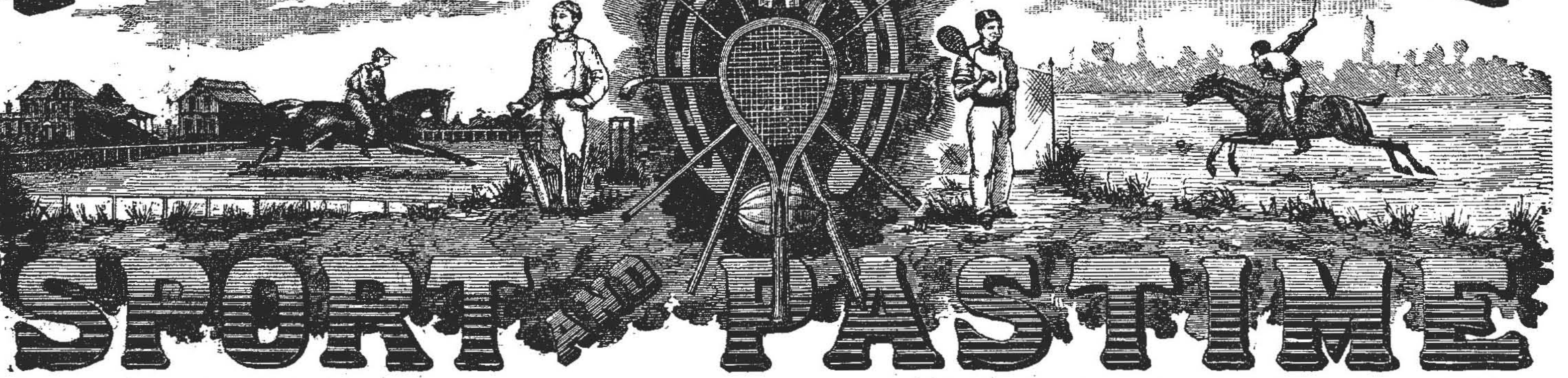


RIVER PLATE



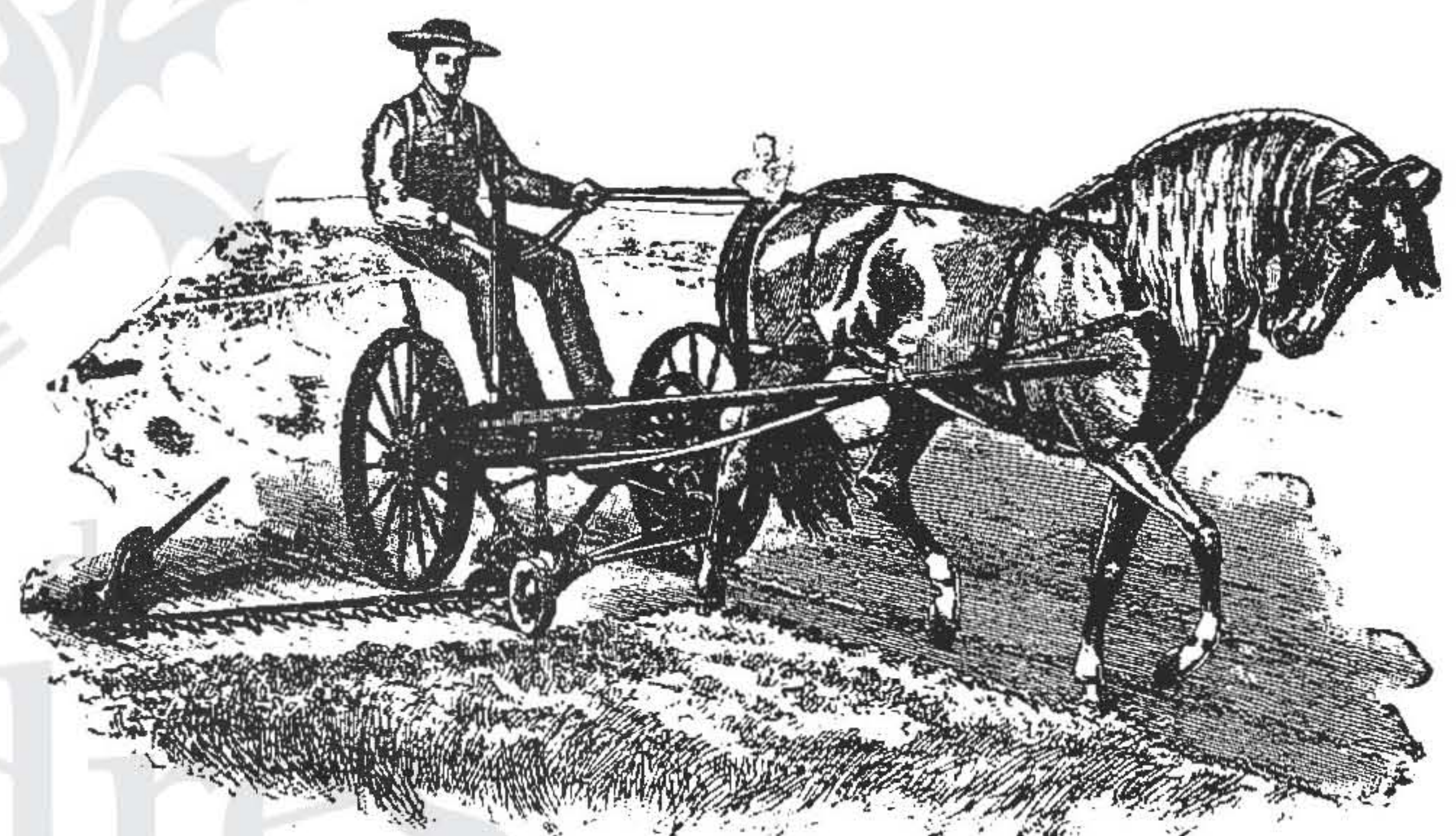
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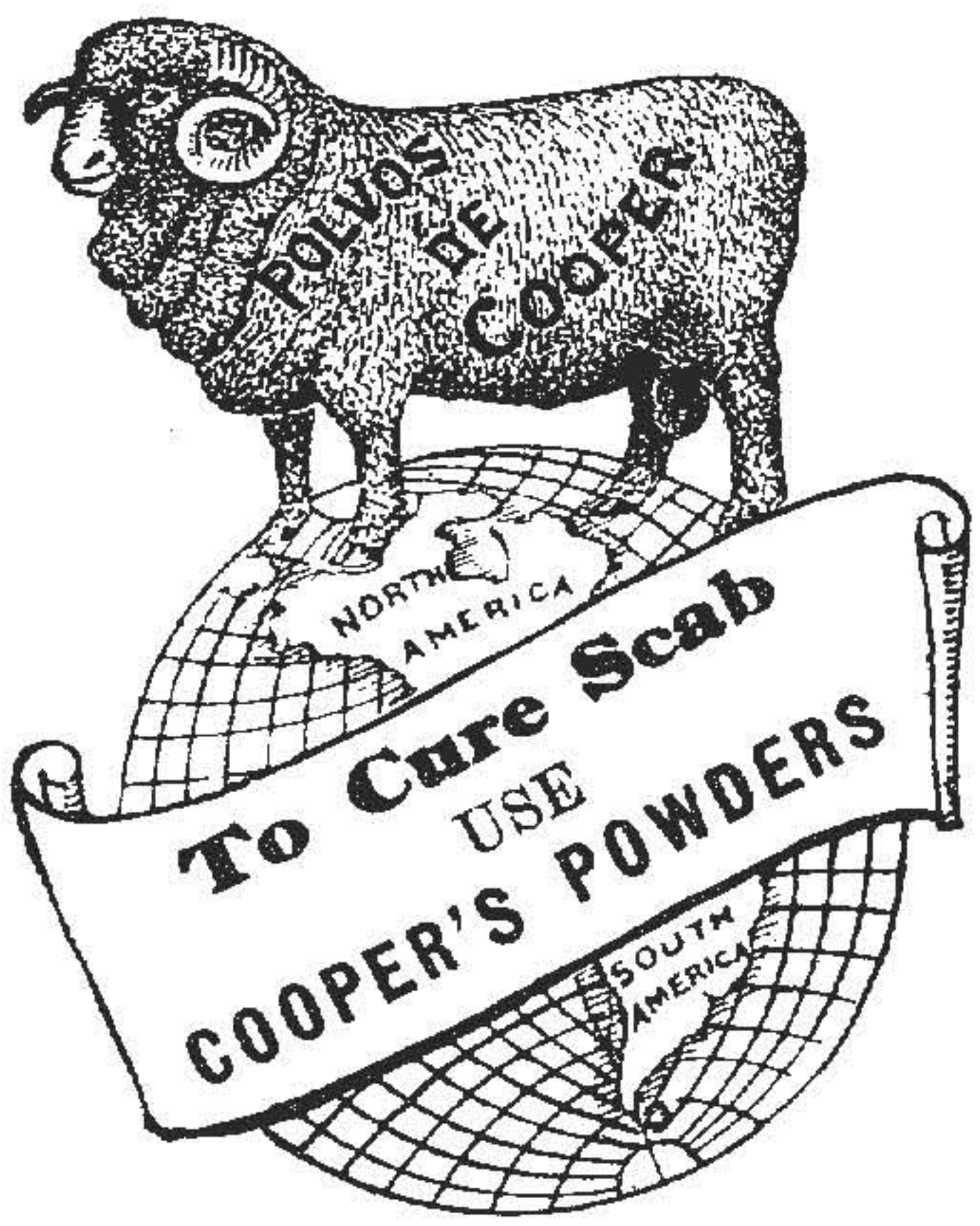
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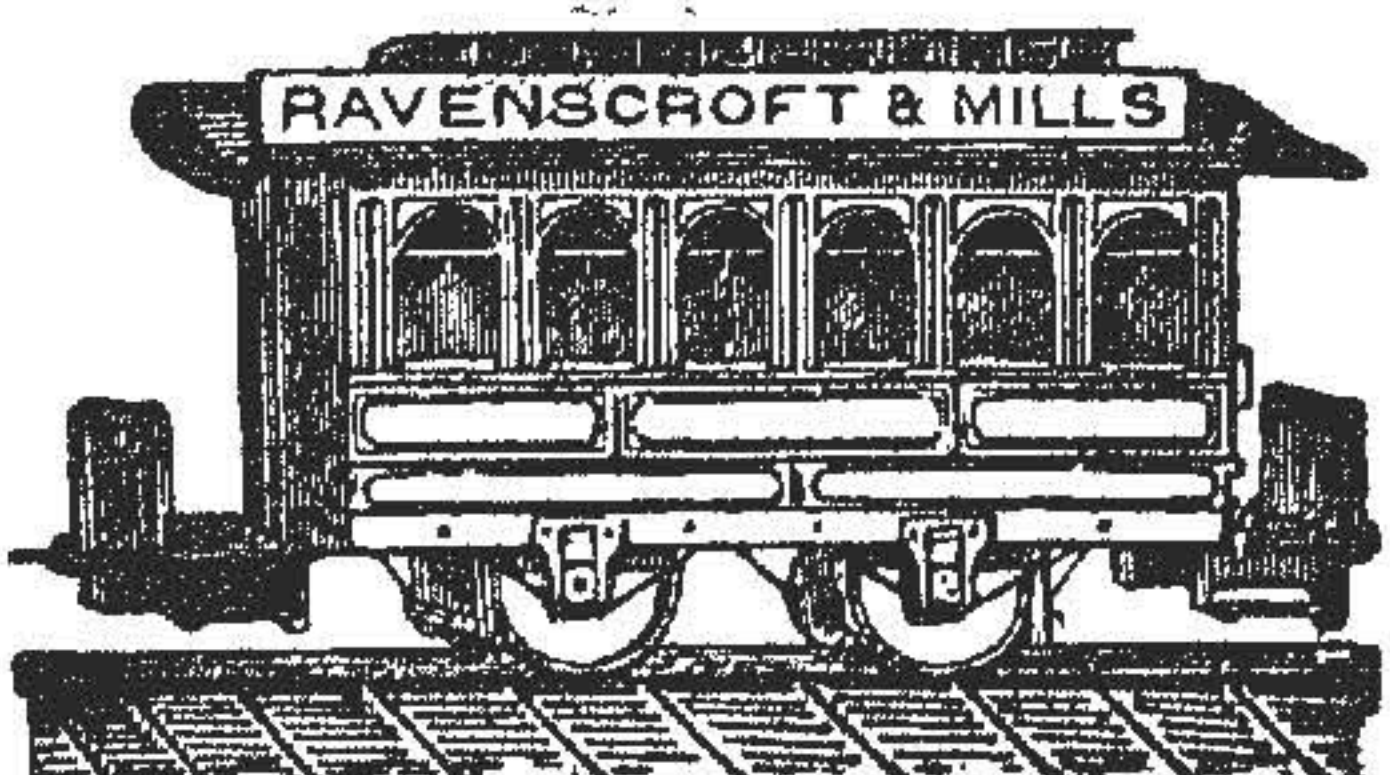
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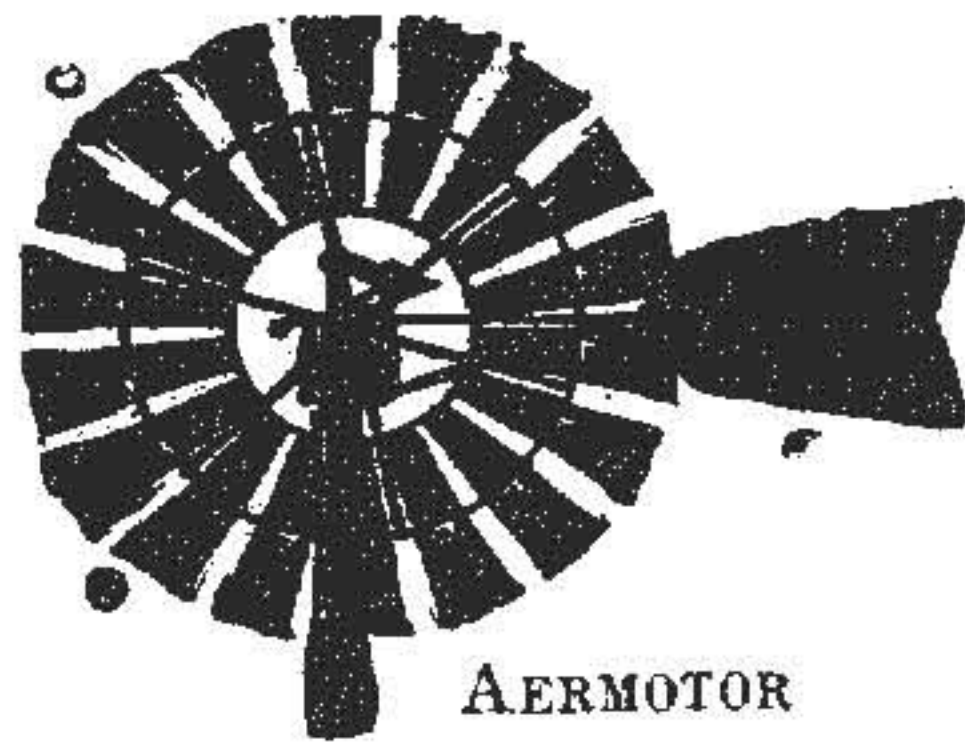
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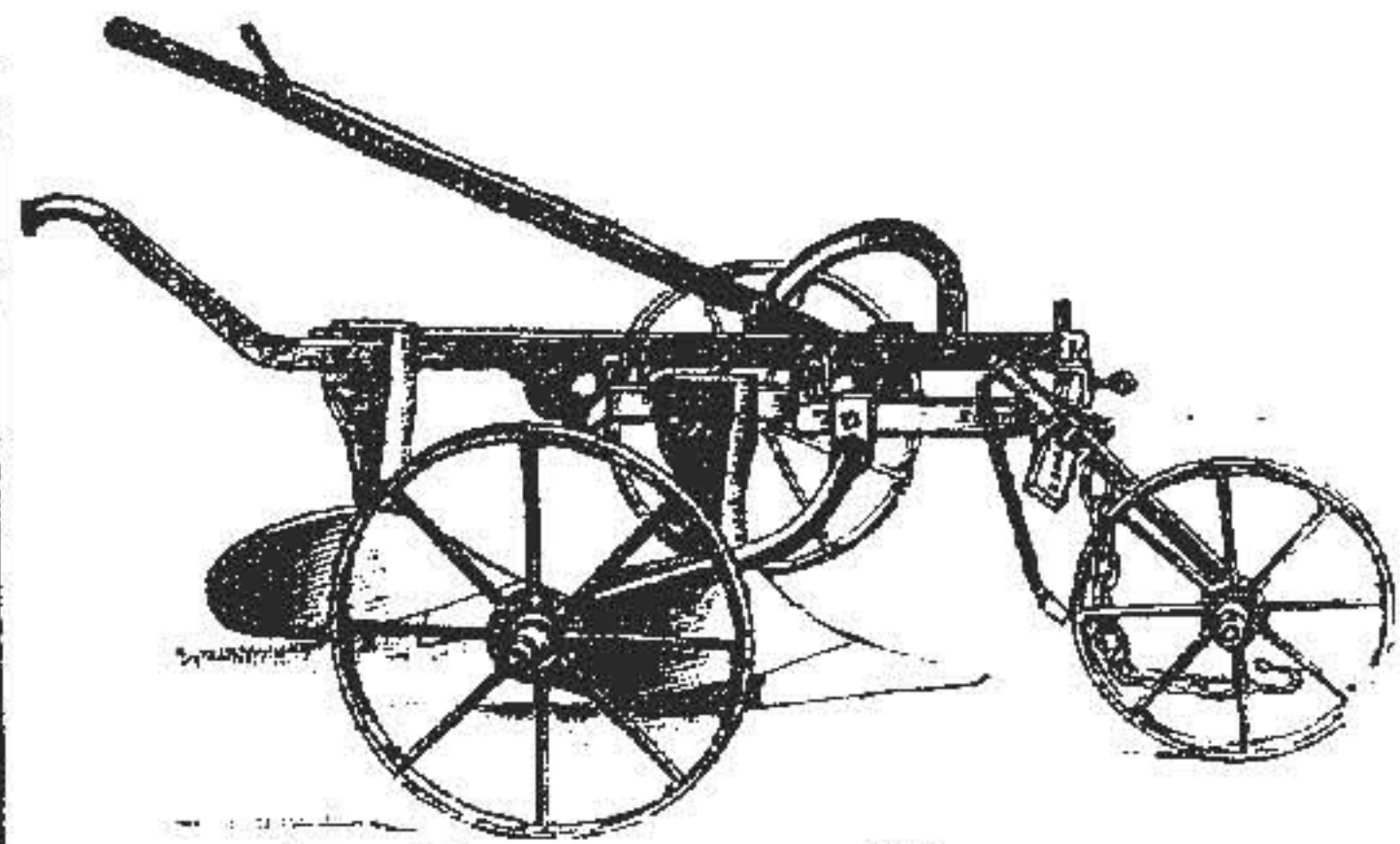


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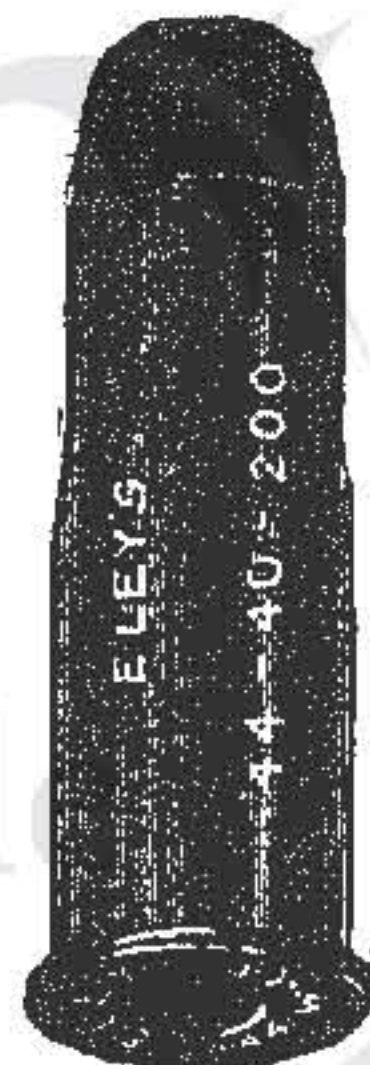
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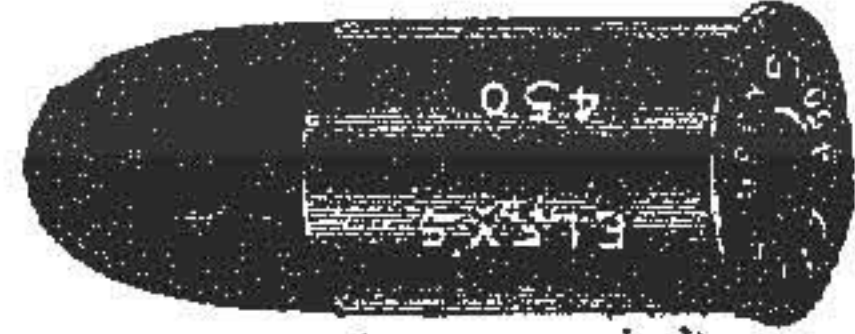
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1891

- No. 1—August 5:
Mr. M. G. FORTUNE, Hon. Sec. Hurlingham Club.
- No. 2—September 9:
ORMONDE.
- No. 3—September 30:
PHOENIX.
- No. 4—November 18:
THE SANTA FE AND SANTIAGO DEL ESTERO POLO TEAMS.
- No. 5*—December 9:
THE NORTHERN CRICKET XI.
- No. 6—December 23:
THE SOUTHERN CRICKET XI.
* Only a few numbers left.

1892

- No. 7—January 27:
WINNING CREW IN THE INTERNATIONAL FOUR-OARED RACE (Buenos Aires Rowing Club), Tigre Regatta, 1891.
- No. 8—March 23:
WHIPPER-IN.
- No. 9—April 13:
THE CRUISE OF THE DART, No. 1
- No. 10—May 11:
THE CRUISE OF THE DART, No. 2
- No. 11—June 1:
THE CRUISE OF THE DART, No. 3
- No. 12—June 22:
THE CRUISE OF THE DART, No. 4
- No. 13—July 6:
HURLINGHAM CRICKET XI.
- No. 14—July 20:
UNITED RAILWAYS CRICKET XI.
- No. 15—August 10:
ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS.
- No. 16—August 31:
THE BUENOS AIRES RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM.
- No. 17—September 14:
HURLINGHAM POLO TEAM.
- No. 18—October 5:
PRIZE CARICATURE.
- No. 19—October 19:
ROSARIO LAWN TENNIS TEAM.
- No. 20—November 30:
TIGRE REGATTA.
- No. 21—December 21:
THE SOUTHERN CRICKET TEAM.

1893

- No. 22—January 18:
THE NORTHERN CRICKET TEAM.
- No. 23—February 1:
CRICKET GROUNDS—PALERMO
- No. 24—February 15:
ST. HONORAT.
- No. 25—March 22:
HURLINGHAM.
- No. 26—April 26:
THE GAUCHOS IN LONDON.
- No. 27—June 20:
THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TEAMS.
- No. 28—August 23:
THE BUENOS AIRES FRONTON.
- No. 29—November 1:
ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS, 1893.
- No. 30—December 6:
LOMAS A.C. ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TEAM.
- No. 31—December 13:
THE VALPARAISO AND BUENOS AIRES CRICKET TEAMS.
- No. 32—December 27:
HURLINGHAM POLO TEAM.

1894

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

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SHEEP SCAB

Sheep scab has its analogue in man. Horse, ass, mule, ox, goat, dog, cat, fox, and, indeed, every fur-bearing animal familiar to man suffers at times from the attacks of parasites belonging to one or other of the groups of sarcoptes or symbiotes. The history of sheep scab is as old as the domestication of animals, but its eradication was never deemed practicable, and the ancient pastoral peoples suffered it as the will of the gods, or made but poor efforts to subdue it, and then only in a partial or local manner. Within the memory of living men it has been cleared out of our Australian colonies by an intelligent recognition of its importance and the untiring energy of our fellow subjects at the Antipodes.

The importance of the subject is again brought to our notice by the proposal of Messrs Cooper to rid Africa of the pest which is said to cost it £822,115 per annum, and a vast scheme is laid before the Government by the firm mentioned. What has been done in the Australasian colonies may be done in Africa; but there is this difference—that the South African Government has to deal with a large frontier of uncivilised, indigent, or positively hostile populations, needing almost an army of occupation to enforce the effectual dipping of every scabby sheep and half wild goat, or the prevention of such wanderers from again infecting British territory.

That excellent observer Youatt, without our modern aids to diagnosis, recognised three varieties of scab, one only of which needs serious consideration. One of these, known as black muzzle, and forming pimples and scabs about the lips and nose, has often been erroneously attributed to burrs and a soreness produced by roadside feeding in sheep driven from fairs and markets. It is in reality caused by a parasite more common on the continent of Europe than in our islands, and first accurately described by Dr Fleming. An admirable illustration, drawn with camera by Prof. Brown, is shown in Steele's work on the sheep. The same authority recommends treatment with one part of mercurial ointment and eleven parts of sulphur ointment. The irritability of the scabs thus formed is very great, and the disease is communicated to the legs by rubbing.

Symbiotic scabies affects the limbs on the lower portions, showing itself as an eruption in the hollows of the pasterns; exudation and swelling, thickening and corrugation of the skin, and incrustations follow. In these

crusts, or scabs, the parasites of both sexes can be found in nearly equal numbers, which is not the case with other forms of acari.

Sulphur may be called a specific for the treatment of all diseases produced by this class of parasite, whether in the usual form of sheep dips or employed as an ointment.

The true scab, which may assume the proportions of a plague at any time and in any part of the world, is the Dermatodectic scabies. The insufferable irritation produced by this parasite is quickly recognised by flock masters and others who have once seen it, the affected animals spending the greater part of their time in rubbing against posts, hurdles, trees, hedges, and anything within reach, tearing out the fleece, and spoiling what is left with dirt and debris. It may often be observed coming out in tufts, having broken away at the roots, and being held only by the surrounding wool that remains sound; there is a deadness and brittleness about what remains owing to the loss of lanolin, which in health gives that smooth and unctuous feeling peculiar to a thriving sheep. Sore places and bald spots are soon seen, especially about the shoulders and neck, as being usually the first parts affected. The least observant shepherd will probably have reported something serious the matter when biting, kicking, rubbing, &c., has covered the bushes or other rubbing places with rags of fleece, so that the advanced stages are seldom seen, at least in England.

Neglected scab may end in the death of animals from wasting, loss of rest, and interrupted rumination, but still more frequently in the fly season from being struck by the fly on the sores which invite the attention of such enemies of the flock. Dropsical condition of the abdomen may follow, with wasting of the muscles of the back, and an abominable odour from the skin.

The rapid propagation of scab depends largely upon the weather, and the perfunctory dipping of scabby sheep in the autumn does not always or immediately bring the reward of carelessness, as the parasite remains in a quiescent state during the cold or wet winter for months, and breaks out with renewed vigour in spring, leading the owner to suppose a fresh outbreak has occurred. That the poor and ill-cared for are more liable to become infected is a matter of general experience, and applies to that similar parasite disease in horses, dogs, &c., and called mange.

Long-wooled sheep are the most liable to scab; ewes in lamb, and the least vigorous of the flock are first affected. There are probably few persons who now retain a belief in the spontaneous origin of scab; the tenacity of life, and dormant condition this parasite displays until a suitable environment develops its reproductive energies is sufficiently well understood to account for contagion, where apparently no opportunities for such infection or conveyance of the parasite existed.

It is a curious fact, noted by competent observers, that infection is more frequent from rubbing posts than from sheep to sheep, the scab insect being apparently satisfied to remain in good quarters, but watching his opportunity when dislodged to get back to a suitable home.

Where any doubt exists as to scab the microscope will always determine the question, and from a legal aspect is of great importance, since it can be determined pretty accurately whether a breach of warranty has been committed in selling scabby sheep declared to be clean, or in moving them contrary to the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Acts. The presence of the young brood, ova, and skins, associated with acari, are proof of its existence beforehand when a seller has insisted that infection took place after leaving his hands, while in a recovered case the scab is raised and held up by hairs at a distance from the skin. It is difficult to detect acari with the naked eye, but, if wool containing them is placed upon a black object, little white specks can be seen. With the aid of a low power (1in.) females can be seen carrying the young, as well as eggs, upon their legs. The young of the sarcoptes lose no time in following their natural instinct of burrowing, and leave a tiny red mark in some instances at the point at which they have entered. According to Gerlach, a single pair of acari will produce in three months a million female and half a million male descendants, but temperature has a controlling influence. On an average the ova are hatched in eight days from the time of deposit by the female, and the young brood change their skins on the fourteenth, twenty-fifth, and thirty-sixth days respectively, becoming mature and producing eggs at about seven weeks.

Treatment, to be effectual, is a very serious business, and smearing over infected parts, or selecting from a flock those only which show signs of the disease, will always lead to loss, and vastly increased trouble and expense in the end. A vast amount of controversy has raged round the question of arsenical and carbolic dips versus non-poisonous. The slovenly manner in which sheep are sometimes dipped leads, with the former variety, to an imperfect solution and unequal distribution of the remedial agent, with, as a result, death of some of the last to be dipped, or loss of fleece, besides the poisoning of grass and impregnation of water courses, while the so-called non-poisonous dips are ineffectual, unless more time and care is bestowed than the average dipper cares to take. We have said that sulphur is a specific for scab, as it is for the itch of man and mange of other animals, but a dip containing no other agent fails to dispose of ticks and other parasites, hence the general consent to use of agents of a poisonous nature. Carbolic acid, to be thoroughly mixable with water without neutralising its vermicide properties, was mixed with glycerine in the earlier preparations, and proved thoroughly effectual, so far as destruction of acari and ticks were concerned, but it was found to have a certain sweetness which proved attractive to flies, and

the alternative of mixing it with some powerful alkali renders it less active.

A tobacco dip is largely used where the duty does not prohibit the practice on account of expense, and Law's sheep dip also contains a considerable quantity, besides oil of tar, soda ash, and soft soap. Tundel's carbolic dip is prepared with caustic lime, potash, and soft soap. Every chemist almost in agricultural districts manufactures a dip with a local reputation, and the great manufacturers with a reputation to maintain can be depended on to supply a reliable preparation. Messrs Cooper, of Berkhamsted, claim by far the largest share of the world's custom, and their estimate for clearing South Africa of scab amounts to no less a sum than £735,000.—"Field."

WOMEN'S GOSSIP.

Dear Kate,—

In this, the busiest week of the year, I am just going to send you a few odds and ends that may be useful to you, and some Christmas cookery receipts which, though they will reach you rather late for this year's use, you may think worth jotting down in your household note book for Christmas fare in future years.

Do you know that carbonate of potash—see that you get the best refined kind—is an excellent thing for softening the water in which flannels and knitted woollen garments are washed? Potash makes the wool soft and silky to the touch, and also has a slight bleaching tendency, whereas soda should be carefully avoided, as it makes woollen or flannel things yellow or brittle. The proportion of best pure carbonate of potash, is two pounds for a thousand gallons of good water, and six to eight pounds to a thousand gallons of very hard limestone water.

I have been told that paraffin, which, properly used, is so helpful in clothes washing, is also a good insecticide for plants, but as I have not used it for plants myself—although we use it for washing; proportion, a tablespoonful of the best pure paraffin, to a small boiler full of water—I advise you to experiment first, or get your gardener to do so, on something not of great value, before applying it wholesale to your garden or conservatories. The mixture recommended was this: two pounds of melted soft soap, a pint of best paraffin, and a little boiling water, mix thoroughly, and use when cold to wash the leaves infested by insects, then give the plants a thorough drenching with pure cold water.

For household washing also, soft soap, of the best refined quality, is better to use with paraffin than ordinary yellow soap; put some soft soap on boil with the clothes in the boiler, and add a tablespoonful—not more—of paraffin, when the water reaches boiling point.

It would seem that that often asked question, how to glaze starch for shirts, collars and cuffs? has never been fully answered, and never will be, as at the large laundries they keep the knowledge to themselves, and few laundresses in private houses attain to the shining gloss of the public laundry. The following receipt is decidedly helpful, so you may like to have it.

Put two ounces of gum-arabic powder into a pitcher, pour on it a pint of boiling water, cover it, and let it stand all night. In the morning pour it carefully off the dregs into a clear bottle, keep till required, and use, according to discretion, mixed with your starch. A tablespoonful of this mixture to a pint of ordinary starch will give a new and glossy look to black or coloured launers.

Here is an old fashioned remedy for sunburn, you may now, at the height of your summer, find useful. Half a pint of new milk, a fourth of an ounce of lemon juice, half an ounce of white brandy, boil, strain and use as a wash night and morning.

I suppose you know the good qualities of the preparations of the Sanitas Company, Bethnal Green, London? Their sanitas oil is the most delightful thing to inhale for a cold or a sore throat, and it also purifies the air, and is an excellent disinfectant. Many people prefer their preparation with eucalyptus, which is also very good for all forms of coughs and colds.

Now for three Christmas receipts, all of them quite usable at other times of the year as well, unless you have a superstition that plum pudding and Christmas cake should only be eaten at the season of Yule.

For my part, I enjoy them at all times, if the weather is not too hot to make the very sight of a rich boiled pudding unappetising.

First, the turkey. Take a good plump turkey, two dozen oysters, two ounces butter, one ounce flour, half a pint of sweet milk, three and a half ounces suet, half a pound bread crumbs, a teaspoonful salt, a half teaspoonful pepper, a tablespoonful parsley, the rind of a lemon, and an egg. Chop the parsley and suet very fine, add the salt, pepper, grated lemon rind, and bread crumbs, then moisten with the egg and a little milk, and use for stuffing the turkey. When the turkey is trussed for boiling, put it into a saucepan of boiling water, to which has been added a tablespoonful of salt, boil quickly for five minutes, then draw to the side of the fire and let it cook gently, allowing fifteen minutes for each pound of weight. Ten minutes before it is quite cooked melt the butter in a pan, mix in the flour slowly, add the milk, season with salt and pepper, and, at the last moment, drop in the oysters with a little of their liquor, and once more bring to boiling point. Place the turkey on a very hot, large dish, pour the oyster sauce over it, and serve quickly.

A light plum pudding.—One pound of bread crumbs, half a pound suet, half a pound sugar, quarter pound raisins, quarter pound currants, one ounce lemon peel, one ounce citron peel, two ounces flour, two eggs, a

(Continued on page 5).

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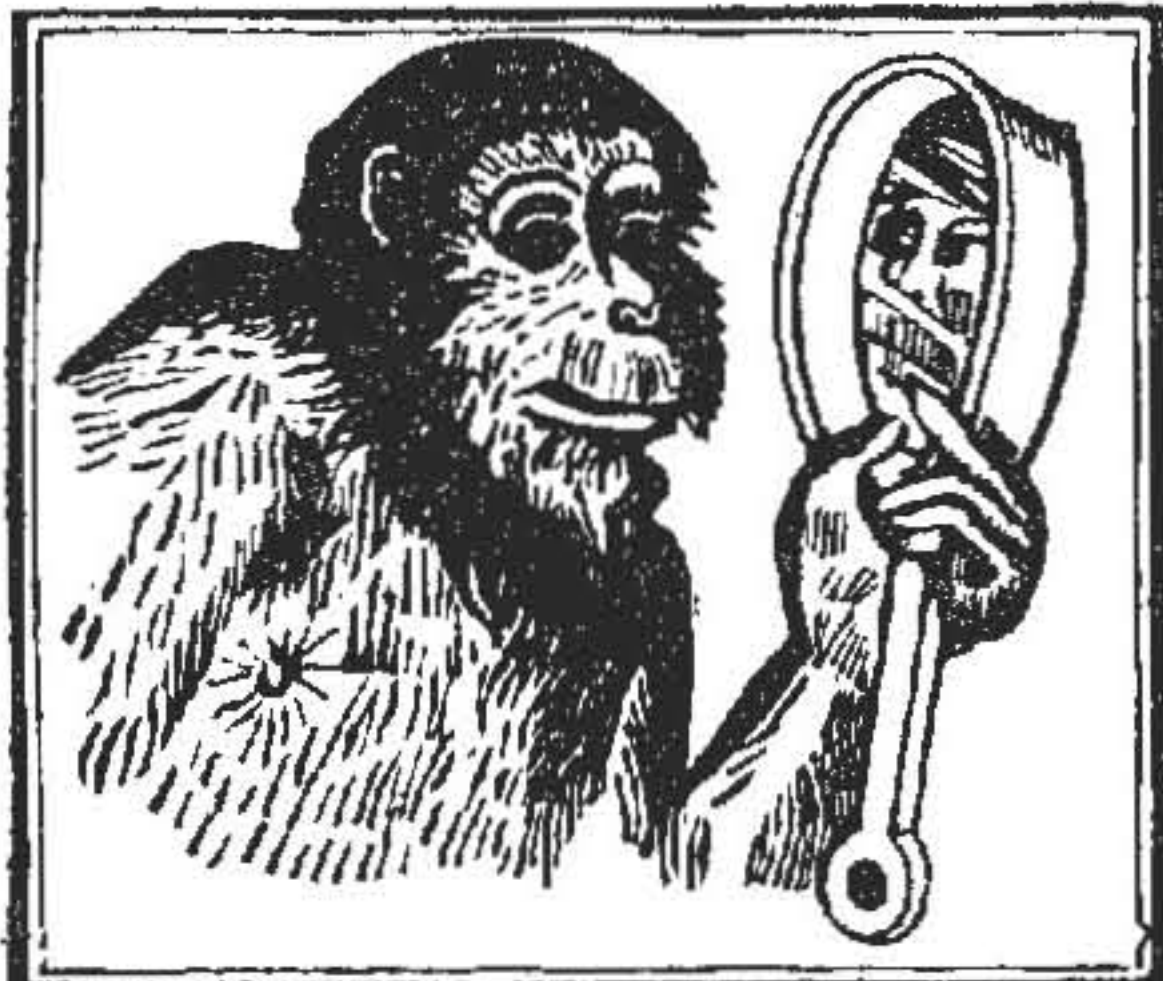
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lemon, and half a pint of milk, and, if liked, a glass of sherry. Chop the suet very fine, mix it with the bread crumbs, stone carefully, and add the raisins, currants, sugar and flour, cut the peel small, and add it with the grated lemon rind and juice, beat the eggs in another basin, and add the milk to them, add them to the other ingredients, and mix all thoroughly together, grease well a pudding mould or cloth, put in the mixture, and tie up firmly, then boil from six to twelve hours—the longer the better. Our experience points to twelve hours not being at all too much. Serve with brandy, set alight, or with a plain sherry sauce.

Plain bun.—One pound flour, half pound sugar, half pound butter, two ounces lemon peel, two ounces citron peel, some almonds blanched and chopped small, one quarter pound sultanas, one quarter pound currants, three eggs, half a small teacupful of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat the eggs till very light, add the milk; in another basin rub well together with the fingers the flour, butter and sugar, when the mixture is dry and quite crumbly add the baking powder, sliced peel, almonds, currants, and sultanas; to this add quickly the beaten up eggs and milk, stir the whole mixture well, and pour it into a nicely buttered tin. Put it in a very hot oven for an hour, then move to a colder part of the oven and bake for another half hour, by which time it should be thoroughly fired.

And now, ta-ta.—Yours ever,

MARGERY.

EN PASSANT.

The age of realism I saw very well exemplified in a United States newspaper called, I think, "The World." The subject was football, a game that seems to have caught on to an astonishing extent in the land of our cousins, who are now no mean exponents of it, and without which, a well-known head master of a celebrated Scottish school is known to have said that he would not undertake the responsibility of educating boys. This paper, not content with giving a long and very detailed account of the game, in which appeared some amusing novelties in the expression line, but it gave a diagram of the game, showing the places of each player, and a sketch showing as nearly as possible the movements of the ball from start to finish, thereby satisfying in the most liberal way the realistic craving of its readers by a modern and happy idea. To North American journalism we are indebted principally for the craze of illustrating daily newspapers, it would appear that the custom were one likely to be largely adopted as the appetite for realism is fed. Undoubtedly, the higher class of illustrated papers do an immense amount of good by engendering an artistic sense, and cultivating refined feelings. The pleasure given by the illustrations of such papers as "The Illustrated," "The Graphic," "Harpers" and a host of others just as good is made evident by the fact of the number framed and hung on our nursery walls, while in cottages, even in a greater number, though unframed, the same desire to have pretty things about is gratified by these illustrations. But whether the cheap class of illustration poorly conceived and carried out in a hurry for the morning paper engender a healthy tone in literature is, I think, a question easily answered by anyone thinking the matter over. That some of the cheap illustrated papers appear at all is a matter of surprise and sincere regret, and if realism is to be pandered to in cheap literature, as seems to be the wont of many in describing anything horrid or criminal, I am sure the tendency will be to beget crime by imitation, which, where crime is concerned, has been proved to have a great fascination for some of the weak minded.

**

It seems to be the general opinion that Monson got out of the Ardlamont affair pretty successfully. No where but in Scotland can a case brought before the judges have a verdict returned that is not decisive for or against. But in Scotland the national characteristic ever present in the thoughts of its people allows a verdict to be returned of "non proven," which being translated means "you are guilty, but we don't quite care to convict you." The principle of the idea is a good one, but I am inclined to think the Scotch lawmakers overstepped the bounds when they admitted a half measure into their statutes; for this reason, the average jurymen is not brought up to weigh evidence, and moreover he looks upon his services on a jury as an inconvenient and obnoxious tax upon his time, if he has not been paying particular attention he can always salve his conscience with the placid reflection that if a verdict of "non proven" is returned he has not committed himself one way or the other, the prisoner is then free on the particular charge he has been tried on, for no man can be tried twice on the same indictment, but

as long as he lives the stigma of innocence "non proven" will stick to him.

**

From Salta comes a message to us on Monday morning, that Jabez Balfour has been arrested at the instigation of the British Consul, and is to be brought down to this city, whence he is to be forwarded home to face his doom, but that is to be after he has satisfactorily arranged some business about the purchase of a brewery he had begun here but not concluded.

**

By the time this is in the hands of our readers Balfour will probably be in Buenos Aires. Amongst the many good qualities possessed by our excellent consul, we have only just perceived that as a rival to Sherlock Holmes he stands in the front rank. The way he has carried out the capture of this cold-blooded swindler will endear him to those at home who are so anxious to mete out to Balfour his deserts. It appears Balfour had taken every possible precaution to guard against being captured, by employing scouts to watch the authorities, and it was only by a ruse on Mr Bridgett's part, by pretending to go to Montevideo, that he arrived unnoticed in Salta. Even then he had some difficulty in getting away with his prey, as the local authorities intervened until such time as Balfour had satisfactorily arranged some business he had in hand in Salta.

**

There seems to be a certain amount of doubt as to whether Balfour can be sent home for trial or not, as the lately arranged extradition treaty was not made retroactive, but no doubt the English Legation know perfectly what they are doing, or they would not have instructed Mr Bridgett to act as he has done. It will be a thousand pities if by any slip Balfour can not be sent home. One thing is quite certain, he will leave no stone unturned to avoid going home, and the people up in Salta seem to be doing all they can to attain this undesirable end, by putting difficulties in the way, by refusing to let him leave Salta. However, as he is claimed by England, under the Habeas Corpus Act, as a criminal when he landed in the country, there is every possibility, provided he does not get a chance of crossing the frontier to Bolivia, of his having an interview with his creditors at home within a month.

**

There is rather a good tale told of Balfour when he was living in the Calle Juncal in this city under the name of Butler. The editor of a paper here called upon a gentlemen living close to Balfour, to ask him the best way to get an interview with this arch thief, who happened to be in the room under the name of Butler when the editor called, and gave him a good deal of news concerning himself for the following day's edition. Butler freely stigmatised Balfour as a thief and scoundrel, but the editor left thinking Mr Butler a most pleasant and instructive person.

**

There is a discussion going on at present in the home papers which is of world-wide importance, but all the time, paper and ink spent on the subject will not mitigate the evil. The question is that of giving a patient a dose of poison instead of medicine; it is a thing that occurs very frequently, though little is said or heard of most cases. A great many recommendations have been put forward as a means of preventing such accidents; for instance, having bottles for poison of a different colour, or covered with brown paper or made different in one way or another, but until such time as those nursing learn common sense and keep bottles containing poison away from bottles containing ordinary medicine, no change in the system of bottles will be of any use. I bring this under notice because so much harm may be saved by a very little care. I have known cases where in delirium patients have poisoned themselves by drinking out of bottles left near their bedsides. Care and common sense are the only things necessary to prevent accidents of this sort, and the exercise of them is no great trouble to the one nursing.

**

Our Montevidean contemporary of Friday last gave the place of honour to the question of Mr W. Mitchell's record in the mile race being recognised or not. No doubt the performance should be, and is, recognised, but not by the Amateur Athletic Association, who have enough to do to look after their own affairs without recording the doings of others than its own mem-

bers. The A.A.A. does not pretend to claim for its associates that theirs shall be the record of the country; all they claim is to be able to state that the record of their Association is what was performed by a member of one of their affiliated clubs, in time taken by their own timekeepers, and at meetings over which they presided in virtue of their power of being the A.A.A. Any record made by anyone running at a meeting, not controlled by the A.A.A., would have the record right enough, without any interference on the part of the A.A.A., but, naturally, if the A.A.A. is asked for a record of any race, they will quote from their own books.

**

With regard to the question of giving Mr Mitchell a medal, the thing is impossible, as far as the A.A.A. goes, on account of its rules, which are quite clear on this subject. It is unfortunate that the mistake should have occurred offering any competitor a medal for a record, but it is hardly reasonable to correct one mistake by another, and so break its own rules. I don't know how it is, up here we seem to get on fairly well in athletic circles; men when they have grievances vent them before the responsible authorities, but, in Montevideo, it seems almost as though there were a passion for fomenting discord, instead of marching shoulder to shoulder and, with a united effort, bring all athletic institutions as near perfection as possible.

**

A fact that is very generally lost sight of out here is that the working and responsible executive of all our clubs are business men and the posts are honorary, they give as much time as they can to the various institutions they manage. Could they even devote their whole time, they are always supposed to be acting under the control of the members who elect them, and who have the power to depose them, and whose duty it is to stick to them and help them instead of sowing seeds of discord. The power of a club lies in its members and if a club be not well managed it points to a want of "esprit de corps" amongst its members, who are often too prone to blame their secretary and committee instead of taking matters in hand themselves and arranging, in such a way as will best suit the majority.

**

There is always, of course, in every club the hopeless individual whose sole aim in life seems to be to grumble and find fault with any one who works, who knowing nothing, expects because he pays a subscription the club be so arranged that it fit exactly his convenience and ideas, and any rules that interfere with him personally he thinks may be broken with impunity. He need be taken no notice of, but he ought, "pro bono publico," to be got rid of as soon as convenient.

**

There is a splendid opening for the holiday maker this year at carnival time. Friday the 2nd is a holiday, they are also talking of making Saturday the 3rd a holiday on the Bolsa, but it is not likely that this desirable result will be brought about, however, a good many people will take it on their own account. Then comes Sunday, Monday, and the Tuesday of carnival. I have not heard of anything very exciting in the way of amusement that is going to happen, most people I fancy will take the opportunity of going to the camp or sea side; some I am told intend spending their time at Hurlingham, to try the new house which will be open, and I hear the powers that be have engaged a fairly useful cook, so no doubt the place will become popular as a dining resort in summer as there is a handy train leaving at 9.40 p.m. back for town. It is a wonder no one has ever started a reasonably good place to dine in summer some where outside town, I remember some years ago, when in search of fresh air on hot days, we used to go to Palermo and eat at what was then Hansen's place, but he either did not care for our custom, or care to take the trouble to see we got anything to our taste, so we hied us back to the heated town where we could dine. I have no doubt if Hurlingham be well managed there is a big and lucrative future in front of it, with the satisfaction of knowing they are filling the proverbial "long felt want" and earning the eternal gratitude of those seeking an eatable dinner and relief from heat.

**

The dreams of corsos that were to have been at Carnival have all been dissipated by a Municipal edict, which restricts them to one, passing

along Florida, Victoria, Artes, and round by the Retiro, and the procession will only be allowed, according to present arrangements, to take place between the hours of seven and eleven p.m. This is mainly because on Sunday elections take place during the day, and the authorities think it wise to prevent rather than run the risk of having to cure any disturbance. Only flowers and cut paper will be played with, according to orders, but, doubtless, some pomos will be used where it can be done safely, and without risk of being caught by the blue at the corner.

.

The Arcadia holds its own as an evening "rendezvous," and well it deserves its patronage, for seldom do we get anyone here who has the courage to lay themselves out in a genuine way to please the public. Furlotti's band in itself is a sufficient inducement, these warm evenings, to spend a dollar to go in. What the mysterious charm in seeing a hazardous trick done is, I don't know, but there is a fascination in seeing if any one really can do a dangerous thing, which is evinced by the number of people who go night after night to see Snowden come down his slide on roller skates. It is claimed that this is the most daring and sensational feat ever attempted in this country, and I think anyone who has seen the performance will agree that the claim is not overstated. Snowden created rather a sensation in London with this performance, but the danger there was small compared with his feat here, on account of the very small quantity of water he has to land in when he reaches the bottom. It is curious to know the premium men of undoubted skill and courage, such as Snowden, put on the value of their lives. For instance, Snowden gets one hundred dollars gold a night for his exhibition, which, I take it, he considers is a fair premium. He now proposes to do the same descent down the slide on a bicycle, which will be more difficult than on skates.

.

The annual French fete of St Cloud will take place this year in the Bon Marché, Calle Florida. One of the best evenings I ever spent was at a St Cloud fete in the old Florida Gardens. I have not been able to attend this worthy charitable entertainment of late years, but I feel sure that anyone visiting the gay scene in the Bon Marché on the 28th inst., which is the proposed date of opening, will be well rewarded, and if the bright eyes and winning ways of the fair sellers of pretty things do happen to wheedle some of the paper currency of the country to their tills, one can be comforted by the gratifying feeling of knowing that the object of the charity is the French Hospital.

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There is a group of theatrical enthusiasts only waiting, so they say, for the state of siege to be raised, so that they may carry out their idea of establishing here what in Paris and Berlin is called a free theatre, which is, as I understand, a place where any play may be produced, but what generally is produced are pieces not thought good enough or otherwise suitable for the tastes of the audience at other theatres. Perhaps it may be as well for the manners and morals of the youthful inhabitants if the state of siege lasts long enough to wear out the patience of these zealous followers of Thespis, and so let them turn their energies to better account in other ways.

.

It was a sad disappointment to those interested in gardens when the weather cleared on Sunday without raining sufficiently to wet even the top of the ground. It is really sad to wander round the quintas outside town, and see sickly looking sticks where the succulent cabbage ought to be growing, no amount of artificial watering will have the effect of even one good shower. A great many people have not the wherewith to water their gardens, it is as much as they can do to get enough for domestic purposes. While on the subject of water, seeing the amount of illness there is about, every one would do well to take the precaution of boiling their drinking water, they need not necessarily drink it warm, or tepid, as it was given me at dinner one night by a friend ever careful of his sanitary state; where ice cannot be got if an earthenware jar be covered with wet flannel and hung up in the sun, an evaporation takes place which makes the wine, or water, or whatever is in the jar quite as cold as one wants to drink it. The simplicity and economy of this plan of refrigerating are not the least of the good points of this effective method of providing oneself with drink at a temperature suitable to the weather. From drink to meat is only one step,

and while offering advice on one subject, although I am not the author of a domestic treatise on diet, I know from a bitter experience of a fo'castle, for sugar was not over plentiful, that when vegetables are scarce a little lime juice is a good thing to take daily, vegetables are scarce at present, and lime juice properly mixed is not a bad summer drink, therefore I should suggest that those who like it should take some.

ESTANCIA AND COLONY.

The dry weather has so ruined most of the maize crops round about Buenos Aires that many chacareros are taking up their plants and using them as fodder for their bullocks. Some of the crops which were sown late have not suffered so much as the majority and they may yet yield a fair return of grain.

.

The exportation of fat cattle from Salta to Chile has again assumed important dimensions. Prices are higher owing to the improvement in the exchange and the rise in the price of gold. There are plenty of fat cattle in the province of Salta, where it has of late been raining in abundance, so the camps, maize and tobacco crops are all looking well.

.

During the first fortnight of this month 35,142 animals entered the corrales of Buenos Aires, 22,951 of which were slaughtered there. Nearly five thousand were sold to the saladeristas, 3895 were sent to fatten, and 29 were sold for exportation. In spite of this increase in the number of animals prices for fat and well conditioned beasts remained firm.

.

An enormous quantity of butter is now being sent from Australia, and the success attending the business should encourage some of our landowners and occupiers here to imitate our colonists. For instance, the Orient Company's R.M.S. Cuzco arrived at Tilbury last month with 1965 boxes of New South Wales butter, as well as 12,291 boxes loaded at Port Melbourne. The Victorian shipment embraced consignments ranging in weight from five to twenty tons, manufactured by various factories in different parts of the colony. The whole of the shipment was tested and graded by the experts of the Agricultural department.

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A telegram from London received here on the 16th announced that at the colonial wool sales opened that day prices showed no alteration from previous sales and the attendance was good. Ten thousand bales were sold and a thousand withdrawn.

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The welcome rain which fell at the end of last week did an enormous amount of damage as well as an incalculable amount of good. For instance in Pergamino it rained for fifty hours and thousands of sheep and hundreds of cattle were drowned in the arroyo near the town. So great has been the mortality amongst the cattle and sheep round about the town that measures have been taken to have their carcasses burnt or taken away in order to prevent disease attacking the inhabitants. Railway communication has also been very much interrupted in that part of the province.

.

In Santa Fé and Cordoba the benefit from the rain has been very great. In the former province the maize crop will be saved for the most part, whilst the land will be now in good order for ploughing and the camps again clothed with grass of which there was little enough.

.

In San Nicolas the rain has done but little good. Thousands of animals have died in the last two months, one estanciero in the district has alone lost seven thousand head of cattle within a very short time. The saddle horses are so thin and weak that their owners are getting quite used to their falling under them and to having them skinned a few moments afterwards.

.

A telegram from London dated the 22nd stated that the wheat market was very dull, and still lower prices expected. The same state of affairs was wired from Antwerp, where prices were on the decline.

The price of skins has during the last day or two experienced a slight rise owing to the arrivals not being so numerous. We hope this is a true sign that skinning is not so universal in the camp as it has been of late. One of the reasons for the improvement is the great demand for hides for North America.

"Epidemia" hides from the province of Buenos Aires may be quoted as follows:

Special,	per 10 kilos	..	\$5.60 to \$6.00
Good,	" 10 "	..	5.80 to 5.90
Regular	" 10 "	..	5.60 to 5.70
Inferior	" 10 "	..	5.40 to 5.50
Damaged	" 10 "	..	4.80 to 5.00

"Consumo" hides fetch from \$6 to 6.20, and for heavy slaughter house hides there is a good demand at \$6.50 to 6.70.

.

The following table shows the number of immigrants who arrived into the country in the past two years:

	Arrivals	Departures	Balance
1892	93,550	55,282	38,268
1893	110,226	64,100	46,126

This leaves a balance of 7,858 in favour of last year.

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We hear that in Nueve de Julio some enterprising settlers, without soliciting authority from the Municipality, are carrying on a fair business by extracting salt from a salt lake on one of the chacras there. So far the settlers mentioned have taken out ten thousand bags which sold easily at a dollar a bag.

.

The colonists in the General Paz colony, Cordoba, have been having a very bad time of late from locusts, drought and fire. Naturally the colonists under the circumstances cannot pay their taxes, so the far sighted Cordobese Government has embargoed the ploughs and effects of these poor people who can hardly keep themselves alive. Their maize crop is lost, their alfalfa eaten up, their cattle and horses too weak and thin to work, but we hope the late rains will set them on their legs once more.

.

A huge fire occurred in the colony lately, by which a colonist lost nearly the whole of his wheat crop. It seems that the flames were first perceived towards five p.m. in the plantation in the south part of the district. The colonists were soon on the scene, each with a thin horse, the usual condition of animals that live on air. But the horses came in useful, and they were employed instead of water to put out the fire. The unfortunate animals were knocked down, tied, then dragged like harrows through the burning field, the colonists following to put out the flames thus mastered. It was an awful scene, made even more awful by the attempt of the owner of the plantation to commit suicide. The unfortunate man, seeing his wheat burned down, and already disheartened by the ravages caused by the drought and the locusts, turned his pitchfork towards his stomach with the intention of killing himself. Luckily his son, seeing the father's intention, rushed forward, wrenched the instrument from him, and with tears in his eyes embraced the old man, who stood, indeed, in need of consolation. The local authorities, of course, knew nothing about the fire, which happily was extinguished after the most strenuous exertions on the part of the unassisted settlers.

The scene must, indeed, have been a terrible one, and we only hope the wretched horses' throats were cut before the poor animals were used as fire extinguishers.

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Considerable attention is being turned just now to Chubut, owing to Mr Lewis Jones' mission to Dr. Costa, at the Land Office, in order to obtain a concession to form a new colony to the west of the present Chubut colony. Mr Jones, who is the founder of Chubut, sailed yesterday, after making all the necessary arrangements with Government, and we hope his scheme will go through successfully.

.

Mr Jones has also been successful, on behalf of his colony, in his contention with the Government that the best part of the Contribucion Directa of the partido belongs by law to the local authorities. It appears that Dr Victor Molina, when deputy for the South, managed to pass an amendment on the Territories Law, by which all lands "within the ejido" had to pay the Contribucion Directa to the Municipality of the place. Then arose the question what was ejido, and, of course, there was a jumble of codes, laws, decrees, and resolutions to be groped amongst; and directors of revenue, solicitors general, sub-secretaries, and officials of all kinds to be seen and argued with. After two months of such weary work, an understanding was arrived at in the case of Chubut, which will virtually give what is asked. The colonists of Chubut will know well how to use this new revenue to the best advantage; whilst to bring it up to the National Treasury, would have been hardly worth while. People who have worked two hundred miles of irrigation canals without a dollar from Government, and made a road from the seaboard to the Andes, can be trusted to get the full value of these additional dollars saved from the great scramble.

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The growing importance of Argentina, says a contemporary, as one of the countries standing pre-eminent in the world's food-supply appears from the fact that in the past nine months 950,000 tons of wheat were

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385 - CALLE BOLIVAR - 385

shipped from the Republic, while the total export for the year was expected to reach 1,000,000 tons. The export of meat does not rise in proportion, although the Argentine flocks and herds considerably exceed 100,000,000 head.

An Entre Riano paper announces the sale of the La Emilia estancia, belonging to Mr S. Lalanne, on the banks of the Yuqueri, comprising three leagues of land, with 8000 cows and mares, for \$100,000 gold. Messrs Mendiburu and Istiharte were the purchasers.

A telegram from London states that the Jewish Colonisation Society has presented its report for the year 1893, which represents the Argentine colonies as being in a favourable condition, and we see that in the coming spring four thousand more Jews will embark for Buenos Aires. Judging from the colonies we have visited personally, we cannot understand how a favourable report can possibly have been presented.

We have seen Jewish colonists afraid to let their horses go as they knew well they could never catch them again if they did, and the poor animals in consequence were almost dying from starvation. The same may be said of the bullocks on some of the colonies which we saw too weak to pull a plough. Their peculiar customs, too, are the cause of making them quite unable to compete with their Italian, French, or even native neighbours.

For instance, let us take the colony near Carlos Casares. To begin with, the half of the town of Carlos Casares is built with galvanised iron sheets provided for and sold by the Jewish colonists there. Ploughs and bullocks, too, they disposed of in large quantities, and very little of the colony has really been sown with wheat. In fact the Jews are quite unsuitable for farming in this country, with very few exceptions, and they are the most difficult people to deal with, as the various administrators will testify.

An association was formed in England last month with the object of assisting, on the plan in existence on the Continent, the formation of agricultural credit banks throughout the United Kingdom. The title of the association is the Agricultural Banks Association, and Mr Yerburch, M.P., is the chairman.

Replying to a deputation from the Central Chambers of Agriculture, the President of the British Board of Trade expressed his sympathy with sales of grain by uniform weight rather than measure, and with the efforts made to promote that end, but could not at present pledge the Government as to what legislative steps would be taken as to the most desirable weight to be adopted as the standard. We think it quite time, now that such enormous quantities of grain are imported into England, that a uniform weight should be quoted everywhere alike. It would be the saving of an immense amount of clerks' labour and confusing figures.

Every estanciero has of course heard of Mr Calvo's daily sales by auction of cattle in the corrales. A writer in the "Standard" describes one of these sales as follows:

"The auctioneer mounts his horse and with a heavy handled rebenque in his hand rides into the corral. The buyers, all on horseback, cluster round him and the auction begins. Little time is lost, the bids come rapidly 'dos dos dos dos,' rises to 'tres tres, tres y medio,' the raised rebenque like a conductor's baton marking the variations till in a few moments it descends and the lot is sold. The same expedition is shown with all, and in less than half an hour several hundreds of cattle have changed hands. The scene is a curious one, and the knowledge of his various clients displayed by the auctioneer equally amusing. A fat, oldish man rides slowly up just as the last lot is knocked down. 'Done so soon,' says he? 'Amigo Francisco or Alberto why do you sleep so late? To-morrow at 9.' With a nod and a cheery greeting for all as they come and a cigarette and a parting benediction as they ride away, the balance between client and auctioneer is skilfully kept, as well it need be, for some of the butchering gentry are ugly-looking folk. They appreciate the fairness of the system, however, as they are pitted against each other squarely and openly, and no one receives any advantage over the other.

"The other 'consignatarios,' who at first looked with amused pity on the trial, now find that it is being well supported, and in time will probably come round to it themselves, although, with the strong conservatism which is a distinguishing trait of this business, they still cling to the old method."

H. SCOTT ROBSON
GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT
Camp, Live Stock, House Property
Bolsa de Comercio No. 8

The price of wheat is falling, and the latest sales are quoted at from \$6.20 downwards delivered in Rosario. Prices are kept down by the unfavourable advices received by the telegraph from Europe as to the state of the wheat market there.

The Bedouin, like the Gaucho, is full of horse superstitions. He knows a horse's habits and diseases by observation solely; he has no idea of anatomy. Every species of wind trouble to which the horse is subject he merely describes as "having something wrong inside him." He treats a horse on a system of old saws. For lameness he has but one remedy, the hot iron. His horse will work to twenty or even twenty-five years old, but he thinks that he "grows weaker" after twelve. In buying, he looks more at marks than points.

JUAN LEAN
GENERAL CAMP AGENT

AND

Salesman in Corrales

195 - RECONQUISTA - 195

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

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

REMARKABLE PRICES

The purchase of Ormonde by Wm. O'B. McDonough, the Californian millionaire, for the princely sum of \$150,000, calls to mind, says "The Horseman," some extravagant prices paid for horses in the past. We do not mean the \$105,000 paid for Axtell, nor the \$125,000 for Mr Forbes' great colt, nor the big prices paid by that prince of good fellows, Robert Bonner, for his various purchases. But we refer to some historical purchases, prices paid in the dim and distant past, a time which many of our readers, no doubt, had supposed was void of any extravagance in that one weakness which seems to have pervaded all epochs of civilized time—a weakness for great horseflesh.

A magazine writer has recently been spending a half hour with a handful of old Latin books, and has had the curiosity to see what the ancients thought a good horse was worth. He has not been surprised, therefore, to find that man has been but mortal on this question from the earliest ages, and his weakness for a favourite horse has kept pace with the advancement of the finer arts. If Darwin's theory is correct, man and horse must have descended from the same hairy animal—there seems to be a strong affinity there, somehow. Perhaps the fable of the Grecian satyr has a foundation in fact. Who knows?

The curtain of antiquity first rolls up on Egypt, and here we find it recorded in a letter, or rather papyrus, left by one of their kings of the eighteenth dynasty—telling of his conquest of a foreign nation—Mesopotami—and how he brought a lot of fine horses from that country. This Mesopotami, by the way, extended over what is known as Arabia to-day, so it is safe to conjecture that the Arab horse was known and admired in the days of the Egyptians, before the days of Abraham.

Homer also tells us how King Agamemnon offered Achilles twelve horses that would win for him great riches by their racing. We have tried to make the original Greek of Homer say pacing, but it does not, and we will not venture this as an argument in favor of the pacing gait, believing, as we do, that "sometimes even the great Homer nods." It is proof, however, that the sulking Achilles was fond of horse-racing, for everything else had failed to appease.

In later years we find King Solomon, the wisest of men, sending to Egypt and paying as high as \$3000 to \$5000 for horses. His own stable was magnificent.

Alexander, according to Plutarch, gave about \$13,000 for Bucephalus, the most noted of all horses of antiquity. But Pliny, the historian, puts the price at nearer \$16,000. And here the spirit of gaming crops out again, for we are told that when Philoniscus, the Thessalian, offered the horse to Philip, the father of Alexander, the king and his court went out to test the speed and docility of the now noted war horse. The horse was so vicious and unmanageable that Philip promptly discarded the idea of purchasing, but Alexander, standing near, who appears to have had more horse-sense than the rest, saw that the high strung animal was frightened at his own shadow and remarked: "What a horse they are losing for want of skill and courage to manage him." The king laughed at the youngster, which so nettled him that he offered to prove his assertion by riding the horse; but the king first made him agree to pay the value of the horse if he did not do as he said he would, or if he ruined the horse; an example, we repeat, of early betting on a horse-race, for it was a great race between Alexander and the horse as to which should be master. By the way, some of the would-be trainers of to-day might be required to put up a bond on a similar condition, for many a good horse has been spoiled by them.

Alexander, who was one of nature's noblemen, con-

quered nations as he did Bucephalus, and after the conquest, by his kindness and generosity, he won them completely. Again, we may learn from him a lesson of kindness to animals, for when the horse was old he refused to ride him on his long marches, riding a commoner horse instead, but when he struck Darius, at Arbela, in one of the world's decisive battles, he would go into the fight only on his old horse.

With all of our boastful civilization and fast records, we are far behind the Romans in the matter of horse-racing. But we must also remember we are far behind them—we mean in the time of the Cæsars—in extravagance and luxuries, and depravity in general. No country was so corrupt as Rome from the days of Tiberius to the advent of the Goths. Caligula, the most depraved scoundrel of the lot—if there could have been any degrees in their meanness—wanted to make his horse his royal successor, and had him fed on "gilded oats," says the historian, "out of ivory feed-boxes." No doubt the horse would have made a better emperor than any of them, unless it was an ass which, according to the Latin writer Varro, the Roman Senator Axius purchased for 400,000 sesterces, or about \$16,000.

The Circus Maximus, which seated 285,000 people, was the greatest race-course the world has ever seen, and the famous jockey Diocles, whose likeness engraved on the metal wheels of a child's play cart has been lately dug up at Pompeii, is said to have earned over a million dollars in a year. We may very safely conclude, then, that many horses in those profligate times sold for more money than Ormonde, or any other horse of modern times. And we might mention here that negro jockeys are not an original American institution, for we learn that Cresceus, an African jockey of those days, was one of the greatest riders, and earned 80,000 sesterces in one year. Verily, in the price of horses, as in other things, "there is nothing new under the sun."

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor *River Plate Sport and Pastime*.

Dear Sir,—
Will you kindly inform me through the medium of "Sport and Pastime" whether the female nutria has its teats on its back. This question has recently been very much discussed in my part of the world, and I should be glad if you can decide it.—Yours truly,
EYE.

[The female nutria has her teats on her back. We recommend our correspondent to look up a description of the nutria given in a back number of "Sport and Pastime."—Ed.]

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL NOTES

Mr Charley, the name sounds rather like a play, but it really is the name of a theatrical empresario, who has arranged to bring out a French company to the Odeon with Mlle. Marguillier, well known in opera comique in Paris as The Star. With a good company, in a nice little theatre like the Odeon, Mr Charley ought to have a satisfactory balance at the end of his season, especially as he has bought the rights of some of the new popular plays.

PRICES

Price of gold on the Bolsa from January 1st to 23rd inclusive—

Wednesday	342.30	%	Saturday	345.80	%
Thursday	346.00	"	Monday	345.10	"
Friday	345.20	"	Tuesday	344.30	"

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

	Special	Fat	Carns gorda	Buena carne y carnudos
Bullocks	58—68	48—58	28—38	16—20
Novillos (mestizos)	38—45	32—38	24—30	12—16
" (criollos)	43—53	38—43	24—31	11—16
Cows (mestizas)	28—33	22—28	14—17	6—8
" (criollas)	3—8	2.50—7		

Hides—Bullock	\$11.00—12.00
" —Novillo	8.50—11.00
" —Cow	4.50—5.50
Sheepskins, per kilo	0.45—0.83
Lambskins, per dozen	2.00—3.00

Sheep—Lincolns	\$7.90—8.00
" —Lincolns of 45 to 55 k	—
" —Mestizo-Lincolns	5.40—8.20
" —Rambouillet	3.00—7.00
Ewes	3.00—6.80
Lambs	2.70—3.70

Wheat (barleta), 100 ks (new crop)	\$5.50—6.90
" (French), 100 kilos	5.00—6.80
" (Candeal)	6.00—7.50
" (Saldomé) (new crop)	5.20—6.80
Maize (morochó), old, 100 kilos	6.50—7.10
" (amarillo), old, 100 kilos	6.00—6.50
Hay, 1000 kilos	48.00—60.00
Wool—Cross Lincoln	5.90—11.50
" —Fine mestiza	4.80—8.80

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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All orders to be accompanied by subscriptions, which are payable in advance.

River Plate Sport and Pastime

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1894.

SPORTING NOTES

In suffering defeat at the hands of the Buenos Aires Cricket Club on Monday the Flores A. C. lost their first match this season, a very useful record for so young a club though one which numbers some of our best cricketers among its members.

**

A tennis match has been arranged between Lomas and Quilmes, to take place at Lomas next Sunday, the 28th, three couples playing for each club. Lomas will be represented by L. Corry Smith and E. P. Rowland, F. L. Jacobs and F. H. Jacobs, H. Withington and A. Leslie.

**

Against the Buenos Aires C. C., on Sunday, Mr P. M. Rath will make his first appearance in a Hurlingham cricket eleven. By the scratching of the Lomas A. C. v. B. A. and Rosario Rly. A. C. match the Hurlingham team will be considerably strengthened.

**

The entries for the race meeting to be held at Hurlingham on February the 2nd close to-morrow, at Piedad 559. Another race has been added to the programme since our last issue, in the shape of a consolation race for ponies which have run but not won at the meeting.

**

The popular custom at the Old Cosmos Club of holding sales by auction over the races at Hurlingham will be revived at the Albion Club. The first sales, or lotteries as they are generally called, will be held before the meeting of February 2nd.

**

An open lawn tennis tournament will be held at the Montevideo Cricket Club's ground on Saturday, February the 3rd. Entries for the tournament will close on the 30th of this month.

**

The teams chosen to represent the B. A. C. C. and Hurlingham for the match to be played next Sunday at Palermo, will be found under "Cricket." This is quite one of the most important matches of the season, and with both clubs so strongly represented the game should be good, so it is to be hoped that so much batting talent will not cause it to end in a draw.

**

The six-monthly general meeting of the Buenos Aires Rowing Club will be held on Tuesday, January the 30th, at 8.30 p.m., at Georges Mercer's, Florida 322. The meeting will be held for the following business:— 1. Presentation of report and accounts for the past six months. 2. Election of President and six vocales in place of those out-going. 3. Confirmation of reformed rule accepted at last general meeting. 4. Any other matter of importance.

**

A Sr Carlos Panella has invented a kind of water bicycle, with which he intends to make a

trip at the end of the month from his town, Corrientes, to Buenos Aires by the River Paraná. It is said that the machine is very easily propelled by two men, will carry a very fair cargo, and is quite safe on a not too rough water.

**

Unfortunately the cricket match which was to have been played during carnival between the Buenos Aires and Montevideo Cricket Clubs has fallen through owing to the latter's inability to raise an eleven to come over. Carnival this year is decidedly bare of sporting fixtures, however, Hurlingham will be attractive, as the new club house will be open by then, and there will be lots going on.

**

The "Montevideo Times," always a fault finder with sporting authorities of all kinds, devotes a leading column to the Mitchell medal question. Our contemporary wants the Athletic Association to correct one mistake with another and give the medal, though probably had the Association done so at first he would have been down on them like a thousand of bricks for breaking their own rules. I notice that not a single person whose knowledge of athletics makes his opinion valuable has written to the papers on the subject, only those who are not familiar with what they write about have been spilling ink.

**

The annual general meeting of the Quilmes Club was held at Quilmes on Wednesday evening last. The financial report showed a small deficiency, but this is not to be wondered at when the expenses the club has lately been put to in the way of moving to and laying out their new ground are considered. During the past season, the club won four cricket matches, lost three and three were drawn. The club played eleven polo matches, including those in the Hurlingham tournament in March, of which six were won and five lost. The committee refer to the fact that they were the only club that entered three teams at the Hurlingham tournament.

**

During the football season the club played eight Association matches, and of these two were lost, three won, and three drawn. The only match played under Rugby rules was against the Buenos Aires Football Club, and this was won by Quilmes.

The following new committee and officers were elected: W. L. Morkill, president; F. Pembroke Jones, vice-president; F. W. Fothergill, hon. secretary; H. Ritchie, hon. treasurer. Committee: Messrs Colville Jones, H. Marrs, A. Eaton, W. D. Bailey, A. Murray Hudson, F. Bocquet and Fred Bennett.

**

Many new names appear on the entry list of the classic races for 1894. Amongst some of the changes I may mention that the Stud Buenos Aires has not made a single entry. The horses belonging to Capitan Lopez and the Ecurie Vendetta will run in the name of the Ecurie Camors, and the proprietorship of several gentlemen. The Stud Terminacion is no more, and Dionisio Ruiz will train what will be known in future as the Abraham Lincoln stable, which will include San Martin and Terminacion in its string, besides some nine others with very pronounced Yankee names.

**

Sr José M. Villanueva will in future race his horses in the name of the Stud Anacoreta, Mr Paul Maschowitz as Captain Black, and Sr Benedit has registered the name of Captain Hatteras, under whose colours Woodnymph will run this season. The Stud Whipper In, owned by Sr Cernal, is no more and his horses have gone to Sr A. Casal's stable, the Stud Pobre.

**

Amongst the new stables may be mentioned the Ecurie Moise's, which, however, is an old friend come to life again, the stud San José owned by Sr G. Bonorino, the stud Las Armas registered by Colonel Bedoya, and that of Baron Peers. The Baron's colours are well known at Hurlingham and Venado Tuerto and I only hope they will be carried as conspicuously in the front at Palermo. There are nine Montevideo stables represented in the entries for the classic races here.

**

Mr Brett, the trainer, has of late experienced bad luck with his own horses and has lost two

valuable imported brood mares, one with a foal at foot, Bouchon, Simpleton and Holland within the space of about a month. Bouchon never got over the injuries he received when he ran into the rails at Palermo one meeting last month, Simpleton died from a kick given him by a mare, and Holland broke away from his lad, tried to jump the ditch which borders the east side of the Palermo course, broke both his hocks, and, of course, had to be killed. Only a day or two before Holland badly savaged his owner, who had his arm very severely torn and bruised.

**

Holland has had an extraordinary career. He was sold for \$1000 at the sale of the Las Ortigas stud after proving himself worth no more. He then won a race at Hurlingham which repaid his owners their purchase money, but he did nothing afterwards till Brett bought him for \$1000. He was then at the very bottom of the handicaps, but after his new trainer had showed him who was master, he won race after race over short courses till he finally was handicapped at sixty-two kilos, under which weight he proved himself able to win. Of late, however, his temper was very bad and he had not been running at all kindly.

**

The right way to spell the Cesarewich Stakes is very often questioned. The queen, whose accuracy is proverbial, very rightly objects to the customary manner of spelling tsar and tsarevitch in English—i. e. czar and czarevitch—as giving a totally incorrect rendering of the hardsounding Russian z. More than once had her majesty's wishes on the subject been conveyed to the offending foreign office clerks. At length Sir Henry Ponsonby wrote in despair: "I really do not know how the word is written myself; perhaps you might discover by sending to Newmarket to inquire." Unfortunately the sporting world, to judge from the orthography, appears to labor under the impression that the Cesarewich Stakes are connected not with the Russian tsars, but with the Roman Caesars.

**

A correspondent to a home exchange gives rather a simple and at the same time very effectual dodge for stopping a bolter. The principle, he says, is that of the action of the lasso, which is well known to stay the speed and render abortive the further movement of any animal after the lasso once encircles the neck by the almost instantaneous stoppage of the breath, which he applies with a buckle to the head-strap, the after part of which has a stout ring of two inches or two and a half inches in diameter, to which ring is also secured a round loose rein (a round plaited one of raw hide would be better), to be brought over and under the throat and rove the ring and carried to the saddle or splash-board, unless it should be preferred to hold it with the other reins, the rider or driver having only to apply the necessary force to choke the horse. If the ring could have a reliable clip or catch the fixing and removal of the apparatus would be done in a minute.

**

Those of us who have ridden races know only too well how exasperating it is, after the finish of a good race in which you have done all that was possible, for a friend to come up and say, "Don't you think you waited a little too long?" or "Don't you think that if you had not come so soon you would have just got home?" and other such remarks. The other day a jockey, bothered like this, made a very smart retort. The owner of the horse he had been riding, and who had a big bet down, had been very nervous and, approaching the jockey, said: "You came so late that you nearly lost." "Well," replied the jockey, who was almost exhausted from his efforts, "if I had come one instant sooner I would have nearly won." It was a neat and just rebuke to a man whose only qualification was that he had money enough to buy thoroughbreds. The trainer of the horse, who stood near, chuckled at the retort.

Boots.

CRICKET

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.

CRICKET FIXTURES.

JANUARY

Sun. 28—B. A. C. C. v. Hurlingham, at Palermo.

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)—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.

The following will represent the Buenos Aires Cricket and Hurlingham Clubs at Palermo on the 28th inst.: Hurlingham—P. M. Rath, C. W. Thompson, F. Clunie, P. L. Bridger, H. M. Mills, T. A. H. Forde, H. B. Anderson, A. Anderson, E. Rumbold, L. J. Hutton, and another.

Buenos Aires—J. R. Gifford, E. R. Gifford, J. D. Gifford, A. Boyd, G. S. Anderson, T. V. Knox, R. E. H. Anderson, R. W. Anderson, J. F. Macadam, and two others.

Play to begin at 10 a.m. sharp, and players are particularly requested to be punctual.

The cricket match Lomas v. Buenos Aires and Rosario Railway, fixed for January 28th, has been postponed till April 8th.

B. A. C. C. v. FLORES ATHLETIC CLUB.

The return match between the above clubs was played on the Flores ground, on the 21st inst., and resulted in a win for the former by 84 runs on the first innings.

After the recent rain the wicket played very soft and dead, and the balls came up slowly off the pitch, to the manifest discomfiture of most of the players, who having been accustomed to hard and fast wickets all through the season, had not the patience to wait for the balls, but played too soon, and put them up in all directions with the result that half the wickets fell to catches, and many chances were given of which advantage was not taken.

In this respect the Flores men were particularly conspicuous, and their general fielding was slovenly in the extreme, and in marked contrast to that of their opponents, who for once in a while availed themselves of every chance that was offered, and played up well together. It is the more to be regretted that Flores made so poor a show, as up to the present they had not lost a match this season.

Buenos Aires won the toss, and sent in Garrod and Forde to the bowling of Knox and Elliot. Off Knox's first over Garrod should have been caught at cover point, and he gave some other chances before Forde was bowled for 9 (1 for 48). E. R. Gifford followed, and the score mounted to 80, when he put up a ball which Murphy, in the long field, held. The next three batsmen did not stop long, and then Garrod had to retire, caught at mid off, having made 62 out of the 85 runs that were scored whilst he was at the wicket. He hit hard as usual, but his innings was a very lucky one. Browne, who had gone on in place of Elliot, made short work of the next three men, the seventh, eighth, and ninth wicket falling with the score at 90. Mills was last man in, and after narrowly escaping being caught off the first ball he received, in which case Browne would have had the satisfaction of doing the hat trick, in company with Hutton put on 15 runs, when he skied a ball which the bowler held, and the innings closed for 105 runs, made off the following bowling:—

Table with 4 columns: Player, B, M, R, W. Rows include T. V. M. Knox, G. Elliot, W. Browne.

Browne bowled a wide.

After the customary interval Flores sent in Macadam and Browne to the bowling of Hutton and Garrod, and it was at once seen that the sticky ground just suited them to a nicety. Wicket after wicket fell in rapid succession, and the whole side were out for the insignificant total of 21, the bowling analysis reading as follows:—

Table with 4 columns: Player, B, M, R, W. Rows include J. R. Garrod, L. J. Hutton.

Being in a minority of 84 runs and with rather more than a hour still left for play, Flores started their second innings with Knox and Carlisle, to the bowling of Hutton and R. E. H. Anderson, and off Hutton's second ball Knox was caught at point, and Boyd took his place only to be caught by Garrod off the same bowler a few overs later. Syer and Elliot put on some 40 runs before the latter was very smartly stumped by Mills off Garrod, who had relieved Hutton. Rudd joined Syer, and the two played out time, the score showing 80 runs for four wickets made off the following bowling:—

Table with 4 columns: Player, B, M, R, W. Rows include L. J. Hutton, R. E. H. Anderson, H. Webster, R. W. Anderson, J. R. Garrod, E. R. Gifford.

Gifford bowled 1 wide.

Table for Buenos Aires C.C. 1st inn. Rows include J. R. Garrod, T. A. H. Forde, E. R. Gifford, R. E. H. Anderson, A. Lace, R. W. Anderson, L. J. Hutton, H. Webster, H. Leng, J. Stuart, H. M. Mills, Extras.

Table for Flores Athletic Club. 1st inn and 2nd inn. Rows include J. F. Macadam, W. Browne, A. Boyd, B. B. Syer, R. W. Rudd, G. F. Elliot, J. D. Gifford, J. Murphy, T. V. Knox, F. Carlisle, J. Gahan, Extras.

LOMAS A. C. v. WESTERN RAILWAY

This match was played at Lomas on Sunday last and resulted in a win for Lomas by 168 runs. The Western Railway batted first, Baker and Prebble facing Rath and Tupholme. With 5 up Baker was run out, and Palmer was soon bowled by Rath. Moffat and Prebble made a bit of a stand till Tupholme got past Prebble, who had played very steadily for 10. Parkes and Moffat brought on Bridger and H. Anderson, and maidens were the order of the day till 35 was up, when Bridger bowled Moffat, who had played very well for 17, which included a very pretty cut for 4. Parkes was stumped, and Walker bowled first ball and the end soon came, Anderson securing a very hard return from Huxtable in fine style.

Lomas started their innings with Anderson and Bridger, Baker and Huxtable bowling. Runs came very fast till Anderson was caught. Rath came in next but only to be badly run out before he scored. Halstead stayed still 42 was up, when Baker clean bowled him. H. Anderson was next in and started with a couple of 4's, and the rate of scoring now became most rapid. This wicket took the score to 106, when H. Anderson failing to get hold of the ball was easily caught, having played very well for 25, which included no less than five 4's. Jacobs came next, and at 113 Bridger was bowled by Walker after having played an exceedingly good innings for 54. Brooking and Jacobs took the score to 140, when Jacobs was clean bowled for 27, a good innings including a 6 out of the ground. The remainder of the innings was noticeable for the fine batting of Brooking, who eventually carried out his bat for 51, made in very correct and patient style.

Lomas fielded quite up to form, and the Western Railway have greatly improved in this branch of the game, and no slackness was visible. L. Huxtable was very noticeable, and Palmer brought off a very fine catch in the country.

Table for Western Ry. 1st inn and Lomas A. C. 1st inn. Rows include J. Baker, E. Prebble, A. Palmer, C. D. Moffat, F. T. Parkes, A. Avery, W. H. Walker, R. M. Clark, H. Anderson, J. Huxtable, L. Huxtable, Anderson, T. B. Charles, Extras.

BOWLING ANALYSIS Western Railway C. C.

Table with 4 columns: Player, O, M, R, W. Rows include P. M. Rath, C. Tupholme, P. L. G. Bridger, H. Anderson.

Lomas A. C.

Table with 4 columns: Player, O, M, R, W. Rows include J. Baker, L. Huxtable, A. Palmer, C. D. Moffat, W. H. Walker.

TOWN v. CENTRAL ARGENTINE RY. C.C.

The following are the scores of a match played at Plaza Jewell, Rosario, on Sunday, January 14, between Town and Central Argentine Railway C.C.:

Table for Town v. Central Argentine Ry. C.C. 1st inn and 2nd inn. Rows include J. Neil, V. E. Parr, J. J. C. Daniel, E. Obre, W. F. Fleming, H. Spicer, H. Middleton, C. Day, W. S. Martin, A. Crowe, G. Middleton.

JUNIN v. PALERMO (F. C. B. A. P.)

Below are the scores of a cricket match played at Junin on Saturday, 13th inst., between Palermo (F.C.B.A.P.) and Junin (F.C.B.A.P.), and which resulted in a win for Palermo on the first innings by 48 runs, a result which might have been altered had the match been a two days' one. Smith, Voules, Lee, Beardshaw and Robson for the winners, and Love, Newton and Taylor for the losers, all batted well. The bowling of Crook for Junin deserves special mention. He performed the "hat trick" with his first three deliveries. The visitors were handsomely treated and spent a very enjoyable day. Scores:

Table for Palermo 1st inn and 2nd inn, and Junin 1st inn. Rows include C. Shortt, C. O'Ryan, J. A. Smith, E. Martin, E. Robson, J. S. Lee, W. Voules, C. E. Tatton, W. Beardshaw, F. Johnson, J. Craig, J. Kelly, Extras.

BOWLING ANALYSIS First Innings

Table with 4 columns: Player, O, M, R, W. Rows include Wood, Simms, Rogers, Shanhan, Greenan, Crook.

Second Innings

Table with 4 columns: Player, O, M, R, W. Rows include Crook, Simms.

Junin (XII a side) 1st inn

Table for Junin (XII a side) 1st inn. Rows include F. Simms, J. G. Taylor, J. Rogers, L. Crook, L. Makin, A. Newton, J. Shanhan, G. Wood, C. J. Love, C. Dwyer, J. Greenan, J. Spare, Extras.

BOWLING ANALYSIS

Table with 4 columns: Player, O, M, R, W. Rows include O'Ryan, Shortt, Beardshaw, Tatton, Lee.

POLO.

HURLINGHAM.

The polo season was opened at Hurlingham on Sunday by a good game by the following sides:—

1. E. D. Drabble	1. F. J. Balfour
2. J. Ravenscroft	2. F. Furber
3. W. Lacey	3. Newman Smith

H. S. Robson (back) Follett Holt (back)

Neither men nor ponies showed the want of practice so much as might have been expected, and the pace of the game in the second and third quarters was fairly fast.

Mr Holt's side obtained a couple of goals in the first quarter, which they kept all through, and eventually won by five points to three.

Mr Robson, playing for the first time since his head was broken at Cañada de Gomez, was not in form, or the result of the game might have been different.

The ground, after the recent showers of rain, played well, and there was no dust. It will be a long time, however, before it is well covered with grass.

No new ponies were played, and nothing of particular note occurred to mention during the game, which was a very pleasant one all through.

There will be polo in future at Hurlingham every Wednesday afternoon after the arrival of the 3.10 p.m. train.

QUILMES CLUB.

On Sunday last the first game of polo was played this season at Quilmes, and in spite of the heat the full number of players turned up at 5 p.m. on the old ground in Bernal. Messrs Bailey and Hudson picked the sides, which were as follows:

A	B
1. J. Bennett	1. F. Houlder
2. W. D. Bailey	2. F. J. Bennett
3. J. Lean, jun.	3. A. M. Hudson
C. Hope (back)	T. Murray (back)

In the first quarter the B team at the commencement pressed their opponents very hard, and scored two goals, both being hit by F. Bennett.

In the second quarter each side scored a goal, respectively hit by F. Bennett and C. Hope.

In the third and last quarter no goal was made, so the B team were left victors by three goals to one.

With the exception of in the second quarter the B team had the best of the game, Murray playing exceedingly well at back. Taking into consideration that this was the first game of the year, it was a capital one, there was a great deal of hard galloping and very little standing over the ball.

Mr J. W. Hunter acted as umpire to everyone's entire satisfaction.

Cañada de Gomez

Jan. 21, 1894.

LEONES.

In writing on Leones, which, it is almost needless to state, is five stations beyond this, on the F.C.C.A. to Cordoba, and to which access is easily gained by morning and afternoon trains running each day from Rosario, also by the night combination, from the latter town and Buenos Aires, on each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, I do not propose to particularise any individual estancia, but simply to write a few words upon the aspect and capabilities, production, and upon the general outlook. The growth of the town in the last few years has been very great and without doubt the place has wonderfully improved lately in every respect, thanks to the energy and far-sightedness of the inhabitants, and neighbouring property owners. It is thought and not without reason that Leones will soon outstrip Marcos Juarez, both in size and importance. Built principally on the north side of the line, it forms a compact, and neat town and with the amount of trees, full grown and growing, it forms a more pleasing sight than the generality of its class.

The rent of houses is becoming greater as importance and size increase. At the present \$60 and 100 are common rentals for such domiciles as are ordinary in a camp town. Were a steam tramway built, from Marcos Juarez to Leones, it would pay itself the first year of its existence. This much maligned district, why maligned I know not, but the fact remains, has grown this season some of the most splendid wheat put into the market, and the really excellent unoccupied land, which a tram line would open up gives visions of almost certain wealth, so prolific has that in cultivation which surrounds it proved to be. I should say that the point which the tram should make for ought to be Monte Grande, where Monte Algarrobo commences. Monte Castillo camps and Santa Maria have grown this harvest alone at least 1000 squares of wheat ranking amongst the best in the province, and to see the whole of Funes' camp and others, erstwhile waving with the golden grain and stretching as far as the eye can reach, gives one some idea of the extent of the resources of this country. A drop in the ocean of wealth it is, but a drop which tells in the computation of the whole. The perseverance of the colonists who had many difficulties to contend with, has resulted in their obtaining fresh water (after various trials) of good quality, and alfalfa should follow especially in the low lying ground with gratifying success, the climate and rainfall having completely changed the prospects of this particular zone. The distance from the railway and cost of cartage some four and a half to five leagues, is the great drawback

experienced, in spite of which the colonists are well contented with the result of their labours, and in consequence, in all probability, at least double the quantity of land put under grain in 1893 will in this year of '94 be sown. It is not only wheat which will flourish in this primitive El Dorado, but almost any other product of the soil does well. The people are generally law abiding, and peaceful, attending to the business which concerns them, living frugally on that which is their own, paying their debts, and not endeavouring to despise their neighbours. Verily, if all the accounts which I hear be true, a man with a little capital, some knowledge and plenty of energy and perseverance, a man who would not look on back encountering a seeming failure, might do much worse than wend his way to Leones.

Peones carrying wheat from bullock cart to galpon are receiving two and a half cents per bag, after asking three cents. At this price most of them can earn six to seven dollars a day.

After a terrific dust storm which commenced about five o'clock p.m. on Thursday, and continued until 2.30 a.m. on Friday, the rain came down in sheets, and continued without intermission for about twenty-nine hours, and continuing with very short intervals did not cease until about ten o'clock on Saturday night. Much wheat loaded, uncovered on wagons, suffered, but not, I hear, to the extent feared. Some which had been left on the ground did not fare so well. Many stacks have been unthatched, and, of course, work was practically at a standstill during the storm.

The circumstances attending the loading up in Cañada de Gomez of cattle, and their consignment to Buenos Aires, which place they could not reach on account of a block through the dust, will no doubt be in your possession. It seems that the poor animals were returned from Pergamino to Cañada, and were cooped up in the trucks without food or water for four days, throughout the heat and dust of the time. It is said to have been impossible to unload them, as they were perfectly mad. Most, if not all of them, died, and I hear that a claim of some \$70,000 has been made by the owner on the Company, who are also invited to pay a substantial sum to the authorities, on account of the stench and probable injury to health arising from the decomposing carcasses.

Further wheat fires have continued up to the arrival of this rain, but it is now hoped that little or no more may be heard of them.

WINTER SPORT IN CANADA

All the world has become familiar with Canada as an ideal place of winter sports; so much so that an artist wishing to depict a typical Canadian scene invariably clothes his figures in furs, arms them with a toboggan, a pair of snow shoes or skates, and outlines them against a background of snow and ice, relieved by a few stunted evergreens, giving the impression to outsiders of an everlasting Arctic winter. This is manifestly an injustice to Canada, for, though pre-eminently the home of winter sports, her glorious, almost tropical summers, and long, delightful autumns are equally favourable for summer sports.

Now, having made my protest against the wrong done my country, let me add to the impression I am protesting against by describing snow-shoeing in Manitoba, that province so far north where the fierce heat of the brief summer grows the finest wheat in the world, where from November to April winter is king, and holds everything in his iron grip, where the rivers freeze hard and solid to their very beds, and the earth becomes like rock; where the snow falls, not in soft feathery flakes, but in tiny crisp particles a little at a time, which the dazzling sun, having no power to melt in the intense steady cold, gradually accumulates until it lies many feet deep, dry and hard, crunching under the foot with a sound that, mingled with the jingle jangle of the sleigh bells, is the sweetest music to a loyal Canadian's ears.

This is the snowshoer's paradise; no fear here of wet moccasins and ruined snowshoes, as in the eastern provinces. In Winnipeg several clubs meet bi-weekly, tramping ten and twenty miles over frozen rivers and prairie, returning to a rendezvous at some quiet inn, where a substantial supper always awaits them. What is left of the evening is spent boxing, dancing, and singing rousing choruses until midnight, when, with his snow shoes strapped to his back, his unlit torch in his hand, the snowshoer glides silently home, his white coat scarcely visible in the clear winter-night against the still whiter snow.

These snow-shoe clubs are strictly masculine, but as a great favour ladies are occasionally invited to attend when a shorter tramp is taken, ending with a "bonnet-hop." Once the St. George club gave a picnic for us, which certainly did away for ever with most of my root-convictions of the essentials necessary for a successful picnic.

To particularise, there was a conspicuous absence of thunderstorms and muslin dresses, and an unavoidable absence of mosquitoes and spiders.

The picnic was held on a still, frosty night, when the intense cold magnified every sound and made it distinguishable for miles. The snow sparkled in the bright moonlight as if myriads of diamonds had been strewn broadcast over the earth. At eight o'clock, wrapped in the luxurious furs of a Canadian sleigh, with our caps pulled down and collars turned up, we drove to the club's starting point. About twenty snow-shoers had assembled when we arrived, and by the aid of the electric light were strapping on their shoes. Handsome, stalwart fellows they looked in their regulation uniform of white blanket, with stockings, sash and tuque of royal purple, and with the red cross of St. George on the left

breast. By twos and threes they came, appearing silently from the surrounding gloom, their moccasined feet making no sound on the crisp snow, until about fifty had assembled.

Each man as he arrived unstrapped his snow-shoes from his back, and kneeling first on one knee then on the other, quickly adjusted them.

Torches were lighted, and from out the crowd of blanket coats the leader started at a sort of a jog trot, followed in single file by all; they seemed to string out into a long line like thread unwound from a spool. The leader cried "Number off," following it up with "one"; "two," "three," "four" came down the line till the last man, as "whipper in," shouted "all up," and off they went in the direction of the river. Driving rapidly through the city to a point on the high bank overlooking the river, far down below we saw them, as they tramped towards us up its frozen bed, their torches shining on the snow-clad banks and leafless trees, the sound of their rollicking choruses growing louder and clearer as they approached, until it seemed to fill the air and echo back across the prairie, then gradually died away as they passed us and became once more but a waving line of light.

A rendezvous had been arranged in a small hollow, which, sheltered by a few low growing bushes, formed a capital spot for the huge bonfire that blazed and crackled, sending its sparks high in the air. Over it swung a steaming kettle, and around it, in a picturesque group, were the snow-shoers, most of whom had discarded shoes and coats and appeared in gorgeous striped jerseys that rivalled Solomon in all his glory. Drawn up in a half-circle were several other sleighs full of guests at this arctic picnic. The stamping horses jingling their bells, the coachmen on their high boxes and the occupants, all alike muffled to the eyes in furs, formed an effective background for a picture that perhaps nowhere else can be seen. Overhead across the dark clear sky, flashed in kaleidoscopic brilliancy, the magnificent aurora of the north. We were immediately surrounded by our hosts, offering little cups of steaming beef-tea, which were most acceptable after our cold drive. A jolly half-hour was spent listening to songs and stories and laughing at the antics of these "boys" (amongst whom were Members of Parliament, lawyers, doctors, and even Cathedral dignitaries). Several new members were initiated, which rite consists in "bouncing" the candidate. This is done by "six joining hands under the unfortunate, and, with a "one, two, three," away he goes high in the air, to be caught on their hands as he falls and again sent skyward.

Horses cannot be kept standing long with the mercury at twenty below zero, so shoes were once more strapped on, torches again lighted, and presently all that remained of the gay scene were the dying embers of the camp fire on the wide desolate prairie.

The snow-shoe races are always an event of the season. They usually take place on the race-track, and the grand stand, generally packed with hot, dusty, perspiring people, is now crowded with fur-clad creatures, stamping their feet and rubbing their respective noses and ears to prevent their freezing. The carriages, that had contained angels in dainty summer toilets, are now sleighs, filled with fur-clad mortals, whose eyes, being the only visible feature, leaves the onlooker in doubt as to whether they belong to men or women.

The races consist of the usual hundred yards dash, quarter, half, and mile races (all, of course, on snowshoes); the double race, in which one giant in a blanket-coat carries another giant on his shoulders, whom he drops half way and is himself carried to the goal, that is if they do not meet with an accident which sends them both floundering in a snowbank. Besides these there is the fat man's race and the hurdle race; and if any one thinks a hurdle race is easy, let him try it on snowshoes, with a few hundred spectators to enjoy his efforts.

Last of all on the programme comes the dog race, and this we always regard as the best of all, not so much for its sporting merit as for the fun and general hilarity appertaining thereto. You must know that every dog in the north-west, be he St. Bernard, Scotch terrier, Newfoundland, or a mixture of the whole three and the rest just dog, earns his living by the sweat of his brow in summer, and in much the same manner in winter. Every small boy, able to go alone, owns a dog and keeps a dog-cart—that is, a soap-box on wheels or runners, according to the season; and as there are always small boys and to spare in every community. (Query—What becomes of them when they grow up?) and as every small boy is "blankety blank" sure that his dog can "lick" every other dog in the country, the entries for this race are numerous. When the race is called the excitement begins; the owners, who have been carefully keeping their animals separate and thereby avoiding unseemly scraps with rivals, hitch up and drive to the starting-point in fine style. There is now a good deal of delay occasioned by the dogs catching sight of each other, and leaving the ranks, regardless of whips and shouts, to settle up old scores with deadly enemies. But after some swearing, both loud and deep on the part of the starters, boys and dogs, everything is ready, the word is given, and off they go for may be ten yards. Then bitter enmity breaks forth again, some dog offends by getting a neck ahead of his fellows, there is a unanimous growl, wild howls, yelps, and shouts from boys, dogs and spectators, and a general heap of sleigh, dog and boy; the whips are vigorously applied and the squirming pile sorted out and all retire, still growling, yelping, and swearing, and another start is made. In the meantime several dogs who have had enough of it have bolted, making for the barbed wire fence that guards the track, regardless of remonstrances from their particular boys, who get shoved off into the snow by the fence. This they climb, and start after the retreating dogs and sleighs, but a stern chase

is a long one, and whether they ever catch them or not no one waits to see, for by this time the race has once more been started and the same performance gone through.

One small cur, however, who never expected to win a race in his life, starts off around the course as fast as his short legs can carry him, being prompted not so much by a desire to become the hero of the hour, as a conviction that this will be the best means of escaping the big dogs, of whom he stands in mortal terror. When half way around, the other dogs catch sight of him, and disgustedly discovering that this small, illbred pup is the enemy for whom they are looking, immediately bolt over and under the fence, and across the intervening ground, thereby shaving off more boys. If possible they are headed off by interested backers and spectators, and the thoroughbred mongrel, realising that the supreme moment of his life has come, puts his best leg foremost, and proudly comes past the winning post amid the wild cheers and shouts of the assembled multitude, whereupon he immediately puts on all the airs of a champion, and regards the other dogs through his eyeglass (figuratively speaking), with a haughty stare, altogether conducting himself in such a way as to lay up a future reckoning for himself that will take well on into the dog days to settle.

A separate day is chosen for the cross-country steeplechase. A five mile course is taken over fences, ditches, railway embankments and every other obstruction that nature or man can devise. The road, which runs almost parallel with the course, is lined with friends, backers and spectators, in every shape and sort and size of sleigh, all shouting, cheering and yelling at the racers, who, stripped of all superfluous clothing, and looking neither to the right nor left, are running easily, taking the fences and other obstructions with a calm, business-like air. Now and then a man drops out of the race with a broken snow-shoe or from exhaustion. He is taken in his backer's sleigh, rolled in furs and blankets and driven rapidly home. The winners, as amid the shouts and cheers of the onlookers they pass the winning post, are alike given the same treatment. And thus end the great snow-shoe races.

FLORENCE E. WILKES.

Had a "Lead-Pipe Cinch."

"A dozen years ago, when I kept in Adrian," said the lively stable man to a Detroit correspondent, "I had an experience which it gives me pain, even yet, to think of. A fellow rode up to my door one afternoon and asked if I cared to buy the horse he was on. The animal was a seven-year-old, dark bay, with no blaze and only one stocking, in pretty fair condition, but rough—his tail and mane full of burrs. I found him sound, he seemed gentle, and the chap only wanted \$125 for him—not dear for such a likely-looking horse for livery work, as prices were then. There was nothing suspicious about the man. He said he had been teaching school back in the country, and looked it. The horse was taken for a debt, and he had a regular bill of sale for him. But the animal was no more good to him because he had the shakes, was sick of the West and was going back home to Massachusetts by the cars from Adrian. To cut it short, I got the horse for \$100, with a good saddle and bridle thrown in, and he went off on the next train East, as he said he would. I had the horse cleaned up and was well pleased with my bargain, especially after I gave him a jog of a few blocks in harness, and concluded he would be a mighty serviceable roadster.

"The next morning two men, who named themselves Sutherland and Hutchinson, got off the train from Detroit at Adrian to sell county rights for a new patent churn. They wanted a horse to take them around among the farmers, and I let them have my new roadster. When they came back in the evening they engaged him for the next day, and I was glad to see he had not been driven very hard. So it went on three or four days. Every morning they drove him out and in the evening engaged him for the next day. But they didn't seem to have much luck in selling their churn, and talked about giving up and going away discouraged. I suggested they had better stay over to the county fair, which was to open the next week, when they could show their churn to everybody in that part of Michigan, and would be likely to do well. After a little talk the idea seemed to please them, and they agreed to stay. I posted them on where to get their license and space and hire a tent and so on, for all of which they thanked me warmly. Then they concluded they would have to hire a horse to take them out to the grounds and back and may be drive around a bit, and they would engage the one they had been using. They would pay for him for every day, whether they used him or not, only they stipulated that I was not under any circumstances to let anyone else work him during the fair week. Of course I agreed to that, and one of them handed me a \$20 bill in advance to bind the bargain. I couldn't have violated my part of the agreement if I had wanted to, for they took him away early every morning and kept him until long after dark, but he never showed a sign of hard work, and so I had no reason to complain. And they remarked two or three times what a comfort it was to have the horse one was used to and had learned to trust, particularly for a person who didn't pretend to be much of a driver. Sutherland always drove. He was a stout, healthy sort of a man. Hutchinson was a little, dried-up-looking chap, who said he didn't know much about horses and was rather afraid of them.

"At our county fair—the same as it is now-a-days at pretty much all county fairs—the fat hogs and blood-

ed cattle and patchwork quilts and such like were just a good excuse for horse-racing—the only near home chance the deacons had in the whole year to do a little quiet betting on a trot. And as our managers gave liberal purses they used to draw good stock and have fine races. So they seemed to the public, anyway, but the fact was that there was a regular ring of racing men who had it all fixed up among themselves to divide the purses and milk the public pockets by throwing the races. That was all found out afterward, but not in time to do any good.

"They had one mare of the Golddust strain—Sultana, they called her—that could have won in every event she was entered for, if allowed, but that was not their game and there is no doubt she was pulled in the two-mile trot, best two in three, on the third day, letting a black horse named Nabob come under the wire, winner by a head.

"That evening Mr Sutherland, who had bet on Sultana and solaced himself afterward with hard cider, accumulated quite a jag, and when in a good mood for freeing his mind, made up with the chap named Carter, who owned Sultana. To Mr Carter he confided, in a voice like a fog horn, his private impression that the mare was no good; that she was a cow, that it was a dead skin on an innocent public to match her against a real horse like Nabob, and so on, in such an aggravating way that finally he got Sultana's owner hot and mad all the way through. To clinch all the patent-churn man swore he was hiring by the day a common livery stable plug that he bet could beat Sultana a one-mile heat anyway, and he pulled out a roll of bills like a fat man's leg to make his bluff good. To Mr Carter, who was out for the dust and meant business all the time, that proposition seemed a peculiarly juicy piece of pie. He knew well enough that his mare could beat Nabob, and at any distance, and the idea of any fool matching a common livery roadster against her made him happy—especially for a one-mile heat, which was the surest thing she had. The upshot of their wrangle was that they actually made a match for \$500 a side, one-mile heat, between Sultana and my roadster, to be trotted the next morning at an hour when the track would be free, if they could get the managers' permission—and the money was put up in good hands, safe to go to the winner. To get the managers' permission the trot had to be represented to them as a bit of fun, for a basket of wine—just to teach a lesson to the churn-man, who was too brash for his own good—and they thought it would be quite a joke.

"A few minutes after the match was made Sutherland's partner in the churn business wobbled into the saloon where the horse-talk was going on, and as full as a goat. He seemed flabbergasted when he heard and succeeded in understanding what had been going on, and the two partners had quite a row, Hutchinson calling his fat friend all kinds of a fool for what he had done. But when some outsiders interfered in the interests of the public peace, which seemed liable to be broken, little Hutchinson turned on them savage as a mink, and swerving right around, as a drunken man will, he swore he would stand by his partner, whatever his partner did was right, and he would back his partner with every dollar he had. Then he flashed up a roll of money like the other chap's, except that it seemed to have grown to maturity. There must have been at least \$3000 up on each side, outside the stakes, before the bluffing and calling down came to an end, and, drunk as the churn men were, they took good care the money was in solid responsible hands.

"When the story of the match got around next morning there was a feeling of sadness in the community on account of all the churnmen's money being up with Mr Carter and his friends, for it was felt that those who had not got a piece of so good a thing had actually lost just so much. But that cloud had a silver lining. Two innocent-looking young chaps—students from Ann Arbor, they said they were—strolled into town to see the fair, and being at the track when the trot was about coming off simply-mindedly put a few dollars on my roadster. Well, people literally climbed over each other to get at them, offering all sorts of odds to grab a share of their pelf. They got 3 to 1, then 5 to 1, and, when the horses were scoring, as high as 10 to 1. It might have seemed strange, if anybody had thought about it at the time, how much money they had—being only students—and how ably they caught everybody's bet and worked up the odds; but all said it was just youthful pig-headedness that made them act so, and quoted wise sayings about a fool and his money, and more money than brains, and so on.

"I didn't have a cent up. When Sutherland brought the horse home, after the match was on, he didn't seem to me even a little bit drunk. He told me what was up, offered to deposit the value of the horse as security he would not be harmed, and said he would give me \$100 if he won and \$50 anyway, so I told him it was all right so far as I was concerned, but I was sorry he was going to lose his money. He sort of smiled, but seemed to recollect himself and sighed, remarking that 'it couldn't be helped, now,' but he wished I would let Hutchinson stay in the stable that night with the watchman, to see that no harm came to the horse, because he didn't trust those racing men.

"I knew, of course, that Carter and his gang had too sure a thing for it to be worth their while to drug the horse, even if they had the chance, but humoured him, and Hutchinson staid. For a man who didn't know much about horses the way he rubbed that roadster down and bathed his legs, fed him, tested his shoes, and so on, was really surprising. A queer sort of feeling floated into my mind, not exactly suspicion, but the biggest uncertainty I ever felt, and I concluded I wouldn't bet. And the next morning, when I saw it was Hutchinson and not Sutherland who took the reins, and that he suddenly looked like a driver from 'way

back, I was quite satisfied I hadn't bet any, though I couldn't say why. I just said nothing to anybody.

"Well, the trot came off. My livery plug went away from Sultana at the quarter; was two good lengths ahead at the half; at the three-quarter the pace was so hot for her that she broke down and went up in the air, and by the time her driver got her down again to a square gate she was too far behind to even save her distance. You never saw such a scene of dismay in your life. The public howled and gnashed his teeth. My, how folks did swear that day! As for Carter, he was just wild; swore it was a put up job; said that the horse was a ringer and demanded that all bets should be declared off. But the churn-men proved the honesty of their position easily enough by me and the bets were paid.

"Mr Sutherland didn't wait to close up his churn business. He just left it. He and his partner, after giving me the hundred he had promised, took the next train for Detroit. And the two college students left at the same time, seeming satisfied with the fair. And most of the currency of Lenawee county left by that train.

"I felt ten feet high that night and would not take \$10,000 for my roadster. In fact, I refused \$5000. In my mind's eye I had a world-beater—one to take out on the Grand Circuit and win everything with it.

"But along in the forenoon of the next day an Indiana sheriff from Marshall county, I think, if I remember right, came to town looking for a stolen horse, and found him. Yes, you've guessed right; it was my roadster. The owner of the horse was along and identified the beast. The bill of sale, in his name, which I had, was a forgery. Proof was clear and I could do nothing but give up. The owner was square enough, however, to give me back the hundred I had paid to the thief, so that on the whole transaction I was \$140 ahead and had no right to complain.

"About a month afterward the facts came out and Carter had been right. There was a put-up job, and the pretended churn-men, the students, the thief, the real owner of the horse—and the sheriff, too, I guess—were all in it. Hutchinson was one of the best drivers in the land and had trained the horse, so the gang knew they had a cinch on Sultana, but to work it so as to get all out of it that was possible they had to play their comedy in the fine way they did. The horse was one with a reputation already, and as he had a blaze and three white stockings his marks would have given him away if he had not been neatly dyed, and the dye would have worn or been washed off had they not so engineered things as to keep him practically in their possession all the time I nominally had him. To renew his color and maintain him in good racing form ready for a big effort was easy enough the way they arranged matters, and they played their game through from start to finish without a fault, the effect thereof being perfect in the nature of what I now hear spoken of as a lead-pipe cinch on the boys."

The Noble Art of Self Defence

(COMMUNICATED.)

(Continued.)

The London nightly places of resort in those days were haunted by a spectre, in the shape of a huge Barbadoes mulatto, standing over six feet two, and nicknamed "Kangaroo." He was about as bad as one could make them—a fourth-rate prize-fighter, a bully, a thief, and worse. Always overdressed, always half drunk, always intrusive, always a bore, always a nuisance whenever he appeared on the scene. A being whose nature seemed to have been purposely turned the wrong way. A good part of his income was represented by "tips" of a few shillings to thrash someone against whom someone else had a grudge. The greater number of his clients were women of the worst description, and "arf a crown to the Kangaroo" meant a brutal thrashing at his hands to some unfortunate mortal, who had had the bad luck to fall foul of any unprincipled individual, male or female.

Well, one night, B— went to Highbury Barn to interview one of his pet barmaids, by name Kate. Sticking his hat on the back of his head and leaning his elbows on the counter, in approved fashion, he set to work to "chaff" Kate, who, like nearly all London barmaids, could not only receive but promptly return "chaff," repartee and good looks being her salient points. He asked for a glass of "bitter," which, in those days cost threepence, and he tossed a half crown on to the counter. Kate took the half crown, and placed his change, two and threepence, before him. B—, engaged in "chaffing" her, took no notice for the moment of the change, but presently it occurred to him that he had not collected his two and threepence.

"Now, Kate," said he, "none of your nonsense, where's my change?"

A half terrified expression came over her comely face, as she answered:

"That gentleman picked it up."

B— turned sharp round, to find himself face to face with the notorious "Kangaroo." B— was a plucky fellow, and, although a small man, was no mean antagonist for most others. He immediately addressed the "Kangaroo" thus:

"I'll trouble you, sir, for that two and threepence you took off the counter, and which belongs to me."

(Answer) "I'll 'it yer a bally smack in the mouth in about 'arf a jiff."

(B—) "I daresay you can, and will, but unless you hand me over that two and threepence, which Kate knows belongs to me, I'll give you in charge for theft."

Before B— had time to put his hands up he receivep

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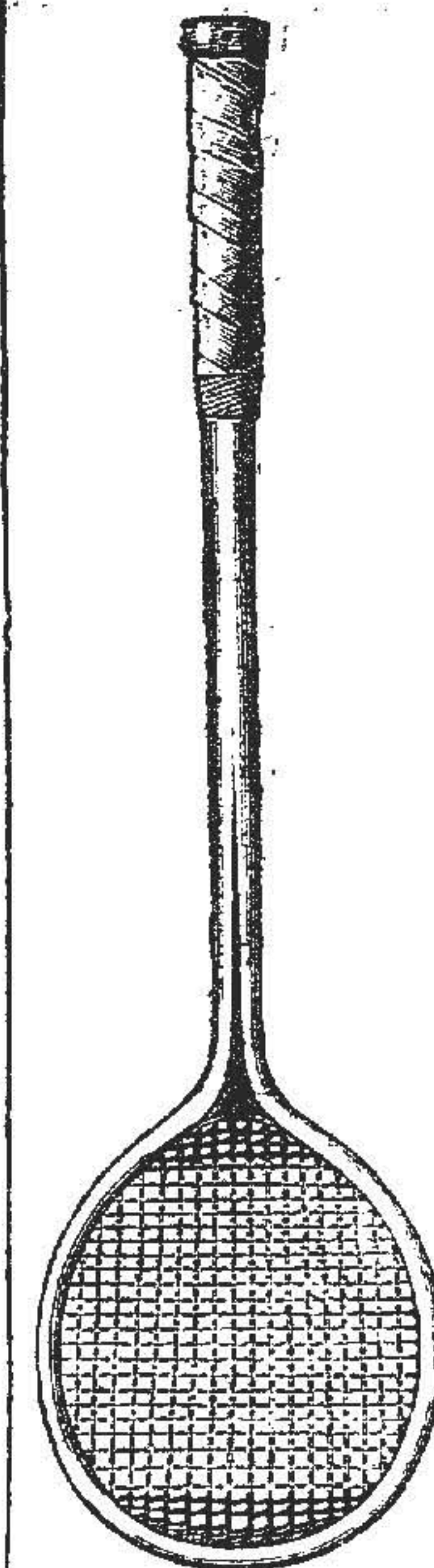
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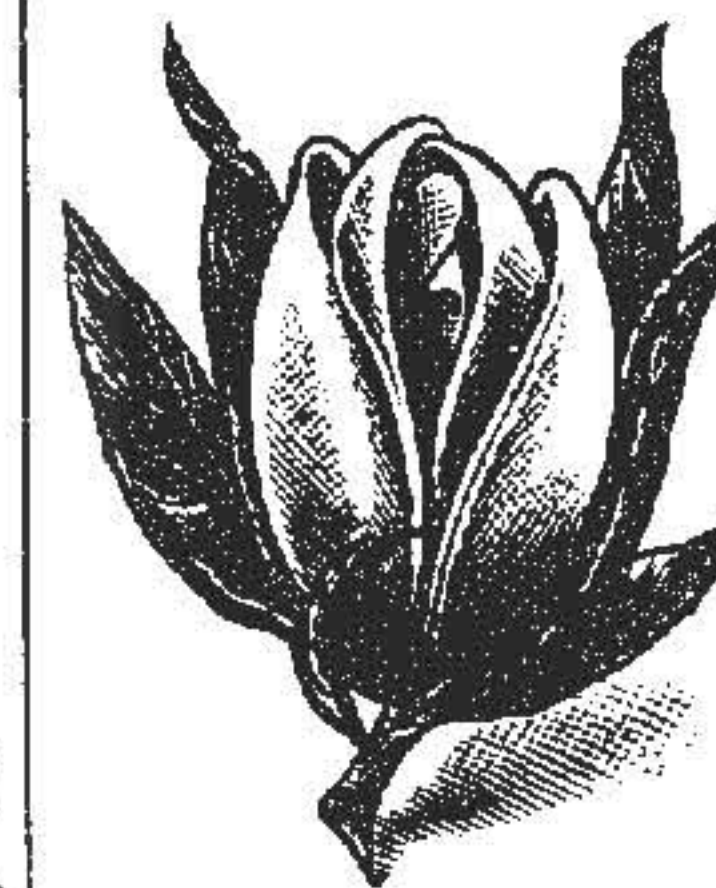


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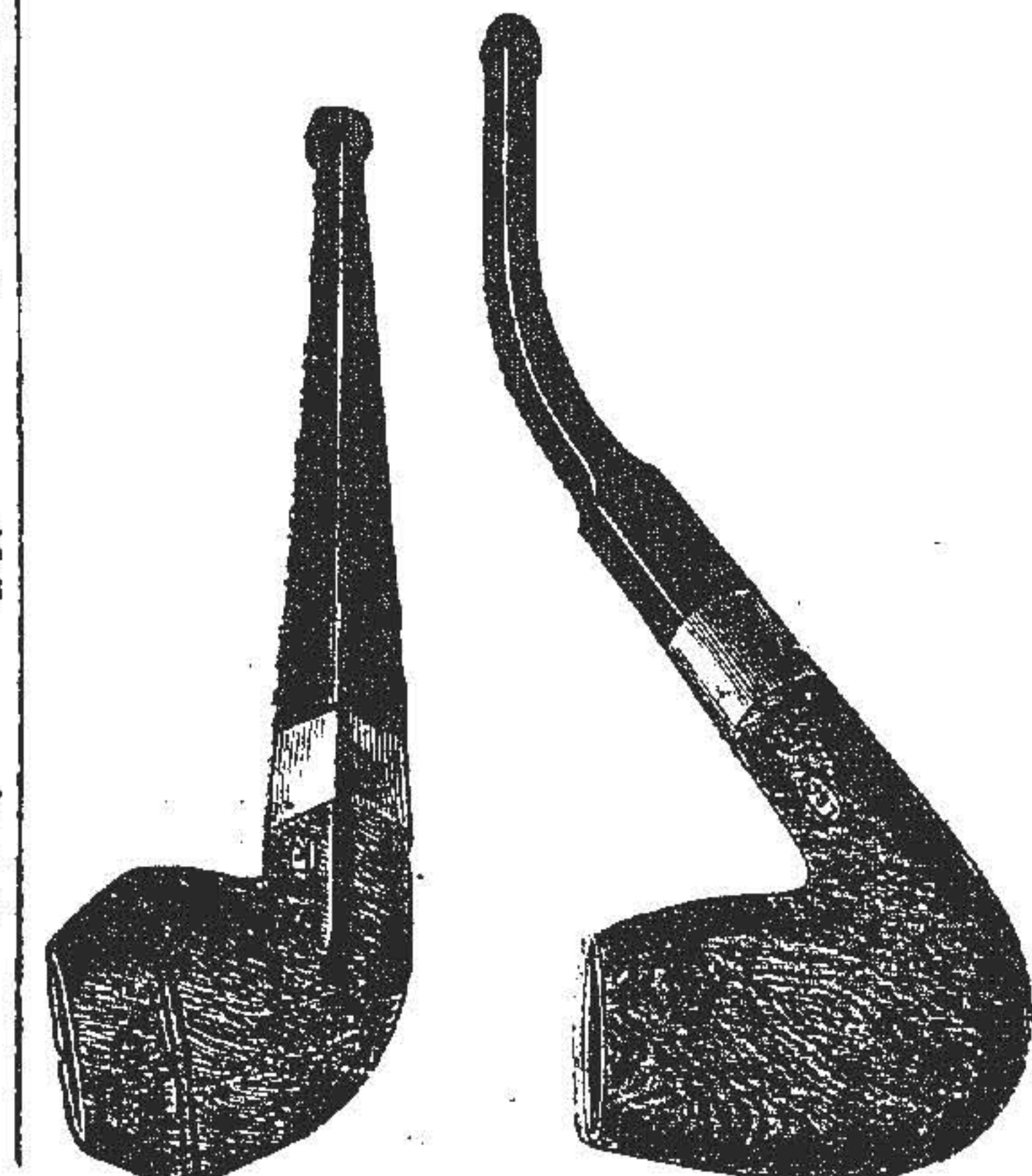


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A Summer Ramble in the Cordilleras.

(Continued.)

We replied that we had and then he went to the door and shouted "Cora," and a lot of words we could not understand, and the next moment an Indian girl came in, bearing in her hands a large tin dish, with half a kid, beautifully roasted. But we looked not at the meat but at the girl, and well we might, for she was very beautiful, and as far as I could guess about sixteen. I cannot describe her face better than by saying that she had the best features of both her brothers toned down, her face was oval, her nose and mouth both good, but what struck one most were her eyes. They were like a guanaco's, large, full and brown and shaded by eyelashes three-quarters of an inch long. She wore a white cotton blouse without sleeves, and a short skirt of the same material, and round her waist a broad green scarf, in which was stuck a small silver-hilted knife, round her neck she wore a broad silver band, and on each of her wrists the same, but her feet were innocent of shoes and stockings.

"My sister Cora," said Namun, smiling at Jack's undisguised admiration, "and as wilful a Señorita as there is to be found among the mountains. She gives me more trouble than all the rest of the tribe, when I sent the other women away the other day she refused to go, saying she wished to see the pampa dogs run howling home, but she always gets her own way, and she always will until she is married."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed she, "what is so wilful as a weed? (her name in the Indian language means weed) the more you try to get rid of them the more come, and abuelita (little grandmother) Maimai says that my wilfulness will be the end of me but, eso no me importa, as long as I get my own way I am happy, and when I cannot I will die."

She ran out and brought us some little loaves baked in the embers, and went away again.

We had lots of things to discuss that evening as to the best manner of receiving the attack, and I was glad to hear that Namun at Pott's advice had sent off messengers five days before to the nearest village, to let them know what was about to happen, and telling them to send immediately what men they could to our help. We knew that it was impossible they could arrive in time should the Pampa Indians come as they intended at full moon, but having at least a couple of hundred men in reserve only a few days off we could either fight them at once or hide in the mountains until reinforcements should arrive. Namun and Hilca were both for deciding the matter right away, to meet them in the narrow pass and fight them there and then, but Potts said, "No, let us entice them into this valley and then set on them from both sides at once, and exterminate them at one go."

"Caramba," said I, "if these fellows only knew what a reception they will get they would think twice about coming."

"Yes," said Namun, "they don't count on our having any 'estrangeros' to help; in my father's time they came unawares on a village a little further south, and killed most of the men, and carried off all the women, children, and cattle, they never dared come while Antoine was alive, and now they know he is dead they think they can do the same as they used. But tomorrow we will go out and show you the way they have to come, and then we can finally decide when, where, and how to annihilate them."

Brandon, with the aid of some of the Indians, had put up our tent, for as the weather was nice and warm he said it would be more airy than one of the Indians' toldos, and thither at about twelve o'clock, we, Potts, Jack, Brandon and myself repaired, Potts bringing along his rifle in a case.

"I reckon you don't often see a better gun than that," said he when he had taken out and handed it to me. "I bought fifteen of 'em one after another, and had their sights changed half a hundred times before I could get one to suit, but this is a real gem, it has wiped out a good many injuns already and I shouldn't wonder but what it wiped out a sight more, but lor, these fellows are not a patch on a Comanche or an Apache, if there were a couple of thousands of them scum down here they wouldn't leave a Chilean or an Argentine above ground in a couple of years. Some of them are the finest marksmen in the world, and for pluck and craft they are hard to beat. I was with Cunnel Custers when he was killed along with over three hundred of the best soldiers in the United States, all old frontier men, and they were all shot except thirty, and I happened to be among that thirty. But these fellows we are with are no more Indians than I am, I'm darned if I know where they came from, they are more white men to my mind."

"That is what the Pampa Indians say," said I, "they say they are not Indians, and they don't look like it either."

"No, by Jove," cried Jack, "that little girl, Cora as they call her, is the prettiest little thing I've seen since I left England, and there are few even there like her."

"Go it, young 'un," said old Potts, "you've lots of time before you if that's your particular fancy, only keep your eye skinned for that brother of hers, he is a regular devil that chap, and I guess he won't allow much fooling round after the gal, he means making Calú sit up, too, I'm for keeping dark for a day or two, until the other redskins arrive, and then send them round to the opening at the other end of the pass, and going for them at once from both ends we could kill them most all that way, and the more we kill now the fewer there will be to come another time. I once heard a devil-dodging chap as come out on to the Rockies one fall preaching agin killing Injuns, and saying as how they were human beings same as us, but he hadn't seen any

of them up to their pranks, he hadn't seen 'em shooting down women and little children same as I have, and darn me if I don't calculate every Indian I shoot as so many lives saved, and I mean keeping on saving life as long as I can draw a bead."

Next day we started off down the glen on horseback, for our hosts had about three hundred horses kept back for emergencies, and beauties they were. Namun pointed out to us a narrow place where the river had worn its way between the mountains, as the place he thought best suited for us to stop the invaders.

"They might, of course, get in by the other end of the valley," said he, "beyond the laguna, but I don't think they would come that way as they could not ride, but after to-morrow I will send out young men among the woods that skirt the plains who will give us warning."

"Yes," said Potts, "and I will go out also, I know all the tricks of the Comanches, and these fellows will have more or less the same ideas, but you must give me men to go with me, the best sighted men you have and the best trackers."

"You shall have all you want," said Namun, "you shall have men who know almost every stone on the mountains, and can see by night almost as well as by day, their wives and children are at stake, and there is nothing they will not do in their defence. The men we have sent for to help should be here the second night after full moon, they will start immediately they receive my message, and ride night and day until they arrive, so if we can only delay in some manner the arrival of Calú until then, few of them would get away to tell the fate of the rest. I want to kill Calú myself if possible," and as he spoke his eyes grew narrower, and there came an expression into them such as I had often seen in those of the Pampa Indians, and the whites became streaked with red veins, and the pupil turned a steely grey like the eyes of an infuriated snake.

"I don't believe," said Potts, "that they will try and force their way in by sheer weight of men, they are too cunning for that, and they would know they must lose some; I fancy they will try some ruse or other, or else try and surprise us."

"Are all the cattle sent away?" I enquired.

"No," said Namun, "there are about two hundred left in the woods, we cannot hunt now, as we have no time, so we must kill from those what we require, besides there are more than two thousand goats on the hills."

"We had to keep back some cattle, too, as a bait," said Potts, "for they will no doubt send spies to see whether we are here still, and if they see some animals they will believe that they are all here, and that we know nothing about their coming."

"It is about five leagues from where we are now," said Namun, "to the end of this gorge (we had then come about a league and a half from the entrance to the valley) and then the forests begin, so these canalla will be almost hidden until they are actually close to. Some of our men know the forests well though, as they sometimes go down there to hunt wild cattle."

"Let us go down," said Jack, "I should like to have a look at some level country again, I am tired of these perpetual mountains."

"No," said Namun decisively, "no one can go out safely now, they will have spies all round, and we should probably fall into an ambush."

After that we returned to the village, we could do nothing as yet, we must wait until the spies who would be sent out on the morrow should return with news from whence to expect an attack, and the number of the enemy. The same afternoon Namun called the tribe together in the open space in front of his toldo, and spoke to them at great length, though what he said we could not understand. While speaking with us he always spoke Spanish, but now he spoke in the language of his tribe. But Cora, who came and stood between Jack and I, who were seated on chairs slightly behind the chief, translated portions of the speech to us. He said that he wanted ten men as volunteers to find out the whereabouts of the Indians, they must not go singly but in twos, but these ten men were to be the advanced guard only, and were not to bring the news themselves, but to report to others, who would be stationed at certain points from which they could ride in with the facts he most required to know. They must take no firearms with them, but simply such weapons as they usually took on ordinary hunting expeditions, they must use the utmost caution not to be seen by spies sent out by the enemy. That by sending two men together it was not done entirely with a view to their personal safety, but in order that one of them should always be awake and watchful, above all they were not to underrate their enemies. We were undoubtedly the stronger, as we had twenty-six rifles, besides those of the four "estrangeros" who had so generously offered to aid, but should they, through any neglect, be able to take us by surprise, they might possibly kill us all; they knew what to expect should they be conquered, not one of them would be left alive, and their wives and daughters would be carried off as spoil. At this a savage cry, the first token of feeling I had noticed, rose up from among the listeners.

I looked at Cora, her teeth were tightly set, her little brown hand grasped the silver hilt of her knife, and in her eyes glittered the white light I had seen before in Namun's.

"And now go and choose the ten scouts I have asked for, but be careful in your choice, remember that you are trusting the safety of the women and children in their hands as well as our own; and let those chosen also consider well before they accept the charge that the least neglect on their part will be punished with death. Send the men to me to-night."

At this a loud shout from them all, and some words among which all I could understand were the names of

Antoine and Namun, and each man lifted high his short spear with a broad flat blade, and they dispersed.

"Come along," said Cora to Jack and I while her brother and Potts walked off talking, "and I will show you where the other girls and I bathe round the other side of the lake."

"How is it," I asked, "that so many of your people speak Spanish?"

"They nearly all do," she replied, "as every year we trade with Chile. We sell cattle, guanaco wool, horse hair, and gold, and buy what we want in exchange."

"Where do you get the gold from?" I asked.

"Everywhere," she replied, "but the Great Spirit has made you white people blind so that you cannot see it sparkling in the streams and growing in the rocks. But we see everything."

"How is it then," I said, "that you cannot find the Pizpah?"

She burst out into an amused laugh.

"Oh, that's only a tradition, I believe, though some of our people declare that they have heard a bell tolling in the mountains and heard cocks crowing, but I don't think it is true."

I walked on in silence for some time after that, but she and Jack started a lively flirtation, she chaffing him about his bad Spanish in which he paid her some high flown compliments, but I paid no attention to them, I was taken up with my own thoughts. It seemed years since we had left Mendoza and yet it was only a little more than a month, but what a lot of curious incidents had crowded themselves into that short space of time. The unexpected always happens, other men we had been told had passed months in the Cordilleras and had never seen an Indian nor come across anything strange, while we at the first start had been guided by those mysterious hands engraved on the rocks, and so found the cavern which led to where the Jesuits had been murdered, and were now mixed up in a quarrel between two tribes of Indians.

So taken up was I with my own thoughts that I had taken no heed as to where we were going, but my reverie was abruptly brought to an end by a vigorous pinch, and a peal of merry laughter from Cora, and then raising my eyes from the sand at my feet I saw that I was standing just in front of a wall of rock which descending from the mountain touched the water about five yards to my left. I laughed, too, for laughter is at all times contagious, and looking from one to the other it struck me how happy they both looked, and Cora blushed through the sunburn on her skin while she looked at Jack.

"Come along," said she, still laughing, as she jumped up on to a narrow ledge about a foot wide, and about a yard from the ground, and which had evidently been made on purpose, "and I will show you my 'pieza especial' (particular room), where nobody is allowed to come except myself and the other maidens of our tribe," and with that she tripped round the corner, and Jack and I followed.

There we found a little cave about fifteen yards deep, the floor covered with the same white sand which lay along the shores of the lake, the waters of which ran up some distance inside, and here, squatted on a small wooden bench, an old woman. She was dressed precisely in the same manner as our guide, but dreadfully thin; at our entrance she looked round, showing a face so dried and wrinkled that it might have been that of a mummy in which only the eyes seemed alive, but her hair was long and very black.

"Oh, abuelita mia," said Cora, when she saw the old lady. "What are you doing here?"

"Tis not the place of the young to question the aged, Corita mia. So these are the two strangers who have promised to help Namun against the pampa dog. Good looking youths and strong, much like what the men of our tribe were when I was young."

"But, grannie, that must have been so long ago that you cannot remember how many times have the snows melted on the top of old Tinquiririca since then."

"I cannot tell, silly child. But come here, Señores, let me look at you."

The old woman got up off her bench, and we saw that, though evidently of great age, she was perfectly straight, and nearly as tall as I. She came close up to me and looked straight in my eyes for full a minute, and then did the same to Jack, and then with a deep sigh sat down again.

Cora looked anxiously at her, and then went up, and putting her hand on her shoulder, asked some question in the Auracan language, but she shook her head and refused to speak.

"What does she mean by that?" asked Jack.

"Our people say that by looking into a person's eyes she can foretell the manner of their death. And it is true, for many times she has done so. She foretold my father's death years ago, when I was quite small. He was killed by these pampa dogs who are coming again now. And she has done the same for many others."

"And why not," said the old woman, looking up suddenly. "Your life is in your eyes. Watch the expression in the eyes of a small child when it is sitting on the ground or lying in its mother's arms, and you can see as plainly as you can see the sun at noon, whether its life will be a happy one or not, for the life looks out through the eyes and knows its fate, though the body knows nothing. I can tell you the manner of your deaths if you wish to know, though it is not good to pry into the future. Come here once more," she said to Jack, "let me see that I have made no mistake." Jack went to where she was, and she looked again straight into his eyes. "Now you," pointing to me.

"I cannot tell you so much now, as I thought," she said; "but this much you may know, you will both live long, you will neither die of any disease or illness, you will both die in your clothes."

"Well, I say," said Jack, "this is quite up to date, fortune-telling à la mode," in fact. Couldn't have done better in London. The fortune-teller is A 1, and the surroundings couldn't be better. At any rate it is a consolation to know that though our ends are to be sudden, they are still some way off, which means I suppose that we shall come all right out of this scramble that is coming on now."

"Come and see me at my toldo to-morrow, caballeros. I like your faces, and we all owe you our gratitude. Perhaps I may be able to tell you what or whom to avoid. And now, good bye till then. Cora will tell you where I live, as she lives with me."

With that she went round the corner of a rock on the ledge, and I saw her no more that day.

"Now then, Dick, what do you say to a swim? And if you, querida mia," to Cora, "will just step round that corner of rock, and wait for us a few minutes, my compañero and I will enjoy a most delightful swim."

"Bueno," said she, "I will go and sit on a rock and wait, only don't be long."

As soon as she was gone we divested ourselves of our clothes, and in we went. We found that the bottom shelved down quite precipitously, though, owing to the extreme clearness of the water we had not noticed it, but we could see every grain of sand at a depth of ten or twelve feet.

"Come along," said Jack and he started with a fine long stroke right out towards the middle of the lake and I after him, we were both first rate swimmers so we were soon a hundred yards out, and Jack had begun to play all kinds of antics in the water, skylarking, turning somersaults, diving, etc., when all of a sudden our fun was stopped by a peal of merry laughter, and turning round we beheld Cora, regularly doubled up with laughter, looking at us from a point of rock. Of course, when we had swum out, we had passed beyond the corner, and she could see us quite plainly—Jack got quite purple.

"Oh, hang it all," cried he, "she can see us quite plainly, for this water is like glass, the little blackguard, I had forgotten all about her." We swam back as fast as we could and got under shelter of the cave, but all the time we heard Cora's laughter. When we had dressed we went round to where she was.

"Oh Jack," she cried, for she could not pronounce the J. "I never saw anything so ridiculous in my life, I thought I should have died with laughing to see you turning over head downwards and your legs well in the air, oh," and she went off again, and I too, for I had caught sight of his face which was the colour of the setting sun on a fine evening.

Poor Jack, he was terribly ashamed of himself but in the end had to laugh too. We walked on for some distance in silence, except for an occasional giggle from Cora, which at length so exasperated Jack that he made a grab at her which she evaded and bolted off in the direction of the village and he after her; but she was the quicker of the two, and presently he stopped and came back to me, but she went on to her toldo.

When we reached the village, we were met by Potts. "It appears to me," said he, "that you seem to have forgotten altogether what an almighty fight is going to come off in the next few days. Seem to trouble your heads a darned sight more after the gals than thinking how to keep your skulp on."

"No fear for our skulps as you call them," said I, "these Indians do not scalp."

"So much the better for you, but you'll oblige me by just coming along to my hut. I want to get this thing properly fixed, I know we can lick them Tehuelche fellows but we must do it in style."

Jack said something to Cora in a low tone, and she smiled and went off while we followed Potts to a hut near that of the chief.

"Rekon I can't offer you no chairs to set on except these," said he as we entered, pointing to three or four large stones, "they was built by an architect what never made a mistake, and now mates sit down and we will work this thing out. The boss (with a jerk of his head in the direction of the cacique's hut) fancies that these critturs will come up and attack us on a moon-shiny night, but my experience of Injuns teaches me different, I don't class them as such darned fools, if they meant to take this place by storm they would certainly fix on the darkest night they could find, but I don't opine that they will try that game at all, they're far too cute. They'll try strategy. Injuns don't like fighting more than they can help, leastwise so long as they can get what they want without. Now I want some bits of paper and a pencil, I guess you can raise that much among you, to write instructions on, for when I go out scouting I shan't come back until there's need to, and I don't hold with sending important messages by word of mouth, so when I want to send you any news or anything I particularly want done I'll just write it. One thing you can safely gamble on, and that is that those cusses won't get past me without being seen, and I will send you word."

Jack called Brandon and told him to bring a little leather note book there was among his things, and this and a pencil he handed to Potts.

"That'll do first class," said he, "I can tear out a page whenever I have anything to communicate, but you must mind and carry out my instructions right away, no matter how extraordinary they may seem, just do as I advise, I know exactly what cards we hold, and I am going to look right into their hands and see theirs; but there are the ten young fellows who are going with me, Christopher Columbus, but that fellow Antoine had his head screwed on the right way, when he set to work to civilise them. They are bigger and finer men than the Comanches."

The ten men, none of them beyond middle age and all of them in the pink of condition, passed our toldo and stood in line in front of that of Namun. We

got up and walked over there, too, and just as we got there Namun came out. He motioned us to come and stand by him, and then spoke to the young men in their own tongue, and when he had finished translated what he had told them to us. Two men were to be left at the entrance to the gorge, and two at the little corrals that had been made further down, and the remaining six were to be at the disposal of Potts to distribute as he thought best. They could all take horses which they must carefully hide. Any message sent by Potts was to be delivered at the corrals, and from there brought to the two men at the opening and brought on by one of them, the other remaining as sentry.

"That will do," said Potts, "but they must obey me in everything."

"That they will do," replied the cacique, "I know them well and will answer for them, they have not forgotten the discipline Antoine taught them."

"Then the sooner we are off the better," and with that they all moved off to where eleven horses ready saddled and held by as many men were standing. They mounted and rode slowly off, we watching them till they were out of sight and then went back and had supper with the chief, while Cora waited on us, Namun hardly spoke during the meal, and when I asked what ailed him he replied,

"I am sad brother, for these quarrels cost men we can ill afford to spare, and there will soon be widows and orphans among us, and these thieving dogs of the pampa will never leave us alone, though I hope this time to be able to shew them that we are able to defend our own and give them a lesson they will not soon forget, through it is too much to hope that we should not ourselves lose many men—the Americano," for so he always called Potts, "is clever and brave as are the men who have gone with him, so we shall have early warning of their approach, but I would give a horse load of gold if we could by any means put off their coming until our reinforcement arrives."

Seeing that he was disinclined to talk any more we finished our supper in silence, and bidding him good night we repaired to our tent, at least Brandon and I did for Jack said he was going to have a talk to the old woman though I believe it was the young one he was after. But I was tired, and not caring to bother my head about him, I spread my rugs on the ground and lay down to smoke. Brandon took out the rifles and wiped them.

"When do they expect these other Indians, sir, as they says is coming here to fight?" asked Brandon.

"In two days from now they ought to be here," I replied, "but in two days from now we ought to have a couple of hundred more men belonging to the tribe we are with, who have been sent for to help, and then we shall give them a good drubbing."

"Well, thank goodness, sir, as there aint many girls about, or we should have trouble with Master Jack. Awful gone on the girls he be, sir. But this one is far and away the prettiest we've seen yet, I cannot stand the yellowish tinge there is about them Spanish girls, and their voice, sir, is just the same as parrots, they're awful discordant. Some of their faces though are real pretty, but when once they opens their mouths, sir, I always feels inclined to laugh. There is as much difference between their voices and that of an English lady, sir, as there is between a nightingale and a rook. But this young girl, sir, has got a voice as soft as an English girl, and I'm thinking the sooner we are out of this the better."

"We ought to hear from Potts to-morrow, I think," said I presently, "he will get down to the forests on the edge of the mountains to-night easily, and if the Indians are anywhere near he is sure to find them out and send us word. The Indians when they are out hunting never keep any watch at night, and they don't expect we know anything about their being anywhere near. They are sure to send out scouts though to-morrow or the day after to find out whether we are here or not."

We sat talking for some time, and at length Jack came in.

"Why, what has happened to you, old man?" said I, for I saw that something was troubling him. "What's up?"

"By Jove," said he, sitting down on a big stone, "that old woman must be a witch. I went round to her toldo after supper to ask her about my end, you know she told us she could foretell how we were going to die; but I only went for a lark, not because I had the least belief in what she would tell me; well, I found her sitting on a little, low stool, and in front of her on the ground was a square piece of black cloth, perhaps a yard or so, on which was placed a round bowl like those people keep gold fish in, quite full of water, but so clear that at first I thought it was a round piece of crystal, and there was a tiny light placed on the opposite side from her, which shed its rays through the water. I asked her what she was doing, and she said 'I was looking to see how you would die, but for once I am deceived.' Well, of course I laughed, as I had never expected anything else, but she grew quite angry and said, 'Why do you laugh? I saw you dead just now as plainly as I now see you living. But what puzzles me is the clothing you seemed to have on.' How so? I enquired. 'Why,' she said, 'you had on a red coat; what would you wear a red coat for? Quite scarlet, no I was deceived.' But I assure you, old fellow, it gave me quite a scare for a moment, for of course I knew, that is to say if there was anything in it, that it was an English hunting coat. So I asked her to tell me all she had seen, and she told me that she saw me lying on the ground with a red coat on and my neck broken. Comforting, wasn't it. But it is most confoundedly strange how the deuce she came to see such a thing."

"Well, and then?"

"Well, I came away after that and came straight here."

"Yes, just so," I remarked, "but has she been all this time telling you that yarn? Why it is more than three hours since we finished supper."

Poor Jack got as red as a beet, and looked first at me and then at Brandon.

"Well, no," he said, "not exactly, Cora and I went for a walk by the lake before we went in, but surely it is not three hours since we left the chief."

"Ah," said I, "I'm not going to play Mentor to your Telemachus, but I'll tell you one thing, old fellow, if you begin taking evening strolls with pretty little girls like Cora by lakes in the Cordilleras, you will be getting into hot water."

(To be continued).

HOME NEWS

CRICKET

Latest American exchanges announce that the Philadelphia cricket team which defeated the Australians will visit England next season. The announcement of the visit is headed in the American newspapers in large type as follows:—"The Crack Philadelphia Team will beard the Lions in their dens next year." Mr G. S. Patterson, captain of the Philadelphians, in speaking of the visit, said: "We shall certainly send a team to England next year, and if the international match committee follows my advice, matches will be arranged with the Gentlemen of England (twice), M. C. C., Gloucestershire, Oxford, Cambridge, Sussex, Middlesex, Somerset, Leicestershire, Derbyshire, and Warwickshire. I think that we can show them that our win was not so much of a fluke."

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.

CONSOLATION RACE, a Handicap Sweepstakes of \$5 each with \$50 added, for Ponies which have not won during the day; 1000 metres. Entries for this race will close five minutes after the finish of the preceding event.

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

This programme is subject to alterations and additions

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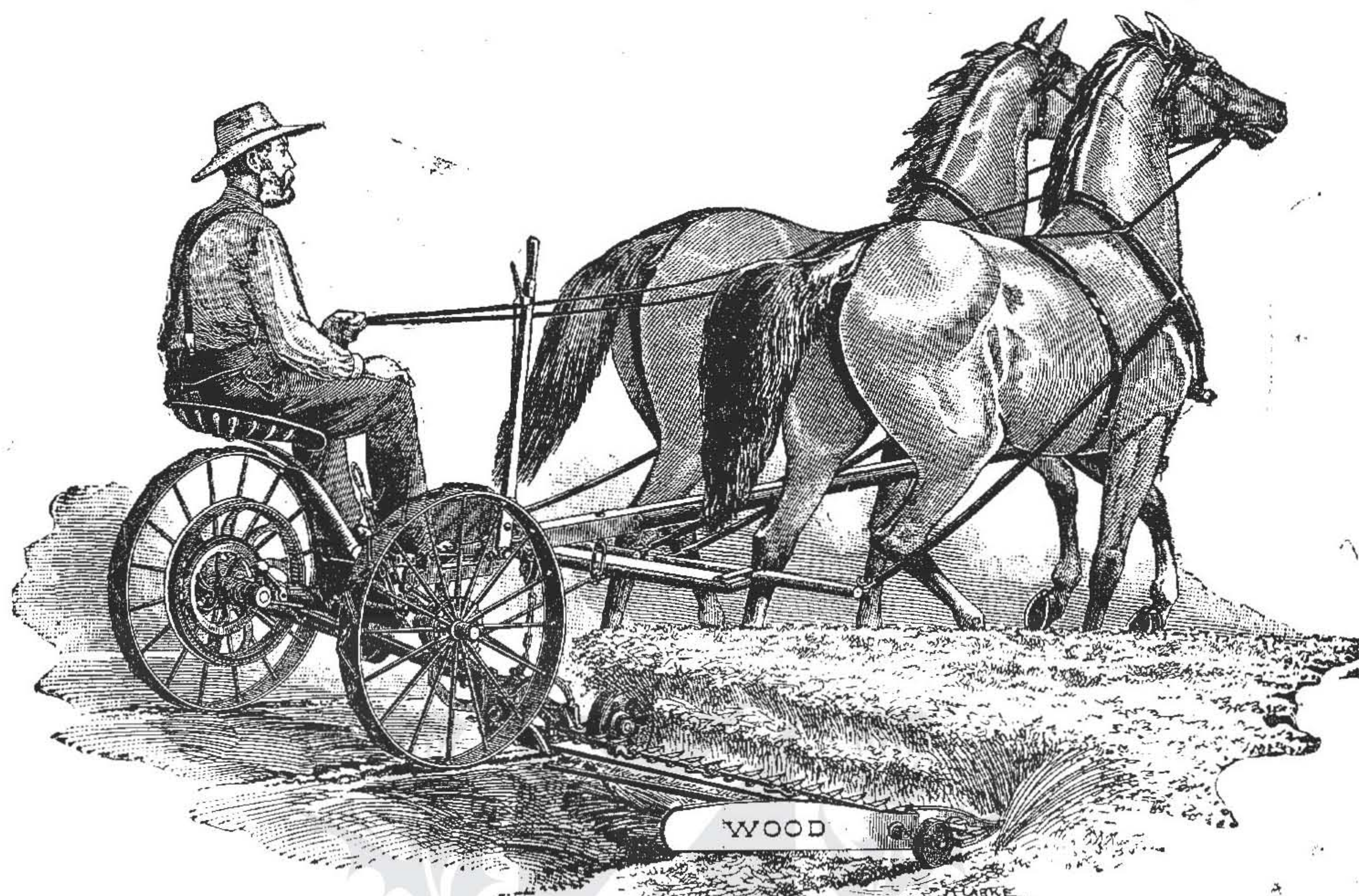
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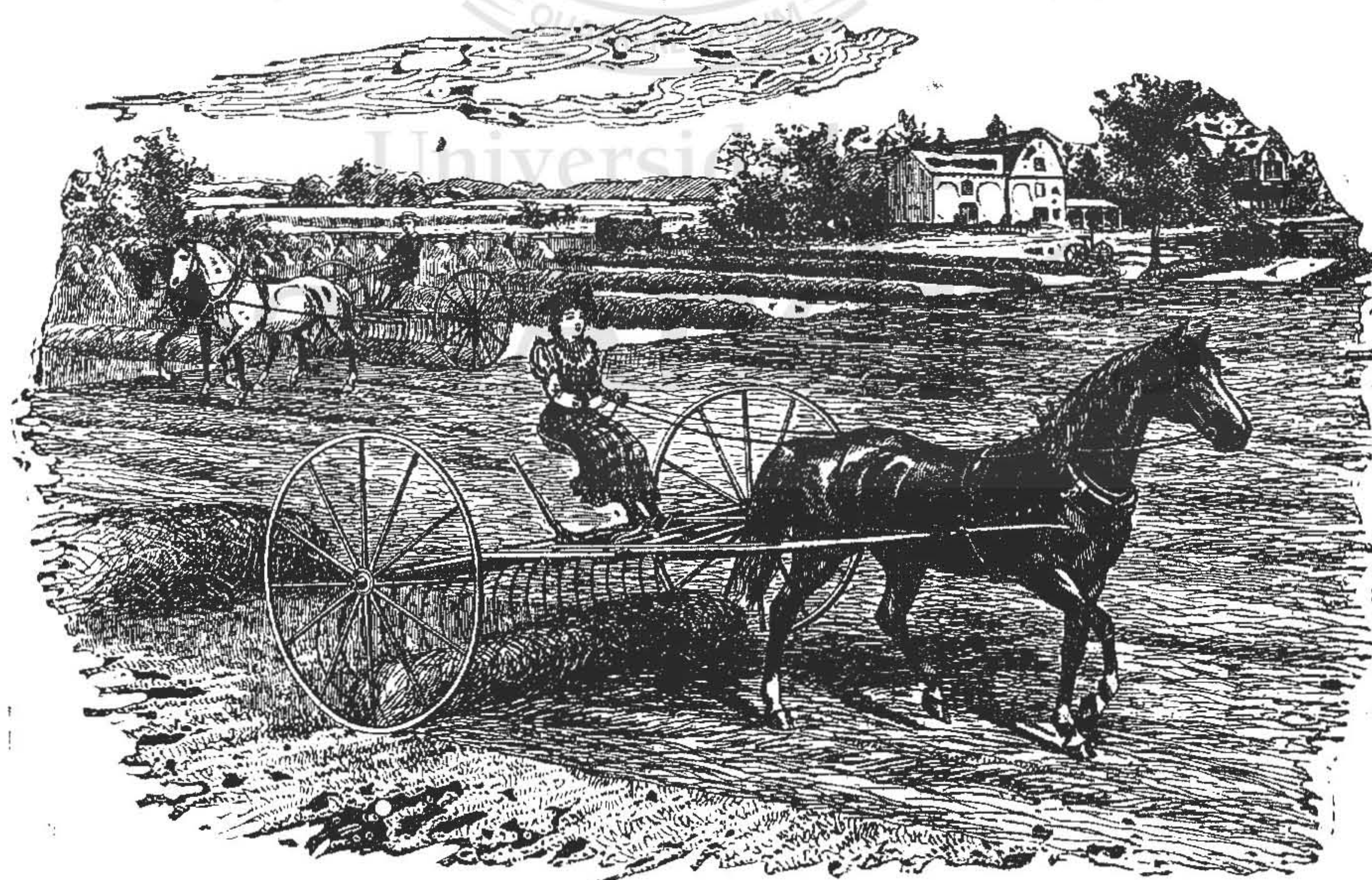
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