	1	—	—	—
A. H. Mayne, c Pilkington, b Wilkinson	5	—	—	—
H. A. Tilley, b Dornig	0	—	—	—
W. Mulhall, b Wilkinson	3	—	—	—
H. Lawrence, b Dornig	0	—	—	—
Pinchard, not out	5	—	—	—
H. Munroe, c and b Dornig	0	—	—	—
Extras	17	—	—	—
Total	73			

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	O	M	R	W
Martin	9	2	18	2
Dornig	4.2	—	20	4
Wilkinson	13	5	15	4
O'Connell	1	—	3	—

ROUND THE TOWN.

To-day is St. Valentine's day, and I have no doubt that many of my readers will have taken advantage of the fact to convey to whomever it may concern, in the form of a pretty valentine, sentiments which they possibly would have hesitated to express either verbally or in writing. It is a pretty custom, and one essentially useful to bashful swains, and, as such, deserves to be perpetuated, though I do not see why declarations of love or protestations of affection conveyed through the medium of a printed card should not have the same weight in a breach of promise suit as an ordinary letter.

I would refer any of my readers who may take an interest in this pleasant and old-fashioned custom to an excellent article published in "The Review of the River Plate" of 10th inst., where, under the heading of Gossip, the writer gives a brief account of the origin of the celebration, and its history since the martyrdom of St. Valentine in the early part of the fourth century.

The burial of Carnival on Saturday and Sunday last week took place with due pomp and ceremony, but instead of the sadness and gloom which is always supposed to accompany funerals of every description, the present celebration was the gayest and liveliest affair imaginable. The crowd in the streets was enormous, especially in those streets favoured by the corsos, and the noise was absolutely ear-splitting. Every mourner seemed to have felt it his duty, in order to show due respect to the memory of the lately deceased, to help the general uproar to the best of his ability, and many and varied were the instruments and utensils pressed into service with this object. Anything which enabled its fiendish wielder to make more noise than his neighbour, was welcome, and no wonder king Carnival preferred death to life in the midst of such a pandemonium. "Requiescat in pace" can hardly have been said of the defunct, for his burial was a "waking" indeed.

The various corsos were very well attended, more especially the one known as the Corso Baizan, and its Committee must have had hard work indeed to decide the merits of the many and varied "comparsas" which took part in the procession.

A pleasing feature was the total absence of the "Sociedades Candomberas" of former years, whose monotonous tom-tom was as displeasing as it was detrimental to the general hilarity of the proceedings.

Commercial enterprise, on the other hand, was well to the fore, and was a special feature of this year's show. The "Cigarillos Beduinos," "Cerveceria Bieckert," and "Vermouth Malaga" advertisements reminded us that pleasure and business may occasionally go hand-in-hand.

The former advertisement was especially magnificent, consisting as it did of a huge steamer with real smoke coming out of the funnel, and manned by black officers and men. I think, however, that in this case they "spoiled the ship for a ha'porth of tar" (ha! ha!), for the crowd would have been much more pleased and better able to judge of the excellence of the ship's cargo if her captain had distributed a few small packets of his merchandise among the rabble. I wonder whether the men taking part in these perambulating advertisements were paid for their services?

Enjoy themselves they certainly did, and if, over and above, they received any remuneration, theirs must have been a truly enviable lot. To sum up, the populace enjoyed itself thoroughly, and the Carnival of 1894 will long be remembered as the gayest and pleasantest celebration since the crisis cast its gloomy shadow over the inhabitants of this pleasure-loving country.

The inhabitants of Belgrano did not fail to take advantage of the occasion, and held a masked ball in the Operaio Italiano Hall, in the Calle Ituzaingo, on Saturday last. Many of the ladies came masked, and many in fancy dress, the former, however, taking off their masks at an early stage of the proceedings. The Committee, consisting of prominent English and Argentine residents, must have been well satisfied with the results of their labours, as the refusals were few and far between, and everybody present enjoyed themselves to the utmost. Supper was served in the same fashion as at the well-known Belgrano Cinderella dances. The floor was better than ever, and the music was provided by the ubiquitous Furlotti, who, surpassing Sir Boyle Roche's bird, seems to be in half-a-dozen places at once. Dancing was kept up till past three a.m., and everybody went home regretting that the enjoyment of the previous hours could not be prolonged indefinitely.

The Tigre Hotel, which is the usual rendezvous of the wealth and fashion of Argentine society during the summer, also held a Fancy Dress ball which was a very gay affair and formed a fitting conclusion to the Carnival celebrations. I have called it a Fancy Dress ball advisedly, as although according to all tradition and precedent, it should have been a masked ball, most of the ladies there, as at Belgrano, removed their dominoes after a few turns round the room. Possibly they did so in consequence of the heat that reigned in the large comedor devoted to dancing, but possibly also they did so knowing full well that it were unkind to hide so much loveliness for any length of time. Whichever it was, we were duly thankful for the privilege, for rarely have we seen so much beauty in one room. The crowd rendered dancing almost impossible, especially as the "jóvenes distinguidos" have the bad taste to stand in the middle of the room and thus impede the circulation. I suppose their object is to enable them to see the people better, though perhaps the consciousness that they themselves are better seen thereby has something to do with it. Unflagging gaiety, however, was the order of the evening, as dancing became general about 2 a.m. and "the little day was beginning to point" (to literally translate the French expression) as the last of the revellers departed to seek that repose they so well deserved. Here I would state that it is a pity that it should be the custom in this country only to sit down to supper after all the dancing is over, as not only is it harmful to go to bed immediately after a meal, but one also loses the best part of the ball, and I trust I shall not be misinterpreted when I say that the dances after supper are always more enjoyable and less tiring than the earlier ones, and that the dancers of both sexes enter into the spirit of the thing with more animation and energy after supper than before.

All the ladies' costumes were magnificent, as indeed they always are in Argentine society, but some of the head dresses were wonderful and fearful to behold. Most of these, I am given to understand, were purveyed by the well-known Monsieur Mousson, and were adopted by their wearers on his recommendation, quite regardless of whether they were in keeping with the dress and general appearance of the wearer or not. Sufficient that the Great Mousson should have told them that the "coiffure" had come straight from Paris, and was the facsimile of one worn by some noble dame of the Faubourg to ensure its

immediate adoption, with superb disregard to its suitability. Were some male critic, braver than his fellows, to dare to insinuate, however diplomatically, to his fair partner that her "coiffure" was unworthy of her beauty, he would at once be told that "viene de lo de Moussion" and be correspondingly crushed in consequence. Verily this Frenchman is a power in society, his decrees are law and his approval a passport everywhere. And I fear that many of our first families pay more attention to his somewhat didactic utterances than to the exhortations of their spiritual advisers.

* * *

It will readily occur, therefore, to any man that this being so, it were easy for our friend to find a market for his unsaleable wares; possibly he does so. At any rate certain it is that he has prospered exceedingly, and anyone who remembers some two years ago the humble little French shop in the Calle Suipacha must marvel greatly at the palatial establishment at the corner of Cangallo and Esmeralda which now serves as the temple of this high priest of fashion. We must not forget, however, the sad story of two sisters, well-known in the city, who nearly lost their eyesight some two years ago by some lotion they allowed to be poured into their eyes, in one of the chambers of the temple especially devoted to "painting the lily," in the hope of making them shine yet more brightly. Possibly this mishap was the fault of the young ladies' eyes and not the fault of the lotion which was poured into them.

In a word, our latter-day Figaro is a shrewd business man, who, seeing his opportunity, has been quick to take advantage of it, and is now reaping the reward of his philosophy and enterprise.

As such, therefore, he deserves to prosper, and his success is well merited, and I trust he may continue to do so, in spite of the hard times and general poverty rampant in Buenos Aires, and the consequent difficulty in meeting one's liabilities.

I am conscious, however, that my good wishes in this case are superfluous, as I have no doubt our friend periodically insinuates to his fair customers that paying is rather fashionable just now in Paris, and that the dollars roll up merrily in consequence.

ESTANCIA AND COLONY.

The following telegram was received here on Friday last:

"The Colonial wool sales were closed on Wednesday with a fall of one farthing in unwashed wool, and a halfpenny in scoured wools. There were 41,000 bales sold and 3000 were withdrawn. The Dundee market is very quiet, that of Manchester is depressed, prices tending downwards, while the Liverpool cotton market is firm. The River Plate skin sales in Liverpool closed with a decline of a halfpenny: 1700 bales were sold and 500 were withdrawn."

* * *

A telegram from London received yesterday states that wheat sales in Mark Lane are slack and prices declining. Buyers are holding back for the moment. March-April arrivals at Channel ports by sailing vessels from the River Plate are quoted at 22s per quarter.

* * *

From Antwerp it is telegraphed that the wheat market is dull in spite of large purchases by French houses. River Plate wheat for March-April steamer shipments is quoted at 12.50 fcs.

* * *

The split in the Australian Colony in Paraguay has now been the cause of eighty-eight persons having left the settlement, which has now only been started some four months. A long letter from one of the dissatisfied ones appears in last week's "Review," which, if at all true, and there is no reason to doubt the truth of the assertions therein contained, shows the administration of the colony to be of the most despotic and rotten description.

* * *

From those of our friends who have visited the settlement we hear that the men are mostly of fine physique, and would undoubtedly do well if the conditions under which they work were not so impossible. We have heard a great deal from both sides of the question, from the administration and the dissatisfied ones, and at present the latter have very much the stronger case. It seems hard that so many families should be cast adrift in a foreign country of which they know nothing, without money, without a knowledge of the language, and without much hope of employment.

* * *

The Harriague vineyard near Montevideo sent into that city last week eighty thousand kilos of grapes which sold at eight reales the arroba.

Mr Tom Bell sends home by the ss Zoe, chartered by Messrs Delfino Bros, to London, 1400 sheep, 60 three-quarter bred Clydesdale horses, 6 pure bred Clydesdale stallions, of the useful van and dray horse class. Mr Bell sold the other day from his cabaña, El Rincon, 100 ewes at \$150 each and 80 borregas at \$90. These ewes are for breeding purposes and have been bought by Don Manuel Cobo for his estancia near Mar del Plata.

* * *

Don Marcelino Ugarte of Pergamino has sold his wool, which amounts to some 167,000 kilos of fine "mestiza." The price is reserved, and the wool has to be delivered during February for account of the Barraca Somoza, San Nicolas de los Arroyos.

* * *

Three thousand tons of hay were sold last week by Don Pascual Delpretz for exportation at \$47.80 the thousand kilos, to be delivered within four months from date. Sr Alberto Kratzenstein was the buyer, and the hay he destines for Brazil.

* * *

The saladero of San Javier in Santa Fé is just now making some large purchases of cattle in Santa Fé, and its buyers have bought some 25,000 head at the principal estancias in the south of the province, Rio Cuarto especially, and they have orders to buy 100,000 more novillos. For the present prices are reserved.

* * *

Some important sales of cattle and sheep have been made during the last few days in the south of the Province of Buenos Aires, at Coronel Pringles and Coronel Dorrego. One of these is of 12,000 sheep, parted out, "carne gorda arriba," mestizo Rambouillet, shorn, at the price of \$3.80 each. For old ewes \$2 a head is being paid in the districts mentioned. These sales, which appear at low prices, were effected on estancias which are distant some eight or ten leagues from a railway.

* * *

Some time ago we noticed a report that a Sheffield horse-owner some time ago fed his horses on wheaten bread, which he found to be cheaper than other forage. And he only discontinued it because the bread was stolen, and the horses did not get their proper quantity. "The Mark Lane Express" says that this may be true enough, but it is, perhaps, unnecessary to make the wheat into bread. The American farmer finds the price at which he has to sell his wheat so extremely low that particular attention is being given at the experimental stations as to whether wheat may not be used instead of oats for the purpose of horse feeding. Professor Henry, after carefully going into the matter, says that he cannot but regard wheat as approaching the nearest perfection of stock feed of any of our grains, everything considered.

* * *

The debate now going on in the French Chambers on the proposed increase of customs dues upon foreign imported wheat is meeting with a great deal of opposition, though it is believed that the measure will pass increasing the import duty to eight francs. In Russia, the Press has taken up the question in a tone by no means favourable to France, and states that if the measure is passed it will cause a difference in the friendly feelings hitherto existing between the two countries.

* * *

For the benefit of our subscribers in the camp we publish a list of mails expected from Europe. Every campman knows the annoyance he experiences nine times out of ten when he sends to the station, perhaps some eight or ten leagues off, for his letters and finds that his English mail arrived the day after he last sent and that his letters had been lying a week or ten days.

* * *

The inhabitants of Bahia Blanca and neighbourhood have sent a petition to Government pointing out the advantages of the port of Bahia Blanca and asking that it should be made the naval and military port of the republic. No port in the country could be more suitable for the purpose, and, as the key, as Bahia Blanca is well named, of some fifteen thousand leagues of land, it will in a very short time become the Liverpool of the Argentine Republic.

* * *

A very large amount of newly reaped wheat has been lost in the stack from the recent rains in Santa Fé, and

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.

many farmers have lost as much as twenty-five per cent. of their crop in this way. Some of the colonists have had their stacks so injured that they were not worth threshing.

* * *

A tender from Engineer Felix Rojas of \$428,000 has been accepted for the construction of a bridge over the Cañada del Malo near Ajó. The work, which when completed will be a great boon to dwellers in the district, will be commenced immediately.

* * *

Messrs Bullrich and Co. will commence their sale of rams to-day. Sheep have been sent from the best breeders in the country and some long prices should be realised. The following is a list of those who now have rams on show at the yard: Mr Th. Bell, El Rincon; Mr J. A. Brown, La Campana; Messrs Escurrea Bros. and Font, El Pino; Mr Juan Fernandez, San Juan; Mr José Fernandez, San José; Messrs Gibson Bros., Los Ingleses and La Tomasa; Mr A. M. Justo, El Diez y Nueve; Mr R. F. Perez, San Ramon; Messrs Peña Bros., Siempre Amigos; Mr D. A. Shennan, Negrete; Mr F. Senillosa, El Venado; Messrs Vivot and M'Donald; Mr Villafañe, San Gregorio; Dr B. de Irigoyen, San Fermin.

* * *

The exhibition of rams is a very fair one for the country, though, of course, each establishment is by no means represented by its very best. Perhaps the two pens which have been attracting the most attention have been those of Mr Thomas Bell, and of Messrs Gibson Brothers of Tuyú, both of whom are well known breeders of only the very best sheep. Few will deny that Messrs Gibson Brothers as wool growers are second to none in the country.

* * *

As we have several times remarked before, the present drought has taught estancieros a very severe lesson regarding the necessity of keeping their cattle well supplied with water, as by doing so it is surprising the little damage that will be done to their stock even though their camp may be as dried up as bones. Every estanciero, without doubt, should have one or two wells, according to the size of the camp, of the artesian order, which may be relied on to give a supply of water in all seasons.

* * *

We know of two estancias in the Nueve de Julio district, one of which has wells in good order which have kept the animals in the place well supplied, and the other had very few wells which ran dry very soon. On the first the cattle seemed little the worse for the apparent want of grass, whilst on the latter the animals were very thin and besides were being attacked in hundreds by a disease which affected their sight, but which disappeared as soon as they were plentifully supplied with good water.

* * *

Whilst on the subject of this peculiar eye disease, we may state here that in the departments of Nogoya, Federación, Uruguay and Feliciano, Entre Rios, cattle have been attacked in large numbers, and on one estancia of Uruguay some thoroughbred stock have fallen victims to it. Dr. Bernier recommends for stamping out the disease:—1st, complete isolation; 2nd, keep as much as possible from light; 3rd, wash the eyes twice a day with a lotion, taking care to inject it well on to the eyes themselves; 4th, give the affected animals plenty of food and drink.

* * *

Ten thousand sheep from Mr S. Unzué's estancia, estancia, Huatel, in Veinticinco de Mayo, were bought last week by Messrs Drabble and Co. for their establishment at Campana at \$7 each.

H. SCOTT ROBSON

GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT

Camp, Live Stock, House Property

Bolsa de Comercio No. 8

WOMEN'S GOSSIP

Read Margery's Letter

IN

"Sport and Pastime" of January 24th.

It contains an excellent recipe for

PURIFYING THE AIR

and you will see what she says about

SANITAS

One Trial will prove that Margery is right.

Wholesale and Retail of

Kidd and Hutton, Bolivar 385

We read that the Pacific Railway Company has been authorised to charge ten cents for each cow and horse, and two cents per sheep, for the use of the drinking troughs at their stations.

* * *

A Rio Negro subscriber to the "Standard" writes as follows, under date January 26: The drought still continues. Here I am with three-quarters of a league of the best camp on the river, which is stocked with only 1150 sheep, 40 horses and mares, and 30 cattle, and there is not enough grass to keep them alive. Last year at this time I took from a Mr Schomberg 500 of Gen. Winter's sheep on halves for the year. At the same time two other men received flocks of 500 and 1000 from the same party and on the same terms, all which flocks have been delivered this month with the following results:

Sheep—Capital	Sheep—Returned	Sheep—Increase
1000	740	0
500	320	0
500	536	36

The last figure is for the flock I received. I cannot say that I have lost by it, but to feed and pay for looking after 500 sheep and only get half the wool and 18 sheep to the good is rather a mean sort of business. The principal food just now is chañar leaves for the sheep and junco for the cattle and horses. When there is any wind the dust is awful. I am lucky to have no pantanos on my land. In the neighbouring estancia the principal work of the peons is to extricate animals from the pantanos; of course many animals are lost in this way.

* * *

The want of hands has been very sadly felt of late in Santa Fé, where threshing operations have been very much retarded in consequence. In spite of all that has been said about the poor quality and low prices obtained for this year's crop, and the losses suffered by colonists, we hear from all parts that more wheat than ever will be sown next season.

ESTANCIA "NEGRETE."

From the History and Present State of the Sheep-breeding Industry in the Argentine Republic, by H. Gibson.

The famous old "Carmen" estancia, now the "Negrete," and the property of Mr David A. Shennan, is generally looked upon as the model estancia of the province of Buenos Aires. A retrospect of its history takes us back to the earliest days of the sheep-breeding industry, for its founder, and for a long time its owner, was none other than Mr John Hannah, whose name so frequently figures in this work, and to whom we owe in a great measure the perfection of the Argentine merino stud. Every building and every paddock is surrounded with the tradition of the old days of sheep-breeding, and carries the memory back to the epoch when Argentine breeders could be counted on the digits of a man's hand.

The estancia "Negrete" is situated about 80 miles south of the city of Buenos Aires, and about eight miles from Villanueva station on the Great Southern Railway. Its area is composed of about 27,300 acres, divided into thirty paddocks, many of which have for divisionary lines handsome belts of acacia, pine, casuarina, pepper, and other trees. The land is chiefly a rich black loam, with a good water supply, some of the paddocks being traversed by a branch of the Salado river. The pastures are chiefly composed of soft grasses, including rye grasses, wild oat, trefoil, etc. Nevertheless the good qualities of the pasture land, and the stock-carrying capacity of the estate, are more due to skilful management and judicious division of animals than to the natural qualities of the soil; so much so that, a few years ago, when the valuation of the land for taxation purposes had been placed at a price which appeared over-estimated in the eyes of the manager, and he protested before the local jury, the chairman of this worthy body, and an old neighbour in the vicinity, assented at once, and exclaimed, "Certainly, give a rebate. The 'Negrete' is the worst land in the whole department." This is interesting, as it serves to point out what can be done by drainage and capable management.

The stock-carrying capacity of the "Negrete" is as follows:—

Sheep.....	35,000 head
Cattle.....	7,500 "
Horses and Mares.....	1,800 "
Being the equivalent of 3.12 sheep per acre.	

The steading is approached by a stately avenue of eucalyptus trees, probably about the oldest of this species of tree in the country. The yards, sheddings, stables, and labourers' quarters are very extensive and complete. They include large brick buildings for the stud merinos, wool and shearing-sheds, dipping plant and yards—all the latter being on the Australian system. The wool is baled here and remitted direct to London and Liverpool for sale; it is carefully sorted and skirted before going to press, the latter being a very little practised custom with Argentine wool-growers. There are many hundreds of acres of timber, all planted within the last half-century. The land is greatly ornamented by little clumps and belts of trees placed here and there, giving the landscape an English appearance, and affording shelter everywhere for the stock. The private dwelling-house is a handsome building of bungalow form, and was constructed by the late Mr John Hannah. When this country was visited in 1882 by the young sailor princes, the late Duke of Clarence and the

Duke of York, they spent a few days in the "Negrete" estancia as the guests of Mr Shennan.

There are at present on the "Negrete" 37,000 sheep of the following breeds:—

- 1 Negretti stud flock.
- 1 Rambouillet stud flock.
- 3,500 Rambouillet first-class sheep of classic descent.
- 30,000 Leicester sheep.
- 500 Lincoln sheep.
- 1 Leicester and Rambouillet cross flock.

To trace the origin of the Negretti stud we must go back to the "Galpones" and the old Sheridan-Harratt flock. Mr John Hannah was the administrator of this breeding-farm, and was qualified for the selection of type animals for his own stud. German Negretis were imported first about 1846 to the "Carmen," or as it is now called, the "Negrete" estancia. In 1853 a new venture was made, in recognition of the general change from superfine wools to the more abundant if coarser fleece of the Rambouillet, and importations of this class of sheep were made from the Imperial stud flock of France. The two breeds were and are kept apart, but the Rambouillet stock has been more generalised, and whilst the Negretis number only 200 type ewes, the Rambouillots ascend to-day to 3500 head. Vermonts have been imported from North America since 1882, to serve in the Negretti stud. Some of these animals have yielded a fleece of almost fabulous weight. The last introduction is a grand sheep from Pomerania, selected by Mr Shennan himself, and the fleece of which is of magnificent character and evenness. Rams bred in the Negretti stud yield from 24 up to 30 lb. of wool, and sell at prices up to £200. Despite the absence of demand for this class of stock, those bred at the "Negrete" still find an eager market. Rams bred in the Rambouillet studs give fleeces from 16 lb. up to 32 lb., and also fetch grand prices in the market.

The first introduction of Leicesters was made in 1872, and the number of animals of this class now reaches 30,000 head. They are preferred by many to the Lincolns, particularly for the first cross with common mestizos.

There are two small Lincoln studs, the rams of which are bred exclusively for sale. The owner of the "Negrete" prefers the Leicester to the Lincoln, and does not purpose increasing the number of the latter.

Finally, there is one Leicester and Rambouillet cross flock, the object being to breed up to a longwool type. This is the first cross-flock grown here, and the Rambouillet ewes selected were from the lowest grade.

RETURNS.

Wool.	Average taken of three years' clips.
Negretti Stud ewes.....	10.48 lb. per head
Rambouillet do.....	8.70
Rambouillet General Flocks.....	6.94
No. 1 Leicester ewes.....	7.81
Leicester General Flocks.....	6.29
No. 1 Lincoln ewes.....	10.24
1st Class Leicester and Rambouillet	5.64
General Return from 35,000 head..	6.42

Value of Wool.

In 1893 the "Negrete" fleece wools fetched from 8½ d. to 8¾ d. per lb. in the Liverpool market.

Prices obtained for Stock.

Negretti tups from.....	£20 to £100
Rambouillet Stud tups.....	12 to 80
" General tups.....	2 to 4
Leicester tups.....	4 to 12
Lincoln tups.....	4 to 10

The Leicester two-shear wethers are generally exported alive, but may be placed in this country at from 14s. to 16s.; Rambouillet wethers and culls at from 9s. 6d. to 12s.

Before terminating this scant notice of the "Negrete" estancia, I must be allowed to add a word of tribute in praise of Mr George Evans, the popular manager. The fact that animals bred on this place have been under his supervision is a sufficient guarantee that their pedigree is thoroughly reliable. A lamb born out of date, a calf or foal brought into the world like Edmund "before he was sent for," is degraded and branded for life as "blemished." Mr Evans's name has become associated with the "Negrete" estancia as was that of Mr John Hannah in the days when it was still the "Carmen"; and the latter has found a successor worthy of his fame. Mr Evans has been for more than twenty years a well-known breeder in the Argentine, and before undertaking the administration of the "Negrete," he was the partner of Messrs. Musgrave and O'Grady, of "Chacabuco" celebrity. Had we a few more men of like knowledge and activity to resuscitate the languishing rural associations of the country, we should soon see firmly established the hard-and-fast rules by which all type-breeding must be governed; and stock-raisers who are to-day blindly mixing races, blending unsympathetic bloods, and floundering helplessly in the paths of ignorance, all regardless of local soil and climate, type, points, and atavism, would have dependable information supplied to them to guide them in their manner of doing. I must, however, close this brief notice, lest pleasant reminiscences of the "Negrete" estancia lead me astray from the matter of which the cold pages of a work on sheep should treat.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

In reply to "In Doubt" I should say that the best time to cut a bull terrier's ears is when he is between four and five months old. If left too late the ears will become very sore and probably give a lot of trouble after cutting.

THE ANCESTORS OF THE RACEHORSE.

SIDE LIGHTS FROM HISTORY, FROM THE "FIELD"

Mr Puffington's accepted creed in one of the best of Mr Surtees's novels—"Mr Sponge's Sporting Tour"—was that every hound was descended from the Beaufort Justice. The tyro of the Turf is imbued with a belief quite as stereotyped. He is fully convinced that his beloved thoroughbred traces its pedigree back to the three great strains—the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian, and the Godolphin Barb. Now the Stud Book was not instituted until 1800, whereas the last of these stallions was serving nearly a hundred years previously. Well may the sceptic, knowing the wiles of equine diplomacy, doubt the accuracy of hippic genealogy. He would be aware of the temptation to furnish every animal of deed or promise with a distinguished lineage, just as we find at the present day the hunters in a dealer's stable invested with the name of some famous horse as a sire. After all, it is only human nature, as Sam Slick would remark, to attribute distinguished ancestry to likely colts and fillies. It enhances their value. We observe it in the case of the modern millionaire. Having made his pile, he fees the heraldic expert to search for a family tree with blossoms with progenitors more or less celebrated.

In the latest volume issued by the Historical MSS. Commission there are some letters which by inference suggest that the Arab blood was not as scarce as is supposed. Mr Richard Ward, who signs the introduction to the above volume, states: "Of Nathaniel Harley's letters there is not much to be said." We beg to differ from him. If he edited the collection, he certainly was not aware of its importance to horse breeding, or else he would not have added, as the postscript to one epistle, the words: "The rest of the letter is taken up with a long account of the horse of the country, and the difficulty of obtaining pure-bred Arabs." As the letter is in the possession of the Duke of Portland, perhaps he may favour the world with the contents that have been excised. Fortunately, Nathaniel Harley's letters are something like the Sibylline books—some portion of them has been suppressed, but what remains is instructive to the equine enthusiast.

Nathaniel Harley was the brother of the celebrated Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford. He was sent at an early age to Aleppo, where for many years he traded as a merchant. But, whatever may have been his ardour for commercial transactions, it is plain from his correspondence that his national instinct for a horse and sport was not subdued by a foreign clime, or the exactions of business. He frequently mentions his departure in order to hunt the boar; and, in a long letter to his nephew, graphically describes a hunting expedition, and the manner in which they flew hawks at antelopes. In a communication to his brother, dated Feb. 15, 1715, he advises him of the dispatch of hawks, together with a greyhound bitch "used to them," adding: "If more than one horse should go, I am sure you will laugh at me for sending such a poor scrubb as the Arab; but, under the pretence of sending him away, I hope to get off the dun or cream colour, which is a horse that has made more noise and been taken notice of than I desired, and has had the honour of being visited by the Turk himself incognito, who would have him for the Grand Signior's own stable. It was no longer in my power to keep him, and I believe it would have been in no one else's power to send him away, for upon the first notice of it three expresses were sent after him, and all the passes of the mountains between this and Scanderoon ordered to be watched, and the marine strictly guarded to prevent his being shipped off. I have heard of his being got safe to the place where I sent him, but I shall not be easy till I hear he is on board ship."

It is plain that this dun horse was something out of ordinary. The Grand Signior in those days could obtain the very cream of horseflesh, and without much difficulty. He had merely to express a wish, and the owner of the coveted animal—if a subject—would be very rash not to gratify it. This horse, we learn from a subsequent letter, reached England—a fact which must be considered lucky, considering the length of the voyage, the poverty of the accommodation, and the risk of capture from pirates and war vessels. There is every probability that Lord Harley put this animal to the stud, for then, as now, no horse was castrated in the East; and, moreover, the anxiety of the Grand Signior to prevent its exportation would scarcely have been so pronounced if the "dun horse" had not been entire. This was not the last of Nathaniel's equine exportations. Writing from Aleppo, Jan. 6, 1720, to his brother Edward, he says: "I send a grey horse that I have had by me more than four years, and have two or three times attempted to send him away, but have been disappointed. It is of the Gordeen breed, of which few now remain, and that is the chief cause of my sending him. He is of great spirit, but of no great speed; would soon learn anything in the ménage. I bought him of a Bey of the Gordeens when he was only two years and a half old. You will observe a reddish stain on one of his shoulders, which is now much worn out, but when I bought him was as red as blood. I will give you the account the owner of him gave me, without assuming it to be true. The owner, he told me, of the mare that brought this colt was a robber on the road, and being much wounded he leant over his mare's neck and his blood ran down upon her shoulder, and she being then with foal of this colt he had this mark on his shoulder."

Here this worthy old sportsman's record breaks off, and we are left in the dark as to whether the Gordeen stallion reached England and became the parent of those greys whose shoulders and necks are ticked with roan. Who knows? Perhaps the dun horse's blood

runs in Isinglass's veins, and Nathaniel was present as a shade to see the progeny of his old horse win the Derby. It is to such intelligent sons as Nathaniel Harley that England owes her renowned breed of thoroughbreds. Still, it will be noticed that in the whole of his correspondence he never mentions anything about a mare. He does not appear to have possessed one. Obviously, the thoroughbred as it now is inherits more of the native mare than of the Arab. There is an old saying, "As thoroughbred as Eclipse." Eclipse was not thoroughbred as we count it now; he went back to the Darley Arabian on his sire's side, but the mare to which the Arabian was put was native, as well as the rest of the links in the pedigree, including probably the missing links. Harley was not the only Englishman who exported Arab horses. In the volume already quoted, Lord W. Paget apprises the Duke of Newcastle that he is sending him one from Constantinople. Doubtless all these stallions were used to improve the breed, and the offspring occasionally was fitted with an ancestry which had been famous. Some of the early pedigrees in the Stud Book possibly had an origin of this description.

A Christmas Night's Adventure

It was drawing towards the close of the year 1859, when I, Richard Bowhill, Lieutenant and Adjutant of the 1st Battalion Bundelcund Levy, returned to the Head-Quarter Station from a long and wearisome chase after the noted rebel leader, Bhugwan Singh Thakur. We had come up with him at the river Betwa during the darkness of the night, but after a running fight in the dark the rebels escaped from us, carrying off their wounded.

I had made a forced march of nearly forty miles in order to get in the Station in time for Christmas week, for though our society was but small, and the only "ladies" were the wives and daughters of the married sergeants and men of Her Majesty's 90th Regiment, who invited the Station to a quadrille party, we did our best on occasions such as this to meet together round the festive board and keep green the memories of the old country and its customs, and try to forget that we were exiles in a foreign land—a land too which was just emerging from the throes and horrors of the most sanguinary outbreak that history has to record.

All our surroundings tended to keep alive the memory of that deadly struggle; more than half the bungalows in the Station were roofless, fire-blackened ruins, surrounded by once beautiful but now desert gardens, overgrown with rank jungle and haunted by jackals and hyaenas.

Almost nightly the boom of heavy guns away on the Esagarh frontier told the tale, that on the more inaccessible parts of the province rebellion was still rearing its hydra-head; sword and revolver were part of every man's daily equipment, for even an evening ride, or a black buck shooting trip beyond the limits of the Cantonment unarmed and unattended, were things unknown.

The long black beam of the scaffold outside the wall was seldom untenanted for a day, as many as eight and ten dangling corpses being no very unusual sight in the morning; while in front of the Kotwallee a row of posts were occasionally decorated with the dripping ghastly heads of the slain in the last encounter with the rebel bands which infested the district. Many of those rebels had a Government reward on their heads, as much as Rs. 3000 being offered for the leaders; so the heads of those killed in action were sent in for identification and were exposed in front of the Kotwallee for that purpose.

Having been out on the frontier for some time rebel-hunting, with no companionship save that of my Mahomedan and Sikh native officers and men, I was looking eagerly forward to a week or two of rest and enjoyment in the society of the Officers of the Regiments in Cantonments, and the Civil Officers of the Station (not to speak of the anticipated fun of the aforesaid Non-Commissioned Officers' ball). We were but a small community, but of all that company I believe I am the only survivor, all save myself having gone over to the majority. I was but a youngster then, with no more moustache on my lip than is now sported by my youngest hopeful, though holding—thanks to the necessities of the time and the heavy death roll of the mutiny—a responsible position, and having to do a man's work and carry out duties which made me old before my time. Those days are gone, and the present generation knows naught of them or their sad experiences, though how soon they may be enlightened who can tell. Those who remember the mutiny days cannot view without serious misgivings the ferment that is going on amongst the population of this Empire, the cow killing scare being in its way as ominous as the old outcry about the pig and cow fat said to have been used to lubricate the cartridges issued to the native troops in 1856-57.

But to return to my story. My hopes of a jolly Christmas with the rest of the station were speedily knocked on the head, for hardly had I settled into my quarters—which consisted of two rooms in a bungalow which had been destroyed by fire, leaving only the walls standing, over which I had put a temporary thatched roof—than I received orders to march, post haste, to the old mined city of Chandeyne with all the men I could muster, after providing for the station guards, and occupy the town, a detachment of the Gwalior Contingent which had garrisoned the fort having, it was reported, mutinied and marched off with arms, ammunition and accoutrements to join one of the principal rebel leaders on the frontier.

This was a great disappointment, for, instead of spending my Christmas amongst my own countrymen, I

was doomed to spend it in the lonely retirement of a mined city with no companions but my native subordinates, and with anxious vigils, and it might be hard fighting, instead of the cosy fireside with its blazing yule log, cheery feast and the merry song. However, needs must where a certain old gentleman, who shall be nameless, drives, and so three days before Christmas saw my little column of Hindostanee Horse and Sikh Infantry on the march towards Chandeyne, their disconsolate Commander riding in a somewhat ill temper at their head. This, however, soon wore off, the necessity of keeping an unruffled front before my men, the keen fresh invigorating air of a December day in Central India, the springy motion of my charger, a dun Persian with cream mane and tail, a constant tendency to rear and a decided proclivity for man-eating, a trick of seizing the rider by the knee with the teeth and of throwing himself back against a tree trunk in an attempt to crush him, but who withal was a grand horse, able to do a forty-mile march without showing signs of fatigue, and who therefore required riding and watching, soon drove away the blues, and brought my thoughts back to the business in hand. Chandeyne, to which we were bound, was a marvellous old city built in a horse-shoe valley, surrounded by rocky hills, the highest steep of which was crowned by a massive fortalice now somewhat decayed, but which was still a place of great strength, and had given our troops some tough work about a year previous.

(To be continued.)

PRICES

Price of gold on the Bolsa from February 7th to 13th inclusive—

Wednesday	349.30 %	Saturday	351.00 %
Thursday	352.80 "	Monday	352.00 "
Friday	352.80 "	Tuesday	351.80 "

The prices at the Corrales during the past week have been as follows:

	Special	Fat	Carne gorda	Buena carne y carnudos
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Novillos (mestizos)	56-66	46-56	26-36	14-18
" (criollos)	36-43	30-36	22-28	10-14
Cows (mestizas)	41-51	36-41	22-29	9-14
" (criollas)	26-31	20-26	12-15	4-6
Calves	7-12	4-10		

Hides—Bullock	\$11.00-12.00
" —Novillo	8.50-11.00
" —Cow	4.50-5.50
Sheepskins, per kilo	0.45-0.83
Lambskins, per dozen	2.00-3.00
Sheep—Lincolns	\$6.50-9.00
" —Lincolns of 45 to 55 k.	
" —Mestizo-Lincolns	6.00-9.00
" —Rambouillet	3.55-6.20
Ewes	2.20-7.20
Lambs	2.00-2.80

Wheat (barleta), 100 ks (new crop)	\$6.30-7.00
" (French), 100 kilos	6.50-7.00
" (Candeal)	7.00-7.50
" (Saldomé) (new crop)	6.50-7.00
Maize (morochó), old, 100 kilos	6.00-6.20
" (amarillo), old, 100 kilos	5.00-5.30
Hay, 1000 kilos	50.00-60.00
Wool—Cross Lincoln	5.90-11.50
" —Fine mestiza	4.80-8.80

Mails Expected during February

- 13—Liguria, Liverpool, Pacific Steam Navigation Co.
- 14—Rio Janeiro, Genoa, La Veloce.
- 16—Congo, Bordeaux, Messageries Maritimes.
- 21—Tamar, Southampton, Royal Mail.
- 21—Galicia, Valparaiso, Pacific Steam Navigation Co.
- 22—Vittoria, Genoa, La Veloce.
- 24—Britannia, Liverpool, Pacific Steam Navigation Co.
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FIXTURES

CRICKET

Sunday, Feb. 18—B.A.C.C. v. Lomas, at Lomas.
Sunday, Feb. 18—Flores v. Rosario Ry., at Flores.
Sunday, Feb. 18—Western Ry. v. Lanus, at Lanus.

POLO

Thursday, March 22, to Sunday, March 25—Championship Tournament, at Hurlingham.

RACING

Thursday, March 22—Hurlingham Polo Association Cup.

List of Clubs with their Secretaries

POLO CLUBS

Association of the River Plate—F. J. Balfour, 559 Piedad.
BELGRANO—*Black and White*—J. K. Cassels, Lavalle 108, Belgrano.
CAMP OF URUGUAY—*Pale Blue*—L. Edwards, Barrancas Coloradas, Colonia.
CAÑADA DE GOMEZ—*Red and Yellow*—J. S. Robinson, C. de Gomez, F.C.C.A.
CASUALS—*Crimson and White*—R. McC. Smyth, Venado Tuerto.
Guaileguay—H. Jewsbury, Guaileguay, Entre Rios.
HURLINGHAM—*Blue, Red and Yellow*—F. J. Balfour, 559 Piedad, Buenos Aires.
LA MERCED—*French Grey and Cerise*—P. H. Cawardine, La Merced, Chascomus.
LA VICTORIA—*Brown and Yellow*—Magnus Fea, Estacion El Trebol, F. C. Central Argentino.
LEZAMA—*Red and Black*—E. J. Craig, Estancia Las Barrancas, Lezama.
MEDIA LUNA—*Pale Blue with Crescent*—Scott Moncrieff, Soler, F. C. Pacifico.
MONTEVIDEO—*Chocolate and Green*—Fred. A. Christie, Club Inglés, Montevideo.
North Santa Fé—R. S. Foster, Chiru Traill, F. C. C. and Roldan—W. Ellery, Roldan, F.C.C.A.
Rosario—W. F. Christie, F.C.C.A. Rosario.
San Jorge—C. H. Hall, San Jorge, Estacion Molles, F. C. C. del Uruguay, Montevideo.
SANTA FE—*Red and Blue*—J. McNaughtan, La Independencia, Las Rosas, F.C.C.A.
SANTIAGO DEL ESTERO—*Green*—Dr. Newiman Smith, La Banda, Santiago del Estero.
Tuyú—H. Gibson, Los Ingleses, Ajó, F.C.S.
VENADO TUERTO—*Chocolate and Gold*.

ATHLETIC CLUBS

AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OF THE RIVER PLATE—*Blue and White*—E. Danvers, 559 Piedad.
B. A. AND R. Ry.—*Yellow and Black*—F. F. Webb, 248 Avenida de Mayo.
CAMPANA—B. J. MacCullagh, Campana.
Cordoba—J. C. Bowden, Gerencia, F.C.C.C., Córdoba.
ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL—*Red and White*—Percy Hill, 3502 Santa Fé.
FLORES—*Light Blue, Yellow, and Dark Blue with narrow White Stripes*—B. G. Henderson, 89 B. Aires, Flores.
HURLINGHAM—*Blue, Red and Yellow*—F. J. Balfour, 559 Piedad, Buenos Aires.
JUNIN—C. J. Love, Junin, F. C. Pacifico.
LOBOS—*Blue and Red*—James F. McKeon, Lobos, F.C.S.
LOMAS—*Blue and White*—P. L. G. Bridger, Casilla de Correo 1121.
Montevideo—H. D. McMaster, Club Inglés, Montevideo.
QUILMES—*Dark Blue and Orange*—F. W. Fothergill, Plaza Constitucion, F.C.S.
ROLDAN—T. H. Wilson, Roldan.
ROSARIO—*Claret and Light Blue*—Thomas A. Hall, 2 Plaza Jewell, Rosario.
Tucuman—A. S. Reade, Tucuman, F.C.N.O.A.

LAWN TENNIS CLUBS

BUENOS AIRES—*Light and Dark Blue and Yellow*—T. S. Boodle, 25 de Mayo 149.

CRICKET CLUBS

BUENOS AIRES—*Black and Red*—A. Lace, Banco Británico Buenos Aires.
CENTRAL URUGUAY—*Black and Orange*—A. N. Davenport, Talleres, F.C.C.U., Montevideo.
FISHERTON—J. Beaumont.
HURLINGHAM—*Blue, Red and Yellow*—F. J. Balfour, 559 Piedad, Buenos Aires.
Lanus—D. Duncan, Plaza Constitucion, F.C.S.
London Bank—R. L. Rumbold, Banco de Londres.
MONTEVIDEO—*Black and White*—J. Harvey, Club Inglés, Montevideo.
WESTERN RAILWAY—*Dark Crimson*—F. T. Parkes, Tolosa.

FOOTBALL CLUBS

ALBION—*Blue and White*—A. Maclean, c/o Messrs F. L. Humphreys and Co., Montevideo.
Argentine Association League—A. Lamont, Plaza Constitucion F.C.S.
BUENOS AIRES (Rugby)—*Blue and White*—T. M. Lees, London Bank.
HURLINGHAM—*Blue, Red and Yellow*—F. J. Balfour, 559 Piedad, Buenos Aires.
St. Andrews—*Blue and White Stripes*—T. Bridge, Plaza Constitucion, F.C.S.

ROWING CLUBS

BUENOS AIRES—*Blue and White*—Piedad 852.
MONTEVIDEO—*Blue and Black*—J. Murray, Banco Británico, Montevideo.
NACIONAL DE REGATAS—*Sky Blue and White Hoops*—Manuel Reu, Piedras 156, Montevideo.
ROSARIO—*Dark Red and White*—E. W. Newte, English Bank, Rosario.
TEUTONIA—*Blue and White*—F. Lindheimer, Chacabuco 75.
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A Summer Ramble in the Cordilleras.

(Continued.)

"Did I not know that it is your ignorance which makes you say that I would do you harm. What are you or I to try to turn aside the decrees of the Master of Life? The manner of her death was decreed at her birth, and no human power could avert it. Thus your companion could not die now though he wished it, he cannot die until his time is come, and that is yet far off. You may go home to your country beyond the seas, but when your time draws near you must return to meet your death on the plains as I have told you."

"Where are you going to bury Cora?" I asked, seeking to appease the old woman's anger.

"She will be buried alongside the other maidens of the tribe," she replied, "among the snows that never melt on the summit of Tinguiririca. When an unmarried girl dies all the unmarried girls carry her up there and place her in the snow. The men who fall in battle, or die from other causes, are laid on the ground, with their feet towards the rising sun, and stones placed round and over them."

This, then, accounted for numbers of piles of stones or cairns that I had seen at the northern end of the lake. I had thought they meant something of the sort, but always refrained from asking, fearing that my inquisitiveness might give offence.

The next morning Jack awoke, and at first tried to get up off his bed, but he fell back with a groan, as he felt for the first time the pain in his head, and his wounded shoulder. For some time he lay there in silence, evidently endeavouring to remember what had happened to him, and at last he said "Cora?"

Brandon told him that she was dead, and then he covered up his head with his pocket handkerchief and was silent, and I went out. I met old Maimai close by bringing in a jar of goat's milk, which she said was all he must have for the present. A little after mid-day the women and old men and children began to arrive, some on horses, some on mules, and many of them on foot, and in silence betook themselves each to his own toldo. Those who found a husband, brother or sweetheart lying there dead set up a howl and kept it up till night-fall, accompanied by many of their relatives and friends, but there were more joyous meetings as a wife, or one of the maidens, only found her husband or her lover wounded, and among these latter there were great rejoicings. I was surprised at the beauty of some of the younger women, for it far surpassed anything I had expected. Many of them were quite fair, and some had blue eyes, but some of the old ones were very hideous. We ourselves were a source of considerable interest to the new comers, for they had heard that we had taken part in the fight and that one of us had been severely wounded, and they wanted to be allowed to see Jack, though that in his present state we would not allow.

Potts and I went off to Namun's toldo where a great number of the old men and women had collected, in the doorway of which Calú's saddle and bridle were placed as trophies, and as part of his share of the spoil. On the whole, then, there were great rejoicings in the village, for the number of the dead was comparatively small and the defeat of the pampa men complete, besides the tribe was safe, at all events for some years, from a recurrence of anything of the sort. They had for some time been in dread of being outnumbered and overcome, and all their women and cattle carried off, but now, in a measure thanks to us, their enemies had been completely routed and a party started off to bring back the spoil.

It was not until this time that I fully comprehended the importance old Maimai was in the tribe, but now I saw her seated under a tree in front of her hut holding a sort of court, for she was surrounded by a number of the elder women, who, squatted on the ground round her, listened attentively to what she was saying, but presently the meeting broke up and numbers of all ages and both sexes went off to where the cairns were and began collecting stones and piles of sand, when I knew they were making preparations for burying their dead, which ceremony I heard was performed for the men at sunset, and for the women at sunrise, though what reason they have for the different times for burying I never learnt. With the men are always buried their saddles, bridles, and arms, and with the women some few household utensils and such ornaments as they may have been possessed of.

Great were the congratulations and rejoicings at Namun's hut, he had explained to the new comers what Hilca had told him of our unsolicited offer of help in the first instance, and our readiness in responding to their smoke signal. He explained also how he had sent off to obtain aid from the branch of the tribe who lived to the south west, though he did not believe they could possibly arrive in time to be of any help. How, but for the vigilance of Potts and the fortunate capture and killing of Calú's cousin, the pampa Indians would have invaded the day before their arrival, in which case, though we should probably have beaten them off, yet we should certainly have lost a far larger number of men, while now we had lost few, taken fifteen hundred horses, and Hilca was gone to burn their huts and carry off their cattle. The result of all which was that we were made the heroes of the hour, and many a smiling glance did we receive from lovely eyes both black, brown, and blue, and many were the presents sent to our tent that evening, ponchos, saddle-cloths, and embroidered tobacco pouches, so many in fact that I began to fear that we should never be able to carry them all away with us, and so offend some of the fair donors. But all this time Brandon never left Jack, he sat on a stone by the head of his bed of skins that was made up on the floor, and though we many times begged him to go outside and get a breath

of fresh air he utterly refused, saying that master Jack might want something while he was away. And that night Jack was delirious again and talked a good deal, but to my surprise he never once mentioned Cora's name though he spoke continually of Lucy for which I was glad, for it showed that the old love was stronger than the new and that, therefore, he would probably soon get over this last trouble. But towards morning he slept, and so did we all, for we had spent an anxious night, and when I woke the sun had risen. I went outside to Maimai's hut, for I wished as a token of respect to have been present at Cora's burial, but found that she had been taken away hours before. The old woman told me that, long before the sky began to grow pink, the young girls of the tribe had taken her away up the mountain, for before the sun rose she was to be covered with the snow.

Well, things went on well enough for a week, and Jack got so much better that he was able to sit up for an hour or two in the evening, at the door of the tent, much to the delight of the young women of the tribe who came regularly to look at him and enquire after his health, and perhaps to wonder not a little that so beautiful a youth should have fallen in love with one of their sisters, for the story had got about, I know not how, of Jack's attachment for Cora, and of their walks through the woods and by the lake, for such things come to be known among uncivilised people just as quickly as they are among us. And there were many, too, I think, who would gladly have taken Cora's place in his affections, but that was not possible, for a change had come over him and a listlessness which made him look upon their attentions as a sort of nuisance.

There was one lady, though, of portly dimensions, a widow, and the mother of many children, Menta, who had singularly enough formed a very decided attachment for Brandon, and who seemed disposed to annex him whether he would or no, as she was in and out of the tent continually on one pretext or another. The old man didn't seem to see what was going on, though it afforded an endless amount of amusement to Potts and I who watched her growing bolder and bolder by degrees, as the old man, utterly unconscious of her little game, allowed her to perform sundry little offices for him, such as making beef tea for Jack, bringing water from the lake, and sweeping out the floor of the tent.

One afternoon, about two days after the fight, I had been down to the lake for a swim with Potts, and as we were returning we saw that something unusual had happened, for we heard shouting and saw people running about excited in all directions, so we hurried up to see what was going on, and on arriving at our tent Brandon told us that a messenger had come in from Hilca, with word that they had surprised Calú's village and killed a lot more men, burnt all the toldos, and were bringing back all the cattle, mares, and sheep that had belonged to his tribe, and would arrive the next day.

"Well," said Potts, looking at me and laughing, "that's about as nice a bit of repartee as I've heard of, those blackguards came up here without any invitation to clear out these chaps and get cleared out themselves, regular euchered, I call it, and serve 'em right."

It was a sell, there was no doubt about it, and, as Potts had remarked, it served them right; they had, to use an Indian expression, "come to shear and gone away shorn," at least those who had been able to get away at all, but they were few, and their comrades lay under a heap of stones which for ages will mark the spot where the battle of Tinguiririca took place.

We went to congratulate the chief on this new success, but were surprised and sorry to see how ill he looked, for his wound had been far more serious than at the time we had imagined or he had confessed. The lance had passed along his ribs under the muscles, and, being sharp on both edges, had cut its way out sideways, laying bare the bone and leaving a hanging flap of flesh. But now, either from his blood being in an overheated state from all the excitement and worry he had gone through, or else from unskillful treatment, both his side, shoulder, and part of his left arm were much inflamed. His wife, a very handsome woman, her two children, and a crowd of both old and young men were in the hut, all talking at once about this last triumph, but Potts turned them all out and undid the bandages which were tied tightly over the wound.

"Caramba," he cried, when he saw it at last, "this went do at all. Here, Brook, fromage in that box there, and see if you can find some lint and carbolic. Another day of this and the wound would have mortified, and he'd have been a gone coon."

I soon had most of the things out, and found a good-sized roll of lint and a large bottle of crystallized carbolic acid, and we doctored him up, Potts declaring he would stay and take up his quarters there, which he did. Jack was getting on so well now that I had great hopes of being able to leave the following week. I had seen in that short time enough of the Cordilleras to last me some time, and he, too, so far as I could see, felt but little inclination to prolong his stay, though had we wished to do so our hosts would have been only too delighted.

So Potts remained with the chief, and I went back to our tent and told Jack the news. He hardly seemed to take any interest in anything now; all his old joviality seemed gone, and he would sometimes sit for hours in the tent saying nothing and staring into vacancy. I began to be afraid that his brain was affected by the knock he had got on the back of his head when the Indian tumbled him off his horse, but when I questioned Potts about this, he replied:

"His skull's all right enough, but I'm thinking he can't remember what happened just before, and he seems afraid to ask. You ain't got no call to trouble about that, as soon as his body gets all right his mind'll get all right, too, you bet, but just remember that he lost a

lot of good liquor when he got that prod in the shoulder, and that's all got to be put back, beef's his medicine now, and plenty of exercise later on. A sound mind in a sound body; that's correct, I reckon."

And I think Potts was right, too, for I noticed Jack sometimes, when old Maimai came to look at his wound and put on fresh poultices of quina, would look at the old woman in a wondering kind of way, as though he thought he had seen her somewhere before but could not remember where.

The following day Hilca and his men arrived, and there were again great rejoicings, for they brought much plunder from the tolderia of the Tehuelches; they had killed many more of their enemies and driven off the spoil, but the rejoicings were mixed with sorrow, for two more men had been killed in the fight that had taken place, and in two toldos there were wailings that night. But the widows and orphans were well provided for, as by their law they received a double portion of the spoil.

But I was getting tired of the inactivity of the life we led, so I used to take Jack out for walks every day with a view to enlivening him a bit, and by degrees getting him strong enough for the journey back to Mendoza, though I was always careful to avoid those places where we had been with Cora. One day with some difficulty I got him on to a tame, old horse, and we rode for some time through the monte, but his head got dizzy, and several times we had to stop for a bit for fear he would fall off. As we rode back to our tent I saw that something was wrong there; there was evidently something unusual going on inside, for I saw it sway violently once or twice, and against the side of the canvas sometimes appeared a round lump something the shape of a head, and sometimes two, so fancying that perhaps old Brandon, who had remained behind, was in trouble of some sort, I left Jack to follow, and galloped up to lend a hand.

Just as I got there, from one end out bolted a little Indian girl of about fourteen years, bursting with laughter, and from the other ran Menta, the fat woman who had made herself so pleasant, but she didn't look pleasant at all now in the momentary glimpse I got of her, for her face was red and angry, and she and the girl scudded away like a couple of rabbits. And there, out from the hut, staggered Brandon, breathless he was, his face was scratched, too, and the collar of his shirt was torn.

"What's the matter?" I cried, "what have you been up to now?"

"Nothing, sir, s'elp me, sir, but that old ooman, sir, Pottifer's wife was a innercent babby along of her, sir, she come in here as soon as ever you and Master Jack was gone, and sate herself down alongside of me where I was stitching my breeches, and began a jabbering away in her blasphemous lingo, but what she said, sir, I didn't know from Adam, so up she jumps and runs and fetches that other young un, and between 'em they gives me to understand as she wants to marry me; well, up I jumps and was for making off for where Mr Potts is, but she gets 'old of my belt and slung one arm round my neck, and if you hadn't come up just when you did I believe she'd have smothered me," said the old man, gasping for breath. Just then Jack rode up, and I, in a very few words, made him acquainted with the risk old Brandon had run, and his miraculous escape; "For had I not come up just in time, there is no knowing what might have happened."

And then a merry twinkle came in to Jack's eye once more, and I knew that the spirit of fun which I loved so well was only slumbering.

"Ah, Brandon, Brandon, nice stories I shall have to tell of you when I get home once more, but this is not the most creditable, fancy a man of your age making violent love to a poor, ignorant Indian girl. Brandon, I'm shocked at you."

Now Brandon had not wholly got his breath back, after his recent encounter, but this seemed to take it away afresh.

"I wasn't me at all sir, it was that nasty——"

"Stop, Brandon, don't make matters worse by prevarication, didn't I see how you nearly upset the tent between you? and didn't I see her run like a frightened fawn as soon as ever she could escape from your villainous clutches?"

"Frightened fawn be damned, sir, excusing me for using strong language which the occasion warrants, I'll 'frightened fawn' her if ever I catch her inside this tent again, a great fat impudent hussey, a coming taking advantage of a pore lone man, what she catches alone in his tent, and her with children bigger nor me, sir, here's Mr Brook as can tell you how it was, sir, for he seen us at it proper as he rode up, and it wasn't until she seen him as she let me go and bolted."

"Well, well, we must enquire into the matter when we have time, but come and help me down now, and Dick, let's liquor, as Potts says, by Jove, I feel better this afternoon than I have for a long time. We'll be off next week, please God, but Brandon, you just mind your p's and q's, if I hear any more of these goings on you'll get the sack."

But Brandon as soon as Jack's back was turned, winked his eyes at me vigorously, and went off in a succession of silent chuckles, for he too had seen the twinkle in his master's eye and was glad.

So as Jack got stronger and better every day we arranged to start in about a week, we did not know the day of the week or the month either, for we had long lost all count of time, so I went over that evening to Namun's tent and told our plans. The chief was sorry at the thoughts of our going away and said:

"I know, brother, that you must go sooner or later, for you have your own relations beyond the sea, but if ever you wish to return, or are poor, come back to us, and we will give you a store of gold that will make life easy, but tell no others, lest our land be taken from us and ourselves cast out."

I assured him that I would respect his secret for the kindness we had received at his hands.

"You owe us nothing, brother, but we owe you much; Hilca will lead you to a pass that comes out close to the Argentine fort of San Rafael, you might go down the pass through which the river runs out on to the plains, but by that way you might come across some strugglers of Calus men and they might steal upon you in the night and kill you, but by the other way you will be safe."

Well, the days went on, and Jack got rapidly better, the clear mountain air soon put new life into him, and once or twice I heard him chuckling to himself, doubtless at the idea of old Brandon's escape. The night before we were to start, we were invited round to Namun's hut for a big feed. Namun, Hilca, Tobal, and about twenty of the head men of the tribe were there, and it was a feed and no mistake, half a bullock had been roasted whole in the skin, and we all sat round the fire on rugs and helped ourselves. And when we could eat no more we fell to smoking, and then Namun got up and made a speech in our honor, and all the others followed suit so it was after one o'clock before I got up to return thanks as the representative member of our party. And I think we were all glad when it was over, and we could retire to our tent.

Potts went round with us and would have kept us talking all night but I had at last to give him a hint to leave for I wanted Jack to have a good night's rest as the next day would be a trying one for him—so he went, and I was congratulating myself on having got rid of him and being able to turn in myself when the door of our hut was pulled gently aside, and I saw the dark face of old Maimai peering at me from out of the darkness. Had it been anyone else I should have been angry and told them to go away and not come bothering us at that time of night, but when she beckoned me to get up and come with her, it never for one moment entered my head to refuse. She had in some manner acquired such an ascendancy over my will, that I obeyed her bidding without a question. So I got up and followed her. She led me to her hut, and as we entered I saw that she still had a fire burning, over which was a little pot which she used to make the decoction of quina for curing the wounded men. I looked round to see whether the glass bowl was anywhere about, but she had evidently stowed it away for it was nowhere to be seen. She pointed to one of the little wooden benches, and I sat down.

"You angered me the other day," she said, "when you told me that I could have prevented Cora's death had I chosen, but you must know that though I can foretell the manner of a person's death I cannot prevent it. Something always comes in my way. When Cora went out with you the other day I was looking after Tobal, who was, as you know, very bad, had I been here I would not have allowed her to go. It was her fate, and no one can go against that. The same thing has happened to me several times before. I know how people will die but it is beyond my power to prevent it. You yourself will die in the way I told you. You may, as you say, go to your own country, but that will not serve you. You will have to return, to die on the pampa in the way you know."

"And how long is it since you first began to be able to tell the manner of people's deaths?" I asked.

"Five generations have passed away since I was given the crystal bowl, Namun, Hilca, and Cora belong to the sixth."

This would make it over a hundred and twenty years since she got this strange power, which seemed almost absurd. She was old, of course, she looked like a well preserved woman of eighty, but here she was making herself out to be going on for two hundred years' old, and then what age was she when she was first given the bowl. I asked the question.

"My eldest son was a grown and bearded man, with children of his own, when my father died and gave the bowl to him."

I burst out laughing, this was really too much, for if her eldest son was, as she said, at that time the father of several children, he must at any rate have been upwards of twenty-five years' old, which would make her again over forty-five at the very least.

"You think I am lying when I tell you this," she cried, with rising passion, "what reason have I to lie, I can get no advantage out of that? Wait," she went on, after sitting silent a moment or two in deep thought, "I will show you some of my father's writing. I have a letter here he wrote shortly before his death; he left orders that it was to be taken to Valparaiso and posted there, but he died before he was able to direct it, and it was never sent."

She went to a corner of the hut and from a bundle brought forward a little square pouch made of untanned skin, and from this took a piece of folded paper which she handed to me.

The paper was coarse and evidently very old, and when I opened it at first I could see no signs of writing of any sort, though by holding it close to the light I was able to make out very indistinctly that something had been written on it, though what it was or in what language I could not determine. I was angry at being baffled, for here was evidently a chance of finding a clue to the origin of these strange people, so unlike any Indians I had ever seen or read of.

The old woman smiled, and gave vent to a low, cackling laugh as she saw my disappointment.

"Ha, ha, ha," she laughed, "you are the only man of any colour who has ever had a chance of knowing who we are, and where we came from. Many have sought to know, but my grandfather forbade his son, and he forbade my father, to ever mention our origin to anyone, and there you hold the secret in your hands and are unable to use it. You must get your eyes polished up and your understanding cleared if you wish to be able to read that."

Her mention of having my eyes polished up sent a thought through my mind. If I only had a good magnifying glass I could solve the secret at once. A magnifying glass, of course I have one in my binocular, so doubling the paper in my hand before the old woman could stop me, I bolted out of the hut and made off to our tent as fast as I could run. Jack and Brandon were, of course, asleep, so lighting a match in my hat so as not to allow the light to wake them, I crept to my native saddle, and taking out the glasses ran back to Maimai's hut.

She was sitting on the ground by the fire when I returned, all huddled up in a heap, her arms crossed on her knees, and her head resting on them. She looked up as I returned.

"Ah," she said, "it is well for you you have brought the paper back, for had you gone off with it my curse would have followed you."

"I only went to bring better eyes than mine," I replied, as I sat down and began to unscrew the end glass from one of the tubes. She watched me in silence, though when once I looked up I saw that she was regarding my movements attentively.

I now held the paper close to the light, and applied the magnifying glass. I could make out quite plainly some letters, though no single word. The characters, though badly made, were evidently English, though the language was not. I turned to the end to look for the signature, and after much trouble made it out to be "Owen Williams." Great Scott! thought I, they must have been English! and I set to work again to try and decipher some words, but not one single word on the whole page could I make anything of. I looked at the heading and discovered the date, 1755. It seemed incredible, and I looked at the old woman again. We were now in the year 1875, so that this letter must have been written at the time her father died and given to her son, at a time when she could not have been much less than forty-five years' old, and that was just 120 years ago, which again would make her now 165 years old, or born in the year 1710.

"Where did your father come from?" I asked, as soon as I could overcome in a measure my astonishment.

"He came from nowhere," she replied, "he was born here, and his father before him. It was my grandfather who came with many others. I remember him when I was quite small. He was very old then and blind, but I remember he had some some curious pictures on his arm, and on his chest he had one like this," and she drew with her finger on the sand at my feet the figure of a harp.

"Welsh, by Jove," I cried. How was it I had not spotted it before of course I could not make out the writing, for as I now took up the paper again I saw by the great preponderance of consonants over vowels, that the writing was evidently Welsh. And these people were evidently descended from some Welshmen probably, from the tattooing on her grandfather's arms and chest. Sailors, and no doubt shipwrecked somewhere on the coast of Chile.

"And what was your grandfather like?" I asked.

"He must have been a big man once," she answered, "but when I remember him he was bent nearly double with age. He had a long white beard, and his eyes, though he could not see a bit, were blue."

"And your grandmother, who was she?"

"I never saw her. She was dead before I was born, but I fancy she was a Tehuelte Indian."

"And do you speak the same language now that they spoke then?"

"Almost the same, though now many words have altered, though many still remain the same as they used to be."

This, then, was the reason why all the Pampa tribes always declared the Araucanos were not Indians, and this also accounted for the fair hair and blue eyes I had seen among them, as also for the beards the men had, for no true blooded Indian has any beard. And now, how funny things come back to one's memory. I remembered a man I had met the year before, a Welshman, too, his name was Edwards, and who had been mining a long time in the south of Chile, telling me that these same Araucano Indians used many words almost identical with Welsh.

I held the paper up to the light to see whether there was any water mark on it but found none, nor after examining it attentively for more than half an hour could I discover anything more of the meaning of the letter than the date and the signature.

"Have you anything more belonging to your ancestors?" I asked at length, as I returned the paper.

"Not here," she replied, "but at one of our villages further south I have some more trifles; two gold rings, a book, a cutlass and a pistol; we are continually moving you see, and consequently take as little as possible beyond our actual wants. If ever you come back to the mountains I will show you them."

"But do you know how old you yourself must actually be if the date on that letter is correct, and you were as old as you say you were when your father died?"

"No; I have long lost all count of time, my children are all dead ages ago, and theirs also, and theirs, too, so I know I must be very old, though how old I cannot tell." Often I have been tempted to climb up to the top of a volcano and cast myself in, and I wish I had done so long ago, for now I am no longer able. So I must live on until the Master of Life chooses to take my burden from me. People I know often wish to live long, but if they knew the weariness of living as long as I have they would see the error of wishing to live beyond the time when life is enjoyable. How often have I prayed for death and rest? What is life now to me but a mere monotonous existence? I have seen my children's children born and die, over and over again. I can tell the manner of their deaths but cannot help them,

they are with me for a spell and then are taken away, and I myself cannot die."

Few people, I should imagine, have ever heard words like these, and I sat looking at the old woman for some time in silence, wondering what the spell might be which kept life so long in so useless a body.

"Can you not tell the manner of your own death?" I asked at length.

"No, that is the worst of all. I have often consulted the water in the bowl, but when I seek to find out anything about myself all is a blank."

"And what is this Pizpah?" I asked, seeking to change the subject.

"I should have thought that you were above the idle superstitions of ignorant minds," she said, "it is an idea that has arisen among our people who are all of them ignorant. It was first suggested to them by some priests who came here in my grandfather's time, and with time has grown into a regular belief, but there is nothing in it. I remember when I was quite a girl some Spaniards who came down here looking for gold, they, too, talked about an enchanted country where there was a great abundance of gold, but they never, so far as I know, found it, for I believe they were all killed by one of the Pampa tribes."

"But there is gold in the mountains, is there not?"

"Enough to make the whole world rich if they knew where to look for it, it has been looked for often enough, but the men who looked for it never found it, luckily for them, though some have passed close to it."

"Why do you say 'luckily for them?' If they had found it, it would have meant great riches, an easy life and all the luxuries gold can buy."

"Not so. Had they found it, it would have meant death. Many people have come here into the mountains looking for gold, but they are always seen and followed, and if they had found it the tribe would have killed them rather than they should have gone away and spread the news."

As the old woman said this I happened to look towards the door of the hut which faced the east and I saw that the sky was already pink with dawn. I jumped up and looked at my watch and saw that it was half-past four.

"Caramba, the day is coming," I cried, "I have had no sleep to-night and it will be time to start in an hour, how the time has sped!"

"Yes," she said laughing, "you see the time flies sometimes when you are talking to an old woman the same as it does when you are talking to a young one. But now you must go. You have no time to sleep, so go down to the lake and bathe, that will do you nearly as much good, and when you are gone remember what Namun told you, if ever you are poor come back to us and we will give you enough gold to make the rest of your life easy. Should Namun be dead ask for me, I am known to all the tribe, and I will see that his wishes are carried out, for I like you, you are one of those few cristianos who are willing to do a good turn to others without thought of reward. That is the surest way of making friends, and friends after all mean success."

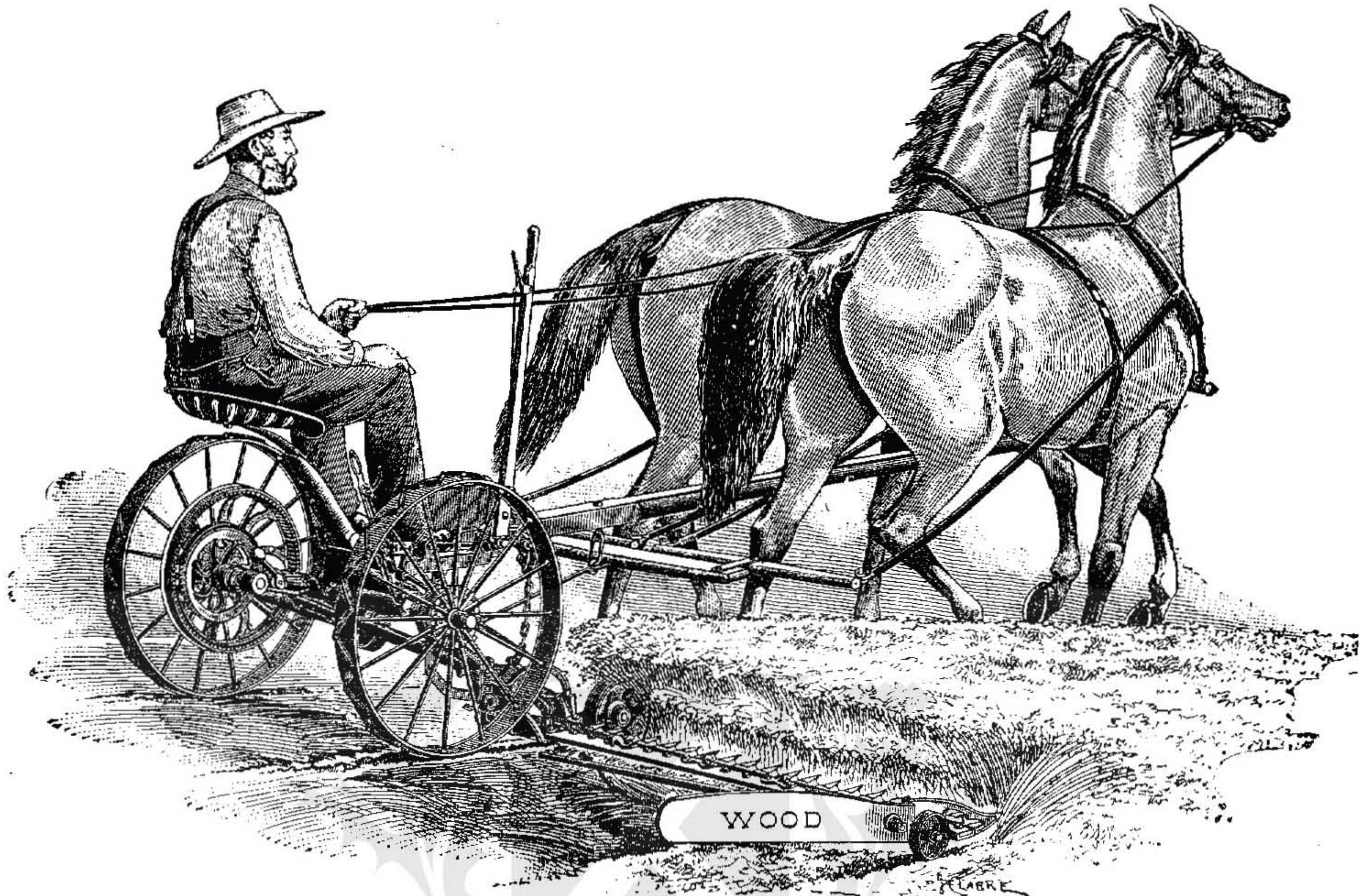
I bade her good bye, and went out of her hut, and from that day to this have never seen her more.

(To be continued).

A great deal is being written and said about the craze for collecting postage stamps, or "Philately," as its devotees prefer the mania to be called. It certainly is on the increase, and some very high prices are being paid for specimens of rare stamps, but this is no reason why the pursuit should be belittled by those who have not the energy to collect anything, or the desire to add to their knowledge and inform themselves about other countries by collecting its stamps. Collecting stamps as a pastime for boys is, perhaps, one of the most useful and instructive occupations they can take up, as it teaches them geography in an interesting way, and in a manner that impresses not only the whereabouts but something about the country on their minds.

When a man relies for success on the confidence the public have in him to start a successful undertaking, no matter how plausible may be his claim, the public instinct is likely to close the pockets of the individuals to the presuming beggar who relies on their innocence to give him what he can't procure for himself in any other way. Such is the position more or less Mr Stead finds himself in. He wanted to start a daily morning paper, which ought to cost more or less in presses, plant, offices, etc., say about £50,000, so he ingenuously asked that 120,000 people should each subscribe £1 and pay in advance, they would then become subscribers and receive the paper daily during a year. It is sad for Mr Stead that the public did not respond, perhaps they remembered something about Mr Stead's former writings on a slate, perhaps they regarded the proposition as being somewhat one-sided and not in their favour. For some things it is a pity, as we remain without a paper that would have been directed by one who claimed to be able to hold communication with other worlds, and may be we should have had things revealed to us that would materially alter the course of the future.

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