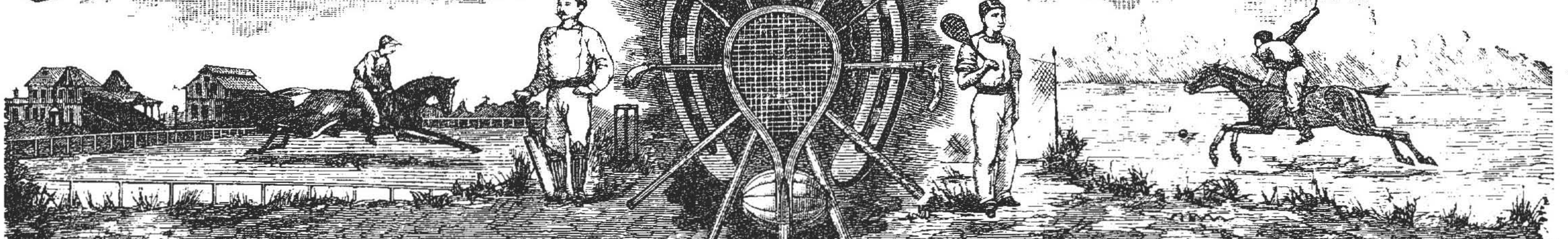


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Vol. VI., No. 145.

Buenos Aires, Wednesday, April 11, 1894.

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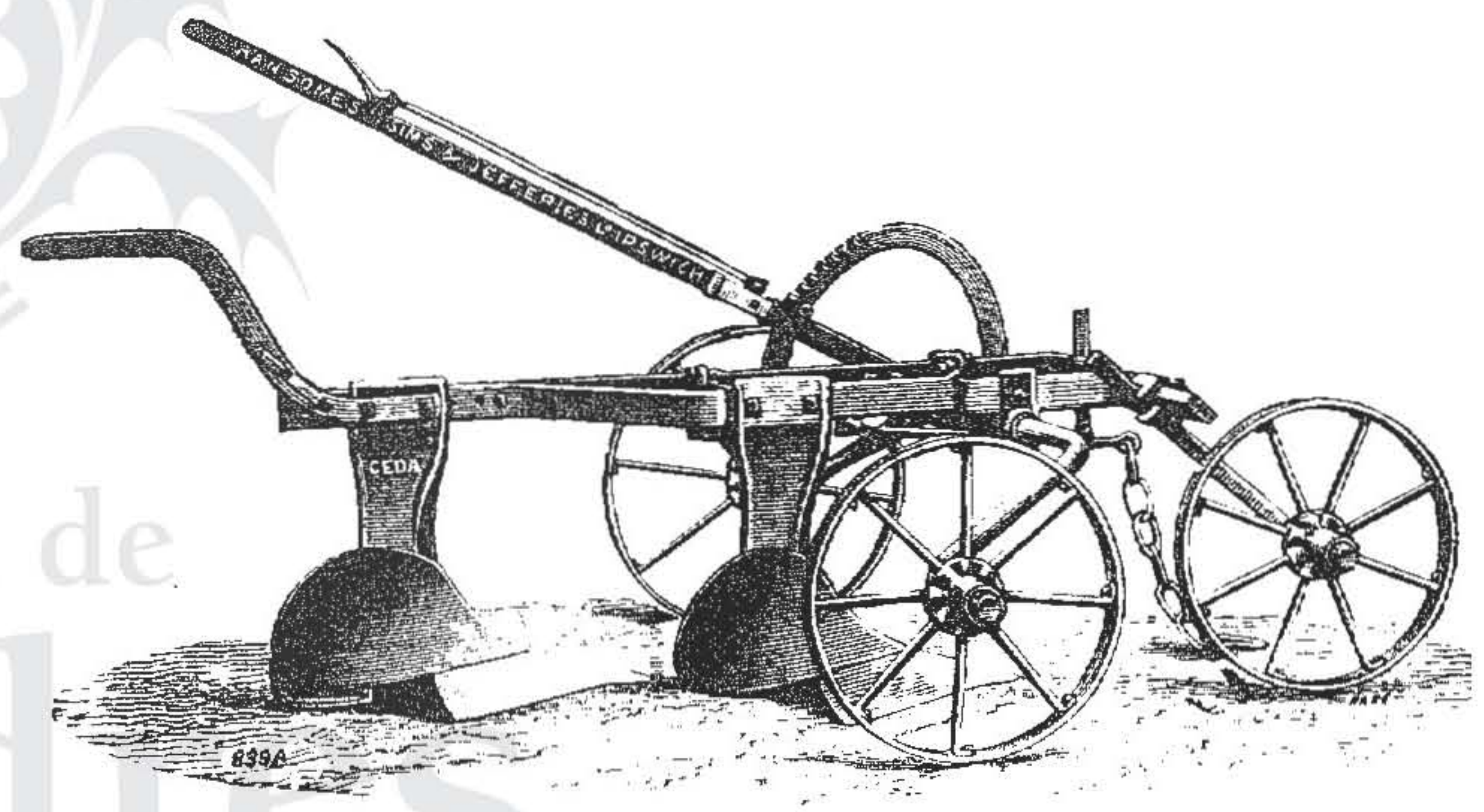
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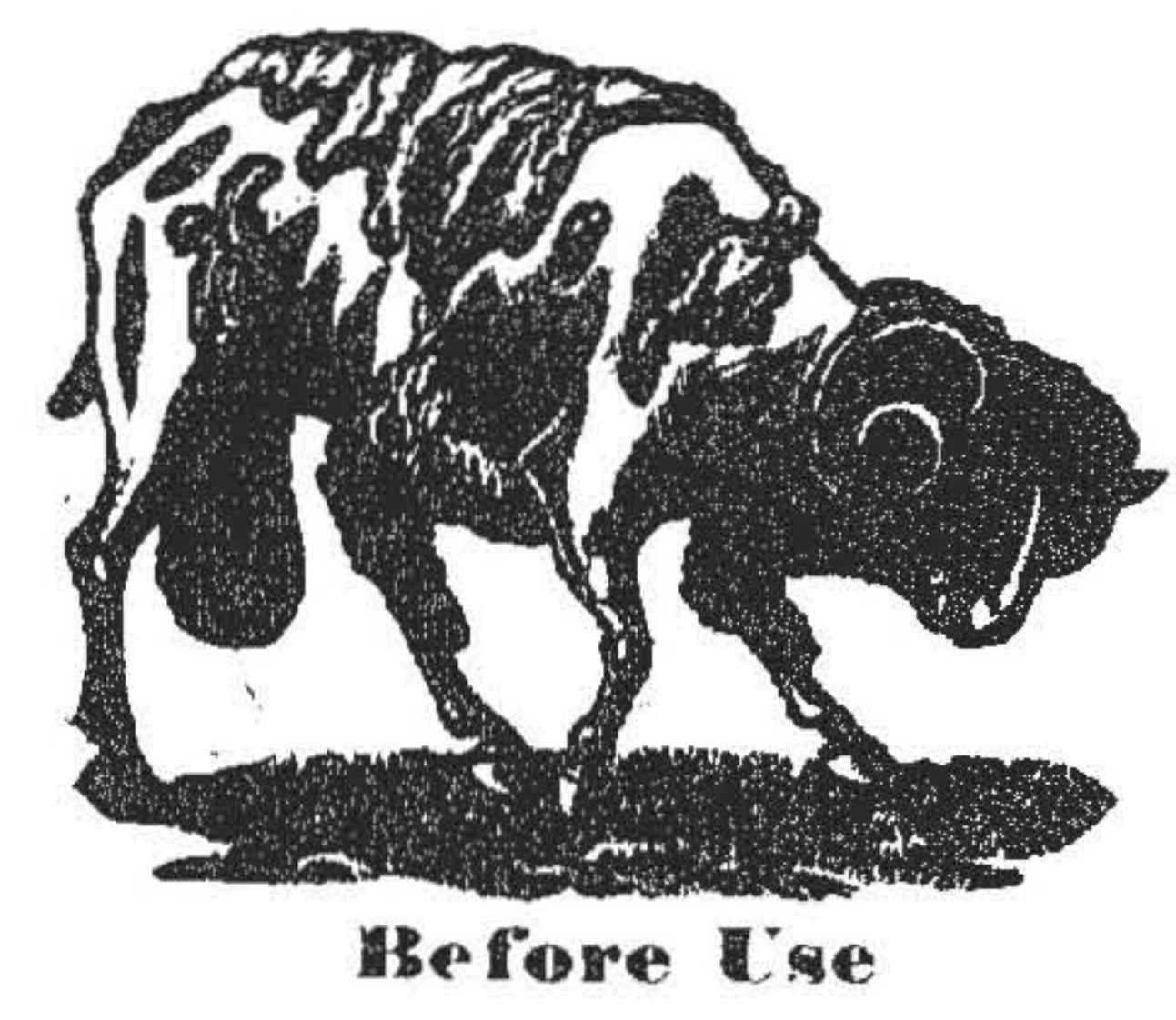


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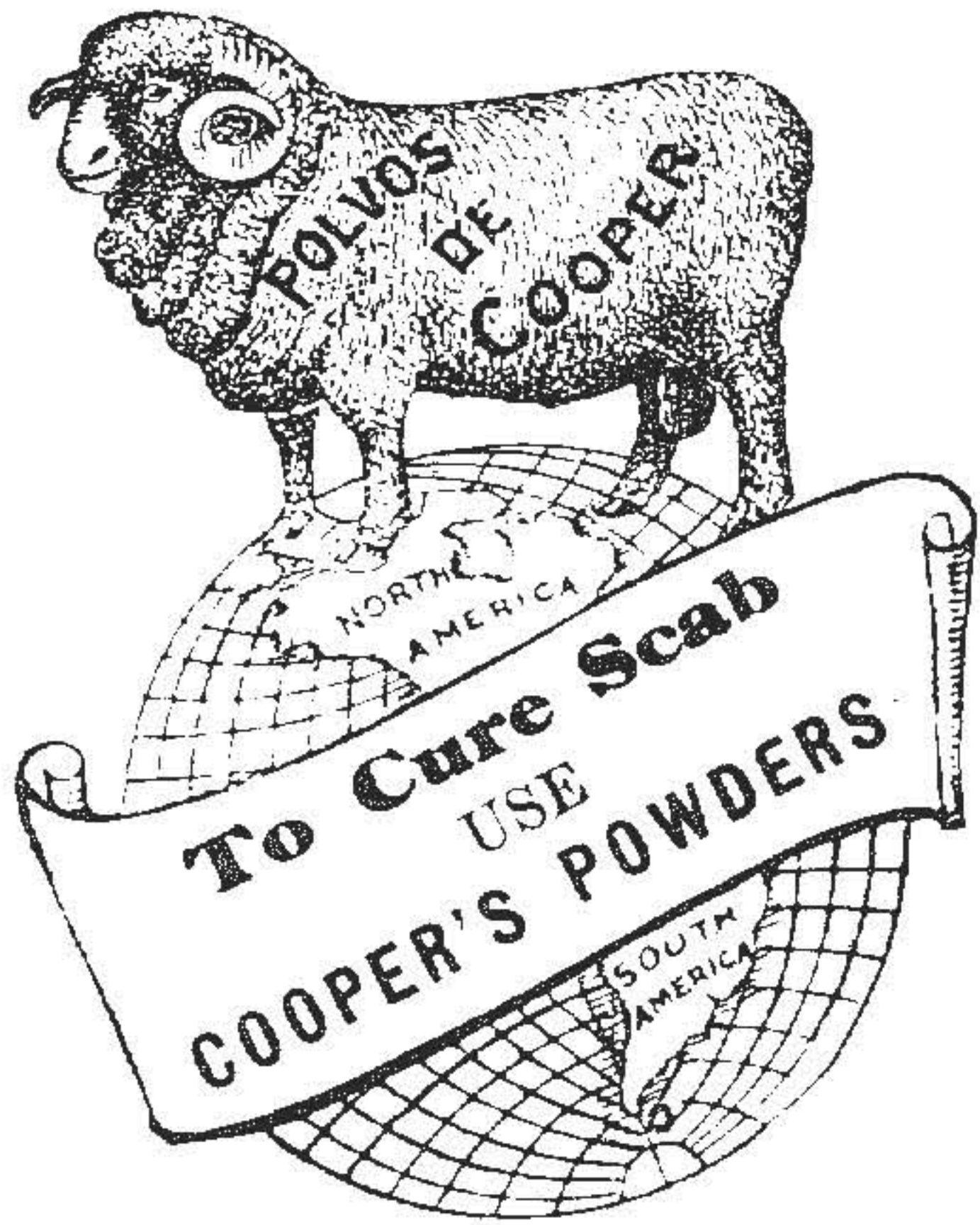
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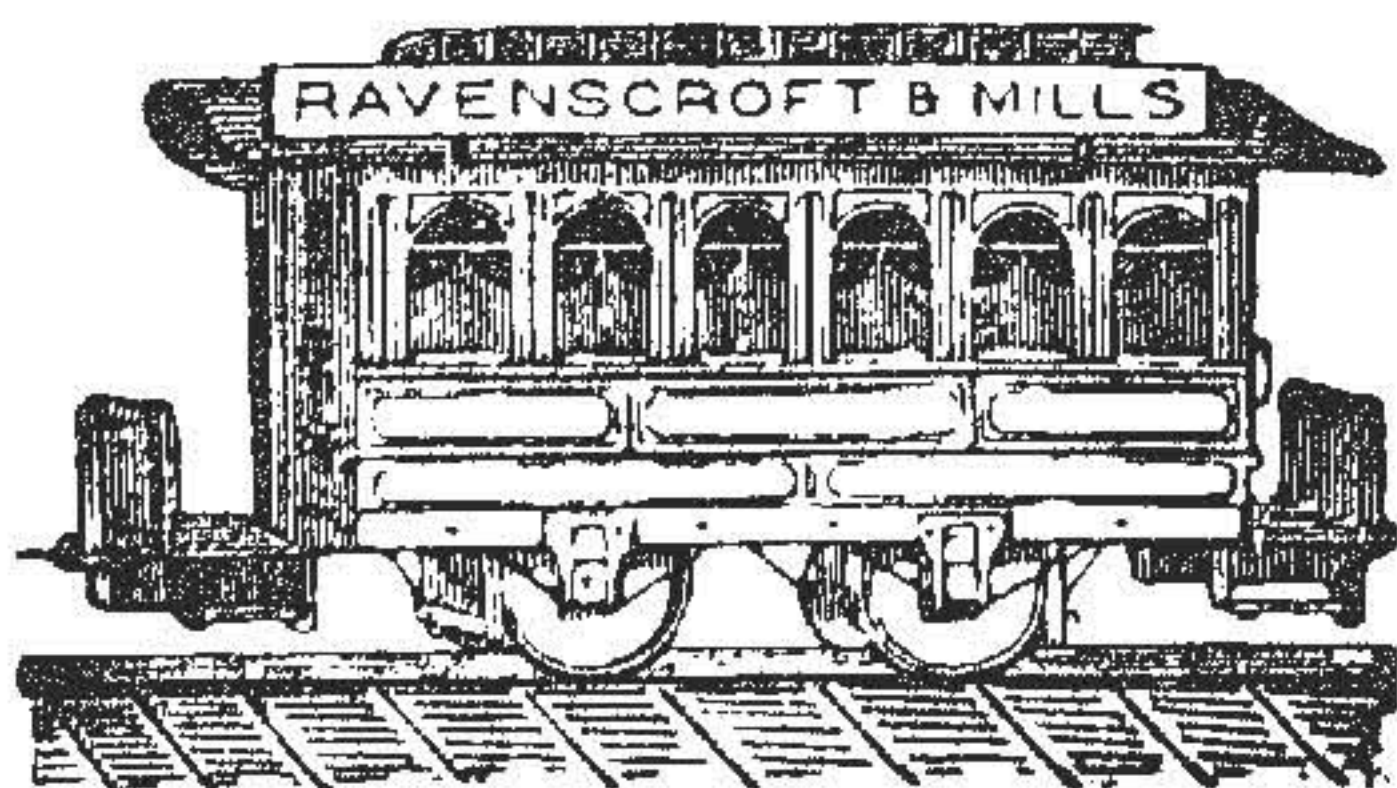
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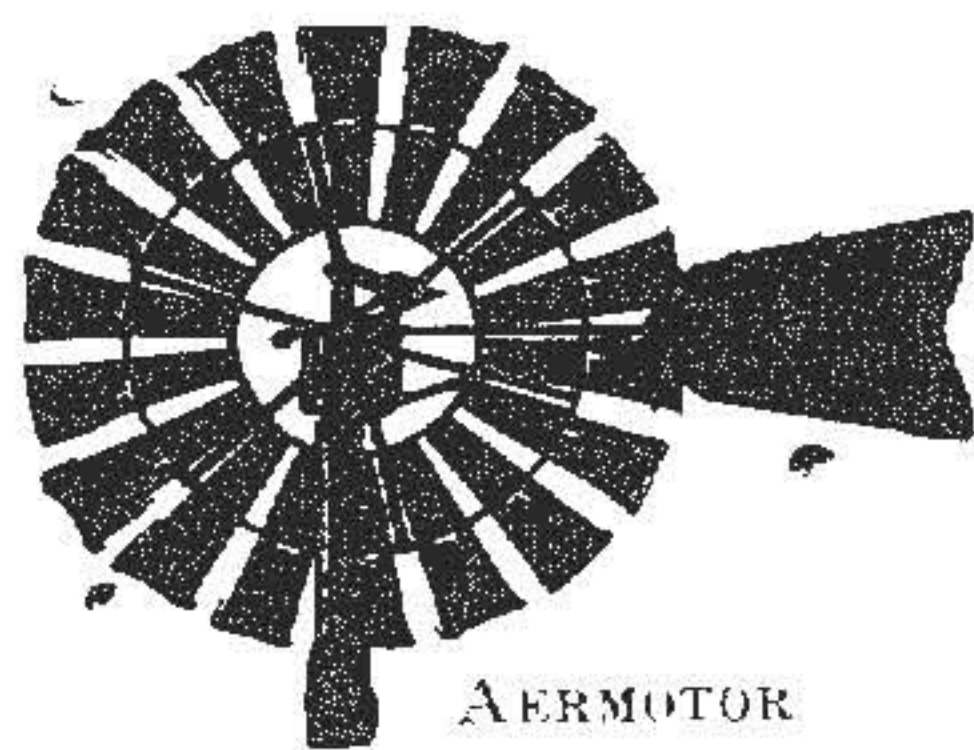
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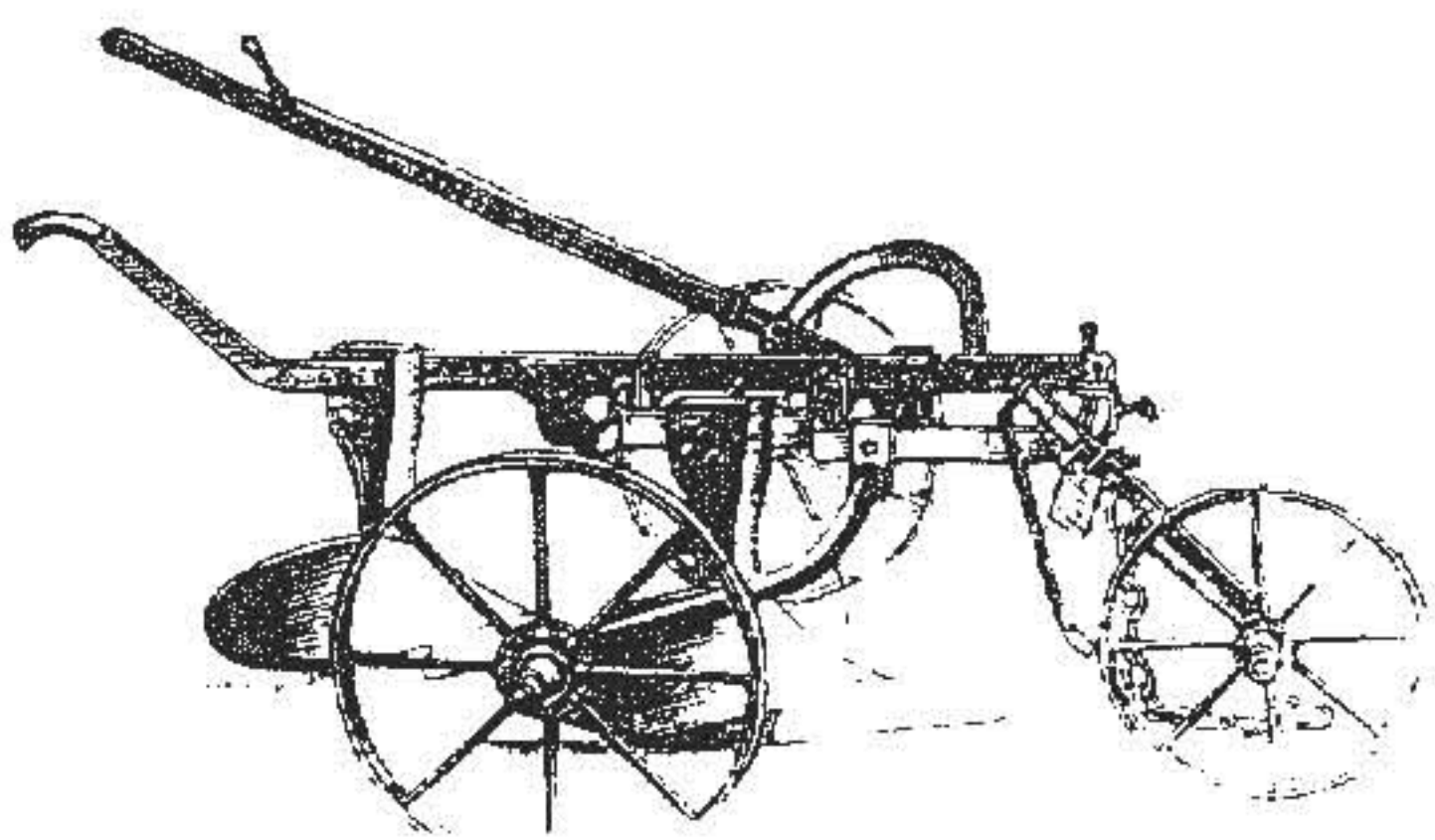


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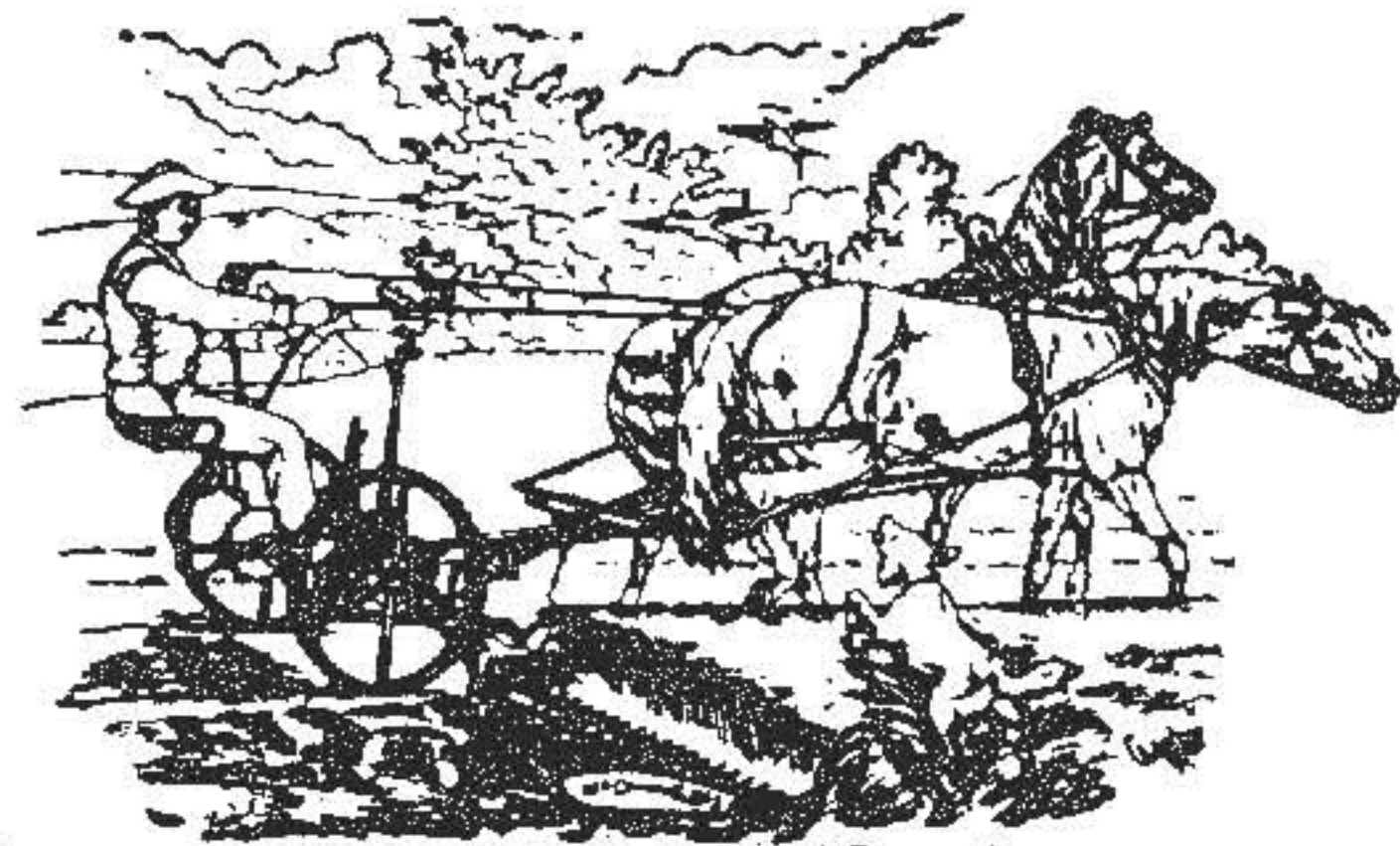
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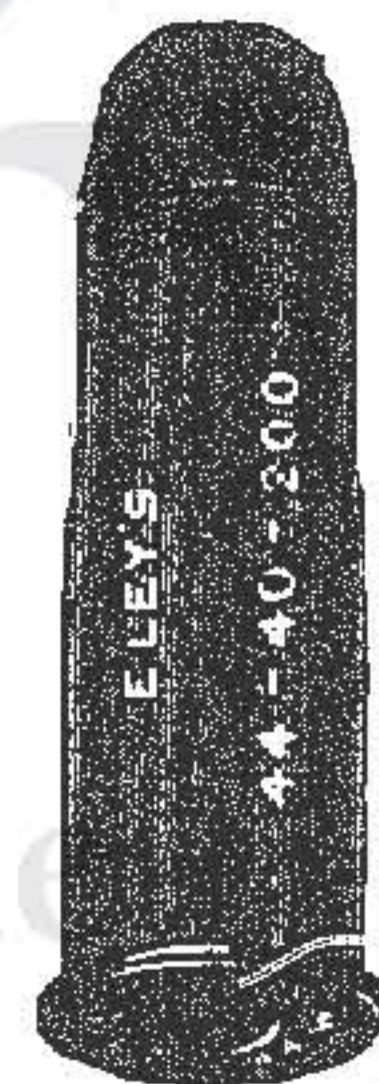
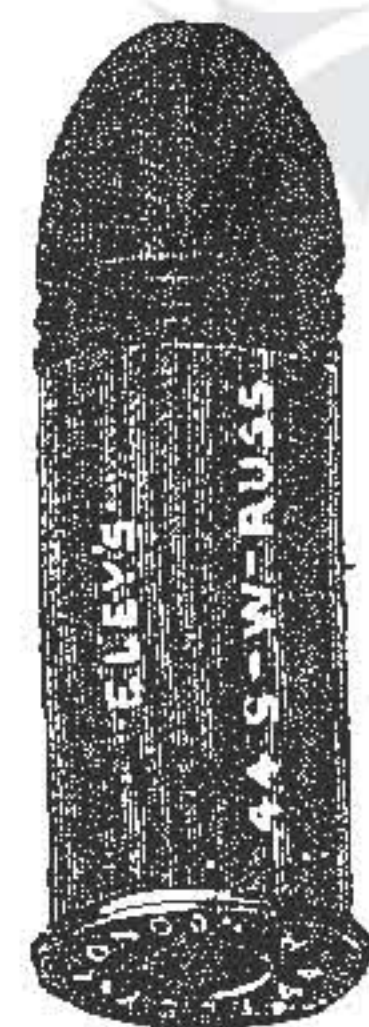
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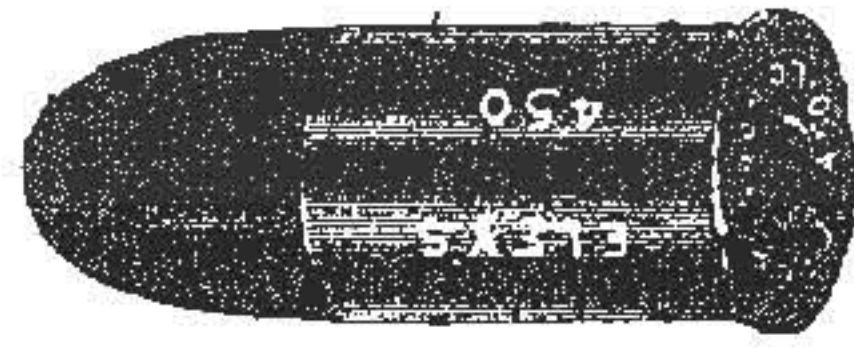
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No. 2—September 9:
ORMONDE.

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.

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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.

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PRIZE CARICATURE.

No. 19—October 19:
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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:
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HOME NEWS

RACING

The Sandown Park Grand Military Meeting was brought to a most successful conclusion on Saturday March the 10th in the presence of one of the largest companies of spectators ever seen at Esher on other than an Eclipse Stakes day. Business was commenced with the United Service Steeplechase, for which The Soarer, on the strength of his success in the Maiden Steeplechase on the first day, was installed favourite, and after allowing Calamint to hold the lead for half the distance, he went to the front and gained a clever victory by a neck. Quintus disappointed backers in the Open Selling Hurdle Race, for which he started favourite, but broke down badly in running, and the verdict was secured by Dilemma, who was almost unbacked. Eight runners went to the post for the Grand Military Steeplechase, two being supplied by Mr. E. Loder, who declared to win with Soltykoff, who made nearly all the running, and won by a couple of lengths from Blush Rose and Philactory; The Nun, who started almost friendless in a field of nine runners for the Tally Ho! Steeplechase, cantered home an easy winner, the Open Hurdle Handicap having been secured by Partisan. The meeting was concluded with the victory of Leybourne in the National Hunt Flat Race. Details of the most important events are as follows:—

United Service Steeplechase of 200 sovs; two miles and a half.	
Mr Campbell's The Soarer, by Skylark—dam by Cruisk, 5 y, 11 st 7 lb	Owner 1
Mr E. Loder's Boy Chieftain, 5 y, 11 st 7 lb	Captain Johnstone 2
Captain H. R. Aikman's Calamint, 5 y, 11 st 7 lb	Owner 3
Captain C. Lambton's Battle Axe, aged, 12 st	Captain W. Lambton 0
Major E. R. Owen's Bedouin, aged, 12 st	Captain Crawley 0
Mr W. Murray Threipland's Dalkeith, aged, 12 st	Owner 0

Grand Military Handicap Steeplechase of 250 sovs; two miles and a half.	
Mr E. Loder's Soltykoff, by Silver—Royal Robe, 5 y, 10 st 11 lb	Captain Johnson 1
Mr E. Loder's Blush Rose, 5 y, 11 st 2 lb	Captain Crawley 2
Sir S. Scott's Philactory, 6 y, 10 st 8 lb	Owner 3
Captain H. B. Purefoy's Grigou, aged, 12 st 7 lb	Captain Yardley 0
Mr W. F. Ricardo's Ulysses, aged, 11 st 13 lb	Owner 0
Mr Lawson's Fugleman, aged, 11 st 7 lb	Owner 0
Mr W. M. Threipland's Frontier, aged, 11 st 8 lb	Owner 0
Captain E. E. Hanbury's Shottery, 6 y, 11 st 6 lb	Sir C. Slade 0

Open Handicap Hurdle Race of 200 sovs; two miles, over eight hurdles.	
Mr G. Grant's Partisan, by Zeal—Miss May, aged, 12 st 7 lb	A. Nightingall 1
Mr A. Amor's Instep, aged, 10 st 8 lb	Fitton 2
Lord Molyneux's Emin, 5 y, 10 st 9 lb	Owner 3
Mr J. A. Miller's Innisheen, aged, 11 st	Halsey 0
Mr A. Maher's Black Cap, 4 y, 10 st 10 lb	J. Walsh, sen. 0
Mr E. P. Gall's Fetlar, 5 y, 10 st 10 lb	Tulk 0
Captain Bewicke's Cameronian, aged, 10 st 8 lb	Owner 0
Sir J. Miller's Ballyhooley, 4 y, 10 st 5 lb	G. Mawson 0
Mr T. Stevens' Argonaut, 4 y, 10 st 4 lb	(car 10 st 5 lb) Mr Pullen 0
Sir S. M. Lockhart's Lambert, 5 y, 10 st	(car. 10 st 2 lb) R. Nightingall 0

GOLF

A golf match which created unusual interest was lately played on the private course of the Tooting Bec Club between Tom Dunn, the keeper of the green, and Douglas Rolland, who is now located at Limpsfield. The event brought out an attendance of between 400 and 500 golfers, ladies as well as gentlemen. The game is thus described by a home contemporary:—Early in the first round it became clear that Rolland was in his finest form, and that Dunn would have hard work to keep alongside of him. Rolland had indeed never played a finer game than on this occasion. In the latter part of the first round he flashed out with a brilliance which, to many who witnessed it, recalled the best feats of young Tommy Morris. His driving was like a rifle shot, so straight and far; and he holed out on the green with perfect accuracy. Dunn played a good steady game, but he could not hold out against the extraordinary play of the other man. The game was "all even" at the tenth hole, but at the eleventh Rolland lay "dead" from the tee with a long carry of more than 200 yards across a river, a ditch, and a bunker, and got the hole in two, where four is the par figure. Twice again on the way home he repeated this performance, and he finished in 74—two strokes below the record. This score is even better than it looks, for the "tees" had been put back so as to add about 150 yards to the course. Dunn was six down on this round. In the afternoon the play was not so good. Rolland kept up his driving, but his short game was not nearly accurate. Dunn, on the other hand, got into better form, and principally by a very fine short game, reduced his opponent's lead to three at the twelfth. The match was now watched with some excitement by the crowd; for Dunn had won three holes in succession, and it was quite on the cards that even yet he might make it a very close finish. The game was, however, really decided by the drives from the next "tee." Here Dunn skied his ball, and it was carried by the wind into an adjoining field. This cost him a hole that he might have won, for Rolland took 5 to it, one over par. This mistake lost Dunn the match. On the next green both lay within a couple of yards in the hole in 3. Dunn had the odds to play, and had hard lines in not being down, while Rolland holed out well, and won by five up and four to play. The scores were:—Rolland, 74 and 82; Dunn, 83 and 87. After the match, the stakes which had been subscribed by members of the Tooting Club, were presented to the players in the clubhouse by Mr J. P. Cral, who had acted as umpire during the day.

FOOTBALL

The two semi-final matches in the Football Association Cup, between Bolton Wanderers and Sheffield Wednesday, and Blackburn Rovers and Notts County, were played on the 10th March. The first was played at Manchester, and resulted in Bolton Wanderers winning by two goals to one. Thirty thousand persons witnessed the match, which was a good one throughout. The second, between Blackburn Rovers and Notts County, was played before twenty thousand persons at Sheffield, and after a very close game the score was Notts County one goal, Blackburn Rovers nil.

IRELAND V. WALES.

Ireland won the championship of Rugby Football, for the first time in the history of Rugby football, and this in spite of its being generally supposed at the commencement of the year to be the weakest of the four countries. We are indebted to "Pastime" for the following remarks on the match:—
Our contemporary says that it is to the forwards that this result was mainly to be attributed, but at the same time it must not be forgotten that, though the combination behind the scrum was not so good as that of the highest order, still Ireland has seldom, if ever, had backs of greater individual merit. However, it must be ad-

mitted that Ireland was distinctly lucky to win, as, indeed, Wales would have been had the result been reversed. The state of the ground was simply disgraceful, and it seems the greatest pity that the authorities in Belfast cannot provide a better ground for such a match. The experience of last year's match v. Scotland, and this year's match v. Wales, which were both played on the Ballynafeigh ground, proves beyond question that, till some other arrangement is come to, no more internationals can be attempted at Belfast. To say nothing of the slushy condition of the turf the ground was not of the proper dimensions, and one touch-line abutted on a running track, which created a great danger to anyone collared and falling near it. Certainly the Welsh protest seems thoroughly justified.

At the start, bad bungling among the Irish backs gave Wales the upper hand, till a brilliant forward rush headed by Rooke brought relief. Pearson got in some lovely kicks, but the ball was worked by the Irish forwards to Bancroft, who sent them back to half-way. Shortly after Bancroft had a drop at goal from a penalty kick for Forrest's off-side play, but the attempt failed, and Ireland, getting a free kick, the ball found touch at half-way. From here Gwynn started a dribble, taking the ball right up to the Welsh line, where Bancroft, from outside his line kicked dead to save a score. The Welshmen got off-side during the ensuing scrum, and were penalised. The ball was placed for John Lyttle, who brought off a grand goal, which eventually proved to be the only score of the match. After the kick-off the Welshmen attacked fiercely, and Ireland was again penalised, Bancroft making a second ineffectual attempt to drop a goal. A brilliant run by Lee and pass to Tuke, followed by a great rush of Lindsay's raised the siege; but a magnificent passing run in which all the Welsh backs had a hand nearly let Pearson in, the danger being only averted by a fine tackle by Tuke. Several tight scrummages followed and the Irishmen worked the ball to the Welsh "25," where Lee had a shot at goal.

The greater part of the second half was played in a hail storm, which did not improve the state of the ground. The Irishmen pressed at once, Lee and Dunlop being very conspicuous, but the Welsh forwards more than held their own, and worked the ball back. Grant being eventually obliged to touch down in defence. Bancroft replied splendidly to the kick off, and the Irish lines were again in great danger. The defence, however, was too good, and Forrest, Rooke, and Lyttle in turn made rushes into Welsh territory. Towards the end of the game Wales tried hard to score, Sweet-Escott doing brilliant work, but Lee, intercepting a pass, drove them back, and Dunlop all but got a try. The game came to an end in the Irish half with the score unaltered, Ireland thus winning by one penalty goal (three points to nil).

There was little to choose between the packs of either side, Ireland being the better in the loose, and Wales packing much better than their opponents, and securing the ball almost invariably.

Of the Irishmen, Forrest, the captain, was the best forward on the ground, his play in the second half being particularly fine. Lindsay, especially in the first half, was also extremely good. Rooke, John Lyttle, and O'Connor were the pick of the others. Hill, who captained Wales in Gould's absence, was the best of their forwards, but Daniels and Nicholl also played a very good game. Sweet-Escott was the best of the four halves, while his partner, Parfitt, was superior to either of the Irishmen, of whom Tuke was the better. At three-quarter the Welsh combination was decidedly superior to that of the Irishmen, but individually Pearson for Wales and Gwynn for Ireland stood out prominent—Lee, Dunlop, and Fitzgerald also played well for their respective sides. Bancroft quite put Grant into the shade at full-back.

ENGLAND V. WALES.

Even with the whole of the race-course at their disposal, the Welsh Association endeavoured to spoil an international match by playing it on a ridiculously small piece of ground. The arena at Wrexham on March 12th measured about sixty yards in width and about 100 yards in length, and was thus far too small to encourage a scientific game. In spite of this, and of the further disadvantages of a high wind and a ridge and furrow ground, the Englishmen played a very fine passing game, and gained a most decisive victory by five goals to one. During the first half the Welshmen had the wind behind them, and were able to trouble the visitors' defence a great deal during the first half hour. As the Englishmen became accustomed to the peculiarities of the ground they gradually improved, and during the second half had very much the best of the play.

SHOOTING

The Council of the National Rifle Association have announced the conditions of the new great Imperial Prize, which is to be contested for at the next Bisley meeting by officers and men of all ranks actively serving in the army, navy, marines, and militia. There are to be in all 150 prizes, the first being the Challenge Cup, and £100, and the remainder diminishing from one of £25 to fifty of £1 each, £500 in all being given in the contest. Either the Lee-Metford or Martini-Henry rifle may be used, and the competition will be fired in two stages: the first at 200, 500, and 600 yards, seven shots; and the second, only by the first hundred of the first stage, with fifteen shots at 800 yards. If the first prize be won by anyone below warrant rank one-fourth of the £100 will be given to him at the meeting, and the remainder will be placed in the hands of the Adjutant-General or of the Accountant-General of the Navy to be paid to the winner at such time as those authorities may think best.

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BICYCLING

LONDON TO CONSTANTINOPLE ON A BICYCLE.

Mr Robert Louis Jefferson started on a ride to Constantinople from Olympia, Kensington, at half-past two on March 10th. He was received at "Constantinople in London" by Mr Kolossy Kiralfy and Mr George Spencer Edwards. Later on Messrs. R. J. Mecredy and E. H. Godbold (on a quadricycle), A. Nujean (of Holland), H. J. Swindley, Herman Hart, E. Bale, Charles Lane and Captain Watson arrived, and the whole party bade God-speed to the plucky rider, who looked very fit for the long journey which he is now undertaking. At the formal "send off" some very valuable information about the country was imparted to Mr Jefferson by Mr Charles Pembo, who has charge of the caiques at Olympia, and who is a native of Stamboul. More than 200 people awaited the start at the entrance in Hammersmith-road, and here and there gentlemen were busy with either sketch-book or camera taking views of the scene. The machine which Mr Jefferson is riding is a "Swift," manufactured by the Coventry Machinists Company. It is fully equipped, and ready for rough work if necessary. The rider's kit is carried in a neatly-arranged case, which fits in between the framework of the machine. After a deal of handshaking and good wishes for a safe and successful ride, the wheel traveller moved away amidst cheering along the main road en route for Newhaven, from which port he steamed for Dieppe. He was accompanied by Messrs. Mecredy and Godbold on their tandem, and A. Nujean on a safety, who rode with Mr Jefferson to the coast.

ATHLETICS

At Stamford Bridge Grounds on March the 10th the London Athletic Club and Oxford University decided a match of ten events on inter Varsity lines. It ended in a victory for the London A.C. by six events to four, the merit of which performance was enhanced by the fact that their representatives were less than half trained at this early period of the season. Godfrey Shaw was far from well, and he failed when the pinch came in the Hurdles, Scott winning for Oxford in comparatively slow time. E. C. Bredin (in the half) Wade (in the Mile), and Owenden (in the Sprint and Quarter) had easy wins; whilst the Three Miles was, practically, a walk over for Munro. Robertson's hammer throwing was meritorious for the Oxonians, and Reginald Williams won the High Jump for London in pretty style—there being a tie amongst three for second place. C. B. Fry ran in the Sprint, but did not turn out for the Long Jump, which latter was won by Oakley. The path was in capital order, but there was a powerful wind. There were about 1000 spectators. The events were won as follows:—100 Yards Race—O. Ovenden, L.A.C. 10½ secs. High Jump—R. Williams, L.A.C. 5ft 8in. One Mile—H. Wade, L.A.C., 4 min. 34 secs. Half Mile—E. C. Bredin, L.A.C., 2 min. 13-5 secs. Throwing the Hammer—G. S. Robertson, New College, 101 ft. 1 in. 120 Yards Hurdle Race—T. G. Scott, Hertford College, 17 1-5 secs. Quarter Mile—O. Ovenden, L.A.C., 53 1-5 secs. Putting the weight, D. H. Meggy, Christ Church 35 ft. Long Jump—W. G. Oakley, Christ Church, 19 ft. 6½ in. Three Miles—H. A. Munro, L.A.C., 15 min. 13 sec. The London A.C. thus won by six events to four.

EN PASSANT.

A home provincial paper having announced the death of a certain Mr John Simpson of local fame, had to correct the statement, the gentleman being still alive. By way of righting matters they finished up the apology by saying "The paragraph reached us from a usually trustworthy correspondent, and we regret that he appears to have been misinformed."

* * *

Some one a few days wrote suggesting that now the rinking season is coming on again a new skate might be adopted more after the shape of a real skate. It may be interesting to know that a new skate has been invented with only two wheels, instead of the four in use at present. These two wheels are placed in line one behind the other, and are not solid, but furnished with pneumatic tyres. It is said that one can skate along ordinary roads and travel up and down hill. These skates have already been seen and worked at home, where a speed of six or seven miles an hour can be obtained without any very great exertion.

* * *

The "Era" tells us that interviewing by newspaper men is not likely to remain much longer in vogue, it does not require any great amount of foresight to see that the "Era" is right if everyone does as Mr W. S. Gilbert is reported to have done when an enterprising man of letters asked him for an interview. My terms are twenty guineas, said Mr Gilbert, and the interviewer went away. If everyone would put a price upon themselves in this way it would not pay the seeker after copy, except on special occasions,

to give the opinions and thoughts of expensive people to his every day readers. For the guidance of newspaper men dealing in interviews, I think it might be suggested to public men, artists, singers, and clergymen that they should have a fixed price published, say an ordinary interview of one column so much, two columns more, and so on: by this means two classes of people who work hard would be saved a great deal of unnecessary trouble and annoyance, and what is now asked and given as a favor would be looked upon and paid for as a business. This would do away with the romantic idea of people being persecuted into giving an opinion on certain subjects to the world at large, and a very objectionable custom of questionable value would die of inanition.

* * *

"An honest man is he," quoth the immortal bard, and so is the energetic secretary of a popular club for the improvement of the canine race. A few days ago a gentleman presented himself at the office to register a cocker spaniel bitch. After doing this he wanted to register her pups. He gave the father's name, but on looking up the register it was found he was a clumber, not a cocker. "Well! what are the pups?" then said the owner. "Mongrels," said the secretary, and the Scotchman who owned them went away full of admiration for the man who could say so much in so short a sentence.

* * *

Last Friday was practically a holiday in honour of the remains of Rodriguez Peña being landed and interred in the Recoleta. The pageant, if somewhat theatrical, was certainly imposing, and was a fitting tribute to the memory of the man who was principally instrumental in freeing his country from the fetters that bound her. For this he was expatriated, and went to Chile, where he died.

* * *

I have received the following cutting, evidently from a North American paper, but from which I cannot say, as my correspondent does not mention it. I had to read it over twice before I realized it was a description of a football match, the expressions made are different to those employed by us in describing a game and therefore may interest lovers of the popular game:—

It was a cold day in Philadelphia last Saturday, for the Quakers had laid a trap for the Princeton Tigers and pulled the string too late. They forgot to bring along some salt to put on the Tiger's tail, and that striped and frisky animal was altogether too lively to be caught without it. Quakertown began the day in hilarious spirits, and ended it in spirits just the same, but they were in a bottle, and of a different variety. All the town turned out to see the Tigers scattered to the four corners of the Manheim Cricket Grounds. There was not very much betting: the Quakers had confidence enough for two games, and they had the money, but they were not so lavish in the display of the long green. A dollar is about as large as a cartwheel in Quakertown. When they did bet it was only when some enthusiastic and hot-headed Tiger gave odds like two to one, that the Quaker could be induced to venture as much as two dollars and thirty-five cents on the game. I do not believe Philadelphia was hit very hard in the pocket as a result of the day's defeat, but it knocked the municipal pride in the University of Pennsylvania beef-eaters into smithereens. A more sad-eyed community I have never seen, and hardly a Quaker was to be found at night on the streets or at any of the theatres.

It was "too easy" for the Tigers. They went into the game with a ferocity that spoke of a raw beef diet, and the Quakers were never "in it" at any stage. Whenever a struggling Quaker hove in sight with the pigskin hugged to his bosom, he was pounced upon by three or four of the striped-legged man-eaters from Jersey, and buried out of sight in Quaker mud. The Pennsylvania players were big and strong, but the Princetown boys were as lively as their national game bird, the mosquito, and as deadly. Yale and Harvard scouts, who had come to get pointers on the Tiger's game, looked on in open-eyed astonishment, trembling in anticipation of the day when Princeton would let loose her dogs of war in their direction. Both teams were out for blood, and they got it. It was a fight to the death for Pennsylvania, which felt aggrieved over the rules passed over their heads by the Yale-Princeton-Wesleyan combination at the last Football Association meeting. They were bound to let us all know that their players are in the same class with the "big three," and they fought with desperation. Although Princeton won the match, the Quakers were so close a second that small odds could be given in their favour were the game to be played over again with the same team.

* * *

The following taken from the columns of the "Daily Telegraph" gives us an idea of the dangers of the football field, but not to the players, amongst whom the percentage of accidents is phenomenally small. How anyone can be found willing to

act as referee at Association football matches is what passes my comprehension.

Mr Squires, referee in the football match between the Chatham team and the Casuals, on Saturday, had the misfortune to leave home without his armour-clad suit. His ordinary clothes were unable to withstand the well-sustained fire of mud, brickbats, and walking-sticks from the spectators of the match, and after his waterproof coat had been torn from his back he was escorted from the field in a cab guarded by a detachment of police. In olden days a task of great danger was allotted to a condemned criminal, who received a free pardon if he escaped death in its performance. The time seems to be at hand when the hazardous post of referee at a football match will have to go the same way. The crowd did not agree with Mr Squires's judgment, so they booted and hustled him, and brandished sticks and umbrellas around him. One struck him, and another seized him by the collar and rent his mackintosh in two. When the fight was at its zenith a tall fellow was observed endeavouring to strike the referee with his umbrella over the heads of other people; but the blow fell by mistake on one of the Casuals, hitting him with great force and knocking him down. Seeing his colleague on the ground the goalkeeper of the team aimed his fist at the nearest head, which proved to be that of a solicitor's clerk, who had taken no part in the dispute. Several of the spectators threw mud at the referee, and a considerable quantity hit the wrong people. Ultimately Mr Squires escaped under the protection of the police.

* * *

When the Abbess of Andouillet (a friend of Tristram Shady) and Margarita, her gentle novice, were in a difficulty, and thought to get out of it by using stronger language than usual, they agreed to divide the culpability by halving the word, the old lady taking the first syllable and the younger one the second. A carman, I read in a home paper, refused, in a similar predicament, to divide the responsibility with his van boy, and was brought up before the magistrates for disobeying the Scriptural injunction "Swear not at all." In the vernacular of his calling he pleaded that he relieved his feelings in order to "save his bacon." The magistrate suggested that bacon of that kind should be "cured," and suggested a fine. The carman pleaded forgiveness this time. In mentioning bacon he only spoke figuratively, as a matter of fact his cart was full of eggs, and the terms he used, of which he did not know the exact meaning, were for the purpose of avoiding a collision, in which the delicate products of his hens would have been inevitably and irretrievably smashed. He was more fortunate than the Abbess, in that his undivided words got him out of the immediate difficulty, and he argued that the preservation to the community of a cartload of eggs atoned for the unauthorised addition of a few words to the stereotyped "Art of Polite Conversation." But the magistrate expressed his determination to preserve the high standard for which his city had become renowned, and fined the defendant half-a-crown and costs. Whether the penalty may be regarded as light or heavy depends on whether the eggs were good or otherwise.

* * *

A gentleman of the name of Marius Tournadre seems to have the knack of amusing himself at the expense of his fellow citizens in Paris, not long ago he went round the city in a van and sought election to the French Academy, his latest freak was a hoax on the good burgesses of the ninth arrondissement. He issued placards announcing that he was a candidate at the Municipal elections, and that he intended to address those who cared to listen to his claims in the principal room in MM. de Rothschild's bank, Rue Laffitte. The electors were enjoined to bring with them their jemmies and skeleton keys in case "friend Rothschild's" iron safes were closed. This extraordinary document was torn off the walls by the police, but not before some of the electors of the 9th district had seen and read it in a serious light. These people went in the evening to the Bank in Rue Laffitte, but were promptly cleared away from its portals by policemen, who have been on duty at the establishment since the beginning of the reign of terror inaugurated by Ravachol and his imitators.

* * *

A very useful and practical experiment has been tried in St George's Roman Catholic Cathedral in London. In a great many Roman Catholic churches a fee is charged for certain seats at all services. With a view of encouraging religious observance all fees have been abolished in the cathedral for a year. The result is that the average attendance rose from 1631 to 1935 and is still increasing. The voluntary offerings increased by £314, but against that had to be placed the loss of £414 derived formerly from

pew rents and admission fees. The experiment has therefore gained 300 in the number of attendances but lost £100 during the year. It tends however to show that people like their religion dispensed gratis.

.

Peter Jackson the pugilist has still an aim and object in life, that it be high flown in its small moment, any one aiming at an ideal set on high may reach something, but it would be well before making up his mind to appear in his ambitious role, if he thought seriously over the words addressed by his fancied prototype to Cassio:

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outspout discretion.

Jackson would have less trouble in making up for the part of Othello than most people, but the fact of his being like Othello a fighter will not tend to make his appearance as Othello an unqualified success as a husband for a Desdemona. From an artistic point of view, one can better imagine him saying the words of subtle Iago:

Some wine, ho!
And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man,
A life's but a span,
Why then let a soldier drink!

It is said he has learnt his part perfectly, and has committed nearly the whole play to memory. Is it ambition I wonder, or has he been carried away by Iago's advice to the disappointed Roderigo: "Fill they purse with money."

.

There was no dividing the sweet words amongst the passengers of the Magdalena on Saturday when they were committed to Martin Garcia for another ten days quarantine. They were to have been landed by the Magdalena at La Plata on Saturday, but the Health officer on board reported some one suffering from something, which, in his opinion, looked suspicious, but which has now turned out to be an ordinary domestic malady common to many. One can't help feeling glad for the sake of the patient, but one's sympathies turn to the passengers and wonder whether the report current that the medical man in charge mistook the potent effects of many potions for incipient signs of yellow fever. The Brazilian refugees who were in the outer roads on board some Portuguese gun boats, have got tired of waiting for permission to land, most of them took French leave and went on shore at Martin Garcia. The papers talk of the diplomatic trouble likely to ensue, but it was hardly likely men were going to stay on fever stricken ships, where they were short of food, when land was alongside of them.

.

The latest novelty in foolishness at home is announced to display itself at a meeting summoned by the "Executive Committee of the Volunteer Staff Corps for Women," for the purpose of enrolling members. The "corps," as it calls itself, will, one is gravely told, "be under strict military discipline," and their work is to be based on the "Manual for the Medical Staff Corps," published by the War Office, which "includes, besides medical teaching, a course of musketry exercise and company and squad drill." The ladies "confidently expect," it seems, "to fulfil the War Office conditions of efficiency and thereby become entitled to the Government grant. In return they guarantee that a certain percentage of their members shall be ready for service should a war break out; and as they will be prepared to march, encamp, and perform all the ordinary duties of a campaign, they claim that by being able to take care of themselves, instead of having to be provided for, as are the army nurses, they will supply the omission which has hitherto marked the service."

.

The egg of the Great Auk is so scarce that all naturalists anticipated keen competition for a specimen which was sold by auction in London lately. There are only sixty-eight eggs of this extinct bird in existence, sixty-six being in Europe and two in America, and of these the one referred to has the strangest history. It belonged originally to Yarrell the great authority on British birds, who early in the century obtained it from a fisherwoman near Boulogne. She had five eggs on a string, four of the swan and one of the Great Auk. Yarrell gave ten francs for the lot, and knew at a glance that he had a rare bargain in the purchase. In 1856, after his death, the Auk's egg was sold at Stevens's,

where it made its appearance again the other day. On the previous occasion it fetched twenty guineas. About twenty years later it again changed hands, and came into the possession of Baron Luis d'Hamonville. It has remained with the Baron, who has several other specimens, till now. A short time ago another egg of the Great Auk ran up to £225.

The egg, which was sold on this last occasion, was not perfect, being slightly cracked at one of its ends. It is about ten inches long, of a dull grey colour dotted with black spots, and has a peculiar ear-shaped mark in the centre. The bidding commenced with 100 guineas, and rapidly rose to 290 guineas. It was eventually knocked down to Sir Vauncey Harpur Crewe, of Calke Abbey, Derbyshire, for 300 guineas.

.

They are going to have a bazaar down at Montevideo for the British Hospital. Everyone seems to have taken up the idea very keenly, let us hope it will be as great a success as our last bazaar. I wonder if any of those who took so much trouble about the bazaar here have ever been up to see how it was laid out. The garden of the Hospital alone is worth a visit. It is admirably laid out, and evinces the care of the skilful hand that has so successfully steered the institution to its present high pitch of utility. I am glad to see the Fete St Cloud has been so successful. The French Hospital will receive \$58,000 as the fruits of the disinterested labours of its fair patrons.

SHOOTING

FOUR DAYS IN THE CAMP.

Yielding to a pressing invitation from some friends on the Great Southern Railway in Buenos Aires, I took advantage of the Easter vacation to run down to Capilla del Señor, a small town distant some fifty miles from Buenos Aires.

We left the Estacion Central at 6.15 a.m. on Thursday, the 22nd of March, and arrived at Capilla about 8.30. Our host, whose accent clearly betrayed that he had passed a considerable portion of his life in the little village known as London, gave us a hearty welcome, and after the necessary introductions to the local celebrities who had assembled to greet us on our arrival, a start was immediately made to the Almacén Ingles, where our host's wife had already made all the necessary preparations for the reception of us visitors from town. After we had done ample justice to the excellent breakfast put before us we learnt that owing to a recent heavy rainfall sport was likely to be very good during the day, and that we were not mistaken what followed showed.

A coach was procured and a start made, when immediately after leaving the house we arrived at a small stream, and on it were what at first appeared to be the "canard domestique" but which on closer inspection proved to be pato real and teal. To stop the coach and prepare for action was soon done. The first shots were fired at the ducks as they swam, and the left barrels were discharged as they rose, with one exception, and that was the gun of one of the party who sat beside the driver and who preferred to bring down both his duck, right and left, on the wing. Before the ducks had been all picked up, and some being winged gave us some trouble in catching, another flight was seen approaching in the distance; we all got under cover by the side of the coach to wait till the ducks should come within shooting distance: they did not fail us and some more were brought down. Later on a few snipe were also shot, and journeying on a few partridges were killed as we crossed the camp before reaching the point of our destination. When we arrived we found the lagunas black with duck and with a good *vaqueano* as was our coachman, we were often able to get within range before the ducks got on the wing, and the shooting of our party being fairly good we bagged a goodly number. About 4 p.m. a start was made for home by the Zarate road, but not before several plover had been added to our already well filled bag.

We arrived home about 6.30 p.m., well pleased with our day's sport, hoping that it would be as good on the following day. The sum total killed I do not remember, but we had a very good bag, and this I do know, that our friend by the side of the coachman, with forty Eley cartridges, charged with E.C. powder, and No. 5 shot, killed seventeen ducks, three partridges, one pigeon, six plover, and four snipe during the day.

During the evening, after dinner, an estanciero dropped in, and after the general introductions, gave us an invitation to visit his estancia on the morrow, and to shoot over his camps. So, after the consumption of some capital Old Priory whisky, and after playing a rubber of whist (not strict Cavendish by-the-bye), and a song or two, we all toddled off to bed, five Englishmen, all quartered by the way in the one room on very primitive but scrupulously clean catres.

An early start was made the following morning, and with a liberal supply of eatables and drinks to satisfy and refresh the inner man. After a drive of some few hours across camp we arrived at the monte of the estancia of our friend of the evening before, where we left our coach, and taking guns and ammunition we proceeded on foot along the banks of the arroyo. Our pa-

tience was soon rewarded by the sight of a cluster of wild pigeons on a small hillock by the riverside. By dint of skirmishing we got well within killing distance, and shot fifty of them as they flew round. Later on some duck were brought down, also snipe, moorhens, and plovers.

During the afternoon some spoonbills with beautiful scarlet plumage were seen standing by a laguna taking their afternoon's siesta. A council of war was called, and after due deliberation it was arranged to encircle them if possible by taking advantage of the unevenness of the ground and crawling on our knees until we could get within range, the birds being as wary and difficult to get at as their plumage is pretty. We proceeded to encircle our game, and with such success that we shot two of the four spoonbills seen standing on the outskirts of the laguna.

After a swim in the cool arroyo we made our way back to the coach after a most successful day's sport, and during our return home we certainly made the most of our refreshments.

The third and fourth days we spent in much the same manner, although it may be interesting to chronicle our visit to a neighbouring estancia on the last day of our stay, when our society men were well to the fore.

Mr. H. Gibson's Book on Sheepfarming in Argentina.

All the reviews of Mr. Gibson's book on the Sheep Industry of the River Plate which have reached us up to the present (and they fall little short of a round hundred), are unanimous in their praise of it—as a history—and all agree that Mr. Gibson has shown a thorough knowledge of his subject as well as a mastery of detail which was hardly to be looked for in the first work of its kind published in South America.

Papers from all English speaking countries have reviewed it from different standpoints, and when such papers as "Vanity Fair," "Westminster Budget," "The Times," etc., all give it their full meed of praise, and "The Field," universally accepted as the best authority on all matters pertaining to the farm, says, "We do not know a better book of its class," we think the author has good reason to be proud of his work.

The English reviewers consider this as a country suitable for emigrants, and the conclusion arrived at would be worth encouraging were the government and the laws stable and equitable.

The colonial papers, who view with jealous eyes this country as a competitor in the meat and wool trade of the world, as a rule wind up their criticism by saying that though the book is very valuable as a history, and useful to the sheep farmers of the Argentine, colonials need have but little fear of serious competition, and that there is no reason why they should for one moment consider the advisability of migrating to a country which offers no advantages equal to those already enjoyed in their present home. We, of the Argentine, can fully endorse the opinions expressed as to the value of the book as a history, but to us it has a value which it can have to no other farmers. It is eminently instructive and practical, and as such should find a place on the bookshelf of every estanciero in the Republic. To the prospective farmer it should prove invaluable, and if one may be allowed to analyse its utility and emphasize, it might be split up under various headings more or less as follows:

SHEEP FARMING.

Land, and where to buy it—	See Gibson's Book.
The cost of land—	See Gibson's Book.
Sheep, and how to buy them—	See Gibson's Book.
Sheep, and what breed to buy—	See Gibson's Book.
Scab, and how to cure it—	See Gibson's Book.
Sheep Dips, and how to make them—	See Gibson's Book.
Corrals, and how to make them—	See Gibson's Book.
Races, and their use	See Gibson's Book.
How to make up your flocks	See Gibson's Book.
Shearing Sheds, and how to build them—	See Gibson's Book.

Plans, estimates and instructions are all given in detail, and as it is a practical guide in giving the practical information necessary to the estanciero that it appeals to us in this country.

We have as a rule much to learn here, and if a beginner followed out the instructions given in Mr. Gibson's book he would not go far wrong.

In our previous review of the book we noticed the summary way in which blackfaced breeds were dismissed. This was only natural in a book which is professedly only a history of sheep breeding up to date, but we see signs of a gradually increasing popularity of this breed, and shall have something further to say on the subject at a future date. For the present it is enough to say that on some of the outside camps cross bred Romney and Shropshire two tooth wethers were lately sold which gave from 60 to 100 kilos live weight, and elicited the highest praise from the purchaser—one of our largest shippers to the home market.

We hear too that the suggestion we made that skilled classifiers should be engaged to make up flocks at the proper season is no new idea, and is a custom largely practised by our colonial brethren.

There are many who say that in this country matters cannot be arranged as in other countries, but must follow on the old criollo lines, but I am strongly of the opinion that we should avail ourselves as far as possible of the experience of our older colonial friends, and only give up their methods where found to be practically impossible after due trial. Gibson's book is not only a history, but also the farmer's vade mecum—and if it is closely followed mistakes would be few and far between, and no money would be thrown away in the manner it has been on so many estancias up to the present time.

RACING

PALERMO—APRIL 8.

Another of the many race meetings we have seen quite spoilt through bad starting was that of Sunday last at Palermo, and we are glad to note that at last the native press is taking the matter up seriously, and is trying to persuade the Jockey Club to appoint an official starter who knows his business and can keep his head.

The Premio America was the classic race to be decided, and for this the public very naturally went for Limethorpe. The old horse did not disappoint his backers, as though a half length verdict was the result he really won very easily. Satanella ran up well at the finish, and might have been nearer the post had the distance been a little longer.

The two-year-old race for maidens was an easy win for Neblina, against whom an objection was laid for crossing, but this was overruled, and, as far as we could see, rightly enough.

It has not been our lot to have had to write the name of Gay Hermit as the sire of a winner more than twice before, so we hope that Huri's win on Sunday will not be his last by many, though we don't see how any of this year's lot of two-year-olds from the Ojo de Agua stud are going to win many races.

Details of the meeting are as follows:—

PREMIO CHILE, a handicap for all horses that have run without having won before the day of the race, \$1500 to the 1st, 150 to the 2nd, 1450 metres.

Ecurie Gladiateur's br h Muchacho, by Abster	
Mesalina, 4 y, 52 k	P. Carabajal 1
Ecurie Misterio's Simoun, 3 y, 48 k	R. Silva 2
Ecurie Camors' Lynham, 3 y, 48 k	R. Coll 3
Ecurie Prisonero's Alfa, 3 y, 55½ k	L. Gonzalez 0
Ecurie Avant Garde's Rondinella, 3 y, 52 k	I. Diaz 0
Ecurie Titan's Metalico, 3 y, 52 k	G. Morales 0
Stud Gen. Paz' Casandra, 4 y, 48 k	F. Galvan 0
Stud Niño Dorado's Urania, 3 y, 48 k	P. Aguilari 0
Ecurie Argentino's Brandzen, 3 y, 48 k	R. Bastiani 0
Stud Lavalle's Lavalle, 3 y, 48 k	J. Paez 0
E. Casal's Gallo, 3 y, 46 k	A. Saavedra 0
Stud Carpintero's Charmante, 3 y, 46 k	R. Saavedra 0

Muchacho got the best of a wretched start, kept in front all the way and won by a neck from Simoun, who finished a length in front of Lynham.

Tickets—Muchacho with 186 win and 236 place, Simoun 91—192, Lynham 346—199, Alfa 894—493, Rondinella 524—801, Metalico 177—259, Casandra 458—549, Urania 512—727, Brandzen 431—199, Lavalle 65—118, Gallo 219—226, Charmante 181—251. Total 3999—4973.

Dividends—Muchacho \$8.05 win and 3.48 place, Simoun 4.73 place, Lynham 4.05 place.

PREMIO PERU, an open handicap, \$1800 to the 1st, 180 to the 2nd, 1600 metres.

Ec Prisonero's br h Fanion, by El Amigo—Rosina,	
4 y, 51½ k	P. Oroña 1
Stud Paine's Opal, 3 y, 53½ k	G. Morales 2
Stud Revolucion's Siva, 5 y, 53½ k	J. Bayardi 3
Ecurie Camors' Whitethorn, 4 y, 58½ k	L. Cardoso 0
Stud Las Ortigas' Clarin, 5 y, 59½ k	G. Palacios 0
Ecurie Titan's Cabala, 6 y, 56½ k	I. Diaz 0
Ecurie Gladiateur's Maraton, 3 y, 51½ k	L. Gonzalez 0
Stud Lavalle's Lavalle, 3 y, 48½ k	N. Sosa 0
Stud Carpintero's Alhambra, 3 y, 47½ k	A. Saavedra 0
Ecurie Radames' Sensacion, 4 y, 44½ k	J. Paez 0
Ecurie Indecis' Lambaré, 3 y, 51½ k	B. Pavon 0

Another very bad start gave Fanion a lead he kept to the finish. The verdict was won by three lengths: half a length between second and third.

Tickets—Fanion with 521 win and 428 place, Opal 480—625, Siva 710—970, Whitethorn 1624—1052, Clarin 141—199, Cabala 438—803, Maraton 564—863, Lavalle 19—35, Alhambra 215—384, Sensacion 216—231, Lambaré 214—1152. Totals 6325—6842.

Dividends—Fanion \$21.85 win and 8.44 place, Opal 6.41 place, Siva 4.84 place.

PREMIO AMERICA, an open weight for age race, \$4000 to the 1st, 500 to the 2nd, 3rd saves his stake, 1400 metres.

Ecurie Sans Peur's br h Limethorpe, by Quick-	
line—Lady Danthorpe, 7 y, 59½ k	D. Ruiz 1
Ecurie Prisonero's Sargento, 5 y, 59½ k	P. Oroña 2
Stud Entre Rios' Satanella, 5 y, 60½ k	J. Garri 3

Ecurie Camors' Camors, 7 y, 59½ k	I. Diaz 0
Ecurie Gladiateur's Alina, 3 y, 55½ k	L. Diaz 0
Ecurie Gladiateur's Sucre, 4 y, 59½ k	L. Cardoso 0
Ecurie Titan's Chiliarch, 5 y, 59½ k	J. Balla 0
Stud San Jorge's Landseer, 3 y, 60½ k	G. Palacios 0
Stud Santa Fe's Sud America, 6 y, 59½ k	N. Sosa 0
Stud Carpintero's Carpintero, 7 y, 59½ k	P. Torres 0
Stud Red Lancer's Maybloom, 3 y, 55½ k	J. Bayardi 0

Satanella got away best from another bad start but she was almost immediately passed by Alina who, followed by Landseer and Maybloom, made the running along the bottom stretch. At the turn Limethorpe ran into second place. Coming into the straight Limethorpe took the lead and Alina fell back beaten at the paddock, where Sargento and Satanella respectively took second and third places. Limethorpe won easily by half a length, and the same distance separated second and third.

Tickets—Limethorpe with 3041 win and 2097 place, Sargento 2592—2669, Satanella 755—804, Camors 1912—1374, Alina and Sucre 952—1361, Chiliarch 148—267, Landseer 1364—1626, Sud America 201—238, Carpintero 479—492, Maybloom 341—540. Totals 11,785—11,468.

Dividends—Limethorpe \$6.97 win and 3.51 place, Sargento \$3.18 place, Satanella \$5.93 place.

PREMIO BRASIL, for all two-year-olds that have run but have not won before the day of the race, colts 52 kilos, fillies 50 kilos, \$1800 to the 1st, 180 to the 2nd, 1000 metres.

Stud Las Ortigas' ch f Neblina, by Phoenix—	
Challenge, 50 k	R. Bastiani 1
Stud Camors' Haltere, 50 k	P. Aguilari 2
Ecurie Titan's Alta Gracia, 50 k	I. Diaz 3
Stud A. Lincoln's Independencia, 52 k	L. Gonzalez 0
Stud La Contianza's Maestro, 52 k	J. Bayardi 0
Stud Santa Fe's My Mary, 50 k	N. Sosa 0

The horses were let away apparently one after the other, Haltere in front. She led round to the stands, where Neblina was sent along to win easily by half a length, the same distance separating second and third. An objection against Neblina was made by the owners of Haltere on the ground of a cross but it was overruled by the stewards of the meeting.

Tickets—Neblina with 632 win and 529 place, Haltere 2105—2185, Alta Gracia 2029—1851, Independencia 946—828, Maestro 573—178, My Mary 197—230. Totals 7244—6679.

Dividends—Neblina \$21.65 win and \$23 place, Haltere 3.50 place.

PREMIO RIO URUGUAY, a handicap for all three-year-olds, \$2000 to the 1st, 200 to the 2nd, 1600 metres.

Ecurie Gladiateur's ch h Clermont, by Soukaras—	
Clementina, 3 y, 52 k	J. Bayardi 1
Stud Pobre's Ailime, 3 y, 49 k	L. Gonzalez 2
Sr E. Casal's Ravachol, 3 y, 56 k	P. Aguirre 3
La Petite Ecurie's Wagram, 3 y, 54 k	P. Torres 0
Ecurie Titan's Trebol, 3 y, 44 k	G. Laporte 0

Trebol was leading round the turn, but Clermont ran into first place before the straight was reached, and shaking off Ailime at the finish managed to win by a head: a length separated second and third.

Tickets—Clermont with 1763 win and 941 place, Ailime 1051—900, Ravachol 2560—1662, Wagram 2573—1495, Trebol 1122—719. Totals 9069—5717 place.

Dividends—Clermont \$9.25 win, and 5.51 place, Ailime 5.67 place.

PREMIO BOLIVIA, an open handicap, \$1800 to the 1st, 180 to the 2nd, 1750 metres.

Ecurie Camors' br m Cantiniere, by Plutus—	
Old Maid 4 y, 52 k	P. Aguilari 1
La Petite Ecurie's Alejandria, 3 y, 56 k	P. Torres 2
Capt. Hatteras' Clovis, 4 y, 50 k	E. Lopez 3
Stud Tandil's Puygaveau, 7 y, 61 k	J. Lacruz 0
Stud Revolucion's Siva, 5 y, 51 k	J. Bayardi 0

After going five hundred metres Cantiniere drew out and soon held a long lead which she kept to the finish, winning eventually very easily by two lengths: the same distance separating second and third.

Tickets—Cantiniere with 837 win and 697 place, Alejandria 4924—2385, Clovis 1166—902, Puygaveau 1705—1025, Siva 873—774. Totals 9505—5963.

Dividends—Cantiniere \$20.44 win and 5.27 place, Alejandria 2.95 place.

PREMIO PARAGUAY, a handicap for all horses that have not won more than \$8000 before the day of the race, \$1600 to the 1st, 160 to the 2nd, 1450 metres.

Ecurie Argentino's br h Huri, by Gay Hermit—	
Bandana, 3 y, 51 k	L. Gonzalez 1
Ecurie Prisonero's Tambor, 5 y, 50 k	R. Bastiani 2
Ecurie Gladiateur's Clermont, 3 y, 58 k	L. Diaz 3
Stud Pobre's Phlegethon, 4 y, 58 k	P. Torres 0
Ecurie Avant Garde's Henriette, 3 y, 55½ k	R. Silva 0
Ecurie Titan's Corresponsal, 6 y, 51 k	J. Diaz 0
Ecurie Prisonero's Fanion, 4 y, 51 k	P. Oroña 0
Ecurie Sans Peur's Iva, 4 y, 48 k	C. Bellino 0
Stud Orissa's Bogey, 3 y, 45 k	J. Paez 0

Tambor set off at such a hot pace that he was soon leading by nearly fifty metres, but it was too good to last, and he came back to his field in the straight, Huri passing him at the paddock to win by a length: half a length divided second and third.

Tickets—Huri with 1894 win and 1174 place, Tambor and Fanion 3222—2135, Clermont 865—406, Phlegethon 766—523, Henriette 336—274, Corresponsal 654—889, Iva 751—543, Bogey 456—356. Totals 8946—6300.

Dividends—Huri \$8.50 win and 4.01 place, Tambor 3.10 place.

The following are the weights for the five handicap races in next Sunday's programme at Palermo:—

Premio Blissfull, 1450 metres.—Brandzen 46 kilos, Lighthouse 46, Maraton 52, Muchacho 52, Mr Gillmore 46, Alfa 55½, Tambor 52, Charmante 44, Pirita 52, Atlantida 46, Tartas 46, Henriette 55½, Lynham 46.

Premio Tell Tale, 1200 metres.—Rivarola 52 kilos, Osmond 50, Silex 52, Fanion 53, Clovis 52, Alhambra 44, Antropófago 50, Nautilus 60, Clarin 56, Brandy Snap 56.

Premio Falka, 2000 metres.—Maraton 43 kilos, Sargento 62, Thebis 52, Puygaveau 59, Nabifer 53.

Premio Machree, 1600 metres.—Clarin 54 kilos, Huri 49, Silex 51, Rifero 51, Nautilus 57, Ravachol 52, Clarette 53, Brandy Snap 54, Cantiniere 53, Ituzaingo 62.

Premio Dichosa, 1450 metres.—Lucifer 47 kilos, Muchacho 47, Silex 50, Tambor 47, Thebis 54, Clovis 50, Revancha 58, Ailime 41, Cantiniere 54, Urania 43, Santa Fe 47.

Venado Tuerto Polo Club

PROGRAMME OF THE AUTUMN MEETING

TO BE HELD AT

VENADO TUERTO

ON

THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1894

(UNDER THE RACING RULES OF THE HURLINGHAM CLUB)

1. PREMIO AU REVOIR: 500 metres: entrance \$10: for bona fide Polo Ponies which have never won a race: weight 75 kilos, 3 kilos per inch allowed.
2. THE MAY STEEPLECHASE: 3500 metres: entrance \$20, with \$50 added: Steeplechase for any horse, thoroughbreds excepted: top weight 80 kilos, criollos allowed 5 kilos, horses that have never won a steeplechase 5 kilos, polo ponies 5 kilos.
3. PREMIO HURLINGHAM: 1200 metres: entrance \$20: a Handicap Flat Race for Criollos.
4. PREMIO CASUAL: 1800 metres: entrance \$10: a Handicap for bona fide Polo Ponies of 56 in., 3 kilos allowed per inch.
5. THE POLO PONY STEEPLECHASE: 1800 metres: entrance \$15: Steeplechase for Polo Ponies 56 in. or under, 3 kilos allowed per inch.
6. PREMIO VENADO TUERTO: 600 metres: entrance \$10, with \$50 added: a Flat Race for Galloways 58 in. or under, 3 kilos allowed per inch.

Racing to commence at 1 p.m.

In races Nos. 3 and 6 the horses must be the property of or nominated by a Member of the Club. All races to be ridden in saddies and jockeys to ride in colours.

Entrance fees to be paid, and horses and colours named, at time of entry.

Entries, which will close on the 22nd April, should be addressed to Mr R. S. Shaw, Venado Tuerto.

PROGRAMME OF A RACE MEETING

TO BE HELD AT

HURLINGHAM

ON

THURSDAY, MAY 24th, 1894

THE PIGMY STAKES, a Handicap for Ponies of 53 in. and under: a Sweepstakes of \$15 each with \$50 added: 700 metres.

THE HUNT STEEPLECHASE, for Ponies or Horses that have been hunted with the Buenos Aires Hunt Club either this season or last: \$50 added to a Sweepstakes of \$30 each: 2800 metres: catch weights. To be ridden by Members of Hurlingham or the B. A. Hunt Club.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY HURDLE RACE, a Handicap for Ponies of 56 in. and under: over five flights of hurdles: \$50 added to a Sweepstakes of \$25 each: 2000 metres.

THE HURLINGHAM DERBY, a Cup value \$1000 added to a Sweepstakes of \$50 each, for Ponies of 56 in. or under, the bona fide property of, and to be ridden by, members of the Hurlingham Club: weight for inches, 56 inches to carry 70 kilos: a winner of this race once to carry 3 kilos extra, twice 5 kilos extra: 2000 metres.

This race has to be won three times by the same owner before the Cup becomes his absolute property.

THE POLO STAKES, a Handicap for Polo Ponies 56 in. or under: \$50 added to a Sweepstakes of \$20 each: 1200 metres.

THE MAIDEN HANDICAP, for Ponies of 56 in. or under that have run at Hurlingham but without having won: \$50 added to a Sweepstakes of \$20 each: 800 metres.

Entries close on Wednesday, May 16th, to the Secretary, Piedad 559.

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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, APRIL 11, 1894.

SPORTING NOTES

The meeting of the Secretaries of the Rugby Football Club was held at these offices last night, to arrange fixtures for the coming season. We will defer publishing the fixtures till next week, as by then some alterations will have been made in them, and others added.

Mr P. H. Vargas, of the London and Brazilian Bank, has taken over the secretaryship of the Tigre Boat Club, vice Mr W. H. Krabbó.

The date of the concert to be held under the auspices of the Quilmes Athletic Club has been postponed to Saturday, the 21st inst. The programme will be ready in a few days.

We hoped to have a phototype portrait of the Casuals Polo team ready for this issue, but we have had to postpone its publication till next week. The photograph, which was taken by Mr Lundstrom is a remarkably good one of both men and ponies.

There will be a practice game of Association football on the Lomas A. C.'s ground at Lomas, on the afternoon of the 15th. The game will commence on the arrival of the 1.45 train from Plaza Constitucion.

As has already been announced a cricket match between two elevens representing those born in South America and those whose birthplace is in Great Britain will be played at Palermo on Sunday next, the 15th. The teams will be found under the heading of "cricket," so far as they have already been arranged.

The "Sporting Times" tells the story of an Irishman who, on being asked how he knew which Sunday is Easter, replied "Why, to be sure, Easter Sunday entirely depends upon the date of Punchestown." "And what day of the week is Good Friday?" asked another questioner; "That entirely depends upon Punchestown also," was his ready answer.

This reminds me of a sportsman here who dates all his doings from each polo tournament, and never writes letters home but instead sends his friends and relations copies every six months of what he is pleased to call our rag, which contain accounts of these said polo tournaments. I don't think his friends and relations like the arrangement so well as he does himself though.

The programme of the Hurlingham Race Meeting for May the 24th, the Queen's Birthday, is published to-day and should not fail to attract plenty of entries. A new Derby Cup figures on the programme, this one for ponies fourteen hands or under, and the promised Steeplechase and Hurdle Race duly appear.

By reducing the height of the ponies qualified to run for the Cup it will I think insure plenty of entries, and not allow the race as in previous years to be run for practically by two ponies, with a third entered only to make a race. Besides I consider that a galloway is not an animal to be encouraged, he is only useful for a hack, and for that purpose a pony is just as useful and very often up to more weight.

Talking of ponies they seem to be more fashionable than ever at home and a horse is now quite the exception in the Row as everybody hacks ponies. The formation of the polo pony stud book, and the increasing popularity of polo is also encouraging the breeding of fourteen hand ponies which now pay to breed much better than any other class of ordinary horseflesh.

The improvements the Jockey Club are now making and have already made to the centre part of the Palermo race course have a most pleasing effect after having been accustomed as one has to the heaps of rubbish which before occupied the grounds. All that is now wanted are some trees on the farther side and ends of the course.

The date of the Hurlingham athletic sports is now drawing very near, the entries closing on Saturday week. The prize fund has been opened, so those who wish to subscribe to it can do so at the club's offices. In previous years this fund has always been so liberally contributed to, that we hope it will be as large as ever this year.

Amongst the passengers on the Royal Mail steamer Magdalena, which sailed on Monday, were Mr and Mrs W. Samson, who will be much missed here, as they are to be away for a long time, if not for good. Mr Samson was a member of the Hurlingham Racing Committee, and always took a great interest in the race meetings there. He is the donor of the Ayrshire Cup, and himself won it once with Laddie.

A band of nine Gauchos left for England in the Magdalena on Monday, their ultimate destination being, I believe, Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. As the tug left the Darsena the men seemed much more glad to go than their friends and relatives on shore were to see them leave. One or two of them are the same men that performed at the Wild West Show nearly two years ago.

As we announced last week the sale of stock on El Refango will be made on Sunday next. The train for Las Rosas leaves the Once Station at 9 o'clock p.m. on Saturday, and on its arrival next morning it will be met by carriages to take intending purchasers to the estancia. Mr Nash has made arrangements with the Central Argentine and Western Railways for the carriage of the stock sold at the sale with as little delay as possible.

Lomas wound up a most successful cricket season on Sunday last by beating the Buenos Aires and Rosario Railway Athletic Club fairly easily by 142 runs. One of the features of the match was the catch with which Rath disposed of Garrod, the ball being hit so hard that all

eyes were directed to the boundary till the batsman was seen walking out. It was a pity the wicket was so fiery.

The Venado Tuerto Polo Club have arranged to hold a polo tournament under the Polo Association at Venado Tuerto on the 4th, 5th and 6th of May. The club's Autumn race meeting will be held on the 3rd of May, the programme of which is published in another column. These gatherings at Venado Tuerto are always a success, and this one should be exceptionally so. No doubt a team or two from Buenos Aires will be able to compete in the tournament.

The other day a little girl attended a distribution of prizes given by the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. She had won a book as a reward for writing the best essay on the subject given, and, with the other successful children, was undergoing a viva-voce examination. "Well, my dear," said the gentleman who had given away the prizes, "can you tell me why it is cruel to dock horses' tails?" "Because," answered the little girl, "what God has joined together let no man put asunder."

I read that at the annual meeting of the Cotswold Hunt, held at Cheltenham, Mr Hicks Beach, referring to the deficit in the year's subscriptions of £64, said there were in Cheltenham ladies and gentlemen who did not subscribe one penny to the expenses throughout the season. He thought it advisable to post the names of offenders in the town's clubs, and also to publish them in every sporting paper in the kingdom. Another remedy was to take hounds home whenever they saw such people in the field. This state of affairs disclosed an amount of meanness almost unparalleled, as, in his opinion, there was no such "mean cuss" as the man who hunted on other peoples' subscriptions.

The accident in the polo match between the second teams of Belgrano and Hurlingham, at Hurlingham, on the 8th, was probably the first of the kind which has ever happened at polo, though men who play with whippy canes will remember many a hard smack they have given themselves when they have missed a shot at the ball under their pony's neck. In fact the way a stick will curl round and hit you on the face is almost incredible, and I have before now seen a player who has hit himself in this way abuse the nearest man, under the impression that it was he who had done the damage and not himself.

A good idea in the way of a Saturday to Monday Club has been started I see at Brighton. The club is a branch of Prince's, it adjoins that most comfortable hotel, the Bedford, and is proving a great success; and the tennis court, billiard rooms, and card rooms are an insurance against the shortcomings of a wet Sunday at the seaside. The other day an interesting four handed game of tennis was played between the French champions, Ferdinand and Le Biscon, with C. Saunders (champion) and Deaultrey, the club marker. I read the Frenchmen played quite brilliantly together, but were handicapped by being in a strange court; and, although the Englishmen won by three sets to love, the games were very evenly contested, and aroused much enthusiasm in the crowded divan and galleries. Four handed tennis has been but little seen in England lately, and the thanks of all tennis players are due to Baron d'Erlanger for bringing the Frenchmen to England in the hope of reviving this most interesting pastime.

Boots.

CRICKET

The Elevens for the cricket match to be played at Palermo, on Sunday next between British and South American born, will be as follows:—

South Americans—E. R. Gifford, J. D. Gifford, A. Boyd, E. Elliott, P. Rath, A. Anderson, E. Anderson, R. E. H. Anderson, F. Jacobs, Cuthbert Thompson, and E. Murphy.

British—J. R. Garrod, E. Rumbold, P. L. G. Bridger, B. B. Syer, C. Tupholme, W. Brown, W. Lacey, K. Moscrop, J. Darch, F. Bardrick, and B. W. Gardou.

LOMAS A.C. v. B.A. AND R. RY. A.C.

This match was played at Belgrano on Sunday, 8th inst. when Lomas brought a very successful season to a close with an easy victory of 142 runs.

Darch won the toss, and put Lomas in, rather a doubtful policy as the wicket, fiery at the start, got worse and worse, two or three balls even bumping over the long stop's head.

Gardom and Bridger went to the wickets to face Brown and Garrod, both bowlers were well on the spot, and it took twenty minutes to make 18 runs, when Bridger was caught in the slips. A. Anderson followed, made 9 out of the next 10, and was then bowled by Garrod, and let in Rath, who made three pretty strokes and was then cleverly caught by Bardrick at point. Halstead came next and soon lost Gardom who had batted in exceedingly good style for 15. H. Anderson joined Halstead, but with the addition of 7 runs Halstead was bowled by Garrod and Tabor came in. This wicket put on no less than 76 runs, both men playing well while Tabor hit brilliantly. Lucas and Justican took up the attack but to no purpose, till Tabor failing to get hold of a leg ball, was easily caught, he had played a fine innings of 41 runs made up of one 6, three 4's, four 3's three 2's and singles. Anderson went next ball, well stumped. Jacobs and Brooking played out time to the lunch interval, after which they took the score to 161, when Jacobs was bowled for 20. Brooking and Walker brought up 206, when the innings was declared closed, eight wickets being down. Brooking had played very correct and neat cricket for his 37 not out.

The Railway started with Pettinger and Shepherd, to the bowling of Rath and Bridger. Eight overs produced six runs, when Pettinger was bowled, and Bardrick came in with the score unaltered; Rath bowled Shepherd, letting in Garrod. The pitch was now bumping fearfully, and Garrod got a very nasty knock in the face. With 20 up Garrod let out at Rath a terribly hot return, which he secured at the second attempt. It was a most remarkable catch, so fast did the ball go that the spectators all looked to the boundary and were very much surprised to see Garrod walking away. Syer was next in, but at 27 lost Bardrick, bowled by Rath. Brown and Syer took the score to 36, when Rath got past Syer, and in the next over disposed of Lucas. Brown was next to leave, jumping in front of his wicket, and Darch and Luckily got together, making the best stand of the innings. They took the score to 58, when H. Anderson took the ball from Rath and bowled Darch with his first delivery. Justican and Luckily did not last long, and the innings closed for 64, leaving Lomas winners as above stated.

The fielding of both sides was very good and Darch's wicket keeping was a great deal better than the extras seem to show. Scores:

Lomas A.C.	inn	B. A. and R. Ry.	inn
B. W. Gardom, c Luckily, b W. Brown	15	G. Pettinger, b Bridger	1
P. G. L. Bridger, c Brown, b J. R. Garrod	4	J. Shepard, b Rath	3
A. Anderson, b J. R. Garrod	9	B. B. Syer, b Rath	7
P. M. Rath, c Bardrick, b W. Brown	8	J. R. Garrod, c and b Rath	9
R. L. Halstead, b J. R. Garrod	7	F. Bardrick, b Rath	9
H. Anderson, st. Darch, b L. Justican	29	W. Brown, l-b-wb Rath	3
C. A. Tabor, c Darch, b L. Justican	41	H. Lucas, b Rath	0
F. H. Jacobs, b Garrod	20	J. Darch, b H. Anderson	5
R. B. Brooking, not out	37	L. Justican, c Gardom, b Bridger	2
W. H. Walker, not out	12	W. Fitzgerald, not out	1
W. G. Cowes, did not bat	—	Luckyly, b H. Anderson	11
Extras	24	Extras	13
Total	206	Total	61

BOWLING ANALYSIS

Lomas A.C.		B. A. and R. Railway.	
O	R	O	R
W. Brown	22	6	57
J. R. Garrod	27	8	65
H. Lucas	4	1	19
L. Justican	7	1	38
H. Luckily	1	—	3
H. Lucas and L. Justican each bowled one wide.			
P. M. Rath	18	3	30
P. L. G. Bridger	20	9	20
H. Anderson	2	1	1

"Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi!" says the French proverb, and it now behoves us to look to the programme for the coming winter campaign. I understand that the hard working committee of the Cinderella dances will shortly meet together to go into the question of ways and means to continue these popular reunions, and I hope to be able to announce in our next issue the proposed dates of the dances. In connection with these dances I have heard it whispered there is some idea of holding them in the Pabellon Argentino, though I believe the project has not yet assumed definite shape. At all events the Committee should not be in too great a hurry to decide, as it is always preferable to hold the Cinderella dances when the season is well advanced, and shows a falling off of other society functions.

FOOTBALL

ARGENTINE ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL LEAGUE

FIXTURES.

APRIL

- Sun. 15—Lobos A.C. v. Retiro A.C., at Lobos.
- Sun. 22—Lomas A.C. v. B. A. and R. Ry. A.C., at Lomas
- Sun. 22—Retiro A.C. v. Flores A.C., at Retiro.
- Sun. 22—Rosario A.C. v. Lobos A.C., at Rosario.
- Sun. 29—St. Andrews F.C. v. Retiro A.C., at Lanus.

MAY

- Thurs. 3—Flores A.C. v. St. Andrews F.C., at Flores.
- Thurs. 3—Rosario A.C. v. B. A. and R. Ry., at Rosario.
- Sun. 6—Retiro A.C. v. Lomas A.C., at Retiro.
- Sun. 13—B. A. and R. Ry. v. St. Andrews F.C., at Belgrano
- Sun. 13—Lomas A.C. v. Lobos A.C., at Lomas.
- Sun. 20—Lomas A.C. v. Flores A.C., at Lomas.
- Thurs. 24—Flores A.C. v. Rosario A.C., at Flores.
- Thurs. 24—Lobos A.C. v. St. Andrews F.C., at Lobos.
- Fri. 25—Retiro A.C. v. B. A. and R. Ry., at Retiro.
- Fri. 25—St. Andrews F.C. v. Rosario A.C., at Lanus.
- Sun. 27—B. A. and R. Ry. v. Flores A.C., at Belgrano.

JUNE

- Sun. 3—Rosario A.C. v. Lomas A.C., at Rosario.
- Sun. 3—Lobos A.C. v. B. A. and R. Ry., at Belgrano.
- Sun. 10—Flores A.C. v. Lobos A.C., at Flores.
- Sun. 10—Retiro A.C. v. St. Andrews F.C. at Retiro.
- Sun. 17—
- Sun. 24—Anglo-Argentines v. British, at
- Fri. 29—Lomas A.C. v. St. Andrews F.C., at Lomas.
- Fri. 29—Rosario A.C. v. Retiro A.C., at Rosario.

JULY

- Sun. 1—B. A. and R. Ry. v. Lomas A.C., at Belgrano.
- Sun. 1—Flores A.C. v. Retiro A.C., at Flores.
- Sun. 8—Rosario A.C. v. Lomas A.C., at Lomas.
- Mon. 9—Lobos A.C. v. Rosario A.C., at Lobos.
- Mon. 9—St. Andrews A.C. v. B. A. and R. Ry., at Lanus
- Mon. 9—Buenos Aires v. Montevideo, at Buenos Aires (Inter-City).
- Sun. 15—Lomas A.C. v. Retiro A.C., at Lomas.
- Sun. 22—Rosario A.C. v. St. Andrews F.C., at Rosario.
- Sun. 29—Lobos A.C. v. Lomas A.C., at Lobos.
- Sun. 29—Flores A.C. v. B. A. and R. Ry., at Flores.

AUGUST

- Sun. 5—Retiro A.C. v. Lobos A.C., at Retiro.
- Sun. 12—
- Wed. 15—St. Andrews F.C. v. Flores A.C., at Lanus.
- Wed. 15—Lobos A.C. v. B. A. and R. Ry., at Lobos.
- Sun. 19—Flores A.C. v. Lomas A.C., at Flores.
- Sun. 19—B. A. and R. Ry. v. Retiro A.C., at Belgrano.
- Sun. 26—Scotland and Ireland v. England and Wales, at
- Wed. 29—Rosario A.C. v. Flores A.C., at Rosario.
- Wed. 29—St. Andrews F.C. v. Lobos A.C., at Lanus.

SEPTEMBER

- Sat. 8—St. Andrews F.C. v. Lomas A.C., at Lanus.
- Sat. 8—Lobos A.C. v. Flores A.C., at Lobos.
- Sat. 8—B. A. and R. Ry. v. Rosario A.C., at Belgrano.
- Sun. 9—Retiro A.C. v. Rosario A.C., at Retiro.

P O L O.

LA COLINA v. CURUMALAN.

On Sunday, the 1st inst., the return match between these two clubs was played at "Santa Isabel." The ground—a very good one—was in capital condition, the weather perfect, and the excitement, especially amongst the spectators, very great.

The Curumalan team was composed of the same men that played on the 11th ult., while in the Colina team Jacobs took Erskine's place. The sides were therefore:

Curumalan.	La Colina.
1. W. Smithers	1. W. R. Fitz Hugh
2. J. L. Kelly	2. W. L. Wilson
3. Capt. Kemmis	3. O. G. Hoare
T. Hearne (back)	E. W. Jacobs (back)

On the ball being thrown in, Curumalan at once began to press their opponents, and a goal was soon hit for them by Kemmis. After ends had been changed Curumalan obtained a second goal, also hit by Kemmis, so at the call of time the score was Curumalan 2—0.

During the next quarter the Colina men, who had been missing a good deal during the first, seemed to play up better, and the only goal obtained was hit for them by Hoare, leaving the score when the whistle sounded Curumalan 2 to 1.

The third was, perhaps, the best quarter in the match. A few minutes after beginning Kelly hit a goal for Curumalan, but this was equalized almost immediately by Wilson obtaining another for Colina. With the score 3—2 the Colina men strained every nerve to equalize, but Curumalan also played up well, and Kelly was again able to score for them. Just before time was called Hoare managed to put the ball through, leaving the score at the end of the quarter Curumalan 4 to Colina's 3.

The last was decidedly the slowest quarter and the most uninteresting of the match, the ball going outside a good deal. No goals were obtained for either side. Curumalan therefore were left the winners by 4 goals to 3.

On the whole the Curumalan men were decidedly better mounted than their opponents, and their shooting at goal was less erratic. At the same time, the game was a very even one all through, and there were several good runs made by both sides, one by Kelly the whole length of the ground, and ending with a shot from a considerable angle which only just missed scoring, being the best. He and Kemmis were the best on the Curu-

malan side, while Fitz Hugh and Wilson for Colina played consistently well all through. Hoare hit well, but did not seem so safe as usual.

HURLINGHAM v. BELGRANO.

The return match between the Hurlingham and Belgrano Polo Clubs was played on the 8th at Hurlingham. The polo ground proper was so dusty that another ground had been luckily found just outside the club fence which proved fairly successful, and though perhaps it was not so level as it might have been, anything was better than the terrible dust that would otherwise have spoilt the game. Each club, as before, put two teams in the field, the first was the same as on the previous occasion, but the second, for which Messrs W. H. Poore and E. Robson played at Belgrano, was now not so strong.

The second teams met first, as follows:

Belgrano.	Hurlingham.
1. C. R. Thursby.	1. F. W. Clunie.
2. R. W. Anderson.	2. Waring Smyth.
3. J. Mullaly.	3. C. J. Curtis.
T. E. Preston (back)	G. S. Anderson (back)

The game needs little description as Belgrano were much too strong for Hurlingham, and scored goal after goal till finally they won by eight to nothing.

In the first quarter, however, Hurlingham had none the worst of the game. Mullaly in this period scored for the visitors, but Hurlingham only just missed scoring once or twice, and at the call of time were pressing Belgrano hard.

In the second quarter Belgrano hit four goals one after the other, and it was not till close towards its finish that Hurlingham broke away and nearly scored. It was in trying to save his goal at this point that Preston had so shaking a fall that he had to retire from the game. In taking a shot at the ball under the neck of his pony, his stick, a very whippy one, came right round and, gaining force by the cane springing on his shoulder, the point of its head struck his pony sharply between the ears. The pony dropped like a shot rabbit, and Preston got a nasty fall which, however, beyond stunning him for the moment did no serious damage. It was an extraordinary accident, and one we should think that is very unlikely to happen, though it is not the first that has been caused by a too whippy stick. After a second or two the pony got up apparently none the worse, but as we have said, his rider had to leave the remaining three men of his side to fight out the game by themselves.

These three, however, were strong enough to hold their own against the home team, and scoring two more goals in the third quarter and one in the last, won the match by eight goals to love. The game improved greatly in the last two quarters, and though Belgrano had always the upper hand it was much more evenly contested. Both sides missed so much that as a game to watch it had no interest. R. W. Anderson did most of the work for Belgrano, and he was well backed up by Thursby. G. S. Anderson was far and away the best man on the Hurlingham side.

The first teams consisted of the following:

Belgrano.	Hurlingham.
1. T. E. Jefferies.	1. F. J. Balfour.
2. Newman Smith.	2. J. Ravenscroft.
3. J. K. Cassels.	3. F. Furber.
M. de C. Findlay (back)	H. S. Robson (back)

In the first quarter Furber played back for Hurlingham, and during nearly half of the game he had changed places with Robson. Hurlingham during the whole of the first quarter had Belgrano hemmed in round their goal, though only one point was hit. Belgrano made one break away, Cassels and Newman Smith carrying the ball down the ground, Furber however, saving his goal well. The game now livened up a bit and the pace improved greatly. Balfour scored a goal for Hurlingham, whose defence was too good for their opponents to get through, though they continually worked the ball down to goal. Score—Hurlingham two goals to love.

After about five minutes' play Furber scored a third point for Hurlingham, but Cassels scored for Belgrano soon afterwards. Belgrano had rather the best of this period, but the score, beyond these two points, was unaltered at the close of time, three goals to one in favour of Hurlingham.

The last quarter was one of the best of the match and the ball was kept going at a good pace. Hurlingham missed repeated shots at goal, and Belgrano's runs were always stopped by Robson and Furber. A goal hit from a scrimmage by Balfour for Hurlingham was the only other point scored, so the home team were left winners by four goals to one.

The game was a very fair one considering the rough state of the ground, which made hitting the ball at times rather uncertain when going fast.

Findlay played a very safe game at back for Belgrano, Cassels and Newman Smith worked very hard and were the cause of making the ball travel so well as it did.

Robson played in more of his old form than we have seen him for some time, and Furber played a very good and safe game at back.

Altogether it was an enjoyable game, and both clubs look forward to another return at an early date.

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ROUND THE TOWN.

My almanac tells me that the summer is over and that we are now well into the autumn season. For my part I can only say that if the summer is really gone from us it has not yet got so far away as to be altogether out of sight and indeed were it not for the unimpachable authority above referred to, one would be inclined to believe that it was still lingering in our midst. Those of my readers who live by rule and who have consequently donned their warmer clothes, must have had occasion to regret their hurry in discarding their summer clothing, for old Sol has as yet lost none of his brilliancy and but little of his power, and would seem to have resented the slight thus put upon him by shining more brightly than ever.

I read in the "Times of Argentina" that one of Buenos Aires' prominent merchants has set the ball rolling with a "blazer" dance. This in itself is a good idea, always provided that the men are otherwise in full dress, but if, in addition to a blazer, they array themselves in flannels (as stated in the above paper), I fear the costume would be more appropriate to a lawn tennis party, than to a drawing-room function. I should also suggest that a new coat be "de rigueur," as nothing is so out of place in the house as a well worn cricketer's coat or badly fitting continuations.

The opening date of the Pabellon Argentino has been definitely fixed for the 14th inst., and will be duly inaugurated by the President of the Republic, and the inevitable lunch for the Press. I am afraid that these banquets to the Press are a mistake in this country, as the consumption of victuals and wines is out of all proportion to services rendered, and the cigars pocketed on these occasions by the gentlemen of the fourth estate would fill one of Villalonga's carts.

Speaking of Press banquets, I regret to learn that one of the best known and assiduous frequenters of these repasts is about to leave us. I allude to the "simpatico" Benjamin Roqué, who, if report speaks true, has fallen a victim to the bright eyes of an Oriental beauty whom he met during his late sojourn in Montevideo, whither he is said to have gone to support General Tajes in his presidential campaign in Uruguay. Although hailing from Cordoba Roqué has become as much part of Buenos Aires as is the vigilante at the corner of the streets, and if, as he threatens, he pitches his tent in the neighbouring republic, all the electric light in the Calle Florida will fail to make up for the absence of his shiny top hat and beaming presence in that popular thoroughfare.

To return to the Pabellon Argentino, it is proposed to hold the promised charitable bazaar almost immediately, and the list of patronesses has already been published in the "vida social" of the "Diario."

It is a curious fact that all the young ladies prefer to sell refreshments, and that great difficulty is met with by the organisers in getting any fair vendors for the other departments, and not a little heartburning has been the result.

The results of the St. Cloud fetes for the fifteen nights must be most satisfactory to the organisers, as no less than \$58,000 has been taken in. This is a most respectable amount bearing in mind that the French colony is an exceptionally poor one, consisting largely as it does of waiters, hairdressers, etc., and speaks volumes for the open handedness of the frequenters of the Arcadia Gardens during these pleasant evenings. Certain it is that everybody enjoyed themselves to the top of their bent, and the proverbial gaiety and liveliness of the French people was very noticeable in this country where, on such occasions, formality and self-consciousness are painfully an evidence, every Frenchman who paid one dollar to go in seemed determined to get one dollar's worth of enjoyment out of it, regardless of the stiffness and fear of criticism that is the bane of Argentine Society.

Miss Thompson continues to attract crowds to the Zarzuela theatre, and indeed lately there has been such a crush that if you had been fortunate enough to obtain a seat, you experienced much

difficulty in getting to it through the crowds that filled the doorways and passages. On my last visit, I noticed many English people in the boxes, and not a few young men at the doors trying in vain to get a view of the stage.

Miss Thompson fully deserves her success, as she gives us a most graceful and artistic performance, and I can recommend such of my readers who have been unable hitherto to go to the Zarzuela, to do so. For those unable to go, the photographs exhibited at Medina's music store, 119 Calle Florida, will give an idea of what the performer is like.

Luisa Tetrizzini has left the San Martin Theatre, which has otherwise been the scene of her triumphs, and will shortly appear at another theatre in this city, where I trust she will continue to enjoy the success she so well deserves. Her absence will be a great loss to Signor Tomba, to whom we are indebted for having first afforded us an opportunity of applauding her. I read that one of the Municipal Theatre Inspectors has complained that the management of the San Martin theatre is in the habit of charging higher admission on certain nights, and suggests that this should not be allowed. This is manifestly unjust, as Signor Tomba has two totally different companies, and should therefore be allowed to charge different prices for each should it suit him. In fact, if Inspector Wright's principle is a just one, namely that the theatre and not the company makes the price, the Italian and Spanish troupes leasing the Opera House would be justified in charging opera prices for their somewhat second-rate performances.

Whilst on the subject of theatres, it seems odd that in such a theatre-going public as Buenos Aires undoubtedly is, there should be no Argentine artists. I do not believe that in all the theatrical troupes working in this city during the past five years there have been half a dozen Argentine subjects, and it is especially noteworthy that even in the ranks of the chorus of the cheapest companies, foreigners only will be found. Argentine authors we have in plenty, and a certain number of musicians also, but apparently none have as yet been brave enough to give the example and become a follower, however humble, of Thespis' cart.

The interment of the ashes of one of the last exiled "Guerreros de la Independencia"—Nicolas Rodriguez Peña, took place last Friday. The concourse of people was fairly large, but in a country where there is apparently so much leisure for sight seeing, hardly as great as was to be expected on such a national occasion. Posthumous honours were however accorded by the closing of the Government offices and the flags being half masted. The ceremony in itself however, was hardly as imposing as the occasion demanded, and the funeral car itself was in most lamentable taste. The Generals in full uniform however, made a brave show, and the band was excellent. The crowd on the other hand was by no means considerable, and it is a sad reflection on the Argentine people, that where they lashed themselves into frantic excitement over the arrival of Dr Alem in Buenos Aires only a month ago, they allowed a great patriot—one of the founders of the Nation, to be conveyed to his last long resting place, without so much as raising their hats when the procession passed.

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ESTANCIA AND COLONY.

Maori shearers appear to know how to get splendid work out of the Wolseley shearing machine. At Whakamarumara station the other day (says the "Hawke's Bay N. Z. Herald") a shearer named Harawera put through 204 crossbred sheep from five o'clock in the morning till five o'clock at night, with two hours out for meals. Another Maori sheared 203 the same day. This was pretty smart work, and all the sheep were well done.

Re the plague of weevils in wheat, we see by an Australian exchange that an Adelaide gentleman caused the weevils to leave by sprinkling curry powder about. Some of our subscribers might like to try the experiment.

Dr. Del Carril has just sold, through Messrs Bullrich and Co., fifteen hundred mestizo Durham novillos at \$32 each, to Sr. F. Moyano, also three thousand mestizo Lincoln sheep at \$7.50 each.

Messrs J. Geninazzi, of San José, inaugurated their present season's killings with the slaughter of a pig which weighed 400 kilos, or 88 arrobas 20 pounds. His head alone weighed 25 kilos, and when slaughtered the pig was the admired of all the inhabitants of the place.

The total sales at the Ayacucho Fair amounted to \$32,000. We mentioned last week the sales of Messrs Gibson Brothers' sheep which came from Los Ingleses, and which realised \$21,000 for the hundred and fifty rams and nine hundred ewes. The latter were sold in lots of a hundred and realised up to \$21 each. Other Lincoln rams reached good prices, one of Sr. Moreno's fetching \$350. Durham bulls fetched \$250 and 275 apiece, and some useful Percheron fillies fetched \$40 apiece.

The great stride agriculture is making in the district at Tandil is a matter of importance, as no less than twenty-four thousand hectares of land are to-day under crops there. For the last three years unfortunately the colonists have obtained bad results for their labours on account either of drought or heavy rains, which with the heavy freights on the railway have left them little over. The branch of the National Bank has helped them during the past two years with easy loans. The majority of the successful Tandil agriculturists are Danes.

"The Standard" has received letters from Western Chubut, giving the most favourable news about the flocks of sheep down there: the lambing season is satisfactory, and sheep farmers are all doing well with their flocks. As regards the gold fever, there is a pause, until the people get their papers through at the Government House. Three or four new Englishmen and some few Chilean, English and Germans have arrived. A wooden store has been erected, and the goods are on the road from Chubut. A gentleman representing the Welsh Patagonian Gold Fields Company has arrived from London. Several Englishmen have bought lands in the section, but they are not yet surveyed. The gold business, so far, has made very little headway, although everyone says the gold is there, and that some of these fine days Western Chubut will eclipse Australia. There are ten thousand sheep on the road from the Rio Negro to Nahuel-Huapi, belonging to an Irish sheep farmer of Buenos Aires; these sheep are all coming to the Corcovado district, where the party in question has a camp of four square leagues.

A peculiar disease has broken out amongst horses at Raeburn, in Western Australia, and has so completely mystified the veterinary surgeons of that colony that the Premier, Sir John Forrest, has telegraphed to Mr Patterson a request that he should allow a qualified officer in the Victorian Government service to express an opinion as to the nature of the epidemic, and the best means to be adopted to stamp it out. The telegram states that in the first stage of attack the horses appear drowsy, with hot running water from the eyes. This is succeeded by a thin white watery substance discharged from the

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nostrils. The animals then become trembling and weak in the legs, the eyes dull and of a lead colour, with the coat rough. In the second stage of the illness there is a continuous discharge from the nostrils. They refuse all food, and drink with great difficulty, the flanks are tucked up, the mane if pulled slightly comes out in handfuls. The horses become very weak in the loins, with rigid limbs shortly before death, which generally takes place within three or four days from the commencement of the attack.

* * *

No less than two million kilos of wheat have been shipped from Bahia Blanca this season. Messrs Nottenbohm and Bechem have shipped 600,000 kilos, Sr Andrieu 200,000 kilos, and the remaining shipments have been made by Messrs Zamborini and Thorixi and other exporters.

* * *

According to Mr S. H. Gastrell's report on Baron Hirsch's Jewish colonies here, the area of lands bought by the Jewish Colonisation Association up to the present time is 63 square leagues, of which 50 lie in the Province of Entre Rios. Of this, however, only about one-third, or 23 square leagues, is colonised. The cost per league has varied from £2,500 to £3,340, but as much as £7,000 has been paid. So far, nearly £440,000 has been spent on the scheme, of which about one-half has been expended on the purchase of land.

* * *

The "Daily News" says that the members of the wheat trade after the deplorable experience of about two and a half years' declining prices, are beginning to pluck up a little courage, mainly because the price of wheat, which is now 20s to 25s per quarter, is so low that it is powerless to draw the necessary supplies from the exporting countries, although it is quite clear that the latter have sufficient to supply all requirements. The trade, in fact, has been too prone to accept the rumours of unbounded abundance in the Argentine Republic as absolute facts, while the truth now apparently is that that country has little more to export than last year. Another reason for restored confidence is the fact that the stocks of wheat and flour in the United Kingdom have been drawn upon, since November 1st, to the unprecedented extent of two million quarters, or about 50%, so that we now have simply a normal stock instead of, as for some years past, a stock much beyond our ordinary requirements. This has been brought about by the excessive discouragement in the trade, which has prevented speculative buying for forward delivery, and thus restricted supplies.

* * *

At the present moment India shows no signs of being willing to supply wheat at these prices, although the rupee exchange is very much in shippers' favour; and neither Russia nor America are likely to part with their wheat freely unless prices improve. Thus it is that the trade is slowly regaining confidence, although, in the nature of things, as at present they exist, there can be nothing approaching a material rise for some time to come, unless the prospects for the next crop, at present favourable, should become impaired. To the low price of silver is commonly attributed the present depressed price of wheat; but it is an open question whether this is so. More probable is the cause to be found in the extraordinary abundance of the world's wheat crop during the past three years, as compared with previous years. This view is strengthened by the results of the past six year's harvests, as published by "Beerbohm"—the figures being as follows:—

1893	294,000,000	qrs.
1892	297,000,000	"
1891	292,000,000	"
1890	276,000,000	"
1889	267,000,000	"
1888	278,500,000	"

This shows that the average crops of the past three years have been about 20,000,000 quarters larger than the crops of the previous three years—an excess quite large enough to account for the depression in prices, without the adventitious aid of cheap silver and low exchanges from India and the Argentine. The remedy, of course, is a contraction of wheat-growing, which is slowly but surely being brought about by present ruinously low prices.

ANGLING IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Everything seems to have been good in the old days. Wine was older and sounder in the good old days, and cheese was cheese then.

"They knew what bacon was then. None of your five days' old pork, sir, cut up into rashers before the pig has done quivering. As for brandy—well, brandy was brandy then, and it did not resemble a torchlight procession going down your throat."

"I am getting used to this sort of thing. I have an aged father-in-law who likes to talk like that, and my great uncle William on my mother's side is another, but he goes one better. Then there is great-uncle William's crony, John Potter, who boasts that he can read an auctioneer's bill on a pig-stye or barn door twenty feet away, or eat a beefsteak at a railway bar. I look upon these men with awe. We always know a railway bar beefsteak when we see it. As a rule, nothing but a collision between two goods trains would smash it."

"Why do I eat it, sir? Because I have teeth and that is more than you have. In the good old days—hang those good old days—we used to eat proper food. Good wheat and wholemeal flour from the mill. None of your fat the lals, half alum and plaster of Paris. So

we kept our teeth, sir, and we can bite. Champ! champ!" and then the old man used to shut up his jaws with a snap like a rat trap. All this was, of course, tantalising. But it was nothing to my natural feelings when great-uncle William got on to the subject of fishing. He used to make me angry, and make my mouth water at one and the same time. Here is a sample of the tales he used to tell.

"You people in these days don't know how to fish. I used to think nothing of locking up my office at five o'clock on a summer's evening, in Yorkshire, driving ten miles, picking up five or six dozen trout, and driving back home to supper before it got dark."

"Of course you would have all your tackle ready, Uncle, before you started?"

"Tackle ready, no, sir, not a bit of it. I used to make all my own flies. I would have a box of the proper materials ready, then when I got to the water's edge I used to catch a sample of the flies that the fish were rising at, examine it, get my box and dress a cast of flies like it. Then set to work and pull out the fish until my arms ached. If I lost a fly I would dress another."

"But surely, Uncle, it must have taken you a very long time to dress a fly."

"Not a bit of it, boy—not a bit of it. I tell you modern fishermen know nothing of it. We could not go to the stores or a fashionable tackle shop and buy a parcel of flies labelled 'March Browns,' 'Blue Duns,' 'Green Drakes,' 'Red Spinners,' or what not, made by people who had never seen a real fly in their lives. We had to make our own, and that is what made us such fine fishermen in the good old days."

"I used to make all mine," said John Potter, before I got too rheumatically to go to the water side. Why, bless you, I have caught fish in the Swale until I have got so sick and tired of lugging them out I have pelted the school children with trout as they were going home."

Good old I—Potter I mean.

Then father-in-law would have his say. Of course it was always about the good old days. He had fished before breakfast with the red worm up stream, and had been compelled to stop at seven o'clock because his big basket was so full he could not shut the lid down.

Now it is more than distressing to hear such a yarn as this when you have been fishing in a private water during the previous week, in which your take is limited to four brace, and eight hours' hard fishing has not enabled you to catch that quantity. But then those were the good old days.

Now I do not mean to say that the gentlemen who talk about the good old days are story tellers or fiction artists, because there is every reason to believe that they had some things better than we have now. There were no railways, and consequently no incursions of anglers from London and other places. Angling was exclusively confined to local talent, and fish were undoubtedly plentiful. Of course these veterans only give us the pleasant side of picture. They have left out all that is unpleasant, because, probably, they have forgotten it. Nature is kind in that away; she keeps green the pleasant side of things, and wipes out the bad and unpleasant as with a sponge. There may have been days when father-in-law, Great-Uncle William, and John Potter, his crony, may have had bad times, but they have doubtless forgotten them.

Uncle William once fished a match for a five-pound note. That was considered a big stake in the good old days. But let me give it in his own words. "We had been having a lot of haggling, him and I; and we both was sneaking after the same girl."

"Who was him, uncle?"

"Why, Charley Greatrex. He was always boasting. You never heard such a chap. All his geese were swans, and no mistake. I did not say much for a time until I saw that Sally, that is the girl, was rather leaning to him, so I determined to take the starch out of him. I offered to fish him a match. We settled terms, and the momentous day arrived. She was there, and I felt I was going for my life. I made the best flies I could and fished for all I was worth. So did he, and he was no mean hand. I felt awful hungry and he would not leave off. We had to finish at six. Five minutes before six I caught a lean habby-looking trout that might have scaled a pound if he had been fat. Then time was up. I did not like the look of that lean fish. I thought he would look better if he was fatter. Dead trout are fond of clay and I gave him a good meal and washed his mouth."

"When we came to weigh in he was to put his fish in one side of the scale and I was to put mine in the other. We pitched them in alternately. First his scale went down. Then mine. It was clearly going to be a near thing. It took us a quarter of an hour to put the fish in the scale. The last fish was pitched in. We had caught exactly the same number and exactly the same weight. Strange, was it not? But I won. Artificial feeding just gave me the scale."

"Oh, those good old days!—(By the Squire in "The Shooting Times.")"

The changing of the seasons has always been a favorite theme with poets and such-like, and it is certain that for those who are fond of the summer and its attendant pleasures and customs, it is inexpressibly sad to realise that the long happy days are at an end and their enjoyment a thing of the past. Only an old and battered straw-hat seen here and there bearing eloquent testimony of services rendered to its wearer, and reminding one of a pleasant season that has come to end but too soon.

Practical Hints on Horse Breaking.

(Continued).

For the first day or two after entering the stables, it is always best to leave your colt alone as much as possible, so that he can roam about his box at his leisure, and make himself thoroughly acquainted with objects which are quite strange to him. A colt will rarely eat much for the first twenty-four hours after coming from camp—I have known many refuse food for days—therefore it is useless to put a quantity of food before him. Get him to eat in the same way as you do everything else with him, by degrees, that is to say, giving him little and often. After he has been say two days in the stable, go quietly into his box, and getting as close to him as you can, stand quite still and whistle and talk to him. If he rushes round, don't speak harshly, but keep quiet, watching him carefully, after a time he will steal a timid glance at you, and perhaps half turn round, stand still. Not more than three per cent of colts are really vicious, and as a rule they are far more afraid of man than man, if he knows anything about horses, is of them. I believe when they kick that it is from fear. Keep out of the way of their heels by all means, but don't do anything as if you were frightened. Never get flustered or excited with a colt. The horse may be a stupid animal, as many say he is, but, when once he becomes accustomed to man, it is wonderful to note how quickly he finds out who is afraid of him, and how promptly he acts on the discovery. During the next two or three days make repeated visits to see the box, spending as much time as possible there.

The second day take an ordinary driving whip in your hand, and after waving it slowly about for some little time, always bringing it nearer to him, get it, if possible, to touch his back. He will watch you very cautiously all the time, and probably when touched will plunge and "snort," but keep the point of the whip on him if you can, and by degrees you will find that you can stroke him with it from head to tail. Let it "trail" round his hooks, neither advancing or withdrawing it suddenly. I have known colts that would come up and put their noses against you after an hour's proper use of the whip. If the colt be of a quiet disposition, it is as well to halter him as soon as possible, but should he be very wild leave him for a few days until he has become more accustomed to you. Should he be still unreasonable, the best way to put the halter on is as follows: Get a long forked stick and an ordinary English web-headed halter, open the latter well, and hanging it on the fork of the stick pass it along the colt's neck and drop it over his nose; the use of the whip will have accustomed him to be touched from a distance, though he may not be inclined to allow you to go very near to him. Then catch the end of the rope and pull it so as to tighten the halter to the knot, which should always be tied to prevent it from tightening too much. Then having secured your prisoner show him that you are not going to hurt him. Whistle and talk to him, getting gradually closer and closer, but don't be in a hurry to touch him with your hand; in most cases you will be able to do so, however, in about ten minutes. As soon as you can do so, tie the halter, and, after caressing him for a time, drop the rope and walk very slowly away from him, leaving him to poke about with the rein trailing under his feet; he will keep on treading on it and so stopping himself, which will go a long way towards breaking him to lead.

Always take the halter off at night, as so doing will accustom the horse to being handled. After about three days the colt may be tied up with a soft strong "head collar" and a long rein for some hours during the day. Nothing can be more cruel or unreasonable than doing as is so often done in this country, namely tying "potros" up in raw hide head collars, which are as hard as iron, and then making them sit back to show them that they cannot get loose. See how rare it is to find a young horse here which is not nervous about the head. As soon as your colt is tied up, let your groom begin to do something in the way of cleaning him. The groom should be a quiet, patient, and determined man who will not "reach" at his work—a most dangerous practice and one calculated to frighten a young horse into kicking—but will stand close up to his charge.

There is nothing which will make horses "handier" than being properly dressed. In this country I know that a good groom is hard to find, and, if met with, is too often addicted to drink. Still good men are to be got, and even if I could not meet with one, I would far rather dress a valuable colt myself than run the risk of having his temper spoiled by incompetency.

I think that before beginning the actual work of breaking that it is always well to give your colt a dose of physic, as by so doing you cleanse the system and so improve both spirits and coat. Strong doses are never good so that—unless for a very big horse—a 5 dr ball is amply sufficient. During the action of the physic the colt should be very little interfered with, beyond keeping his bed clean, giving him his water and what he will eat, which will not be much; but as soon as it has ceased breaking may commence, and I consider the following the best method.

Bit him with a large, plain, straight-barred breaking snaffle, which should hang rather low in the mouth. "Dumb jockeys" I do not like, and in their place I much prefer a good wide leather roller with a strong crupper, and fitted with "D's" and buckles to which to attach the reins. Be careful in buckling the roller not to tighten it suddenly, as by so doing you will be almost sure to make the colt buck, which is a bad beginning. Get it just fastened, and then very carefully adjust the cruppers; after which the roller may be tightened by degrees.

The reins should be fastened last of all, and very

loosely. Nothing can be worse than a tight rein on a colt, especially at first. I am of opinion that an hour is amply sufficient to keep any colt on the bit, even when the reins are loose, and far too long when they are tight. After having adjusted the biting tackle, let the colt be carefully watched, and kept on the move as much as possible, in order to prevent him from "yawing" on the bit, which is sure to deaden his mouth. For the first two or three days bit your charge in his box, after which he should be ready to lead out. Put a strong "caveson head," with a ring on the front of the "nose band," on him under his bridle, attach a long and strong lounging rein to the ring, and letting the "bit" reins out as long as you can, so as not in any way to check him, walk out of his box holding the reins and taking care not to look at him, there is nothing a colt objects to more than being looked at. If he does not care to leave his box, have patience, let him look, he will probably come with a rush. Lead him quietly about for say fifteen minutes, when, if you have a "circle," let him trot quietly round, taking care not to hurry him, for another fifteen minutes, stopping and talking to him from time to time. After which take him back to the stable. Half an hour's work a day outside is quite enough for a colt whilst being bitted. Lounging in moderation is a very good thing, as it teaches a horse to go collectedly and well, at the same time "bending" himself, but when used as a means of tiring I consider it most injurious, and I believe many valuable colts have been turned into "jaded screws" by it. The strain on the joints of the "inner" legs of a colt must of necessity be great when circling, and therefore should not last long.

This work should continue for from three to five days, when the colt will be fit to begin his education in earnest. If he is intended for an "all round" horse, that is to say for both saddle and harness, I consider it better to ride him first, and this should be done in the following manner.

Put a big plain snaffle bridle with an ordinary ring martingale on him. In saddling look very carefully to the girths, which should be very strong; over the saddle place a surcingle. A saddle for colt riding should be deep seated, with large knee pads, and fitted with a strong crupper, and valise and breast plate "D's." Always put a "crupper" on a colt, and on the front of the saddle it is as well to have a leather "roll" or "kid" fastened to the "Ds." After saddling let the colt be moved a few times round the box, and then, having him gently but firmly held, mount him quickly but quietly, taking care not to touch his side with the toe, than which nothing is more calculated to make a horse buck, remember your object is not to show how well you can sit on a "rough one," but to prevent him from calling such powers—if you possess them—into play.

(To be continued.)

LATEST LONDON BETTING

- University Boatrace—
5 to 2 on Oxford (o).
- Lincolnshire Handicap—
7 to 1 agst Grey Leg (t)
- 100 to 7 — San Giovanni (t and o).
- 100 to 7 — Le Nicham (t and o)
- 100 to 6 — Gangway (t)
- 100 to 6 — Victor Wild (t and o)
- 100 to 6 — Laodamia (t and o)
- 100 to 6 — Xury (t and o)
- 100 to 6 — Macready (o)
- 100 to 6 — Beggar's Opera (o)
- 20 to 1 — Windgall (t and o).
- 22 to 1 — Lord George (o)
- 22 to 1 — William (o)
- 22 to 1 — Marnovia (o)
- 25 to 1 — Mark McGregor (t and o)
- 25 to 1 — Mena (t and o)
- 28 to 1 — Harfleur II. (t and o).
- 40 to 1 — Opoponax (t)
- 40 to 1 — Queen of Navarre (t)

- Grand National Steeplechase —
2 to 1 agst Cloister (o; 9 to 4 t and w)
- 8 to 1 — Nelly Gray (t)
- 10 to 1 — Ardcairn (t and o)
- 25 to 1 — Father O'Flynn (t and o)
- 25 to 1 — Funny Face (t and o)
- 2500 to 100 — Esop (o; after 20 to 1 t)
- 33 to 1 — Dawn (t and w)
- 33 to 1 — Schooner (t and o)
- The Derby —
5 to 2 agst Ladas (t and o)
- 9 to 2 — Match Box (o)
- 8 to 1 — Son o' Mine (t and o)
- 9 to 1 — Bullingdon (t)
- 12 to 1 — Arcano (t and o)
- 33 to 1 — St. Florian (t and w)

MANCHESTER BETTING

- Lincolnshire Handicap—
7 to 1 agst Grey Leg (t)
- 100 to 7 — San Giovanni (t)
- 100 to 7 — Victor Wild (t)
- 100 to 6 — Le Nicham (t)
- 100 to 6 — Macready (t)
- 100 to 6 — Beggar's Opera (t and o)
- 100 to 6 — Gangway (o)
- 22 to 1 — William (t)
- 23 to 1 — Carrick (t)
- Grand National—
9 to 4 agst Cloister (o; 5 to 2 w)
- 25 to 1 — Van der Berg (t)

PRICES

Price of gold on the Bolsa from April 4th to April 10th inclusive—

Wednesday	354.50	%	Saturday	355.50	%
Thursday	354.70	"	Monday	355.50	"
Friday	355.50	"	Tuesday	355.20	"

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

	Special	Fat	Carne gorda	Buena carne y carnudos
Bullocks	53-65
Novillos (mestizos)	55-70	42-43	23-35	15-19
" (criollos)	33-40	27-33	19-25	9-13
Cows (mestizas)	38-48	33-38	19-26	8-17
" (criollas)	28-33	22-26	12-14	3-5
Calves	4-10.50	2.50-4		

Hides—Bullock	\$11.50—
" —Novillo	6.00—10.50
" —Cow	4.00—5.50
Sheepskins, per kilo	0.45—0.75
Lambskins, per dozen	2.20—3.00

Sheep—Lincolns	\$9.10—10.50
" —Mestizo-Lincolns	6.20—6.50
" —Rambouillet	4.00—6.30
Ewes	2.50—4.00
Lambs	2.00—3.00

Wheat (barleta), 100 ks (new crop)	\$6.00—6.40
" (French), 100 kilos	5.40—5.90
" (Candeal)	6.00—6.40
" (Saldomé) (new crop)	6.00—6.60
Maize (morocho), old, 100 kilos	6.20—6.50
" (amarillo), old, 100 kilos	5.70—5.90
Hay, 1000 kilos	42.00—55.00
Wool—Cross Lincoln	7.40—9.50
" —Fine mestiza	5.80—9.20

FIXTURES

RACING

Sunday, April 15—Hipodromo Argentino, at Palermo.
Thursday, May 3—Venado Tuerto Polo Club's Meeting.

CRICKET

Sunday, April 15—Argentines v. British born, at Palermo
Sunday, April 15—Secretary's v. Captain's Team (Montevideo Cricket Club).

FOOTBALL

Sunday, April 15—Lobos A.C. v. Retiro A.C., at Lobos.

ATHLETICS

Sunday, April 29—Junin Athletic Club's Annual Sports.
Thursday, May 3—Hurlingham Club.

POLO

Friday, Saturday, Sunday, May 4, 5, 6—Venado Tuerto Polo Club's Tournament.

LAWN TENNIS

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, May 24, 25, 26—Buenos Aires Lawn Tennis Club's Tournament and Championship.

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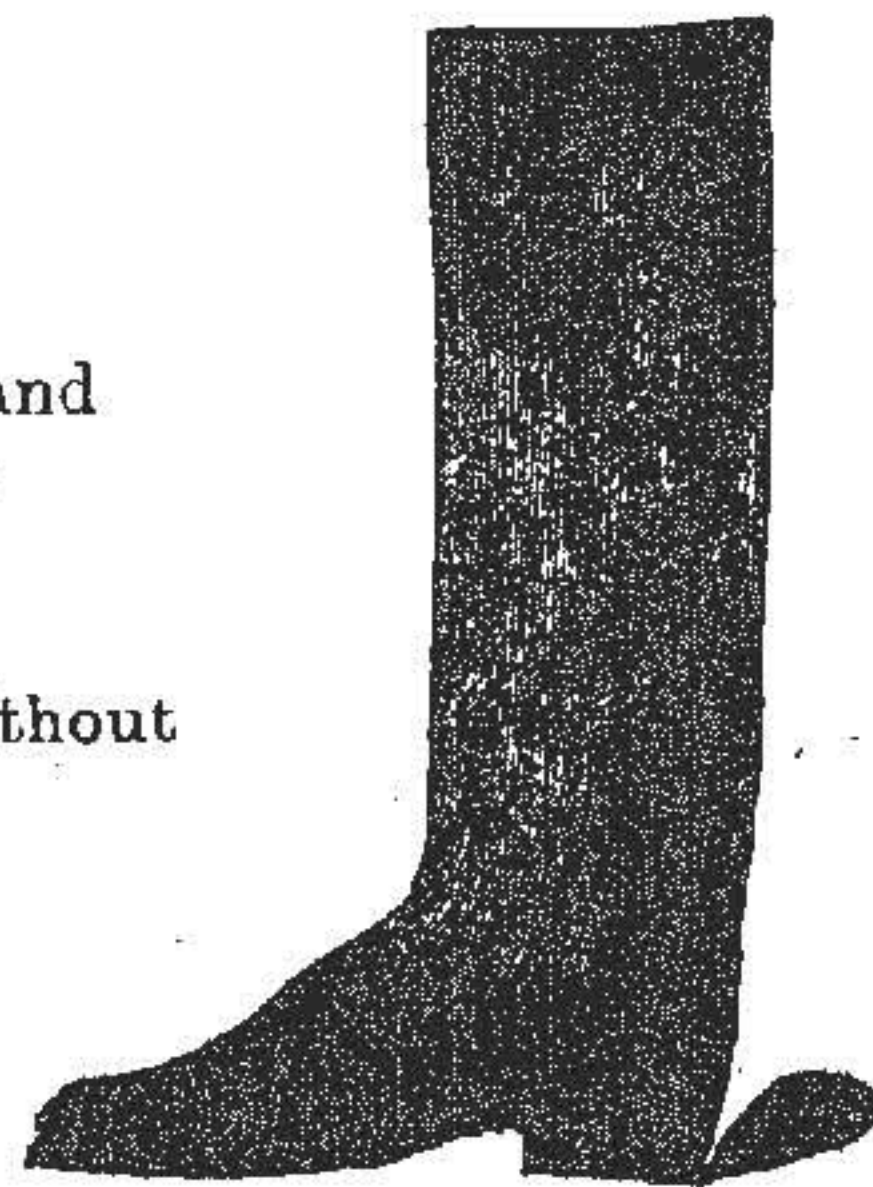
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- AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OF THE RIVER PLATE—
Blue and White—E. Danvers, 559 Piedad.
- B. A. AND R. RY.—*Yellow and Black*—F. F. Webb, 748 Avenida de Mayo.
- BUENOS AIRES TEMPERANCE—*White, Light Blue Band*—
H. Macgregor, 1045 Australia, Barracas al Norte.
- 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.

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CRICKET CLUBS

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

FOOTBALL CLUBS

- ALBION—*Blue and White*—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.

KENNEL CLUB

H. H. Ewen, Piedad 559.

LAWN TENNIS CLUBS

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

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, Barracas Coloradas, Colonia.
- CANADA 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—*Crimson and French Grey*—H. J. Perrett, 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 Trill, F. C. C. and R. 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*—Kemball Cook, Las Tres Lagunas, 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. Miles, Venado Tuerto, F. C. S. Santa Fé y Cordoba.

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- 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 Ben, Piedras 156, Montevideo.
- ROSARIO—*Dark Red and White*—E. W. Newte, English Bank, Rosario.
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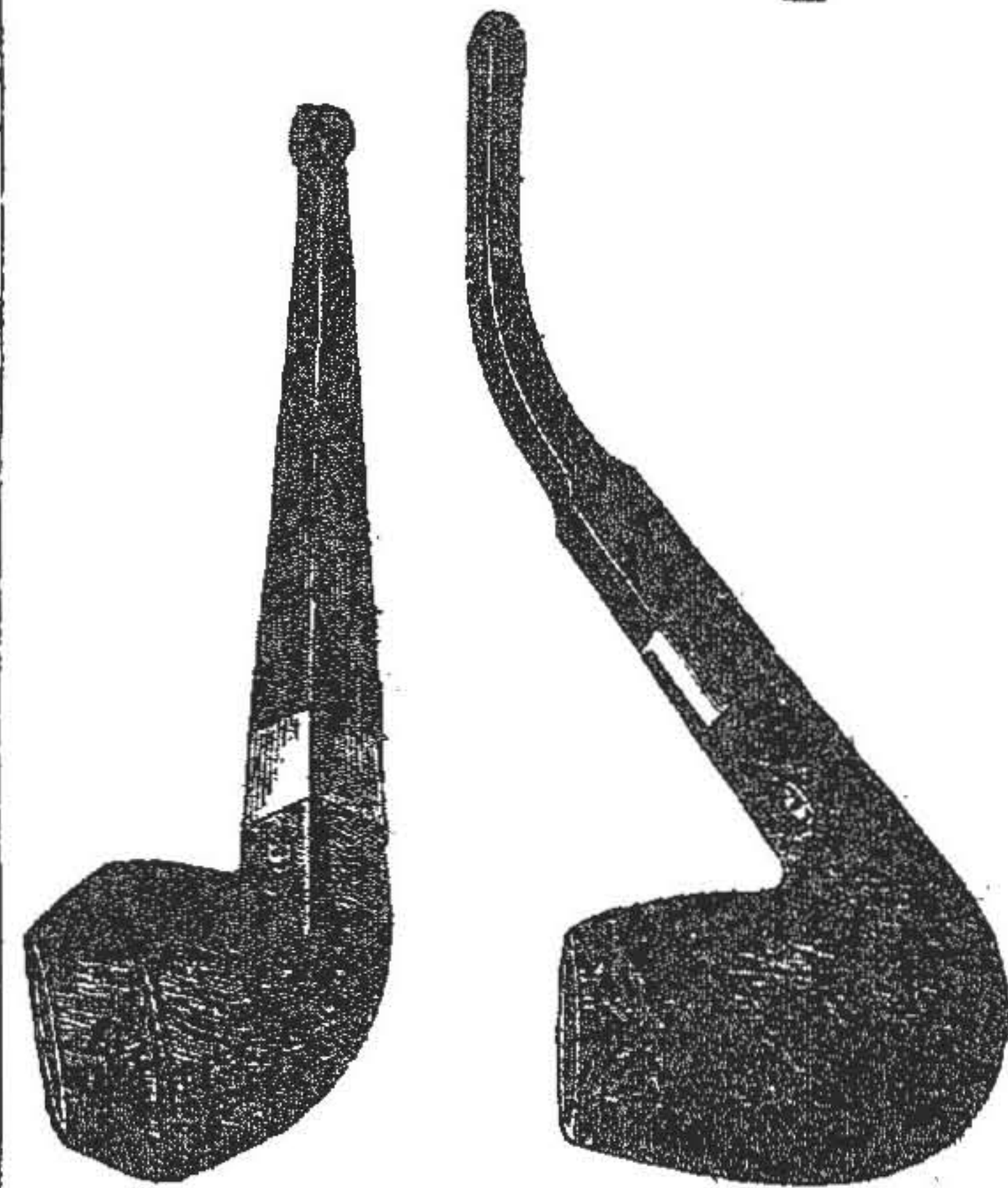
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TOWARDS THE SUNSET.

(Continued.)

But the Comisario had counted his chickens before they were hatched, for Araucibe had gone home and barricaded the door of his house and utterly refused to open it, and didn't either, until next day, when finding his provisions run short he capitulated, and handed over the fine, plus two dollars, for the policeman who stood sentinel all night to prevent his escaping.

"What did he mean," asked Phil, a little later on, "by saying that the fine would come in handy for the races on Sunday? He never means to keep it for himself does he?"

"Of course he does," cried Blackbourne, who was standing by, and heard the question, "and what else would he be after doin' with it? Devil a cent of his money does he ever see any more than we see ours, and mighty handy a few fines would come to us if we could only lay our hands on them."

"But don't you get paid regularly," I asked.

"No fear of that same," said he, with a laugh. "I myself am supposed to have eighty dollars a month pay, and Deakin because he is a decent little cuss gets the same, but Frazer because he is bigger and uglier than either of us is supposed to have a hundred; but we never get it, when we want money we go to the colonel and he gives us an I O U, and we have to make the best of that. We go to a storekeeper and sell it, he first deducts twenty-five per cent for risk, and then sells us tobacco or anything else we want at just double what he charges for ready money, and then when the paymaster comes round in a year's time, or perhaps eighteen months, he gets paid minus the paymaster's commission. And then look what they make us do for it. Here we have only about 300 men with us now, but out of those 260 are criminals, murderers, horse thieves, and blackguards of every description, and we have only forty men to keep them in order, and to-morrow when we go down to Charcon they will each of them have fifty rounds of ball cartridge given out to them, to fight the Indians should they come in."

Frazer burst out laughing at Blackbourne's account.

"They daren't rise," he said, "the forty men with old Morenigo (the sergeant) at their head would annihilate that rabble. Those forty men," he went on, "are all tried men and trained soldiers, more than half of them foreigners too, and they would all act as one man if the others tried to rise, but they will never try that, they are all such blackguards that they cannot trust one another. Some of them might, and probably will, desert when they get a chance, but that is all there is to fear from them."

But presently Deakin came in, in a great state of excitement.

"I say, you fellows," cried he, "let's have a baile to-night. I have just been round with Morenigo to where some friends of his live, and there are some awfully pretty girls there, and they are quite agreeable. What do you say? It won't cost much, three or four dollars each will provide the necessary drinks and sweet things, and we will make the colonel come along too. We'll have no end of a lark."

We all agreed of course, and the hat was passed round for subscriptions, and altogether about thirty dollars were collected, which Morenigo, who had charge of the arrangements, declared to be more than enough. A baile let me here observe in those days was a very different sort of affair to what it is now, especially up country, for then the wealthier classes thought it no shame to mix every now and again with their poorer neighbours, besides the dances were quite different, a waltz or gallop were unknown; the only European dance that was known, or at least that I ever saw, was a polka, and a very slow and stately affair it was. The usual dances were the Zamba, the Triunfo, Gato Jota, and one or two others which I now forget. But they were most of them composed of either two, four or six dancers, who stood up in front of one another, and went through each one his or her own part independently. In many of them a kind of double shuffle or quick step was introduced, which, when properly executed never failed to bring down abundant applause from those standing round and awaiting their turn. In other dances there were so many figures to be gone through; at the end of each figure the man had to say something pretty in verse to his partner, and she to answer him straight off in verse also without any hesitation, and it was astonishing to hear the quickness with which the girls responded, paying back in their own coin their partners, did they venture to say anything sarcastic, and often making all the listeners laugh; at other times covertly giving a backward swain encouragement to make a declaration in a manner only intelligible to themselves. That night we had Don Severiano's wife and sister-in-law and General Paunero's daughter, all dancing side by side in the same room with Morenigo's (the sergeant's) nieces. The colonel, the gefe politico, ourselves, and Carlos Benavida all mixed up together, and few prettier women could have been found than those who came to dance and enjoy themselves that evening, for the fame of the beauty of the women of San Luis is a well-known fact, and the name of the "Valientes Puntanos" has never been disputed since the days of the Independence. They are called Puntanos from the town being situated at the Punta, or point of the Sierras.

The only music we had was got from a couple of guitars, but those, played together as the up country people knew how to play them, were quite good enough accompaniment for our purpose, and everyone went that evening with the full intention of enjoying themselves, and what is more they all did, or at least seemed to do so. On a table in the corner were refreshments, for the ladies sweet thinks and cakes. "guisadias," "tabletas," and other confections peculiar to the province and there-

fore impossible of translation, and for the men, cigarettes, anis and aguardiente, caña in those days being unknown to them. The spirits they required were made in the province, and square faced gin and fiery Tucuman caña had not yet invaded those primitive spots, and the natives lived in happy ignorance of them for many years to come.

The prettiest dance that evening was when Colonel Carcoba and Carlos Benavida stood up to dance a "trunfo," their partners being Carlos' sister, who danced opposite the Colonel, and General Paunero's daughter, who bestowed the same favour on Carlos. They were a wonderfully handsome groupe, and picturesque. The Colonel wore his full uniform, and being a tall, well made man, looked remarkably well as he circled round his partner, one hand holding a white handkerchief held high in the air as he now flourished it over her head and then over his own, his feet all the while keeping time to the music. His partner was a most beautiful girl, though contrary to the ordinary rule her hair and eyes were as black as coals. The people of San Luis are a fair race, brown and chestnut hair, and blue eyes being the colours usually met with. But Carlos like his sister had both black hair and eyes, and he like her was wonderfully handsome tall, lithe and active. He circled round little Miss Matilda Paunero in a far more business like way than the stately Colonel, and when it came to his turn at the end of the figure to make a little complimentary speech in verse he likened her to a star of the night which he could only look at from a distance without ever hoping to attain. She responded at once somewhat to the astonishment of everyone that to a brave man everything was possible, and that only cowards despaired, and then he led her to a seat. Was it the beginning of a romance? I don't know, though things which happened after lent some probability to the theory. I was never a dancing man, and Phil of course knew nothing of the intricacies of these primitive up country dances, though I saw he lost no time in trying to improve his Spanish, for he had got a very pretty little girl up in a corner all to himself and was talking away most energetically to her while she was in fits of laughter. I waited patiently until after that dance was finished and then made for Maria Benavida, for she was an old friend of mine and I must say I admired her very much. She was only about seventeen and very handsome, but what spoiled her rather in my idea, though others I know admired it, was that her eyes were too black. There was not a particle of brown in them. I remember once taking her by the shoulders and holding her face to the light to see whether I could distinguish any brown, but I saw none, though what I did see—but that was before these things happened and nothing to do with the present story. Everyone, except Phil as I have said, danced that night, and they all acquitted themselves well, Blackbourne making no end of fun by continually saying witty things in bad Spanish.

It was after one o'clock when Don Severiano brought his wives and sister in law's mantillas and told them it was time to be going, thus giving the signal for a general departure. Phil, myself, and the three English officers were the last to leave, Carlos had left immediately after the dance in which he had taken part with the Colonel, I was saying good bye to the people of the house when I heard a low "hist" outside and glancing casually through the door so as not to attract attention I saw a white figure in the patio motioning to me to come quickly. I went out at once and found it was Maria.

"What is it, chica?" said I, "What can I do for you?"

"I cannot tell you now Arturo," said she, "for some one is sure to come out and see us, but come to the old fig tree at the corner of the plaza, I want to speak to you particularly. I will wait for you there."

The natives invariably called me by right name, Arturo, though I had been nicknamed Dick by my English friends when first I came into the country, and the name had stuck to me ever since. As soon as I could get Phil away, which I must say cost me a considerable amount of trouble and no small expenditure of patience, I took him back to our inn and then bolted for the old fig tree where Maria had promised to wait for me. Here I found her sitting on a thick low branch, on which, (knowing that it would bear my weight as well, for it had often done so before), I sat down too, and after having put my arm round her waist and given her a kiss to make things nice and comfortable, I asked her what was the matter, for I now saw that she was crying bitterly.

"Matter enough," said she, "didn't you hear what Carlos said to Matilda to-night, and what she answered him? And I saw her brother, Don Alberto, take her savagely by the arm as soon as the dance was over, and whisper something to her which made her turn as white as her dress. And I saw the way he looked at Carlos, though he did not. But I am sure he means mischief."

"Oh, that's all humbug," said I, "I don't suppose your brother ever spoke to Doña Matilda before, and what he said and what she answered meant nothing more than the ordinary nonsense people say to one another on such occasions, and as for Don Alberto he has probably forgotten all about it by this, though perhaps he was angry at the time."

"No it is not humbug," she cried, "you don't know anything about it as you have known us little more than a year. But my father, before the Indians killed him, was capataz at Romero's Estancia, Santa Barbara, and we were all brought up together there, and those two were fond of one another ever since they were quite small. Do please take Carlos away with you when you go, or we shall have trouble."

"But there it is chica," said I, "I am not going on any further, Don Severiano has sold the cattle we brought up, and it is too late to go for any more; the Cordilleras would be closed before we got back with

them, so I am going to stay here three months. And you needn't say you are sorry, for I would not believe you if you did."

"I am not sorry on your account, Arturo; but what can we do about getting Carlos out of this. You know very well what the 'ricos' are, they would very soon find an excuse for having a poor 'ranchero' like Carlos sent to the frontier, or perhaps even worse. Tell me what can we do."

"Did you see that young Englishman who was with me to-night?"

"What, the one who was making Rosarita laugh so?"

"Yes, that's he. Well, he is going to buy some land, and start an estancia somewhere in this province, and most likely I shall go with him for three or four months, and if so, I will get Carlos to go with us. And what will you give me in return?"

"I'll give you my little Santa Rita," she replied.

Her little Santa Rita was a dirty, worn, ugly little image, which I really believe the poor little thing valued more than anything in the world.

"No Chica," said I, "I don't want your precious little Santa Rita. I will do what I can for your sake and his. I will go to-morrow and ask after Doña Matilda, and perhaps that way I may learn something."

"Only get him away, and mother, and I, and my little sister will bless you and pray for you all our lives, and now, good night."

As soon as she had gone I came out of the shadow of the old fig tree, and walked into the plaza, and sat down on a bench to think a bit. I wasn't in love with Maria a bit, nor, so far as I knew, was she with me, indeed I had strong reasons for believing that she was very sweet on a good looking young fellow called Luis Palomeque, who owned three carts, and used to travel with them between San Luis and Villa Mercedes. Then why should I give myself up to a business that did not in the least concern me, and which might very probably get me into an awkward scrape with some of the most influential people in San Luis. I had got to know Carlos Benavida's mother and sisters quite by chance, for on my first journey with cattle, Don Severiano had received a telegram in Rio Cuarto to say that his first wife (the present one's elder sister) was very ill, and that if he wished to see her alive he must hurry on all he could; so he went on by diligencia, leaving Carlos and myself in charge of the troop. I was only a youngster at the time, and had a great veneration for Carlos, and when I saw him every day breaking in young mules, it seemed so easy that I endeavoured to persuade him to let me ride an unbroken one too, but he never would. One day, however, just as we were getting to San Luis, he left us for an hour or two to go on and enquire of Don Severiano what was to be done with the cattle, and I seized on that opportunity to carry out my idea, and the result was what might have been expected, for I was promptly bucked off, and got a couple of ribs broken. When Carlos came back and saw what had happened he was very angry."

"What are we going to do with you now?" he asked. "You cannot go to Don Severiano's house for his wife died this morning, and there is enough trouble there as it is, it is no use taking you to Posada, for they wouldn't be at the trouble of looking after you, there is only one thing that I can see for it, I must take you to my mother's if you don't mind living in a rancho for a few days until you are better."

But I was suffering too much pain to care where I went, so Carlos took me to his house, and old Doña Dominga his mother, and Maria, and little Anita, took care of me for ten days. And then, when I was better and had to go on to Mendoza, I offered stupidly to pay them, for I did not then know the openhanded hospitality of the people of the upper provinces, and the old woman was quite insulted.

"No," she said, "we cannot receive money for what it would have been wrong not to have done, besides some time Carlos may be in trouble or get hurt, remember then, and you will repay us by what you do for him."

But when ever I came up there after that I always brought them each some little present, so that they got to look upon me in much the same way as they did on Carlos; and that was the footing on which we now were, and this was the reason why Maria had spoken to me as she had done that night, and why we behaved to one another as we did. And as for kissing her, there was nothing in that, for I kissed all the pretty girls I could who would let me in those days, and thought no more about it, nor I suppose did they after it was over. And as for making love to her, that had never entered my head, for Palomeque would have cut me out I know if he had not done so already. So revolving all these things in my mind and not without some misgivings as to what things seemed likely to develop into in the near future, I made my way slowly back to our inn, where I found Phil for the first time quite out of temper at my having stayed out so long.

But with an amount of diplomacy which none of my friends at that time would have given me credit for, nor indeed any one else who knew me, for I was eternally getting myself into scrapes, I carried the war into the enemies country by diverting his thoughts from my affairs to his.

"We must go round and see, old Alvarado, about that land of his the first thing in the morning," said I as I pulled off my boots.

"Yes, and a nice lot of sleep we shall get," said he, "you keep out till goodness knows what time, talking to some of those girls, and then talk about getting up early"—"And then we will go and say good bye to Carcoba, and those other fellows." I went on purposely ignoring his remarks, while I undressed as fast as possible, "they are off to Charcon to-morrow, and we must get them to shew us where the land is, I fancy it must be close to the fort."

"But the sun will rise in about three hours now, and—"

"Well, let us get as much sleep as we can—good night" and I jumped into bed and put out light, and refused to talk any more.

Next morning soon after sunrise, we walked round to old Alvarado's house, and found him, thanks to the earliness of our visit, sober. I broached the subject to him at once. The old chap said yes, he would sell the land of course, he could do nothing with it as those cursed Indians carried off every head of cattle there were in the south of the province, but there were not four leagues, as we thought, but seven, and he would sell the whole lot or none, and the price was \$500 per league. That, however, didn't matter to Phil, and he said he would buy the lot if he liked it. He had the title deeds secure in a box, but would lend them to us for a day if we promised not to take them out of the town, we could take them to a lawyer, and he recommended Luis Videla, Don Severiano's brother in law, he was a smart man, and he could look through them and see that they were all right, and he too could have the transfer made out in case we liked the lands. So Phil took the title deeds, a goodly bundle they were, in his hand and we started off to say good bye to the colonel, and our friends. We were only just in time, for when we got to the cabildo, they were all mounted and ready to start.

"I thought you had forgotten us, Arturo," said the colonel as we went in, "and were going to let us go off without coming to say good bye."

"No," I replied, "but we went round first to see old Alvarado about the land; he has given us the title deeds to have them revised, and if they are all right we shall come down in a couple of days and have a look at the place, you can put us up I suppose."

"Yes," said he with a laugh, "we can put you up for quite as long as you can keep away from that pretty girl I saw you making love to last night, but good bye for the present and let us see you soon."

And with that he rode on out of the gates, and we shook hands with the officers as they rode by.

Now as Phil could hardly as yet understand any Spanish, and was only just beginning to make himself understood, I had of a necessity to be with him nearly all day to act as interpreter. So when we had handed over the deeds to Videla to revise, I suggested that we should go and look up some of the girls who had been at the dance the night before, and he assenting I led the way to Paunero's house. When we enquired at the door I was considerably pleased to hear that Don Alberto had left town early that morning, and was not expected back till the evening of the next day, but that Doña Matilda was in. So we were shown on to a broad verandah at the back of the house facing the patio, and asked to sit down. Presently Doña Matilda came along, looking prettier even than she had done the evening before, and we were soon busily engaged discussing the dance of the previous night.

I am afraid your brother was very angry about something or other," said I. "I saw him looking very cross when you went away."

"Yes," she replied, becoming serious all at once, "you know what a horribly bad temper he has, and he was angry at what that foolish man Carlos Benavida said to me during the dance."

"Which you made worse by replying to it as you did," I ventured to remark.

"I forgot for the moment where I was," said she, and then seeing at once that she had made a mistake, "it was a very foolish thing to say, and I cannot imagine what put it into my head."

But I was upon pretty intimate terms both with Dona Matilda and her brother, I had met them both often at other people's houses, and once had driven out to their estancia Santa Barbara, at branding time, and stayed there three days, but I had always got on better with Doña Matilda than with her brother, for she was as frank and open as he was silent and morose, so taking this into consideration I determined to take the bull by the horns, and without further consideration I did so at once.

"I know the whole story," I said, "about you and Carlos, no don't interrupt me please (for I saw she grew fiery red at this, and half rose from her chair), Maria told me all about it last night."

"So you were talking to Maria last night after the ball, were you? Well, I can quite understand that, and I admire your taste, but I must say I don't see why the beautiful Maria should wish to mix herself up in my affairs."

"She has not, I believe, the slightest wish to do so," I remarked, "she only feared that Carlos would get into trouble with your brother on account of you."

"Yes," she said, "and I am afraid of it too; he heard what was said last night, and threatened me that if I ever spoke to him again, he would have him *destinado*" (sent to the frontier).

"Well, we must get him out of this at once, if possible," said I, "only I am afraid that after what you said to him last night, I shall not be able to persuade him to go, you must write him a letter telling him he must, only make it pretty stiff, and I will give it to him and take him away with me."

She saw it was the best thing to be done, so went away and presently returned with a note which I promised to give Carlos.

"And give Maria a kiss from me."

"All right," said I, "give it me and I will take it for her."

The title deeds proved to be all right, so two days after that Phil, and I, and Carlos, started for Charcon. For the letter which Matilda Paunero had given me for Carlos had the desired effect, and he had accepted at once my proposal that he should accompany us, though when we set out he had been more than usually silent, and answered such questions as we put to him with as

few words as possible. But I defy anyone to be sad, or silent, long in such a country is that through which our way ran. The ever changing scenery kept us always in a state of expectancy, seldom ungratified, of some new surprises greater than the last. The country was a succession of tall hills, and deep valleys, for the most part covered with thick wood, though some of the valleys we passed were bare of timber, and wonderfully green with scented trefoil, and luxuriant untrodden grasses. When we reached the summit of one of these hills, slightly higher than the rest, we waited a few moments to look round while we breathed our mules. Behind us lay the Sierras of San Luis, to our right stretched an apparently endless forest, far away above the tops of the trees we could see indistinctly the outlines of the Cordilleras, in front of us some twelve miles distant beyond the woods lay a broad sheet of water shining like polished silver in the sun.

"Why that is a lake," said Phil, "I never expected to find any lakes about here."

"Yes," I replied, "that is the Laguna Bebedero (the lake that drinks), and one of the natural curiosities of the country, two fresh water rivers run into it, the Pencoso and the Desaguadero, and yet there is no outlet to it. But the most curious part of the whole thing is that though both the rivers come from the mountains, and are therefore perfectly sweet water, the lake itself is saltier than the saltiest brine you ever tasted, all round the edge of it for over a hundred yards, and in some parts two or three, there is a good inch of pure salt. The Indians come here for salt. And those two rivers that run into it are in the Spring so swollen by the melting snows on the mountains, that no one can cross them for weeks, yet the lake never rises, nor does it ever get lower, but always keeps the same level.

"And how do you know that?"

"Because I have been there three times, the first time out of curiosity, and the others to shoot wild cattle. You see those hills over there to the west, those are called the 'Altos Pencosos,' and are covered with wild cactus, and literally swarmed with wild cattle: they come out and feed in the valleys by the rivers, but as soon as they are disturbed they clear back, and it is utterly useless to try and get them out, or even to follow them. The lake itself is about twelve miles long, and about five across in the widest part, and how deep no one knows."

(To be continued.)

A RED INDIAN HORSE RACE.

A writer in the "Century" publishes the following account of a Red Indian horse race:—

"An elderly Indian of great dignity and presence of mind steps into the ring, and with graceful movement throws his long red blanket to the ground, and drops on his knees before it, to receive the wagers of such as desire to make them. Men walk up and throw in silver dollars and every sort of personal property imaginable. A Winchester rifle and a large nickel-plated Colt's revolver are laid on the grass near me by a cowboy and an Indian, and then each goes away. It was a wager and I thought they might well have confidence in their stakeholder—mother earth.

"Two ponies, tied head and head, were led aside and left, horse against horse. No excitement seemed to prevail. Near me a little half Mexican Comanche boy began to disrobe until he stood clad only in shirt and breechcloth. His father addressed some whispered admonition, and then led up a roan pony, prancing with impatience, and evidently fully conscious of the work cut out for him that day. With a bound up the little fellow landed on the neck of the pony only half way up, but his toes caught on the upper muscles of the pony's leg, and like a monkey he clambered up and was in his seat. The pony was as bare as a wild horse, except for a bridle, and loped away with his graceful little rider sitting like a rock. No, not like a rock, but limp and unconcerned, and as full of the motion of the horse as the shore's tail, or any other part of him.

"A Kiowa, with loose hair and great coarse face, broke away from the group and galloped up the prairie until he stopped at what was to be the starting point, at the usual distance of "two arrow flights and a pitch." He was followed by half a dozen ponies at an easy lope, bearing their half naked jockeys. The Indian spectators sat around on their ponies as unmoved in countenance as oysters, being natural gamblers, and stoical as such should be, while the cowboys whispered among themselves, "That's the bay stallion there," said one man to me, as he pointed to a racer, "and he's never been beaten. Its his walk over, and I've got my gun up on him with an Injun." It was to be a flying start, and they jockeyed a good deal and could not seem to get off. But presently a puff of smoke came from the rifle held aloft by the Kiowa starter, and his horse reared.

"The report reached us, and with a scurry the five ponies came away from the scratch, followed by a cloud of dust. The quirts flew through the air at every jump. The ponies bunched and pattered away at a nameless rate, for the quarter race pony is quick of stride. Nearer and nearer they came, the riders lying low on the horses' necks, whipping and ky-yi-yi-ing. The dust in their wake swept backward and forward, and with a rush they came over the scratch, with the roan pony ahead, and his little eyes snapping with the nervous excitement of the great event. He had beaten the invincible bay stallion, the pride of this Comanche tribe, and as he rode back to his father his face had the settled calm which nothing could penetrate, and which befitted his dignity as a young runner."

Venado Tuerto Polo Club

A POLO TOURNAMENT will be held on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of MAY by the above Club at VENADO TUERTO.

The Tournament is open to all Clubs affiliated to the Association.

Entries close on the 3rd of May, when the draw will take place.

Junin Athletic Club

The Annual Athletic Sports

in connection with the above Club will be held on the CLUB GROUNDS at JUNIN, on SUNDAY, APRIL 29th next (under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Association).

The following events (Handicaps) will be open to all amateurs, viz.:

- 100 YARDS FLAT RACE.
- 220 YARDS FLAT RACE.
- 440 YARDS FLAT RACE.
- ONE MILE FLAT RACE.
- HIGH JUMP.
- LONG JUMP.

For further particulars apply to

LL. W. MAKIN,
Hon. Sec. Sports Committee, Junin, F.C.B.A.P.

Hurlingham Club's Athletic Sports

TO BE HELD ON

THURSDAY, MAY 3rd, 1894

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

The Amateur Athletic Association of the River Plate

OPEN TO ALL AMATEURS

PROGRAMME

1. 128 YARDS FLAT RACE, Handicap.
2. QUARTER MILE FLAT RACE, Handicap.
3. HALF MILE FLAT RACE, Handicap.
4. ONE MILE FLAT RACE, Handicap.
5. ONE MILE WALKING RACE, Handicap.
6. THREE MILE BICYCLE RACE, Handicap.
7. HIGH JUMP, Handicap.
8. LONG JUMP, Handicap.
9. 120 YARDS HURDLE RACE.
10. POLE JUMP, Handicap.
11. PUTTING THE SHOT (7 ft. square) Handicap.
12. THROWING THE HAMMER (9 ft. circle) Handicap.
13. THROWING THE CRICKET BALL.
14. 1000 YARDS STEEPLECHASE, Handicap.
15. 200 YARDS BOYS' RACE, Handicap for Boys under 15 years.
16. HIGH JUMP, for Boys under 15 years, Handicap.
17. 120 YARDS HURDLE RACE (3 ft. Hurdles), Handicap, for Boys under 15 years.
18. ONE MILE BICYCLE RACE, Handicap.
19. 300 YARDS CONSOLATION RACE.

Ages of competitors in the Boys' Races must be certified according to rule.

Entry for each event \$3; general entry \$20; Boys' events \$1 each.

The Athletic Association will present standard medals to competitors who may qualify for them and are members of an affiliated club.

Entry forms, with entrance fees, to be sent in on or before 21st of April, to the Secretary.

FRANK J. BALFOUR,
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ATHLETIC SPORTS

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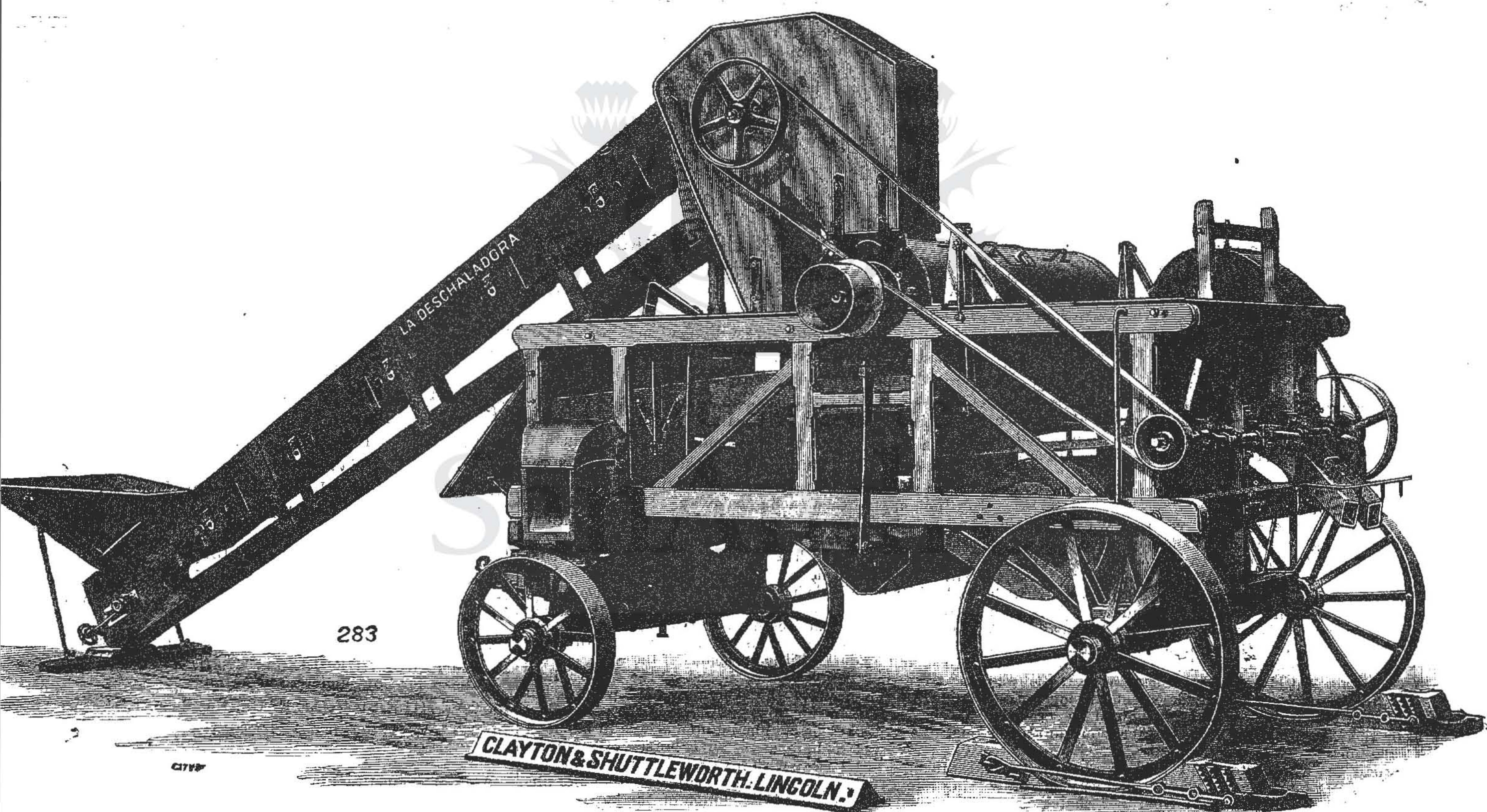
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