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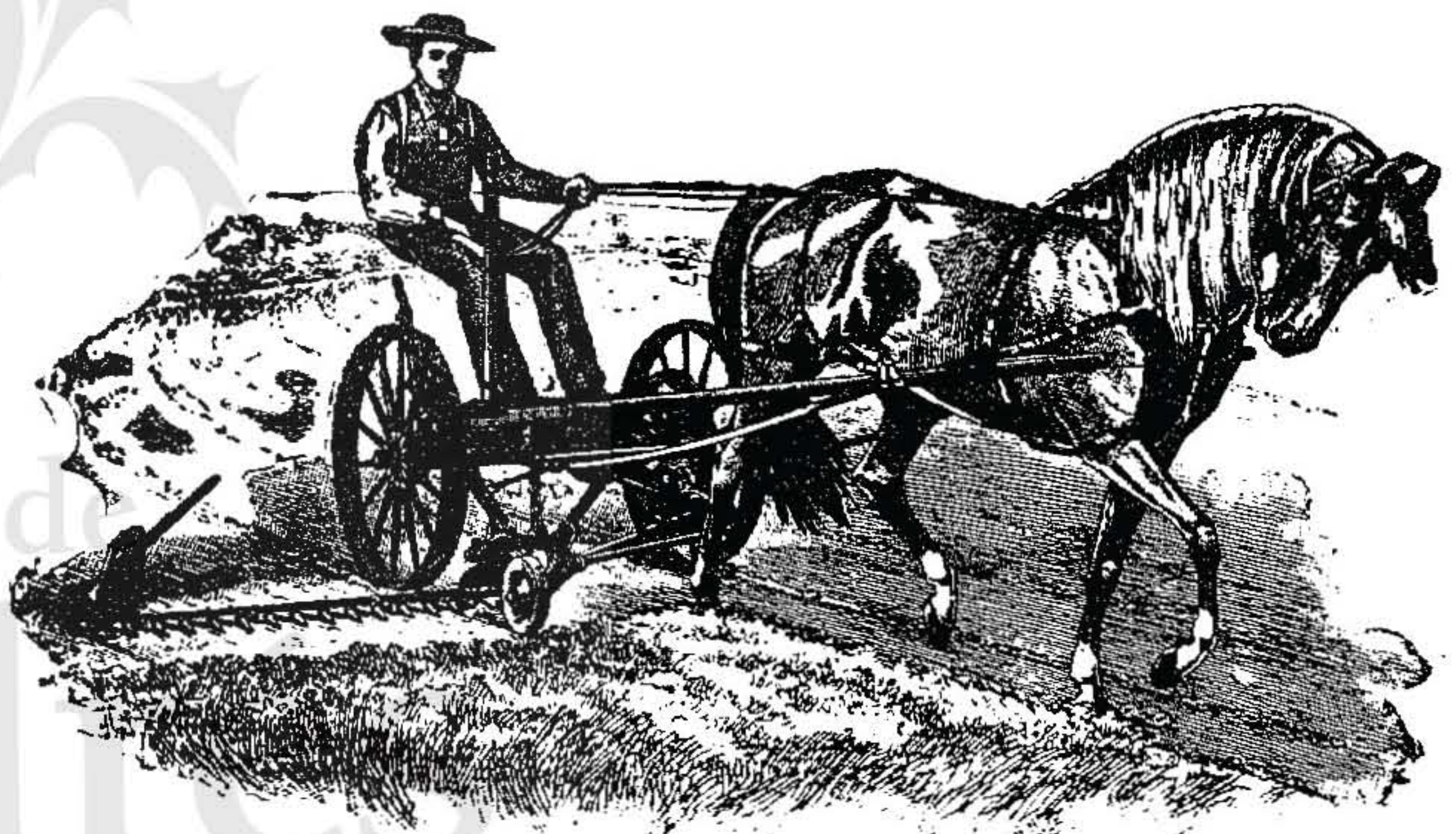
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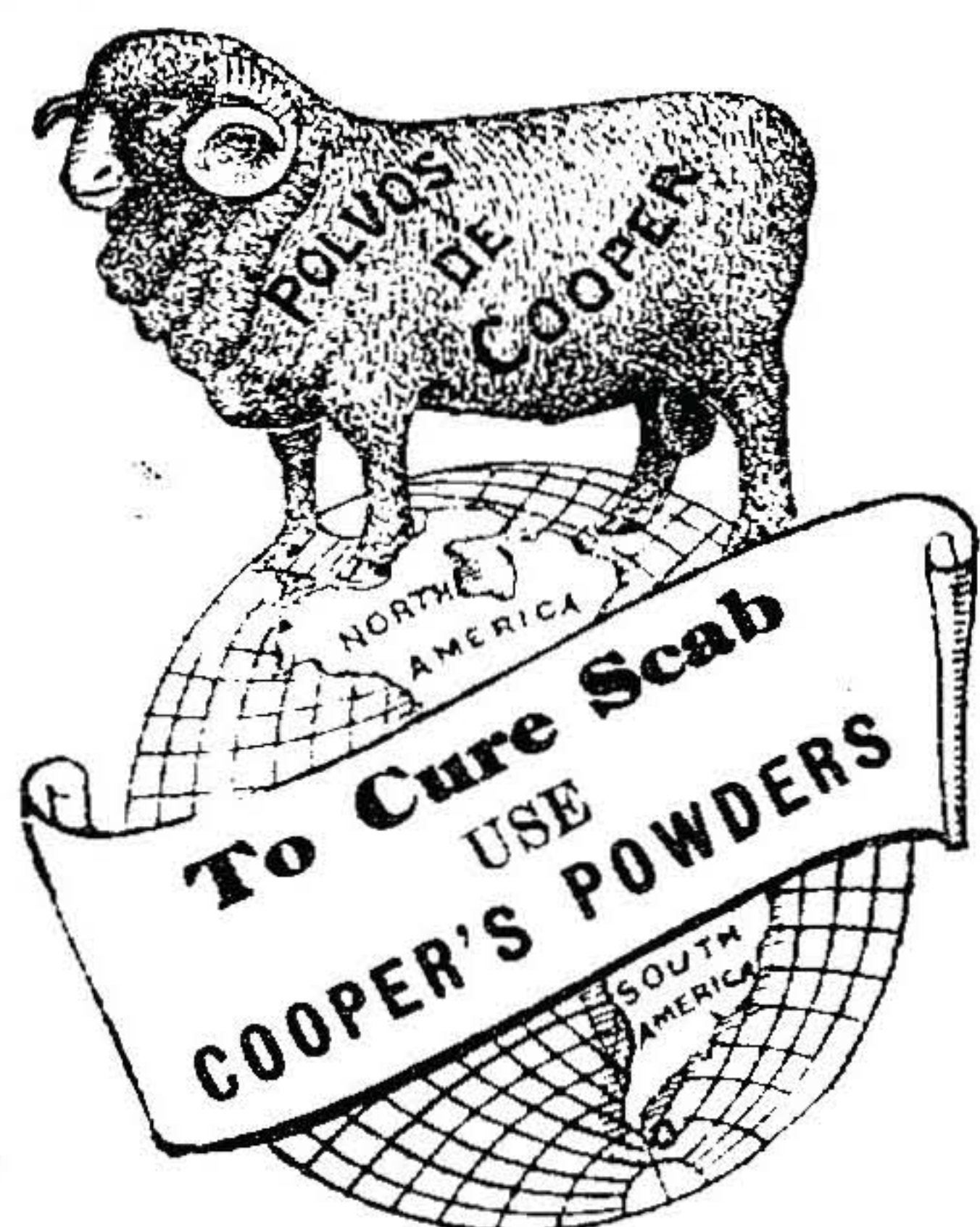
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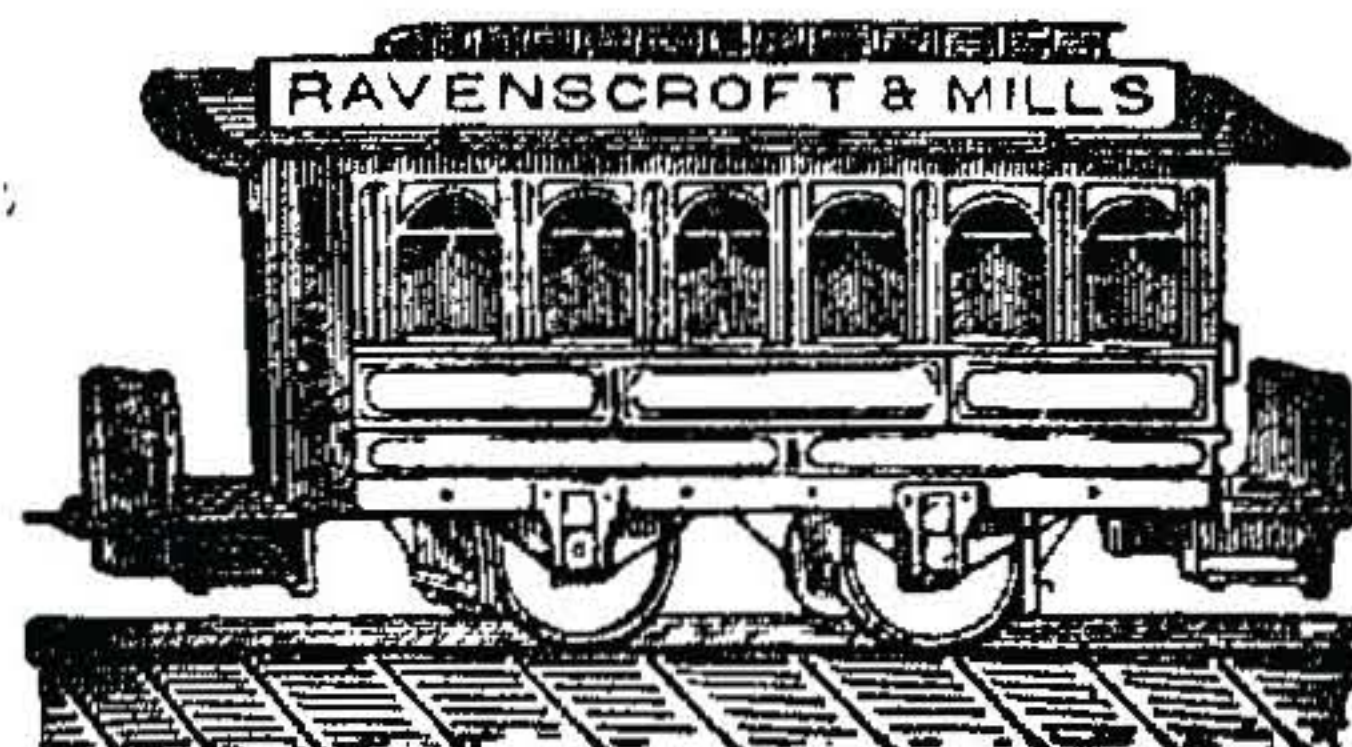
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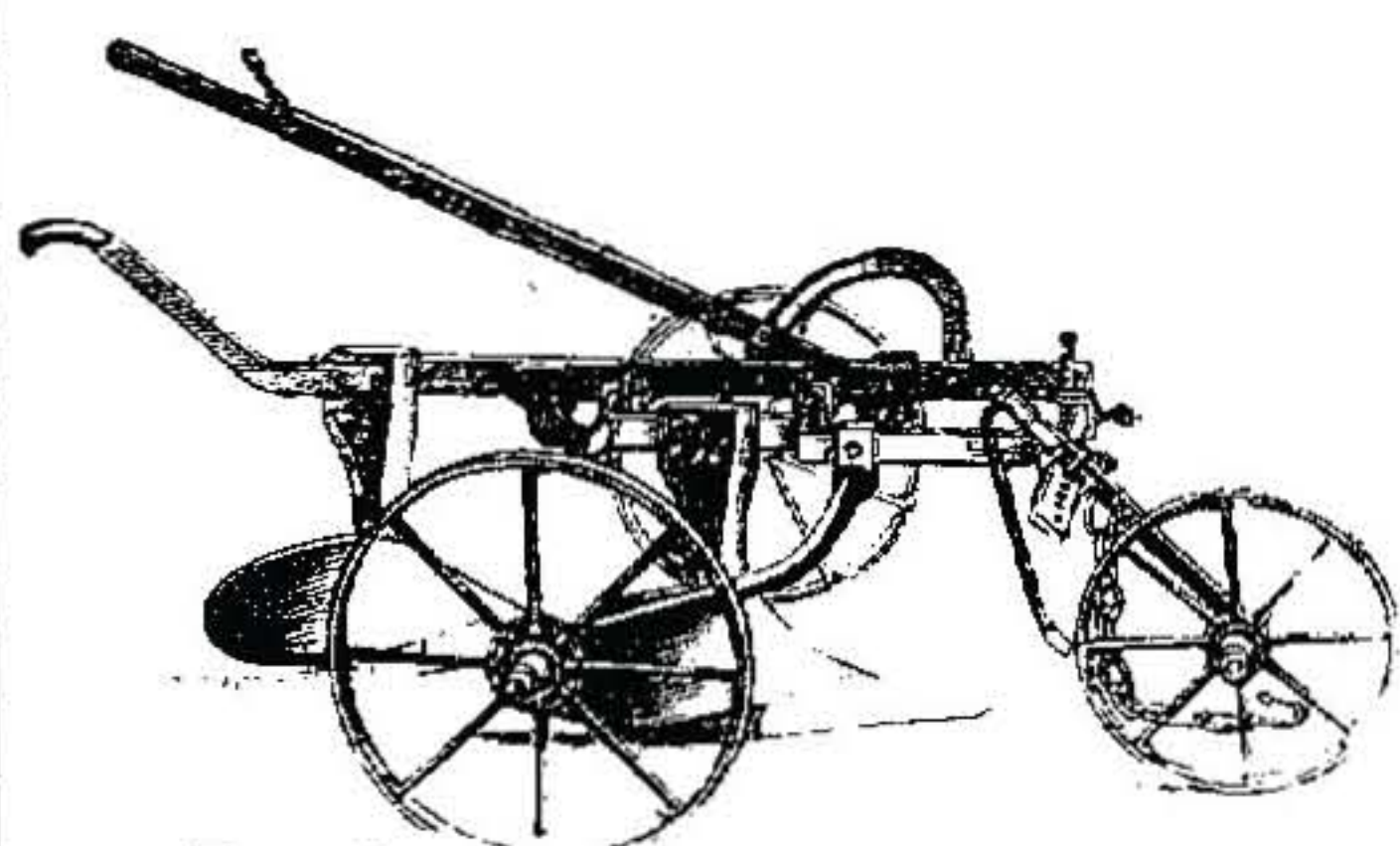
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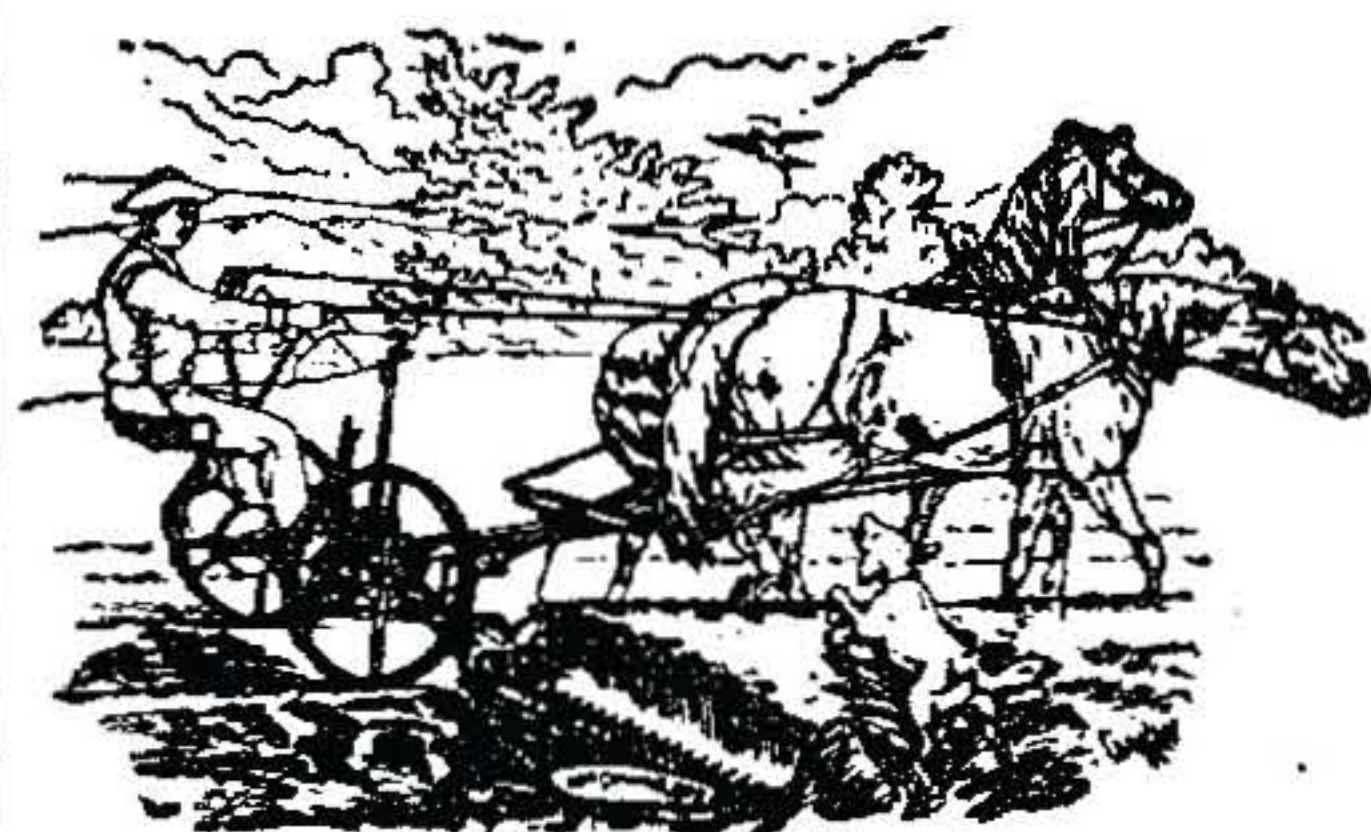
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1891

No. 1—August 5:
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No. 2—September 9:
ORMONDE.

No. 3—September 30:
PHENIX.

No. 4—November 18:
THE SANTA FE 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 BUENOS AIRES RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM.

No. 17—September 14:
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No. 18—October 5:
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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

Manchester and Hurst Park supplied three days racing in the week ending January 27. At Manchester sport was good, the course having been kept from the frost by a liberal covering of hay. Cuttlestone made his debut as a steeplechaser on the first day, but proved no kinder over a country than on the flat, and refused so persistently that he did not finish the race he started in. We give below the principal race of each day at Manchester and the chief event on the first day at Hurst Park.

With regard to the Grand National, of which the weights are published, it had been stated Cloister would not accept for the Grand National in the event of his handicap being more than 12st 7lb, so Mr C. G. Duff sent the following disclaimer to the newspapers: "Will you kindly contradict the report that it is my intention to scratch Cloister for the Grand National should his weight exceed 12st 7lb. Unless the weight allotted him makes the task an impossibility, I have every intention of accepting with him, and if he is well on the day and as sound as he is at present, his supporters may rely they will have a good run for their money."

MANCHESTER SECOND JANUARY MEETING January 28.

Manchester Handicap Steeplechase of 225 sovs; 3 miles. Mr Keeping's b g Toss Up, by Torpedo—Lottery, 6 y, 11 st 12 lb E. Matthews 1	Mr E. Storey's Harpist, aged, 10 st 13 lb Mr C. R. Whitton 2
Mr T. R. Irving's Confederate, 5 y, 10 st 12 lb F. Hassall 3	Capt. H. T. Fenwick's Owick, 8 y, 12 st 7 lb G. Williamson 0
Mr J. Widger's Warren Hastings, aged, 12 st 5 lb Mr Joe Widger 0	Mr C. J. Cunningham's Clanricarde, 5 y, 11 st 9 lb J. Walsh, jun. 0
Mr S. Woodland's King of the Gipsies, 6 y, 11 st R. Woodland 0	Mr J. Connor's Macpherson, aged, 10 st 7 lb G. Morris 0

Betting: 9 to 4 agst Clanricarde, 3 to 1 agst Warren Hastings, 100 to 30 agst Owick, 8 to 1 agst Toss Up, and 10 to 1 agst any other.
Won easily by six lengths, a bad third.

January 24.

January Hurdle Race of 200 sovs; 2 miles.
Mr W. Dunne's b h De Beers, by Ben Battle—
Kooinar, 6 y, 11 st 4 lb J. Walsh, sen. 1
Mr J. D. Wardell's Blanc Mange, 5 y, 10 st 11 lb
T. Kavanagh 2
Duke of Montrose's Hiatus, 6 y, 10 st 11 lb Cassidy 3
Mr H. M. Dyas's Sixpence, 5 y, 10 st 9 lb Parkinson 0
Mr H. Hyams's Tippo Tib, 4 y, 10 st 5 lb
A. Nightingall 0
Mr Dobell's Sir Henry James, 4 y, 10 st 4 lb G. Morris 0
Betting: 13 to 8 agst De Beers, 3 to 1 agst Tippoo Tib, 100 to 30 agst Sir Henry James, 5 to 1 agst Blanc Mange, 10 to 1 agst Hiatus, and 100 to 8 agst Sixpence.
Won by a length and a half, a bad third.

HURST PARK

Jan. 26

Surrey and Middlesex Handicap Steeplechase of 200 sovs; 2 miles.
Capt. Whitaker's ch h Ormerod, by Edward the Confessor—Lady Carew, 6 y, 11 st 2 lb
Mr Bewicke 1
Mr F. B. Atkinson's Warrington, 6 y, 12 st 4 lb
Escott 2
Mr H. L. Powell's The Midshipmite, aged 13 st
Sensier 3
Mr B. Robson's Cestus, 5 y, 10 st 13 lb Mr Grenfell 0
Mr Lancashire's Brunswick, aged, 10 st 7 lb A. Wood 0
Lord Molyneux's Drumlina, 5 y, 10 st 6 lb G. Foote 0
Mr D. Robertson Aikman's Holmwood, 5 y,
10 st 7 lb G. Williamson 0
Mr W. Newton's Stalactite, aged, 10 st 3 lb J. Jones 0
Betting: 9 to 4 agst Warrington, 3 to 1 agst The Midshipmite, 4 to 1 agst Cestus, 7 to 1 agst Ormerod, 10 to 1 agst Brunswick, and 100 to 8 agst any other.
Won by a length, three lengths separated second and third.

From the published weights for the Grand National Steeplechase, to be run on Friday, March 30th, it will be seen that Cloister, for his fine performance last year, has been placed top-weight for the present year, and the handicapper (who has taken advantage of the recently-amended rule, whereby horses in steeplechases of three miles and a half and upwards can be given as little as 9 st 7 lb) has put on Mr Grant's horse the same weight as a twelvemonth ago, viz., 12 st 7 lb. He gives 8 lb to Why Not, who with 11 st 13 lb, has a pound more to put up than he carried into third place in 1893, while Esop, who was then second under 10 st 4 lb, is now on the same mark. To refer to previous winners of the race other than Cloister, Ilex has been weighted at 11 st 12 lb and Father O'Flynn at 11 st 3 lb. As also is the case with the Lincolnshire Handicap, the big chase has received French support, and Le Rakos (a smart performer in his own country) has the same impost as Father O'Flynn, while Cadix, a stable companion of Le Rakos, has 11 st. Twenty-three horses are allotted less than 10 st, among the better known of them being the ancient Brunswick, Nelly Gray, Varteg Hill, and Lady Ellen II.

	Age	st	lb		Age	st	lb
Cloister	a	12	7	Trouville	6	10	2
Why Not	a	11	13	Thurles	6	10	2
Ilex	a	11	12	Tor Cross	6	10	1
The Midshipmite	a	11	11	Whitehead	a	10	1
Red Prince II	5	11	7	Vander Berg	a	10	1
Warrington	6	11	5	Caustic	5	10	0
Le Rakos	5	11	3	Lugton	a	10	0
Father O'Flynn	a	11	3	Colne George	a	10	0
Horizon	5	11	3	Claverhouse	6	9	13
The Primate	a	11	2	Fortune	a	9	13
Royal Red	5	11	2	The Miner	6	9	13
Ormerod	6	11	2	Correze	6	9	13
Skedaddle	5	11	2	Funny Face	a	9	12
Cadix	5	11	0	Brunswick	a	9	12
White Cockade	a	11	0	Nelly Gray	5	9	12
Carrollstown	a	10	13	Schooner	6	9	12
Marcellus	6	10	12	Shortbread	a	9	12
Ardcarn	a	10	12	Rouser	a	9	11
Chouffleur	a	10	11	Frontier	a	9	11
Paul	6	10	11	Tichborne	a	9	11
Grossmann	a	10	11	Musician	a	9	10
Wild Man from Borneo	6	10	9	Varteg Hill	a	9	10
Clanricarde	5	10	7	Apostle	6	9	10
Priores	6	10	6	Lady Ellen II	6	9	10
Redhill	6	10	5	Calcraft	a	9	10
Esop	a	10	4	Lucky Admiral	a	9	9
Kedar	a	10	3	Tommy Shaw	a	9	8
Troubler	6	10	3	Pearl Dives	a	9	8
Fanatic	5	10	2	Anthony	6	9	7
Excelsior	a	10	2	Covert Side	a	9	7
Imeyan	a	10	2	Dawn	6	9	7

The principal topic in racing circles at home at the end of last month was the rumoured retirement from the turf of Captain Watch. It will be remembered that he was struck down with sudden illness while attending the Autumn Meeting at Liverpool last November, and for some time remained in a most critical condition. He rallied, and went to Torquay for change of air, but it did him little good, and his doctors peremptorily ordered him to the South of Europe, not merely for a change, but to take-up his residence there. It was a case of life or death, and there was nothing for it but to obey. According to "The Sportsman," he has disposed of Bedford Cottage, his cherished Newmarket home, dismissed his servants, made all necessary arrangements, and left for Genoa. What will become of the horses, and where he will finally settle is not yet decided. One thing, unhappily, appears certain, and that is that he is unlikely to race any more.

London betting on the Derby on January 27, was as follows:

11 to 4	agst Ladas (t)
9 to 2	— Match Box (t & o)
8 to 1	— Son o' Mine (t & o)
10 to 1	— Bullingdon (t)
100 to 7	— Arcano (t)
20 to 1	— Grand Hampton (o)

From Australia we learn that the Victoria Racing Club, the richest turf corporation, perhaps, in the world, has been affected to a remarkable extent by the financial crisis. To commence with, in its most prosperous years, about £45,000 was added from its funds to the sweepstakes and forfeits of owners, for a dozen days' racing, this large sum including £10,000 for the Melbourne Cup. Last year, however, it was decided to appropriate the sweepstakes, &c., while guaranteeing the original totals for the different events; and recently further retrenchment was ordered, to the extent of cutting down the value of stakes during the ensuing year. A striking evidence of the bad times is illustrated in the four days of the last spring meeting, which, even with £6000 in owners' sweepstakes retained by the club, only resulted in a surplus of £3000 odd; while in the exhibition year (1888) the profit was more than £25,000, when, also, owners got their own money back.

CRICKET

The match between the South Australian Colleges of Prince Alfred and St. Peter's, played at Adelaide on December 7 and 8, gave rise to a fine performance by a member of the former. C. Hill, who went in first, was 214 (not out) when play closed at the end of the first day. On the following day he increased this score to 360, and then retired. His innings was 64 above G. Giffen's 296 in 1890, hitherto the best score in South Australia, and 8 above the highest record in Australia, F. Laver's 352 (not out) for East Melbourne v. St. Kilda, on Feb. 11, 1893.

An eleven of Dutch amateur cricketers will make a tour in England this summer. The programme for the Gentlemen of Holland will be confined to matches in the neighbourhood of London, with three fixtures in Surrey. The real business of the tour commences on Saturday, August 4, at Sheffield Park, where the Earl of Sheffield, who took a party of English cricketers to Holland a few years ago, will entertain the Dutchmen.

A New Zealand paper, published at the end of November, is responsible for the following:

A remarkable performance was witnessed in the cricket match at Karori between the Rival third and the Karori first, C. Spiers, a member of the latter team, taking ten wickets at a cost of one run. He bowled nine men, and caught the tenth off his own bowling. This is, we believe, a world's record.

FOOTBALL.

The first round of the London Association Senior Cup was decided on Saturday, January 20th, with the following results:

Old Carthusians beat Clapton with two goals each. Casuals beat City Ramblers by two goals to none. Crouch End beat London Caledonians by two goals to one, the latter leaving the ground before time owing to a decision of the referee. Old Foresters beat Ilford by two goals to one, the spectators behaving so badly to the referee that the Association closed the Ilford ground for a week. Old Westminster gave Old St. Marks a tremendous beating by eighteen goals to nothing. Polytechnic beat Royal Ordnance Factories by two goals to one, and Crusaders beat Old Harrovians by five goals to one.

An Association match, the first of the term, was played between Cambridge University and Old Etonians on January 24th, which resulted, after a fast game, in a win for the University by five goals to two, curiously enough an exactly reverse result to that of the two clubs' last meeting.

An Inter-County Association match between Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire resulted on January 20th in an easy win for the former county by four goals to one.

The annual Rugby match, the fifteenth, was played between Northumberland and Durham on January 20th and as usual created a large amount of interest. The games heretofore had been exciting, Northumberland had won six, Durham five, and three had been drawn, so Durham were expected to do their very best to win the one under notice. They succeeded in doing so by a goal and three tries to one-try, so the record now stands six victories each.

The third match between Somerset and Devon was played at Weston-super-Mare on January 24th and created immense interest. The match ended in the victory of Somerset by eight points to none, and with it the county championship of the south-western group for the present season went to the winners. The result was a great blow to the Devonians who were confident of success.

(Continued on page 5).

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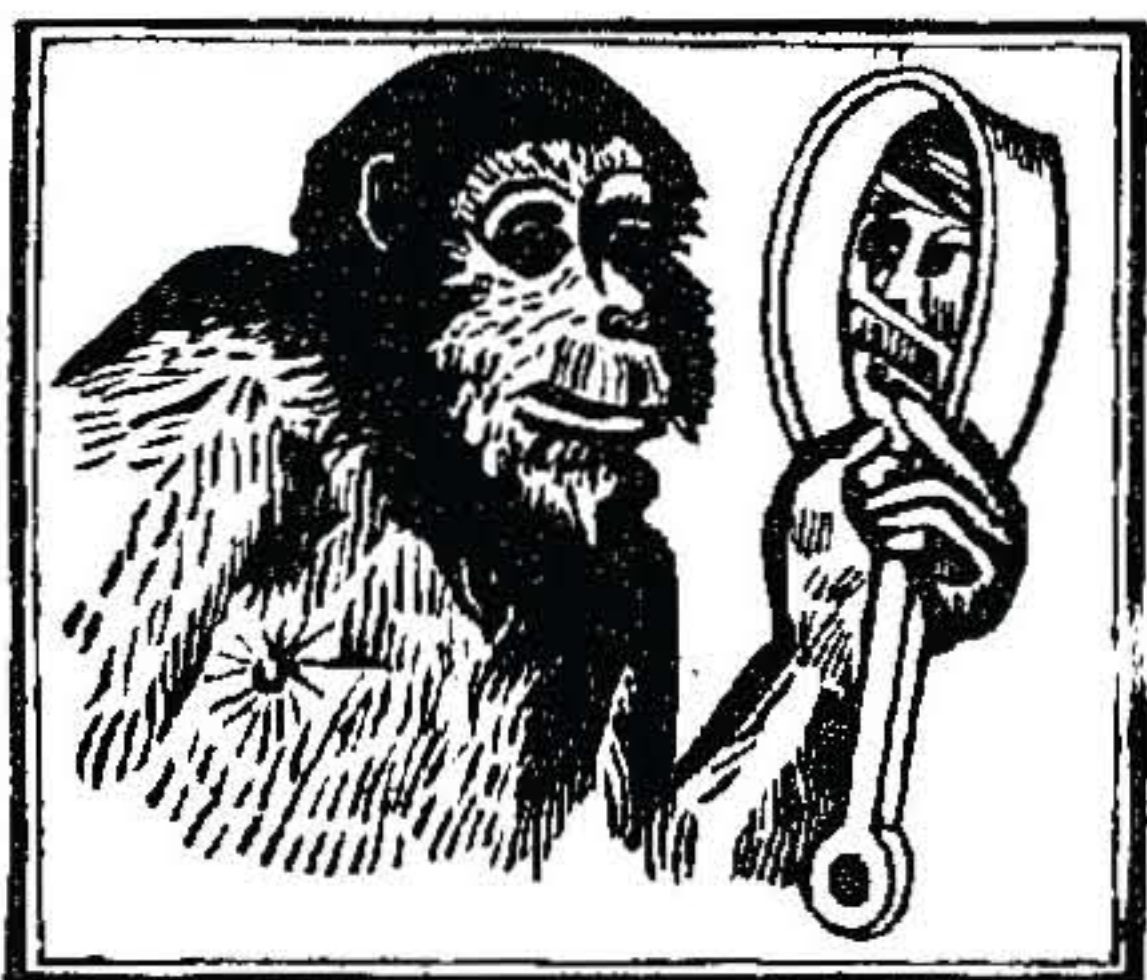
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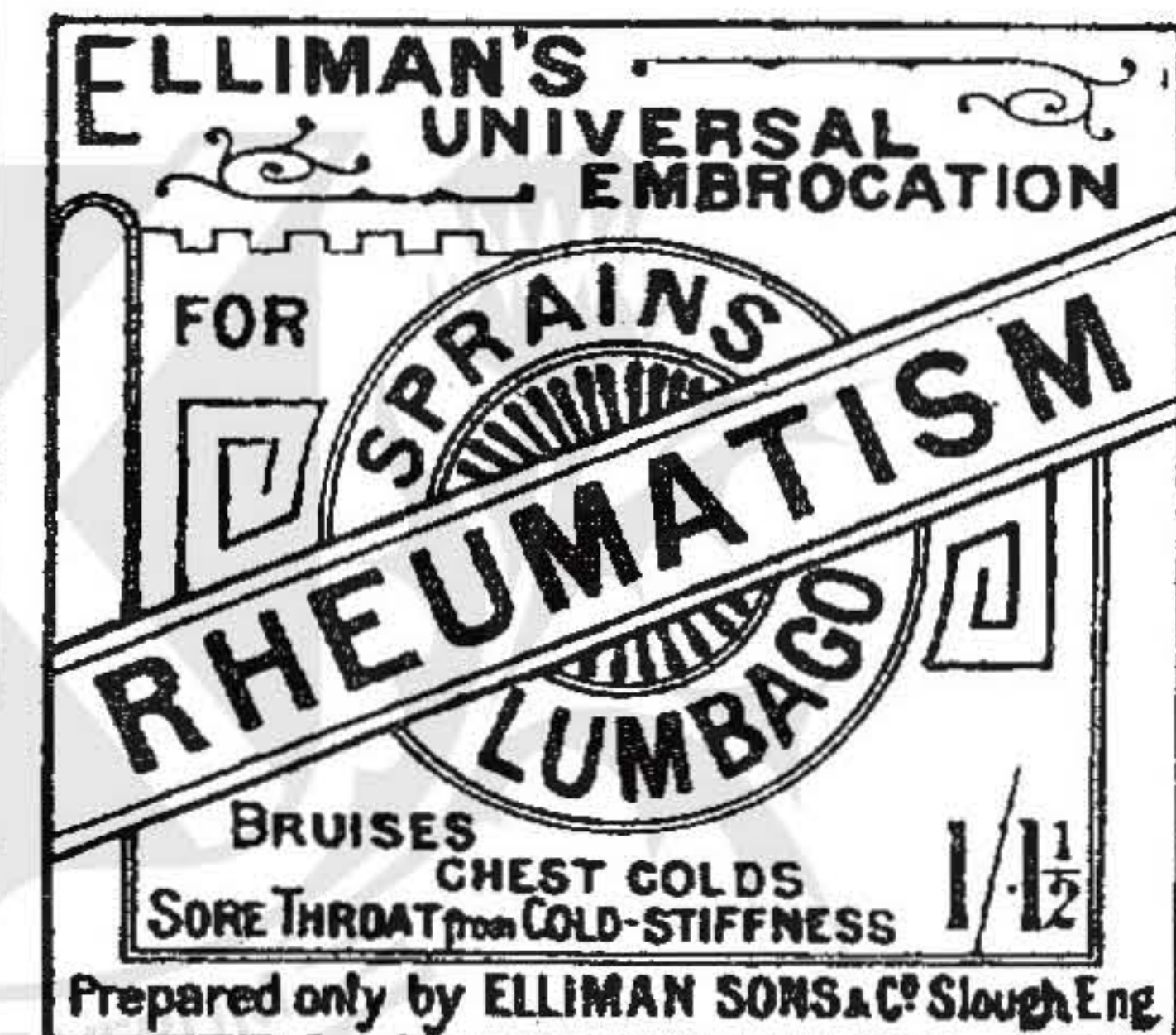
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A match between Blackheath and Newport was watched on January 20th by as big a crowd as has ever witnessed a football match at Blackheath. The game, however, was not a great one it appears, and it contained many of the bad features of modern Rugby football. Newport had the better of the game during most of the time and eventually won by nine points to five.

The first round of the Inter-Hospital Rugby Union Cup between St. Thomas' Hospital, the holders, and St. Bartholomew's Hospital, resulted in a win for St. Thomas' by four goals and three tries to nothing. The winners had most of last year's men in the team, and they played beautifully together, especially their forwards.

Immediately after this success St. Thomas' met Leicester, and although the county were very poorly represented the match ended in a draw—no score. Leicester were much the superior in the loose, though the "medicos" were seen to great advantage in the scrum mages, and by bringing about a draw the county achieved a great performance.

The Inter-University match at the Association game between Oxford and Cambridge was to have been played at the Queen's Park, West Kensington, on Wednesday the 21st, and the international between Scotland and Wales on February 3rd, on which date also England played Ireland. Of these two last matches we have not yet received account as the mail left on the day they were played.

The ties in the first round proper of the English Cup Competition were played off on January 27. Sheffield Wednesday journeyed to Plumstead to play Woolwich Arsenal, whom they succeeded in beating after a severely-contested game by two goals to one. We read that the most interesting match played was that between Aston Villa and Wolverhampton Wanderers, which was witnessed at Perry Barr by over thirty thousand spectators. Aston Villa won the toss, and with the wind behind them scored in five minutes, while Denny and Chatter soon followed with two more goals, thus at half time the home club led by three goals to nil. With the wind in their favour the Wanderers managed to put on two goals, but the Villa added one more to their total and won by four goals to two. Sunderland had a comparatively easy win over Accrington on their own ground by three goals to nil. Preston North End had a ridiculously easy task set them in playing Reading, whom they defeated as they liked by eighteen goals to nil. Newcastle United beat Sheffield United at Newcastle by two goals to one. Notts County and Burnley—the former being in the second league division and the latter in the first—met at Trent Bridge, Nottingham; Notts had the advantage of the wind in the first half, and beat Burnley finally by a goal to nil. Logan scored the goal.

Middlesborough Ironopolis beat Luton Town by two goals to nil; Notts Forest beat Hearnor Town by one goal to nil; Newton Heath beat Middlesborough by four goals to nil; Derby County, who have been in such remarkably good form lately, succeeded in beating Darwen by two goals to nil; Liverpool beat Grimsby Town at Armfield by three goals to one. A large number of people witnessed the match between Everton and Stoke at Stoke, when the home team won an evenly-contested game by a goal to nil. West Bromwich Albion, who have been unlucky this year in their League fixtures, are now out of the cup, being beaten by Blackburn Rovers by three goals to two; Burton Wanderers beat Stockport County by a goal to nil; Leicester Fosse beat South Shore by two goals to one; and Bolton Wanderers beat Small Heath by four goals to three.

BOXING

CORBETT V. MITCHELL

We take the following short account of the great glove fight in the States from the "Sporting Times" of Jan. 27. The fight took place on Jan. 25 at Jacksonville, and was for the absurdly high purse of twenty thousand dollars and five thousand a-side. After an infinity of paper warfare, it produced a meeting inside the ropes that lasted exactly eight minutes and fifty-five seconds—inclusive of the ten seconds which the referee counted whilst Mr Mitchell, with a bloody nose and a generally dazed idea of what had happened, reclined upon the boards and was counted out. To the following account of the three rounds which sufficed for the American gasbag to knock out the British rowdy we have no comments to add, save that a mild feeling of sympathy with the Englishman exists in sporting circles here on account of his nationality.

The First Round

A lot of sparring took place, both evincing great caution. Then a few light exchanges ensued, followed by a clinch, and the men broke away. Corbett now assumed the aggressive, and got home two heavy punches with his right. After numerous exchanges, sharp in-fighting followed, in which Corbett scored frequently.

Now came Mitchell's turn, and he was loudly cheered for the agility he showed in ducking and getting out of danger. Again they clinched, and Mitchell drew first blood as the gong went.

The Second Round

Corbett, who had his ire roused by the sight of blood, commenced in earnest, and going for Mitchell, punished him severely, and during the in-fighting used his right with telling effect. With a sharp uppercut he almost brought Mitchell down. Recovering himself with great agility, Charlie, after a sharp rally, went for Corbett, and landed some heavy body punches with his right. Mitchell then got to close quarters, and did rare execu-

tion with both hands. Corbett, however, set to work, again, and decisively outbalanced matters. Ultimately he knocked Mitchell down. The latter went slightly groggy, but came up again as pluckily as ever. Gaily he fought against odds, but when the gong sounded the battle was all in favour of Corbett.

The Third Round

Mitchell started very busy with his left, but Corbett quickly set about him severely, Charlie went more groggy, but defiant to the last. It was now plain to the veriest tyro that the fates were against Mitchell. With a swinging righthander Corbett laid him low. Up Mitchell rose again, although on the verge of being counted out, and gamely faced the foe. Corbett showed him no mercy, and administered heavy punishment; finally, with a heavy bash on the left side of the jaw he stretched Mitchell out. He fell heavily on his face. Being unable to rise to the call of time, referee Kelly counted him out, and gave his decision in favour of Corbett. So ended the fight of the century. It occupied exactly 8 min 55 sec.

A Jacksonville correspondent of the "Sportsman" telegraphed after the fight:

The officials of the Duval Club announce that the receipts realised from the Mitchell-Corbett fight amount to \$31,000, but it is generally believed that they must have reached a considerably higher figure. The Attorney-General says that the State is determined to convict the pugilists if there is any law enabling it to do so, and declares that if they fail to appear for trial at the sessions of the Criminal Court next month their bonds will certainly be forfeited. Corbett has decided to start in two months' time on a tour to the principal European capitals, but he will first visit England, Ireland and Scotland. Mitchell has asked Corbett to spar with him on his first appearance in London.

According to a telegram from Pittsburg, Peter Jackson has received word from Corbett that the latter would prefer their fight for the championship of the world to take place in England, on account of the trouble experienced in bringing off the Mitchell contest at Jacksonville. Mitchell telegraphs in reply to an inquiry from the "World" asking him how it feels to be knocked out: "I do not consider it within the range of human possibility to describe the sensation."

BILLIARDS

Roberts conceded Mitchell 9,000 points start in a spot-barred game of 24,000 at the Egyptian Hall, at the end of last month. The game, which extended over a fortnight, resulted on January 27, in Roberts winning by 355 points. The champion had slightly the best of the game throughout, and played with wonderful care and judgment.

EN PASSANT.

Lady Jeune is always to the fore with good sound counsel on matters domestic. She has taken the pages of the "North American Review" as a medium for imparting her ideas on that very important point *Dinner*. So much is wrapped up in dinner, on the whims of the cook at this meal depend the peace or discord of many a family. The way dinner is served is a very important point. I am glad to see Lady Jeune advocating shortness in dinners. She talks about eight dishes. If she includes dessert as a course she is right; nobody wants more for dinner than soup, fish, a useful entrée, a bird, sweets, savory and fruit. If you give more than this you ask people to suffer for your sake, as no set of digestive organs were ever turned out that could satisfactorily tackle a larger meal, besides which every extra dish discounts the chance of the others being as perfect as they might be, had the cook few, instead of many, to look after, dish up and serve hot, which two points constitute the charm and the quality of a dinner. If the eye be pleased the chances are great that the palate will be satisfied, because a cook who will take the trouble to decorate a dish nicely will be sure to have taken trouble over the cooking thereof. Talking of dinner parties Lady Jeune recommends the mixing of all sorts of characters irrespective of their fitness as regards common interests, which is not a bad idea, seeing it hits at the present system of the formal dinner parties. I suppose it would be akin to socialistic to suggest that these dinner parties are a superfluous relic of former ages when they had a certain *raison d'être*, as people dined much earlier and had to fill in the time somehow, but to-day, to ask anyone to dine on one of the state occasions, when you assemble at eight o'clock and leave at ten-thirty, after having gobbled up the contents of a menu "twice" too big, and mixed wines, ices, coffee and liqueurs in such a way that one is incapable of facing food for a week, is nothing short of refined torture. A dinner ought never to consist of more than eight people, if one cares about dining, if eating is the object twelve may sit down together; the only excuse for anything

over this number is force of circumstances. If Lady Jeune will use her influence to abolish dinner parties and replace them by dinners she will earn the lasting reward of gratitude from those who live to a decent age, without dispepsia.

**

The electric shock at Bournemouth whereby one horse drawing a bus was killed and the other caused to tremble violently in the road along which they were passing, which seemed to be charged with electricity, so much so that dogs went off howling and people on foot felt a tingling sensation, is a mystery that ought to be made the subject of a very strict enquiry. I do not know whether Bournemouth is lighted by electricity but suppose so, for I cannot think a shock could be spontaneously generated in a public thoroughfare.

We have electric installations for lighting purposes here, and it makes one who knows nothing about it, but who asks for information, wonder if electricity can escape and play old Harry unseen. Gas escapes, but we are warned by our nose of the fact, and provided one does not sleep in air charged with gas or introduce a light there is no particular danger, whereas with electricity it is different, without any warning, if a horse join his forefathers when trotting quietly along, our fate might be similar. Therefore I think it would be well for somebody who understands such matters to go into the subject and tell us if such a thing is likely to occur often. In the United States it has happened before I am told, but in places far back, still what happens in one place may happen in another, I can fancy nothing more annoying when strolling quietly to one's favourite restaurant, eating one's dinner in anticipation, than to be electrocuted.

**

The Monson effigy case has been decided against Madame Tussand, Ltd., and Lewis Tussand, but they have appealed. Shortly, the case is this, after Monson became a celebrity these wax work proprietors put his image in their respective shows, to which he objected and sought an injunction to restrain them, which he got. This decides what for a long time has been asked, as to whether a man has the right to the copyright of his own face. Now that this case has come on and been decided there will be no more trouble about the exhibition of anyone's photo against their will in photographer's windows.

**

Someone is seriously exercised in his mind about Henry Irving taking so much money in the United States. It appears from a calculation that he took in San Francisco £29,000, and in eight weeks in New York close on £40,000. This the American economist deplures, because he imagines having taken the money at the theatre Henry Irving will put it into a sack and cart it to England, thereby depriving the United States of a lot of valuable gold. If he had taken time to think, or ever had anything to do with things theatrical, he would have paused before venting his fear that money paid for value received should leave his country. The expenses of travelling such a company as that of the Lyceum, its army of servants, its stock of scenery, costumes and properties of all sorts must be enormous, so after all, though Henry Irving will probably get a decent profit, the Americans will not be poorer by much money, while they are enriched by a pleasure afforded to those who choose to pay for it.

**

Verily the ways of man are inscrutable. Argentine man especially is difficult to understand on account of his fertile imagination as regards his country's needs in conjunction with the necessities of his own pocket. The latest notion to further the welfare of his country, of a gallant Captain Nunez, is to erect some artificial islands at the narrow entrance of the Martin Chico, and place big guns thereon. This, he holds, would facilitate the defence of the river in times of need and be useful for quarantine purposes in times of peace. Nothing is said about the cost of constructing the island or islands, but the marine head-quarter staff have approved the scheme and recommended it to be carried out.

**

It is difficult to know how far to go in believing what one reads in society papers, many of which are written purely from hearsay and imagination, they rely on sensational matter and the credence of their readers for their circulation,

which ought to be stopped, as they do more harm to those, who not knowing them to be false, take it for granted that anything appearing in print must be true, and the ideas they form about others in a higher social scale is anything but good. To give an example of the humbug they impose upon their perusers, I read the other day an account of a cotillon danced by the highest society in Paris in which a vaccinating figure formed a part. All the ladies had a small opening in their dresses above the knee, a cow was brought into the room from which the lymph was taken, each couple waltzed round the usual two or three turns, the ladies were vaccinated by a man and the men by a lady. This exceedingly fin-de-siècle novelty seems, according to its recorder, to have given great pleasure and satisfaction, so much so that the same set propose some further developments of the cotillon in the hygiene line.

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While on the subject of incredible stories in newspapers the report that our dear old flag had been trailed in the mud of Rio comes to one's mind. As nothing has been heard to confirm this tale it is to be supposed that it was simply a repetition of the old game of hoaxing a newspaper. It is possible a few vexed men might attempt to belittle the English flag, but in a foreign place, where there are other Englishmen, it is hardly credible they would be allowed to publicly insult it and go away with their heads whole.

**

Quite the man of the day in home circles at present is our good friend Mr Ronald Bridgett, H.M. Consul here, whose photo appears in many of the illustrated papers, some of which are recognisable. Up to the present nothing very definite is known as to whether Jabez Balfour, after giving Mr Bridgett so much trouble, will be extradited or not. Some interested parties hold that it would be altogether illegal to hand the villain over, besides being excessively un-Argentine to put anyone in the way of being punished for financial errors, however we shall see. In the meantime we hope that matters may be satisfactorily arranged in such a way that Mr Tunbridge will not have to go home again empty-handed.

The Balfour case at home has shown up a funny phase of law, regarding correspondence during the ban of the Bankruptcy Court. Balfour's son, who was included in his father's bankruptcy, told a newspaper reporter that all his correspondence was being passed through the hands of the official receiver. It appears to be the law that when a receiving order is made out against a debtor the Court, on the application of the official receiver, may order post letters addressed to the debtor at any place to be redirected and sent to the receiver. Some of the papers cry out against this law, and go as far as saying a bankrupt is not a criminal, and therefore ought to enjoy the same liberty and privileges as any other citizen. But they forget to take into consideration that a bankrupt may also be a criminal, as has happened in the Balfour affair. Provided the law is not abused there seems to me no reason why it should not stand, especially as it is never enforced except in cases of need.

**

This is rather an amusing story of a judge:—“Lord Ellenborough once, while sitting in the Court of King's Bench, was disturbed in his summing-up by a thunderous noise outside the court. He was informed in reply to a testy query as to the cause of the disturbance, that the Thirty-Sixth Middlesex Volunteers were drilling in Westminster Hall, and had just grounded arms. ‘Let the tip-staff,’ sternly observed Ellenborough, C. J. ‘take the Thirty-Sixth Middlesex Volunteers into custody and bring them before the court.’ Whether the fearful behest was carried out I do not know.”

**

The following lines taken from the pen of the “Daily Graphic's” dramatic critic give a good idea of the up to date plays in town. The tendency of most of the pieces put on the stage to-day is to answer the question put in Sarah Grand's “Heavenly Twins” :—

Mr A. W. Gattie's new play, in four acts, “The Transgressor,” is less an exposition of social ethics than an enquiry into social expedients. Its subject, like that of many recent comedies, would, a few years ago, have been held unsuited to dramatic exposition. Manners in these days, like the dead, *vont vite*, and there are few questions, social, political, religious, moral, ethnological, which may not before long be referred

to a jury of maids and matrons empanelled behind the footlights. Baldly stated, the problem discussed in “The Transgressor” is what is a woman to do who, having espoused a man she passionately adores, finds that he has a wife living and that her marriage is a sham? The damage is done and is irreparable. The world, it is known is more pitiless to innocence that has been betrayed than it is to shameless and prosperous vice. Our heroine's choice is soon made. She will stick to the man she loves, and the world may make the best or the worst of the matter. Not very conclusive is the teaching, and the piece is ill-constructed and not very crisply written. Though it takes no very long time in representation, it is burdened with excrescences and treads over and again a somewhat wearisome track. Thanks, however, to one scene of poignant interest and to some superb acting it may be witnessed with pleasure, and is indeed an unquestionable success. The interest, it may be stated, is purely feminine, and scarcely goes beyond the character of the heroine. The men are selfish and craven, commonplace and dull. To such an extent is this the case that the heroine has scarcely foil enough to show her to highest advantage. Soon after the birth of her only daughter Mrs Eric Langley, wife of a country squire, suffers—in a railway accident—a blow on the head which renders her hopelessly and incurable insane. Her child grows up to believe her dead. The secret of her continued existence is known to three persons only—to Eric, to his good-natured, if eccentric neighbour, Sir Thomas Horncliffe, and to Gerald Hurst, M.D., who is betrothed to Constance Langley. On the silence of these Eric thinks he may rely. He is bold enough accordingly to commit bigamy. Yielding to the spell of the gracious presence and enchanting ways of Sylvia Woodville he contracts with her secret nuptials, which he naturally hesitates to disclose. “Cornered” at length, he is bound to reveal the true state of affairs to some one, and chooses his prospective son-in-law. So indiscreet is he that he allows his confession to be overheard by Henry Meredith—a sneaking parson, who has been rejected by Sylvia, and who is always “loafing” about in the hope of repeating his displeasing proposals. Meredith sees his chance. By betraying the secret to Sylvia he will compel her, as damaged goods, to come into his possession. He will marry her and prevent further exposure. He reveals accordingly the true state of affairs to Sylvia's uncle and guardian, Colonel Foster, and afterwards to Sylvia herself, who refuses to believe it. When summoned to her presence Eric is compelled to plead guilty. His excuse is that the law is unjust that ties him to a woman, a mere animated mass of flesh and blood, who can never know him or be capable of any intellectual process whatever. Asked by her why he did not give her the option of choosing for herself, he explains that he wished her to remain in ignorance so that the crime might be wholly his. In the sight of God and in the estimation of his own heart he is hers.

This special pleading converts the heroine, who, defying absolute violence on the part of her guardian, throws herself into her lover's arms. A woman is not, she says, a bale of goods to be transferred from one to another. She is an intellectual, sentient, passionate being, entitled to shape her own destiny, and of her free choice she clings to the man who, in order to possess her, has not shrunk from crime. It might be difficult to place this argument or assertion in syllogistic shape. The logic is, however, good enough for a loving woman. Colonel Foster is relentless. Should she adhere to Eric, Eric shall be tried for bigamy. Sylvia makes frantic but futile efforts to avert this calamity. Eric Langley sees now his duty. He will himself surrender and take his trial. Haply the judges will take a lenient view of the case, and for the period during which he must be away he entrusts Sylvia to the charge of her friend and his daughter Constance.

The weakness and inconclusiveness of much of this are obvious. Had the hero, like a sensible man, trusted his secret to Dr Hurst in his own room instead of announcing it in a loud voice in presence of a third person unseem there would have been no play. The conclusion establishes nothing, and is but a mere repetition of the penultimate act. The characters are nebulous, and the whole overflows with faults. Instead of dwelling on these, it is pleasanter to insist upon the strange, irresistible power of the third act. So sympathetic is this, and so electrical, it will woo all London to see it. The pleasure of witnessing a dramatic and original situation is not all the reward that will attend those who visit the Court. They will see some acting on the part of Miss Olga Nethersole equally magnificent and convincing. Miss Nethersole monopolises the opportunities of the piece, which shows there is a weakness in it. She proves herself worthy, however, of the position awarded her, and bends and sways the audience at her will. The movements of the actress are suave and graceful, her expression is fine, and her gestures are large and dramatic. In the presentation of Sylvia Woodville Miss Nethersole takes her place among our foremost actresses. The next best played part is the Constance of Miss Bessie Hatton, which is delightfully tender and girlish. Mr Elwood as Eric does what he can with an invertebrate part; and Mr Fernandez, Mr Seymour Hicks, Mr Brookfield and Mr Bucklaw take other characters. To whom must be assigned the responsibility we know not, but none of these excellent actors seems quite at his ease, and most of them are over-loud. The play was a complete success, the author being warmly called. Miss Nethersole was the object of a remarkable demonstration of friendliness and enthusiasm.

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If people still have doubts as to the benefits of sanitation, a report in the “British Medical Re-

port” ought to convince them of the good done, for during the last thirty years the death rate has been lowered and the spell of life increased, whereas between the years 1850 and 1860 the mean age at death was twenty-five years, it is now thirty-three years. It appears that the great increase of life has been amongst artisans and tradesmen, two classes which have gained five and six years of life respectively. Among professional men and men of independent means, the duration of life is said to have remained stationary, a fact which proves sanitation has done most good where most needed, and that very many of the evils and diseases due to overcrowding have been done away with. Benefits of this kind come upon us so gradually that we are apt to forget their existence, and it is only by looking back over a period of years that we can realise how much the once despised science has done for us.

**

Self-preservation is one of the most active instincts in our natures. Taken as a rule, people in the old world take this instinct as applying only to life, but in newer countries, where the duration of body and estate is more uncertain, the instinct goes further, and though it cannot preserve life, it can assure the preservation of an estate. It was on some such notion, many years ago, that the idea of insuring life cropped up. The hold it has taken on the public can be seen by reading the published figures of the various companies, at the top of which stands The Equitable Life, whose returns for the past year have just come to hand, and afford a very satisfactory and interesting study for its clients. There is no doubt the American Life Insurance Companies deserve their success. Whether their incentive be competition, or what, is not my business, but I can vouch for the fact that no Company is as generous, or better, perhaps, returns as much to its policy holders as the best of the American Companies, at the head of which is the Equitable.

WOMEN'S GOSSIP.

Dear Kate,—

At the Private Views at Burlington House and The New Gallery one saw some very charmingly dressed women, and among them was most noticeable that combination of lace and fur I mentioned to you as so fashionable. A pretty, seasonable gown was in dark bluey purple cloth, trimmed with black velvet, and worn with a very large black plumed hat.

Another lovely long blue pelisse was entirely lined with white fur, and looked very smart over a gown of dark blue. But though most seasonable here just now, I fear these garments are too wintery for you, so here is a rather new idea for a blouse which you may find more useful. The material is a pretty new style of velveteen, of Parisian manufacture, of a light make and a pale shade, all dotted over with little spots of gold or silver printed on to it, the shape is rather full back and front, gathered in at the waist by a very deep black belt of moiré, fastened in front with big jet buttons, there is a basque pointed at back and front, and large full sleeves of the velveteen caught at the elbow into long tight cuffs of the black moiré, and trimmed with big jet buttons to match the belt.

There are some winter sales on just now in town, and at such tried favourites as Spence and Co.'s or Garrauld's one can pick up lovely crimped crepons as cheap as 1s 5^d a yard, and exquisitely tinted nun's veiling at 8d, so that the making of one's evening frocks, blouses, and tea jackets is a thing of joy, as one can also get pretty lace to trim them for a mere trifle. At Garrauld's the sale price of silks is really wonderful, and one can really get most presentable silk blouses just now for seven and ninepence and ten shillings each!

As to lace, let me give you a hint from personal experience, in buying the pretty cheap laces now in vogue, take by preference the coarser sorts rather than the fine and filmy ones, as the latter crush so much under wraps, and the pretty dainty frills on a tea jacket or blouse or the berthe of a velveteen gown, which really is the making of the thing, are apt to come out from under one's theatre cloak or driving wrap, a crumpled, limp object of scorn rather than “a thing of beauty,” which “is a joy for ever,” and the coarser makes of lace take no harm from wraps, if they are carefully arranged, and are therefore the wisest wear.

And now, as some of the costumes may give you useful hints for a like purpose, I must tell you of a charming fancy ball I went to in New Year's week. It was in a fine old house, the old-fashioned panelling and papering of which, and the dark polished floors and crisp shining leaves of the orthodox holly and evergreen decorations, threw out the quaint figures of the dancers into most perfect pictures.

One amusing and inexpensive dress worn by a bright-looking brunette was “crackers.” The skirt was crisp, white calico, with an overskirt of pinked out glazed terra cotta calico, and a pale blue paper shoulder frill; on her head was a peaked cap of the shape found in crackers, while, all round her, bundles of gay coloured crackers were tied to her gown with bright ribbons;

some of these she occasionally cracked in corners with a kindred spirit to the startled dismay of some couple on quietness intent. Another gay and inexpensive dress was a dancing girl's, with a white short skirt, covered with loose lengths of gay coloured ribbons, fastened into a jewelled belt at the waist, and falling to the hem; the bodice was covered with the same ribbons crossed and re-crossed, and huge knots with streaming ends hung from above the puffed sleeves. A fisher girl in a short skirt of broad blue and white stripes, a soft dark blue jersey, a peaked blue and white cap above a much curled chestnut head, looked very nice, and so did two Italian fisher girls with dark blue serge skirts bordered by a red band; dark red broad Swiss belts held in place full white muslin yokes, and the sleeves were large gigot shape and of white muslin, while the darker sister wore a crimson silk handkerchief knotted under her chin and folded over her hair, and the fairer one a dark blue one; both had very neat low shoes and smart stockings. The elder sister of the fisher girl in blue and white stripes had powdered hair and a very dainty pompadour polonaise over a pale pink quilted satin skirt, pink silk stockings and old court shoes with paste buckles. There was, of course a lot of powdered hair, which is always becoming, and stately dresses in brocade silk or velvet on old time models worn with it, but these costumes are costly and troublesome to arrange and have made, and you will find the simpler dresses of more use. One of the prettiest girls in the room was dressed as "a sweet girl graduate" after the fashion of Tennyson's Princess. She wore a white satin skirt, short dancing length, white satin shoes, silk stockings, and over all a long student gown in white satin, over which fell a degree hood of white fur, and on her head was a white satin trencher hat with a white tassel. The effect was charming, and the material would be always useful, as it would remake into an ordinary ball gown. White China, too, was dressed in white satin, with powdered hair and wreaths of white roses, and carried in her hand a white basket full of the white roses. A pretty little Rosalind wore grey shoes and grey stockings twisted round with much ribbon, a short grey satin skirt, made the shape of a long tunic, a bodice of grey slashed with pink silk, sleeves and waistcoat of apple-green velveteen, a cap and plume of green, and a long graceful cloak of grey nun's veiling lined with pink, a hunting knife and all the instruments of "gentle woodcraft." Two pretty children of the house were dressed as snowdrop and violet, with wreaths of the flowers on heads and frocks, and looked lovely leading the cotillon with their two little brothers attired in Court Highland dress of the 15th century with huge, full powdered wigs! The cotillon was very pretty, and so was a costume set of lancers danced with bannerettes.

As for the "Lords of Creation" they looked magnificent in fancy garb, and one can only regret they don't wear rich coloured velvets, silks and satins, and much fine lace and many paste buckles on all occasions! There were, of course, the usual number of costly courtier costumes of bygone days, and splendid uniforms of Spain or the "Old Guard," but these things cost a lot of money, and sometimes one likes to know of what can be easily done by clever fingers and designing without much cost. So one really clever dress of inexpensive material and possible home make may amuse you. The character was "A Harmonious Fool," and to the clown's painted face and peaked caps, with linen dress of loose pink blouse and full white knickerbockers, was added across the back embroidered notes of music in black, representing the first bar or two of "Home, Sweet Home," and other well known tunes, while all over the knickerbockers were sewed odd notes, moons and stars, to represent the harmony of the spheres! Another fool in white and crimson had most effective large Toby frills in red linen; and some fisher dresses were simple and pretty, blue and white, or pink and white broad striped skirts, serge knickerbockers and large striped silk handkerchiefs knotted round the throat and head. An Indian Rajah's dress looked very well, and so did a charmingly cool, white, embroidered turban and robe from Egypt.

But there, that is enough of fools and folly! The end of the year brought sad news from India, of the death of the well-known writer "A. L. O. E.," whose pretty stories charmed our early years. For many years she has devoted, not only the proceeds of her literary work, but her life and her time, to Mission Work among the women of India, and ripe in years she has died at her self chosen post, and by her own wish lies buried at the scene of her labours. A sweet and womanly personality, to the end of her busy useful life she has laboured with life and with pen on behalf of her fellow women, many of whom at home and in India live to bless her memory and her work. And so adieu.—Yours ever, MARGERY.

FOOTBALL

In a late number of the "Nineteenth Century," Mr Almond, headmaster of Loretto School, gives his views on the subject of football. Nobody who knows anything about the winter game can dispute his fitness for the task he has undertaken, for Loretto is undoubtedly the nursery of the Rugby game in Scotland, and the freely expressed opinion of its popular "head" cannot fail to remove the prejudices of many a nervous parent.

"Surely," Mr Almond says, "whatever tends to quicken the circulation, to raise the spirits, and to purify the blood is 'ipso facto,' a moral agent. This is so at all ages, but it is more especially the case during the age of boyhood. It is an incalculable blessing to this country that such a sport is so enthusiastically beloved by almost all that part of our boyhood whom Nature has endowed with strong passions and overflowing energies.

"Its mere existence and the practical lessons which it teaches are worth all the books that have been written on youthful purity. I can say for myself that, under the circumstances of the luxurious and self-indulgent habits in which boys are increasingly brought up at home, the constant panic lest they should suffer any pain, the absence of apprehension lest their moral and physical fibre should become feeble by disuse, and the tendency of the examination system to make the development of character a secondary consideration, I would not care to face the responsibility of conducting a school were there not rooted in it, as, I hope, an imperishable tradition, an enthusiastic love of football.

"Let us postulate that almost every healthy-minded boy wishes to get into his house team or his school team, or to rise in some way in the school football world. It is a near object, and as the mass of boys, from their natures, live more for the near than for the distant they will let such an object influence their conduct if they know how. The boy who can develop no enthusiasm about Latin prose or the rivers of Siberia, even though he is convinced that the former will train a faculty of interpretation which will be useful to him in any business or profession, and that a knowledge about the latter, by some inscrutable connection of cause and effect, will qualify him to wear weapons and serve in the wars, will yet eagerly listen to instruction about the physiological facts of his own being, when he finds out that they have a practical bearing on his own immediate success.

"Why he should not indulge in the vicious practice of 'grabbing' at odd times, which lays up a store of far more future ill-health than even juvenile smoking, or in the unwholesome habits, so rife among schoolboys, of bolting their food, or avoiding what are, perhaps, the only available vegetables; why he should never let even the roughest day in winter pass without facing the wind and rain till he is in a glow of joyous health; why he should not cramp his breathing organs, or distort his feet, if he wishes to have good wind and to avoid sprains—these and numerous other lessons of a similar kind are, I can bear witness, eagerly imbibed by a school which is keen on football."

Mr Almond contends that the dangers of football are enormously exaggerated, the proportion of accidents being really trivial in comparison with the immense numbers who play the game.

"Fatal accidents," he says, "certainly do not escape notice, and the total number of deaths ascribed to football in the years 1890, 1891, and 1892 was 23, 22, and 26 respectively; while 154 broken limbs and 212 minor accidents, some of them very minor, were reported in the same period. As I said before, it is impossible to form any approximate estimate of the number of people who play, and therefore of the precise danger of the game. But we may safely assert that football kills a less proportion annually than one in 50,000 of those who play at all, and that less than one in 7000 breaks a limb. In my own personal experience I have had to do with football for thirty-five years. At no school with which I have been connected has there ever been a death; I can remember one broken leg among boys, and one among men, and, I think, three broken arms."

On the question of professionalism Mr Almond says: "The introduction of professionalism into Scotland, at first veiled, now avowed, has done great mischief to our village clubs. I could name several of these, which were once in the front rank, but which have lost their position, and are declining, in consequence of their best players having often been bribed and suborned in all sorts of underhand and unsportsmanlike ways—at first by English clubs, whose example the Scottish city clubs who can repay themselves by large 'gates,' have been almost forced to follow. I am assured by men who are behind the scenes that not only is the game in many villages being ruined, but that the effect of the whole system, the ramifications of which are too intricate to be more than alluded to here, is most demoralising in many more respects and directions than would occur to the uninitiated."

POLO.

We find the following verses, written by "The Banjo," for the "Antipodean" in "Land and Water" of a late date. They will appeal to many polo players here:—

'Twas somewhere up the country, in a land of rock and scrub,
That they formed an institution called the Geebung Polo Club.
They were long and wiry natives from the rugged mountain side,
And the horse was never saddled that the Geebung couldn't ride;
But their style of playing polo was irregular and rash—
They had mighty little science, but a mighty lot of dash;
And they played on mountain ponies that were muscular and strong,
Though their coats were quite unpolished, and their manes and tails were long;
And they used to train those ponies wheeling cattle in the scrub,
They were demons were the members of the Geebung Polo Club.

It was somewhere down the country, in a city's smoke and steam,
That a Polo Club existed called "The Cuff and Collar Team."

As a social institution, 'twas a marvellous success,
For the members were distinguished by exclusiveness and dress.

They had natty little ponies that were nice, and smooth, and sleek,
For their cultivated owners only rode 'em once a week;
So they started up the country in pursuit of sport and fame,
For they meant to show the Geebung how they ought to play the game;
And they took their valets with them—just to give their boots a rub
Ere they started operations on the Geebung Polo Club.

Now my readers can imagine how the contest ebbed and flowed,
When the Geebung boys got going it was time to clear the road;
And the game was so terrific that ere half the time was gone
A spectator's leg was broken—just from merely looking on.
For they waddled one another till the plain was strewn with dead,
While the score was kept so even that they neither got ahead.
And the Cuff and Collar captain, when he tumbled off to die,
Was the last surviving player—so the game was called a tie.
Then the Captain of the Geebung raised him slowly from the ground,
Though his wounds were mostly mortal, yet he fiercely gazed around:
There was no one to oppose him—all the rest were in a trance,
So he scrambled on his pony for his last expiring chance,
For he meant to make an effort to get victory to his side,
So he struck at goal—and missed it—then he tumbled off and died.

* * * * *

By the old Campaspe River, where the breezes shake the grass,
There's a row of little gravestones that the stockmen never pass,
For they bear a rude inscription, saying, "Stranger, drop a tear,
For the Cuff and Collar players and the Geebung boys lie here."
And on misty moonlit evenings, while the dingoes howl around,
You can see their shadows flitting down that phantom polo ground;
You can hear the loud collisions as the flying players meet,
And the rattle of the mallets and the rush of ponies' feet,
Till the terrified spectator rides like blazes to the pub—
He's been haunted by the spectres of the Geebung Polo Club.

PROGRAMME OF A MEETING

TO BE HELD AT

HURLINGHAM

ON

Thursday, March 22, 1894

THE TOURNAMENT STAKES, for Polo Ponies, to be played by their owners in the Championship Tournament; a Sweepstakes of \$10 each with \$50 added; 600 metres; weight for inches, 75 kilos top weight.

THE POLO ASSOCIATION CUP (presented by R. R. MacIver, Esq.), 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 5 kilos; 1500 metres.

The Cup to be won twice in succession by the same owner and pony, or three times in all by the same owner.

THE MARCH HURDLE RACE, for Horses the property of and to be ridden by members of the Buenos Aires Hunt Club or an affiliated Polo Club; a Sweepstakes of \$20 each with \$50 added; catch weights, not under 75 kilos; 2500 metres, over seven flights of hurdles.

THE MIDGET STAKES, a Handicap for Ponies of 58 in. and under; a Sweepstakes of \$10 each with \$50 added; 500 metres.

In this Handicap the top weight will not exceed 67 kilos.

THE GALLOWAY HANDICAP, for Ponies and Galloways of 58 in. and under; a Sweepstakes of \$20 each with \$50 added; 1000 metres.

OPEN HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES, for all Ponies of 56 in. and under, \$20 each with \$50 added; 800 metres.

Entries close on Saturday, March 10, to the Secretary of the Hurlingham Club, Piedad 559.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

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

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

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

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River Plate Sport and Pastime

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1894.

SPORTING NOTES

The match between the Buenos Aires C.C. and the Lanus C.C. which has appeared in the fixture list as to be played at Lanus on the 4th March, will instead be played at Palermo on the same day.

.

The three cricket fixtures for Sunday next are as follows: Lomas A.C. v. the Western Railway A.C., at Tolosa; the Buenos Aires C.C. v. Lanus, at Palermo; and the London Bank C.C. v. Flores A.C., at Flores.

.

At a committee meeting of the Polo Association held last week it was decided to hold a general meeting of the Association at Hurlingham during the polo tournament, as a fully representative will at that time be a certainty.

.

The Jockey Club will hold a general meeting within the next few days, in order to elect their new committee for the present season. As I have already said Dr. Miguel Cané will probably be named as candidate for the presidency of the Club.

.

I have little information regarding the polo tournament at Hurlingham next month beyond the welcome news that the Venado Tuerto Polo Club intends to send a team down, as also does La Victoria. The entries may yet be the most numerous on record.

.

By the death last month at home of Thomas Adams, an old Kent cricketer, at the age of eighty-one, the last link is severed between the present and the past, when Kent met England on even terms. He played for the South against the North at Lords in 1837.

.

I read that the University crews are now settling down to practice and the date of the race has been fixed for March 17th. The fact that Cambridge is rowing in a French-built boat is still very naturally angering English boat-builders.

.

The water bicycle, El Parole, which made the other day so successful a trip on the Paraná, is now for sale and can be seen at the La Platense Company's workshops in the Boca.

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The Annual General Meeting of the Albion Football Club, Montevideo, will be held at No. 31 Calle Rincon, on Monday evening the 19th March, when the Annual Reports, and Financial Statements, will be presented to the members, and the election of the new committee made for the ensuing year.

It appears from "La Razon" of Montevideo that the Messrs Piñeyrua, the owners of Reverie, sent a challenge to Sr. Zubiaurre offering to run either Buenos Aires, Malakoff, or Ituzaingo at Montevideo over a course of two thousand metres at level weights. Should Reverie win, another match would be run here at Palermo. It is said by our contemporary that no answer to the challenge has been sent to the Messrs Piñeyrua.

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Sr. Zubiaurre, I believe, is not inclined to run a match with any one of his horses at Montevideo, though he is willing to run Reverie on one of the Buenos Aires courses. It may be taken for granted therefore no such match will come off. Why is it that so many matches are spoken of in racing circles here and never a one comes off?

.

As will be seen from the list of entries for the first meeting to be held at Palermo next Sunday, the meeting will not be noticeable for large fields, and two of the races have only just saved themselves with the necessary three entries. Twenty-seven horses remain in for the Premio Apertura, which may furnish a good race; for the rest of the programme the less said the better.

.

The Palermo racecourse on the morning of the 26th was the scene of a couple of matches in which three Hurlingham celebrities took part, viz., Felisa, Lavalle, and Pardo. The matches were over short distances. Lavalle and Pardo met over eight hundred metres, and Felisa and Lavalle over four hundred. Lavalle won both very easily.

.

Polo and pony racing seem to be gaining in popularity both in Australia and New Zealand. It seems strange that polo should have taken so long to have caught on in both these colonies, where horses are cheap, and ponies must be almost as easy to obtain as they are here. In a pony meeting held lately in Victoria I notice that no less than ninety-seven entries were received.

.

Bradford, the crack English light-weight, receives a retainer of £1000 from Sir J. B. Maple for first call on his services next season. This is Bradford's first engagement, as he is only out of his time with Mr T. Jennings, Junr., at the end of last season, and I think I am right in saying that it is the highest retainer ever offered a jockey when he was yet an apprentice.

.

The Argentine Association Football League, with their usual energy, are already making up their programme for the coming season. In all probability the Association will have a Challenge Cup to play for this season, to be competed for by the affiliated clubs, the score to be counted as before—by points. The Association fixtures will be published on April the 1st.

.

The great fight at Jacksonville resulted after all in little better than a fiasco, as after all Mitchell's sickening bounce he could not stand up before Corbett for ten minutes. From this it would seem that either Corbett is a wonderfully good man, as indeed he must be, or else Mitchell is the greatest bouncer of the times.

.

After the fight the principals were arrested, but released on a bail of \$7,500, and the case was postponed till the February term of the Court, which had the matter in hand. Of course Mitchell told Corbett "he was the cleverest man he ever saw," and Corbett apologised humbly to Mitchell for having suggested before the fight that the little bouncer was not "dead-game." Neither of the men showed much damage next morning from the results of the previous night's battle. Mitchell had a black eye, a swollen nose, and an abrasion on the cheek, whilst a sore hand was all that Corbett could complain of.

.

The football mania—by which is meant, says "Pastime," a fatuous fondness not for playing football, but for looking on while it is played—seems to be still increasing in the United States. At the match between the colleges of Princeton and Pennsylvania, 20,000 persons paid a dollar a head for admission, and the seating accommodation of the stands was so far overtaxed that two

and three dollar tickets were re-sold at five and six dollars. There was the usual uproar during the match, and after it, the exertions of the police were required to keep order in the streets of Philadelphia, where it is reported that "the saloons did regular Cherokee strip land office business."

.

It is satisfactory in view of the increasing professionalism of football that the Scottish A.A.A., last month, set an example to English officials that one could wish, though scarcely dare to hope, to see followed. For infringements of the amateur laws a winner of three athletic championships in 1893 has been suspended for two years; this sentence being tantamount almost to athletic extinction as an amateur, another athlete being suspended for six months. At the same meeting the methods of some Scottish clubs holding athletic gatherings were exposed by the expulsion from the S.A.A.A. of the Glasgow Rangers F.C., and the censuring of the Celtic F.C.

.

"Cricket" gives the following account of a hit for 39 runs, which, though put entirely in the shade by the 286 scored by the Australian gentleman who hit a ball into a tree on the ground, is a much better story:—

The wickets being pitched on the very backbone of the ridge of the downs, the ground sloped away rapidly on either side, so that long leg had an excellent view of the figure of the batsman clearly cut against the sky, but point was "hulldown" to him, and cover point completely out of sight. A big leg hit by Scobell sent the ball rolling down the hill and across the tiny valley at its foot to so great a distance that the entire body of fieldsmen, bowler included, had to "pull foot" down the slope to help in throwing the ball up. It failed to reach the wicket keeper by a few yards—the batsmen were half way between the wickets; he ran to meet the ball, and, utterly regardless of the circumstances and consequences alike, threw at the wicket. Horror of horrors! the ball flew wide of the mark, and disappeared down the slope. He faced about; his ten colleagues were to be discerned at different altitudes making the ascent to the wickets with a certain amount of deliberation which betokened shortness of breath. By means of frantic gesticulations he succeeded in imparting to them, as they toiled upwards, a sense of the dire nature of the catastrophe. One by one they struggled back to the summit, and disappeared down the opposite slope in pursuit of the errant leather, leaving behind them a long trail of curious words which it is as well not to reproduce here. Suffice it to say, that by the time the ball had been once more returned to the wicket-keeper Scobell had registered 39 runs as the produce of his big leg-hit.

Boots.

CRICKET

CRICKET FIXTURES.

MARCH

Sun. 4—London Bank v. Flores, at Flores.
Sun. 4—B. A. C. C. v. Lanus, at Palermo.
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, 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.

HURLINGHAM v. LONDON BANK.

This match was played at Hurlingham on Sunday, the 25th inst, and resulted in a win for the home team by 95 runs on the first innings. The London Bank won the toss and preferred, in face of a shower of rain, to put Hurlingham in. After a delay of something like half an hour Garrod and Bridger went in; the former was allowed to make 62 before Earnshaw held him smartly low down at third man. E. R. Gifford made 52 in his usual neat style, and declared the innings closed with three wickets to fall, when the score stood at 176. G. A. Thomson and C. W. Thompson were the first men in for the Bank. The former made six off Garrod's first over, but the fifth ball clean bowled him. C. W. Thompson was batting well, when he put one near Trot man at

mid on, who made a good catch of it. G. S. Anderson batted well for his 15. Scores:

Table showing cricket scores for the match between Hurlingham and London Bank. Includes batting and bowling statistics for both teams.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Bowling analysis tables for Hurlingham and London Bank, showing runs, wickets, and maidens for each bowler.

WESTERN RY. v. B. AIRES AND ROSARIO RY.

This match was played at Belgrano on the 25th and resulted in a win for the Rosario Railway by 147 runs.

For the home team Syer did good service as usual with the bat, but was very fortunate, he gave two or three easy chances during his innings of 68.

For the Western Railway Dore worked hard, he bowled well almost throughout the innings, and was most unfortunate in being run out after making 13 by good play.

Table showing cricket scores for Western Ry. C. C. vs B. Aires & Rosario Ry. A. C.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Bowling analysis tables for Western Railway C. C. and Buenos Aires and Rosario Ry. A. C.

LANUS C. C. v. QUILMES CLUB

A most unpleasant day spoilt the match between Lanus and Quilmes on the ground of the latter club on Sunday.

The match, which was remarkable for the number of catches brought off during its progress, resulted in a win for the home club, as will be seen from the following scores, by forty-eight runs.

Table showing cricket scores for Lanus C. C. vs Quilmes Club.

PALERMO C.C. v. JUNIN A.C.

This match, which was played on the 18th inst. at Palermo, resulted in an easy win on the first innings for the home team.

The scores were as follow: Palermo 1st inn 43, 2nd inn 62. Junin 1st inn 19, 2nd inn 102.

Table showing batting and bowling statistics for Palermo vs Junin.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Bowling analysis tables for Palermo and Junin, showing runs, wickets, and maidens.

Table showing batting and bowling statistics for Palermo vs Junin in the second match.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Bowling analysis tables for Palermo vs Junin in the second match.

BUENOS AIRES & R. RY. A. C. v. Y. M. C. A. C. C.

The above match was played at Belgrano on Tuesday, February 6th, resulting in a win for the Rosario Railway by 77 runs and two wickets.

Table showing cricket scores for Buenos Aires & Rosario Ry. A. C. vs Y. M. C. A. C. C.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Bowling analysis tables for Buenos Aires & Rosario Ry. A. C. vs Y. M. C. A. C. C.

RACING

The following are the entries and weights for the first meeting of the season, to be held on Sunday next, March the 4th:

Table listing horse races including Premio Monarque, Premio Boqueron, Premio Nebulosa, Premio Destructor, and Premio Ituzaingo.

The following horses have been declared forfeit for the Premio Apertura, the classic race of the meeting:

List of horses declared forfeit for the Premio Apertura race.

ESTANCIA AND COLONY.

We take the following from Messrs Gibson Brothers' valuable wool report for the past month: As we stated in our last report, the wool clip is rapidly drawing to a close...

We read that in the neighbourhood of Concordia the cavalry regiments in the province are making large purchases of remounts, and some excellent prices have been obtained by owners of colts at La Paz. A sale of grapes by Don José Cimas at \$2.80 the ten kilos is worthy of note, as other growers are content with \$2. An estancia near Gualeguay has just sold a thousand novillos at \$12 gold.

* *

The second consignment of Australian colonists for New Australia, Paraguay, arrived at Montevideo in the Royal Tar on Tuesday last, all well. The colonists comprised a hundred and sixty-five men, twenty-five women, and forty children, who we hope will find things in the colony not quite so bad as we are led to believe they are. The advices which have been sent from here to Australia will, we should think, prevent any more colonists setting out until the scheme has proved a genuine concern.

* *

Some cruel experiments have lately been made at Paris to test the endurance of horses. It appears that a horse will live on water alone twenty-five days, seventeen days without eating or drinking, only five days if fed but unwatered, and ten days if fed and insufficiently watered. A horse kept without water for three days drank 104 pounds in three minutes. It was found, too, that a horse taken immediately from "feed" and kept in the active exercise of the "squadron school" completely digested its feed in three hours; in the same time in the "conscripts' school" its food was two-thirds digested, and if kept perfectly quiet in the stable its digestion was scarcely commenced in three hours. The first of these experiments will serve to show estancieros who are careless in keeping their animals well supplied with water in times of drought, how much more important water is to them than food.

* *

Up to the present, says the "New Zealand Weekly Press," it was considered impracticable to export beef or mutton by any other process than that of freezing. It now appears that an attempt will soon be made to test the feasibility or otherwise of the project. Messrs. Turnbull, Martin and Co., the owners of the Shireline of steamers, writing from London to their house in Dunedin, speak hopefully of experiments about to be tried on board their new steamers, the Perthshire and Buteshire, which, if successful, will materially increase the value of horned stock both here and in the colonies. It appears that American chilled beef sells readily in the west end of London, while Queensland's frozen beef is not offered for sale in those quarters. It is anticipated the cool storage which is provided in the new steamers referred to will be exceptionally advantageous to the shippers of fruit and dairy produce. There is little doubt but that the day is not distant when our butter, cheese, and fruit will be carried in such a condition as to command the best prices. The Perthshire is to take 15,000 carcasses of mutton from Melbourne, 30,000 from Sydney, 15,000 from Newcastle, and about 15,000 from New Zealand.

* *

We are requested by the lady, who was referred to by a correspondent in Armstrong last week as having visited Mr Macnaughtan in the hospital at Rosario, to say that the statement attributed to her that Mr Macnaughtan had said that his accident was in no way the fault of the railway company's servants is nother's. On the contrary, she tells us that the injured man always said that the company's servants were entirely to blame for the whole affair.

* *

The heavy rains in Villa Maria, Cordoba, during the last few days have caused great damages, and especially to the Andine Railway line, on which traffic has been interrupted. The rain appears to have been general all over the province of Cordoba.

* *

Sales of grain for exportation during the past few days have been very small, and of linseed and maize there have been none. Wheat has been selling at the beginning of the week from \$6.45 to 6.75 the hundred kilos here; at \$6.10 in Rosario, placed on board, sellers cannot be found. Maize for consumption has reached \$7.40.

We see from the "South American Journal" that the Jewish Colonisation Association's report on the work done during the past year has just been issued. According to this interesting document it has been decided to establish in Buenos Aires a board of management consisting of three members: two have already been appointed—namely, Mr Samuel Hirsch, formerly manager of the Agricultural School at Jaffa, and lately manager of the Refuge at Plessis-Piquet, and Mr David Cazes, lately manager of the Schools of the Alliance at Tunis. The Association has four colonies in the Argentine Republic—Mosesville, province of Santa Fé; Mauricio, province of Buenos Aires; Clara, province of Entre Rios; and San Antonio, province of Entre Rios. Mosesville was established about three years ago by Russian emigrants, who, in spite of their efforts, had not succeeded in making it self-supporting, so that the Association was obliged to commence its work in Argentina by taking charge of it. Mr Kogan has reorganised it on the basis of establishing a system of self-government by the colonists themselves. Last year about 17,500 acres were sown with wheat and maize, and an important result may be looked for. All the colonists, says the report, are working vigorously, and the result is, so far, satisfactory. Many of our readers will feel inclined to disagree with the report regarding the colonists' vigour. A synagogue has been established at Mauricio, two schools, a hospital, and other buildings of general utility. Clara has a superficial area of 80,000 acres, but only a portion is occupied. It consists of 230 families, divided into several villages and groups. About 6200 acres of wheat and maize are under cultivation, and although this appears a small quantity, having regard to the total population, a good result is expected. The colony also possesses buildings for the instruction of children and for religious purposes, and a hospital.

* *

San Antonio has an area of about 35,000 acres, and numbers 45 families, who have cultivated and sown about 2000 acres of wheat, maize, potatoes, etc. In addition to the colonies above referred to, established by the association, assistance has been given to the colony of Monigotes, which is established in the province of Santa Fé, and consists of about ten Russo-Jewish families. These people are very hardworking and of good repute, but they encountered all kinds of difficulties, and, without any fault on their part, were in a position of very great difficulty.

* *

With regard to general administration, the council confess it is still far from giving complete satisfaction. Considerable expenses of all kinds are entailed, and the colonists must understand that they must become self-supporting as soon as they are in a position to do so. The council have given the most positive instructions on this head. In order to arrive at the desired end it has been absolutely indispensable to finish the work of eliminating the bad elements from the colonists, and this work is now nearly complete. All persons or families who did not display any likelihood of becoming good colonists, whether from physical incapacity or from want of suitability for the work, have been sent away, the total so dealt with between May and September being more than 500 persons. The greater part of these went to the United States, and the Association gave them, in addition to their travelling expenses, a sum by way of indemnity and to suffice for their first requirements.

* *

Other colonists have established themselves in the Argentine Republic as artisans, and the association has provided them with tools and the necessary materials to give them a start in life. With regard to the organisation of further colonies, the council have formed in Russia nine groups, each consisting of about 50 families, and each of which has appointed delegates and conferred upon them full powers of representing them in regard to the association. These delegates, to the number of sixteen or eighteen, came, last April, to the Argentine Republic to examine the arrangements, to select lands, and to prepare for the arrival of their respective groups. It is intended to forward to Argentina in the forthcoming spring the nine groups, which consist of a total of about 4000 persons. Among the impediments which delay the establishment of the colonists is chiefly the impossibility of procuring sufficient numbers of working bullocks. It is this difficulty which mainly delays the immediate departure of the various groups to Argentina. In addition to the 200,000 acres repre-

sented by the four colonies referred to, the association possesses a further 200,000, at present unoccupied, and the council are examining various plots which they are prepared to buy when they consider the favourable time shall have arrived.

* *

Mr Kemmis of Las Rosas published the following letter in yesterday's "Standard," which certainly requires some explanation from the railway company. We are hearing of far too many cases of this kind.

Las Rosas, February 24, 1894.

I cannot let the following act of cruelty on the part of the railway company or companies go past without asking you to publish same.

At 8.30 in the morning of the 19th inst. I loaded up and handed over to the Central Argentine Railway Co., and signed the guias, etc., two pens of cattle and one of sheep for shipment to Europe from La Plata. This day I received a letter from my agent dated 22nd inst., afternoon, saying cattle, etc., had not turned up nor did he know where they were. Those unfortunate animals were without food or water from morning of 19th until after 22nd, or say four days. I consider it is a case for the Society of Cruelty to Animals to prosecute the railway company, as I shall do for neglect.

I will send you further particulars when I hear what became of the animals.—Yours truly,

(Signed) WILLIAM KEMMIS.

* *

The Azul Rural Fair will be held on March 4th, 5th and 6th. This fair is always one of the most important held in the province and has some of the best animals on show to be seen anywhere. So many well-known breeders live round about Azul that this is not at all a matter of wonder.

* *

The Balcarce Rural Fair was held with great success on the 18th, 19th and 20th of the month. Amongst the exhibitors we may mention Messrs Gibson Brothers (50 Lincoln rams), Pedro Lauthé, San Gregorio (18 Rambouillet rams), D. Heguilor, La Peregrina (30 Lincoln rams), Bell, Chacomus (40 Lincoln rams), J. Kelly, La Clara, Loberia (22 Lincoln rams, 1 imported ram, 26 other rams, and 10 Hereford cows), A. Molina, La Brava, Balcarce (40 Lincoln rams), Wanklyn, Crane and Co. (2 black faced rams), R. P. Obligado, Balcarce (47 Durham bulls, 2 imported, and 98 mestiza Durham cows), J. R. Otero, Cinco Cerros (3 mestizo stallions, 21 criolla cows, and 32 Lincoln rams), J. Bailac, Pueyrredon (50 Lincoln rams), C. E. Newton, El Verano (67 Lincoln rams), and P. Alchourror (2 mestizo stallions).

Implements were exhibited by Messrs Wanklyn, Crane and Co., Moore and Tudor, and others.

The sales realised a total of \$12,339. Mr J. Kelly sold rams at \$180, 140, 130, and 100 each; Messrs Gibson obtained \$100, 50, and 45 each; and Messrs Bell \$70, 45, and 35 each.

ROUND THE TOWN.

We have heard much of the wonderful climate of the Argentine Republic, and certainly the pleasant sunshine and temperate atmosphere which obtains here in spring and the late autumn are unrivalled, but we must really take exception to the Argentine summer. Such of us who were brought up in effete Europe (to borrow our elderly colleague's expression) have always been led to expect heat in summer and cold in winter, but all such old fashioned ideas have to be put aside, with many other allusions, on embarking for this promised land. Here we have one day a temperature which would appear to be an earnest of things to come, and the next day turns out quite cold, and people don their winter clothing. This should be a paradise for the confirmed grumbler who always wants it summer when it's winter, and vice versa, for in this country the seasons come round every day in the week.

* *

After the torrid heat which reigned on Thursday and Friday, and especially last Saturday morning, we were favoured with a dust storm which plunged the whole city into darkness for a few minutes, and sent the people scurrying along to their homes as if a revolution had broken out. There was something distinctly uncanny in this sudden darkness, and a sort of expectancy as to what was going to happen next, which was most unpleasant. I noticed that the punkahs at "Ye Brunswicke," whose spasmodic and most erratic working has afforded us all matter for conjecture and interesting study during the otherwise uneventful breakfast hour, seized upon the occasion to stop work altogether, and to the best of my belief have not attempted to go since.

* *

The dust storm was succeeded by a high wind which has prevailed ever since, and 'tis an ill wind that blows no one good, all the hatters in town must be jubilant, for the damage to headgear was

JUAN LEAN
GENERAL CAMP AGENT
 AND
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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.



considerable. I noticed one blonde son of Albion, whose hat had travelled half way across the Plaza Victoria, calmly looking on, with a smile on his countenance, whilst his head covering was being pursued by one or two passers by and a crowd of small boys, one of whom eventually captured it and brought it back in triumph to its smiling owner. It is a common saying in this country that only an English woman stoops to pick up her fan, but I would go further and say it is only a fool who runs after his own hat. Englishmen are proverbially practical, but this man was a philosopher.

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I have to chronicle a somewhat novel wedding which took place at the Operaio Italiano on Thursday last, when Adjutant Bonnett and Alfereza Marret were joined together in holy matrimony. Major Clibborn, who is in command of the Salvation Army corps in this country, tied the knot in the presence of a large concourse of people, most of whom paid 50 cents for the privilege of being present. There was a good deal of singing and instrumental music and altogether the wedding was a very gay affair. The harmony of the proceedings was, however, somewhat marred by the bad behaviour of some young men who had come to scoff and remained to do so, instead of following precedent in this matter, and I notice that "The Times of Argentina," in giving an account of the celebration, comments somewhat severely on the intruders.

This is quite right and as it should be, but the "Times" should not forget that where entrance money is taken, the spectators have the right to criticise the performance, and possibly some of them, especially if they had no previous experience of the S. A. methods, did not fully realise what it was all about.

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Weddings in large cities have so much of the public exhibition about them that they become quite a Society function, and vanity fair goes to a church as it goes to a theatre, to see and be seen.

This being so, it is only right that such people should not be allowed to do so free of all expense, and this new departure of charging admission will no doubt be found to meet the requirements of the case. We know that charity covers a multitude of sins, and I feel sure that the money taken in on this occasion will be devoted to excellent purposes, but one cannot but regret that such a sacred ceremony as marriage should be reduced to the level of a theatrical performance.

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Such of my readers whose daily avocations take them along the Paseo de Julio cannot but have been struck by the commercial activity that reigns in that somewhat unsavoury quarter of the town. Trades of all kinds seem to flourish there, and the "barrio" is apparently so overpopulated that many traders find it necessary to pursue their calling in the street.

All along the colonnade we have vendors of fruit, drink, ocarinos, literature (of a kind), lottery tickets, patent medicines, etc., while in the shops one can buy almost anything. Here is a shop where you can buy any class of musical instruments in existence, whilst next door you will find a shop devoted to the sale of murderous looking knives and revolvers to stop the music with.

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Should you pass on a little further you will be deafened by the stentorian tones of an auctioneer who is busy knocking down leagues of camp to an audience chiefly composed of "changadores" and small boys, much to the annoyance of his neighbour, from whom he is separated by a thick wooden partition, who is selling gold watches and table cloths with equal impartiality. I should not forget the multitudinous "cambalaches" where "precios fijos" are unknown, and where every article has to be bargained for and haggled over as loud as possible.

In search of quiet we turn to the Teatro Chinesco, but we find that the enterprising Kalissy has an orchestration and a barrel organ going at the same time, and furthermore that every restaurant in the neighbourhood has imitated or rather given the example to Georges Mercer, and has an orchestra of several professors attached to the establishment.

Add to this the dulcet tones of the whistles of the engines of the 244 trains that enter and leave the Central Station daily, and you will get a very fair idea of Pandemonium, and avoid the July walk in future.

The police force of this city has considerably improved since the days when it was chaffingly alluded to, even in the "Prensa" and "Nacion" as "la primera del mundo." Especially worthy of praise is the action of the authorities in defraying all the expenses of the funeral of the vigilante Ardiles, who died from the effects of a bite from a mad dog. Col. Campos has further passed a note to Government asking that a pension may be granted to his widow, and it is to be hoped that the heroic action of the deceased, and the posthumous honours that have been accorded him will have a good effect on the force. The police has improved much of late years, and it is undoubtedly more popular with the rabble to-day that it was in 1890, when so many of its members met their fate owing to the hatred of the people, for it will never be known how many men lost their lives in those last days of July, while in the execution of their duty.

GUANO-GETTING AT THE CHINCAS.

How many people know where the Chincha Islands are? In the days I write about numbers of vessels leaving Melbourne and Sydney, instead of loading coal at Newcastle, would leave Hobson's Bay and Port Jackson in ballast and stretch across the Pacific to Callao, on the coast of Peru. Why they went there, what they did when they got there, and how they finally sailed away from there I propose to relate.

I am writing of the early part of the year 1860, when I was a member of a noble profession, which I much fear has seen its best days—the mercantile marine. How many real old-fashioned, grumbling, growling, horny-fisted old sailors do we find nowadays? Of all the thousands of men who man the splendid huge iron machinery ships which dash about the Atlantic and Pacific nowadays, how many can turn in a dead eye? How many could send down royal and topgallant yards in preparation for a hurricane, or get a top over the masthead? The race of true old sea-dogs is rapidly becoming extinct. What with wire rigging, steam winches, ponderous engines, and flagstuffs instead of masts, Jack's occupation is gone. Even in the sailing vessels the composition of the crews has degenerated. In my day a crew of "Dutchmen" was a rarity. Nowadays ships are manned with "shilling-a-month" men of all nationalities, and amongst them the regular old shell is as rare a bird as the plums in a Yankee foc'stle duff. I may as well state for the edification of the uninitiated that in the category of "Dutchmen" all nationalities are included, but the term was a convenient one for Jack, who could not be bothered with niceties as to German, Dane, Swede, Greek, Eytalian, or Rooshian. So "Dutchmen" was the generic term for a crew composed of "sich."

To get on, however, with my yarn! Occasional earthquakes make the Bay of Callao a rather ticklish place wherein to lie at anchor. But little do seamen care about earthquakes, or tidal waves, provided they have a tight ship, good wages, and good food. Time enough to bother about evils when they arrive. We had discharged cargo in Melbourne, taken in stone ballast, and then the good ship Constantine, one of the Swallow-tail line of New York and Liverpool packets, 1728 tons register, owned by the Messrs Grinnell, spread her wings, and with a north-west wind and an east-by-south course took her final departure from Hogan Island, and started on her voyage to the western shores of South America. She made a lovely picture as she bowed to a breeze which enabled her to set her three royals and topgallant studding sails. Her black hull, with a line of painted ports, was topped by a cloud of snow-white canvas, and her tapering royal poles added to the graceful picture. Unfortunately she proved a terribly slow sailer, and it was a rare thing to get more than nine knots out of her. But she was roomy, comfortable, and as tight as a bottle, so the detested work of pumping was not added to our labours.

At last, after forty-eight days of uneventful sailing, we sighted the San Lorenzo light, and at 4 a.m. dropped anchor in sixty fathoms in Callao Bay. Here we remained a week, whilst the dockyard people came off and caulked the ship. All vessels proceeding to the Chincha Island were obliged to go through the process, and with very good reason. Whilst lying here we were afforded several opportunities of going ashore, and of course had a run by rail to Lima.

In some portions of Peru rain never falls and the dryness of the atmosphere is such that putrefaction cannot take place. Mummies of the ancient Peruvians over 300 years old are found in perfect preservation, and it is to this dessicated (if I may use the term) condition of the atmosphere that the world has been indebted for the vast supplies of animal manure which were discovered in 1804 by Baron Humbolt on

THE CHINCHA ISLANDS.

Leaving Callao Bay with our tight ship, made still tighter by the Peruvian dockers, and with a Government load line marked on our swelling bows, we proceeded to thrash our way against the trade wind to reach the goal of our voyage, the Chincas. This barren group of islands lies in the open sea at a distance of about seven miles from what was then (1860) the pretty little town of Pisco. It took us ten days to get over the ninety-eight miles of sea which divide the islands from Callao, but all things come to an end, and at last the anchor is let go in sixty or seventy fathoms in the open Pacific, amidst a vast crowd of shipping. There must have been 600 or 700 ships of all sizes ly-

ing there when we enrolled ourselves among the number. In running in we nearly ran down the storeship, but managed to steer clear of her. The Peruvian commandant now boarded us. He was a jolly looking Irishman named O'Brien, and seemed to be very popular.

All formalities having been gone through we proceeded to prepare our ship for the reception of our cargo. The first business was to get rid of some 400 tons of rock which formed our ballast. There was a strict law against heaving ballast overboard. It was all supposed to be landed on the islands, or at all events put away far from the anchorage. How a few hundreds or thousands of tons of stones could make any appreciable difference to the depth of the open Pacific Ocean, and in an anchorage of seventy to ninety fathoms, the Peruvian "ordonnance" did not explain. However, our bold captain proceeded at once to open the side port furthest from the islands, and 400 tons of the real estate of Australia was sent to the bottom of the South American waters, to be upheaved some day by one of those frisky earthquakes which are there prevalent. Our long boat was got out, sails unbent and stowed away, running gear triced up and stopped to the standing rigging, fenders hung over the sides, whips rigged, and all was ready except the port authorities. Every ship going to these islands is allowed in her charter party a certain number of lying days according to her tonnage. I believe we were allowed 110. The interval between arrival and commencing to load was about three weeks, and the crew had plenty to do in making preparations. One important matter was the casing in of the pumps, a precaution the value of which will by-and-by be seen.

The islands now deserve some description. There are several, but only three are of any commercial value—the North, Middle, and South Islands. These three islands were covered at the time of my visit with an immense deposit of soil "guano," a valuable manure formed of the excrements of various kinds of sea birds. The deposit varied from 7 ft. to 150 ft. in thickness, and was so hard as to require heavy manual labour to break it down with a pick. I have heard it remarked that it is impossible that this guano can be deposited by birds, as so few birds are seen about the islands. It is true that the sea birds are not abnormally numerous here now, but that is due to the presence and labour of man. Nearly all the birds have deserted the islands, scared away by the invasion of their homes. But in bygone times the rocks were alive with millions of birds, as are to this day parts of the mainland of Peru, and when the great voracity of marine birds is considered it may easily be imagined what deposits must be made by myriads of them living here for ages. Tschudi, in "Travels in Peru," mentions his having kept a sheer beak and fed it abundantly with fish. He found that the average daily excrement weighed $3\frac{1}{2}$ oz. to 5 oz., and had no doubt that in a state of freedom the deposit would be far greater. If we calculate that a bird, as Tschudi says, "in a state of freedom" would deposit half a pound of guano a day, that would amount to 200 lb. per annum. Thus a million birds would deposit nearly 90,000 tons in a year. And to this must be added the vast quantity of bones and eggs of dead and living birds, and the skeletons of seals, sea lions, etc., which have been entombed in the general mass. One now ceases to wonder at the vast deposits of "guano." By the way, "guano" is not the correct term for this manure; it is merely a corruption of the Peruvian word "huanu." Owing to the exceeding dryness of the climate, the soluble salts, and especially the ammonia, contained in the deposits are not dissolved or evaporated. Hence its value as a manure. I have obtained lumps of pure white ammonia from the convicts employed in digging out the guano weighing 4 lb. or 5 lb., while the whole mass is full of pieces varying from the size of a pea to that of a cricket ball.

On viewing the islands from the sea they present a very peculiar appearance. The deposit on the North Island was about 150 ft. to 200 ft. in length, and was divided into spaces about 6 ft. to 8 ft. wide, running from the bedrock to the top of the deposit. Each of these spaces was allotted to a labourer (usually a convict, I believe, or a Chinaman working out a term under a "boss"). A low wall of guano was invariably kept between one man and his neighbours on each side. As he worked upward the loosened guano rolled to the bottom of what might be called the slide, and was then loaded into trucks, which ran on a tramway constructed along the base of the deposit to the shoots on the sea face, where it is shot down into large punts carrying about 100 tons. These punts were then towed out to the ships, and the guano hoisted on board in baskets or specially prepared tubs. On the South Island, where the rock rises in a sheer precipice from the sea, small barques, brigs, etc., used to lie close under the rock, and long canvas shoots conveyed the guano from the top into the vessels' holds. The first portion of a ship's cargo is always stowed in gunny-bags, to prevent the water which might find its way into the lower hold from washing the guano into the well and so choking the pumps. In spite of this precaution I have seen a guano ship arrive in Cork harbour pumping up thick mud-coloured water, and the cargo has proved to be honey-combed with tunnels caused by the rush of water in a leaky ship. Guano is a bad cargo for straining a ship. It lies a dead weight, and does not give like an elastic wool or cotton cargo. Hence the necessity for carefully caulking a vessel proceeding round the Horn with such a cargo. The precaution of fixing a load line has also its uses. Grasping shipowners demanded that the ships should be loaded even beyond their capacity. I have seen ships leaving the islands for Callao (where their clearance has to be obtained) so deeply laden that a lady could step from a boat on to the deck of a 1000 ton ship. A vessel overloaded in this manner would stand a poor chance in heavy weather at the Horn or in a paupero off the Rio de la Plata. The authorities

at Callao have sometimes been proof against a bribe, or the bribe was insufficient, and part of the cargo has been removed and confiscated.

When loading first begins a ship has perhaps one punt load a day provided for her, and as time goes on the quantity is increased until all hands are hard at it from daylight until dark taking the unsavoury cargo on board. The labour in the hold trimming the cargo is the worst part of the business. The tubs of guano are emptied among the men below, and a cloud of pungent dust laden with ammonia fumes obscures the view. If the precaution be not taken of protecting the mouth and nostrils with a wad of oakum wrapped in a handkerchief, blood pours from mouth, ears, and nose. But by-and-by all hands get used to it, and the odour is quite unnoticed. Although we had over 2000 tons in the hold I never noticed any smell to arise from it, unless the main hatch was opened for any purposes, when a rather agreeable whiff of ammonia arose, but as we all had numbers of pickle and rum bottles full of ammonia in our berths and sea chests we were impervious to any choking sensation. Of course the rigging and the ship generally became covered with a coating of greasy yellow mud during the process of loading. Some captains allow this to remain until Saturday, when a general wash down comes off, but others allow their crews no rest; the sight of a resting sailor is an abomination to them. Ours was one of the latter class. As an instance, on the voyage from Melbourne, finding little left to be done just before arriving at Callao, he actually ordered all hands into the lower hold to pound the rust off the bolt-heads, although we were not going to load tea but guano! In pursuance of his pleasure in "hazing" the men he made them wash and holystone decks every morning and scrub the outside of the ship till not a speck of guano was visible. Within an hour she would have donned her suit of greasy yellow again, and the labour was completely lost.

I forget, at this distance of time, the exact price per ton paid to the Peruvian Government for the guano, but I think it was about 25s to 30s, and reckoning the freight at 30s or £2, the actual cost amounted to £3 to £3 10s per ton. The selling price at home was, I think, £12 per ton, so that a ship like ours getting safely home with 2000 tons of the article made a good thing for her owners.

At last our ship is loaded and we are off. The usual farewells have taken place, our top sails are sheeted home, the yards hoisted, and in a few hours we are alone upon the ocean with a fair wind bellying out our sails. We bowl along rapidly (for the Constantine), and in thirty-six hours we have reached Callao again. Our vessel passes inspection, and early in November we up anchor and with our head to the southward we start on the long and possibly stormy passage round Cape Horn.—"Queenslander."

PRICES

Price of gold on the Bolsa from February 21st to 27th inclusive—

Wednesday.....	357.40 %	Saturday.....	355.00 %
Thursday.....	359.00 "	Monday.....	352.00 "
Friday.....	359.50 "	Tuesday.....	351.50 "

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

	Special	Fat	Carne gorda	Buena carne y carnudos
Bullocks.....	\$.....
Novillos (mestizos).....	55-70	50-60	33-48	15-25
" (criollos).....	35-42	30-35	24-31	10-15
Cows (mestizas).....	50-75	36-40	24-27	7-18
" (criollas).....	26-31	20-26	12-15	4-8
Calves.....	10-16	5-10	10	

Hides—Bullock.....	\$11.00—13.00
" —Novillo.....	7.00—11.50
" —Cow.....	6.60—7.80
Sheepskins, per kilo.....	0.45—0.80
Lambskins, per dozen.....	2.00—3.00
Sheep—Lincolns.....	\$9.10—10.80
" —Mestizo-Lincolns.....	6.20—11.00
" —Rambouillet.....	3.30—6.70
Ewes.....	2.85—7.00
Lambs.....	2.00—2.50

Wheat (barleta), 100 ks (new crop).....	\$6.05—6.70
" (French), 100 kilos.....	6.00—6.60
" (Candeal).....	6.20—7.00
" (Saldomé) (new crop).....	6.00—6.66
Maize (morochó), old, 100 kilos.....	7.00—7.40
" (amarillo), old, 100 kilos.....	6.70—7.00
Hay, 1000 kilos.....	50.00—57.00
Wool—Cross Lincoln.....	5.90—10.00
" —Fine mestiza.....	5.00—8.30

ADVERTISER is ready to undertake the preparation of any number of POTROS FOR EXPORTATION. Has had great experience in breaking horses. Good galpones within easy reach of the city. Address S. Messrs Ravenscroft and Mills, Piedad 559, altos.

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.
 GUALEGUAY—H. Jewsbury, Gualeguay, 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.
 LAS PETACAS—Frank E. Kinchant, Las Petacas, San Jorge, F.C.C.A.
 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 P. 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. Newman Smith, La Banda, Santiago del Estero.
 Tuyú—H. Gibson, Los Ingleses, Ajó, F.C.S.
 VENADO TUERTO—Chocolate and Gold—H. Mills, Venado Tuerto, F. C. S. Santa Fé y Cordoba.

- 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. Boadle, 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.
 Lanús—D. Duncan, Plaza Constitucion, F.C.S.
 London Bank—R. L. Rumboll, 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—H. A. Woodcock, 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.

- BUENOS AIRES HUNT CLUB**
 Th. Wilzer, 55 Pavon, Belgrano.

- KENNEL CLUB**
 H. H. Ewen, Piedad 559.

- 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 73
 TIGRE—Black and Golden Yellow—W. E. O. Hazell, 428 Rivadavia, Buenos Aires.

ORIGIN OF THE ARAB.

The origin of the best strain of Arabian blood has been related by some romancer. While Mohammed was fighting his way to greatness he was once compelled to lead his corps of 20,000 cavalry for three days without a drop of water. At last from a hill top they descried the silver streak of a distant river. Mohammed ordered his trumpeter to blow the call to dismount and loose the horses. The poor brutes, starving for water, at once sprang into a mad gallop toward the longed for goal. No sooner loosened than came the alarm—false, as it happened—of a sudden ambush. "To horse!" was blown and repeated by a hundred bugles. But the demand was too great, the parched throats were not to be refused; the stampede grew wilder and wilder as 20,000 steeds pushed desperately for the river banks. Of all the frantic crowd but five mares responded to the call. To these duty was higher than suffering. They turned in their tracks, came bravely back, pleading in their eyes and anguish in their sunken flanks, and stood before the prophet. Love for their master and a sense of obedience had conquered their distress, but their bloodshot eyes told of a fearful torment—the more pathetic for their dumbness. The danger was over; the faithful mares were at once released; but Mohammed selected these five for his own use; and they were the dams of one of the great races of the desert; from them have sprung the best of Arabian steeds. It can, however, scarcely be claimed that the average horse of the Orient comes up to this ideal. He must have been bred from the 19,995.—"Harper's Magazine."

FIXTURES

CRICKET

- Sunday, Mar. 4—London Bank v. Flores, at Flores.
- Sunday, Mar. 4—B.A.C.C. v. Lanus, at Palermo.
- Sunday, Mar. 4—Lomas v. Western Ry., at Tolosa.

POLO

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

RACING

- Thursday, March 22—Hurlingham. (Polo Association Cup.)

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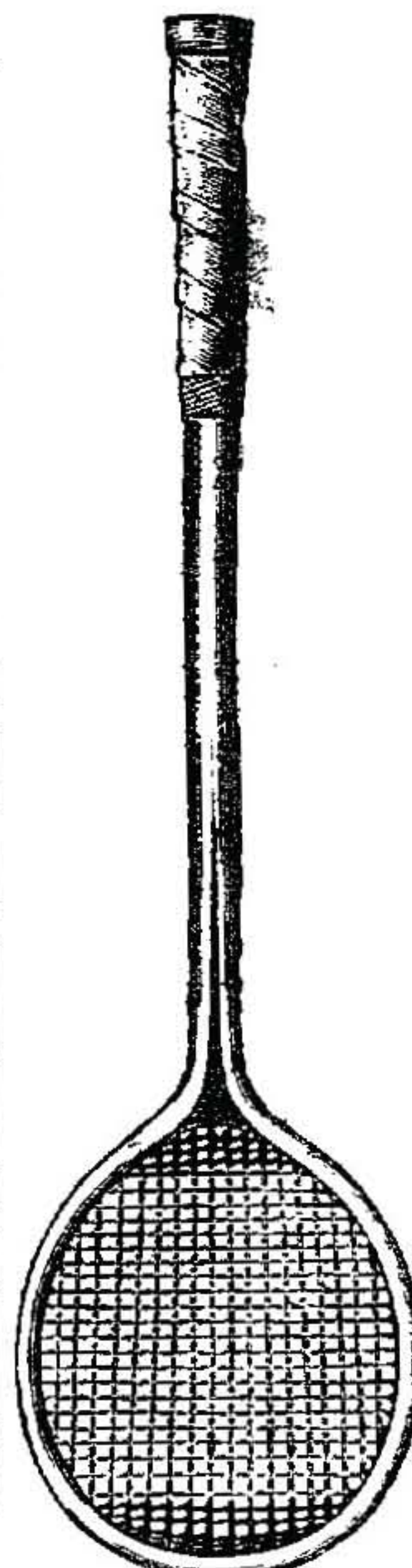
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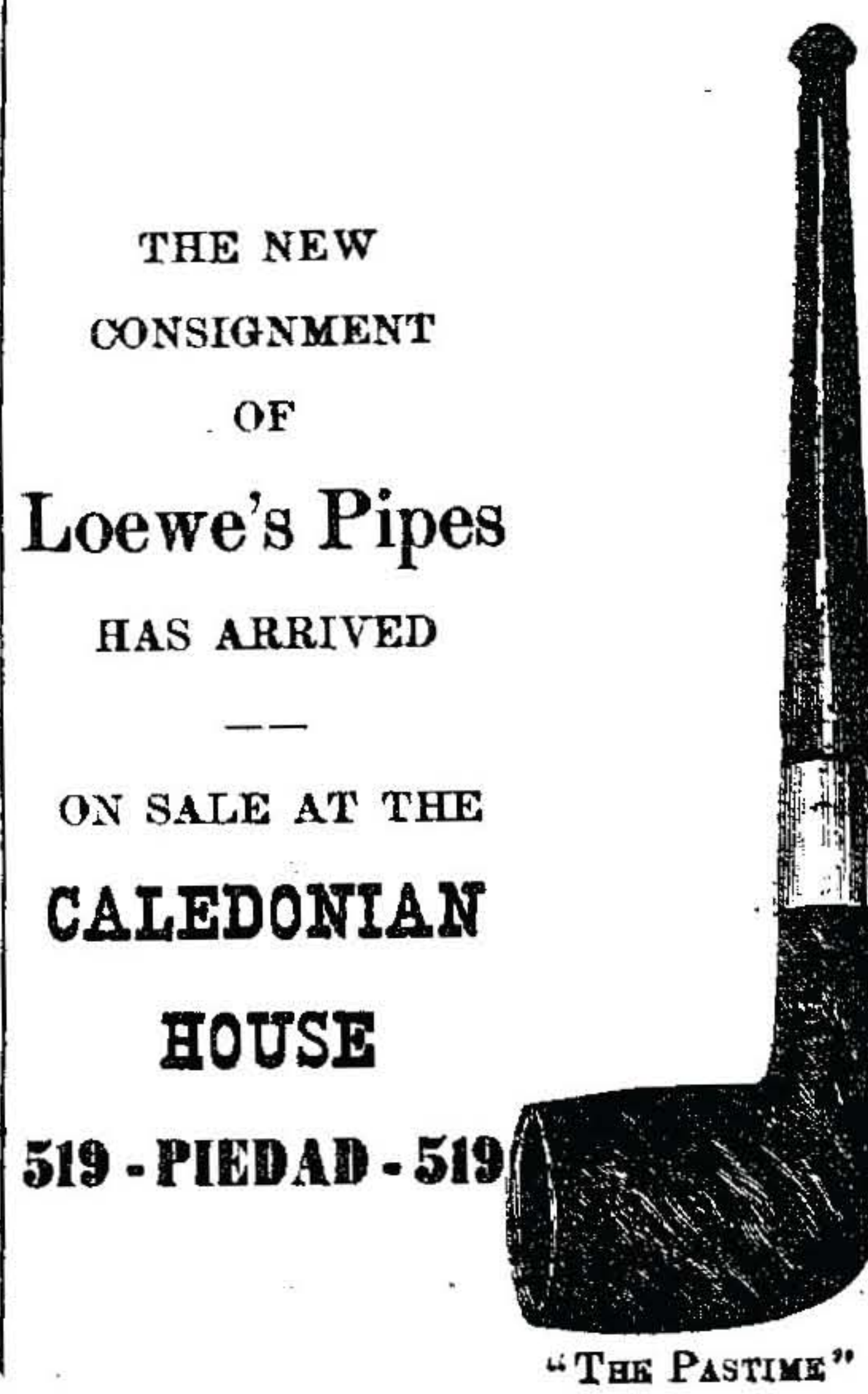
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"THE PASTIME"

A Summer Ramble in the Cordilleras.

(Continued.)

"You have had a very near squeak for it, my boy, I can tell you, not only on account of the injury to your head, but I can see from the bruises on your back and shoulder that the slightest further inclination backwards of your body as you fell would most certainly have broken your neck. You are feverish, but that is only to be expected after a journey such as you have had in a mule cart in this weather, and a diet of hardly anything but meat when you ought to have had nothing at present but slops. But I hope in the course of a few days to see a favourable alteration. And you, Brook, must come and dine with us to-night, half-past seven sharp; it is now six, so you have plenty of time to smarten yourself up a bit, and for goodness sake go and get your hair cut and get shaved, or Mrs. Knight and the girls won't look at you."

I laughed, for as of course we had had no opportunities of shaving since we left Mendoza my beard had grown to about four inches long, and my hair hung over my collar. So I did as I was bid, and then having seen Jack comfortably fixed off in a nice airy room betook myself to the Doctor's. As we sat down the Doctor said:

"Now, Brook, I don't want to hear any of your story till we have finished; business first and pleasure afterwards, as the king said when he smothered the babies, as soon as we have finished our dinner we will go and sit under the verandah, and then you can tell your yarn in peace."

And so we did, and then when we were all seated in comfortable chairs enjoying the cool evening air I began my yarn.

I told them the whole story from beginning to end, how we first found the hands, of our journey through the mountain, and the finding of the Jesuits' chapel and the seven skeletons.

"It is very strange," said the Doctor, "very strange, indeed, and you say you left the skeletons in exactly the same condition as you found them."

"Yes, we didn't even move them to see whether there was anything hidden under their pillows or in the beds. And we didn't bury them, as we thought it better to find some of their order, and let them do as they thought best."

"Quite right, my boy, quite right, I happen to know the chief of the order here, he is an old friend of mine, and a worthy man; would they were all such, I attend him, Padre Anselmo his name is, and if you will come round here about ten o'clock to-morrow I will take you to him, and you can tell your story to him, and hear his opinion."

"But isn't it strange that they have never been found before?"

"Not at all," he replied, "such things might be within ten leagues of Mendoza, and nobody be any the wiser, these people have no gumption in them, they look upon the Cordilleras as being simply a mass of stone, it never enters their wooden heads that there might be anything worth finding there; but you haven't told us yet how Bickersteth got his tumble."

So I continued my yarn, and told him about the Araucano Indians and our fight with the Tehuelches, omitting only that portion concerning Jack and Cora having fallen in love with one another, as that did not concern him or anyone else. He was very much surprised when I told him what old Maimai had told me about their origin, and especially about the letter signed Owen Williams.

"There was a young fellow here a few years ago," said he, "called Summers; he had been a lieutenant in the British navy, he knocked about a bit among the Cordilleras and ascended some of the highest peaks, and once came across the Indians, he himself came from the border of Wales, and knew some of the Welsh language. He, of course, had heard the Araucanos talking among themselves, and he told me that he was struck at the time by the likeness of some of their words to Welsh, but at the time I thought it was merely a coincidence, though now I see from what you tell me that there was evidently more in it than at first I had been led to suppose."

"There is one thing, though, that I don't quite see," I observed, "Owen Williams, the man who wrote the letter and signed his name at the foot, was according to the old woman born in the Cordilleras; how, then, did he learn to write?"

"Oh, that is easily explained, she told you that many men came with her grandfather; well, if they were a shipwrecked crew, as is the most natural thing to suppose, in all probability there was a clergyman, or, perhaps, an educated passenger among them, who having little to do to amuse himself took a fancy to the boy and taught him. You see Chile was not populated so far south in those days. The Spanish conquerors came from the north through Ecuador and Peru, few cared to risk the journey round the tempestuous Horn, and it has often been demonstrated that civilized men taken completely away from civilized races and cast among peoples of lower grades do not raise them to their own level, but on the contrary invariably sink to the level of the people among whom they live. I don't know why it should be so, but so it is, instances are continually turning up of white men being found among savage races who have completely forgotten their early training and adopted the manners and customs of the people amongst whom circumstances oblige them to live. So those men, whose ancestors probably two hundred years ago were civilized men, have gradually fallen through constant intercourse with Indians and entire absence of any civilizing influence until they have become what we now call Indians, their colour remaining to give some probability to your story."

"Well, I'll be off to bed now, we have none of us had much sleep for the last four nights, and I will come round at ten to-morrow. I suppose Jack is all right?"

"Yes, he will sleep well to-night, for the draught I give him is a narcotic, but if as you say he does not remember what happened just before he fell I should tell him all to-morrow, but I will see him again in the morning and we can then decide. For probably, as you say, he does not care to ask, and worry or uncertainty in his present state might induce fever, which would in any case be dangerous."

So I bid the kind old man good night, and went my way back to the hotel. Jack was asleep when I got there, and Brandon was dozing in a chair near the door so I sent him off to bed and turned in myself in the same room with Jack.

We all slept like tops that night, at least I know I did, and when the sun woke me by streaming in through the window by my bed Jack was also fast asleep, but while I was dressing he awoke.

"I say Dick, old man, what a comfort it is to lie down once more in a bed," he said, as he stretched himself. "I had a jolly good sleep and feel all right except for this abominable pain in my head. Just give Brandon a shout and tell him to get some breakfast, and then I'll get up."

"You won't do anything of the sort," I replied. "You will just stop there as long as you are told to. Dr Knight will tell you when you can get up, and I expect he knows his business better than you or I, but I'll tell you what, I think there ought to be some letters for you at the bank, if you like I'll send Brandon round to see."

"Of course there ought to be some; but, confound it all, my memory is all wrong yet. I keep on trying to remember things and can't, and I worry myself to death about it."

It seemed to me that this was the chief cause of Jack's present ailment, and now seemed a favourable time to tell him what he had evidently forgotten, so I said—

"Don't you remember how you got that tumble on your head which knocked you out of time, and the wound in your shoulder?"

"Not a bit of it, and that is what bothers me now, and to tell the truth, I didn't like to ask you, for it does seem so confoundedly idiotic not to know how I got hurt. You told me Cora was dead, but how she died I have not the least idea. Poor little Cora! The last thing I remember was holding her horse for her to mount, and what happened after that till I became conscious and Brandon told me she was dead, is a blank. But now I am strong enough to know, so tell me all about it."

And then I sat down on a chair by his bed, and told him the whole story. And when I had finished telling how she died and was carried up to the top of the mountain by the other maidens, and buried in the snow, he turned his face to the wall, and I could see that he was weeping, so respecting his sorrow I went out.

At a little before ten I went round to the Doctor's, where I found him waiting ready to accompany me to the priest's house.

"I am glad to see you are punctual, Brook," he said, "for I sent a letter round last night telling the priest I wanted to see him particularly this morning at ten sharp. He is a curious old fellow, and as sharp as a needle. He is thought a great deal of among his people, and I have heard it hinted that if the present head of his order were to die he would be called home to take his place. And although the Jesuits are no longer as powerful a lot as they were a hundred or so years ago, yet to be the head of the order means a considerable amount. Tell him your story right out. They cannot make anything out of it of course now, as that villain, who ever he was, carried off the gold, but it will be a satisfaction to him to see those seven poor fellows have Christian burial."

"I don't see that at all," I remarked. "It will mean a good deal to them, I fancy, for where those fellows got all that gold from there must be plenty left, and it strikes me that I am going to put them on to a mighty good thing."

We had passed the principal church, and were now almost on the outskirts of the town, and still the Doctor kept walking on.

"Why, where does the old fellow live?" I enquired.

"Doesn't he live with the other priests?"

"No," he replied, "for some years he has lived by himself. He is altogether a peculiar personage. He does not even wear the same dress. No one would ever know him for a priest, whenever I have seen him he has always been dressed just like an ordinary gentleman, in a black frock coat and black trousers. I have never seen him outside his own home, though he must go out to get to church, but when he goes and comes has always been a source of wonder to me. He is an Italian, and I should think of some noble family, though no one knows his real name, here he is simple Padre Anselmo. He is an extraordinary man, and from what I know of him personally, and also to look at, he is my idea of a perfect gentleman. But this is his place."

We had stopped before a dark green gate in a high wall, the top of which was plentifully garnished with bits of broken glass and pieces of bottles.

The doctor touched the button of an electric bell, and we heard the sound of footsteps within, and the door was immediately opened by a man servant dressed in a correct suit of black.

"Ah, Doctor," he said in Spanish, "the señor told me you were coming this morning; follow me."

And he led the way up a gravelled walk to the front door of a very pretty little red roofed house. He showed us into what was evidently the Padre's study, and left us. This room did not fulfil my idea of a Jesuit's study at all, for it was full of very costly furniture, and as I glanced round it struck me that the owner of such a

room must necessarily be a wealthy man, and also one who thoroughly understood the art of making himself comfortable. The floor was covered by a Persian carpet that would have cost a small fortune in England, half a dozen leather covered easy chairs stood about, in the centre stood a large writing table, and on one corner of this lay a great, fat, lazy tabby cat. One side of the room was filled with a bookshelf, and the other three were covered with water colour sketches, most of them of mountain scenery. Over a wide marble fireplace stood a very handsome clock.

"The Padre is two minutes late," said the Doctor, and just then the door opened and that personage came in. He was, in truth, a very handsome man, and at once gave one the impression that he was a born gentleman. But what struck me most when first I saw him, were his eyes. These were large and very deep blue, but they shone and glittered so that they looked more like highly polished stones than real eyes; he was tall and thin, with square shoulders; nearly bald, his forehead looked almost too high to be in correct proportion to the rest of his face; his nose was very thin and rather aquiline, his mouth small with thin lips, and his chin prominent. He shut the door, and advanced quickly to the Doctor, holding out his hand.

"Oh, Doctor," he said in perfect English, "accept my apologies for having kept you waiting, but I had to finish dictating a letter to my secretary, that has to go by diligencia to-day, and that has kept me. So this is your young friend who has been making interesting discoveries in the Cordilleras, is it? Glad to make your acquaintance, my boy."

"Yes," said the Doctor, "this is my friend Brook, and I venture to state that when you have heard what he has to tell you, you will agree with me that it is a most remarkable discovery, and if you will take the trouble to look up your old archives no doubt but what you will find the tale corroborated there."

"My archives are here," said the Padre, placing his long and slender forefinger on his forehead, "but be seated, gentlemen, and let us hear this wondrous tale."

So we sat down, and I related my story right through, and as I drew near the end he closed his eyes and, leaning his elbow on the arm of his chair, leaned his head on the palm of his hand, but as I finished and told him how we left the seven skeletons there undisturbed, thinking that he might like to lay the bones in consecrated ground, he raised his head once more, and as he did so I saw a pink flush on his cheek and his eyes seemed even brighter than before.

"Well, well, well," he said, "it is extraordinary how some things happen. Those poor fellows have not been heard of since the year sixteen hundred and sixty-two, that was the last time they sent here for stores and tools, three Frenchmen, three Spaniards, an Italian, and an Englishman—they found gold, and worked at it for fifteen years, none of it was ever brought here, and the scoundrel who probably killed them all, most likely carried off all the spoil, that's what you call a true bill in English, I believe, isn't it? I mean those are the probable facts of the case," looking at me and smiling.

"That seems about it," I replied, "but you seem to know all about it. How did you know?"

"Simply because it is my business to know everything connected with the affairs of our order," he replied, "all the past, all the present, and as much of the future as possible."

"But, if you knew all about it, how is it that they have not been found before?"

"Two expeditions have been sent, one in 1663, and one in 1665; the first was undoubtedly massacred by the Indians, and the others could discover nothing; but, tell me, do you know anything about drawing? Could you make me an exact plan, do you think, of the entrance to the valley where you first found the hands, the second valley, the path up the mountain, and the route by which you went to the mouth of the cove?"

"Yes," I replied, "I am a pretty good hand at water colours, but I have none here, if I had I could make you a sort of bird's eye view of the whole thing, giving more or less the correct distances, such a plan at least that you could not help finding the place by its help. Besides," I said, turning to the Doctor, "where is the man who went down with us as peon, he could easily find the place where he left us, and the river comes out of the mountains barely a mile beyond there."

"He has not yet returned, but his patron I know is expected to arrive daily and they will come together."

The Padre smiled more benignly than ever.

"Good," he said, "very good. I will send the colours with a case of drawing instruments and a large piece of paper to your hotel, and if you will make me that plan I assure you that we shall be for ever grateful to you."

And then we rose to go.

"I shan't charge you with this visit, Padre," said the Doctor laughing, as he shook hands at the door, "it wasn't professional."

"You are quite welcome to it if you like, Doctor, for it is worth it to me, and I will tell you why when I get the plan."

"Got quite excited at the end about it, didn't he?" said the Doctor, as we walked back. "now just you make him as good a plan as ever you can, he is a right good fellow, and who knows but what he may some day be able to do you a good turn."

"How long will it be before Jack can start for Buenos Aires, he is in a hurry to get home now I know, and I should like to see him as far as Rio Cuarto at any rate, there he will get the train."

"Certainly not less than ten days, he requires quiet now and a little gentle physicking, and then the sea voyage will do the rest. If we allowed him to start before he would probably be taken ill again before he reached Buenos Aires."

"Then I shall have heaps of time, for I reckon it will take me about six days to do it well."

Jack was highly interested in my account of the interview with the Padre, and while we were having breakfast together the man in black turned up with a huge roll of paper under his arm, and a brand new box of water colour paints in one hand and an elaborate box of drawing instruments in the other.

"With the Señor's compliment," said he, as he laid them down and retired.

Well, I set to work at once, and worked every day and all day for six consecutive days, and then the plan was finished. I could do no more to it. Jack said it was beautiful, and so it was so far as vivid colouring went, but we studied the distances carefully, drawing everything as near as possible to scale.

Full of pride I took it round to the Doctor's house.

"Come along," said he, "let us take it round, it is fine, it will suit the Padre down to the ground, it's a regular panorama."

We found the Padre in, in fact I don't think he ever went out, except to mass. He took us into his study, he gave the cat a bang which sent her skipping off the table and out through the open window, and then set to work to study the plan carefully—he asked me a hundred questions—was I sure of this distance of direction, and at length when he had satisfied himself thoroughly he sat himself down, apparently oblivious to our presence with a deep "ah" of contentment and gazed stolidly at the ceiling.

"Well, good afternoon, Padre," said I at last, feeling rather hurt at his seeming ingratitude, for I had expected at least that he would say he was pleased with the trouble I had taken, and I had taken a lot. Up he jumped with profuse apologies.

"My dear Sirs," he said, "do pray forgive my apparent rudeness, but really I was so taken up with my own thoughts that I quite for the moment forgot your presence."

"I shall charge you for this visit," said the doctor, "for I consider you are in a state of extreme nervous excitement and will send you round a narcotic before bed time."

"Do," cried the padre, "to both your remarks, and you, Brook, I hope will do me the favour to accept as a gift the paints and the instruments, for I can tell you one thing, that it is probably the most valuable picture you ever have painted or ever will paint. Do you know that that drawing is worth between £15,000 and £16,000 to me."

"How do you make that out?" I exclaimed, now in my turn becoming excited.

"Come round in the morning between ten and eleven and I will provide you with the means of satisfying yourself."

And then we went off.

"Come round and dine with us to-morrow night," said the doctor.

He wants information, thought I, as I assented, and went off to tell Jack about this most wonderful interview.

Jack and I were full of conjectures as to what the Padre meant about my sketch being worth so much money.

"He has some card up his sleeve," said Jack, and with that remark our conjectures came to an end.

But next morning punctually, at ten, I pressed the button at the Padre's garden door, and immediately after was conducted into the study. It was empty when I went in, save for the cat, which as usual occupied a corner of the writing table, but I seemingly was not connected in her mind with the ill treatment she had received the day before, for she merely gazed at me out of her half open eyes and went to sleep again. Not having anything better to do until the priest came in, I fell to examining the water colour sketches which were hung all round the walls, they were mostly of Italian scenery, mountain and coast, and so far as I could judge, all done by the same hand, but evidently the hand of an amateur, since I could find no signature, but on one small one, in a corner half hidden by a screw, I found the surname of a celebrated Italian General, but the initial letter was different. If that is his name, I thought, I don't see why he should wish to keep it secret, but the entrance of the priest cut short any further conjectures. In his hand he carried a bundle of papers.

"Good morning," he said, "these are the papers I spoke to you about yesterday, they will interest you, since they contain the entire story of that unfortunate mission. You will also see what I meant when I told you that the plan, or rather picture, you made for me, was worth so much, for here is the confession of the man who killed the others, how he did it, why he did it, and what became of him."

With that he placed in my hands four sheets of parchment closely written and tacked together, and as I turned the sheets over in my hand, I noticed that three or four lines had been carefully cut out with a pen-knife and that quite recently. Curious to know what could be the reason of this I walked to the open window, the better to see the writing, which was much faded, and found that the two lines immediately above where the piece was missing ran thus, "This I reckoned would be worth about two thousand pieces, and with that I could live like a prince for two years, and then come back for more, and I liked the idea the better as what I left could not be stolen; so that whatever happened I was always sure to have plenty. The box with the gold I buried." This then was the reason why the priest had made me draw the plan, before he let me know anything about the gold being buried by the man who killed the others, and had also cut out the two lines which described the place where it was hid. This struck me as being a very scurvy trick and made me very angry.

"Then you knew all along that the greater part of the gold was buried there, you got me to make you the plan before you told me anything of this, fearing lest otherwise we, my friend and I, should claim part of the money as our share, and now you have taken care to cut out the description of the place where the treasure is buried before you gave me this man's confession to read, thinking that otherwise I might be tempted to go back there and steal your gold, upon my word Señor Padre, the opinion you seem to have formed of us is neither complimentary nor correct, and what is more I think you have behaved in an abominably mean manner, and if it was not for those poor old chaps lying there all this time unburied, I should regret ever having mentioned the thing to you."

"My son," he began.

"Don't call me your son," I cried, for I was in an abominable temper, "I'm no more your son than I'm your father, you have insulted me enough for one day; now let me read these papers, and then I'll go."

"I have some letters to write," he said, "which will take me two hours, then I will come back, perhaps you will have regained your temper."

And with that he went out, and I sat down in his chair at his desk, with the confession written by the murderer two hundred odd years ago in front of me. For some time I sat thinking, and as I thought, I began to be sorry and even ashamed at having allowed my temper to get the better of my judgment, for if I still thought the Padre had not treated me well, yet I, a mere boy, as indeed I still was, had no right to have spoken such words to a man holding the position he did, besides being so much older than myself, and I made up my mind that when he came back I would at least apologise for losing my temper, but at the same time I determined that I would let him know that I knew his family name, which from what the doctor had told me I understood was a secret. And what is more I meant if possible to make him confess it, though what put this into my head I do not know.

So I went once more and examined the picture to be sure that I had made no mistake, and then picking up the badly written old manuscript, and seating myself in the most inviting looking of the easy chairs set, to work to read, and soon got interested, for what I read tallied in every detail with what we found.

CONFESSION OF MILES SCATTON.

Three days more I have to live, for at the end of that time they say I am to be bricked up in the wall of my cell as expiation for my sin, though God has already laid his finger on me, and in a few more months I should have been called upon to render an account of a misspent life, and an awful crime, before his awful judgment seat. But three days' grace has been accorded me to write this my last confession, and so clear up a mystery which for years has vexed the minds of men, and which has cursed my life and lost for ever my soul. But in order that my confession may be complete I must tell my whole story from the beginning. My father, who like myself was called Miles, was one of Sir Walter Raleigh's captains, and served under him in the Spanish main, and took part in the fight with the Armada sent from Spain to lower the pride of our haughty queen, and I at eighteen was engaged in marriage to the daughter of one of our neighbours, Priscilla Dalton, but the grange in which he lived catching fire one night she was also burnt. Ah, Priscilla, had you lived, what a different life I should have spent, but your death was the beginning of all my troubles. For a year after this I spent a miserable existence, finding no pleasure in personal pursuits, and though I was strong, beyond the strength of ordinary men, I began to find that my strength was failing, and thinking that I was falling into a decline, I determined to dedicate the remainder of my life to the service of God.

With this end in view, and having received a good education, I was readily admitted into the brotherhood of the Order of Jesus, and the more readily was I accepted, since I carried with me, in a small leather sack, five hundred gold pieces. For two years I travelled, in company with an old man of our order, through France, Italy, and Spain, until we finally arrived at Cadiz, and here finding that three ships were being fitted out to go to Peru, and that five of our order were going out in them to join others who had gone before, I asked and obtained leave to join the expedition. Thus on the 1st of March of the year 1637, I being then in my twenty-first year, we set sail. I had no one to bid me farewell, for my father had died while I was quite young, my mother died shortly after I left our home in Devon, and my elder brother had flouted at me for a damned Jesuit, and cast me off.

All went well with us until we had passed through the narrow channel to the south of the great continent of America, into the Western Ocean, and then we were caught in a tremendous hurricane, and came near destruction, though by a merciful providence (I dare not say the hand of God, since he preserved me to commit the great crime) and the skill of our captain, we were saved, though the other two ships which had borne us company, the Santa Maria and the Don Pedro, were lost. This was the only storm we had, and six weeks later, impelled by favouring winds, we reached in safety the port of Lima, five months and three days after leaving Cadiz.

But there was one man on board who from the first had singled me out as a companion, Don Hilario Medina his name was, a man of good family, who like many others owned only his name and his sword, and this latter was his great joy, for many hours a day would he spend polishing the hilt and blade. He used to laugh at me for being a priest.

"God's truth," he said to me one day as we sat on the deck, "with your size and strength, and a blade like this, you could carve your way to fortune ere your

beard is fully grown, throw your cassock and crucifix into the sea and come with me, and we shall soon have a store of that bright metal which makes life easy and opens the hearts of the ladies. We will be comrades, for I like you, even though you are an Englishman. You won't? Well go your own way, we shall meet again."

We landed, and I with my five companions went off to the house belonging to our order, and there for four years more spent a harmless life, helping the poor Incas when I could, for my heart bled to see the brutal way in which they were treated by the Spaniards, for gold was always their cry, and hundreds of these poor people were massacred, and tortured, to make them confess where gold was hidden, for it was known that they had hidden great quantities of it away at the time of the first Spanish invasion. By degrees I learned to understand and even speak their tongue, and from them learnt much about the healing properties of many of the plants which grew in that wondrous land. I was something of a botanist, and soon became expert in concocting medicines from herbs, and by degrees these Indians came to look upon me as a doctor. One day I was asked to come and cure a man, one of the Incas, who was ill of a fever, for owing to one or two slight ailments among our Indian servants, which I had successfully treated, I was looked upon by them with much confidence. When I saw the sick man I knew at once that he was in much danger, and not having brought any medicine with me, as I did not know what manner of fever it might be, I ran as fast as I was able to a little valley outside the town, where I was used to collect herbs, and here I stuffed a little bag I carried with me for the purpose, full of what I really believed was the herb I required.

I made the decoction as usual, and at sunset administered it, but what was my horror and surprise, to see the fever-stricken wretch stretch himself out on his bed, and without any apparent pain, die before my eyes. Then there arose a great clamour among the inmates of the hut, for there were many friends and relations of the sick man there, and they seized upon me and tore the satchel containing the remainder of the herbs I had gathered from my belt, and when they had opened it and examined the leaves they cried—

"You have killed him, treacherous foreigner, but your own life shall be given up for his. See, these herbs are not the ones that cure, but those which kill; these leaves have dark blue veins instead of green, and you shall die, even though we ourselves are slaughtered."

And then they set upon me again, and I verily believe would have killed me for they were many, and clung round me like I have seen hounds pull down a stag on our beautiful Exmoor, but in my extremity I cried out with a loud voice—

Would to God I had died then, for then, even though I had killed a man, it had been done without intention, and the Almighty could not have laid the blame of murder on my soul, but he willed otherwise, for Medina happening to pass at that moment, heard my cry for help, and seeing me hard pressed, pulled out his sword and quickly hewed down three of my assailants. The others fled.

"Ah, ha, Padre," cried he, as he wiped his blood-stained blade on the covering of one of the corpses. "A good Toledo blade is after all a better protection than a crucifix and a string of beads, what say you now? Will you fling these baubles away and come with me? We can soon be rich, two strong men and two stout blades, could soon open the mouths of these dogs of Lucas, and make them tell where all their gold and precious stones lie hid, of some considerable quantity I have already certain knowledge, but I must have aid, for by myself I can do nothing, and what is more I trust no man but you."

I heard him say all this, not through wishing to listen to him, but for the moment the horror of the deed had rendered me both dumb and powerless of action, my eyes wandering from one to the other of the four poor dead Indians with unutterable horror, though as he finished speaking I in a measure recovered my freedom of will, and pushing him roughly aside, ran as fast as I was able in the direction of the monastery.

When I arrived I went straight to the Superior's room, and told my story. Needless to say the good man was shocked beyond measure, and dreadfully grieved, for I was a favourite with him.

"My poor boy," he said as he laid his hand on my head, for I was kneeling in front of him, my hands clasped and the tears running down my cheeks. "I see what you have done, in your hurry to do a good action you made a mistake between two plants very much alike. Look here, (and from a little table he brought a large book, written in his own hand, on the different plants of Peru, describing the qualities of each, and illustrated with pictures done in colours: he turned over the pages until he came to what we wanted) "see this is the plant you wanted, and this is the plant you found." I examined the drawings of the two plants as attentively as the agitated condition of my mind would allow, and now saw that as the Indians had said, the one I should have used had light green veins running along the petals, while in the other the veins were dark blue.

(To be continued).

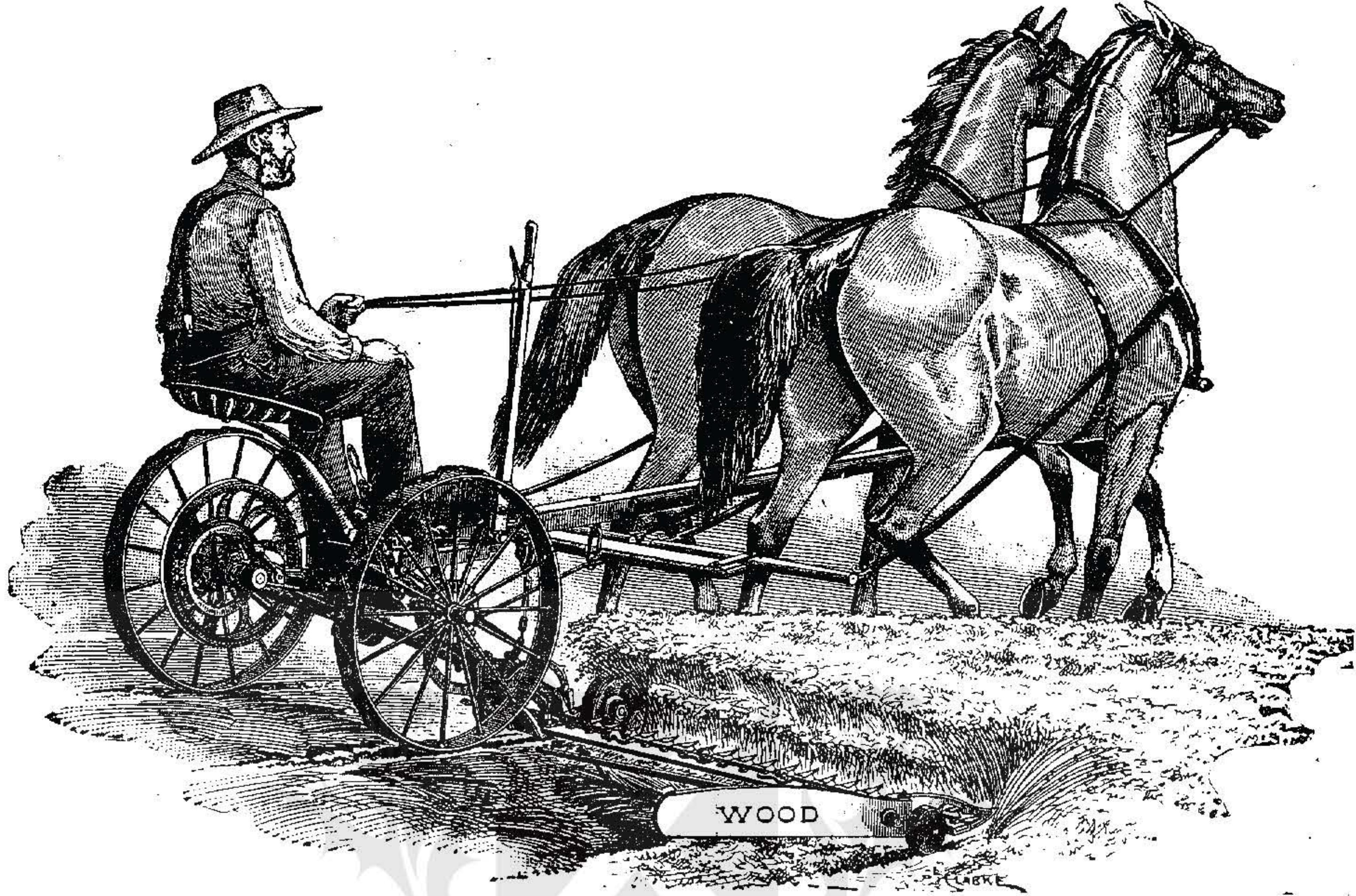
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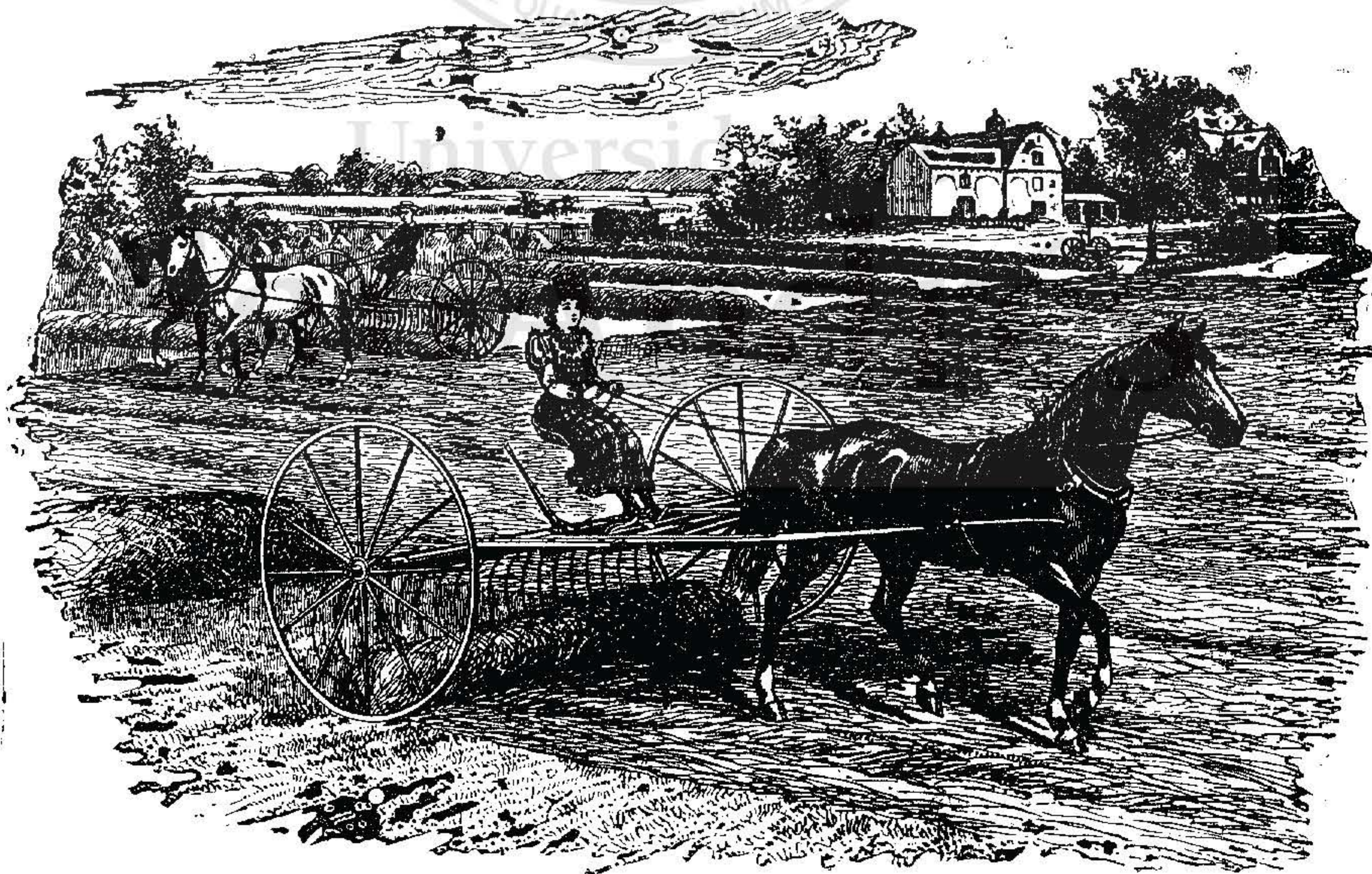
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