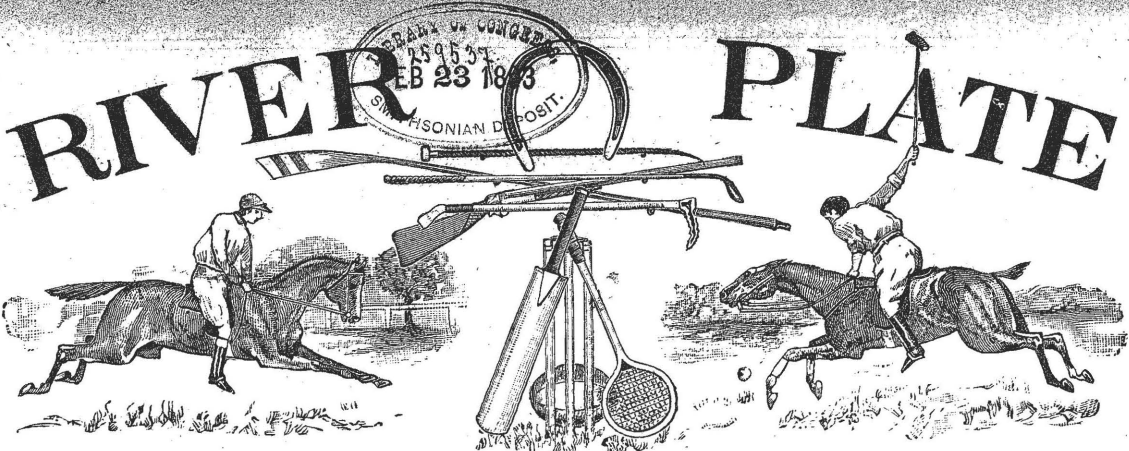


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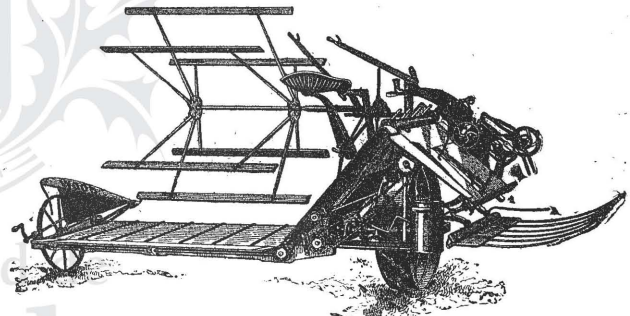
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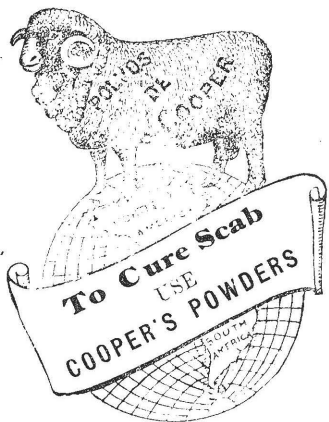
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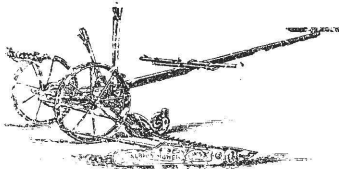
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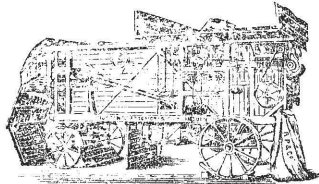
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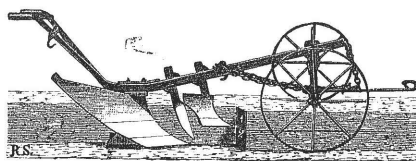
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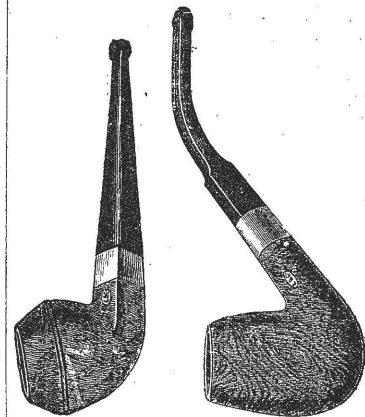


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HOME NEWS

FOOTBALL.

The twenty-third annual match between fifteens representing the North and South, was decided at the Athletic Grounds, Richmond, on December 17th, before some 8000 to 10,000 spectators. The weather was all that could be desired, and the turf was in the best of condition. The Southerners, from a free kick, scored the first point, and continuing to keep their advantage soon after scored a try, and though towards the end of the first half the Northerners had a little the best of the game, their opponents led by seven points to nil when the teams crossed over.

In the second half the South still maintained their advantage, and succeeded in gaining two more tries, one of which they converted, and eventually retired winners by two goals (one from a penalty kick) and three tries (14 points to nil). Of the twenty-three matches played, the South have now won thirteen and the North seven, three having been drawn.

The teams were as follows:
 North: S. Houghton (Cheshire, back), R. E. Lockwood (Yorkshire), J. Marsh (Lancashire), F. H. R. Anderson (Durham, captain), J. Nicholson (Northumberland) (three-quarter backs), W. Parlane (Lancashire), E. Taylor (Northumberland) (half backs), W. Faulkner (Cheshire), F. Case (Lancashire), W. Yiend (Durham), H. Davidson (Cumberland), E. Redman (Yorkshire), F. Greenwell (Northumberland), T. Broadley (Yorkshire), T. Faulkner (Durham) (forwards).
 South: E. Field (Cambridge University, back), A. Rogers (Moseley), A. E. Stoddart (Blackheath), G. C. Hubbard (Blackheath), A. C. Hooper (Middlesex Wanderers) (three-quarter backs), R. F. de Winton (Blackheath), H. Marshall (Blackheath) (half backs), F. Evershed (Burton), W. E. Bromet (Richmond), S. M. J. Woods (Somerset), F. A. Soane (Somerset), P. Maude (Blackheath), A. Allport (Blackheath), G. F. H. Cookson (Oxford University), J. J. Robinson, (Cambridge University) (forwards).

The Football League made considerable progress in their competition on December 17th, and below will be found a statement of the position of the twenty-eight clubs in the first and second divisions. In the first division Accrington only just beat West Bromwich Albion on the former's ground by five goals to four; Blackburn Rovers beat Burnley on the ground of the latter by two goals to nil; Aston Villa beat Derby by two goals to one; Everton beat Notts County also by two goals to one; Stoke beat Sheffield Wednesday by two goals to nil after a rough game; the Wolverhampton Wanderers beat Newton Heath by two goals to nil; and in presence of some twenty thousand spectators Sunderland beat Preston North End by two goals to nil.

The following is a record to December 17 (inclusive):

	Goals	Played	Won	Drn.	Lost	Pts.	For.	Agst.
Preston North End	17	12	1	4	25	34	19	
Sunderland	14	11	1	2	23	51	14	
Sheffield Wednesday	17	9	2	6	20	36	34	
Aston Villa	18	10	0	8	20	40	37	
Stoke	16	8	3	6	19	32	22	
West Bromwich Albion	16	8	2	6	18	33	39	
Bolton Wanderers	17	7	3	7	17	34	29	
Notts	17	7	3	7	17	38	32	
Wolverhampton Wanderers	16	7	3	6	16	33	34	
Everton	16	6	4	6	16	35	39	
Derby County	15	5	4	6	14	29	41	
Blackburn Rovers	15	4	6	6	14	28	35	
Accrington	15	3	6	6	12	31	46	
Burnley	18	4	4	10	12	19	29	
Notts Forest	18	3	6	9	12	25	37	
Newton Heath	17	3	5	9	11	32	35	

In the second division Andwick beat Darwen by four goals to two, Bootle beat Grimsby town by three goals to one; Burton Swifts beat Lincoln city by four goals to two; Sheffield United beat Burslem Port Vale by four goals to nil; and Small Heath beat Walsall Swifts by two goals to nil. The following table shows the position of the clubs in the second division up to and including Dec. 17th:

	Goals	Played	Won	Drn.	Lost	Pts.	For.	Agst.
Darwen	15	10	1	4	21	43	25	
Small Heath	14	9	2	3	20	52	22	
Ardwick	12	7	3	2	17	29	14	
Sheffield United	11	7	1	3	15	34	13	
Burton Swifts	10	6	1	3	13	27	15	
Grimsby Town	9	5	0	4	10	15	12	
Burslem Port Vale	4	4	2	8	10	17	42	
Northwich Victoria	9	4	1	4	9	21	36	
Walsall Down Swifts	10	3	0	7	6	17	37	
Crewe Alexandra	10	3	0	7	6	23	40	
Bootle	12	2	2	8	6	15	37	
Lincoln City	8	1	1	6	3	12	21	

In the London Charity Cup, first round, Clapton always held the upper hand in the match against Old Foresters at Upton on Dec. 17th, and won eventually by five goals to their opponents' one. On the same day the Casuals, playing one man short for some of the time, were beaten by Millwall Athletic at Millwall by three goals to two; and the old Carthusians defeated the old Westminsters most decisively at Kennington Oval by six goals to one.

The following games were played in the Scottish Cup on Dec. 17th:

SCOTTISH CUP.

The second round of the Scottish Cup ties was played in different parts of Scotland, with the following results:—

- Broxburn Shamrock beat King's Park (Stirling) by three goals to nil.
- Celtic beat 5th Kirkcudbright Volunteers by seven goals to nil.
- Dumbarton beat Clyde by six goals to one.
- Heart of Midlothian beat Stenhousemuir by eight goals to nil.
- Motherwell beat Campsie by six goals to four.
- Queen's Park v. Cowdairs match again postponed.
- St. Mirren (Paisley) beat Leith Athletic by two goals to nil.
- 3rd Lanark beat Paisley Abercorn by five goals to four.

LATEST LONDON BETTING

Two Thousand Guineas, run Wednesday May 4th.
 Distance 1 mile.
 700 to 200 on field (offered).
 700 to 400 against Insinglass and Meddler coupled (1).

DERBY

	Distance	Offered	Taken
Insinglass	9 to 2	9 to 2	9 to 2
Meddler	5 to 1	9 to 2	9 to 2
Raeburn	10 to 1	10 to 1	10 to 1
Ravensbury	100 to 9	100 to 9	100 to 9
Childwick	100 to 6	100 to 6	100 to 6

2 to 1 agst Insinglass and Meddler, coupled (taken and wanted).
 Evens agst Insinglass, Meddler, Raeburn, and Ravensbury, mixed (taken freely).

CORRESPONDENCE

[The Editor does not hold himself responsible for and opinions expressed or statements made in any letters that may be sent to *River Plate Sport and Pastime* for publication].

THE ABSURD DEFINITION OF "PROFESSIONAL."

Montevideo, Jan. 3.

To the Editor *River Plate Sport and Pastime*.
 Dear Sir,—

May I make use of your columns, as the most appropriate to ventilate a grievance I have long cherished against the strained construction put by the rules of the Amateur Athletic Association on the word "professional"?

In your last edition "Boots" says:—"A fortnight ago I mentioned that the Columbia Skating Rink had arranged to give away \$2400 in prizes for the best tug-of-war team, at a contest to take place at their rink in Calle Charcas. I have since learnt that these prizes will be money ones, and therefore the men forming the teams will become professionals if they are not so already, and a warning to amateurs will be found in another column in the shape of an advertisement of the Amateur Athletic Association."

The italics are my own. Now, sir, I beg leave to deny this statement absolutely. It is a monstrous non sequitur.

To say that the mercantile clerk or railway employé who takes part in an athletic competition for which money is offered instead of money's worth, therefore becomes a professional athlete is, to my thinking, equally an absurdity and a misuse of language.

I know the rules of the A.A.A. sanction this construction, and it is these very rules I protest against.

A "professional" is one who derives a living from what to others is an art or pastime. The mere fact of entering into an artistic or sporting competition in which the prize is money or in which some of the competitors may be professionals, cannot, by any reasonable

possibility, be held to make a man a professional until it is shown that he derives all or a considerable portion of his living from so doing.

Let me take a few parallel instances.
 Does the man who competes in a tournament at billiards, chess or draughts, the prize for which is a purse of money, thereby become a professional player?

Does the lawyer, or doctor, or merchant who may occasionally receive a few guineas for a contribution to a journal or magazine, thereby become a professional author?

Does the clerk who spends his leisure hours in making water-colour sketches on Christmas Cards, a few of which he contrives to sell, therefore become a professional painter?

Does the amateur actor who plays in a piece in which professionals also take part, or who on some occasion shares the profit of a performance or receives remuneration for assistance lent to a professional company, thereby become a professional actor, and must he therefore be in future prohibited from playing with amateurs?

Does the man who makes a book on a race meeting thereby become a professional better?

Does he who plays a rubber at whist for money become a professional gambler?

Does the philatelist, or numismatist, or bibliomaniac, who parts with some of his treasures for cash, therefore become a professional dealer?

The answer to these and to many similar questions is an unhesitating negative, in which common-sense and accepted practice coincide. Why, then, should a different system be adopted in athletics?

Why, let me ask, should the same men, who can honourably receive money for a game at billiards or cards, over a bet on horse racing, for a rare postage-stamp or coin, or for a magazine article or water-colour sketch, without losing their amateur status, be at once dubbed "professional" athletes if they enter an athletic competition for money, although it is notorious that they gain no part of their living thereby, and why should they immediately have an offensive system of boycotting applied to them for so doing? Is it any the less honourable to receive money for one's prowess in running or jumping than for skill with the billiard-cue, the pen or the paint-brush, or for luck at cards or racing? Common sense at once answers No.

And now let me ask, what reason can be urged for the enforcement of such a rule? Is it to protect the genuine amateur—he who pursues athletics as a pastime—against undue competition? Then it certainly fails. There are plenty of men ranking as amateurs who are in constant training, who devote a large portion of their time to taking part in sports, whose "records" are equal and sometimes superior to those of professionals, and whose competition is far more to be feared than that of some luckless individual who has once or twice competed for money instead of money's worth, and is therefore called a professional and excluded from the amateur field. Moreover, it is the duty of the handicapper to prevent the competition being excessive. Is it to prevent the presence of undesirable persons in an athletic meeting? Then again it fails, for the assumption that every amateur is a gentleman is no more warranted than the assumption that every professional is a "cad." Is it to make "glory" and not prize-getting the chief end of athletics? Then again it fails, for "pot hunting" is still a common practice, and such an end would be best obtained by substituting parchment diplomas or certificates for the glittering row of cups and medals generally displayed on the prize table, and which the competitors sometimes are seen to examine so keenly as if appraising their worth. But what would become of the entries?

Since, then, this rule concerning so-called "professionals" is untenable from a common-sense point of view and cannot be proved to serve any useful purpose whatever, the sooner it is allowed to fall into decadence the better. The rule may have been useful once, but its time has past. All the same, I quite recognise the necessity of drawing some line between professional and amateur athletics, but at least let it be a line which will bear analysis, and somewhat less offensive and even injurious in application.

For my part, I think the time for prejudice against a money prize has quite gone by, and I can look forward to the time when a cheque on the bank or a crisp five-pound note shall be just as legitimate a prize at an athletic meeting as some useless or cumbersome cup or trophy, which as often as not, is eventually converted into cash by the winner at one-half or one-third its cost. I am sure many a young fellow with a limited income and in a struggling position would find it of material assistance to him, and there is no reason whatever, beyond an absurd and unjustifiable prejudice, that he should not receive it just as honourably and without any offensive penalty of exclusion, as if he had won it at billiards or cards or earned it by his pen or paint-brush.

I enclose my card, by which you will see I am an athlete myself, and therefore have no personal interest in the matter.—Yours truly,
 J. Nib.

Sr. Virasoro, in a fit of heated patriotism, resigned his post as head of the Chile Boundary Commission on account of the decree of State intervention in Corrientes, the native province of Sr. Virasoro. The Government gave him time to let his passion cool, and then told him to go to Chile and not make a bother, as they would not accept his resignation. He has gone to Chile instead of Corrientes, and we think he will find the former agree with him better this weather.

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On accounts current and deposits at sight 1 %
On deposits at 30 days' notice 3 "
On deposits at 90 days' fixed 4 "
On deposits at 12 months 5 "
On deposits at 12 months conventional
Oro sellado
On accounts current nil
On deposits at 7 days' notice 2 %
Do. 30 do. do. 3 "
Do. 90 do. fixed 4 %
CHARGED
M/N oro
On debit balances in account current 9 % 12 %
R. A. THURBURN, Manager.
Buenos Aires, January 1, 1893.

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Do. " 90 " 4 " 5 "
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Captain Kelly
Loading in Dock No. 1.
Antwerp and London
Via Rio, Bahia and Southampton
COLERIDGE JAN. 22
Captain Brown
Loading in the Dock No. 1
Antwerp and Liverpool
BELLOVA JAN. 22
Captain McLean
Loading in Dock No. 1.
Liverpool
SPENSER FEB. 5
Captain Fairlem
Loading in the River Paraná
T. S. BOADLE & Co.
25 DE MAYO 149

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TERMS—CASH WITH ORDER

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

By A. STUART PENNINGTON
(Zoologist to the Sociedad Rural Argentina).

OSTRICHES AND OSTRICH FARMING

I propose to deal with this subject in two papers, the first to treat of the ostriches from the point of view of ornithology, and the second to describe shortly the objects and practice of ostrich farming, based on a visit I made a few days ago to the ostrich breeding farm of Mr Nagel, near Monte Grande station on the Great Southern line.

In the above title I have used the word ostrich in its general sense as a family classification for those birds with long legs and necks and short wings deprived of the power of flight, which are scientifically grouped together under the term *Cursores* or runners. They are divided from other birds by the absence of a keel on the breast bone.

The *Cursores* include the ostriches properly so called, natives of Africa and Arabia; the rheas, or South American ostriches; the emus and the cassowary, the two last named genera being found in Australia, and the cassowary also in other islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

Although the ostrich proper has just been named as a native of Arabia, it is now almost extinct in that country, but in Africa it is widely extended being found both in the northern and southern parts of that continent.

The true ostrich (*Struthio camelus*) is distinguished by its large size, by having the head and neck bare of feathers, by having only two toes, one much larger than the other, and by the quantity and elegance of its plumage.

When fully erect the ostrich stands seven to eight feet in height, weighs some 300 lb., and is a fine looking bird. The males have the greater portion of the feathers black, with the wings and tail feathers white. The females have the whole of the plumage grey. The young birds do not get their proper colouring until six months old, the feathers at birth being more like hairs, and afterwards until six months old the feathers of the male are greyish. The neck is long, and supports a small head containing so small a quantity of brains that the whole "intelligence" of a bird can be crammed into a lady's thimble.

Ostriches are called chicks till 6 or 9 months' old, after which to one year they are called young birds. During the next three years they are called plucking or feather birds, being for the 4th and 5th years simply designated by their ages. After they have bred, which they usually do about 4 or 5 years' old, when they reach maturity, they are called breeding birds. During the breeding season the cocks have the back of the leg pink and the front of the leg and the bill scarlet.

Each female ostrich lays about 16 eggs, which are cream coloured at first and then turn whitish. In tropical districts the eggs are hatched by the sun's heat, but outside the tropics the females sit on the nest during the day and the males at night. Where there are several females which lay, as they often do, in the same nest, the strongest of the females sits on the eggs, the question of which is the strongest being decided in the natural way by fighting. The eggs take 6 weeks for incubation, and when the young are hatched they look like young partridges.

The male birds are most savage fighters, and inflict serious wounds on each other by kicks from their powerful legs. There are often in a wild state three or four hens to each cock.

The ostrich is hunted in various ways for its feathers and flesh, the latter being eaten largely by the bushmen and other native African tribes. One of the most curious methods employed by the bushman in its capture is to dress up in the skin of the bird, holding the head erect by a stick introduced up the neck. In this way the bushman passes undetected among the wild birds and shoots them with his arrows.

Young ostriches suffer much from parasites, a most formidable tapeworm seeks them for its host, as does also a dangerous round worm, the *Strongylus Douglassii*, and in Argentina the *Bicho Colorado* is a most serious foe to the young birds, not only attacking the epidermis but also by being introduced with the food, causing abscesses in the air passages.

The rhea, or South American ostrich, was misnamed *avestruz* by the earlier Spanish settlers, its native name being *Nardu* or *Churí*. There are two well known varieties or species of rhea, namely, the common rhea or *Rhea Americana*, and Darwin's rhea, *Rhea Darwinii*. The former is found in Brazil, Paraguay, and especially in Argentina, except in Eastern Patagonia, where

its place is taken by Darwin's rhea. Remains of a fossil and much larger species have been found in Brazil.

Darwin's rhea is smaller than the common species, and is of a uniform brown and white colour, the white being due to the fact that each feather is tipped with a semi-lunar margin of white. Both species of rhea have three toes.

In Darwin's rhea the feet are feathered about half the length, and the scales on the parts not much smaller than in the other species. The beak is not so naked, and it is generally a prettier bird.

The common rhea is about 57 inches in height, its colour more grey than brown, and with only here and there whitish feathers. The male is smaller and darker than the female.

The rheas are not attempted to be reared as there is no comparison between their feathers and those of the true ostrich.

The feather of the rhea is not unlike the chick feathers of the ostrich, and is only used for making those feather brushes which supply the place of the duster in South American houses. It has been often stated that the rhea has been crossed with the South African species, but, although the attempt has been made many times, it has never succeeded, the birds will not mate at all.

The rhea is killed in large quantities for its feathers, which are articles of regular quotation in Buenos Aires. It is killed either by bolas or by dogs. On a camp the rhea is a most destructive bird, and consumes more and does more damage to the camp comparatively than any live stock that can be put on it.

There is said to be a third variety of rhea, namely the long-billed or *R. macrorhynca*, but its identity and habitat are doubtful.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL NOTES

Blessed is he that expecteth nothing for he shall not be disappointed. The wise man hath said it and verily he hath spoken unto us the words of wisdom. I take the liberty then to number myself among the blessed ones, for I'm blessed if I expected any dramatic or musical events of any note to occur during the past week and they have not, so like the Israelites of old I have the congenial! task of manufacturing bricks without straw.

In search of copy I hid me down to the Tigre Hotel for the Thursday concert. In point of fact music is discoursed during dinner but of a concert from the generally accepted view of that term there is none.

The Funlotti orchestra tho' small is good, and heard from the terrace (where one can dine and be cool) is a very pleasant addition to the menu. The selection was certainly capable of improvement, as tho' no one admires the "Cavalleria Rusticana" more than I do it is possible to have a little too much of even that lovely work and to hear the intermezzo three times within the space of an hour is certainly sufficient.

It would not be a bad idea were the management to print the programme on the reverse side of the carte. I was very much charmed with a taking little minuet and trio faultlessly executed but owing to the absence of programmes am unable to name.

These concerts, musical dinners, call them what you like, must be a source of considerable profit to the hotel proprietors, if the crowded express which arrives just in time for dinner and the return special which has been aptly called "the roulette return," may be taken as a criterion, for many who go to hear remain to play.

On Saturday night the latest addition to the amusements of the public in this metropolis was opened with triumphant success.

The place of entertainment "The Columbia Elite Skating Rink" is so well known that it needs no description, but the programme of the entertainment was certainly novel. Most of us have seen a tug of war, but few have seen a tug of war tournament.

For an account of the byes, etc. I would refer you elsewhere as athletic shows do not come under this heading, but for two or three hours' amusement and excitement one will not be able to better the final round.

I note the enterprising proprietor, who by the way I have to thank for a couple of abonos, has opened a rink at the Tigre, at least has converted the ball-room into one, for which many visi-

tors, amongst whom is yours truly, will be grateful, something in the way of amusement besides gambling was needed and the want has now been met.

Divorce cases are of such frequent occurrence that one but rarely notices them, but a case is down for hearing which will cause some remarks, for it offers some novel elements that even in the annals of marital infelicity are unique.

The lady, who, before marriage, was a member of the profession and was well known on the boards, became an old man's wife. The husband is blind, and only by the pure accident of the arrival on one occasion of a friend did he discover that his spouse, taking advantage of his infirmity, had cleverly substituted for herself, whenever she desired to leave the house, a woman, who, in voice, exactly resembled her. I wonder in what ouried Boccaccio or Hep ameron did Madame discover such an artful trick, or was it the pure invention of this fin-de-siecle age.

"Red Riding Hood," "Little Bo Peep," "Hop o' My Thumb"—these old nursery rhymes, who has not read and seen them as pantomimes? But an olla podrida of the three, what will it be like, and where will be the dear little narrative (though perforce it cannot be a very clear one) buried beneath spectacular and transformation scenes, wondrous dancing and topical songs? Well, our own Augustus Driolanus is a smart man, as is his collaborateur, Wilton Jones, and if the Drury Lane pantomime is not a record, well, I'm a false prophet.

Oh, for the printer bold! A few weeks ago he turned one of my carefully worded and type-written—yes, type-written—paragraphs into something wonderful. I wonder how many readers noticed it? The wily compositor is always endeavouring to improve the original text. Not content with making the "Lily maid of Astolat" read the "Silly maid, etc.," he now turns "metropolis" into "metropolice." The printers excuse their eagerness for revision by saying they could not read my hand-writing, but this plea will not hold water, seeing that a typewriter was concerned. Take care, Mr. Compositor!

We sometimes hear music called the universal language. That will be true some day. Civilised music, must, in the end, triumph over every other kind of music, because it is based upon natural principles, discovered once and for ever, and capable of being universally applied and understood. But at present, to speak of music, ancient and modern, savage and scientific, as a universal language, is only true in a certain degree. There is probably no nation upon earth so devoid of tonal sensibility as to be quite callous to the attraction of sounds produced artificially with a view to excite or relieve emotion. If we like to call any such medley of sounds music, we are, of course, at liberty to do so. The rudest howl of the savage as he dances round his bonfire, the wildest monody of the Eastern donkey driver, or the most exasperating scrape of a Japanese fiddle, is essentially a kind of music.

I think it is Hæwais who writes: "Like the sound of bells at night, breaking the silence only to lead the spirit into deeper peace. Like a leaden cloud at morn, rising in grey twilight to hang as a golden mist before the furnace the sun. Like the dull, deep pain of one who sits in an empty room, watching the shadows of the twilight, full of memories. Like the plaint of souls that are wasted with sighing: like pæns of exalted praise: like sudden songs from the open gates of paradise, so is Music."

The Indian who sits down to yell for two hours and beat the tom-tom may be making music to soothe the savage mind, but he drives the European mad.

I am suffering from the tom-tom. Fate has been kind, and the yelling, up to the present, is being dispensed with; but a course of tom-tom from 8 p.m. till past midnight is slowly but surely undermining my health. I have but two spare evenings during the week, and I cannot say that I am reconciled to my position when I find that which was to me a boon, a time for a study to which I ever devoted my leisure hours, is to be completely broken up by the amusement (!) of a company of savages, at least musically so for the music of the savage is not as our music, and our music never was degraded so low as tom-toms.

THE MAN IN THE STALLS.

A Heraldic Legend of the River Plate

I.

"Yes, sir, that's my crest. You see, sir, when a man marries he must yield something to feminine weakness and vanity. My wife wanted her equipage to be as smart as other peoples' carriages, and so as a coat of arms was necessary for the panels, I went to the Herald's College to get the most suitable. There they asked for the particulars of the foundation of my fortune, and I told them the story of course. That coat of arms is the result. The heraldic artist drew the design, and I am well satisfied with it."

"But what is it, a bear?"

"No, sir, it is a dog of uncertain breed, a 'dog salante.' The thing he holds in his mouth is a sausage."

"A sausage!"

"Yes, sir, a sausage; a River Plate sausage or salami, if you know it better by that name; but if you want to hear the story you must dine with me at my hotel to-night, the Metropole. I am detained unexpectedly in town by this law business, and, if you are not otherwise engaged, I will be glad of your company. We will be quite by ourselves."

My friend was an old River Plate acquaintance, who had made his pile during the days of boom, and, like a sensible man, secured it and returned to England to enjoy it. I accepted his invitation with pleasure, and found him as genial as of old, albeit he might be a little touched with the vanity which comes with acquired wealth, and was a little inclined to patronise me, who had not been so successful as himself in the booming days.

We had a sumptuous dinner in a private room in the Metropole; then, when the cigars were alight, I challenged him for his story.

"Here is the first chapter," he said, as he produced a frail slip of a newspaper cutting from his purse. "Read that. It was cut from your old friend the 'Standard.'"

I read:

WANTED a Tutor for the Camp, a Master of Arts preferred, to teach the boys English, Classics, and Mathematics, and also to train himself generally useful. Moderate salary, but comfortable home. Write with particulars, to Don Patricio Paternico, care of Stationmaster, Lobos.

"That was the first chapter," he said. "It was only a few weeks since we landed in Buenos Aires, you remember, as we were fellow passengers. I had a very scanty supply of money. My letters of introduction seemed to hang fire, for they had not yet produced the lucrative situation which my sanguine hopes pictured as waiting for my occupancy in the counting house of each and every one of the gentlemen to whom they were addressed."

"Indeed, as I called upon them daily like a dun, I could see a shade of annoyance on their faces, although they spoke civilly enough, and, on more than one occasion, the clerks declared that the patron was *no está*, although I could see him through the chink of the partially open door. I can take a hint as well as any other man, so poverty compelled me to put my pride in my pocket, and I continued to call until this advertisement appeared in the 'Standard.'"

"I am Master of Arts, and my name could be seen on the list of graduates. I had a few scholastic testimonials. I was young and strong, and I supposed that the requirement of general usefulness meant teaching the boys to ride, to shoot, to swim, cricket, etc., etc., for what other general services could they get from a tutor. Comfortable home meant board and lodging, and the salary, however moderate, would be all saved money. I therefore applied for the situation, and got it."

"My first introduction to my new home was not encouraging. The stationmaster at Lobos, on learning whether I was bound, lent me a horse, and put me on the road to the estancia, and promised to send over my portmanteau by a cart in the course of the day. I had a good hour's ride before I arrived at an open quadrangle of low buildings, roofed with shingles, which might be cottages and might be barns. They stood off from the road at some distance, and were nearly hidden by the trees which surrounded them, a rough which there was a rough avenue leading from the road. The gate was partially open, resting on the ground, and there was an old man in alpargatas, and a woollen shirt hanging outside his pantaloons like a blouse, engaged with a spade digging a hole, evidently for the reception of a new gate post which lay athwart the track."

"Is this the estancia Paternico?" I asked.

"Yes, sorr," he answered, resting on his spade, and looking up at me with small, bright, twinkling eyes, homely, "maybe you'll be the new tutor?"

I acknowledged the fact, and asked if Don Patricio was at home.

"Yes, sorr, won't you get down from your horse?"

"Time enough for that," said I, "when I get to the house. Will you please open the gate a bit?"

"There's room enough to pass, and the gate is heavy," said he.

Thinking him a bit of a curmudgeon I got down from my horse, lifted back the gate, and turned to mount again.

"You are a fine, stout young fellow, said he, "and I am a wake old man, maybe ye'll help me in with this post?"

Just to show him an example of courtesy, I lifted the heavy, hard wood post and inserted it in the hole. I also beat down some of the earth with my feet to keep it temporarily in an upright position.

"That's right," said he, "now you can jam it up with them sticks, and there is an auger to bore the holes for the wires."

His voice sounded some distance off, I looked up from my work, and there was the old chap coolly walking up the avenue, leading my horse, with the bridle over his shoulder.

"Hullo, there!" I shouted, "come back and finish your own work," and I ran after him.

"Maybe you don't know who I am?" says he.

"I do not, and I don't care," said I.

"Well, I am the master; I am Don Patricio himself," said he.

"The deuce, you are," said I; but I was so taken aback that I could say nothing more, but continued my walk alongside of him.

"I am glad to see that you are a nice biddable young fellow," he said, after a pause of a minute or two; "but ye might have stopped and finished that job."

"I did not come here to mend gates," I said.

"And what did you come for?" said he.

Well, that staggered me again, and he continued:

"The boys—that's my grandchilder—can easily get through their lessons in an hour, and sure ye wouldn't be after atin' the bread of idleness for the rest of the day, a big, strong young fellow like you. Do you think it would be fair now?"

I was simply so confounded that I could not answer. I will not attempt to describe my pupils, they were simply indescribable. In my attempt to be patient with them I nearly went distracted: disobedience, idleness, mischief, and impudence were their most prominent, their only characteristics.

I attempted to devote five hours a day to their studies but never got through the half of it. The old man would come into the schoolroom, and say:

"Sure ye are overstrainin' them young things, too much larin' is bad for childer; ye'd better dismiss the school now," and, without waiting for my consent, the boys would throw their books and slates across the room, and run off yelling and whooping like young savages.

Then the old chap would attempt to set me at some job, fencing or ditching, or mending carts or harness, etc. At first I kicked against it, but I found I only punished myself by doing so, and now I felt more pleasure in such work than in the instruction of the young Yahoos, my pupils. I resolved to put up with it for a month or two; save up my dollars until I had sufficient to go on with for a month or two, and give them the slip as quietly as I could. I therefore pass over the first month, and will say nothing about the "comfortable home" that was promised me in the advertisement.

Five weeks had passed, and there was no word of salary, so I broached the subject to Don Patricio.

"My month was up last Saturday," said I to him.

"Was it indeed, now," he replied. "Yes, so it was; you are doin' fine, and I am sure you like the place. The last chap I had only stopped a week, and the fellow before that went away the same day he came, but you are doin' fine, and I am well pleased wid ye."

"Thank you," I said, "perhaps, then, you'll be good enough to pay me my last month's salary."

"What's that?" said he, sharply. "Did yez mean yer wages?"

"That's just what I mean," said I.

"Div' yez mean to run away?" he asked, looking at me cunningly.

"How can I mean that?" I replied, I only ask last month's wages."

"What do you want it for?" he asked.

"That's my business," I replied.

"By the powers it's mine, too," said he; "if you want to buy anything, alpargatas, or shirts, or the like, I'll give ye a vale to the almazen beyant; or if it's just a day or two's spree you want, I'll give ye five dollars, and that should be enough for two days' booze, and if ye get run into the comisaria the rest of yer wages will be paid for the fine."

"Sir!" I replied with indignation, "I am not a boozer."

"Indeed, I don't think you are," said he, "and ye've got good clothes; and what ye can want money for surprises me."

"But, sir, you cannot refuse me my money when it is due; and that reminds me, the gentleman in town your agent who engaged me, said my salary would probably be fifty dollars, but not less than forty, we had better settle the figure now. I suppose it will be fifty."

"What?" he screamed, "fifty dollars! you're mad, stark, staring mad. The old man who was with us for years, and who died in the asilo—rest his soul—had only sixteen dollars, and I wouldn't give more than twenty dollars to the best tuthor that iver came out of college."

Here was a climax. My indignation knew no bounds. I declared I would not stop another day in the place. I would see his agent in Buenos Aires who engaged me, and if there was law or justice in the land I would have my money.

"Be all wid ye, when ye like," he screamed, "but divil a cent will ye get out of me."

I had a large portmanteau full of clothes, a good English saddle, and various sticks and fishing rods, which latter I had some difficulty in collecting. I tied them all well together with a stout rope, and with that heavy bundle on my shoulder, I set out on foot to reach the railway station, for not a man on the place would lend me a horse, and I dare not leave my belongings behind me, for I would not trust them in their temporary keeping.

Let me pass over the pain and weariness of that journey. It took me nearly four hours, and it was getting dark when I reached Lobos station. There was no train until next morning, and, tired and hungry, I deposited my luggage. Then I went to refresh myself, and pass the night in the adjacent pulperia.

Next morning, alas, my money would barely reach to

the price of my ticket, and I had no alternative but to dispatch my luggage to Buenos Aires by the train, take my stoutest stick in my hand, and set out to walk for the capital.

Well, sir, that walk was the making of my fortune, and the adventure which I encountered in it, entitles me by Her Most Gracious Majesty's permission to bear the coat-of-arms that you have admired so much.

(To be continued)

ESTANCIA AND COLONY.

We cordially invite and will be very pleased to receive communications for this column.

It will perhaps interest most of our readers to know that the English colonists of Bakerfield, California, can make out of alfalfa, which is one of the factors of their prosperity. As here, it furnishes food for horses, cattle, and sheep, and hogs and poultry are also found to thrive on it better than on anything else. In the Joaquin Valley, where the colony is situated, it begins to yield a return the year it is sown, and the second year is in full bearing condition. The level nature of the soil and the abundant water facilities render alfalfa production extremely profitable. One acre produces sufficient feed all the year round to maintain four horses or cows, and if cut and fed it will feed six head. When stock is fed the product of an alfalfa field will often yield 200 dols. or £40 the acre.

**

With proper care alfalfa, in this part of California, is said to make an aggregate growth of fourteen feet in the seven months from April 1st to November 1st, and yield from six to eight tons per acre, or subsist through the entire year two head of grown horses or cattle, sixteen head of sheep, or twelve head of hogs. The net profit on six tons of hay an average year is twelve dols. or nearly forty Argentine paper dollars, on sixteen sheep 32 dols. or say 100 Argentine dollars, on twelve head of hogs 40 dols. or 120 Argentine dollars, on brood mares, common, 80 dols. or 240 Argentine dols., and fine stock according to quality from 300 to 500 dols. or about 1200 Argentine dollars. On forty acres of alfalfa convenient to market, a family by keeping dairy cows, pigs, and poultry, is said to be able to make from £400 to £600 a year clear of all expenses.

**

We are glad to hear from Gualeguaychu. Entre Rios, that, though the grass is very scarce on the high lands from the long drought, there is plenty in the valleys. The wheat crop promises to give a four or five times greater return than last year, the whole of the grain now being cut and stacked without a drop of rain, and thrashing shows the grain to be of much superior quality than last season. Maize is suffering severely from the locusts and want of rain. The locusts are being fought resolutely round about the town, but outside they are too numerous to exterminate.

**

The scarcity of waggons on some of the railways appears to be rightly a great source of grievance to wool growers and wheat farmers. Although the greater part of this season's wool clip has arrived at the market there is still a great deal yet to come, but the wheat crop is also awaiting to be sent into town, and as both products this year are above the average in quantity, the demand for waggons on the railways is more than they can meet.

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The "Standard" says that there is still wool of the 1891 clip south of the Rio Negro waiting to be sent to market. There are no carts, no railways, and the Rio Negro has been too low all the year to enable the steamers to navigate it.

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No surer sign of the immense progress of agriculture in this country can exist than the tremendous increase, this last season, in the arrival of agricultural machinery. Unfortunately for some importers the accommodation at the docks is quite insufficient for the number of vessels unloading, and as many of these contain threshers for this season's wheat crop, and being unable to load their cargo at once, the loss must be considerable if the machines cannot be sent out to camp in time.

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The judging of the Merino sheep at the meeting of the Australian Sheep Breeders' Association is described as follows:

The sheep were divided into fine wool and strong wool. And there was a further sub-division into sheep that were house and sheep that were grass-fed. There was no classing sheep according to their origin—Rambouillet, Saxony, Negretti, or Australian. They were all divided according to the character of their fleeces; and in some cases the single-judge system was adopted. Mr Lobb got through his class with great expedition—but, where two judges were at work, there were many differences of opinion; and occasionally, a referee had to be called in, which is, virtually, reverting to the single man system from the bench of two. The contest for the championship excited great interest. The contest was between Mr McFarland's four-tooth ram and Mr Mack's agod ram. The decision, for the former, was received with cheers. He is the finest Merino ram ever seen in Australia, having good size, well shaped carcass, fleece is on the line between fine wool and strong wool; and he is admirably covered and remarkably even. The fleece is dense and with good length of staple. He was bred by the exhibitor, and got by the famous

sire Tru Briton from a Matchless ewe. He was sold at a high price to go to New South Wales.

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The Municipality of Bahia Blanca has imposed a new tax of 3 cents on all wool and sheepskins coming into the "barracas" and railway station in the town. This tax is obviously most unfair, and its imposition most short-sighted on the part of the Municipality, who are thereby taxing the principal source of business in the place and the very produce which keeps Bahia Blanca alive.

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The importation of pedigree cattle and sheep into this country has received quite an impetus of late. During the month of November and up to the 6th of December the Shorthorn Society granted over thirty exportation certificates to the following cows and bulls sent to South America:

Lord Lennox 61,184, bred by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon; Challenger 60,460, bred by Mr G. Shand; Valiant Knight, bred by Mr D. C. Bruce; Bright Beau, Croesus, First Duke, Jason, Prince Alexander, Rosedale Lord, Dame Hopetul, Hopeful Cressida, Lady Wenlock 11th, Pearl 8th, Princess Erin, Rare Rose, Red Japonica, Rosedale Cherry, and Ruby Gwynne, bred by Mr W. Graham; Clara Diana and Clara Jacintha, bred by Mr A. E. W. Darby; Countess Cressida, bred by Mr J. C. Toppin; Fern Front, bred by Lord Polworth; Bright Beauty, bred by Mr R. J. M. Gumbleton; Chloris 8th and Japonica 3rd, bred by Mr A. Scott, FitzWilliam 12th, bred by Mr W. Arkell; Red Rover, bred by Mr J. Merson; Engineer 62,530, bred by Mr J. Bruce; Seneca 63,346, bred by Mr G. Bruce.

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They manage to get something out of the locusts in South Africa, in slight return for the great damage these pests are now doing there, by using them as food for cattle. One Free State farmer is said to have collected 200 bags of locusts in the early morning, dried them, and kept his cows in condition on this food the whole winter. Some of the Boers steam the locusts wholesale in iron tanks. The locusts are bagged from their swarms in the early morning. They are valued as cattle food at one quarter of the price of mealies. The Basutos eat the locusts, and say that two bags of them are as good as one of mealies. They put them dead or alive into big earthen pots with a little water at the bottom. If they have it they add a little salt; then cover the pot with a flat stone, and leave it all day. They then steam the locusts, not boil them, and afterwards dry them in the sun. The Basutos pound them in a mortar with their mealies, to give the corn a meaty flavour, and they are thought to be very nutritious. They value the locusts as food more when they are about to lay, as they are then full of soft eggs.

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A novel way of destroying locusts has been tried and found very successful at Caseros. A stick of about a metre in length is placed near to where a manga of locusts may have settled for the night, and on the stick is placed a torch or reflecting lamp with a strong light; round about the stick dry weeds or thistles are piled up in such a manner that the locusts on the way from their resting place to the lamp would get mixed up in them. The locusts are then roused up with sticks, whips, or other weapons, and they immediately make for the amp. As soon as the hay or thistles are thickly covered with the insects they are set on fire and are quickly burnt up.

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In this manner it has been found that immense quantities of locusts can be destroyed in a very short time. The insects cover the hay or other dry rubbish which may be used in masses, and are thus totally destroyed whilst their companions are quietly awaiting their fate behind until a fresh lot of burning material can be placed round the lamp. For simplicity and effectiveness, this system of destroying locusts which may have settled in a garden or patch of maize, will be found better and less costly than any of the many others which are now being employed with more or less success.

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The inability to procure "novillos" of sufficient quality in sufficiently good condition seems to be general with all saladeros and tinned meat factories in the Banda Oriental, and there is little fear of our neighbours cutting us out in the meat trade with either Brazil or Europe, as it will take them many years to produce cattle to compete with those bred in Argentina.

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It appears that three colonists of influence have arranged with the Government of Santa Fé to collect the tax on cereals. As a contemporary truly remarks, the conditions under which they have undertaken the work must be pretty profitable to induce men to risk the odium inseparable from the collection of such an unpopular tax. Already they have been expelled from all the clubs and associations, such as the Centro Político Extranjero, and the Tiro Suizo, and Public opinion in the Swiss and German colonies is reported to be exasperated against them, they belonging to these nationalities.

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According to the returns, the Bahia Blanca Customhouse gave last year \$390,000 m/n, which is an increase over last year of \$106,000. The value of produce exported during the year amounted to \$3,328,000 gold. Bahia Blanca, as a port, with the Southern camps being opened up more and more every day, is bound to be-

come more important, but the Municipality, with stupid taxes such as the one we have mentioned above, are evidently trying their best to prevent its doing so.

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A cabby of Las Tunas, Santa Fé, deserves recognition for the following: A Sr. A. Lambelet, an employee of Messrs. Leon Antony and Co., went by train to Las Tunas, and on arriving there took a coach, telling the driver to go to the hotel. After spending a few minutes there he directed the cabby to drive him to certain chacaras, where he wished to collect the tax on cereals, but the driver, on learning the business of his fare, refused to take him for any money whatever, saying that he did not wish to take part, however indirectly, in the collection of so unjust a tax. Thereupon the tax-collector then sought the Juez de Paz, but the cochoero remained inflexible, and refused to drive Sr. Lambelet anywhere, much to the latter's chagrin and discomfiture.

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This only shows in what light the imposition of the tax is regarded in the camp even by the very cabmen, and how everyone looks upon it as wholly unjust and does his best to prevent its collection from the colonists, who surely have enough to contend against in the way of locusts, droughts, storms, and other things, without the Government imposing a tax of such an unfair nature on the result of their hard toil.

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Up to the 14th of this month the saladeros of Montevideo have slaughtered 104,576 head against a total of 64,313 head for a corresponding period of last year. This represents an increase of 40,263 head in favour of this year. Comparing the slaughter in the various saladeros for the past three years the following table shows the working of this season will be well over the average:

	1893	1892	1891	1890
Buenos Aires	57,000	133,400	95,800	99,200
The Rivers of Argentina and Uruguay	39,700	33,900	39,500	58,500
Montevideo	104,600	66,600	32,200	84,300
Rio Grande	42,000	70,000	24,000	25,000
	243,300	303,900	191,500	267,000

The greater part of the meat killed is for preserving, the proportion of meat preserved to that used for extract being this year forty to one, though in former years it was only from six to one to ten to one, probably owing to the increase this season in the trade with Rio de Janeiro in "carne tasado."

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The 57,000 head killed in the Buenos Aires saladeros are distributed as follows:

Lazaro Repetto	10,000
Fernandez	9,500
S. Rocca and Co.	22,000
S. B. Repetto and Co.	10,000
Tuyú	3,500
Dolores	2,000
	57,000

In Uruguay, the following establishments have contributed to the total of 30,200:

Mercedes	7,000
Fray Bentos	5,000
Arroyo Negro	5,000
Casa Blanca	300
Nuevo Paysandu	6,500
Guaviyu	6,400
	30,200

AMATEUR OR PROFESSIONAL ?

We find the following notes in the "Montevideo Times" and cannot allow them to pass unnoticed:

An enterprising showman had arranged an interesting international tug-of-war in which some six or seven teams were to have taken part, but the competition has been spoilt by an announcement from the Amateur Athletic Association to the effect that any athletes taking part would hereafter be considered professionals and prohibited from taking part in meetings under the auspices of the A. A. A. The reason for this is that money prizes were offered. We cannot but think the prohibition strained in the extreme, although we know it is in accordance with the rules of the A. A. A. at home. To class an athlete as a professional because he has competed for money or received a money prize is a classification that will not hold ground for a moment, and we wonder it has been so long allowed to maintain. In the River Plate, at all events, there is not the least necessity for enforcing such a rule, and the A. A. A. would do well to modify its application.

An athlete who receives 5l. instead of a cup for winning a competition, no more becomes a professional thereby than a barrister or a lawyer who receives 5l. for an occasional contribution to a magazine thereby becomes a professional author.

"Professional," according to all dictionaries, is "one who makes his living by an art which to others is pastime." The definition, therefore is entirely inapplicable in the manner in which the A. A. A. strive to use it. It would be a good thing if a few plucky amateurs were to take up the cudgels on this point and fight the A. A. A. for the putting down of so obstructive and strained an interpretation. Why, in the name of common sense,

should not an athlete be at liberty to receive a 5l. pun note for a performance instead of some entirely useless cup or trophy, if the giver of the prize so chose, without being thereby debarred from future competitions? We should like to see the question argued impartially—that is to say not from the committee point of view—in the columns of "Sport and Pastime."

We do not agree with our contemporary in any part of his argument whatever, and it will indeed be a bad day for athletics when no distinction at all is made between amateurs and professionals. Such a day, however, we are sure will never come, at any rate in English speaking countries; Englishmen as a rule are too good sportsmen to make it necessary to give a money prize before they can be enticed to compete in an athletic contest, and the 5l. pun note given for a performance, as our contemporary suggests, would not, we know, except in a few cases, be as acceptable as the "entirely useless" though generally much prized cup or trophy. Would it be fair to put men who gave up their whole time to athletics, and were continually in training and practice, against others who had to work all day in an office and could only practice for a short time in the early morning or evening. Even here, were money given as prizes for athletics, a man might make a profession of them, and what chance or what sport would there be for true amateurs competing against him. Supposing that there were no difference between the gentleman rider and the professional jockey, half the pleasure in racing and riding would surely be done away with, and the same may be said of athletics if amateurs and professionals were all classed alike.

Some men find almost as much pleasure in hunting a rat in a barn with terriers as they do in watching the Quorn work out a difficult line over the cream of Leicestershire, others take part in a race with every bit as much keenness whether it is for a tin medal or a fifty pound cup, and there are also men who prefer to keep a few steeplechasers they can ride themselves to a flat racer they can never get up on, though the former never wins more than a hundred pound plate and the latter can win them thousands. These men are sportsmen in every sense of the word, and are as different as chalk from cheese to those who go in for the same sport in apparently the same manner and with the same apparent keenness, but with a different object—the one of making money—and to draw no distinction between them except in theory will, we hope, never come to pass.

Even as the definition of the amateur now stands in England—and it is the same with the A. A. A. here—the Amateur Athletic Association is said to have to deal with a body of runners and athletes eighty per cent of whom would a few years ago have been figuring in the professional ranks. The athletic meetings at home have been gradually bringing out a class of runners who would "much rather compete for money prizes and make what they could out of their so-called amateurism instead of being compelled by the A. A. A. laws to run for prizes in kind, and, as a consequence, betting and roping have largely increased" during the past season. A less elastic definition therefore of the amateur than that which at present exists is more necessary than ever, and if the rules were not kept in the very strictest manner possible matters would be even worse than they are.

In matters of this sort the entrance of the thin end is, as a rule, followed presently by the whole wedge, and for this reason we think that the Amateur Athletic Association have done quite right in informing amateurs that should they take part in the show referred to at the beginning of this article, and pull for money, they would be classed as professionals, and the Association thereby fulfils one of the first duties for which it was originally started.

Our remarks of course apply to athletics generally, but the Columbia Skating Rink tug-of-war is of such exceptional character that it perhaps hardly comes under the heading of athletics, and rather than see his flag lowered by any other nation we do not see that any great harm would be done by an amateur forming one of a team provided that he did not receive his prize in coin in the event of winning. But this is only because so great an interest has been taken in the contest, and because we feel sure that in the case of many of the teams at any rate patriotism has been a greater incentive than the money prize in view.

We are very often amused with the exchange of (anything but) courtesy in the columns of at least three of our Buenos Aires contemporaries. Give us news gentlemen, and let these courtesies alone *per favor*.

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, JANUARY 18, 1893.

SPORTING NOTES

The match between the Quilmes A. C. and the Buenos Aires C. C. did not come off on Sunday last at Palermo, as owing to some hitch in getting up their team the Quilmes Club were unable to send an eleven. The captain of the Quilmes eleven, Mr Parry, I am sorry to hear is in hospital, and nobody having been appointed to take his place no team was chosen, so the match was allowed to fall through like so many others have done lately.

The Hurlingham v. London Bank cricket match at Hurlingham next Sunday promises to be a good one. Both elevens will be as strong as possible, the London Bank especially, I hear, will be a hard one to beat.

The cricket match on the 15th at Flores, between the Home Club and the Buenos Aires and Rosario Railway Club, resulted in an easy win for the Flores A. C. by eighty-two runs. The home team went in first, and though their first few wickets fell rather rapidly the whole side were not disposed of until 128 had been scored. The B. A. and R. R. A. C. could only score 46, so were beaten as I have just stated. Mr J. C. Walshe bowled remarkably well for Flores, and it was owing to him that his side gained so easy a victory. People were rather surprised at the result of the match, as the railway team was a particularly good one. I give the result of the match here, as the scores have gone astray, and may not appear under their proper heading elsewhere.

Mr Buchanan Baird received a telegram on Wednesday last saying that Ormonde had arrived safely at Southampton. I hope he will soon become acclimatised, as the change from a hot summer here to the coldest of winter weather at home will no doubt be trying to Ormonde at first.

Can any one tell me where it is possible to get trout fishing here? I believe there is some to be had in Cordoba, but perhaps some of my readers who may have fished for trout and been successful will give their experiences.

The Rosario Rowing Club have fixed February 2nd as the date for their regatta. I should think that a month or two later or earlier would have contained a better date for such a fixture, though rowing is perhaps the most suitable, if not the only, sport or pastime for this cruelly hot weather.

A tennis match between Rosario Town and the Railways is, I hear, shortly to be played at Rosario.

The race meeting which should have been held at San Fernando last Sunday had unfortunately to be postponed on account of the state of the course, which had become very heavy after the rain of the week before. As the afternoon turned out very fine, although it rained a good deal in the morning, many people travelled to the course, and most of the horses were sent there, only to find the meeting off. The pro-

gramme for the 22nd will be found in another column.

Excitement ran high at the Skating Rink on Saturday evening, the first night of the international tug-of-war contest, when some obstinate fights took place. It was a splendid idea of the promoter, Mr Harris, to make the affair an international one, as he thereby secured a large and enthusiastic audience and teams who meant business and sticking to their posts as long as they possibly could. Doubtless the money prizes, which are big ones, went a long way in making the teams do all they knew to win, but each squad pulling under the flag of its nation, had quite as much if not more to do with the fine fights made by some of the more evenly matched teams.

After seeing the teams entered for the contest and the long fight that some of them made, I must say that an amateur athlete, if a man who did not earn his living by the sweat of his brow, would have been quite out of it, as the sailors and those accustomed to haul about ropes and tackle, even though they may weigh slightly less than some of the others, made much better teams and were much harder to beat than the men who looked like mechanics and artisans. Even if the A. A. A. rule which has been so black-guarded lately had not existed, I have no doubt the teams would have been just the same as they are now. No office man could have held on to the rope all he knew for an hour as some of these sailor giants and others show they were able to do.

The young gentleman who advertises in the "Prensa" as follows does not mince matters:

A young Frenchman, of thirty-four years of age, desires to marry a "señorita" or widow without children. No matter if she be eighty-five years' old, so long as she has some capital.

The stabling known as the Ecurie General Rivas, and the two horses Paysandu and Araza, were sold on Monday by auction on the premises in Belgrano. The stables, which comprise some nineteen boxes, and occupy a frontage of nearly sixty metres, were sold with the land on which they are built for \$13,500. The land alone cost the late proprietor \$24,000, and the stables \$35,000, or say \$50,000 in all, so they did not sell too well. Paysandu, by Thuringian Prince out of Mrs Skelton, fetched \$3000, and Araza, by Strathmore out of Heathbird, sold for \$11,000. Sr J. Correa buying them. Sr Augusto Muller, the original proprietor of the land, bought it back with the stables.

Both Athos and Sure have returned from Montevideo none the better for their gallop on the hard going at Maroñas. They are said to be very sore on their feet, if not actually lame.

Whether there are eight or eighty families at Mar del Plata I do not know or very much care, but one thing is certain and that is that there are a great many people nightly at the Tigre, where on Sundays and Thursdays the crowd of smart folk is tremendous, many more than there were last year during the summer months.

By the way, Mar del Plata is well on its way to become a second Monte Carlo. It already has its Casino where gambling goes on almost as briskly as in the gay little principality, and the Pigeon Club, which was, I hear, inaugurated on Saturday the 14th, is to hold a shoot on a grand scale at the end of the month, with various valuable prizes, so that the pigeon shooting matches shall form one of the principal attractions of the place. The prizes will be given by the Casino, and the hotels, and various other concerns interested in attracting people to Mar del Plata.

This season's two-year-olds are said to be anything but a sound lot, and many are already lame before they have seen the racecourse. When the way most of them are broken this is little to be wondered at, as it has been no uncommon sight during the last few months to see a few youngsters being pounded up and down the Palermo road as part of their education, and considering that the going is always as hard as iron, no wonder few have stood the strain on their legs.

It would make some of our trainers at home stare to see a valuable two-year-old bound tight

with the marvellous arrangement called a "redo," with a broad cinch, mounted by a brute of a boy armed with a short "rebenque," which he uses to steer the frightened colt by banging him with it on the eye opposite to the side to which he is asked to go, and with a piece of raw hide tied round his jaw in place of bit. Until the Argentine trainer understands the difference between criollos and thoroughbreds I have no doubt that there will always be the same complaint as to the young ones going lame before the season has commenced.

An English contemporary the "Referee" is always very down on the Argentine Jockey Club, I do not wish to say whether rightly or wrongly, but simply insert two cuttings from "Sporting Notions" one from an issue of about a year ago, and the second from the one of December 19th last; so that my readers can judge themselves. Speaking of the members of the Jockey Club, and one really good thing in the way of a race they had arranged at a certain meeting I fancy I remember, our contemporary says:

To avoid undue risks they set their selected race last on the programme, and made it a good last, too, by interpolating a couple of fancy events so as to be sure darkness would fall long ere their item came on. Taken all round it was a sweet little go. In the first place I should tell you that the machines cease operations ten minutes before the time fixed for starting each race. Just at the closing moment an extra runner was telegraphed. Trusty agents bunged in tickets for this newly-advertised competitor, and held possession so that no one else might go on it before the accounts were shut down. The animal who was to be made to win was, I may mention on a matter of detail, weighed out 21lb, short by the clerk of the scales (a pal), was given a hundred yards to go with by the starter (a pal), and was in the most unfriendly manner fairly beaten, a mistake promptly remedied by the judge (a pal—all Jockey Club pals, you know), who placed the one he and co. went for where they wanted it—and that was first. So they scooped the pools.

The above was of course written by poor 'Pendragon' but the following is by another hand:—

One cannot but smile in reading about that turf paradise, Buenos Aires. The Argentine Jockey Club members are written up as such nice, pure, straight, honourable sportsmen. As a matter of truth they are well enough in their way, but their way is neither more nor less than long-firm plundering, with the possible judge and jury and police prosecutors all in it. They do their own starting, weighing, judging, and in general what they can get most out of. A beautiful plan, because if you cannot, with a sympathetic clerk of the scales and a properly constituted starter, make sure of the right horse coming up, you ought to be. And if, with these little items to play up with, something does go wrong in the works and the right one fails to land, the judge is there to remedy such mistakes by putting up the required number. As for sportsmen in the sense of caring for animals, they have as much regard for the high-mettled racer as sealers for their quarry. Their game is "getting." They don't care a tinker's cuss how they do get it. But get it they will.

Of course the above is exaggerated, if not wholly untrue, but it only shows how necessary it is for the Jockey Club to employ proper paid officials to do the work now undertaken by amateurs and interested men. Until this is done the Argentine turf will always be looked upon doubtfully and with suspicion or ridicule by all European Turf or Jockey Clubs, who conduct their meetings in a proper manner and study the public's interest as well as their own.

The long expected rain which arrived last week has done immense good to cricket and polo grounds everywhere and the fixtures for the 21st. Most grounds were becoming if not had already become too hard for polo but are now in capital condition, and the pitch at Hurlingham for the London Bank match will be as nearly perfect as possible.

I read that Colonel Cody, who has expressed himself as anything but satisfied with the pecuniary result of his last visit to England has just hit upon a fresh scheme for obtaining a free advertisement, and this time one which is likely to be of some service to him. He has challenged a cowboy, an Indian, and a Mexican to a long-distance ride between New York and Chicago. This struggle, is to take place almost immediately, and will precede the big hunting expedition which Colonel Cody has organised to the Grand Canon of Colorado, and to which he has invited a number of English friends, about a dozen in all.

The German and Austrian officers who lately rode from Berlin to Vienna or *vice versa* must for ever take a back seat and in future consider their performance but a very ordinary one. A long distance ride between Quilmes and La Plata, was successfully undertaken by three gentlemen—Non professional, J. A. H.'s particular friend, and One of the Three—on Sunday, the 8th. These three horsemen left Quilmes in the morning, reached La Plata safely, spent four hours there, and eventually, on the same day and on the same horses, arrived back in Quilmes, after seven and a half hours actual riding, "better, both mentally and physically, of the day's outing," and with their "horses showing no signs of fatigue whatever." Since this remarkable long distance ride was accomplished a whole column of our leading English daily paper has been occupied by letters giving various ideas as to the actual distance traversed, which ranges from twenty-three miles each way or forty-six miles in all, to twenty-leagues or a hundred and thirty-two miles in all. It seems to be the general opinion that the Argentine exhibits at the Chicago Exhibition will not be sufficiently representative of the country, so why not show specimens there of the Argentine horse, whose wonderful powers of endurance are known over the whole world, in the shape of the three animals who carried Non Professional, J. A. H.'s particular friend, and One of the Three, from Quilmes to La Plata and back on the same day, a distance of some fifty miles, with only a short rest of some four hours half way.

BOOTS.

CRICKET

FIXTURES.

JANUARY

Sun. 22, Flores A.C. v. Western Ry. C.C., at Flores.
 Sun. 22, London Bank v. Hurlingham, at Hurlingham.
 Sun. 22, Quilmes v. B. A. and R. Ry., at Quilmes.
 Sun. 29, Hurlingham v. Quilmes, at Hurlingham.
 Sun. 29, Lomas v. Lanus, at Lanus.
 Sun. 29, London Bank v. B. A. and R. Ry., at Belgrano.

FEBRUARY

Thurs. 2, London Bank v. Lomas, at Lomas.
 Sun. 5, B. A. C. C. v. Lomas, at Lomas.
 Sun. 5, Western Ry. v. Hurlingham, at Hurlingham.
 Sun. 5, Lanus v. B. A. and R. Ry., at Belgrano.
 Sun. 8, Quilmes A.C. v. Flores A.C., at Quilmes.
 Sun. 12, Lanus v. Western Railway, at Tolosa.
 Sun. 12, B. A. and R. Ry. v. Lomas A.C., at Belgrano.
 Mon. 13, Tues. 14 (Carnival), B. A. C. C. v. Montevideo at Montevideo.
 Mon. 13, Tues. 14 (Carnival), Lomas v. Rosario, at Lomas.
 Sun. 19, Lanus A.C. v. Flores A.C., at Flores.
 Sun. 19, B. A. C. C. v. London Bank, at Palermo.
 Sun. 26, Lomas A.C. v. Flores A. C., at Flores.
 Sun. 26, London Bank v. Quilmes, at Hurlingham.

MARCH

Sun. 5, Lomas v. Western Ry., at Lomas.
 Sun. 5, B. A. C. C. v. Hurlingham, at Palermo.
 Sun. 12, Flores A.C. v. London Bank C.C., at Flores.
 Sun. 12, Hurlingham v. B. A. and R. Ry., at Hurlingham.
 Sun. 12, B. A. C. C. v. Western Ry., at Tolosa.
 Sun. 12, Lomas v. Quilmes, at Lomas.
 Sun. 19, Lanus A.C. v. Flores A.C., at Lanus.
 Sun. 19, Lomas v. Hurlingham, at Lomas.
 Sat. 25, Sun. 26, Lanus v. Lomas, at Lomas.
 Sat. 25, Sun. 26, B. A. C. C. v. Rosario, at Palermo.
 Thurs. 30, Fri. 31, Sat. April 1 (Holy Week), B. A. C. C. v. Montevideo, at Palermo.
 Thurs. 30, Fri. 31, Sat. April 1, Lomas v. Rosario at Rosario.

B. A. AND ROSARIO RY. A. C. v. WESTERN RY.

We have received the following letter for publication from the Hon. Sec. of the Western Railway C.C.:
 I have read your correspondent's complaints against the Buenos Aires Western Railway C.C. for their not putting in an appearance at Belgrano on Sunday the 8th inst. I need only say that a letter was sent to the address given by the secretary of the Buenos Aires Rosario Railway Athletic Club on the 5th day of January, with the following:

"As some of our members have delayed in writing to say if they can play on Saturday next, I shall feel glad if you will excuse me now accepting the time you name. Without fail I will wire you on Friday."

When the telegram was handed to the official at the post-office on Friday in Tolosa he refused to send it according to address given by the secretary of the Buenos Aires Rosario Railway Athletic Club. Not knowing the address I looked in the "Gua," and then sent the telegram, which he ought to have received on Friday. Besides this, an explanation was sent early in the week. I beg to add that when we failed on the 8th inst. (for the first time since our club was established) to play off a fixture, several of our members were playing for other clubs, and the efforts of the captain and myself to get together a team were unsuccessful. If a member says he cannot play you cannot make him play.

Mr Editor, I have read in your valuable paper of last week's issue of several clubs who have failed to meet their

engagements, and I hope these remarks from you will have good effect in reducing the scratching of fixtures to a minimum. I may also add that our club (Buenos Aires Western Railway C.C.) have been disappointed no less than three times this season.—Yours, etc.,
 F. T. PARKES,
 Hon. Sec. and Treas.

P.S.—I send you heading of the secretary's letters for you to see that the address is not the thing, and also receipt for telegram.

LANUS C.C. v. LAS FLORES C.C.

This match was played at Olavarria, F.C.S., on Friday, January 6, and, after a very enjoyable game, resulted in a win for Lanus by 7 wickets. A sleeping-coach had been kindly provided by Mr. Loveday, the traffic superintendent of the Southern Railway, and the journey both going and returning, was made very comfortably. Play started at 9 a.m. and with half an hour's interval for lunch, lasted till 4.15 p.m.

Lanus made a very good start. Smith and Barker putting on 44 runs for the first wicket; the next two wickets only added 9 runs, but on Brayshaw joining Barker another stand was made, and 37 were added to the score. Brooking, who made 24 by very good cricket, was unlucky in losing his wicket just after the last man came in.

On Las Flores going in, a fairly good beginning was made by Ferguson and Hawkins, who made 14 and 24 respectively, but no one else did anything, and the total only reached 57, entailing a follow on. This time Flores did much better, and put together the respectable total of 107, towards which Ferguson contributed 19, Martin 40, and Caldwell 12. It looked at one time as if a much bigger score would be made, but when Brooking was put on to bowl he carried all before him, getting 5 wickets for 12 runs. If this player does not make a big name for himself we shall be very much surprised, as he shapes surprisingly well considering the absence of anything like a coach in the club to which he belongs. Lanus were set 36 runs to get, and these they obtained for the loss of three wickets.

After the match the two teams dined together, and so brought a very enjoyable day to a close.

Scores:

	Las Flores	1st inn	2nd inn
W. P. Ferguson, b Howe	14	b Howe	19
C. Hawkins, b Howe	24	c Barker, b Brooking	7
M. McGaw, c Howe, b Brayshaw	1	c Duncan, b Brayshaw	8
J. Buchanan, c Smith, b Brayshaw	2	b Brooking	0
A. E. Martin, c Howe, b Brayshaw	3	b Brooking	40
T. Williams, b Howe	1	b Brooking	0
W. R. Greig, b Brayshaw	1	b Howe	6
S. E. Caldwell, b Howe	1	b Barker	12
A. H. Tanner, b Howe	2	not out	8
W. McGaw, c Sub, b Brayshaw	3	b Brooking	0
J. F. Moore, not out	3	c Brooking, b Barker	0
Extras	3	Extras	7
Total	57	Total	107

BOWLING ANALYSIS
 Las Flores—Innings

	O	M	R	W
F. Howe	10	0	30	6
J. Brayshaw	10	—	24	4
Second Innings				
J. Brayshaw	4	0	20	1
T. Howe	9	1	32	2
R. Brooking	6	0	12	5
T. Bridge	2	0	18	0
J. A. Smith	3	0	12	0
F. A. Barker	3	0	6	2

Lanus 1st inn 2nd inn

J. A. Smith, b Williams	24	not out	7
F. A. Baker, st Ferguson, b Caldwell	45	c Williams, b Caldwell	9
D. Duncan, b Martin	4	b Williams	4
F. W. Fothergill, c Williams, b Martin	0	b Caldwell	2
J. Brayshaw, b Caldwell	23		
T. Bridge, b Caldwell	3	not out	7
R. Brooking, c Martin, b Caldwell	21		
T. Howe, c Hawkins, b M. McGaw	1		
A. Perkin, c Caldwell, b Williams	1		
J. Bridge, b Williams	0	run out	1
Sub, not out	0		
Extras	4	Extras	6
Total	129	Total	36

BOWLING ANALYSIS
 Lanus—First Innings

	O	M	R	W
T. Williams	14	0	36	3
A. E. Martin	16	2	55	2
E. Caldwell	7	1	15	4
W. R. Greig	3	0	12	0
M. McGaw	3	0	7	1

Second Innings

T. Williams	4.3	0	17	1
E. C. Caldwell	4	0	19	2

LAWN TENNIS

ROSARIO ATHLETIC CLUB LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT

The following are the results of a Lawn Tennis Tournament held in connection with the Rosario A. C. at Rosario, and just concluded. We may mention that the prizes for the Ladies Doubles and Ladies Singles were kindly given by Mr C. Jewell and Mr J. J. C. Daniel respectively, the other prizes having been purchased with the entrance fees:—

LADIES DOUBLES

First Round—
 Miss Gay and Miss M. Colson (+15) bye.
 Miss M. C. Francis and Miss E. Talbot (—½ 15) beat Mrs Daniel and Miss Baines (—15) w.o.
 Miss C. E. Francis and Miss A. Glover (scratch) beat Miss Knight and Miss W. Knight (scratch) w.o.
 Miss C. Colson and Miss M. Colson (+15) bye.

Second Round—
 Miss M. C. Francis and Miss E. Talbot beat Miss Gay and Miss M. Colson.
 Miss E. C. Francis and Miss A. Glover beat Miss C. Colson and Miss L. Colson.

Final Round—
 Miss M. C. Francis and Miss E. Talbot beat Miss E. C. Francis and Miss A. Glover.

LADIES SINGLES

First Round—
 Miss E. Talbot (+½ 15) bye.
 Miss E. C. Francis (—30) beat Miss L. Colson (+½ 30).
 Miss M. Colson (+15) beat Miss C. Colson (scratch).
 Miss M. C. Francis (—½ 15) beat Mrs Daniel (—30) w.o.

Second Round—
 Miss E. C. Francis beat Miss E. Talbot.
 Miss M. C. Francis beat Miss M. Colson.

Final Round—
 Miss M. C. Francis beat Miss E. C. Francis.

MIXED DOUBLES

First Round—
 Miss M. Colson and C. Davis (+½ 15) bye.
 Miss C. Francis and R. Matthews (—15) beat Miss A. Glover and F. Francis (scratch).
 Miss C. Colson and J. Beaumont (—15) beat Miss E. Glover and A. W. Towse (+15).
 Mrs Daniel and J. J. C. Daniel (—½ 40) beat Mrs Baines and H. Dale (—½ 15).

Second Round—
 Miss M. C. Francis and R. Matthews beat Miss M. Colson and C. Davis.
 Miss C. Colson and J. Beaumont beat Mrs Daniel and J. J. C. Daniel.

Final Round—
 Miss M. C. Francis and R. Matthews beat Miss C. Colson and J. Beaumont.

GENTLEMEN'S SINGLES

First Round—
 F. Ward (+½ 15) R. MacLaren (+15) J. Niel (—½ 30)
 F. Boardman (+15) bye.
 C. Jewell (+½ 15) J. Beaumont (—15) J. S. Sheehan (—½ 30) R. Matthews (—½ 15) bye.
 T. E. Eggington (+15) J. M. Ellery (—½ 15) H. Evans (+15) H. H. Spicer (—15) bye.
 F. Francis (—½ 30) beat C. Davis (+½ 15).
 A. H. Clarke (—15) beat W. Robinson (+½ 15) w.o.
 A. W. Towse (—½ 15) beat F. Fitzgerald (+15).
 H. A. Dale (—½ 30) beat L. Gross (+15).

Second Round—
 F. Ward beat J. MacLaren.
 J. Niel beat F. Boardman.
 J. Beaumont beat C. Jewell.
 R. Matthews beat J. S. Sheehan.
 T. E. Eggington beat J. M. Ellery.
 H. Evans beat H. H. Spicer.
 F. Francis beat A. H. Clarke.
 A. W. Towse beat H. A. Dale.

Third Round—
 J. Neil beat F. Ward.
 J. Beaumont beat R. Matthews.
 H. Evans beat T. E. Eggington.
 F. Francis beat A. W. Towse.

Fourth Round—
 J. Neil beat J. Beaumont.
 F. Francis beat H. Evans.

Final Round
 F. Francis beat J. Niel.

GENTLEMEN'S DOUBLES

First Round—
 C. Jewell and C. Davis (+½ 15) H. Rattray and J. J. C. Daniel (—½ 40) F. Boardman and T. E. Eggington (+15) bye.
 J. Beaumont and F. Francis (+15) F. Ward and J. Niel (scratch) R. MacLaren and J. M. Ellery (+15) bye.

H. Spicer and H. Evans (+½ 15) beat R. Matthews and L. Gross (+½ 15).
 H. Dale and A. H. Clarke (—½ 30) beat A. W. Towse and C. Dixon (+½ 30).

Second Round—
 C. Jewell and C. Davis beat H. Rattray and J. J. C. Daniel w.o.
 J. Beaumont and F. Francis beat F. Boardman and T. E. Eggington.
 J. Ward and J. Niel beat R. MacLaren and J. M. Ellery.
 H. Dale and A. H. Clarke beat H. Evans and H. H. Spicer.

Third Round—
J. Beaumont and F. Francis beat C. Jewell and C. Davis.
F. Ward and J. Niel beat H. Dale and A. H. Clarke.
Final Round—
J. Beaumont and F. Francis beat F. Ward and J. Niel.

The International Tug of War.

The Columbia Skating Rink, enormous building as it is, was well filled on Saturday evening last when some of the first ties of the tug of war competition were decided. It will perhaps be difficult to make those not present believe the immense amount of excitement exhibited by the audience which appeared to comprise almost every nationality under the sun. The "tugs" took place on a stage erected at one end of the hall about five feet or so above the floor, and on this stage were nailed fillets of wood about one inch and a half thick by two inches wide, the top edge on the side on which the men got their grip being levelled off so as not to present a too safe hold. In the centre of the stage was a grip for holding the ropes until the pistol fired to commence operations when it was loosed in a second. This arrangement for starting the tugs did not seem to us altogether fair as when the rope was first set free the heavier team always had a slight advantage until the two settled down to their work, the contest, owing to the grip afforded to the men by the strips of wood, being one almost entirely of strength, weight not telling nearly so much as in an ordinary tug-of-war on turf.

On Saturday evening a committee of several well-known gentlemen acted as judges and time-keepers to everyone's satisfaction. The conditions of the contest were as follows:

Each team to consist of ten men, with a substitute and a captain.

Every man who competes must belong to the nationality which his team represents.

The teams are drawn against each other by lot for the first round, the odd and even numbers competing against each other in the order in which they are drawn.

When each team has pulled once, they continue pulling against another which they have not met before.

A team which loses four times will be considered out of the contest.

If there remain in the contest teams with uneven numbers—as 5, 7, or 9—the committee will arrange in what manner the "tugs" will be decided so that the number of pulls will be equal.

The teams left in pull against each other for the first, second, third and fourth prizes.

The length of the pull will be six feet.

Any kind of boot might be worn but without nails.

The rope is of four inches circumference.

The competitors can use any resin or other matter to enable them to get a good grip.

The rope is to be held in the centre until the judge give the signal for the pull to commence no one except the ten competitors may touch the rope.

In case of a tug lasting an hour without one side on the other holding any advantage the judge has the right of declaring it undecided, and the teams pull again at another time and against another team.

The captains of each team signed these and a few other conditions unnecessary to mention here.

The first prize is one of \$1200, the second \$600, the third \$400, and the fourth \$200—and in addition each of the winning teams will receive a gold medal.

The first teams to meet each other were those representing Italy and Sweden. The pull did not take long to decide, as the Italians proved much the better men.

The Prussians next pulled over the Belgians fairly easily, and made way for the Danes and Spaniards. The latter gave rather a good show, and it was some time before the Spaniards let themselves be beaten by the representatives of Denmark, who are a fine lot of men, and being sailors had ones to beat at the game.

The tug of the evening came next, not only because the English team figured in it but also because it was exciting from the first pistol fire to the last, when the Austrian team had to succumb to a good-looking band of ten Englishmen, all of whom hailed from the Port Works. When the British flag—the Union Jack—was hoisted at one end of the stage all the Englishmen present naturally became interested and keen, and the proceedings, which had hitherto been somewhat tame and slow became exciting in the extreme. The Austrians were a more level lot than the Englishmen, and, taking their man for man, much the stronger looking team; but then their opponents, neatly dressed in white flannels, looked bright and fit and ready to hold on for a week if necessary. When the rope was released, the

resulting shock caused the heavier Austrian team to jerk the Englishmen some three feet over the centre, but on settling down to their work it was at once apparent that they were not going to have it all their own way. And steadily, inch by inch, the knot was worked back, till finally it remained exactly over the centre. The Englishmen were lucky in having a captain of not only great strategic worth but also of great coolness, and it was owing to his keeping his team so well together, and taking advantage of every opportunity of looseness on the part of his opponents, together with the solidity of the end man of the team, who appeared as immovable as a rock, that the Englishmen were in the end successful. In contrast to the excited gesticulations of the Austrian captain, the Englishman kept quiet and made his team do the same until he saw the opportunity, when he gave the word to pull, and pull his men did till, as we have said, inch by inch they worked the knot towards the six foot mark, till finally, after over thirty-one minutes hard strain, the pistol fired and the band most appropriately played "Rule Britannia."

The next teams represented those old rivals France and Germany, and excitement ran high when they took up their positions on the stage. Neither teams were strong ones, the Germans especially not being at all what one would have expected a representative German team to have been. The Frenchmen got to work at once in most determined fashion, and in about three minutes they hauled the Germans gradually over the line. Frenchmen we have always well known to be excitable, but we never saw ten such excited Frenchmen as the winners of this pull. No 1 especially first stood on his head and waved his feet in the air, and some of his companions followed suit; he then jumped as high as he could several times, shouting all the time and waving his arms till, finally, thoroughly exhausted, he did the only thing left, and wept copious tears to the exhilarating strains of the "Marsaillaise."

The next team to mount the platform were the Irish and Finlanders. The former was like the English team, a none too level lot, and though the team contained one giant of herculean appearance, some of the others were not too strong looking. The Finlanders, on the contrary, were a very even lot, and all being sailors had their right muscles well developed, and made a very heavy team. When the pistol fired to commence, the knot remained well over the centre mark, and from the first it looked like being a very close match. First the captain of one team and then the captain of the other gave the word to pull, but that knot remained literally without budging an inch, so it soon became apparent that the team which could hold out longest would win, as both seemed perfectly evenly matched. First one side then the other might succeed in working the knot an inch or two one way or the other, but when half an hour had gone by without any decided advantage gained on either side, there seemed little chance of the match being decided. Three-quarters of an hour passed and found the teams still hauling at each other with the knot only an inch or so over the centre on the Irishmen's side, but in the last few minutes the Finlanders seemed to be giving, as little by little they let slip the rope, but so very little at a time that when the judges declared the hour up the Irishmen only claimed some eight inches the best of the pull, and it therefore was left undecided. We may mention that the Irish team first had a green flag, with the Union Jack, the corner, hauled over them, but the men refused to pull under it, so it was hauled down, and the team, much to the disapproval of the audience, pulled under no flag at all.

It was now past twelve o'clock, so the contest did not continue further that evening.

The interest in the tug-of-war contest naturally flagged considerably after the first night, and though some of the pulls were exciting it was difficult to be very enthusiastic. On Sunday the first teams to meet were the West Indian blacks and the Norwegians. The latter were not long in pulling their opponents over, contrary to expectations. The Italians next speedily pulled over the Prussians, and the Danes were only a short time disposing of the Irishmen. The Finlanders and the French were the next to appear, and in spite of their very easy victory over the Germans on the evening before the Frenchmen had to haul down their colours to the sailors. It took a long time to decide the tug between the Spaniards and Swedes, but the latter eventually won amidst some enthusiasm on the part of the audience. This last closed the contest for the evening.

On Monday night the Austrians and Dutch first opposed each other, and their meeting proved as tough a fight as that between the Irishmen and the Finlanders. Although the Austrians succeeded in pulling their opponents a considerable distance over the centre they could not decide the tug, and so it was left drawn after the teams had been hauling at each other for a whole hour. The Englishmen and Finlanders next tried conclusions, and we must confess we expected the former to win, as they appeared a better team than the Irishmen who drew with the Finlanders on Saturday. To our surprise however they did not last long, were hauled over in a few minutes, and declared defeated. The Belgians and Germans next occupied the stage, and getting to work quicker than in their pull with the French the Germans, after a few minutes' steady pulling together succeeded in beating their opponents. The Italians are undoubtedly one of the best teams competing, and the Norwegians also should be well in at the finish, so when these two nationalities came on the platform there was some excitement. The Northerners were the first to get to work and nearly succeeded in getting their opponents off their legs at the start, but the Italians got together quickly and both teams were soon at work. The Norwegians however soon showed themselves to have the best of the fight, and always keeping the advantage they gained at first, and gradually improving it, they eventually won amidst the hearty cheers of the audience.

The light French team had little chance against the sturdy Prussians, and were soon hauled over the mark.

Immediately after the tug it was apparent that some objection was being made by someone about something, as both teams began excitedly gesticulating and engaging in a wordy contest which threatened to become serious, till it was understood that the Frenchmen affirmed that their opponents had had eleven instead of ten men on the rope. The judge accordingly ordered the pull over again, and the teams took up their places a second time. The result was the same as at first, and though the tug lasted longer, the Prussians won somewhat easily to the delight of their friends. This proved the last contest of the evening, as the pull between the West Indians and Spaniards had to be postponed on account of the delay caused by the above incident.

The tournament, or whatever it can be called, was continued last night, and the finals at present appear some distance off. They may take place some time next week, or perhaps earlier.

WALKING

We have received the following letter, out of which we have cut the most frivolous portions, and hope that others will give us their opinions on the subject as a guidance to the A.A.A. at future Championship meetings:—

Buenos Aires, January 16.

To the Editor *River Plate Sport and Pastime*.

Dear Sir,—

It seems to me a curious thing which the different Athletic Clubs in their annual athletic sports should overlook the Walking Race, a race of all others, the most important.

Walking is a thing we do every day of our lives, and yet no encouragement whatever is given to a man who can walk quickly.

Now a man may not be a very fast runner, at least not good enough to get a "standard medal," or even a "place" in the sports, yet he may be able to astonish the native by his walking! Why not therefore pat him on the back, and give him a bit of encouragement?

Were a Walking Race instituted once or twice a year—say for a mile or two miles—I feel sure that it would be successful as an amusement to the onlookers, for the various actions in walking are a treat to behold!

We had a walking race in Rosario some six or seven years ago, and although in the race myself, I almost split myself from suppressed laughter at the different modes of propulsion.

The reason of the Committee, I believe, for suppressing the Walking Races, is that they (the Committees) do not deem themselves competent of judging, not knowing the difference between running and walking. But surely this cannot be very difficult?

I should be glad to have the opinion of others on this proposal of mine and have the subject discussed pro and con.

Englishmen, as a rule, do not walk well (in my humble opinion), that is to say, do not walk gracefully and with ease, though they are great walkers as regards distance and speed.—Yours truly,

SEVEN-LEAGUE-BOOTS.

Cañada de Gomez

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Jan. 15, 1893.

Next Sunday, the 22nd, as at present arranged, the first cricket match of the Cañada de Gomez contemplated revival will take place.

Cañada proposes to play Roldan town proper, that is those who habitually live there, and she will select her team from the following, with Forbes as captain: H. Hansen, A. Donkin, W. Hill, E. Wasey, A. Wasey, A. B. Dickson, F. Lydall, F. B. Hill, Thos. Greenwood, H. Girling, F. S. Robinson, Leard, Smythies, and F. Smythies, junr.

If Koldtn confines itself to Roldan a good game is expected, anyway the visitors, from wherever they come, will be warmly welcomed. It will be a great pity if anything should occur to stop this match, but Mr R. B. Rowbotham will, I feel sure, do his best to bring a team.

Polo on the following Sunday should be great, a sort of miniature tournament. Venado Tuerto, and Fisherton or Rosario have promised to come up. None too soon is polo revived here. Cañada ought not, every time they desire a game, to be compelled to travel afield, as the club has a ground on which to play such as the most scrupulous could not object to.

A purchase has just been made here of 1800 cows for invernada at \$16.00. The price seems rather high, but the cattle are of good class and young.

I hear that the camps on the Cordoba side are looking very well and that there is plenty of water in the arroyos. The Rio Segundo is very full.

Very little wheat is coming in. The station-master at Armstrong, Mr Geary, told me that he was despatching very little, but that the galpones around were full. Here I can neither see nor hear of anything moving.

C. W. W.

BUENOS AIRES FROM DAY TO DAY

It would appear that the old saying "Murder will out" is not unlikely to prove true in the case of the Rosales, as it is now stated that her position is known to certain persons, who offer to lead a search party to where she lies, one mile (not two hundred miles) from C. Polonio. It is to be hoped that the search party will be sent. In the meantime Rear Admiral Solier has resigned his office.

The oldest inhabitant was searching the recesses of his memory to call to mind a hotter day than Wednesday last. Speaking about heat, we should like to call our friend's attention to an article in the "Ninth Century," by Professor St. George Mivart, who writes as a good Catholic, and says clearly that according to Catholic doctrine hell will be a place of great happiness. This changes all our orthodox ideas, and we do hope some of our orthodox clergymen will ratify the Professor's views on the subject.

What is the exact distance from Quilmes to La Plata by road? This burning question has caused a great waste of paper and ink this last week. Let the Chili Boundary Commission work it out and have done with it.

The yellow fever scare is beginning early this year, and the lying abut on the real cause of death of passengers coming from Santos, &c., is phenomenal. The "Diario" of course always knows, or says it knows the full trick. Strange it does not always tell it!

An old womanish regulation of the powers that be is the withdrawal from the street of the milch cows. Perhaps the said powers think that the quality of the milk will be improved by keeping the cows tied up in the tambos?

The Corrientes revolution appears to have been stifled. Let us now see what the National Government mean? whether to continue the old system there or to guarantee freedom.

Freedom of election in the province of Buenos Aires is being secured for Government partisans only by a liberal distribution of Remingtons and ammunition throughout the province. These are deposited at the different police stations and the residences of the principal Government supporters. Now who will say this is not a free country. Those in favour of the Government are free to vote, those against the Government are free to stay at home. What greater freedom can be desired than this?

On the 19th inst. the faithful will go on a pilgrimage to the Vatican. According to the "Standard," which ought to know, this is the first Argentine pilgrimage to Rome, and the Pope has promised the honour of a private audience to the pilgrims.

On Friday the remains of Dr. Manuel Garcia, ex-minister and plenipotentiary in Austria of this republic, and which were brought here in the "25 de Mayo," were buried in the Northern Cemetery, having been "velado" on board the vessel on Thursday.

"The Bishop's hand were laid on some five and twenty persons who were equally divided between the two sexes," *vide Daily Paper*. We should like to see the odd man-woman or boy-girl who enabled this equal division to take place.

If the telegrams from Corrientes be true the name of Juan Molina an officer in the forces of Diaz one of the National Government representatives in that province should be execrated as that of a worse than fiend incarnate. He is said to have forced the daughters of one of the revolutionists to undress and in that state to serve mate to himself and others. After the cowardly assault by Diaz himself on the unresisting troops of the revolutionists we can believe anything of his followers and therefore add our quota of

horror and indignation at the conduct of the Government emissaries who under pretence of purifying a province are committing unheard of atrocities.

Dr. Bermejo having refused to accept the post of Home Secretary except on condition of decreeing intervention in Corrientes on the same lines as in Santiago the President has been for some days looking for a Ministro del Interior, but so far without success. His policy or rather want of policy seems to render it difficult to fill the office.

An extraordinary piece of bad taste, bad management and childishness on the part of the government is the decree published in Tuesday's papers dismissing Dr. Ferreyra, a Correntino, from his office of sub-inspector de Colegios, etc., for having signed a manifesto prepared by the Correntinos resident in Buenos Aires criticising the government's action. If all the government employees are to applaud and say amen to every action of the government under pain of dismissal it is as well to make the fact as notorious as possible.

The "Prensa's" account of the proceedings in London in the trial of Abdy v. Abdy in which the character of an Argentine lady was indicated, as referred to by us recently is a most amusing description of the procedure in an English Court of Justice. The proceedings are described as if specially arranged to give dramatic effect to the appearance of a veritable Señora in an English Court. We are pleased to find that the Señora referred to got out of her position so honourably, but we doubt not that the theatrical effects described in the "Prensa" existed only in the imagination of some enthusiastic compatriot.

How would an account of a trial in a Buenos Aires Court read in the "Times"?

May we ask who are or what is the Young Men's Christian Association and by what rights it lays down rules for "Christians"? We ask this because a few days ago we saw a letter in the "Standard" emanating from that body in which all "Christians" are called upon not to countenance sport on Sunday. As the Christian Church whether Anglican or Roman does not denounce rational recreation on the Lord's day and as our Lord himself did not, we venture to ask this Y. M. C. A. to define itself and to say "how" Sunday should be spent as by sport is understood in English circles such rational recreation as comes within the scope of our paper to deal with and we wish to point out the gross impertinence of a private organisation attempting to lay down rules of conduct which neither Christ nor His Church ever ventured to do.

The Hackney Stallion Danegelt 174.

The celebrated Hackney stallion Danegelt has just been purchased by Mr Walter Gilbey, of Elsenham Hall, Bishop Stortford, for 5,000 gs., from Mr George Bourdass, Hummanby, Yorks. Danegelt was bred by Mr Francis Rickell, of Warter, which is a charming, wellwatered valley in the Yorkshire Wolds, a few miles from Pocklington. The farm was also the birthplace of Bourdass' Denmark 177, Rickell's St. Giles 687, a few other good stallions, and a much larger number of grand mares, all true to the Hackney type in the days when, as yet, a Stud Book for the breed had only been proposed by a few individuals. Mr Rickell bred Danegelt in the year 1879 out of one his best-bred mares, a 15.1 hands chestnut, registered in Vol. II. of the Stud Book as 257 Nelly. Danegelt was produced by her when she was sixteen years old, and the only other of her get is a daughter, of hers, foaled in the following year, recorded as the dam of 1524 Fairy. The mare 257 Nelly, if the writer of this notice may judge from her daughter, Nelly II, which he saw in 1884, just before Mr W. Rickell retired from business, must have been a grand mare, with lots of bone and quality. Danegelt was sired by Denmark 177, whose dam was of an altogether different line of breeding from 257 Nelly. Denmark's fame is in all breeders' memory by reason of the doings of his progeny in the showyard. His extended pedigree, as set forth on page 64, Vol. IV., of the Stud Book is an interesting study in Hackney breeding, Lund's Merrylegs appearing thrice in the record, Ramsdale's Performer thrice, and Burgess's Fireaway thrice, without there being any close in-breeding. As will be seen by the pedigree, his sire was the famous Sir Charles, a great prize-winner, and a yet more grand sire of famous horses. Danegelt, on his dam's side, has a record to the fourth dam, with no dash of thoroughbred blood, save a remote one. The mare 257 Nelly had as sire Rickell's St. Giles 687. Her dam, Nellie, was a daughter of Napoleon 465. The third dam was sired by Hewson's Brown Shales 102, where the strong dash of Nor-

folk blood comes in; and the fourth dam by Ramsdale's Grey Shales 330, a son of performer 547. The lines of breeding are best shown by this table:—

DANEGELT 174.

257 Nelly		Denmark 177	
Nellie	St. Giles 687	2nd dam	Sir Charles 768
3rd dam	Priority Lass	3rd dam	Performer 500
4th dam	Napoleon 465	4th dam	Phenomenon 573 by Wiltshire 894
5th dam	Secret's Roan 147 by Shalkeope 698	5th dam	4th dam by Merrylegs 440
6th dam	Brown Shales 102 by Black Shales 81	6th dam	Merrylegs 419 by Performer 547
7th dam		7th dam	4th dam by Alford
		8th dam	Merrylegs 449
		9th dam	4th dam by Fireaway 208
		10th dam	Fireway 208 by Fireway 208
		11th dam	208 by All Fours
		12th dam	4th dam by Black Overton
		13th dam	Grey Wiltshire 894
		14th dam	4th dam by Wiltshire 894
		15th dam	A cryplegs 440

It will be seen that on the sire's side no Norfolk blood comes in after Burgess's Fireaway 208, whose dam was one of the half-bred mares then so much in vogue with, as sire, the famous thoroughbred Skyscraper. On the dam's side, Napoleon had a dash of Norfolk blood the sire of Shakespeare 698 being Bond's Norfolk Phenomenon 522. Hewson's Brown Shales 102 was a Lincolnshire-bred horse, who, when seventeen years old, was introduced into Yorkshire. His sire, Chadd's Black Shales, was a son of Marshland Shales 435, and a trotter all over, who left his impress on after generations by Powell's Black Shales. It is thus seen that Danegelt is one of the best possible horses of the Yorkshire type, as both Norfolk Phenomenon and Hewson's Brown Shales were so freely used in Yorkshire that they may be reckoned as as much Yorkshire as East Anglian.

Danegelt began his brief show career as a four-year-old at the Royal Agricultural Shows in York, followed up by a win at Manchester, and subsequently two wins at district Yorkshire displays. As a five-year-old, Danegelt made his only appearance at a London Show, and was then placed fourth, Lord Derby II, being first in the class. The report of the show sent out by the Society described him as "one of the most promising Hackney sires in the kingdom, for he moves like clockwork, has faultless shoulders, and plenty of bone, good short legs of the right shape, and tremendous power behind." Since this public appearance, Danegelt has done good service at the stud. In Vols. III, IV., and V., there are recorded twenty-five of his get, the most famous of which are Matchless of Londesborough, 1,517 and Copenhagen 1,461, which have made a great name in America. Among the get of Danegelt in Vol. VI., we have Ganymede 2,076—well known already in the showyard, and probably to be yet better placed. Of the twenty-three named in Vol. VII., the best known is the winning Saxon 2,674. In Vol. VIII. the list is much more extended, and in Vol. IX. his record extends to seventy-six, of which more than one has entered on a winning career in America.—*Live Stock Journal*.

THE TROTTING RECORD

The following is a list of horses that have trotted in America a mile in 2 min 10 sec, or faster, to November, 1892:—Nancy Hanks, 2 min 4 sec (best on record); Martha Wilkes, 2 min 8 sec; Stamboul, 2 min 8 sec (stallion record); Kremlin, 2 min 8 1/2 sec; Sunol, 2 min 8 1/4 sec; Maul S., 2 min 8 3/4 sec; Palo Alto, 2 min 8 3/4 sec; Belle Vara, 2 min 8 3/4 sec (race record); Allerton, 2 min 9 1/4 sec; Jay Eye See, 2 min 10 sec (gelding record); Nelson, 2 min 10 sec; Maquette, 2 min 10 sec; McKinney, 2 min 10 sec; Greenleaf, 2 min 10 sec. Horses that have paced a mile, in America, in 2 min 10 sec, or faster, to November, 1892:—Mascot, 2 min 4 sec (race record); Hall Pointer, 2 min 4 1/2 sec; Flying Jib, 2 min 5 1/2 sec; Direct, 2 min 6 sec (stallion record); Johnston, 2 min 6 1/2 sec; Jay Eye See, 2 min 6 1/2 sec; Gay, 2 min 6 3/4 sec; Atwood, 2 min 7 sec; Roy Wilkes, 2 min 7 1/2 sec; Blue Sign, 2 min 8 1/4 sec; Storm, 2 min 8 1/2 sec; Wisconsin King, 2 min 9 sec; Vinetti, 2 min 9 1/2 sec (mare record); Crawford, 2 min 9 1/2 sec; Manager, 2 min 9 3/4 sec; Robert J., 2 min 9 3/4 sec; Winslow Wilkes, 2 min 9 3/4 sec; Cricket, 2 min 10 sec; Major Wonder, 2 min 10 sec; Gumbrel, 2 min 10 sec.

TENNYSON'S LATEST POEM

Good news for literary men! The esteemed proprietor of "The English" may consider himself exceptionally fortunate in possessing the following hitherto unpublished lines, the original of which may be seen by anyone calling upon him at the Home of Comfort and Luxury, 594 Gargallo.

To sleep! To sleep! In comfort let it be—
Not with the chin crunched downwards to the knee,
To sleep! To sleep!

But with such ease of body and of mind
As warmth and sweet content can give, combined.
In sleep! In sleep!

One only place will furnish what you need!
The "English" goes to, of excellence indeed,
Will soothe the weary, from all troubles freed,
To sleep! To sleep!

WINNING STALLIONS IN 1892

Since we published our list of winning sires in October there is little change in their order. Earl Clifden, thanks to Sucre's winning five good races at the end of the season, is the only sire of those in the country which has altered his position on the list to any great extent. Phoenix is well at the top of the tree with nearly fifty races won by nineteen of his get; though his stable companion, Whipper-In, runs him close in amount won in prizes, these have been rich ones and collected by only seven horses in twenty-seven races. With considerably less than half the amount won by Whipper-In, third on the list comes Zanoni, with an equal number of races won by thirteen horses. Chivalrous and Star follow fourth and fifth, and Earl Clifden now comes sixth. A long gap separates the next lot, headed by Keir, and the list of the twenty-four Argentine horses closes with a few winners of small amounts only.

It is to be regretted that both Chivalrous and Earl Clifden, who hold such a good place on the list, and who have each sired some of our best racehorses, are now dead; their loss is a great one to the Argentine turf. Next year this list will hardly be recognisable, containing as it undoubtedly will such names as Gay Hermit, St. Mirim, Orbit, Gloriation, if not the great Ormonde itself—and several others.

The following list of stallions contain only those which have served in Argentina:

	No. of WINNERS	No. of RACES	TOTAL AMOUNT
Phoenix by Cymbal	19	49	\$129,000
Whipper-In by Hermit	7	27	100,000
Zanoni by Rosierucian	13	27	49,000
Chivalrous by Adventurer	8	19	44,250
Star by Hermit	9	19	40,950
Earl Clifden by Lord Clifden	5	14	21,300
Keir by Sterling	6	10	16,500
Garrard by King Lad	3	7	14,300
Fedor by Vertagadin	1	6	14,000
Pan by Satanstoe	3	6	14,000
Noe by Phoenix	4	6	11,200
Kings Hill by Kingcraft	1	6	11,000
Metronome by Consul	1	4	5,600
Jetsam by Speculum	1	2	5,500
Leonidas by Leolinus	1	4	4,900
King of Scotland by Scottish Chief	1	2	3,700
El Plata by Cathedral	2	2	3,700
El Amigo by Beadesert	2	2	3,600
Louis d'Or by Dollar	1	2	3,100
Mousetrap by Parmesan	1	2	2,800
Adriatic by Ben Battle	1	2	2,700
Prevention by The Palmer	1	2	2,350
Balaklava by Vanderdecken	1	1	2,000
Humphrey by Lacydes	1	1	1,300

As it will no doubt be found of interest we publish a list of stallions which have sired imported horses that have won races here. It will be seen that three is the largest number of winners any stallion has in the following list, and few are represented by more than that small number. Golondrina's successes have alone placed St. Honorat third on the list, and as both her dam and sire are now in the country, and having been foaled here, she should hardly rank as an imported horse. Zut owes his position at the head of the list almost entirely to Athos, his other representative, Zampa, having only won a couple of races worth some four thousand dollars. With Camors not fit to race almost all through the season Edward the Confessor holds a very different place to that of last year, when he headed this list. Finance has been the means of placing Beadesert second, and Paladin, through Amazon, comes fourth.

	No. of WINNERS	No. of RACES	TOTAL AMOUNT
Zut	2	10	\$55,500
Beadesert	2	9	24,100
St. Honorat	1	12	21,800
Paladin	1	7	21,681
Royal Hampton	1	8	14,900
Valour	2	8	14,550
Uncas	3	7	12,650
Barcardine	1	4	12,300
Robert the Devil	3	5	12,050
Plutus	2	3	11,300
Galliard	3	5	10,600
Peter	2	4	10,600
Sweetbread	1	7	10,450
Childerie	2	4	10,200
Edward the Confessor	3	5	10,200
Mourle	2	5	9,350
Trappist	1	4	7,900
Tristan	2	4	7,000
Retreat	1	3	6,500
Jolly Friar	1	2	6,500
Floristan	2	4	6,500
Muncaster	2	4	6,200
Valentin	1	4	6,100
Privateer	1	3	6,050
Gladiator	1	3	6,000
Glen Arthur	1	2	5,800
Thurio	1	3	5,250
Philanion	2	3	5,200
Castlereagh	1	3	4,600
Patriarcho	1	2	4,500
Substantif	1	2	3,900
Thuringian Prince	1	2	3,600
Clotaire	1	2	3,200
Clocher	1	3	3,000
Chippendale	1	1	2,700
Silurian	1	1	2,300

Foreshore	1	2	2,250
Prologue	1	1	2,000
Rattle	1	2	1,900
Lord Marden	1	1	1,900
Border Minstrel	1	1	1,750
Highland Chief	1	1	1,700
Energy	1	1	1,700
Rugby	1	1	1,600
Pepper and Salt	1	1	1,300
Regent	1	1	1,300
Dutch Skater	1	1	750

FOWL FEEDING

Not content with the domestic fowls' natural ability for absorbing large quantities of fattening food, some ingenious and impatient breeder of fowls has patented a machine for filling the bird as full as he can hold without putting him to the trouble of picking up his food or otherwise wasting time and tissue.

The machine consists of a food reservoir, to the bottom of which is attached a small force pump actuated by a lever and treadle worked by the foot of the operator. Communicating with the pump is a nozzle, through which the food passes to the bird.

Having been penned and fed naturally for about ten days, the birds are ready for artificial feeding, and for this purpose they are transferred to wicker cages open on all sides, as also at the top and bottom; these are arranged in rows, and are suspended about 30 in. from the floor with cords from the roof of the building, for convenience in sweeping up the floor. Each cage contains from six to eight birds, according to size.

The cramming machine, filled with food, is wheeled up close to a row of cages. The door of the first cage is opened, and the operator removes a bird and deftly tucks it under his arm. With the other hand he opens the bird's bill, presses down its tongue, and slips the tube of the machine about eight inches down the gullet. By a slight movement of the right hand he has command of the bird's crop, and at this instant he presses his foot, discharging as much of the contents of the pump as he deems sufficient. The bird is then returned to the cage, and the others dealt with in the same manner. A practised hand will easily cram from three to four hundred birds an hour in this way.

The poultry breeders in Sussex are said to entertain a high opinion of this engine; whether the fowls share this view is, perhaps, open to doubt.—"Land and Water."

PUTREFACTION IN MILK.

Why does milk, which is an animal product, display not only little tendency to putrefaction, but even preserve to some extent certain substances, such as flesh, which are otherwise really decomposed? Herr Winter-nitz, of Strasbourg, has, it appears, discovered the reason. Casein and fat are quite liable to putrefaction, and certainly have no preservative quality. But milk-sugar, the third principal constituent of milk, retards putrefaction as strongly as cane-sugar. Nothing definite appears to have been ascertained regarding this action, but it has been proved to take place in the alimentary canal as well as outside of the system.

List of Clubs with their Secretaries

- ATHLETIC CLUBS**
 AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OF THE RIVER PLATE—Blue and White—E. Danvers, 559 Piedad.
 B. A. AND R. RY.—Yellow and Black—F. Tebbutt, 248 Avenida de Mayo.
 Campana—F. J. Bardrick, B. A. and R. Ry., Campana.
 Cordoba—J. C. Bowden, Gerencia, F.C.C.C., Córdoba.
 English High School—Edward Buchanan, Santa Fe 3590
 FLORES—Light Blue, Yellow, and Dark Blue with narrow White Stripes—B. G. Henderson, 89 B. Aires, Flores
 HURLINGHAM—Blue, Red and Yellow—M. G. Fortune, 559 Piedad, Buenos Aires.
 Junin—H. J. Whitfield, Junin, F. C. Pacifico.
 LOMAS—Blue and White—J. Kahl, 631 Corrientes, B. Aires.
 Montevideo—J. Harvey, Club Inglés, Montevideo.
 QUILMES—Dark Blue and Orange—A. M. Hudson, 56 San Martin, Buenos Aires.
 Roldan—M. M. Graham, Roldan.
 ROSARIO—Claret and Light Blue—Thomas A. Hall, 2 Plaza Jewell, Rosario.
 Tucuman—A. S. Reade, Tucuman, F.C.N.O.A.
- 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—M. G. Fortune, 559 Piedad, Buenos Aires.
 Lanús—D. Duncan, Plaza Constitucion, F.C.S.
 London Bank—R. L. Rumbold, Banco de Londres.
 MONTEVIDEO—Black and White—A. Gair, Club Inglés, Montevideo.
 WESTERN RAILWAY—Dark Crimson—F. T. Parkes, Tolosa.

FOOTBALL CLUBS

- ALBION—A. Maclean, c/o Messrs F. L. Humphreys and Co., Montevideo.
 ARGENTINE ASSOCIATION LEAGUE—A. Lamont, Plaza Constitucion F.C.S.
 BUENOS AIRES (Association)—B. B. Syer, 56 San Martin.
 BUENOS AIRES (Rugby)—Blue and White—W. E. Coubrough, London Bank.
 HURLINGHAM—Blue, Red and Yellow—M. G. Fortune, 559 Piedad, Buenos Aires.
 St. Andrews—E. Morgan, Plaza Constitucion, F.C.S.

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. W. Hunter, 3 de Febrero 102, Belgrano.
 CAMP OF URUGUAY—Pale Blue—L. Edwards, Barrancas Coloradas, Colonia.
 Cañada de Gomez—J. S. Robinson, C. de Gomez, F.C.C.A.
 CASUALS—Crimson and White—R. McC. Smyth, Venado Tuerto.
 GUALEGUAY—R. Gordon, Gualeguay, Entre Rios.
 HURLINGHAM—Blue, Red and Yellow—M. G. Fortune, 559 Piedad, Buenos Aires.
 LA MERCED—French Grey and Cerise—P. H. Cawardine, La Merced, Chascomus.
 LEZAMA—Red and Black—E. J. Craig, Estancia Las Barrancas, Lezama.
 MEDIA LUNA—Pale Blue with Crescent—T. C. Fair, Soler, F. C. Pacifico.
 MONTEVIDEO—Chocolate and Green—A. Guillemard, Club Inglés, Montevideo.
 North Santa Fe—R. S. Foster, Chiru Trail, 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—J. Benitz, La California, Las Rosas, F.C.C.A.
 SANTIAGO DEL ESTERO—Green—Dr. Newman Smith, La Banda, Santiago del Estero.
 Strangers—G. H. Isaac, Venado Tuerto.
 Tuyu—H. Gibson, Los Ingleses, Ajó, F.C.S.

ROWING CLUBS

- BUENOS AIRES—Blue and White—Piedad 852.
 MONTEVIDEO—Blue and Black—J. Murray, Banco Británico, Montevideo.
 ROSARIO—Dark Red and White—E. W. Newte, English Bank, Rosario.
 TEUTONIA—Blue and White—F. Lindheimer, Chacabuco 73
 TIGRE—Black and Golden Yellow—W. E. O. Haxell, 56 San Martin, Buenos Aires.

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	GOLD PREMIUM
Wednesday	289.80 %
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The prices at the Corrales during the past week have been as follows:

Bullocks	\$40.00—60.00
Novillos (mestizo)	40.00—65.00
(ordinary)	25.00—40.00
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(small)	4.00—8.50
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Maize (morocho), 100 kilos	7.20—7.50
(amarillo), 100 kilos	7.00—8.00
Wheat (barleta), 100 kilos	7.00—7.60
(French), 100 kilos	7.00—8.00
(Saldomé)	7.00—7.90

Novillo Hides	8.70—12.00
Cow Hides	5.50—6.50
Sheepskins	0.50—0.83
Wool	6.50—9.25

FIXTURES

RACING

- Sunday, Jan. 22—Hipodromo de San Fernando, at San Fernando.
 Friday, Feb. 2—Hurlingham Club.

CRICKET

- Sun. Jan. 22—London Bank v. Hurlingham, at Hurlingham.
 Sun. Jan. 22—Flores A.C. v. Western Ry., at Flores.
 Sun. Jan. 22—Quilmes, v. B. A. and R. Ry., at Quilmes.

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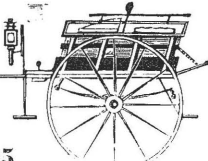
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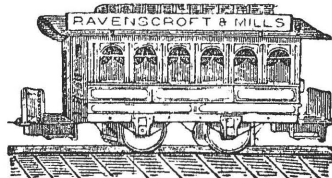
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1891

No. 1—August 5:
Mr. M. G. FORTUNE, Hon. Sec. Hurlingham Club.

No. 2—September 9:
ORMONDE.

No. 3—September 30:
PHENIX.

No. 4—November 18:
THE SANTA FE AND SANTIAGO DEL ESTERO POLO TEAMS.

No. 5*—December 9:
THE NORTHERN CRICKET XI.

No. 6—December 23:
THE SOUTHERN CRICKET XI.

* Only a few numbers left.
1892

No. 7—January 27:
WINNING CREW IN THE INTERNATIONAL FOUR-OARED RACE (Buenos Aires Rowing Club), Tigre Regatta, 1891.

No. 8—March 23:
WHIPPER-IN.

No. 9—April 13:
THE CRUISE OF THE DART, No. 1

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

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

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

No. 13—July 6:
HURLINGHAM CRICKET XI.

No. 14—July 20:
UNITED RAILWAYS CRICKET XI.

No. 15—August 10:
ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS.

No. 16—August 31:
THE BUENOSAIRES RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM.

No. 17—September 14:
HURLINGHAM POLO TEAM.

No. 18—October 5:
PRIZE CARICATURE.

No. 19—October 19:
ROSARIO LAWN TENNIS TEAM.

No. 20—November 30:
TIGRE REGATTA.

No. 21—December 21:
THE SOUTHERN CRICKET TEAM.

The back numbers of the River Plate Sport and Pastime containing the above Photographs, price 50 cents each (other back numbers 30 cents), may be obtained from the Publishers,

Ravenscroft & Mills

559 PIEDAD 559, BUENOS AIRES

HURLINGHAM CLUB

Programme of a Meeting

TO BE HELD AT

Hurlingham on Friday, February 2, 1893

(Under the Rules of the Hurlingham Club).

THE ENSAYO STAKES, of \$10 each, for Polo Ponies 56 in. or under, which have never won a race; to be ridden by Members of a Polo Club who have never ridden a winner; catch weights; 2000 metres. This race may be ridden in Polo Costume.

PREMIO FEBRERO, a Handicap for Ponies of 58 in. or under; \$250 to the 1st; 1000 metres; \$20 entrance fee, half forfeit. Gentlemen riders or professionals.

PREMIO VERANO, a Handicap for Horses which have not won more than \$2000 in 1892; \$1000 to the 1st; 1200 metres; entrance fee \$50, half forfeit. Any qualified jockey may ride. Unless there are at least five entries there will be no race.

THE BELGRANO STAKES, of \$10 each, a Handicap for Polo Ponies of 56 in. or under; 1000 metres. To be ridden by a Member of a Polo Club.

THE VENADO TUERTO STAKES, of \$50 each, for Ponies of 58 in. or under; Ponies of 58 in. to carry 70 kilos 5 kilos allowed per inch, winners to carry 3 kilos extra, twice 5 kilos, and three or more times 7 kilos extra; \$250 guaranteed to the 1st; 600 metres. Unless there are three subscribers there will be no race.

THE HURDLE STAKES, of \$10 each, a Handicap for Polo Ponies 56 in. or under; 2000 metres, over six flights of hurdles. To be ridden by a Member of a Polo Club.

PREMIO VACACION, for Ponies 52 in. or under; catch weights; 1000 metres. An "Objet d'Art" to the 1st. To be ridden by Boys at School, who must be introduced by a Member of the Club. Entrance fee \$5.

Entrées close on Wednesday, January 25, at 5 o'clock p.m., and must be addressed to the Secretary of the Club, Piedad 559.

The Committee reserves the right of postponing the date of the closing of the entries.

Ponies which have not a life certificate of height must be remeasured at or before the meeting.

Hipodromo de San Fernando

Programme of a Meeting

TO BE HELD AT

San Fernando on Sunday, January 22, 1893

PREMIO HIGH LIFE, a Handicap for any Horse; \$600 to the 1st; 1600 metres.

PREMIO SAN ISIDRO, a Handicap for three-year-olds; \$500 to the 1st; 1500 metres.

PREMIO SAN FERNANDO, for Criollo Horses; weight 65 kilos; 600 metres; \$150 to the 1st, \$50 to the 2nd. The horses for this race must be approved an hour before the race, and any objection must be lodged and will be attended to half an hour before it is run.

PREMIO MASCOTTE, for Ponies 50 in. or under. The Stakes of \$5 each and an *objet d'art* to the winner; 1000 metres; catch weights; gentlemen riders.

PREMIO NUBIFER, a Handicap for Mestizo Horses; \$800 to the 1st; 1500 metres.

The meeting will be held under the rules of the Jockey Club and under the direction of the Committee of the Hipodromo de San Fernando, whose decisions will be final.

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GLENLIVET

SCOTCH WHISKY

IN LITRE BOTTLES

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CHAMPAGNE and FINEST ORANGE BITTERS

Guaranteed Imported Direct and Legitimate.

Amateur Athletic Association

OF THE

RIVER PLATE

NOTICE

Amateur Athletes are hereby cautioned that should they take part in the Tug-of-War Contest to be held at the Colombia Skating Rink, commencing on January 14, they will thereafter be considered Professionals, and will be prohibited from taking part in any future Meeting held under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Association of the River Plate.

BY ORDER.

ERNESTO DANVERS,

Hon. Sec. A. A. A.

Piedad 559, Buenos Aires.

Tug-of-War Tug-of-War

NATION against NATION

WORLD'S International Tug-of-War Tournament

COLUMBIA SKATING-RINK

CALLE CHARCAS

Facing Plaza Libertad

EACH NIGHT.

Valentin A. Harris,

DIRECTOR.

THE BAGMAN'S PONY.

By MARTIN ROES, IN "BLACK AND WHITE."

When the Regiment was at Delhi, a T. G. was sent to us from the 11th Lancers, a bagman, as they call that sort of globe-trotting fellow that knocks about from one place to another, and takes all the fun he can out of it at other people's expense. Scott in the 11th gave this bagman a letter of introduction to me, told me that he was bringing down a horse to run at the Delhi races; so, as a matter of course, I asked him to stop with me for the week. It was a regular understood thing in India then, the passing on the T. G. from one place to another; sometimes he was all right, and sometimes he was a good deal the reverse—in any case, you were bound to be hospitable, and afterwards you could, if you liked, tell the man that sent him that you didn't want any more from him.

The bagman arrived in due course, with a rum-looking roan horse, called the "Doctor"; a very good horse, too, but not quite so good as the bagman gave out that he was. He brought along his own grass-cutter with him, as one generally does in India, and the grass-cutter's pony, a sort of animal people get because he can carry two or three more of these beastly clods of grass they dig up for horses than a man can, and without much regard to other qualities. The bagman seemed a decent sort of chap in his way, but my word! he did put his foot in it the first night at mess; by George he did! There was somehow an idea that he belonged to a wine merchant business in England, and the Colonel thought we'd better open our best cellar for the occasion, and so we did; even got out the old Madeira, and told the usual story about the number of times it has been round the Cape. The bagman took everything that came his way, and held his tongue about it, which was rather damping. At last, when it came to dessert and the Madeira, Carew, one of our fellows, couldn't stand it any longer—after all, it is aggravating if a man won't praise your best wine, no matter how little you care about his opinion, and the bagman was supposed to be a connoisseur.

"Not a bad glass of wine that," says Carew to him; "what do you think of it?"

"Not bad," says the bagman, sipping it, "I think I'll show you something better in this line if you'll come and dine with me in London when you're home next."

"Thanks," says Carew, getting as red as his own jacket, and beginning to splutter—he always did when he got angry—"this is good enough for me, and for most people here—"

"Oh, but nobody up here has got a palate left," says the bagman, laughing in a very superior sort of way.

"What do you mean, sir?" shouted Carew, jumping up, "I'll not have any d—d bagmen coming here to insult me!"

By George, if you'll believe me, Carew had a false palate, with a little bit of sponge in the middle, and we

all knew it, except the bagman. There was a frightful shindy, Carew wanting to have his blood, and all the rest of us trying to prevent a row. We succeeded somehow in the end, I don't quite know how we managed it, as the bagman was very warlike too; but, anyhow, when I was going to bed that night I saw them both in the billiard room, very tight, leaning up against opposite ends of the billiard table, and making shoves at the ball—with the wrong ends of their cues, fortunately.

"He called me a d—d bagman," says one, nearly tumbling down with laughing.

"Told me I'd no palate," says the other, putting his head down on the table and giggling away there, "best thing I ever heard in my life."

Everyone was as good friends as possible next day at the races, and for the whole week as well. Unfortunately for the bagman his horse didn't pull off things in the way he expected, in fact he hadn't a look in—we just killed his form from first to last. As things went on the bagman began to look queer, and by the end of the week he stood to lose a pretty considerable lot of money, nearly all of it to me. The way we arranged these matters then was a general settling-up day after the races were over; everyone squared up their books and planked ready money down on the nail, or if they hadn't got it they went and borrowed from some one else to do it with. The bagman paid up what he owed the others, and I began to feel a bit sorry for the fellow when he came to me that night to finish up. He hummed and hawed a bit and then asked if I should mind taking an I. O. U. from him, as he was run out of the ready.

Of course I said "All right old man, certainly, just the same to me," though it's usual in such cases to put down the hard cash, but still—fellow staying in my house you know—sent on by this pal of mine in the 11th—absolutely nothing else to be done.

Next morning I was up and out on parade as usual, and in the natural course of events began to look about for my bagman. By George, not a sign of him in his room, not a sign of him anywhere. I thought to myself, this is peculiar, and I went over to the stable to try whether there was anything to be heard of him.

The first thing I saw was the "Doctor's" stall was empty.

"How's this?" I said to the groom; "where's Mr Leggett's horse?"

"The sahib has taken him away this morning."

I began to have some notion then of what my I. O. U. was worth.

"The sahib has left his grass-cutter and his pony," said the *sahib*, who probably had as good a notion of what was up as I had.

"All right, send for the grass-cutter," I said.

The fellow came up, in a blue funk evidently, and I couldn't see anything of him. Sahib this, and sahib that, and snarling and general idiocy—or shunning—I couldn't tell which. I didn't know a nigger then as well as I do now.

"This is a very fishy business," I thought to myself, "and I think it's well on the cards the grass-cutter will be out of this to-night on his pony. No, by Jove, I'll see what the pony's good for before he does that. Is the grass-cutter's pony there?" I say to the *sahib*.

"He is there, sahib, but he is only a *kattiana tattoo*," which is the name for a common kind of mountain pony.

I had him out, and he certainly was a wretched-looking little brute, dun with a black stripe down his back, like all that breed, and all bony and ragged and starved.

"Indeed, he is a *garceb kuch kam ki nahin*," said the *sahib*, meaning thereby a miserable beast, in the most intensified form, "and not fit to stand in the sahib's stable."

All the same, just for the fun of the thing, I put the grass-cutter up on him, and told him to trot him up and down. By George! the pony went like a flash of lightning! I had him galloped next; same thing—fellow could hardly hold him. I opened my eyes, I can tell you, but no matter what way I looked at him I couldn't see where on earth he got his pace from. It was there anyhow, there wasn't a doubt about that. "That'll do," I said, "put him up. And you just stay here," I said to the grass-cutter; "till I hear from Mr Leggett where you're to go to. Don't leave Delhi till you get orders from me."

It got about during the day that the bagman had disappeared, and had had a soft thing of it as far as I was concerned. The 112th were dining with us that night, and they all set to work to draw me after dinner about the business—thought themselves vastly witty over it.

"Hullo Paddy, so you're the girl he left behind him!" "Hear he went off with two suits of your clothes, one on over the other." "Cheer up, old man; he's left you the grass-cutter and the pony, and what he leaves must be worth having, I'll bet!" and so on.

I suppose I'd had a good deal more than my share of the champagne, but all of a sudden I began to feel pretty warm.

"You're all d—d funny," I said, but I daresay you'll find he's left me something that is worth having."

"Oh yes!" "Go on!" "Paddy's a great man when he's drunk," and a lot more of the same sort.

"I tell you what it is," said I, "I'll back the pony he's left here to trot his twelve miles an hour on the road."

"Bosh!" says Barton of the 112th. "I've seen him, and I'll lay you a thousand rupees even he doesn't."

"Done!" said I, whacking my hand down on the table.

"And I'll lay another thousand," says another fellow.

"Done with you too," said I.

Everyone began to stare a bit then.

"Go to bed, Paddy," says the Colonel, "you're making an exhibition of yourself."

"Thank you, sir; I know pretty well what I'm talking about," said I; but, by George, I began privately to think I'd better pull myself together a bit, and I got out my book and began to hedge—laid three to one on the pony to do eleven miles in the hour, and four to one on him to do ten—all the fellows delighted to get their money on. I was to choose my own ground, and to have a fortnight to train the pony, and by the time I went to bed I stood to lose about £1,000.

Somewhat in the morning I didn't feel quite so cheery about things—one doesn't after a big night—one gets nasty qualms, both mental and the other kind. I went out to look after the pony, and the first thing I saw by way of an appetiser was Biddy, with a face as long as my arm. Biddy, I should explain, was a chap called Biddulph, in the Artillery; they called him Biddy for short, and partly, too, because he kept a racing stable with me in those days. I being called Paddy by every one, because I was Irish—English idea of wit—Paddy and Biddy, you see.

"Well," said he, "I hear you've about gone and done it this time. The 112th are going about with trumpets and shawms, and looking round for ways to spend that thousand when they get it. There are to be new polo ponies, a big luncheon, and a piece of plate bought for the mess, in memory of that benefactor of the regiment, the departed bagman. Well, now, let's see the pony. That's what I've come down for."

I'm hanged if the brute didn't look more vulgar and wretched than ever when he was brought out, and I was more parts of a fool than I thought I was. Biddy stood looking at him there with his underlip stuck out.

"I think you've lost your money," he said. "That was all, but the way he said it made me feel conscious of the shortcomings of every hair in the brute's ugly hide."

"Wait a bit," I said, you haven't seen him going yet. I think he has the heels of 'ny pony in the place."

I got a boy on to him without any more ado, thinking to myself I was going to astonish Biddy. "You just get out of his way, that's all," says I, standing back to let him start.

If you'll believe it, he wouldn't budge a foot!—not an inch—no amount of licking had any effect on him. He just humped his back, and tossed his head and grunted—he must have had a skin as thick as three donkeys! I got on to him myself and put the spurs in, and he went up on his hind legs and nearly came back with me—that was all the good I got of that.

"Where's the grass-cutter," I shouted, jumping off him in about as great a fury as I ever was in, "I suppose he knows how to make this devil go!"

"Grass-cutter went away last night, sahib. Me see him try to open stable door and go away. Me see him no more."

I used pretty well all the bad language I knew in one blast. Biddy began to walk away, laughing till I felt as if I could kick him.

"I'm going to have a front seat for this trotting match," he said, stopping to get his wind. "Spectators along the route requested to provide themselves with picnicks and fireworks. I suppose, in case the champion pony should show any of his engaging little temper. Never mind, old man, I'll see you through this, there's no use in getting into a wax about it. I'm going shares with you, the way we always do."

I can't say I responded graciously. I rather think I cursed him and everything else in heaps. When he was gone I began to think of what could be done.

"Get out the dog-cart," I said, as a last chance. "Perhaps he'll go in harness."

We wheeled the cart up to him, got him harnessed to it, and in two minutes that pony was walking, trotting, anything I wanted—can't explain why—one of the mysteries of horsemanship. I drove him out through the Cashmere Gate, passing Biddy on the way, and feeling a good deal the better for it, and as soon as I got on to the flat stretch of road outside the gate I tried what the pony could do. He went even better than I thought he could, very rough and uneven, of course, but still promising. I brought him home, and had him put into training at once, as carefully as if he was going for the Derby. I chose the course, took the six mile stretch of road from the Cashmere Gate to Sulter Jung's tomb, and drove him over it every day. It was a splendid course—level as a table, and dead straight for the most part—and after a few days he could do it in about forty minutes out and thirty-five back. People began to talk then, especially as the pony's look and shape were improving each day, and after a little time everyone was planking their money on one way or another—Biddy putting on a thousand on his own account—still, I'm bound to say the odds were against the pony. The whole of Delhi got into a state of excitement about it, natives and all, and every day I got letters warning me to take care, as there might be foul play. The stable the pony was in was a big one, and I had a wall built across it, and put a man with a gun in the outer compartment. I bought all his corn myself, in feeds at a time, going here, there, and everywhere for it, never to the same place for two days together—I thought it was better to be sure than sorry, and there is no trusting a nigger.

The day of the match every soul in the place turned out, such crowds that I could scarcely get the dog-cart through when I drove to the Cashmere Gate. I got down there, and was looking over the cart to see that everything was right, when a little half-caste *keranic*, a sort of low-class clerk, came up behind me and began talking to me in a mysterious kind of way, in that vile *chi-chi* accent one gets to hate so awfully.

"Look here, Sar," he said, "you take my car, Sar; it built for racing. I do much trot-racing myself"—mentioning his name—"and you go much faster my car, Sar."

I trusted nobody in those days, and I thought a good deal of myself accordingly. I hadn't found out that it takes a much smarter man to know how to trust a few.

"Thank you," I said, "I think I'll keep my own, the pony's accustomed to it."

I think he understood quite well what I felt, but he didn't show any resentment.

"Well, Sar, you no trust my car, you let me see your wheels?"

"Certainly," I said, "you may look at them," "determined in my own mind I should keep my eye on him while he did."

He got out a machine for propping the axle, and lifted the wheel off the ground.

"Make the wheel go round," he said. "I didn't like it much, but I gave the wheel a turn. He looked at it till it stopped."

"You lose match if you take that car," he said, "take my car, Sar."

"What do you mean?" said I, pretty sharply. "Look here," he said, setting the wheel going again. "You see here, Sar, it die, all in a minute, it jerk, doesn't die smooth. Come, you see my wheel, Sar."

He put the lit under his own, and started the wheel revolving. It took about three times as long to die as mine, going steady and silent and stopping imperceptibly, not so much as a tremor in it.

"Now, Sar!" he said, "you see I speak true, Sar. I back you two hundred rupees, if I lose I'm ruin," and I beg you, Sar, take my car! can no win with yours, mine match car."

"All right!" said I with a sort of impulse, "I'll take it." And so I did.

I had to start just under the arch of the Cashmere Gate, by a pistol shot, fired from over head. I didn't quite care for the look of the pony's ears while I was waiting for it—the crowd had frightened him a bit I think. By Jove, when the bang came he reared straight up, dropped down again and stuck his fore-legs out, reared again when I gave him the whip, every second of course telling against me.

"Here, let me help you," shouted Biddy, jumping into the trap. His weight settled the business, down came the pony, and we went away like blazes.

The three umpires rode with us, one each side and one behind, at least that was the way at first, but I found the clattering of their hoofs made it next to impossible to hold the pony. I got them to keep back, and after that he went fairly steadily, but it was anxious work. The noise and excitement had told on him a lot, he had a tendency to break during all that six miles out, and he was in a lather before we got to Sulter Jung's tomb. There were a lot of people waiting for me out there, some ladies on horseback too, and there was a coffee-shop going, with drinks of all kinds. As I got near they began to call out, "You're done, Paddy, thirty-four minutes gone already, you haven't the ghost of a chance. Come and have a drink and look pleasant over it."

I turned the pony, and Biddy and I jumped out. I went up to the table, snatched up a glass of brandy and filled my mouth with it, then went back to the pony, took him by the head, and sent a squirt of the brandy up each nostril; I squirted the rest down his throat, went back to the table, swallowed half a tumbler of curacoa or something, and was into the trap and off again, the whole thing not taking more than twenty seconds.

The business began to be pretty exciting after that. You can see four miles straight ahead of you on that road; and that day the police had special orders to keep it clear, so that it was a perfectly blank, white stretch as far as I could see. You know how one never seems to get any nearer to things on a road like that, and there was the clock hanging opposite to me on the splash board; I couldn't look at it, but I could hear its beastly click-click through the trotting of the pony, and that was nearly as bad as seeing the minute hand going from pip to pip. But, by George, I pretty soon heard a worse kind of noise than that. It was a case of preserve me from my friends. The people who had gone out to Sulter Jung's tomb on horseback to meet me, thought it would be a capital plan to come along after me and see the fun, and encourage me a bit—so they told me afterwards. The way they encouraged me was by galloping till they picked me up, and then hammering along behind me like a troop of cavalry till it was all I could do to keep the pony from breaking.

"You've got to win, Paddy," call out Mrs Harry Le Bretton, galloping up alongside, "you promised you would!"

Mrs Harry and I were great friends in those days—very sporting little woman, nearly as keen about the match as I was—but at that moment I couldn't pick my words.

"Keep back!" I shouted to her; "keep back, for pity's sake!"

It was too late—the next instant the pony was galloping. The penalty is that you have to pull up, and make the wheels turn in the opposite direction, and I just threw the pony on his haunches. He nearly came back into the cart, but the tremendous jerk gave the backward turn to the wheels and I was off again. Not even that kept the people back. Mrs Le Bretton came alongside again to say something else to me, and I suddenly felt half mad from the clatter and the frightful strain of the pony on my arms.

"D—n it all! Le Bretton!" I yelled, as the pony broke for the second time, "can't you keep your wife away!"

They did let me alone after that—turned off the road and took a scoop across the plain, so as to come up with me at the finish—and I pulled myself together to do the last couple or miles. I could see that Cashmere

Gate and the Delhi walls ahead of me, 'pon my soul I felt as if they were defying me and despising me, just standing waiting there under the blazing sky, and they never seemed to get any nearer. It was like the first night of a fever, the whizzing of the wheels, the ding-dong of the pony's hoofs, the silence all round, the feeling of stress and insane hurrying on, the throbbing of my head, and the scorching heat. I'll swear no fever I've ever had was worse than that last two miles.

As I reached the Delhi walls I took one look at the clock. There was barely a minute left.

"By Jove!" I gasped, "I'm done!"

I shouted and yelled to the pony like a madman, to keep up what heart was left in the wretched little brute, holding on to him for bare life, with my arms and legs straight out in front of me. The gray wall and the blinding road rushed by me like a river—I scarcely knew what happened—I couldn't think of anything but the ticking of the clock that I was somehow trying to count, till there came the bang of a pistol over my head.

It was the Cashmere Gate, and I had thirteen seconds in hand.

There was never anything more heard of the bagman. He can, if he likes, soothe his conscience with the reflection that he was worth a thousand pounds to me. But Mrs Le Bretton never quite forgave me.

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND

"The Man of the World" thus describes the Duke of Portland:—A very rich man and a very respectable man. No great amount of merit in a rich man being respectable. It is, as "Becky" says, easy to be honest on £10,000 a year. We could be good on less. There are plenty of people who could not. The Duke of Portland is not so rich as is generally believed, but is even more respectable. Nearly £200,000 per annum of the old Duke's property went to two old women. What is the use of an old woman having a hundred thousand a year? They do not know how to spend it. The State should intervene. The Duke of Portland has always been a lucky man. The old Duke a woman hater. Lord George Bentinck ditto, Lord Henry Bentinck ditto. Supposing they had had a dozen children each, as they would have had if they had been curates, where would the Duke of Portland have been? Major in a foot regiment of course. A good major, too. Was fond of soldiering, and could clean it in own accoutrements. Makes a good master of the Horse. Makes a good owner of a Derby winner. Makes a good fisherman. Makes a good country gentleman. Makes a good Duke. Does not play the fool with jockeys. Does not want to win money by betting. "Why bet?" he says, "when I have enough already." Sensible man. Has very elegant wife, and a clever one, and a good one.

PRIZE COMPETITION

We had not very many words sent us for last week's competition, probably owing to none having guessed the right word in our first competition. The correct word was so easy a one to guess that we wonder more did not send it in, but those who did are to be congratulated in having so good a dividend as \$40 paid them. The sentence with the missing word runs as follows:

"The effect produced by the sun setting behind these wooded hills is truly splendid."

We repeat below the conditions of the competition:—Every week we will publish a sentence, or paragraph, in which a missing word has to be supplied; those who wish to enter the competition must cut out the accompanying coupon and attach it to a slip of paper on which the missing word must be clearly written, and send it with one dollar so as to reach us by the Monday after date of issue.

The whole of the money received in entrance fees will be divided amongst those competitors who fill in the missing word correctly.

The missing word will be known only to the Editor, sealed by him in an envelope, which will remain unopened until the day when the awards are made.

The names and addresses of the successful competitors will not be published unless desired, but may be seen at our offices on the Wednesday following.

THIS WEEK

The sentence to which the missing word is to be supplied is as follows:

"Below the pool the river runs in a succession of strong and rocky rapids, making it a very doubtful task to bring a fish within reach of the gaff if he got way on, and, remembering former losses which resulted from these rapids, I felt rather when I saw him very much inclined to head down stream."

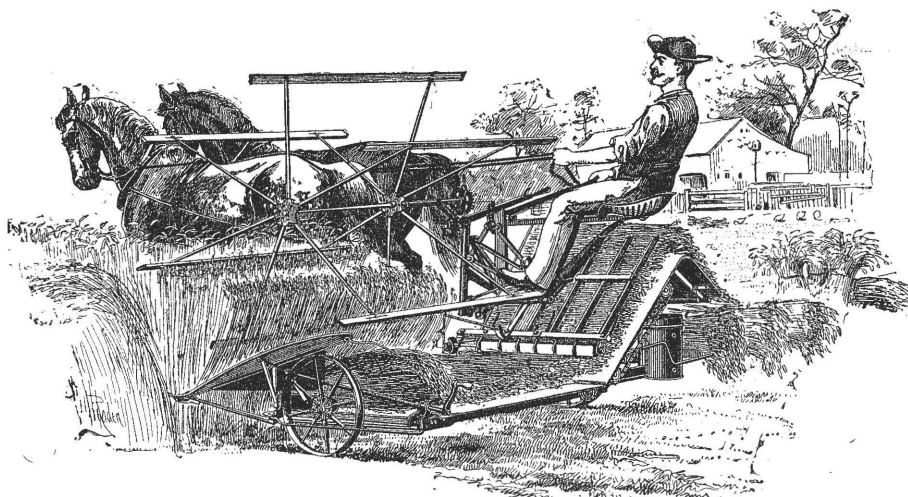
COUPON

"River Plate Sport and Pastime"
JANUARY 18, 1893
Missing Word Competition

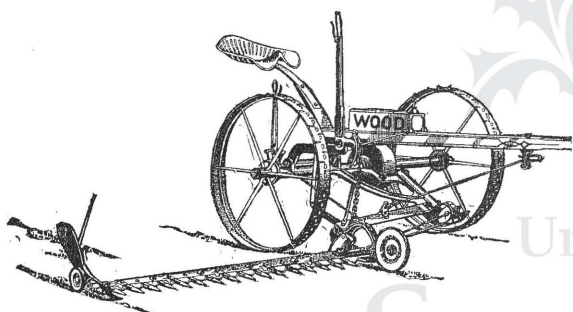
Last week the total amount we received gave the winners a dividend of \$40.

WALTER A. WOOD'S

BINDERS AND BINDER TWINE



MOWERS

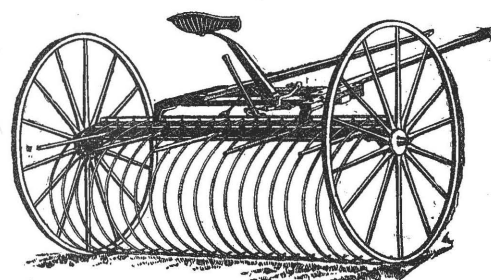


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440 - PERU - 450

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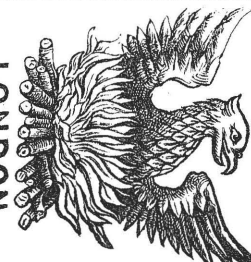
Compañía Inglesa de Seguros

AGENTE:

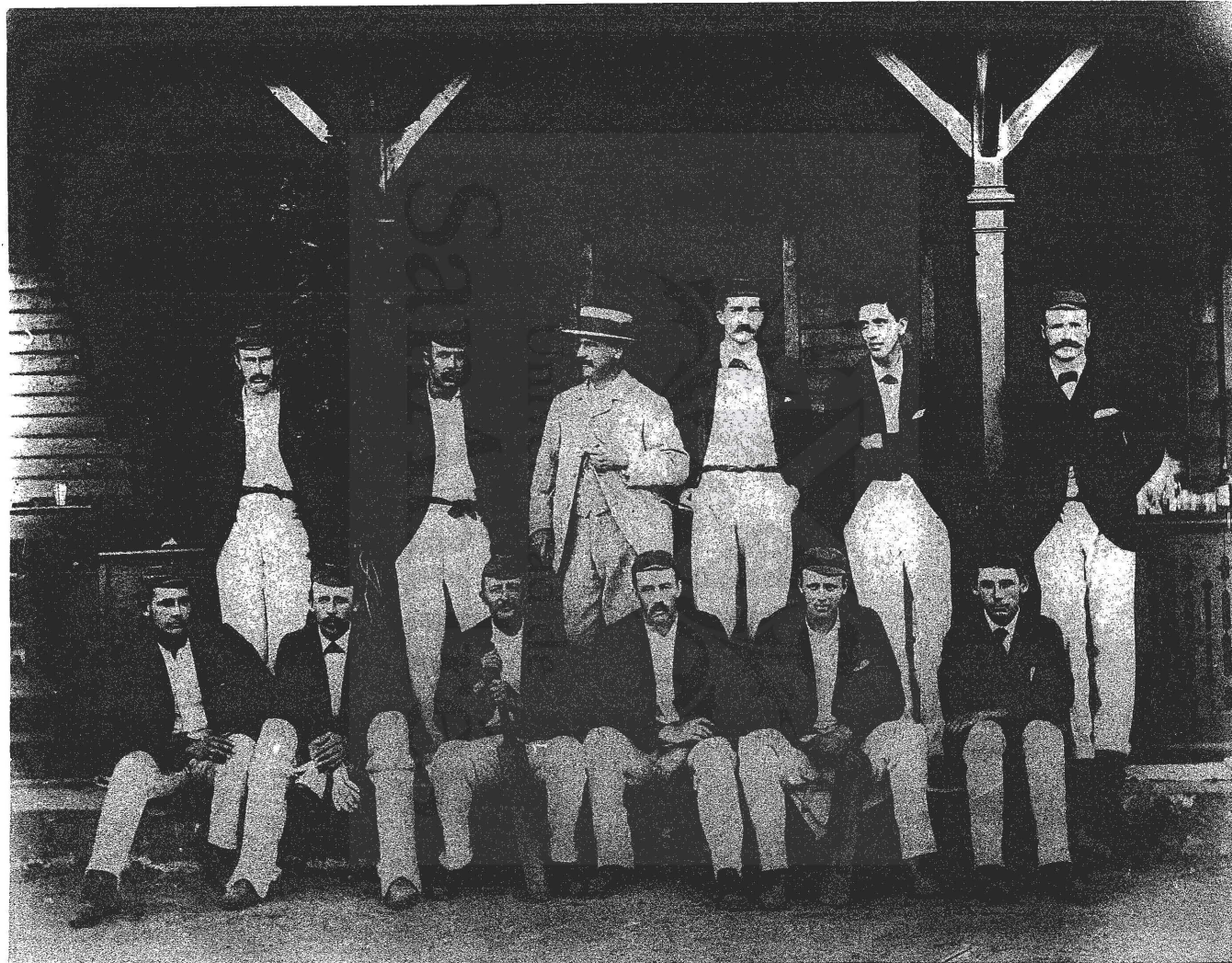
Juan Wallace - Piedad 559

CONTRA INCENDIOS

PHOENIX
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1782



	W. G. GARLAND (Tucuman)	S. H. LEACH (Salta)	J. DONNE (Umpire)	J. R. GARROD (Tucuman)	H. TAYLOR (Salta)	H. A. WILLIS (Córdoba)
H. BURY (Santa Fé)	W. LEACH (Salta)	W. E. LEACH (Salta)	J. WHITE (Tucuman)	F. LEACH (Salta)	J. L. BURY (Santa Fé)	

THE NORTHERN ELEVEN OF 1892.