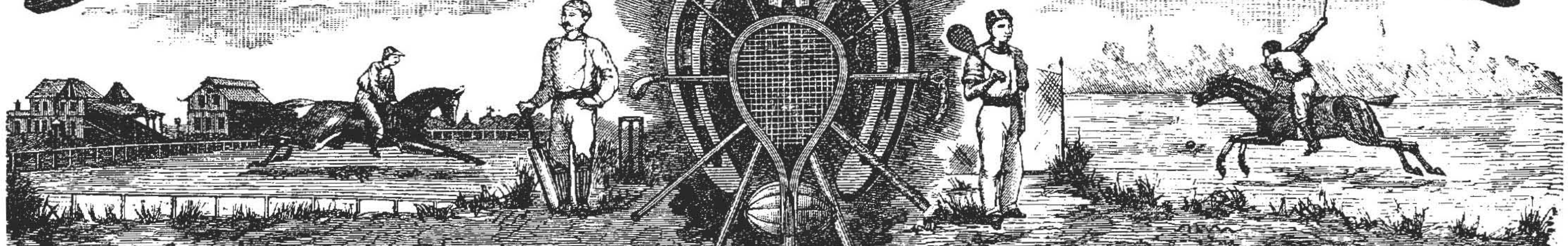


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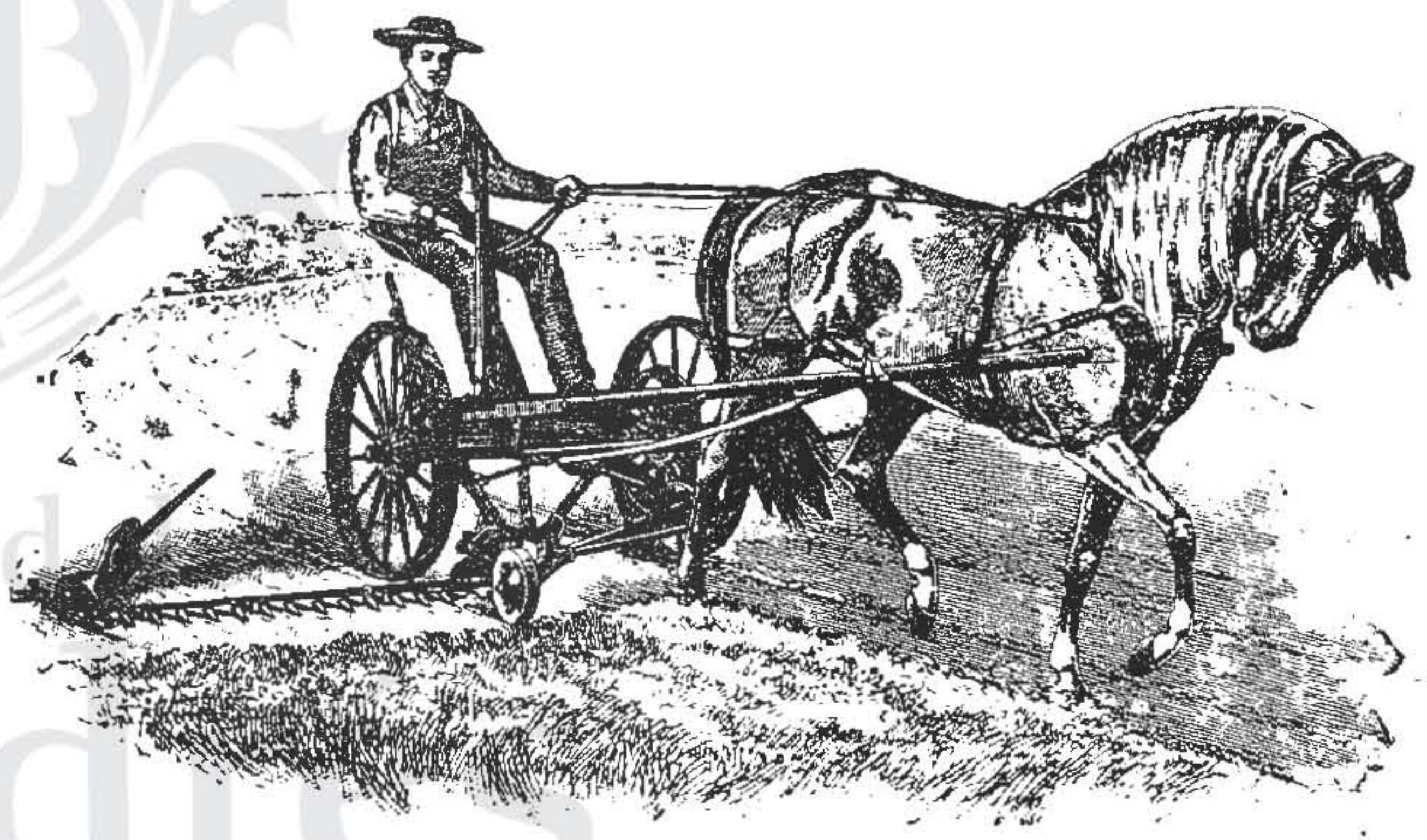
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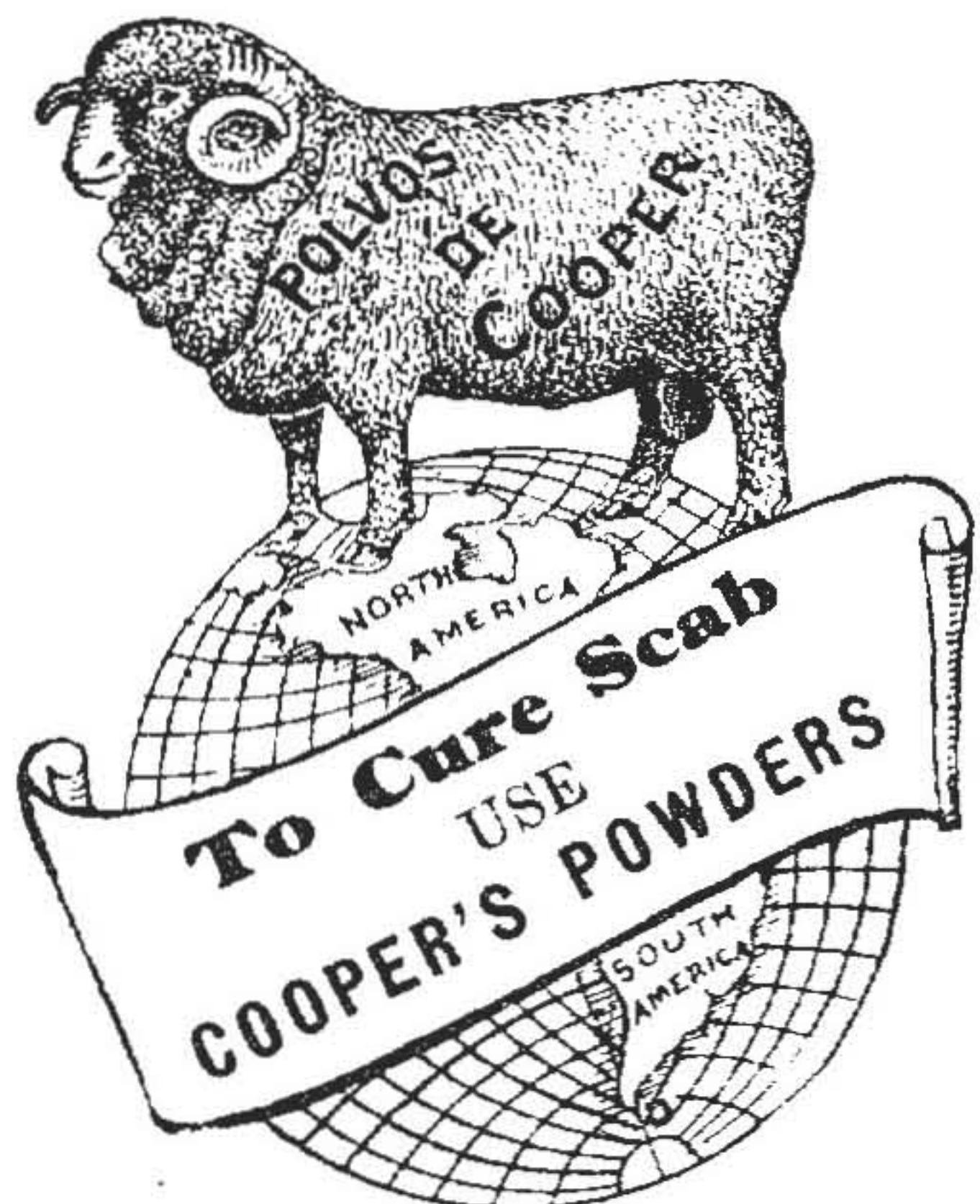
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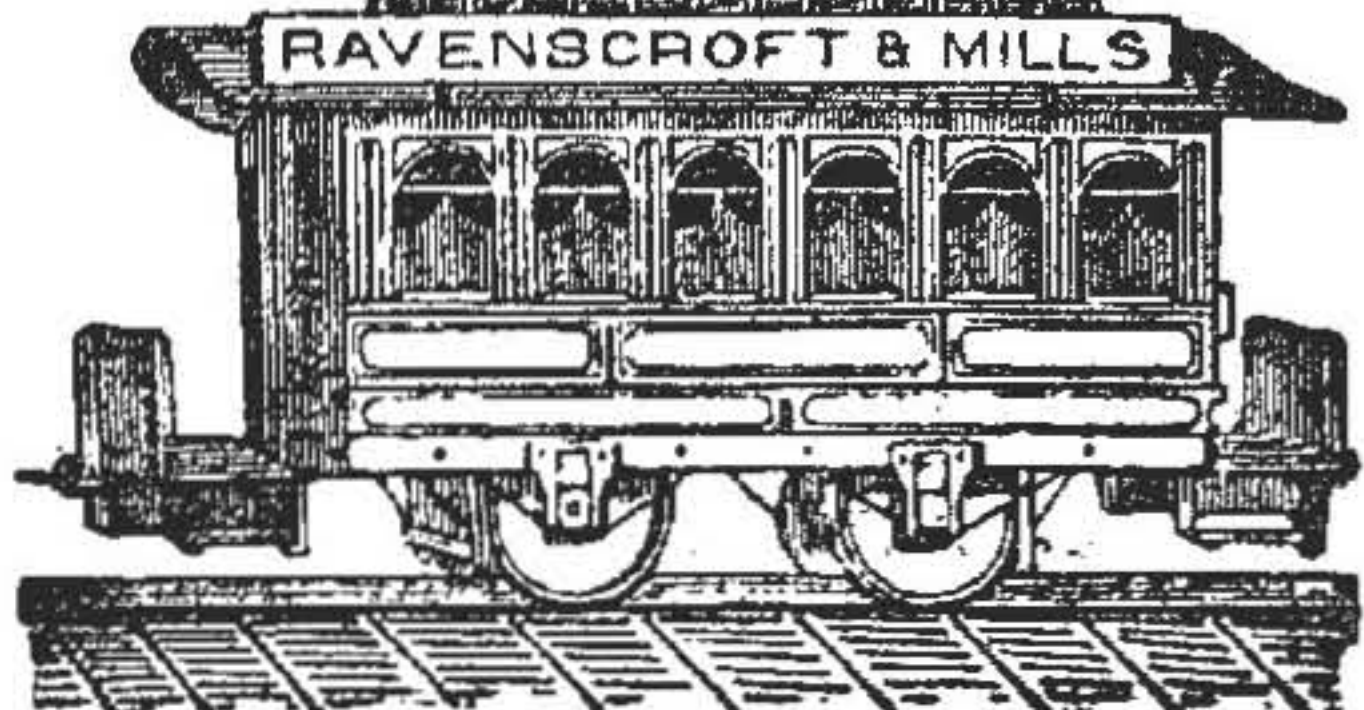
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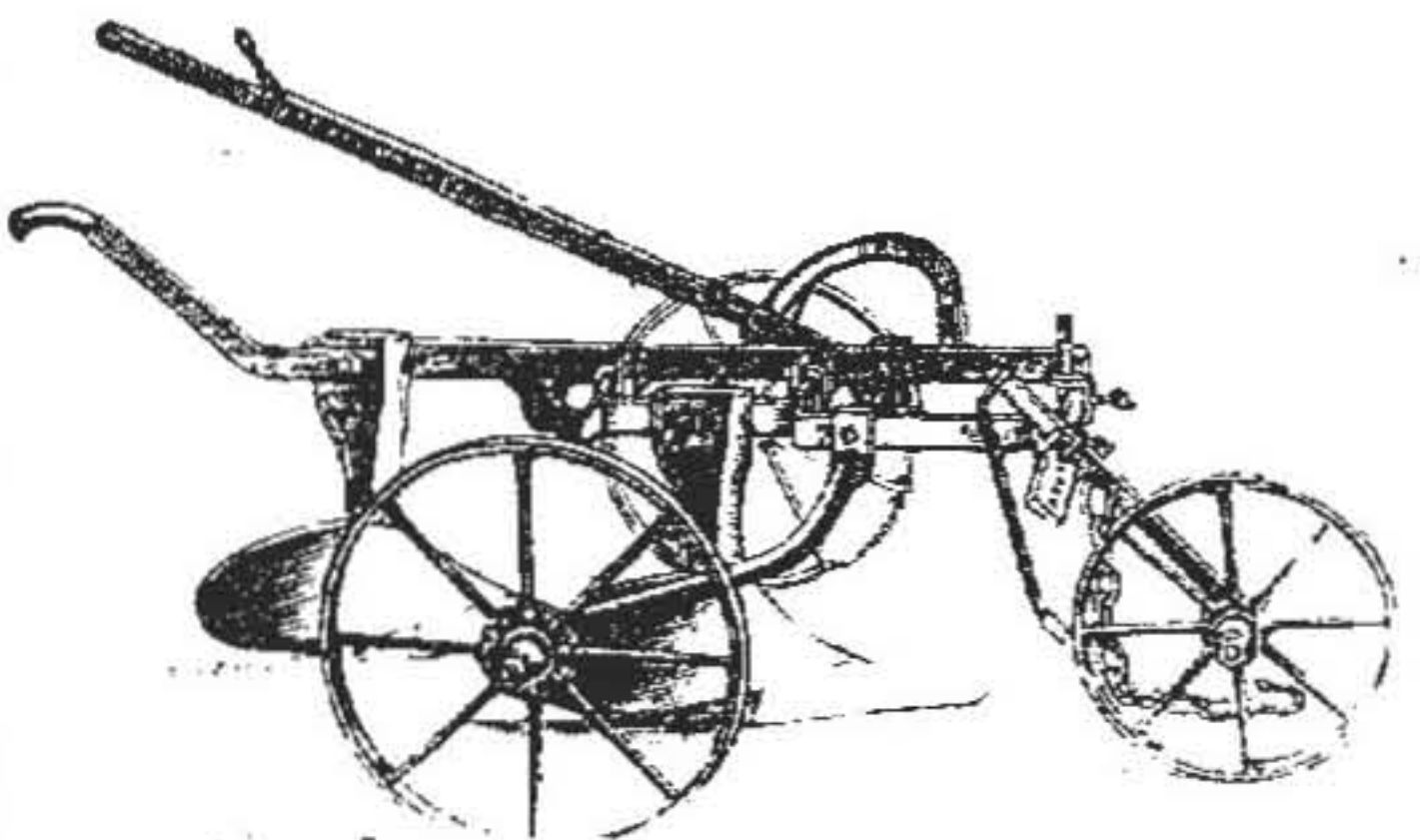


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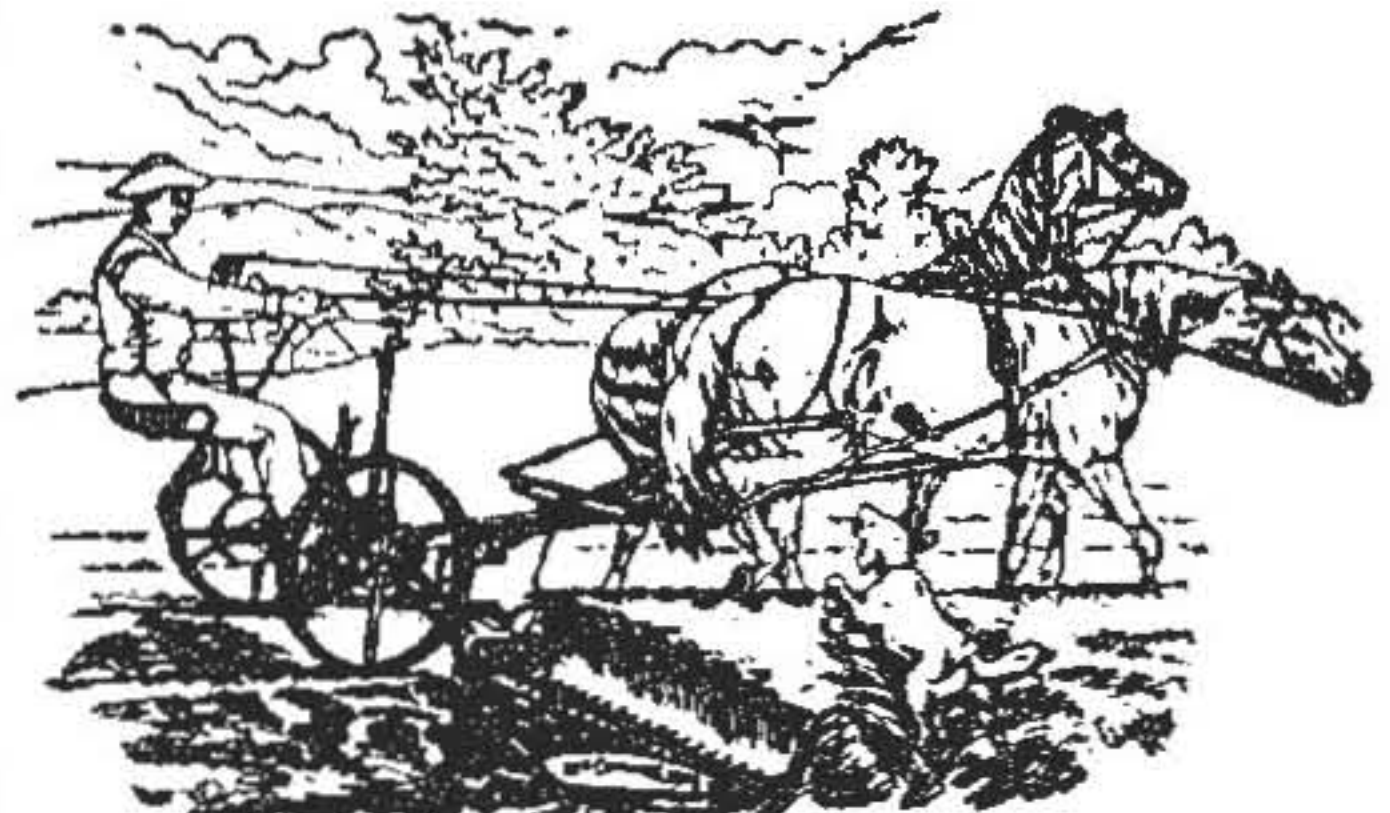
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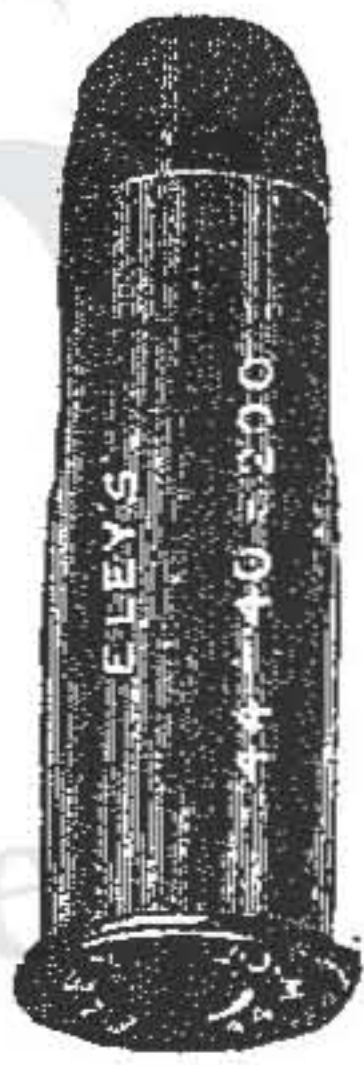
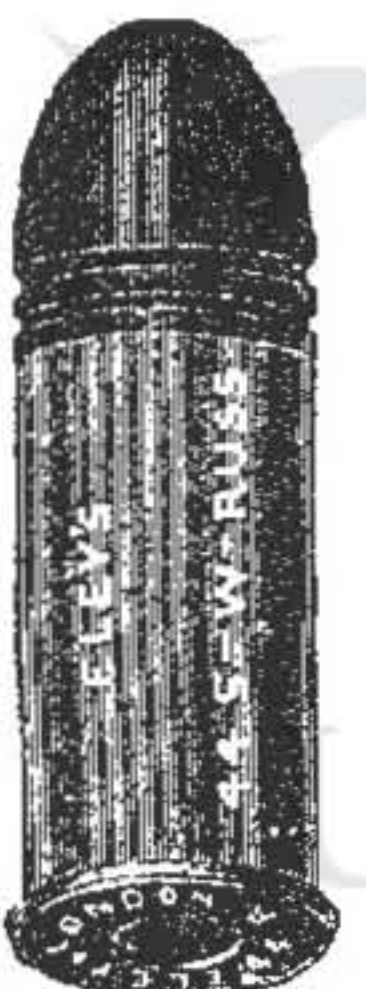
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ORMONDE.No. 3—September 30:
PHENIX.No. 4—November 18:
THE SANTA FÉ AND SANTIAGO DEL ESTERO POLO TEAMS.No. 5*—December 9:
THE NORTHERN CRICKET XI.No. 6—December 23:
THE SOUTHERN CRICKET XI.
* Only a few numbers left.

1892

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

1893

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

Steeplechase fixtures for the second week of December were down for Sandown, Manchester and Leicester, at all of which places sport was of a pleasant description, though on the first day in Manchester a regular deluge almost drowned everybody present. Fields were exceptionally large, especially for anything in the way of a selling Hurdle Race, which shows that there is a decided superfluity of a certain kind of horse in England, a horse which at this time of year contributes largely to racing executives and racing gluttons, but in a very small way to his owner. At Leicester a selling Hurdle Race attracted no less than twenty-one subscribers; and nineteen started for another. There is little to say about the racing generally, except perhaps to note that the class of horses seen out during the week was exceptionally good. We append below details of the principal events of the week:—

SANDOWN—Dec. 9th

Great Sandown Steeplechase (Handicap) of 300 sovs; about 3½ miles.
Mr C. de Crespigny's br h Correze, by Young Citadel—Wild Georgie, 5 y, 10 st 13 lb
Sir C. de Crespigny 1
Mr S. Davies' Fairy Queen, aged, 10 st 8 lb
Mr G. S. Davis 2
Mr A. Brown's The Primate, aged, 12 st 7 lb
Capt. Bewicke 3
Mr H. Dane's Alpha, aged, 10 st 8 lb... F. Hassall 0
Betting—Evens on The Primate, 5 to 2 agst Fairy Queen, 9 to 2 agst Correze, and 100 to 8 agst Alpha.

MANCHESTER—Dec. 12th

Manchester December Handicap Steeplechase of 300 sovs; 3 miles.
Mr J. McKinlay's b m Lady Ellen II., by Prince George—Lady Helen, 5 y, 11 st 5 lb... J. Knox 1
Mr B. Goodall's Lady of the Glen, aged, 11 st 2 lb
Latham 2
Mr Jack's Calamity, 4 y, 11 st 7 lb... W. Taylor 3
Lord Shrewsbury's Happy-go-Lucky, 6 y, 12 st 7 lb
Mr W. Woodland 0
Betting—6 to 4 agst Happy-go-Lucky, 5 to 2 agst Lady Ellen II., 3 to 1 agst Calamity, and 5 to 1 agst Lady of the Glen.

Dec. 13th.

Old Year's Hurdle Race of 200 sovs; 2 miles.
Mr W. Dunne's b or br h De Beers, by Ben Battle—Kooiur, 5 y, 11 st 11 lb... J. Walsh, sen. 1
Mr G. Haughton's Apostate, 5 y, 11 st 10 lb
Mumford 2
Mr E. P. Lyon's Caerlaverock, aged, 12 st 7 lb
Mr J. Phelan 3
Mr H. Clifford's Ben Gough, 4 y, 11 st 6 lb... Cooper 0
Lord Stanley's Greywell, aged, 12 st 1 lb... Rickaby 0
Mr H. E. Linde's Preston Kate, 5 y, 11 st 10 lb
W. Hoystead 0
Mr J. D. Wardell's General Gordon, 4 y, 11 st 8 lb
T. Kavanagh 0
Mr M. A. Maher's Tornado, aged, 11 st 4 lb
W. Taylor 0
Mr B. Goodall's Folkingham, 5 y, 11 st 13 lb
Latham 0
Mr E. Beresford's Knockany, 4 y, 11 st 3 lb
Mr Lushington 0
Betting—4 to 1 agst Greywell, 5 to 1 each agst De Beers and Tornado, 6 to 1 agst Apostate, 7 to 1 each agst Ben Gough and General Gordon, and 10 to 1 each agst Caerlaverock, Preston Kate, Folkingham, and Knockany.

LEICESTER—Dec. 14th.

Broxhills Steeplechase Plate (Handicap) of 150 sovs; two miles.
Mr A. Browne's b h The Primate, by Cardinal York—Myfanwy, aged, 12 st 3 lb... W. Taylor 1
Mr J. A. Miller's Royal Red, 4 y, 11 st 9 lb... Halsey 2
Mr F. Ball's The Wizard, 6 y, 10 st 13 lb
T. Kavanagh 3
Lord Shaftesbury's Carrollstown, 6 y, 12 st 5 lb
Williamson 0
Count N. Esterhazy's Igen, 4 y, 11 st 4 lb... Morris 0
Mr H. McCalmont's Belmont, 5 y, 11 st 3 lb
Mr Beattie 0
Mr F. Murland's Eccentric, aged, 10 st 8 lb
A. McKie 0
Mr W. T. Roden's Happy Girl, 6 y, 10 st 7 lb
W. Canavan 0
Betting—2 to 1 agst Royal Red, 5 to 2 agst The Wizard, 8 to 1 each agst The Primate and Happy Girl, and 10 to 1 agst any other.

Dec. 15th.

Leicester Handicap Hurdle Race of 150 sovs.; two miles.
Mr Scruby's gr c Dereham, by Melton—Athol Maid, 5 y, 12 st... G. Morris 1
Mr McCorkell's Mariner, 5 y, 11 st 9 lb... H. Escott 2
Lord Molyneux' Emir, 4 y, 11 st 7 lb... Owner 3
Captain Bewicke's Cameronian, aged, 11 st 13 lb
Owner 0
Mr H. Hyam's Magellan, 4 y, 11 st 4 lb
A. Nightingall 0
Captain Gooch's Happy-go-Lucky, aged, 11 st 3 lb
G. Turner 0
Mr M. A. Maher's Tornado, aged, 10 st 11 lb
W. Taylor 0
Betting—2 to 1 agst Dereham, 100 to 30 agst Mariner, 5 to 1 agst Cameronian, 11 to 12 agst Magellan, 7 to 1 each agst Tornado and Emir, and 10 to 1 agst Happy-go-Lucky.

On December 19th and 20th was held the Nottingham and Colwick Park December Meeting, at Colwick, in wretched weather, which seems to have been the chief feature of the meeting.

We give below the chief items of each day's racing.
Welbeck Handicap Hurdle Race of 300 sovs; 2 miles.
Mr R. Lebaudy's ch c Little Jack, by Town Moor—Doralice, 4 y, 10 st 7 lb... Mawson 1
Mr F. B. Atkinson's Warrington, 5 y, 12 st 4 lb
Escott 2
Mr Scruby's Dereham, 5 y, 11 st 8 lb (inc. 12 lb ex.)
G. Morris 3
Mr J. Stoddart's Red Rube, 4 y, 11 st 4 lb... Dollery 0
Mr W. P. Cullen's Golden Ring, 4 y, 11 st 12 lb
Owner 0
Duke of Hamilton's Par-ci-par-la, 6 y, 10 st 13 lb
Mr J. C. Cheney 0

Betting—9 to 4 agst Warrington, 100 to 30 agst Dereham, 4 to 1 each agst Little Jack and Red Rube, 6 to 1 agst Golden Ring, and 10 to 1 agst Par-ci-par-la.
Great Midland Handicap Steeplechase of 500 sovs.; 3½ miles.
Mr John Widger's ch c Wild Man from Borneo by Decider—Wild Duck, 5 y, 10 st 6 lb
Mr Joe Widger 1
Capt. H. B. Purefoy's Grigou, aged, 10 st 5 lb
J. Walsh, sen. 2
Mr M. Firth's Musician, aged, 10 st 7 lb... Driscoll 3
Mr C. de Crespigny's Correze, 5 y, 10 st 11 lb (9 lb ex.)
Sir C. de Crespigny 0
Duke of Hamilton's Pickles, 6 y, 10 st 13 lb
Mr J. C. Cheney 0
Mr Clayton's Grab All, 5 y, 10 st 11 lb
Capt. Bewicke 0
Betting—9 to 4 agst Grigou, 9 to 2 each agst Pickles, Grab All, and Wild Man from Borneo, 5 to 1 agst Correze, and 10 to 1 agst Musician.

VALUE OF STAKES RUN FOR IN 1893.

The total value of stakes won during 1893 in Great Britain, calculated according to Rule 113 of the Rules of Racing in force, exclusive of matches and private sweepstakes (which amounted to £2326 5s.), was—in England, £428,391; in Scotland, £11,107; and in Ireland, £18,441 10s. 2d. In 1874 the amount won in

stakes was—in England, £306,958 19s.; in Scotland, £8316; and in Ireland, £11,876. In 1884 the amounts were—in England, £381,857 17s.; in Scotland, £7916 4s.; and in Ireland, £10,447 9s. 2d. These sums do not include prizes to second and third horses.

THE MELBOURNE CUP.

Full particulars of the race for the Melbourne Cup (of 10,000 sovs, two miles) are now to hand. There were thirty starters, and most of the running was made by the Derby winner, Carnage (3 yrs, 7 st 7 lb), who was caught in the run home by Tarcoola (aged, 8 st 4 lb), who won by half a length, Jeweller (4 yrs, 7 st 7 lb) being third, half a head only behind. The winner was a rank outsider, starting at 50 to 1 offered, while the price of Carnage was 10 to 1, and Jeweller 16 to 1. The favourite was Sainfoin (5 yrs, 8 st), the declared winner of the sensational Caulfield Cup, at 8 to 1, who finished nowhere, while Tim Swiveller (6 yrs, 7 st 1 lb), who, after winning the Caulfield Cup, was disqualified for crossing, started at 10 to 1, and was never dangerous. Tarcoola, belonging to a Melbourne suburban publican, ran unbacked—indeed, had answered a question put him in private most unsatisfactorily; still, the 7000 sovs stake was not to be despised.

FOOTBALL.

The Oxford and Cambridge Rugby match, played on the 13th of December at West Kensington, was, of course, the event of the week in football circles. Nearly ten thousand persons witnessed the game. Compared with last year, watchers had a pleasant time, and the play they saw must—in the minds of the majority at least—have prompted the thought that on dryer ground the game might have produced developments of an almost perfect description. As it was, in spite of the apparent ill-effects of the previous day's most inclement weather, the character of the football was exceedingly good; and the manner in which the game was contested made it vastly interesting. The result, a win for Oxford by a try to nothing, will give an idea of how the excitement was sustained throughout. Cambridge played against the wind in the first half, and Oxford were once or twice handicapped by it in the second. We read in the "Field" that each University played four three-quarters, but with vastly different results. Oxford had two half backs in W. P. Donaldson and Cattell, who both proved adepts at taking the greatest advantage of the heeling-out tactics, so frequently adopted by the Dark Blue forwards; and they worked together so admirably and passed back with such smartness, that the fine three-quarter line of Oxford was frequently seen to great advantage, passing amongst themselves with remarkable accuracy, and seldom failing to gain ground. Compared with the half back play of Oxford, which was quite the feature of the match, that of Cambridge seemed poor; but, with forwards playing a less profitable game than those of the opposite side, the chances of Schwarz and Greg for aggressive work were not so great. Still, there is no denying the fact that they did not pass out with anything like the promptitude displayed by Cattell and Donaldson, who were almost as good on the defence as in attack, which is saying a great deal. The development of the four three-quarter system has evidently been slower at Cambridge than at Oxford, for, on the few occasions it was attempted to use the line as an attacking force of combined description, the result was not quite what had been anticipated. The Light Blues had been expected to show superiority forward, and they certainly gave occasional evidence of possessing good shoving powers; but the methods of Oxford prevented their telling to any appreciable extent, and where Cambridge did shine was in tackling. Their defence was very good indeed, especially in the first half, when they were playing against the wind, and again during the last ten minutes of the match.

The teams were as follows, and it should be noted that no less than four of the Oxford men hailed from Loretto and another from the Edinburgh Academy:—

Oxford University—L. C. Humfrey (Keble and Brecon, back), H. T. S. Gedge (Keble and Loretto), J. Conway Rees (Jesus and Llandovery, captain), E. M. Baker (Keble and Denstone), W. L. Thomas (Keble and Bracon) (three-quarter backs), W. P. Donaldson (Brasenose and Loretto), R. H. Cattell (Exeter and Trinity College, Stratford-on-Avon) (half backs), C. D. Baker (Merton and Sherborne), A. H. Colville (Merton and Merchant Taylors), F. O. Poole (Keble and Cheltenham), J. A. Smith (Trinity and Loretto), D. Donaldson (New and Loretto), A. C. Elwes (St. John's and Bedford), R. B. Littlewood (Wadham and Merchant Taylors), E. R. Balfour (University and Edinburgh Academy) (forwards).

Cambridge University—E. Field (Trinity and Clifton, back), J. J. Gowans (Clare and Harrow), W. Neilson (Clare and Merchanton Castle, captain), W. G. Druce (Trinity and Marlborough), L. E. Pilkington (King's and Clifton) (three-quarter backs), A. H. Greg (Trinity and Marlborough), R. O. Schwarz (Christ's and St. Paul's) (half backs), C. B. Nicholl (Queen's and Llandovery), W. B. Tucker (Caius and Canada), B. F. Robinson (Jesus and Newton Abbott), A. F. Todd (Caius and Mill Hill School), H. D. Rendall (Trinity and Rugby), F. Mitchell (Caius and St. Peter's, York), S. E. White-way (Trinity and Sedbergh), H. Laing (Trinity and Wellington) (forwards). Referee, Mr H. L. Ashmore (Rugby Football Union); touch judges, Messrs E. T. Gardon (past president R. F. U.) and P. Christopherson (Blackheath).

Of the twenty-one matches played, Oxford have won eight to Cambridge's seven, six games having been drawn.

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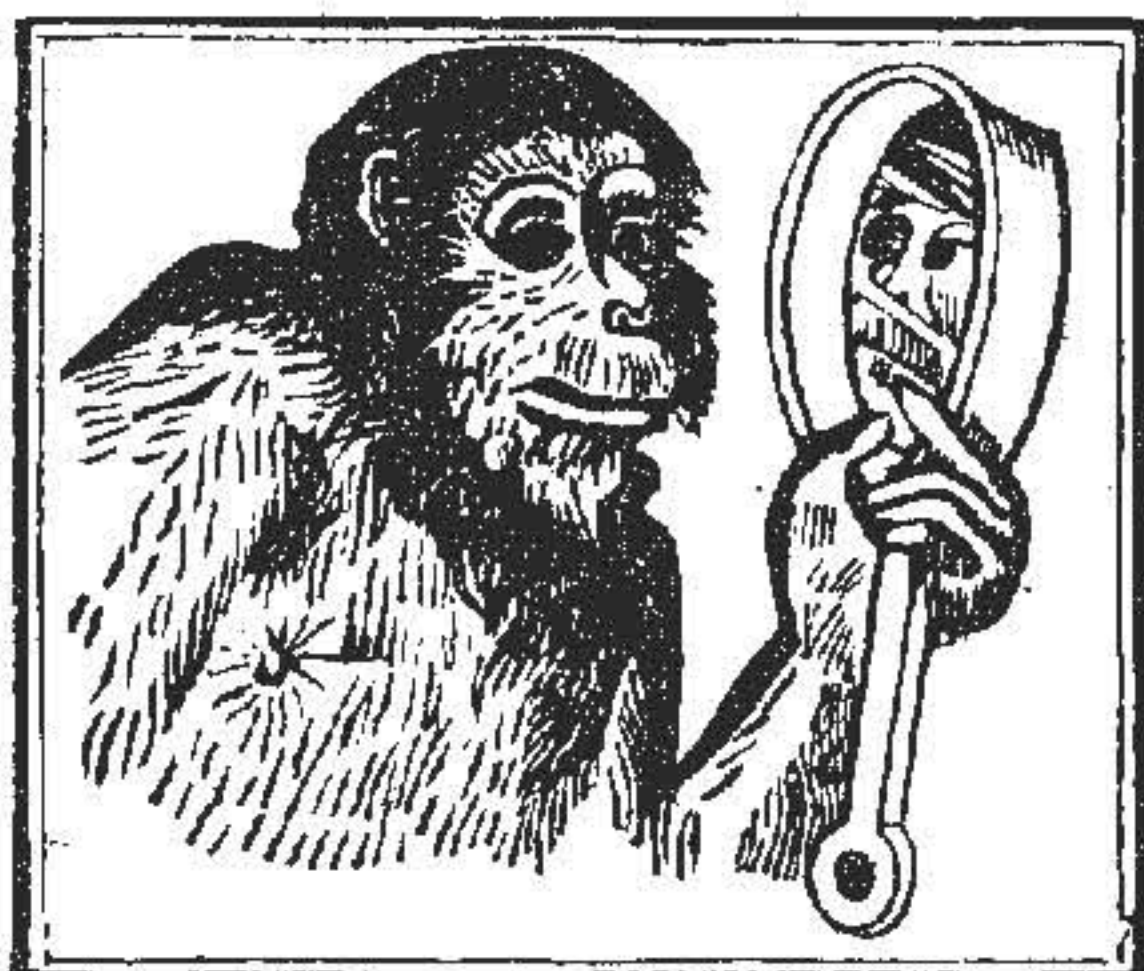
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On deposits at 30 days' notice	2 "	
On deposits at 90 days' fixed	4 "	
On deposits a months	4 "	
On deposits at 12 months	conventional	
	Oro sellado	
On accounts current	nil	
On deposits at 7 days' notice	2 %	
Do. 30 do. do.	2 "	
Do. 90 do. fixed	4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

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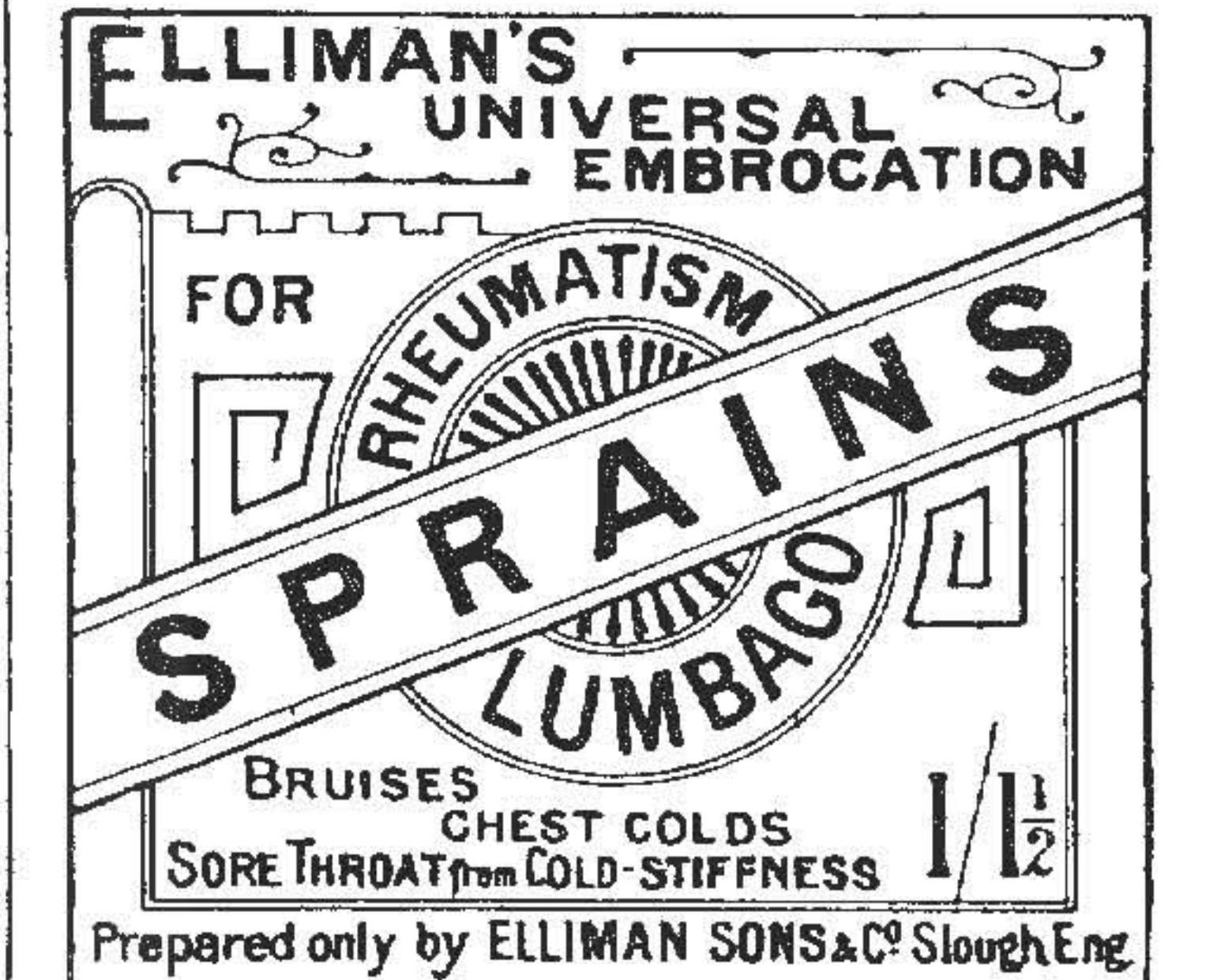
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Oxford wound up the term's engagements, before their match against Cambridge, with a meritorious victory over Old Leysians. The game was well contested all through, Oxford winning by two goals and a try to a try.

Two important matches in the Rugby Union County Championship were played on December 9th. The first was between Devon and Somerset, which ended in a draw, a result for which Mr S. M. J. Woods had to be thanked by the Somerset forwards, whom he led with great dash. They, however, did not combine so well as their opponents, and tired at the finish.

The second game was between Cumberland and Westmoreland, and much of the interest in it was taken away by the absence of some of the most important of the chosen players. Play was all in favour of Cumberland, who won by two goals and a try (twelve points) to nothing.

In the third round of the London Charity Cup Competition on December 9th, a rather one-sided contest between Old St. Mark's and Old St. John's gave the former the victory by five goals to one; the Polytechnic rather unexpectedly beat Old St. Stephen's by three to two; the Royal Ordnance Factories, without much difficulty, beat Minerva by five goals to two.

Little need be said of the League Championship, for which Aston Villa were gradually increasing their lead. There seemed no holding them and, as nearly all the other teams were performing in very in-and-out fashion, their chance of first place continues to improve each week. On Dec. 9 they met Sheffield Wednesday, and as they were weakened by the absence of two of their men the Yorkshiremen made a good show all through the first half.

Soon after the change of ends, however, one of the Wednesday eleven was unlucky enough to head the ball through his own goal, and this proved the turning point of the game, as the latter side never showed prominently afterwards. Everton took down the Sheffield United very cleverly on their own ground, though there might not have been much in it if the Sheffielders had not thrown away several chances by faulty shooting at goal; and there was a very close fight between the Blackburn Rovers and Sunderland, the former just scraping home by three goals to two. Few keener battles have been seen this season; in fact there seems to have been a good deal too much feeling imported into the game, which occasionally became very rough indeed.

The Surrey Association eleven have been doing very well this season and gained their third decisive win on Dec. 9, beating Kent by six goals to two.

The following is the result of the final round of the qualifying competition of the Football Association Challenge Cup:

- Division 1—Middlesbrough beat Willington Athletic, at Willington, 4-1.
 - Division 2—*South Shore beat Bury, at Blackpool, 3-1.
 - Division 3—Grimsby Town beat Gainsborough Trinity, at Grimsby, 6-1.
 - Division 4—Heanor Town beat Ilkeston, at Heanor, 5-4.
 - Division 5—Leicester Fosse beat Loughborough, at Loughborough, 1-0.
 - Division 6—Burton Wanderers beat Brierly Hill Alliance, at Burton, 2-1.
 - Division 7—*Stockport drew Crewe Alexandra, at Stockport, nothing scored.
 - Division 8—Reading beat Swindon Town, at Swindon, 2-0.
 - Division 9—Luton Town beat Sherwood Foresters, at Colchester, 3-2.
 - Division 10—*Woolwich Arsenal beat 2nd Scots Guards, at Tufnell Park, 2-1.
- * After extra time. Game stopped by referee owing to darkness.

For the week ending on December 23rd, the North v. South Rugby match is the principal game to record. It is described as "one of the finest games ever played in the north," a description it seems to have fully deserved. The match was played at Manchester on December 18th, and was won by the North by two goals and two tries to three tries, a victory which was well deserved, as the Northerners' combination was much superior to that of the South, especially amongst the three-quarters. We read that Donkin was the only one of the Southern quartette who was really brilliant, but at half back Wells gave an exposition which has seldom been equalled. Byrne proved a polished player of no mean merit, and his selection for England was quite justified. The Southern forwards did not use their feet when the scrum broke up like the Northerners, and the latter had a great advantage in those tactics. There was only one absentee from the originally selected North side; Bradshaw was indisposed, and the vacancy was filled by Hall (Durham). On the South side three alterations occurred, Gedge preferred to take his chance of being selected for Scotland, and Allport and Robinson were unwell. The places of these three were taken respectively by Donkin (Devonshire), Goole (Oxford University), and Tucker (Cambridge University). A stiff breeze blew down the ground and the South had the advantage of it in the first half, but North gained a lead of two goals to a try before they changed over, and eventually, in spite of splendid form displayed by the South at times, won as stated above.

The teams were:
 North—S. Houghton (Cheshire, full back), F. Firth (Yorkshire), R. E. Lockwood (Yorkshire), S. Murfitt (Durham), T. Saville (Cheshire) (three-quarter backs), J. Wood (Yorkshire), E. W. Taylor (Northumberland)

(half backs), J. Toothill (Yorkshire), H. Broadley (Yorkshire), J. Speed (Yorkshire), G. Woodward (Lancashire), Hall (Durham), H. Case (Lancashire), Lee (Northumberland), Davidson (Cumberland) (forwards).

South—J. F. Byrne (Moseley, full back), C. A. Hooper (Middlesex Wanderers), C. F. Donkin (Newton, Devonshire), A. Latter (Blackheath), J. H. C. Egan (Blackheath) (three-quarter backs), C. M. Wells (Harlequins), R. H. Cattell (Oxford University) (half backs), F. O. Poole (Oxford University), F. C. Lohden (Blackheath), P. Maud (Blackheath), W. Rice (Coventry), A. E. Elliott (St Thomas' Hospital), W. E. Tucker (Cambridge University), C. Hawkins (Torquay A.), F. Soane (Bath) (forwards).

Referee—Mr W. Call, Newcastle-on-Tyne (President of the R.F.U.).

The following table shows the positions of the sixteen clubs forming the first division of the Football League in the Championship competition:—

Record to Friday, December 22nd (inclusive).

	Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.	Points.	Goals for.	Goals against.
Aston Villa.....	20	13	4	3	30	49	25
Blackburn Rovers...	16	10	2	4	32	35	25
Sheffield United.....	18	9	3	6	21	28	31
Wol'pton Wanderers	17	9	2	6	20	30	31
Burnley.....	17	9	2	6	20	40	32
W. Bromwich Albion	18	8	4	6	20	39	36
Notts Forest.....	16	7	3	6	17	30	23
Stoke.....	18	8	1	9	17	37	46
Everton.....	17	7	2	8	16	49	36
Sunderland.....	16	6	4	6	16	36	27
Bolton Wanderers ..	16	7	0	9	14	21	23
Derby County	15	6	2	7	14	27	34
Sheffield Wednesday	20	4	6	10	14	32	43
Preston North End..	17	5	2	10	12	18	25
Darwen.....	17	5	2	10	12	22	39
Newton Heath.....	16	4	1	11	9	15	32

RACING CLUB OF FRANCE V. AN OXFORD UNIVERSITY TEAM (R).

Much interest was taken in a match, played according to Rugby Union rules, at Becon-les-Bruyères, about fifteen miles from Paris, on December 17. The visiting team was not representative of Oxford University, yet it was distinctly superior to the side by which it was opposed. Several of the Frenchmen showed plenty of pace and energy, but on occasions a great want of judgment was discernible, more especially in the method of attack. In the first half the Oxford men scored a goal, placed by Ellis from a try by Talbot. Subsequently Ellis placed a goal from a try by himself, and then Stewart crossed the French goal line. The visitors thus won by two goals and a try to nothing. They were afterwards entertained at dinner by the Racing Club of France.

Oxford—G. Field (Trinity, back), G. R. Bacchus (Exeter), C. N. Day (Trinity), H. Talbot (three-quarter backs), A. Ellis (Trinity), J. D. Hawkins (Exeter) (half backs), W. B. Stewart (B. N. C.), R. Pearson (B. N. C.), J. A. Lakes, L. C. Currie (Exeter, captain), H. Maitland (Magdalen), H. S. James (Trinity), P. E. Noble (Trinity), G. Schwabe (Trinity) (forwards).

Racing Club of France—Deschamps (back), Reichel, Collas, Critaux (three-quarter backs), Gustave Duchamps (captain), Ad. de Pallissaux (half backs), Mathoux, Sienckiewicz, d'Este, Landolt, Henriquez, T. F. Potter, Yean, Comdes, Gautier (forwards).

ATHLETICS

At the December general meeting of the Amateur Athletic Association the following records of 1893 were passed, viz., S. Thomas's four miles in 19 min 39 1-5 sec. at the Essex Beagles Sports at Stamford Bridge, May 6; S. Thomas's one and a half miles in 6 min 53 3-5 sec, at the L. A. C. meeting at Stamford Bridge, May 13; S. Thomas's three miles in 14 min 24 sec at the Ranelagh H. Sports, June 3, at Stamford Bridge; Godfrey Shaw's 120 yards hurdle race in 16 sec at the Civil Service Sports, June 10, at Stamford Bridge; E. C. Willers's four miles, 19 min 33 4-5 sec, at L. and N. W. Ry. Sports, Paddington, June 10; C. A. Bradley's 100 yards, up hill (rise of 1 ft 6 in), in 10 sec at A. A. A. Championships, at Northampton, July 1.

THE AUSTRALASIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS

An agreement having been entered into by the colonies possessing associations for the government of amateur athletic sports to hold intercolonial championships, the first meeting of the kind was commenced on the Melbourne cricket ground on Nov. 9. The competing colonies were New South Wales, New Zealand, and Victoria, the other colonies not having yet formed associations. On the opening day a strong wind was blowing, and this prejudiced the running generally. Results of the day's sport were as follows:

Putting the Weight (16 lb from 7 ft square): T. O'Connor, N.Z., 38ft 4 3/4 in.—Half Mile: K. F. McCrae, N. S. W. Time, 2 min 6 4/5 sec.—220 Yards: W. T. Macpherson, N.S.W. Time, 22 7/10 sec.—Walking (Three Miles): A. O. Barrett, V. Time, 24 min 0 1/5 sec.—Hurdles (120 yards, 10 flights, 3 ft 6 in): H. C. Davis, V. Time, 17 3/5 sec.—One Mile: E. H. Flack, V. Time, 4 min 44 sec.

No records were broken, but in the weight putting and 220 yards standards were passed. Besides the above championship events several handicaps were decided.

For the second day, Nov. 11, the weather was almost perfect and with no wind, and the grass track (quarter

of a mile) in capital condition, the performances were superior to those accomplished on the first day. W. T. Macpherson (formerly of New Zealand, but now residing in New South Wales) won the quarter in 50 1/5 sec, being an improvement of 1/5 sec on the Australasian record, made by Macpherson himself in New Zealand. This runner also won the 100 yards championship, and his time for the race was returned as 9 9/10 sec, which is not the fastest time accredited to Macpherson. We read that as long ago as 1891 the New Zealand A.A.A. passed his record of 9 4/5 sec, made on Feb. 7 at Auckland. D. Matson slightly improved upon the previous best time (his own) for a quarter of a mile over hurdles, and W. G. Cole by clearing 5 ft 8 1/4 in, also beat an Australasian record. The day's results follow:

Long Jump.—W. G. Cole, N.S.W., 19 ft 5 in.—100 Yards: W. T. Macpherson, N.S.W. Time, 9 9/10 sec.—Pole Jump: J. V. Gleeson, V., 9 ft 10 1/2 in (afterwards Gleeson did 10 ft 3 1/2 in).—Three miles: C. E. Herbert, V. Time, 15 min 33 3/5 sec. Hurdles (Quarter of a Mile): D. Matson, N.Z. Time, 61 1/5 sec.—Throwing the Hammer: T. O'Connor, N.Z., 86 ft 8 in.—Walking (One Mile): A. N. Bullock, N.S.W. Time, 7 min 13 2/5 sec.—Quarter Mile: W. T. Macpherson, N.S.W. Time 50 1/5 sec.—High Jump: W. G. Cole, N.S.W., 5 ft 8 1/4 in.

From the above brief return, it will be gleaned that New South Wales won altogether seven events, Victoria five, and New Zealand three. With regard to the latter, it is only fair to say that several of their representatives were unable to get away for the sports. The next meeting is to take place in New Zealand during the season 1895-6, and the third in New South Wales in 1897.

ROWING

We read with some surprise in "Land and Water," that the Cambridge boat, for the Inter-Varsity match will be built by M. Lein, of Paris, who was allowed to row for the Diamonds at Henley some years ago. R. C. Lehmann must be held responsible for the unpatriotic movement. We endorse our contemporary's hope that under these conditions Cambridge will not win.

BICYCLING

The report of the Pneumatic Tyre Company, Limited, of Dublin, who manufacture a tyre known as the Dunlop tyre, shows how enormously bicycling has increased of late in England. The report states that the tyre has been improved and re-modelled year by year, and in addition to the care which has been bestowed upon its production, with the object of rendering it one of the best of its kind, the company have acquired upwards of 100 patents, and have thus secured for themselves a monopoly of the trade sufficient to enable them to exact royalties from most of the other tyre makers. From a commercial point of view their success, says a contemporary, as reflected in their last balance-sheet, is far ahead of the results achieved by any enterprise in the history of bicycling, and few commercial undertakings of any kind have exceeded it in prosperity. The profits on the business of the firm, which is practically the supply of the Dunlop tyres, amount to about £150,000 for the year ending September 30 last. The royalties paid by other tyre makers, however, bring the total up to the enormous amount of £268,012 18s. 3d. The prosperity of this firm has increased by leaps and bounds, as four years ago they paid a dividend of 8 per cent., whilst the dividend for the year lately ended amounts to no less than 200 per cent., and at the present time the £1 shares are quoted at about £26. An obvious conclusion to be drawn from these figures is that wheelmen must be paying an unduly high price for their pneumatic tyres to enable such phenomenal profits as these to be realised. The abnormally fine weather enjoyed during the greater part of this year undoubtedly gave an impetus to bicycling, and many of the makers have made substantial profits. Messrs Humber and Co. show a balance of nearly £20,000. Other firms have, however, been less fortunate, and have sustained heavy losses, in some cases, in attempts to extend their trade in foreign countries.

GOLF

The Inter-collegiate foursomes Golf match at Oxford was played at the beginning of last month, the final being played on December the 6th. We read that the feature of the first round was the exciting match between Magdalen and Queen's, the latter only succumbing at the last hole. New College and Merton also played a close game. In the second round Brasenose easily beat Oriol; while Magdalen, who holed out in seventy-five, had a hollow victory over New College; but Balliol were hard put to it by Wadham. In the semi-finals Magdalen beat Trinity after a pleasant game, and Balliol just put out Brasenose, one of whose players, Mr Pearson, was unfortunately suffering from a bad eye. For the final, Magdalen were the favourites, but both Mr Stewart and Mr Boger were badly off their game, the former's short game being very feeble, while Mr Boger drove throughout with anything but his usual precision. Their opponents were little if any better, and the match was halved, neither side being under eighty-five. Playing right out, Mr Stewart's drive to the nineteenth hole resulted in an almost unplayable lie, and Balliol secured the hole and the silver iron. Magdalen were distinctly unlucky at the tenth hole, where their ball, when lying on the lip of the hole, was lifted at the request of the Balliol pair by Mr Stewart, who, on replacing it, carelessly knocked it into the hole, when Balliol claimed the hole because he had played twice

running. The weather was fine, and the course in very fair order, while the players were accompanied by a considerable number of spectators. The full results are appended:

First Round—Magdalen (Messrs F. H. Stewart and A. J. Boger) beat Queen's (Messrs R. B. R. Mair and G. M. T. Smyth); Trinity (Messrs A. B. Sanders and J. Robson) beat University (Messrs H. R. Wansey and R. P. Lewis); Balliol (Messrs R. L. Proudfoot and R. H. Mitchell) beat Exeter (Messrs H. E. Atkinson and H. F. Pelham); Oriel (Mr E. G. M. Carmichael and Rev. F. H. Hall) beat Hertford (Messrs C. W. W. Surridge and F. G. Morgan); New College (Messrs F. H. Campion and C. S. Ridgway) beat Merton (Messrs T. M. Winch and J. Johnstone); Keble (Messrs O. T. P. Nelson and R. H. Ferard), Brasenose (Messrs R. B. Pearson and R. Lodge), Wadham (Mr H. Nicholls and Rev. P. Henderson), byes.

Second Round—Magdalen beat New College; Brasenose beat Oriel; Trinity beat Keble; Balliol beat Wadham.

Third Round—Magdalen beat Trinity by three up and two; Balliol beat Brasenose by two holes.

Final.—Balliol beat Magdalen by one hole after a tie.

CRICKET

Presentation to Mr A. E. Stoddart.—An elegant silver bowl (without handles) on an ebonised stand has lately been given to this famous cricketer by the Middlesex Club in recognition of the fine form he displayed during last season, and of the valuable services he thereby rendered to his county. Of Mr Stoddart it may be justly said that he not only deserves well of his county, but his country, for has he not captained England both at cricket and football. On the stand which supports the bowl the following inscription appears: "Presented to Andrew Ernest Stoddart by the Middlesex County Cricket Club, in appreciation of his splendid cricket for the county in 1893;" on the bowl itself are recorded Mr Stoddart's scores—three figures, each of them—against Notts and Surrey, and his total runs and averages for Middlesex last season.

EN PASSANT.

Happy mortals who can betake themselves to Mar del Plata, Necochea, and other seaside resorts, shaking from their feet the dust of the city, and abandoning the heat and turmoil of the narrow streets to drink in the exhilarating draughts of ozone, their brows fanned thn while by the breezes of the South Atlantic. Such physic imparts new life and fresh vigour to the whole system, often sadly in need thereof, and enervated by the continued heat, broken only for a few hours by an occasional thunderstorm. Cynics and pessimists I have frequently heard rail against the Argentine Brighton. "What is there to do there?" they ask, to which the obvious retort is "nothing." And after a continued spell of hard work what is more delightful than doing nothing? The dolce far niente, given pleasant surroundings, is to my mind one of the sweetest pleasures in life. Call it lounging if you will. It is an art like many an other occupation, and the French are clever enough to recognise it as such.

* * *

They translate the lounge by the word flaneur and the professional lounge is to be seen to perfection in France. He affects principally the boulevards of Paris, the "planches" at Trouville, or the country retreat of a friend. At any of these resorts he is to be found, apparently cynical, blasé, and tired of creation at large, but in reality enjoying life to the full. The greatest study of mankind is man, and it is that study of man which principally engrosses the flaneur. As a rule, blest with an income which is sufficient for his wants, he is above the petty pecuniary worries of this life, and it is his aim to make this same life worth living. What a selfish role to play on the world's stage, you will say, but I venture to add that many of us would be but too glad to understudy the part for a short time, to use theatrical parlance.

* * *

It can be done here to a certain extent at Mar del Plata. Try it for a time at the Bristol Hotel, all ye who affect to despise the trivialities which afford amusement and are indulged in by the members of society who take up their abode there during the summer. I opine that the captiously critical flaneur will find plenty to amuse him in watching and following the little intrigues of his fellow creatures, smiling the while at their success or lack thereof, at the self interest which is the mainspring of so many of their actions, and the transparent mockery, hollowness and artificiality which characterise the social wares displayed in the minute portion of Vanity Fair yeapt Mar del Plata.

Join in that society if you will those who are not content to watch the game from afar, enter into its pleasures and its pains, but forget not that it is but as an onlooker and a critic you enter the Fair, for should you so far forget your role, and waxing enthusiastic, allow the head to be dominated by the heart, then shall you become but as one of the puppets, and your pleasure be lost, your serenity ruffled, and your equanimity disturbed. Your wordly philosophy shall then no longer be of avail, and the mask of cynicism torn from off your face, you will stand exposed an object of derision to that society which erstwhile you affected to deride. Your statue will be found to have feet of clay, and you will remain as a living witness to the truth of the adage that "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

* * *

The River Plate Republics have hitherto been tolerably free from swindlers who travel round the country seeking whom they may devour. The field doubtless affords ample scope for such gentry, but though it is well known that there exist swindlers, robbers and others of the same persuasion in our midst they have chiefly, I fancy, regarded this portion of the world as a haven of refuge from the claws of justice. An enterprising individual has, whoever, been lately expounding to the guileless inhabitants of the Uruguayan camps a new form of the confidence trick. The method is simple and apparently the ingenious adventurer has met with success. A camera was his whole stock in trade and he invited all the good people to come and be photographed. Whether he took their portraits or not is a moot question, but that he took their money is certain, telling them that he would finish the pictures in Montevideo, and representing himself as the agent of a well known firm, where they could call for their photographs on their arrival in the capital. The house in question was continually besieged by the dupes of the itinerant photographer! The idea was decidedly original in this world, where nothing is said to be new, and the sums he mulcted the public of were after all not so great as in many other varieties of the confidence trick.

* * *

And now, a final paragraph of a personal character. Circumstances, not of a political nature, and therefore calling neither for explanation nor interview, lead me to a residence in the capital of our Uruguayan neighbours. My opportunities for telling my readers what I have seen in the streets, and whispering in their ear what I have heard in the clubs, necessarily cease with my departure.

In taking leave of my readers I desire to express the pleasure I have had in being connected with "Sport and Pastime," and it is my hope that though living on the opposite shore my relations with these columns will not be entirely severed. Perchance I may find in the sleepy city of baths and beauty some subjects of interest common to both sides of the river. And if inadvertently in my past notes and jottings I have trod upon the special corn of a reader,—the world is so crowded now-a-days that it is difficult to move along without stumbling against somebody,—I take this opportunity, with hat in hand, to beg his forgiveness and refer him to Byron:—

What is writ is writ,
Would it were worthier!

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DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL NOTES

Madame Sarah Bernhardt, since her departure from Buenos Aires on the occasion of her second visit to the Argentine Republic, has opened her new theatre, *La Renaissance*, in Paris. As will be remembered, the great actress last year for her benefit at the *Politeama*, chose to appear in Racine's famous tragedy *Phedre*, and lately at her own theatre in Paris she has achieved a success in the same piece which, from French contemporaries, I gather, hereafter will stand forth as one of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's greatest triumphs. The press here were unanimous in her praise and, as I remarked in these columns at the time, the performance impressed me as one of the finest tragic delineations it had ever been my fortune to admire.

Listen, however, to what Mons. Francisque Sarcey says of her portrayal of the classic heroine. My modest pen is powerless and my efforts inadequate to do full justice to this superb impersonation of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, and I translate below a critique of Sarcey's, who is perhaps the ablest dramatic critic of the world, and which appeared lately in the Paris "Temps." The article cannot fail to be interesting, as being the opinion of one most fully qualified to speak authoritatively on matters pertaining to the drama, and who is moreover the mouthpiece of the *Comedie Française*, than which there is no more artistic school of acting.

He says:

No! A week is too long to wait to tell you this ever-to-be-remembered performance, to relate to you the profound emotion of an audience charmed and moved to tears, and to describe the enthusiasm, the plaudits, and the calls of the public.

The performance of *Phedre* was preceded by a lecture by our colleague in dramatic criticism Jules Lemaitre, the author of *Les Rois*, now being played with such success at the *Renaissance*. The first portion of this lecture was delicious, an intellectual treat. Jules Lemaitre explained to us why Racine, after writing *Phedre*, renounced the theatre for ever. It was generally imputed that he acted thus from motives of spite, and displayed the bad temper of a poet impatient of a check. But these chagrins do not prove beyond consolation, and it cannot be said that *Phedre* was ever dead. The tragedy withstood the assaults of the cabal and merited the approval of the best judges and the publicly expressed admiration of Boileau.

No, the reasons expounded by Lemaitre are of a much more subtle psychology, profounder, and more refined. Racine thought to make *Phedre* a Christian, in whom the efficacious grace was wanting, and thus bringing a new witness to the doctrine of his masters, the "solitaires" of Port Royal, whom he had been wrong in saddening by his impertinent letters. It is his method of returning to the fold of Arnaud. *Phedre* was in the author's idea a work of pious and good example. But when he had finished the work, and saw that it was so sad and sensual, he trembled before the fruit of his labour. He said to himself that the art which made him thus deviate from his intentions, which obliged him to scatter wicked thoughts broadcast among men, was a dangerous and mournful art. He resolved to burn that which he had adored; like the philosopher Jouffroy, he had his night of anguish.

This theme, presented in such a dry fashion, you will perhaps not esteem to any great extent, but you cannot realise the beauties of diction with which Jules Lemaitre clothed it. He enchanted his audience. I will not further enlarge thereon, the lecture will appear one of these days "en feuilleton," and you will have more pleasure in perusing it thus fully than reading a cold analysis thereof.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt had already once before, last year, while passing through Paris, played the part of *Phedre* for a charity fete. Chance had it that I was that week absent from Paris, engaged lecturing in the provinces. On my return I heard this same performance much discussed, and I was sceptical to believe in the expressions of enthusiasm which bore the stamp of exaggeration. I remembered Madame Sarah Bernhardt in the part at the *Comedie Française* when she was in the full heyday of her youth and glory. At times she was admirable but far from perfection all round; in the fourth act her voice failed her; she was forced to strain, and listening to her gave one the painful feeling that the overstrained voice would break in the throat. I did not think that during her tours in

Europe, she would have acquired more mastery over herself than she then possessed.

I was somewhat nervous about the result of the trial at the Renaissance.

My fears were quickly dispelled.

It is a remarkable and inexplicable fact that Madame Sarah Bernhardt is younger, more brilliant, and, to be frank, more beautiful than she has ever been, gifted with an artistic beauty which sends a glow of admiration throughout the body as the sight of a beautiful statue.

How many times, and from the lips of how many actresses have we not all heard that sorrowful lament of Phédre?

"N'allons point plus avant! demeurons, chère Oenone,

Je ne me soutiens plus; ma force m'abandonne."

and the whole of that confession which, verse by verse, is wrung from her by her nurse. We did not think that anything further could be revealed from the text interpreted so often and in so many different fashions. What shall I say? Tears sprung to our eyes when we saw her sink down upon her fauteuil, her head nestling against her nurse, the while moaning like a child. No, you cannot imagine the infinite variety of her intonations, the morbid elegance of her attitude and gestures, the intensity of despair which imbues her whole person, and that divine poetry in which she is always enveloped as in a luminous mist. It is perfectly beautiful; it is the ideal of perfection. For my part I liked her not so well in the second act, where she lost control of herself an instant, and where she strained her voice. I think, moreover, that the stage of the Renaissance is too narrow, and must be somewhat inconvenient to the actress. Phédre should be gradually drawn towards Hippolyte as if by a species of magnetism, or, if you will, by irresistible auto-suggestion; if from the utterance of the first couplet she is nearly upon Hippolyte, she cannot express to the eyes the movement of the action by the movement of the body. We were all awaiting the fourth act, and I confess my heart was beating fast. What joy! What rapture! She was admirable! She portrayed all the frenzies of passion with a marvellous vigour, without prejudice to the purity of her diction and voice, or to the rhythmic grace of her movements.

And what researches she has made. Researches unexpected and of an astonishing skill and truth.

There is a "misérable" which Mdlle Rachel has made celebrated, and which has since been the rock and despair of all tragedians. Madame Sarah Bernhardt herself declaimed it without investing it with the proper expression, for she has not the deep voice which the word requires in order that it may be uttered with the vibration sufficient to stir the public. She has overcome the difficulty by an artifice, which she alone was capable of inventing. You remember the verses which precede:

"Mes crimes désormais, ont comblé la mesure,
Je respire à la fois l'inceste et l'imposture.
Mes homicides mains, promptes à se venger,
Dans le sang innocent brûlent de se plonger
Misérable!"

Every actress, not excepting Mdlle Rachel, spoke these verses with a deep self loathing, and arrived at the last epithet of desperation, they stopped an instant before hurling forth, straining every nerve, the famous: "Misérable."

Madame Sarah Bernhardt, by a stroke of genius, has changed this reading. She spoke the verses: "Mes crimes désormais ont comblé la mesure," with the air and tone of a man who, angry with himself and raging against the gods, would cry out: "Well, now my cup is full." There is no means of getting beyond this, after the manner of Orestes, uttering the cry of wrathful resignation.

"Eh bien! je meurs content! est mon sort est rempli!"

Bear in mind that this reading, though new, is not for that the less true and acceptable, and how it smooths the path for the "misérable" which, though not that of Rachel, is quite as inspired.

And a similar commentary could be made upon the reading of every verse of the fourth act! Sarah's "tu le savais" made the whole audience tremble. All the Conservatoire pupils will adopt it. Yes, my children, you will repeat it, all of you, but it will not be the same. Mark how Madame Sarah Bernhardt prepared and delivered slowly as if struggling with memory, the verse "comment se sont ils vu? Depuis quand? Dans quels lieux?" Oh, those beautiful eyes! How they seem to pierce the past; and Phédre, turning slowly towards the nurse and pointing with her finger with an accusatory gesture, she

says "Tu le savais" with the tone of conviction of a woman who has laid bare some treason.

In the last act you know that Phédre comes to confess to Theseus and prove the innocence of Hippolyte. Here again Madame Sarah Bernhardt was sublime. She has fully grasped that Phédre is decided, and feeling that there is no escape from death must speak as if she were speaking from the depths of her tomb.

She makes this long confession on a single note in the voice, cold and dry, from time to time hammering out the text as it were by a method familiar to her, but the effect of which is in this case terrible!

She breathes her last breath without mimicry of any kind whatsoever, cold, resolved, and a victim to fate, she lets her charming head fall on the shoulder of a slave, "velut flos succisus aratro."

During this performance we were regaled with an incomparable feast of art.

For my part, it is one of the happiest days of my life. Will you believe that on my return home I passed the night reperusing Phédre. What a masterpiece is this Phédre!

THE PARIS OF THE WEST.

Col. Vincent Howard in an article with the above title describes his first impressions of Buenos Aires in the "South American Journal," as follows:—

"South America is a land full of surprises. The telegrams published in Europe led one to expect that the condition of Buenos Aires would be anything but agreeable to a tourist. They spoke of revolutions, arrests, and general disturbance. Even the day we were released from an utterly unnecessary quarantine the state of siege was prolonged for another sixty days. We were fully prepared, therefore, to find everybody armed cap-à-pie, and all ordinary occupations and amusements suspended. But nothing of the kind. No one would know, from the appearance of things, that anything out of the common had taken, or was taking, place. There were no passport formalities to go through. The Custom House authorities were extremely polite and anxious to avoid giving trouble—indeed, too much so in the case of some of the passengers. The streets of Buenos Aires were crowded with people, bright, gay, and full of life. They reminded one much of Bucharest. Successfully that little capital of Eastern Europe imitates Paris, Parisian life, Parisian habits. With equal, indeed greater, success Buenos Aires does so in the Western world. By comparison, our large provincial cities of like population (500,000) are funereal. The shops are full of the latest novelties. There are great cafés and restaurants. Within 500 yards of each other an Italian opera, three French dramatic companies, and two Spanish theatres are each drawing crowded houses. Arcs of gas lamps across the street opposite the theatre make the causeway as light as day. There are as many minor music halls as in London. But in one respect Buenos Aires surpasses either its French prototype or our Metropolis of five million people. The detection of crime, and its adequate punishment, may leave, indeed, much room for improvement. Not so, however, street decorum. After nightfall, disorder is strictly confined to a special quarter, well patrolled by police. Elsewhere a constable stands at each corner where four blocks meet of a hundred houses each. From quarter of an hour to quarter of an hour one 'fixed point' whistles to the next 'fixed point' that all is well with him. If he receives no answer, a horse is waiting patiently by the kerbstone, ready saddled and bridled, and he rides off to render assistance.

"The pride of Buenos Aires is, however, the Park of Palermo. Thither on Sundays and Thursdays everybody who is anybody resorts. If he has no carriage of his own, he hires one—not a cab or greasy fly, but a really smart turn-out. Equipage after equipage tears along the Florida and the wide avenues leading to Palermo. It looks as if life itself depended upon getting there first. In 'the drive' three pair or five rows of carriages crawl along at a foot's pace, the ladies, in smart toilettes, doing credit to their natural beauty, and not a few men taking the air in a closed brougham. On special evenings the park is lighted by electricity, and the carriage carnival is prolonged.

"Every Sunday there are races, and very well managed, too. The horses are, for the most part, descended from English blood, many of the best being bred by Mr Kemmis, on his 18,000 acre 'estancia' at Las Rosas. The betting is all by 'Pari mutuel,' under official management. There is said to be a good deal of foul play among the jockeys, all natives, and on this account the large British sporting population in the Argentine capital sticks to polo, cricket, tennis, and football. It mingles indeed, but very little, if at all, with the Argentines, either in athletics or society. In some ways this is to be regretted; in others it is a good thing. It places a barrier which might be often lifted to mutual advantage, but maintains the individuality of race which has had so powerful an influence on the good name of Britain in foreign climes. Argentine society is attractive in many ways. The men are generous, hospitable, and prodigal in their expenditure, when they have any money, and possibly more so when they have none but what they have borrowed. They are, more than in Europe, the lords of creation. This affinity with the East is found in other directions. The ladies

are handsome, well dressed, and well behaved, enjoying little freedom as girls, and not much more as wives. A feeling is springing up against this, but it is not making much headway. The depression is a useful excuse, for ladies' amusements are expensive. Of the depression one is reminded by unfinished palaces and unfinished public works. The walls were put up at the time of boom. Then came the crisis and the crash. The workmen were taken off, and the bricks alone remain as monuments of madness. One piece of enforced economy is to be regretted, namely, the stoppage of street paving. The granite roadway of the narrow streets is in the most lamentable condition, painfully cruel to the brave little horses drawing the crowded tramcars, agonising for those who take any other conveyance. The pavements are very good, but they are so crowded that people have practically to walk in single file, and the noise from the vehicles is deafening. I have mentioned the exclusiveness of the English (over 5000 in number), with their Hurlingham Club, and other physical associations. Perhaps, it is partly founded on the great distance between the suburbs of Flores, Quilmes, and Belgrano, all equally popular. But the insularism is not confined to sport and games. It finds valuable vent, also, in a pretty church and an admirably managed British hospital. But there is one game in high favour in Argentine circles, a manly one, and pretty to see. It is the game of Pelota.

"A long court holds the four players, two on each side, severally armed with a long scoop-shaped basket or 'cesta,' fastened on the right hand at the wrist. It drives the ball at a tremendous pace, and the skill and activity involved are great. The betting is heavy, not only on the merits of the rival sides, but often on individual strokes, especially in the competition between six or more persons, playing two at a time, each missed stroke turning out the one in default. But for the size of the court required it would not improbably become a popular game in England. The Spanish professionals are in great favour, and receive large salaries. But it is said that they are rarely able to play well after 24 years of age.

"It will be seen that, despite revolutions, dictatorship, and martial law, Buenos Aires is a pleasant place to live in. The evil tidings which make not a little sensation in London are frequently learned by the residents from the European papers, when, three weeks old, they come to hand. A more difficult task it will be to make clear the causes underlying these commotions, which, however exaggerated, are ruinous to the country and fatal to the essential influx of capital and immigration. In a future communication I will endeavour to face the difficulty."

BRITISH HOSPITAL

REPORT FOR YEAR ENDING 1893

	1893	1892
In patients	938	884
Deaths	36	44
Mortality	3.84	4.9
Operations	201	176
Deaths	2	2
Enteric fever	98	95
Deaths	2	6
Out patient visits ..	2,110	1,115

A series of 117 consecutive cases of enteric fever concluded on December 31st, 1893, beginning June, 1892. In the first 100 cases one death, the 104th case died, and it is to be noted that on admission he had inflammation of lungs and kidneys complicating the typhoid. Since then no deaths have occurred.

PROGRAMME OF A RACE MEETING

TO BE HELD AT

HURLINGHAM

ON

Friday, February 2, 1894

MATCH; nominations sealed.

A HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of \$15 each, with \$50 added, for Ponies of 56 in. and under; 500 metres.

A HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of \$10 each, with \$50 added, for Polo Ponies; 1000 metres.

A HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of \$20 each, with \$50 added, for Galloways of 58 in. and under; 1500 metres.

A MAIDEN SWEEPSTAKES of \$10 each, with \$50 added, for Ponies of 56 in. and under, that have never won at a recognised meeting at Hurlingham; weight for inches, top weight 72 kilos; 800 metres.

Entries close on January 25, at the Secretary's Office, Piedad 559.

This programme is subject to alterations and addition

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 17, 1894.

SPORTING NOTES

According to the telegraph, a bill will shortly be presented to the British Parliament to prohibit pigeon shooting and rabbit coursing, and to abolish the royal staghounds.

The polo season will commence in earnest at Hurlingham with a game on Sunday. The ground, though a little dead, is in good playing order.

During the absence of Mr Haxell in England the hon. secretaryship of the Tigre Boat Club will be undertaken by Mr W. H. Krabbe.

I omitted to mention last week that the photographs of the North and South elevens which we published on the 10th were kindly taken for us by Mr Julian Weinberg, at the pavilion of the Palermo cricket ground.

Special accommodation in the way of boxes are being put up at the stables at Hurlingham for ponies in training. They will probably be immediately filled as the advantages of training ponies at Hurlingham are obvious.

The Sociedad Hermanas de Dolores of Belgrano have benefited pecuniarily to the extent of eleven thousand dollars by the meetings held lately at the Belgrano and Palermo courses for its benefit.

Colonel Howard Vincent's first impressions of Buenos Aires will be found in another column. Comment on them would be unfair, as a residence of a few days or weeks in a new place hardly qualifies one to write a true description of its people and customs. The Colonel might, however, have found a better name for Hurlingham than "a physical association."

I am told that Mr Unzué is breeding from Gavotte and Siberie to English time, with a view no doubt to race their produce in England. The Argentine turf could not have a better representative at home than Mr Unzué should he decide to send some of his horses to run in his own colours in England.

This Republic will certainly not be able to supply for long a market for the large number of thoroughbreds bred in the country, as already our only two racecourses are well supplied, so breeders will soon have to look for purchasers from abroad. Rio de Janeiro will of course always buy a good deal of our surplus stock, but other outlets besides will have to be found, and it is difficult to see where they may be looked for.

Racing will recommence at Palermo on the 4th of March, and will end on the 2nd of Decem-

ber, during which period, thirty-five meetings will be held there. Nearly all the classic races have been increased in value, the smallest now being worth \$4000, instead of \$3000. The Gran Premio Nacional, as I have already stated, will in future be worth \$25,000 to the winner instead of \$20,000, and the 500 argentinos of the Premio de Honor will be increased to 800.

The special committee of the Hipodromo Nacional, composed of the Messrs. E. N. Casares, Urbe and F. Fariña have completed their programme of classic races for the coming season; and submitted it for approval last night. The Gran Premio Internacional will be worth \$20,000 to the winner, \$4000 to the 2nd, and \$1000 to the third horse. Two entirely new races will figure on the programme.

A very commendable alteration in the classic programme is the increase in the weights to be carried by two-year-olds. Up to the present colts have carried fifty and fillies forty-eight kilos, but in future these weights will be increased to fifty-two and fifty kilos. This will be the means of the jockeys being able to ride in two-year-old races and not be compelled to stand down for a lot of inexperienced stable helps.

The Hipodromo Nacional Club are at present very busy making improvements to their course at Belgrano. The idea is to turf the whole of the course and already nearly the whole length of the straight is finished, the remainder is expected to be completed about the middle of March, in time for the first meeting of the 25th or 26th of that month.

The date of the Buenos Aires C.C. v. Montevideo match has hitherto appeared erroneously in the list of fixtures. The match, which is a two days' one, will be played on the two days of Carnival, the 5th and 6th of next month, at Palermo. I hope none of our readers have been misled by the mistake.

The event of the week in cricket circles has been the wonderful innings played by Mr J. R. Garrod, the captain of the B. A. C. C., in his club's match against Quilmes on the 14th. His score is not only a record for the River Plate, but all who saw him make it agree that never was such a display of hard, clean hitting witnessed before on any of our cricket grounds.

I don't mind answering questions, however odd (such as why should a driving coat never have buttons sewn on its back? or why should the biggest horse always be put on the near side in a pair or team?) so long as they have a sporting connection, but I must refuse to answer the query of a correspondent who signs herself "Matron," who wants to know how much a ten months' old baby ought to weigh, for the simple reason that I don't know. The probability is that the scale is a sliding one.

A meeting of the Amateur Athletic Association committee was held yesterday afternoon, when some important business in connection with the Association was completed. A standard medal was awarded to Mr A. Davie for his pole jump of 8 ft. 6. in at the Montevideo sports last month; a letter was read from the Buenos Aires Temperance A.C., asking for affiliation to the Association, which was agreed to; and a sub-committee, consisting of Messrs H. M. Mills, V. Ker Seymer, and E. Danvers were appointed to revise the rules.

The most important matter decided at the meeting was the fixing of the date and place for the next championship meeting. Montevideo, whose turn it now rightly is, was chosen as the place and Wednesday, August the 15th, as the date on which the sports will take place. By the way, there will in all probability be an Athletic Meeting at Hurlingham on Thursday, May the 3rd.

With regard to the question as to whether Mr W. Mitchell is entitled to a medal for his performance in the mile race at the Quilmes Club's sports, the committee regretted that, as the Rules of the Association do not allow members of unaffiliated clubs to receive medals from the Association, they can neither grant him one nor accept his time as a record.

As regards the unfortunate misprint, clerical error, or whatever it can be called, on the programmes, that should have been counterbalanced by the statement that the meeting was held under the rules and regulations of the Amateur Athletic Association of the River Plate. The affair, it will be remembered, brought out a good deal of newspaper correspondence and criticism which has mostly strayed very wide of the mark, and those who may not be familiar with the working of the Association will have been misled thereby.

The impression may have been given that the Association is worked by a select two or three who reap all the benefits to be accrued from it. I may state that every club of any importance, both here and in Montevideo, seventeen in all, is affiliated to the Association, whose committee consists of a representative from each affiliated club, so that each has a say in its administration. It seems to be the rule that any man who has sufficient energy and knowledge to strike out a new line for the improvement of any branch of sport is immediately set down as doing so for some ends of his own. Is it that the critics are too apt to judge other people from themselves.

A friend in the camp writes to me to say that he followed, two years ago, a suggestion, thrown out several times in the first few numbers of "Sport and Pastime," that breeding polo ponies should be taken up by every breeder of horses in preference to the nondescript sort of animal so many estancieros are raising. He says that he has bred from a nearly thoroughbred pony stallion whose foals are already nearly as big as their mothers.

I am not at all surprised to learn this, as the sire having big blood, if it may be so called, in his veins, is, of course, liable to throw stock sixteen hands high even though the dams are only ponies. To breed ponies, pony blood must be used, either Arabs, Barbs or some other naturally small sires with picked criollo mares. I have heard Lord Harrington, too, who has bred polo ponies longer than anybody, say that by his barb sire out of a half bred mare, he would as often get a carriage horse as a polo pony.

Boots.

CRICKET

CRICKET FIXTURES.

JANUARY

Sun. 21—B. A. C. C. v. Flores, at Flores.
Sun. 21—Western Ry. v. Lomas, at Lomas.
Sun. 23—Lomas v. Rosario Ry., at Belgrano.
Sun. 28—B. A. C. C. v. Hurlingham, at Palermo.
Sun. . . —Rosario A.C. v. Las Rosas C.C., at Rosario.

FEBRUARY

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

MARCH

Sun. 4—London Bank v. Flores, at Flores.
Sun. 4—B. A. C. C. v. Lanus, at Lanus.
Sun. 4—Lomas v. Western Ry., at Tolosa.
Sun. 11—B. A. C. C. v. Rosario Ry., at Palermo.
Sun. 11—Quilmes v. Hurlingham, at Quilmes.
Sun. 18—London Bank v. Rosario Ry., at Palermo.
Sun. 18—Lomas v. Flores, at Flores.
Thurs. 22 (Holy Week)—B. A. C. C. v. Montevideo, at Montevideo.
Fri. 23, Sat. 24 (Holy Week)—Rosario v. Lomas, at Rosario
Sun. 25—Flores v. Lanus, at Lanus.

APRIL

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

MONTEVIDEO CRICKET CLUB—FIXTURES

Sunday, Jan. 28—Albion C. C. v. C. C.
Sunday, Feb. 11—A to K. v. L to Z.
Sunday, Feb. 25—Peñarol v. C. C.
Sunday, March 4—Over 26 v. Under 26.
Sunday, March 18—Eleven v. Twenty-two.
Sunday, April 1—North (U. K.) v. South (U. K.)
Sunday, April 15—Secretary's v. Captain's Team.

BUENOS AIRES C.C. v. QUILMES C.

The match between the Quilmes and Buenos Aires Cricket Clubs on the 14th was productive of, perhaps, one of the most remarkable innings ever played in this country, as regards the total number of runs scored and the fine display of hard hitting witnessed during its progress.

Quilmes won the toss and sent Buenos Aires in to bat first, J. R. Garrod and A. Lace going to the wickets. When he had made five Garrod was badly missed, but after that he played with great freedom and scored at an extraordinary pace. Though none of his team remained long with him he totalled 217 runs. He hit seven balls clean out of the ground, and his score included also no less than twenty-seven 4's, and in one over he hit four 4's and a 6.

Double figures were made by Messrs F. M. Still, R. E. H. Anderson, T. A. Forde, and H. Webster; the last named and Mr H. Withington were unluckily run out. The innings was declared closed with the score at 310 and eight wickets down.

When Quilmes went to the wickets the Buenos Aires captain proved himself as good with the ball as with the bat and captured one after another of the visitors' wickets till the whole side were out for 54 runs. Mr W. D. Bayley being the only player to make any sort of stand against his bowling. Buenos Aires thus won the match by 256 runs.

The scores are as follows:

Buenos Aires C.C. 1st inn	Quilmes 1st inn
J. R. Garrod, not out... 217	Smythe, b Garrod... 3
A. Lace, b Rooke... 6	F. Dore, b Garrod... 5
E. R. Gifford, b J. Bennett... 9	F. Rooke, c Forde, b Garrod... 8
T. A. H. Forde, st F. Bennett, b J. Bennett... 10	W. D. Bayley, not out... 11
R. E. H. Anderson, b F. Bennett... 15	F. Bennett, b Garrod... 5
H. Withington, run out... 2	J. Bennett, b Garrod... 0
H. H. Leng, st Bailey, b F. Bennett... 5	Pembroke Jones, c Webster, b Garrod... 5
H. Webster, run out... 10	A. Barton, run out... 9
F. M. Still, c Pembroke Jones, b Dore... 15	A. Brodie, b Garrod... 0
H. K. Trotman, not out... 3	R. H. Morgan, b Webster... 2
H. C. Thompson, did not bat.	F. Bocquet, b Garrod... 0
Extras... 18	Extras... 6
Total... 310	Total... 54

BOWLING ANALYSIS

B. A. C. C.				
	O	M	R	W
F. Rooke	10	—	58	1
Bayley	9	—	47	—
F. Dore	11	—	68	1
J. Bennett	9	1	27	2
Pembroke Jones	3	—	30	—
F. Bennett	11	—	62	2

Bayley bowled 2 wides and Pembroke Jones 1 wide

Quilmes C.

J. R. Garrod	14	2	26	8
E. R. Gifford	9	2	16	—
H. Webster	4	2	6	1

HURLINGHAM v. LANUS C.C.

This match was played at Lanus on the 14th, and though Hurlingham had only a weak team to represent their club they managed to win by 42 runs. The winners' best score was made by Francis, and G. S. Anderson both bowled and batted well for them. But for Reynolds, who scored nearly half the runs totalled by his side, Lanus would have been very severely beaten, as the Hurlingham bowlers, especially towards the finish of the innings, had matters all their own way.

The following are the scores:

Hurlingham 1st inn	Lanus C.C. 1st inn
E. L. Rumboll, c Brook- ing, b Tupholme... 5	J. A. Smith, b Lacey... 18
M. G. Fortune, b Tupholme... 0	R. Brooking, b Anderson... 0
Lacey (pro), b Brook- ing... 15	C. W. Reynolds, b Anderson... 27
E. Francis, c Brook- ing, b Tupholme... 30	B. B. Syer, b Rumboll... 2
G. S. Anderson, b Tupholme... 24	R. W. Rudd, b Lacey... 0
E. L. Wilson, b Tupholme... 0	W. Brown, b Anderson... 8
J. F. Darch, c Syer, b Brown... 14	W. Power, b Lacey... 0
J. Stuart, b Tupholme... 1	D. Duncan, b Lacey... 0
R. J. Curtis, b Jones... 0	F. W. Fothergill, not out... 0
D. Gibson, b Tupholme... 0	C. Tupholme, b Lacey... 0
E. Morgan, (Sub), not out... 0	C. D. Moffatt, did not bat
Extras... 8	Extras... 0
Total... 97	Total... 55

BOWLING ANALYSIS

Hurlingham				
	O	M	R	W
C. R. Tupholme	13	4	35	7
R. W. Rudd	11	3	29	—
R. Brooking	4	1	15	1
W. Brown	7	3	6	2

Lanus				
	O	M	R	W
G. S. Anderson	9	3	21	3
Lacey (pro.)	9	2	19	5
E. L. Rumboll	5	—	15	1

B. A. AND ROSARIO RY. A.C. v. PORT WORKS A.C.

A cricket match was played at the Port Works on Sunday, January 14th, between the B. A. and Rosario Railway C. C. and the Port Works C. C. which resulted in a win for the Railway Club by 108 runs and five wickets. F. Bardrick, who made 81 not out by first-class cricket, and L. Justican, who took six wickets for 18 runs, played well for the Railway. The Port Works fielding was particularly good.

All present were much indebted to Mrs. Crawford, who gave tea. Scores:—

B. A. & R. Ry. C. 1st inn	Port Works C.C. 1st inn
F. Bardrick, not out... 81	W. Dobson, c and b Norman... 0
J. D. Shepard, c Green, b Reeves... 25	F. Skeritt, b Pettinger... 16
L. Justican, c Lang, b Reeves... 4	H. Carter, b Taylor... 14
W. Williams, b Reeves... 29	E. Smith, b Justican... 4
G. W. Pettinger, b Reeves... 2	A. Merson, b Justican... 4
P. H. Taylor, run out... 2	E. Reeves, run out... 2
P. Norman, did not bat	J. Lang, b Justican... 0
P. Hardcastle, did not bat	A. Jackson, b Justican... 0
J. Duckworth, not out... 4	T. Fraser, not out... 8
R. C. Lloyd, did not bat	F. Green, b Justican... 0
T. Ireland, did not bat	E. Bodell, b Justican... 1
Extras... 18	Extras... 8
Total... 165	Total... 57

BOWLING ANALYSIS

Rosario Railway.				
	O	M	R	W
Bardrick	4	2	6	—
Norman	5	1	10	1
Taylor	7	—	13	1
Justican	7	—	18	6
Pettinger	2	—	2	1

Port Works C.C.				
	O	M	R	W
Smith	20	5	51	—
Reeves	26	1	68	4
Jackson	5	—	17	—
Lang	3	—	7	—
Skeritt	3	1	4	—

BUENOS AIRES WESTERN RAILWAY C.C. v. ELECTRIC LIGHT LA PLATA C.C.

A cricket match was played at Tolosa (on the Western Railway ground), on the 14th between Buenos Aires Western Railway C.C. and Electric Light La Plata C.C., which resulted in a win for the Railway by 50 runs. Messrs W. T. Cassels and W. R. Cassels were the only men of the Electric Light team to make a stand. Mr B. J. Baker played exceedingly well and bowled in his usual good style taking six wickets for 14 runs.

B. A. Western Ry. C. C. Electric Light La Plata C.C.

B. A. Western Ry. C. C. 1st inn	Electric Light La Plata C.C. 1st inn
E. J. Baker, not out... 46	W. T. Cassels, b Gray... 13
E. Prebble, b Macadam... 6	T. Trueman, b Gray... 1
H. Field, b Macadam... 0	W. R. Cassels, 1-b-w, b Baker... 11
W. L. Hall, b Macadam... 1	F. W. Clarke, b Gray... 0
A. W. Bannatyne, run out... 5	A. Macadam, c & b Baker... 3
J. H. Gray, b Lindop... 0	L. Jacobs, b Baker... 0
P. Nolan, c Macadam, b Lindop... 6	R. Cassels, b Gray... 0
W. Schoppe, run out... 1	R. Breese, not out... 7
J. Banham, run out... 3	T. F. Robinson, b Gray... 0
H. Wootton, b Cassels... 3	V. Lindop, b Baker... 0
A. E. Parkes, b Macadam... 3	L. Puentes, c Gray, b Baker... 0
Extras... 14	Extras... 3
Total... 88	Total... 38

BOWLING ANALYSIS

B. A. Western Ry. C.C.				
	O	M	R	W
A. Macadam	11	2	28	5
R. Breese	2	—	12	—
V. Lindop	9	—	28	1
W. T. Cassels	2	—	6	1

Electric Light La Plata C.C.				
	O	M	R	W
B. J. Baker	10	3	14	5
J. H. Gray	1	1	21	5

LAWN TENNIS.

LOMAS V. FLORES.

An inter-club lawn tennis match was played between Lomas and Flores on Sunday last at Lomas, which resulted in a draw slightly in favour of Flores, one match being left unfinished owing to darkness coming on. Messrs Knox and Macadam did not lose one match for Flores, and Messrs Corry Smith and Rowland and Messrs Anderson and Gwyther won three each for Lomas. The last, and unfinished, match was between the Messrs Jacob and Mr A. Boyd and J. F. Macadam. This was a very keen match. Flores at one time were leading by five games to love, when Lomas drew level and eventually won on the set.

The following is the result of the day's play:—
Lomas won 8 matches, 17 sets, 162 games, and 1031 strokes.

Flores won 7 matches, 19 sets, 161 games, and 1055 strokes.

T. V. M. Knox and M. Macadam (Flores) beat A. Anderson and H. E. Gwyther (Lomas), 6-4, 6-5.
T. V. M. Knox and M. Macadam (Flores) beat F. L. Jacobs and F. H. Jacobs (Lomas), 6-2, 6-2.

T. V. M. Knox and M. Macadam (Flores) beat L. Corry Smith and E. P. Rowland (Lomas), 6-3, 6-5.

T. V. M. Knox and M. Macadam (Flores) beat H. Anderson and P. L. G. Bridger (Lomas), 6-0, 6-4.

A. B. P. Boyd and J. F. Macadam (Flores) beat H. Anderson and P. L. G. Bridger (Lomas) 6-4, 6-1.

H. Tudor and F. Foster (Flores) beat F. L. Jacobs and F. H. Jacobs (Lomas), 6-4, 6-0.

H. Tudor and F. Foster (Flores) beat H. Anderson and P. L. G. Bridger (Lomas), 6-3, 6-4.

L. Corry Smith and E. P. Rowland (Lomas) beat A. B. P. Boyd, and J. F. Macadam (Flores), 6-0, 1-6, 7-5.

L. Corry Smith and E. P. Rowland (Lomas) beat E. Mrcadam and Theobald (Flores), 6-1, 6-1.

L. Corry Smith and E. P. Rowland (Lomas) beat H. Tudor and F. Foster (Flores), 6-2, 3-6, 6-3.

H. Anderson and P. L. Bridger (Lomas) baat E. Macadam and Theobald (Flores), 6-2, 6-2.

F. H. Jacobs and F. L. Jacobs (Lomas) against A. B. P. Boyd and J. F. Macadam (Flores) won one set, 6-5, and had lost two games of the next set, when the match had to be abandoned.

ESTANCIA AND COLONY.

The Rural Society, as our readers already know, have lately been working hard to get a reduction on the freights of cattle being moved to one part or another of the camp in search of pasture, and also with the laudable object of having drinking troughs placed at stations for the use of cattle when travelling. In reply to a letter from the Society, Mr Roberts, the general manager of the Western Railway Company, has made a reduction of twenty per cent. on the freights of cattle being moved on account of the drought.

* *

This reduction only applies to that part of the main line beyond Merlo, and on the La Plata and Haedo branches, and will last only during the drought. In order to benefit by this concession it is only necessary to state on the "guia de Campaña" that the animals are being transported in order to save their lives. With regard to the drinking troughs, Mr Roberts states that he has given orders to have them placed in the corrals attached to his stations, but he limits their use to animals travelling on the line only.

* *

The lack of forage caused by the long drought has drawn the attention of agriculturists in the vine countries in the south of France to the fact that the leaves of the vine form an excellent substitute for hay. There is, however, nothing new in this, the use of vine leaves for feeding sheep having been carried on for many years in some parts of France, but only on a small scale. It is the practice to turn flocks of sheep into the vineyards after the grapes have been gathered, and allow them to browse on the leaves. Vine leaves are rich in nutritious substances, and may be eaten either green or faded, while the quantity of forage which they afford is enormous. The yield varies, in different parts, from 1700 lb. to 9200 lb. per acre. Taking equivalent quantities of hay, and comparing the nitrogenous substances in that and the vine leaves, we find that one acre of vineyard will produce forage equal to about half the quantity of hay. It has been estimated that if the French vineyards were to be utilised in this manner, they would produce something like 3,500,000 tons of good forage. A source of supply of such magnitude ought not to be wasted.

* *

Advices from Liverpool announce the shipment of fine rams to Punta Arenas, where the sheep industry is now so flourishing that farmers are able to import Lincoln rams from England. These rams are for Mr Reynard, who owns some seventy thousand head of sheep.

* *

Punta Arenas, the capital of Magellan territory, has a population of about 1000, and is situated on Brunswick Peninsula. The streets of the town are twenty metres in width, and it possesses a good-sized square with garden, and on the north, west and south there are avenues of fifty metres in width.

Punta Arenas is the only free port in the Republic, and of late years, owing to the great increase of steam communication via the Straits, it has acquired considerable importance. It owes its name to a tongue of land stretching out from the spot on which it is situated in the direction of the water which terminates in a "sandy point."

Punta Arenas was founded at the end of 1849 as a penal settlement to take the place of that at Fort Bulnes which was then definitely abandoned.

* *

In Texas, horses are provided with straw hats, however strange such an idea may appear to us. A gentleman who has returned from there is loud in his praise of the kind treatment meted out to horses in that State, and more especially in hot weather. "It is," he says, "not an uncommon sight to see horses with large straw hats on their heads, sponges being placed underneath;" and he suggests that such a method of protection might prove beneficial in large cities during tropical weather.

* *

Messrs. Collett and Llambi sold the stock on the estancia Adela, La Carlota, F. C. Rosario, as follows:—
The Estancia Rodeo, 1270 head, at \$7.99 to Sr L.

Moreno; La Vigilancia Rodeo, 1832 head, at \$9 to Sr Bernardo Lucase; the Saladillo Rodeo, 2000 head, at \$7.50 each; and 1300 mares at \$5.95 each to Sr L. Madriaga.

Soudan, an imported percheron stallion, fetched \$700 and Negro, with the same description, \$490; Menard, a thoroughbred stallion, \$700; Piojito, an imported pony stallion, \$250; a percheron stallion \$140, a pair of Anglo-Normandy imported mares \$520 each, a thoroughbred stallion \$170, a harness stallion \$140, two percheron mares and one filly \$110 each, five mares and four fillies for light harness \$150, two brood mares \$180 each, several manadas of mestiza racing mares, percherons and ponies at \$16, \$13, \$17 and \$12 each; nine Yorkshire pigs at \$43 each. The total sale realised \$23,500.

Messrs Collett and Llambi sold the following stock on Dr Estanislao S. Zeballos' estancia, El Carmen, Lobos, at the prices attached:

A pure Lincoln ram at \$360, another at \$80, and 35 young rams at \$80 each, 23 black faced rams at \$11, 86 black faced ewes at \$20, 20 Lincoln ewes at \$37, and 83 others at \$32.

Ten cows and ten heifers at \$35 each, 36 mestiza Durhams at \$32 each, a pure Holstein bull at \$360, and a mestizo Durham bull at \$50.

Mr Lix Klett, in an article in "La Agricultura," calculates that the season's wool clip will reach four hundred thousand bales, or about a hundred and sixty thousand tons. Though the quality of the wool itself is good, we learn from England that it is working out badly, and that the bulk is sandy, heavy and dirty, and has all the defects due to the very dry season.

The guia on wools coming from ports of this province to the capital has been abolished by the Interventor, Dr Lucio Lopez, who merits the thanks of the market for abolishing this illegal municipal tax.

The Agricultural Department of New Zealand has cabled to the Agent-General to procure a supply of parasites that are known to be fatal to the Hessian fly. The parasites are bred by Mr Enoch, London, and he has been requested to supply 3000 at once, so that they may be sent out to the colony by the first steamer. Although the Department believes that the parasites will result in the extermination of the pest, it recommends agriculturalists not to relax their efforts to eradicate it, in accordance with the suggestions issued some time ago.

Messrs Florencio Monteagudo and Hector Carnaveri have opened, in Olavarria, auction rooms and offices, which will do business under the firm of Messrs Florencio Monteagudo and Co.

The United States exported between the 1st of July and 1st of December last year 8½ million bushels of wheat and flour, against 90 million bushels exported during a corresponding period of the previous year.

In all some seventy or eighty people have left the colony, and the dissidents sent deputations to the Consul and to the Secretary of the British Legation in Buenos Aires, Mr Findlay, who, as luck would have it, had come up to visit the colony. Their principal request was that the British authorities in Buenos Aires should despatch a telegram to Australia stopping the sailing of any fresh batches of colonists. Meanwhile, before doing any such thing, Mr Findlay, at the request of the authorities in the Colony, has gone out to the settlement to hear the other side of the question.

On the 14th Don Emilio Frers, President of the Rural Society, directed a telegram to the Society from San Pedro giving information of the fearful ravages caused by the drought in the north of the province, and which is now almost on a par with that of the famous 1860. Those estancieros who have no alfalfa or reserve potreros, and who had made no provision for supplying their animals with water, are losing nearly the whole of their entire stock. \$2 per head for cattle and horses, and 50 cents for sheep is being paid for pastures which have anything on them at all to eat.

The following prices were quoted in Rosario on Saturday: Wheat, placed in wagons at Rosario, \$6.35 per quintal, with a tendency for prices to fall to \$6.20 to \$6.25 per quintal; linseed at \$12.50 to \$12.60; and maize \$5.50 to \$6. Every day news is sent to Rosario of fires in the colonies, which are destroying the stacked wheat in enormous quantities.

A terrible dust storm, which brought little rain with it, passed over Rosario on Friday evening. The heat during the day was terrible, and whilst the storm lasted the evening at half past six o'clock was as dark as night. Some considerable damage was done to some of the villages outside, but in the town itself there was no loss of life or property. The wind and dust which had accumulated on the railway lines during the storm delayed several trains, and threw one off the line.

Several exporting houses have received still lower limits for prices at which to purchase wool, owing to the unsatisfactory way the consignments of this season's clip are turning out. On Monday and yesterday the highest prices for cross Lincoln were \$9.80 and \$10.20, and the lowest \$7.50. Fine wool sold at \$8.50 to \$5.60.

Wheat here, in the Buenos Aires markets, may be quoted for exportation at from \$6.20 to \$7.00. A lot of maize for exportation was sold on Monday, in the Central Market, at the high price of \$7.00. Maize for home consumption is becoming dearer every day, and with the scarcity of grass and the high price of hay a horse is becoming a most expensive luxury.

From Chacabuco we learn that the whole of the maize crop is lost, as whatever rain may come it will come too late to save the plants. Threshing is going ahead busily, wheat fetching \$5.30 to \$5.50 the hundred kilos. Carts to transport the grain to the station are very scarce, although as much as 45 cents is being paid per bag, not exceeding 80 kilos weight for a distance of from four to five leagues from the station.

Wool in the Chacabuco district is selling at from \$7 to \$7.20 the ten kilos for mestiza Lincoln, and Rambouillet wool sells easily at from \$5.80 to \$6.50 the ten kilos. Almost daily last week there were heavy dust and wind storms which caused great losses, and the camps were completely burnt up, and the cattle terribly thin and weak.

The "Evening Standard" of a recent date publishes an interesting article on the Swedish dairymaid. She is altogether a remarkable person. She works on the most scientific principles, has always a clock, scales, and a thermometer within reach; and knows to a nicety how to vary her method with every change of temperature. She can test the richness of milk with a lactocrit, she can raise cream by the ice process, and she knows how to manage a centrifugal separator. She has devices without number for "scouring," and is keenly alive to the importance of "bouquet" in butter. She is, in fact, a highly skilled worker, one who has been trained with infinite care, and at some expense, for her calling. One can scarcely imagine a greater contrast to the dairymaid beloved of Isaac Walton—an attractive young person who could sing a song, make a syllabub, and no doubt blush at a compliment from the gentle Piscator. The Swedish dairymaid is well up in vulgar and decimal fractions, knows several of the 'ologies, and if called on by any truant angler for either a "catch" or a syllabub would no doubt "set him down" in the most approved modern style.

The Swedish Government takes a great deal of pains to turn out this talented young woman. There are never less than fifty-two girls (the "Evening Standard" tells us) who are being regularly educated at public expense for dairy work. Of these forty are boarded out at dairy stations—co-operative dairy factories under Government inspection—and the rest are maintained as free pupils at dairy schools. The manager of the dairy station receives a State grant of £21 a year for each girl for giving them board, clothing, and instruction in dairy work. To secure admission an applicant must also be able to read and write, and be acquainted with the four rules of arithmetic and decimal fractions. She must also be skilled in milking. And she must be prepared to take the whole course of instruction—viz., remain at a station for two years. During this time, if she be admitted, she is lodged and fed free, and receives £2 15s 6d a year for clothes. The course of instruction given is most thorough. Not only the Swedish Government but the local Agricultural Societies take great interest in this work. One Society, for example, is mentioned, which defrays the cost of teaching—six girls to make butter on scientific principles. It also pays the expenses of a travelling dairy adviser, whose business is to help them, after they have left the training school, by keeping them informed of the most approved methods of doing their work. This shows what a keen interest is taken in the dairy industry in Sweden, and explains how it is that Swedish butter can compete in the English market with English butter upon more than equal terms. It supplies New Zealand with an additional incentive, if such were needed, to leave no effort untried to make the process of butter making in that colony as scientific and as perfect as possible.

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385 - CALLE BOLIVAR - 385

Some time ago, Messrs. Nelson Brothers convened a meeting of those interested in the frozen meat trade, with the ostensible purpose of considering how glutts of meat might be avoided, and how prices might be somewhat controlled by a weekly meeting of the principal sellers, who were to be perfectly frank with each other, and then fix a price, which should not be rigid, but only act as a kind of guide to others. Various opinions were expressed, Mr Paul, of the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company, urging that the laws of supply and demand were the only ones that could fix prices. Others argued that this law had not fair play, for as soon as the importers and consignees stopped the supply the shipowner stepped in and objected to his ships losing cargo. The result of the meeting was nil, as there appeared to be no possible ground of agreement. An impression was left, however, on the minds of those present that the farmers in New Zealand had been having a very good time, and that in future more profit ought to find its way into the importers' pockets.

A most disgraceful scene was witnessed at the Salas station of the Pacific Railway last week. According to the daily papers, some 380 head of cattle were standing at the station, some in trucks and some not, for four whole days without food and without water. On the third day no less than a hundred of the wretched creatures had died and the stench from their carcasses is impossible to describe.

The excuse for the affair is that the animals were sent from Vedia to Salas and, as no owner or interested party turned up to claim them, the station master refused to allow them to be moved to where they could get grass and water near another station farther down the line. If all these accounts be true, nothing is strong enough to say about the action taken by the station master of Salas, who even went so far in his ideas of duty as to refuse permission to allow the passenger trains to be drawn up a few squares away from this terrible mass of putrefaction.

So many of our readers are keenly interested in the New Australian Colony in Paraguay that we reproduce from the "Review" the account of the first disagreement in the colony, which we referred to last week. The letter is undoubtedly written by either one, or an intimate friend, of the authorities of the colony, so before giving judgment it will only be fair to wait till it is possible to hear the other side of the question. He says that the liquor question was what afforded grounds for the first disagreements. Although severely pledged to a three years' total abstinence by the articles of the Association several of the colonists saw fit to land at Montevideo and wilfully break this regulation. On that occasion they were let off with a simple caution. But one or two chose to make this point the basis of an attack on the existing authorities, and openly and on all occasions advocated the rescindment of that particular article. Of course, even if unanimously inclined, it was plainly "ultra vires" for the section of the society in Paraguay to do any such thing. They were handling the money of their fellows in Australia on the clear and distinct understanding that total abstinence was one of the conditions on which they were to work.

Things on this point quickly came to a head. Some of the malcontents saw fit to pass over to the native village of Ajos and there defiantly indulge in copious libations of Paraguayan rum. What made the thing unusually difficult for the authorities to deal with was the fact that the actual delinquents were only more or less the catspaws of the more wary and cunning agitators. However, the deputy-chairman and the Sub-Intendente—Lane, the Chairman being absent in Asuncion getting the titles for the land—took prompt action and summarily forbade all further visits to the village of Ajos. This was resented as an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject and stormy discussions ensued. Among other things one of the agitators said something about kicking the Sub-Intendente for his officious and meddling interference.

This Sub-Intendente, Tozer, by name, is an Englishman who happens never to have been in Australia at all. He fell in with the prospectors for a site for the settlement when over here, and thanks to his knowledge of Spanish and his real grit rendered them yeoman service in the course of their explorations.

Having approved himself a good man and true, and thoroughly conversant with Castilla he was nominated "Sub-Intendente" of the settlement when he finally had made up his mind to cast in his lot with the colonists. He is a quiet, unassuming fellow, albeit he always walks abroad with a pirate-looking belt and a revolver which he never uses, always trying to make things pleasant for everybody, and always apologising for imaginary shortcomings. All this, together with the circumstance that his left arm was then in a sling, made him seem a safe subject for the threatened kicking. However, when he heard of this, he walked up to the would be aggressor and inquired whether he meant what he was reported to have said.

The reply was in the affirmative, and as was to be expected there was an immediate engagement. At the end of the four rounds the one-handed Tozer, mildest of men, stood intact and scatheless, while his assailant was prostrate on the ground, sadly in need of repairs. Next morning the "beaten one" packed up his belongings and with three of his friends withdrew from the settlement.

Our Cañada de Gomez correspondent writes that the weather all week has been utterly destestable; the heat unendurable, and not a drop of rain until Friday evening. At about five o'clock p.m. that day the most fearful dust storm which it has ever been my lot to see broke over Armstrong, coming from the south, and lasting more than an hour. Darkness was all around us; had it not been for the southing and surging of the wind one might almost have fancied that a London fog enveloped the town. After the dust came a cheering and comforting downpour, which continued fairly through the night, and did much good. Saturday was a return to stifling heat, which quickly dried up everything; but a repetition of the storm of Friday, with somewhat tempered violence, occurred on Sunday night, followed again by rain, which fell steadily until early morning.

This day, Monday, it is fine but dull, and a very acceptable cool breeze is blowing. It is a thousand pities that the much wanted moisture has come too late for the maize, which from the continued seca is almost of no value. All vegetation, however, looks wonderfully improved and healthy. The locusts are said to be in countless numbers round Tortugas, and are wending their way hitherward. We are not as yet suffering, but I have seen two or three pioneers, so it behoves us to be careful, though all the care in the world will not, I am afraid, exterminate the pest. Some trains have already been very much delayed in consequence of the swarms on the line, and others have had to cut and leave some half their wagons at the foot of an incline, the engine returning after reaching a station to pick them up.

The wheat traffic is very heavy and seems to increase each day. Of course the height of the busy season is not yet reached.

Horses are very dear just now, especially those broken to harness, any price almost may be obtained for them. About a hundred wretched "mancarrones" came in to-day and sold rapidly.

No news has arrived here as to the whereabouts of Mr Smythies' murderer. Of matter to write upon there is none this week; everything is quiet.

* *

The colony of San José, Entre Rios, will hold a rural fair on the 15th of April. The fair is already the cause of a good deal of excitement amongst agriculturists and stock owners of the district. The fair will be inaugurated by the Club Industrial of the colony.

* *

In a book which has just appeared in Paris on the cattle trade is the following paragraph:

"The genuine wild bullocks which come from La Plata arrive comparatively thin, very old (18 to 22 years), and they are bred on the Pampas of the Argentine Republic. These animals with formidable horns are a cross of the Spanish-Durham (whatever that breed may be) with a little Normandy blood."

As the book is written by two veterinary surgeons one might well expect a little more intelligence.

H. SCOTT ROBSON

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

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

WOMEN'S GOSSIP.

Dear Kate,—

Christmas is in the air just now. All the shop windows are full of toys, Christmas cards, and pretty nick-nacks of all sorts, and people are already getting into the bustle of holiday shopping. In a week or so boys and girls will be home for the holidays, and the Christmas tree and pantomime season will be upon us.

Some pretty and inexpensive presents can be picked up just now in the shape of pretty photograph frames covered with pale lavender grey or blue silk, and with gilt corners. More expensive ones are in brown or green doeskin leather, also with gilt and silver corners, and such nice photograph boxes can be bought for three and sixpence or four shillings, covered with a handsome piece of brocade and tied with a bow of ribbon. Indeed, neat fingers can make these boxes at home, given a wooden cigar box, or a strong cardboard box, a remnant of rich coloured velvet, and some scraps of brocade.

Use the brocade for lining the box, which should be slightly padded with wadding, outside make the broadest sides and the top and bottom of the brocade and the two narrow ends of dark velvet, adding a little gold tinsel thread run on in the way lines, tie with a bow of ribbon to match the velvet, and you have a very nice little gift made out of odds and ends.

An excellent gift for a lonely bachelor, with no women folk to see his little comforts are attended to, is a nice soft eider down cushion, covered with a good piece of brocade, of not too pale a hue, and with a wide silk frill. Just think how comfortable it will make his pet easy chair for him when he is enjoying his pipe and his "Kipling."

Book racks for the hall to hold an almanac, directory, time table, and such necessary books for easy and frequent consultation are also useful gifts. And for the little ones there are lovely dolls and toys without number, and pretty story and picture books, of the making of which there is truly no end.

Paste buckles, by the way, are quite out for hats, though still to be seen for evening wear. Steel, plain gold and rococo have quite taken their place in millinery, and cut steel with dark velvet and long ostrich feathers, looks very well on the large hats still so very much in vogue.

A smart habit came in my way the other day, it was of very dark green Melton, with a double-breasted, long basque coat over a waistcoat of tan leather, which showed both at neck and waist.

Although foolish people are still wearing veils with coloured chenille spots, which are neither pretty nor becoming, by far the most fashionable and the nicest veil in vogue just now, is a good black net with small chenille spots, dotted about on it at wide intervals. By the way, miroir velvet in black colours makes the prettiest covering for hat frames, it looks so much softer than the satin crowns we still so often see.

Silk evening undershirts lined with nuns veiling are being largely shown in the shops just now, and are very prettily trimmed with lace. For warmer wear, striped satin petticoats lined with flannel are very useful and comfortable.

I saw three such pretty dressing jackets lately, worn by an invalid; they were of the finest cream-coloured flannel, one with pale blue, one with pink, and one with terra cotta spots on the flannel, and each had neck frills, cuffs, and a double ruching down the front, worked in a dainty pattern of embroidery and buttonhole stitching to match the shade of the dots. The sleeves were puffed, and there was a wide shoulder frill, finished off by a ruching round the neck.

The theatres are giving several good things before Christmas. Mr Beerbohm Tree has revived "Captain Swit" with an excellent company. Mr Comyn's Carr is to give a series of matinées at the Comedy Theatre, beginning on the 28th, and a poetical version of "The Piper of Hamelin," and Mr Burnand's version of "Sandford and Merton" should delight all right-thinking little people.

The Independent Theatre Company are running "The Debutante," by Mr James Vyner, a not very intelligible play, with some smart dialogue, and a more striking and powerful play, "The Black Cat," by Mr Todhunter.

The publication of Sir Walter Scott's letters, by Mr David Douglas, of which I lately told you, is now an accomplished fact, and very interesting reading both volumes are. "The Wizard of the North" shows himself, good man and true, in these intimate letters to his family and friends, and one is tempted to wish, while reading them, that the published correspondence of all great writers had been as full of love and friendship, of tenderness and charity, and of frank appreciation of contemporaries as are these volumes. The letters are written from his Castle-street house, sometimes from within the solemn precincts of the Court of Session itself, where the great writer was an Edinburgh lawyer among Edinburgh lawyers, and from Ashiestiel, where "The Shirra" ruled on Tweedside, and latterly from Abbotsford, fast growing from the little cottage with its few surrounding acres to the great mansion house and wide domain, still dear to the tourists' hearts. Kindly to friends, to children, to horses and dogs, and even to the pet cat "Hinse," the letters may, as the shadows of pain, of loss, and of ruin fall on the brave life and darken its sunset, be often sad reading, but they are always pleasant and profitable reading in that sincerity, truth and courage, loyal friendship, wide charity, and deep domestic affection are good things and noble, to hear whereof does us good, and leaves us with pleasant thoughts in our hearts, and with our love for the great writer, whose poems and tales gladdened our early years, and still can make us forget life's worries, only increased and deepened as we see how good the great man was in his simple, manly, home life among his friends and kindred.

If you like Scotch humour, of the sort Barry delights in, you will find a good deal of it in "The Stickit Minister," by Crockett, which is making a name for itself, and has a fine flavour of humour and pathos about it.

And now, adieu! With all good wishes for the coming year,—Yours ever,

MARGERY.

A CARLIST STORY.

It was during the Carlist war. News had been received at Estella that Sebastian Diaz, the leader of a guerilla force, had captured the Duc de C—, a man of great wealth, and an influential Republican, and, somewhat to my surprise, I was despatched with a troop to bring the captive to headquarters.

It was towards the evening of the second day that we approached Olite, in the neighbourhood of which Diaz was known to be, and a rumour had reached us that a

party of the enemy had made a dash across the Ebro and surprised his band. This, however, was only hearsay, so we still pushed on. We could already see the smoke, telling of a burning village, rising above the trees, when we came suddenly upon our advance guard, halted beneath a tree, from a branch of which hung the dead body of a woman, swaying gently to and fro, for the wind was blowing shrilly down the mountain road. A man was on his knees sobbing and praying; altogether it was a picture not easily forgotten.

We took the man with us to the village, where we found the inhabitants busily employed saving what effects they could from a couple of burning cottages. Here we learnt that the rumour was true. A party of the enemy had, led by a woman, who had been sent to them to treat regarding the Duc de C—'s ransom, by Sebastian Diaz—who was as much a brigand as anything—daringly crossed the river, and after a sharp fight succeeded in rescuing the prisoner, but that the woman who had led them had been taken and immediately hanged.

My mission was clearly at an end; but it was too late to think of commencing our return march that night, so men and horses sought what shelter the village afforded, the priest kindly offering to put me up for the night.

On entering the kitchen, the sole sitting-room his cottage contained, I espied the man whom we had found kneeling near the dead woman ensconced near the wood fire. He nodded in answer to the padre's look of inquiry, and pointed towards an inner doorway. Through this the priest passed, and, as the door swung open, I saw the dead body stretched on a couch, with two old crones on their knees beside it.

In some twenty minutes the good father returned, followed by one of the women, who placed a frugal supper on the table. The peasant—though he seemed rather above that station—would not join us, though entreated to do so by our host, but drank a glass of the rough Navarre wine, and ate a crust where he sat, under the funnel-like chimney which projected into the room.

After supper the priest turned to him and said, "Would you prefer to speak to me alone, my son?"

The man shook his head. "No," he answered. "Now she is dead, I don't think I have much longer to live, and I care not who hears my tale. Listen!"

"My name is Lorenzo Suetos, and I was born in San Sebastian. My father was a smith, and I learnt his trade; but, being of a roving disposition, when I was only sixteen I snipped as stoker on board a steamer. After several voyages I returned home and obtained employment on the railroad. Would that I had been drowned at sea rather than ever have set foot again in San Sebastian! It was on a Friday, that most unlucky of days, that I first saw Inez Ferragosa. It was a festa, and she was dressed in all her finery. Never had I seen, nor have I seen since, so lovely a *niña*, so beautiful a girl. Even as she lies dead and cold in yonder room you may perceive how delicate and regular are her features, but never can you imagine the soft beauty of her eyes, the bloom on her cheek, the gracefulness of her carriage, as I saw her that day returning from Mass. Her father kept a *taberna*, a wine shop, near the port, where she served his customers, so I had little difficulty in making her acquaintance. I loved her madly at first sight, and though I had many rivals, soon flattered myself that she cared for me more than any other. The wages paid in Spain are small, and what I earned was not enough to think of marrying on; still, she promised to be my wife when I obtained the position of engine-driver, for at that time I was but second man on the engine. Her father was not so easy; he was rich for one of his class, and demanded that I should put two thousand *pesetas* against the like sum he would give his daughter, before he would hear of a betrothal. I knew I might expect the appointment before long, but how to gain such a sum seemed impossible. Inez was already seventeen, an age when most Spanish girls are married, though in other countries I know it is considered young, for I have travelled, and to think of waiting till I could put by even the half of it was out of the question. All I could hope for was to gain a prize in the Government lotteries, and to purchase tickets I saved every *cuarto*. For a year I had no good fortune, but I was happy; for ever I had the hope before my eyes that the next draw would make me rich, and give me the money to satisfy Inez's father. At last I was given the post of engine-driver, and, more fortunate still, was not sent from San Sebastian, but put on a line that runs from the town to the frontier, only a few miles, so that I could still see my sweetheart every day.

"It was again a Friday, I remember, when, on returning from Irun, the frontier town, I searched my pockets for a match to light my cigarette. It was evening, and the station lamps were alight, so, not finding what I wanted, I picked up a morsel of paper which lay at my feet, and proceeded to one of them to ignite it, I happened to glance at the piece of paper as I held it towards the flame, and my eye fell on the number 5,031. It was a lottery ticket, dropped by a passenger. Something whispered to me that my chance had come; I put it carefully away with others I had bought, and determined to say nothing about having found it. A few days later the official list of winning numbers was exhibited in the window of the lottery office, and there, against a prize of five thousand *pesetas*, was the number 5,031. I was wild with joy; no thought of the loser's chagrin if he remembered his lost number entered my head, but I rushed off to the *casa de viñas* to tell Inez that the great day had arrived for me to claim her. However, I first got my money; and stepping into a jeweller's on my way, purchased her the gold earrings she had long been wishing for. On my entering the *taberna* what was my surprise to see my dear one talking to a well-dressed man, a gentleman, as I supposed, whom I had never seen before. He whispered something in her ear, and then, with great politeness, bade her good-night. I was angry, jealous, and more so

than ever when I saw that she already wore earrings handsomer than even those I had brought. But she cajoled me—swore that the stranger was a chance customer and his whisper only a flattering word on her beauty; that it was her rich aunt in the Plaza Mayor who had given her the earrings, and, fool that I was, I believed her. Still when alone I was not satisfied, and now that I had the money required by her father, determined to hasten on the marriage. But Inez, although she swore fidelity and love, played the coquette, was coy, and would not name the day, or allow her father to, and I began to have misgivings that all was not right. One night as I was hastening to see her, I perceived the same señor I had caught whispering to her leave the wine shop. Determined to find out who he was I followed him, saw him enter one of the largest houses in the town, and, pretending that I thought I had recognised a friend, asked the porter his name. The man told me it was Monsieur Jean, the Duc de C—'s valet. Even then the truth did not strike me, I thought the servant might have pretended to be a gentleman, and in that character made love to Inez.

"The next day I knew all. Happening to pass the cathedral at an early hour, I perceived Inez enter it. I followed. At first I could not see any sign of her, but seeing a little doorway through which the morning sun was shining, cutting with a shaft of golden light the gloom within the church, I fancied she might have gone out again. I was right; the door led into a deserted cloister and there, pacing backwards and forwards, with arms entwined, were Inez and a tall, handsome, dark-bearded man, whom I recognised as the Duc de C—, for he had once been pointed out to me as a visitor of distinction. A cold, dead feeling seized my heart. I stood watching, instead of rushing on them knife in hand as many a Spanish lover would have done. Concealed behind the angle of the doorway and in the shadow, they never saw me. Santos! when I think of the endearing words which came from time to time to my ears I now wonder at my own patience. He was urging her to fly with him to Paris, telling her of all the luxury and splendour he would lavish upon her. I heard her consent! What agony I suffered when he pressed his lips to hers! They were to take the train that night to the frontier, and from there the northern express. Then I knew my vengeance sure, and I left them. I saw them enter the station separately. He with his valet, she alone. At the last moment I sent my stoker back for something, and started without him. He was a good fellow, and I wished to spare him.

"We stopped nowhere before the frontier and I put on full steam, till the train rocked and the engine leaped on the metals. The bridge over the Bidassoa, the river which marks the boundary between Spain and France, had been broken down, and whilst being repaired my duty was to stop the train on this side, the passengers crossing on planks laid across the broken arch. Now I meant to let us all rush to perdition. The next day would have been too late, for the repairs would have been finished. The wind whistled and shrieked in my ears as the engine tore madly onwards. Already I could see the lights of Irun and the twinkling lamps of the workmen on the bridge. Another moment and it would be all over, I thought. The steam-whistle warned the workers to get out of the way, and then we were within a hundred yards of it. A hollow rattle told me we were on the bridge itself, but instead of falling into the river we still dashed forward, and mechanically I put on the break, knowing that the metals must have been replaced just before we arrived, and that, although unriveted—for they could not have had time to do that—the fearful pace we came at must have carried us clean over them in safety. Knowing I should be charged either as a felon or a madman I sprang from the engine the moment it stopped, ran back across the bridge, and knowing the country, managed to gain the mountains under cover of the night. There I joined a band of smugglers, who by means of passes only known to themselves, cross continually over the Pyrenees, evading the custom houses of both countries. This continued for two years till the war broke out, when I joined the band of Sebastian Diaz. I was away when the Duc de C— and his mistress were captured or he would never have lived to have been rescued. Diaz, greedy for ransom, allowed Inez to cross the Ebro to arrange for its payment. Instead of money she brought the troops. I arrived here to find her dead body, swayed by the wind, hanging from yonder tree. Do I love or hate her memory? *Quien sabe!* who knows?" So finished the story of Lozenzo Suetos. F. E. P.

The Noble Art of Self Defence

(COMMUNICATED.)

(Continued.)

There is an old simile of a cooper round a cask, but even that would inadequately describe the dire thrashing that that coal besneared brute received. In very few seconds, coaly had been hit everywhere, and was staggering about like a drunken man. Finally, a stunning right-hander between the eyes landed him on his back, knocked clean out of time. The new comer stood over him for a few moments, and readily realising that there was no more fight in him, went to the other smaller man, the victim, who was evidently in great pain, picked him up, put his right arm round his waist, carried him to that part of the ring where coat, hat, and waistcoat had been deposited, slung these garments over his left shoulder, stuck his hat on the back of his head, indicated with his left thumb that someone should look after the fallen coaly, and almost carried the ostler

across the open space to the Mother Redcap, amidst the acclamations of the crowd. The whole thing was so rapidly and neatly done, that it took me some moments to collect my thoughts, but, at last, I said to the bus-driver:

"I know that man's face, and I can't remember where I have seen it. Who is he?"

"That last man, who walloped the coal 'eever?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, "who is he?"

"Well, Sir, you can't 'a travelled much about 'ere, or you'd make no mistake about that man. Why, that's Tom Sayers."

"Years afterwards, I was introduced to Tom Sayers whom I found to be one of the best natured, jovial beings, that it has ever been my good luck to speak to.

I have had the gloves on with him, and then I found that, in spite of his almost superhuman powers, he knew what the quality of mercy meant. He treated me as a father would treat his child.

He was a wonderful tower of strength, a marvellous example of the result of self-sacrifice, when turned towards some end, some goal to be attained. He partook also, to a great extent of the nature of the bull dog, good-humoured, open-hearted, generous to a fault, slow to quarrel, difficult to rouse, but, once roused, bull dog like, it was a bad look out for any one who had the temerity to kindle the flame. He was only 5 feet 8 1/2 inches in height, and his weight, in training, varied according to circumstances, between 10 stone 7 pounds and 11 stone. He was inclined towards a much heavier weight, requiring at least three months to reduce himself to his proper standard, but once there, he was almost invincible. I happen to know that the only time he appeared in the ring, scaling close on 11 stone, was when he fought Nat Langham. This was the sole instance in which he was thrashed, Nat being fit and Tom not. When he beat big Bill Perry for the championship he weighed only 10 stone 8 pounds, and Perry over 15 stone, but Tom's wonderful activity and hitting powers enabled him to knock the big 'un in an hour and ten minutes. Probably his best fight was his second one with Aaron Jones (alias the Unknown) when he scaled only 10 stone 7 pounds. He then proved that he had the hitting powers of a 12 stone man. His two fights against Harry Paulsen are worthy of notice, seeing that, in each instance, he was giving away weight, and that in the first there were four, and in the second three hours' fighting. His most famous and absolutely historical battle was his last, when he faced John Heenan, the Benicia Boy, for the championship of the world. He was then thirty-nine years of age, and weighed, in very fine condition, 10 stone 10 pounds; Heenan, who stood 6 feet 1 1/2 inches, weighed 14 stone 12 pounds, and it is estimated that the difference of arm reach, in favour of Heenan, was over three inches. Heenan won the toss for choice of corners, and chose the highest one, with the sun at his back, having every possible advantage in his favour. Yet, little Sayers, with the sun in his eyes, fighting up-hill against this giant (and a very quick giant too), managed to make a favourable draw of the affair, after fighting for two hours and a half, having had one of the smaller bones of his right arm, his finishing arm, broken in the first twenty minutes. Jack Macdonald, formerly Sayers' second, was, in this instance, Heenan's, and his instructions to Heenan were: "Hit him as hard as you can on his right arm; if you don't, you'll be a gone coon in less than half an hour." The old second's advice turned out correct, for, about half an hour after the fight began, after Sayers had been clean knocked down seven times, one saw the phenomenon of a much smaller and less powerful man, with one arm inutilized, driving the bigger and stronger one, in a staggering state, all over the ring, and had that finishing right arm been in its accustomed state, the fight would have been terminated then and there, and Sayers would have been proclaimed champion of the world. The twelfth and thirteenth rounds were all in his favour, and the betting, between the first and second half hours veered round from 20 to 1 on the American to 2 to 1 on the Englishman. Several friends and one relation of mine were present at this memorable encounter, and all of them bear witness to the fact that it was a downright sample of British bull dog pluck. It was the battle of Waterloo, on a smaller scale, repeated. About a year afterwards Sayers had assumed the management of a circus (thanks to the appreciative generosity of the British public, who opened their pockets wholesale for the future maintenance of such an exceptional man), and, on one occasion, in which he was starring round the provinces, my father (also a man of his hands) and I, were introduced to the redoubtable Tom. Here is the conversation that ensued:—

"Tell me, Mr Sayers, when you received those terrible left hand facers from that huge American, how did you feel?"

"Well, Sir, the first four 'urt, but after that, I didn't feel anything."

What was this man made of? When I state that I saw John Heenan hold out, at arm's length and at right angles to his erect body, eighty-four pounds dead weight of iron, and when the sporting papers of those days report that he knocked Sayers clean off his legs thirteen times, the natural query must be "How was Sayers constituted?" He must have been what he was nick-named: "A cast iron man." Another experience I can quote about him, proves that, besides being able to inflict condign punishment on most of his adversaries, he could also take and appreciate a "whopping" in a friendly manner. I had backed the famous Mickey Gannon in his fight with Jesse Hatton for the middle weight championship, and £200 a side, the result being a draw, after one hour and fifty minutes scientific fighting, the men being so equally matched as regards height, weight and knowledge, that they were both re-

duced to a state of impotence, hands gone, eyes closed, and neither of them able to toe the scratch, the referee declaring the matter a draw. Naturally, after such an exhibition of pluck, science and endurance, each one held a benefit, and I, as a partisan of Gannon, went to Owen Swift's, to attend his benefit, for which Tom Sayers had been particularly requested to exhibit.

Tom's opponent in the "spar" was a certain Bob Webb, a man of about his own height and weight, and known as one of the cleverest men with the gloves in England. Much to the surprise of every spectator, Webb got considerably the best of it. Be it that Tom was a bit the worse for drink, or a bit off colour, or whether Webb was in exceptionally fine trim, no one could say, but all could see that Tom was in the wrong box. His lightning deliveries were nearly all "ducked" or transcendently returned, his nose was bleeding, and he was thoroughly roused, his chin sticking out like the ram of an ironclad. The sparring became faster and more furious every moment, until it climaxed in a clutch. (Those were the days, before Queensberry rules were known, and when clutching above the belt was legitimate.) The result of the clutch was that Webb cleverly and neatly cross-buttocked Tom right over the ropes of the ring, depositing him at the feet of the spectators. It was such a surprise, that a dead silence ensued. Webb, a comparatively unknown man, in sole possession of the ring, and the champion lying prostrate outside it. Sayers soon picked himself up, placed his left hand on one of the stakes, vaulted nimbly over the ropes and offered his right hand to Webb, with the words "Well done, Bob, you've given me a d—d good hiding!!!" Here there was an unanimous cheer of approbation. We all knew that the result was false, that, had it been a stand up fight with the bare 'uns, Tom would have knocked Bob out in a few minutes, nevertheless, the manly way in which he took his punishment and accepted his defeat was worthy of notice.

Mickey Gannon was another memorable sample of a middle-sized man. He stood about five feet eight inches, and weighed, in training, ten stone four pounds. To show his powers in private life, I will quote an anecdote, told to me by one of the principle parties concerned. We will call him B—, as his surname commenced with that initial. B— used to boast that he never got the worst of any matter he undertook, and had the habit of keeping a sort of mental ledger with everyone with whom he chanced to have dealings. He had another boast, which was that he knew every barmaid worth knowing in London.

(To be continued.)

FIXTURES

CRICKET

Sunday, Jan. 21—B.A.C.C. v. Flores, at Flores.
Sunday, Jan. 21—Western Ry. v. Lomas, at Lomas.

PRICES

Price of gold on the Bolsa from January 10th to 16th inclusive—

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" (criollos)	38—45	32—38	24—30	12—16
Cows (mestizas)	43—53	33—43	24—31	11—16
" (criollas)	28—33	22—28	14—17	6—8
Calves	3—8	4.50—7		

Hides—Bullock	\$11.00—12.00
" —Novillo	8.50—11.00
" —Cow	4.50—5.50
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Lambskins, per dozen	2.00—3.00

Sheep—Lincolns	\$8.00—8.20
" —Lincolns of 45 to 55 k.	5.60—6.60
" —Mestizo-Lincolns	5.30—7.80
" —Rambouillet	3.30—6.80
Ewes	2.50—5.90
Lambs	2.85—3.35

Wheat (barleta), 100 ks (new crop)	\$6.30—7.00
" (French), 100 kilos	6.50—7.00
" (Candeal)	6.00—7.50
" (Saldomé) (new crop)	5.20—6.90
Maize (morochó), old, 100 kilos	6.60—7.30
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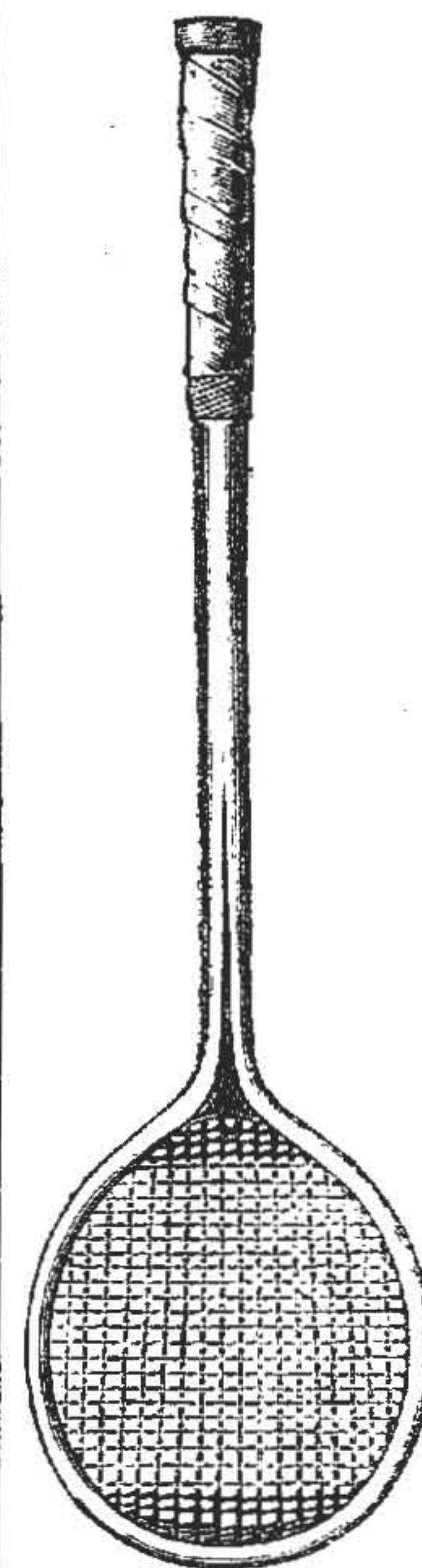
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S. Ostwald y Cia.

A Summer Ramble in the Cordilleras.

(Continued.)

"No," I replied, "that they certainly wouldn't, and you'd never be able to get them out to sell either, what would you do with them when the place got full?"

"That would be awkward certainly, but there must surely be some way out."

"If there is no way where goats can get down," I replied, "it is not likely that cattle could, but we will look to-morrow and the day after."

But next day, instead of looking for a way out of the valley, we went fishing in the lake, and caught more fish in the morning than we could eat in a week. Brandon had a lot of whipcord among his things, and we used it for lines, and the copper hooks which had belonged to the priests we baited with goat's flesh. We caught eels, dorado, pejeray, and catfish, for the lake on the northern side had a fine sandy bottom, but on the south and west there was plenty of black mud and tall bullrushes, so each kind of fish had its own peculiar feeding ground, though how they had not all been washed away in the flood we could not tell.

Birds, other than the barn-door fowls I have spoken of, and the water fowl on the lake, there were none, no partridges, woodpeckers, or song birds of any kind, in fact nothing living in that valley, without counting ourselves, our mules, and dogs, but water fowl, barn-door fowl, and goats.

"It is hardly the place one would choose for sport," said Jack to me one day when we had bagged a lot of black Spanish cocks and hens, "there is nothing very sporting in knocking down these things, and goats. How old Arnet will laugh when I tell him the sport we got down here. Fancy shooting goats, and hens, it sounds funny, doesn't it?"

"Yes," I replied, "but we shall have something more exciting before long I expect, we ought to see something of Hilca in a day or two, if what he told us was true."

And we did, for three days later Jack and I were preparing to start as usual one morning, Brandon having gone off to the flat place on the mountains to look out for the sign, when we saw him come galloping down the side of the mountain as though he had gone suddenly mad and wished to break his neck. We heard him shouting a good way off, and when he came nearer, we made out that he had seen the smoke a good way outside of the volcano.

"Well, I'm not sorry," said Jack, "are you, Dick? for now we have found out all there is to find out about this place, I was beginning to find this sort of thing monotonous. I vote we pack up our traps and start at once, though I wish we had not to go through that cavern again. I rather funk the ride."

"Yes," I replied, "we may as well start at once, but I don't think the ride through the cave will be anything like as bad as it was coming."

So we sent Brandon off to bring up the mules, while we began collecting our things. In less than an hour later we had started.

It did not take us three hours to reach the entrance, as we rode steadily on the whole way, the only stoppage we made was when we had to unload the pack mules to carry the boxes and things through the narrow tunnel. It seemed as though very little water had come down as far as that, as the water line marked only about two feet there, so we supposed it must have found some other outlet.

"It is no use trying to pile up those stones again," said I, when once more we stood outside, "it would take us a week, besides no one is likely to come here soon."

So we left the entrance open and rode away. We had brought a plentiful supply of goat's meat with us, so we did not wait that evening to shoot a guanaco, but rode straight down to the little camping ground among the mountains to wait for Hilca or his messengers.

It seemed ages since we were there last, and what surprised us most was that no rain had fallen there for the ashes of our fire were almost in the same condition as when we went away.

We reckoned that we had only fired off about fifteen of the Winchester cartridges, so that we had over three hundred rounds each to devote to the Pampa Indians, and as Jack said we ought to make some of them sit up and sing, "Oh, What a Surprise" with that number.

"But what a good thing we brought so many," said he, "if Hilca's brother knows anything about fighting the other fellows will never have a chance."

"And what are we going to get, sir, for fighting those Indians?" asked Brandon.

Jack laughed as he replied—

"Not much in the way of recompense, I expect, unless you would like to have a wife, and I daresay if we happen to lick them, these Auracans wouldn't mind you marrying one of their girls, and I fancy from what I have heard they are mighty fine girls."

"Thank ye, sir, but marrying is not much in my line I was nearly married once. I have never left off being thankful for having escaped, and its not likely I am going to try it on again, sir."

"How was that? I never knew you were ever in love Brandon, I thought you always hated the sight of a woman."

"It was a long time ago, sir, better than twenty years, when first I was took into the stables, sir. Me and Charlie Hughes was given a couple of colts to school, and him and me was both sweet on Polly Turncliffe; she used to do the milking and make the butter at the Hall, and she used to watch us jumping the colts, but one day mine got rusty and wouldn't look at the fence, and when we got in she chaffed me about Charlie being a better man on a horse than I. Well, next morning he wouldn't jump at all, so I got wild, knowing as she was looking on and laughing at me, so I druv in the persuaders, and he went at it like a bull at a gate,

and we come an awful purler, and I broke my shoulder, and when I got right again this here lump had grown, and when I asked her to have me she stuck her nose in the air and said, 'the idea, to think as I'd look at a lopsided heffigy of a man like you,' so she married Charlie, and a fine escape I had, for her tongue grew as long as her arm after that and she led him such a life that he ran away and listed, and I've never cared anything about women since, sir, they're as bad as blind hosses, you never know where they'll go, and it's best to leave 'em to them as likes 'em, sir, besides I was forty-nine last July, and I dont want a black woman."

"But they're not black," said I, "you will see plenty almost as fair as English girls, with yellow hair and blue eyes; don't you remember that chap as met us here? his hair and eyes were brown, not like the natives of the country at all."

"I wonder how it is," said Jack, "those fellows I saw up north were quite a different stamp altogether, there were some tall men among them, but they were far darker than Hilca, their hair and eyes were black."

"Yes," I replied, "those were of the Guarani tribes, you find some good big men among them, but you will see no tall men among the Tehuelches, they are all big, little men, if you understand what I mean, low so far as stature is concerned, but with enormous shoulders and chests, in fact, barring their height, they might be giants, and I would just advise you and Brandon to look out if we do come to blows with them, whatever you do don't let one of them get a grip of you, they would break you up like a kitten, rather than that take to your heels and run away."

Jack laughed at the idea of running away from an Indian.

"I don't know so much about that," said he, "but I'll do all I can to prevent one getting a grip of me. And what will you do, Brandon?"

"Oh, I'll run, sir, like a rabbit afore I let one of them get a hold of me."

"And what sort of features have those Pampa chaps?"

"Very much the same as the Guaranis, the same short, straight noses, high cheek bones, flat faces and slanting eyes just for all the world like a Chinese, in fact, I couldn't give you a better idea of their faces than tell you they are exactly like a bronze Chinese, and they have no hair on their faces, no moustache or beard."

"And will they fight?"

"Yes, like dogs for a time, but if they find they are getting the worst of it, they will clear out at once, you see they are only in the habit of fighting with the Argentine soldiers, who hold them in mortal dread, and the colonists, who offer no resistance, so they think quite a lot of themselves, but whenever they meet with any determined resistance you will see them run."

"I suppose these Auracans are plucky fellows?"

"So I have always heard and I only wonder at the Pampa men thinking of attacking them at all. The only way I can account for it is that they will be three or four to one, there are thousands of them in the plains, and I don't suppose we shall have more than a couple of hundred men with us, but Hilca said that they had twenty-six rifles, and if they only know how to use them and take up good positions, we will simply knock spots out of them. The Pampa Indians have no rifles, nothing but their spears and bolas, though there might possibly be two or three deserters from the Argentine army, and they would probably have them, but they are no shots."

"Well, I fancy," said Jack, "that we are in for a pretty exciting time of it. I like the idea immensely. It will be better than finding dead priests. Eh, Brandon?"

"Oh, a sight, sir; a terrible great sight better. I'm not afraid of nothing, sir, but the supernatural knocks me out clean."

"Well, you won't find anything supernatural about these fellows, but perhaps (turning to Jack) you would like to get up a subscription at home to convert them."

"Yes, I fancy I see myself at that game; but I believe I gave you my ideas on that subject last time we were here."

The next morning we went up and shot a couple of guanacos, and took enough meat with us for Hilca and his men, should they arrive down during the next night, and then I proposed that as we had nothing better to do that we should collect some wood and make a bonfire. So we collected a lot of dry wood, and mixed it with green branches to make a smoke, and lit it, and as there was hardly any wind, the smoke went almost straight up, and a lot of it there was, enough to be seen for twenty miles. But for the rest of the day we did nothing, simply lay on our backs and smoked and talked, while Brandon cooked.

It was just sunset, and Jack and I were lying on the grass watching the shadows deepening on the mountains, when we heard a distant shout. We were on our feet in a moment, and looking about beheld three men driving some mules down the mountain side about half a mile away.

"Here they come," cried Jack. "I wonder whether Hilca is with them."

"Yes," said I, "that's him on the right, I can make him out quite plainly."

And so it was, for when they rode up we found it was Hilca and two other men.

"Buenos tardes," cried Jack and I together, "get off and come along and have a tot."

He responded heartily to our salute, and said:

"Thanks for the invitation, brothers, I know it is hospitably meant, but neither I nor any of our tribe drink anything stronger than water, nor do we allow spirits to be sold among our people. That was one of the first laws our King Antoine made, and we found it good, and have stuck to it since his time."

We shook hands with all three, and I looked curiously

at his companions. One of them, a cousin of his, was a splendid looking man, only about twenty-five years' old; he was taller and broader than Hilca, though his face had not the same refined expression. His name was Tobal. His companion, when first I saw him, I had imagined to be a Tehuelche Indian, he had many of their characteristics, and Hilca told me afterwards that his mother had been brought from the pampa. His name was Kamat. They all three carried rifles and also a straight cutlass with a brass handle, though with no cross piece or guard to it, and they both spoke Spanish.

After the first greetings and introductions had been exchanged, Hilca said:

"And have my brothers not repented of their resolution; are you still minded to come and help us in our trouble?"

"Did you not see our smoke this morning?"

"Yes."

"Then what more answer do you require? What we said the other day we say again now, and are ready to start as soon as you are ready."

He sat looking at us for some minutes in silence.

"Well, if you help us now you will earn our gratitude for ever, and our tribe will find some means of showing it."

"We want no recompense," I replied, "I owe them a grudge or two which I shall be only too pleased to have an opportunity of paying off; but what are your plans, and when do you expect these devils to arrive?"

"Namun, my brother, who, as I told you, is our cacique now, has sent off all our cattle and women, except my sister Cora, and an old woman who refused to go, into a safe place in the mountains. Rodriguez, the trader, sent us word that they were coming at the full moon, and they will be over five hundred fighting men. More wanted to come, but Calú said that if more came there would be nothing to divide, but with your help we shall easily beat them, I believe, besides, we have another stranger among us, he talks your tongue, and is a splendid shot. He knows all about it, and is going to help us, too. So we shall have thirty rifles, and men who can use them, too, for our men are good shots also."

"And how many men have you?"

"We have about one hundred and eighty."

"And where are you going to fight them?"

"At the village at the foot of the volcano, they know the way as many of them have been there before, and Namun does not wish them to think we suspect anything, but let them once get among the mountains and very few of them will return, there is a narrow pass close in front of the village, we can put men with rifles on either side and in front to shoot them down, and very few will get away, we will give them a lesson that will teach the pampa tribes not to trouble us again."

"But you said it was three days' journey from your village here," said Jack, "how is it that we only saw the smoke of your bonfire yesterday morning and you turn up here to-day?"

"Because we rode all night as well, and that counts as one day. And if it were not that our horses require food, we would return now at once. But as it is we have plenty of time. We will let them feed to-night and start to-morrow."

Jack had got up while we were talking, and was examining some of Tobal's gear, which was profusely adorned with silver.

"My cousin is a silversmith and a dandy," he said, laughing, "he was some time with a man in Valdivia who taught him to make those things, but lots of our men know trades, Antoine was always sending some of them off to learn useful things. Ah, if he had only lived we should have been a great nation, his death was a great misfortune to us."

"I say, Dick," said Jack, coming up to us with a lot of them in his hands, "just look at these things, they are all silver, see this bit, with these little tips of gold and these stirrups and reins, they must be worth a small fortune."

"Yes, in a town, of course," I replied, "they would be worth a good sum, but here they are not worth much, these people have as much silver and gold as they like."

"I suppose so," said Jack, "if those old priests had only made things out of the gold they found what a show they would have had, but it is strange that no one comes down here to look for it."

"Well, I told you the reason. People don't know of it, and that is why it has never been brought under notice, and if you want to spend an exceedingly unpleasant time, just broach the subject when you get home. Get hold of some capitalists and try and float a company for the discovery and working of a gold mine in the South Cordilleras, and if they don't make it warm enough for you all I can say is there is only one other place whose temperature would be likely to suit you. These gold and silver mines will not be worked for another fifty or a hundred years, you will never make people believe in them, and not until all the pampa is taken up with farms and colonies and men are driven to look for land among the mountains, will these mines be worked, and then there will be a rush and people at home will hold up their hands and cry 'Who'd have thought it, how was it we never heard of it before!' But it will not be in our time, old man."

Tobal and Kamat said little, they conversed in low tones and eyed Jack and I critically, and seemed apparently pleased with their survey, though they did not seem able to form any opinion of Brandon.

We talked late that night, for we had much to talk about, and among other things Hilca told me that this foreigner who was now with the tribe had come with Rodriguez, the pedlar, from Chile, and called himself a North American, but he was a very curious man, he was always shooting at something either with his rifle

or revolver, and always hit what he aimed at, and that when he was not firing he was generally cleaning his arms, and his rifle he kept in a bag.

"So much the better," said I "he is probably some crack shot, and if he remains till after the fight he will be of great use to us."

"No fear of his not remaining," said Hilca, "he is always talking about it, wondering when the Tehuelches will come, and laying all sorts of plans. He has made a little corral on the sides of the mountains, on either side of the pass which leads up to the laguna where our village is, and he proposes to place ten men with rifles in each one, but the corrals are so well made that no one would notice them unless they knew where they were, and he has made a lot of other alterations at the village, too. The great spirit must be very fond of us to have sent you and him to our aid in our time of need."

"That is all very well, but four men would not be much use against four hundred."

"I know that, and Namun, my brother, is brave and clever, but you foreigners think of many things that would never enter his head, and will show him how to dispose of our hundred and eighty men in such a manner as to make the men from the plains imagine them to be three times the number they really are. Besides, our men are now sure of success, and are looking forward to the battle with more pleasure than anxiety."

We started next morning early and in high spirits, due south, and as we topped the first range Jack and I drew rein to have a look round; to the south, but seemingly but a short distance away, we saw the tall summit of the volcano Tinguiririca, but away to the north-west the mountains seemed to come sheer down like a precipice for several thousand feet, and the top of the ridge was almost level. I looked at Jack, and pointed towards them.

"Yes," said he, "that is undoubtedly the wall that skirts the valley where the dead priests are, and where Brandon came to look out for the smoke."

I asked Hilca what there was beyond that tall range.

"Mountains," he replied, "nothing but mountains." All that day we rode on without stopping, sometimes crossing high ridges, at others along valleys of wonderful fertility, but nowhere any signs of animal life, it seemed as though we were crossing a lost or forgotten country, and we ceased to consider the wonderful beauty of the scenery as we contemplated those enormous masses of rock, which looked terrible in their silence and desolation. We were riding up a lovely valley shortly before sunset, the only living things within sight, when Jack said:

"We might almost imagine ourselves in the Garden of Eden before the animals and Adam were created, eh, Dick?"

"Yes," I replied, "but this solitariness among these huge mountains is horrible to me, I think it would almost drive anybody mad to live here long, and the silence is awful, not a bird or anything living that we can see."

"It is rather dreadful, certainly, but the worst of it is there is nothing even to shoot, but there must be minerals about here."

We asked Hilca whether there was any gold about.

"Plenty," he replied, "in all the rivers that come down from the centre range there are minerals, gold, silver and copper; but you told me that you were not looking for gold."

"No more we are," I replied, hastening to allay his alarm for all these Auracans fear and hate a gold seeker worse than anything. "We are wandering about simply for our own amusement nothing else, and when we go away you will probably never see either of us again."

"I am sorry for that," said he pensively, "for you are risking your lives to do us a service, and our people would be glad to show you their gratitude. But you know why we fear the gold seekers, you know what it would mean to us were gold to be found here, we should be driven out and our country overrun. It must come sooner or later we know, we only pray that it may not be in our time. Had Antoine lived we could soon have defied both the Chilians and the Argentines, for our nation numbers almost three thousand fighting men, but we are separated. The poorness of the country compels us to live in villages scattered about, and the nearest village is fourteen days' journeys from when we live."

We camped out that night where there was good feeding for our mules, and the next night as well as Hilca said there was no need to hurry.

"Then, why did you ride straight through without resting?" asked Jack.

"I was anxious, brother, I did not know whether you had seen the smoke we had made, until I saw yours and then I knew it was all right. We can take our time now, as it is still eleven days to full moon."

On the third afternoon from the day we started we came in sight of the valley in which the Auracans lived, and Jack and I drew rein on the top of the ridge which overlooked it, wondering at the sight we saw. Right in front of us was the volcano, and at its foot the lake, but the water was so still that it looked more like a mirror than a lake, for all the mountains near were reflected on its surface, like a beautiful photograph done in natural colours. Beyond the lake stretched a valley for some twelve or fourteen miles, covered with trees, down the centre of which ran a stream into the lake, and from thence through a narrow defile in the mountains out on to the plains.

"Who," said Jack, "would ever have thought of finding a place like this right in among the Cordilleras. I always thought that there was nothing but mountains piled up one behind another, but see what a lovely piece of country there is there."

"But you knew perfectly well that there were hundreds of Indians here," I replied, "then, what the deuce did you suppose they lived on? They must have cattle of some sort, and cattle must have grass. And there is no doubt but what there are lots of these places scattered about among the mountains, though no one except the Indians know anything about them."

"That is the road by which Calú and his men must come," said Hilca, pointing to the pass in the mountain through which the stream ran.

"And now that we know he is coming I don't think we shall have much trouble in keeping them out."

"No," said I, "a few good men well armed could keep out hundreds of that rabble, but we will give them a lesson this time which will prevent them from repeating the experiment for some time to come. But where is the village?"

"You can't see it from here," he replied, "it is on the east side of the lake among the trees."

The descent into the valley was both difficult and dangerous, in some places we found narrow tracks made by the cattle or horses that sometimes wandered up there, but generally we had to pick our way down as best we could, and two or three times we had to creep round corners where there was barely foothold for our mules, and where a single slip would have sent us rolling down hundreds of feet below. But we had got confidence in our mules, and by this time thought but little of scrambling or sliding down places which but a fortnight before we should have considered utterly impracticable.

When we reached the valley all our mules trotted off to drink, and never before or since have I seen water so clear as that. The lake was about a mile and a half long by about three-quarters of a mile wide, and the bottom, shelving gently down, was of white sand.

In among the trees on our left we saw about forty or fifty round houses, built of stone and neatly thatched with long, dry grass, and here we saw a quantity of people awaiting us, and, as we rode up, two singled themselves out from among the rest and walked slowly towards us.

One of these was the American Hilca had told us of, a tall, very thin man of some fifty years, an unmistakable backwoodsman, but burnt, not as we Englishmen were burnt with the sun, a regular brown, but his face, neck, and arms were of a decidedly yellowish brown, which gave him the appearance of having been tanned. His dress was very simple, a broad-brimmed felt hat, a flannel shirt, a loose pair of trousers shoved into long boots, a broad, leather belt with pockets in it for cartridges, in which a long-barrelled revolver and, if anything, a longer knife were stuck.

The other was an Indian, and Hilca introduced him to us as his brother Namun, the present chief of the tribe. He was neither so well made nor so good looking a man as Hilca, but considerably older, perhaps forty-four or five. He stood about five feet nine, broad shouldered and very muscular, and, like his brother, was naked to the waist, but round his neck he wore a chain of silver, made with big big flat links, and from every link hung a little round pendant, about the size of a shilling. His face, when first I saw it, struck me as being both savage and cruel, though decidedly handsome, his eyes looked one straight in the face, with a half imperious look of enquiry, and though wide open, and showing the whole of the iris, the corners were too pointed, his nose was thin and aquiline, his mouth rather too straight, and with the lips too thin, and the jaw very square. A man, I thought at the first glance, one would prefer to have as a friend rather than an enemy, but a man born undoubtedly to be a leader of men. But as soon as he began speaking his whole expression changed, and the Indian was at once transformed into a civilised man.

"Welcome, brothers," he said, in rather an abrupt manner, the words coming out short and sharp. "Hilca, my mother's son, has told me of your generous offer to help us against Calú and his tribe. Dismount, and come to my toldo."

We dismounted and shook hands with him, while he shouted some words in a language we had never heard before to some men standing by, and who now came forward and took our mules.

"Glad to see ye," said the American, now shaking hands with us. "Ephraim Potts is my name, what's yours?"

Jack laughed, and told him:

"Brook and Bickerseth," said he, rubbing his nose with the forefinger of his left hand while he shoved his right under his belt, "never heard either of them before to my knowledge, and who's this?" pointing to Brandon.

"Oh, that's Brandon, my servant," said Jack.

"Help," shouted Potts, "we don't grow servants in this blessed republic; give us your hand, mata."

"Vamos," said Namun, "come to my toldo and eat, you must be hungry, and after that we will talk."

We went towards one of the nearest toldos, considerably larger than the others, it was as I have said round, and built of stones, and in the centre was a stout post which reached the roof, and to which the rafters which came from the walls were attached at the top. There were two little windows in the walls, and a table and four chairs stood by the centre post, and on one side stood a large wooden box, and a camp bed. On the walls hung several prints of saints in frames, with glass in front of them, three rifles, a richly ornamented cavalry sabre, and a double barrel shot gun.

"This was Antoine's toldo," said Namun, noticing our inquisitive looks, "and these were his things; when we heard of his death I took possession of them, as being the hereditary chief of the tribe; you have no doubt heard of him?"

(To be continued.)

List of Clubs with their Secretaries

POLO CLUBS

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

ATHLETIC CLUBS

- AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OF THE RIVER PLATE—*Blue and White*—E. Danvers, 559 Piedad.
- B. A. AND R. RY.—*Yellow and Black*—F. F. Webb, 248 Avenida de Mayo.
- CAMPANA—B. J. MacCullagh, Campana.
- Cordoba—J. C. Bowden, Gerencia, F.C.C.C., Córdoba.
- ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL—*Red and White*—Percy Hill, 3502 Santa Fé.
- FLORES—*Light Blue, Yellow, and Dark Blue with narrow White Stripes*—B. G. Henderson, 89 B. Aires, Flores.
- HURLINGHAM—*Blue, Red and Yellow*—F. J. Balfour, 559 Piedad, Buenos Aires.
- Junin—Ll. W. Makin, Junin, F. C. Pacifico.
- LOBOS—*Blue and Red*—James F. McKeon, Lobos, F.C.S.
- LOMAS—*Blue and White*—P. L. G. Bridger, Casilla de Correo 1121.
- Montevideo—H. D. McMaster, Club Inglés, Montevideo.
- QUILMES—*Dark Blue and Orange*—A. M. Hudson, 423 Rivadavia, Buenos Aires.
- ROLDAN—T. H. Wilson, Roldan.
- ROSARIO—*Claret and Light Blue*—Thomas A. Hall, 2 Plaza Jewell, Rosario.
- Tucuman—A. S. Reade, Tucuman, F.C.N.O.A.

LAWN TENNIS CLUBS

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

CRICKET CLUBS

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

FOOTBALL CLUBS

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

BUENOS AIRES HUNT CLUB

- Th. Wilzer, 55 Pavon, Belgrano.

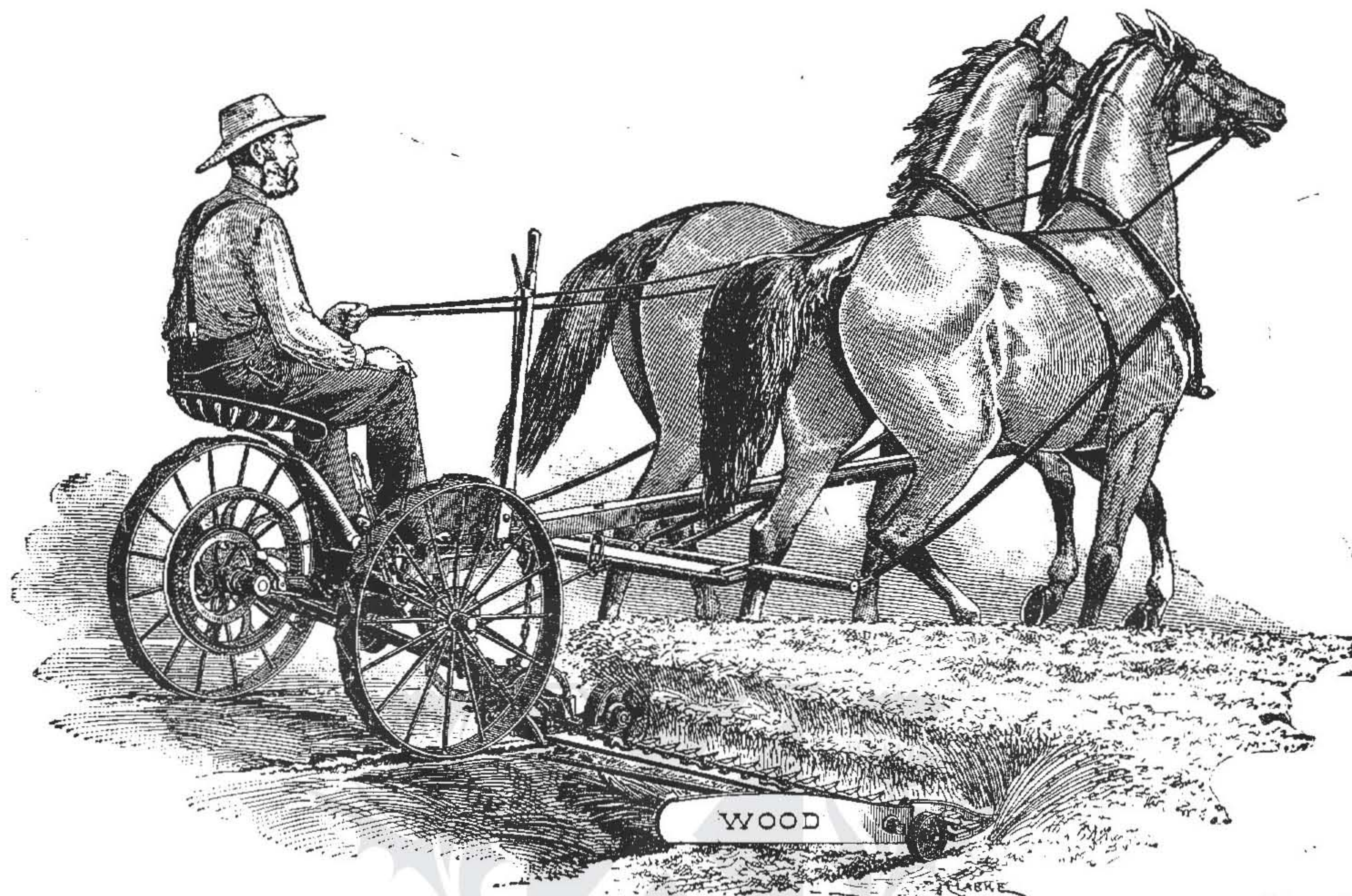
KENNEL CLUB

- H. H. Ewen, Piedad 559.

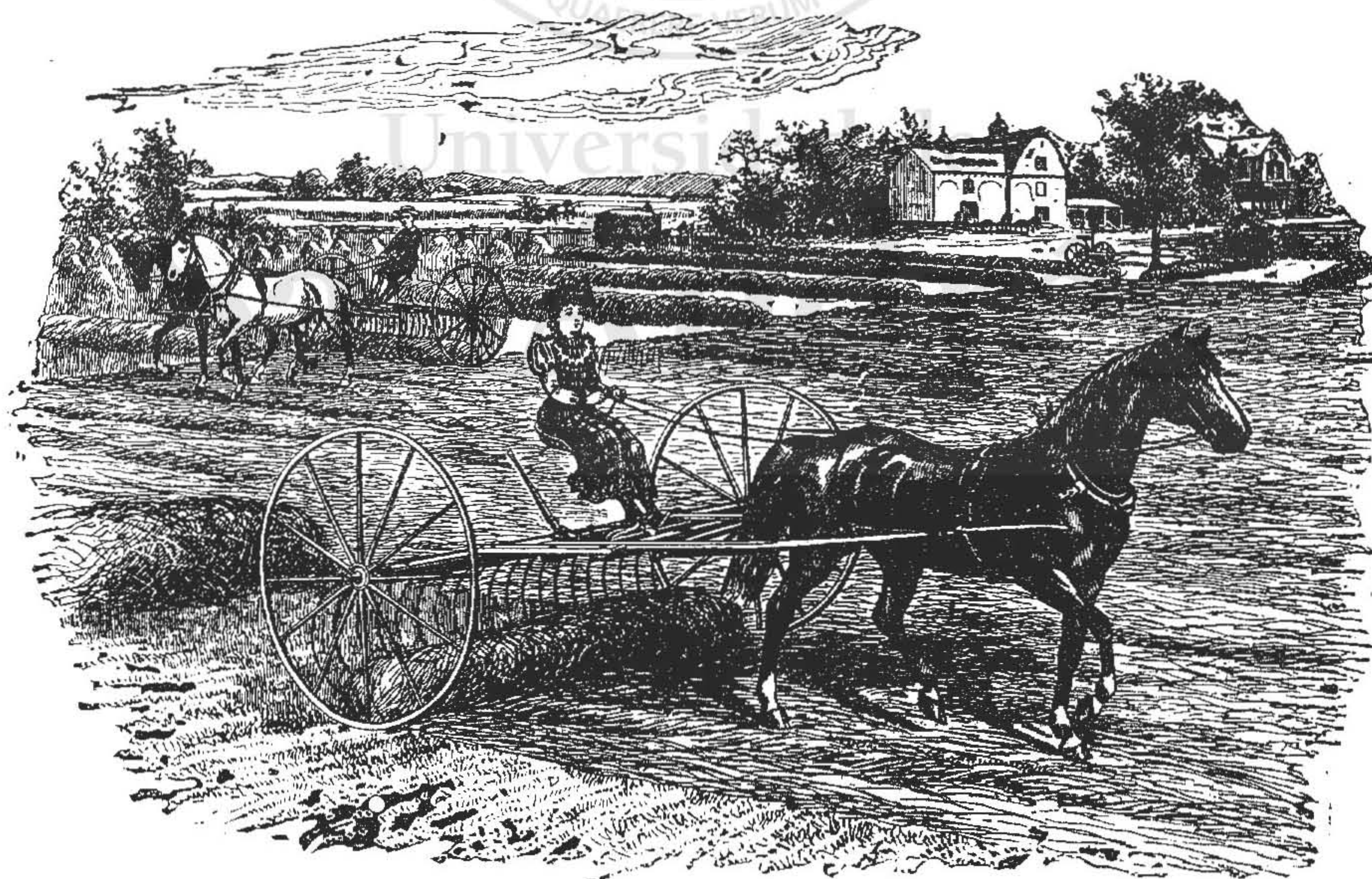
ROWING CLUBS

- BUENOS AIRES—*Blue and White*—Piedad 852.
- MONTEVIDEO—*Blue and Black*—J. Murray, Banco Británico, Montevideo.
- NACIONAL DE REGATAS—*Sky Blue and White Hoops*—Manuel Reu, Piedras 156, Montevideo.
- ROSARIO—*Dark Red and White*—E. W. Newte, English Bank, Rosario.
- TEUTONIA—*Blue and White*—F. Lindheimer, Chacabuco 73.
- TIGRE—*Black and Golden Yellow*—W. E. O. Haxell, 423 Rivadavia, Buenos Aires.

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