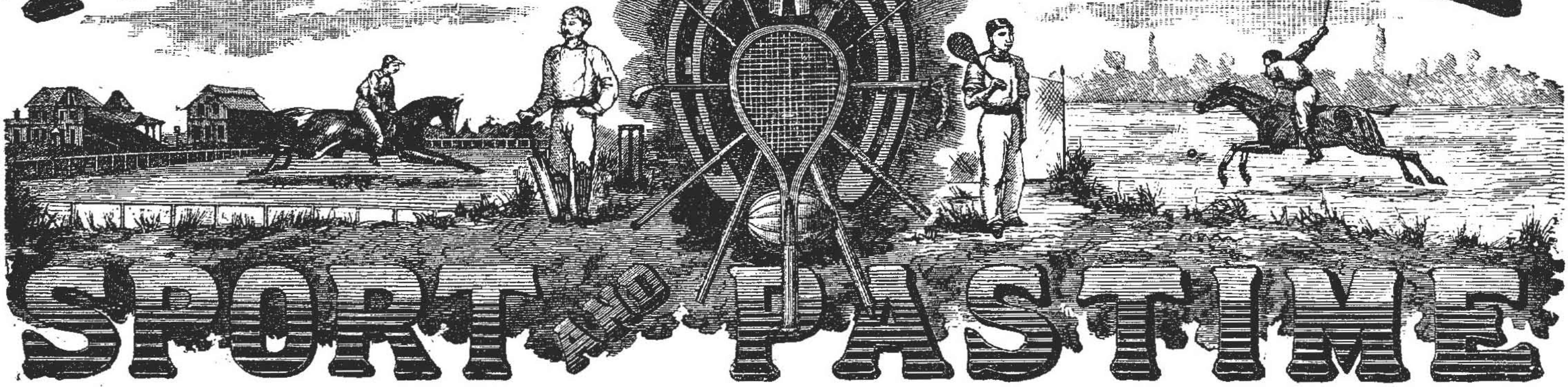


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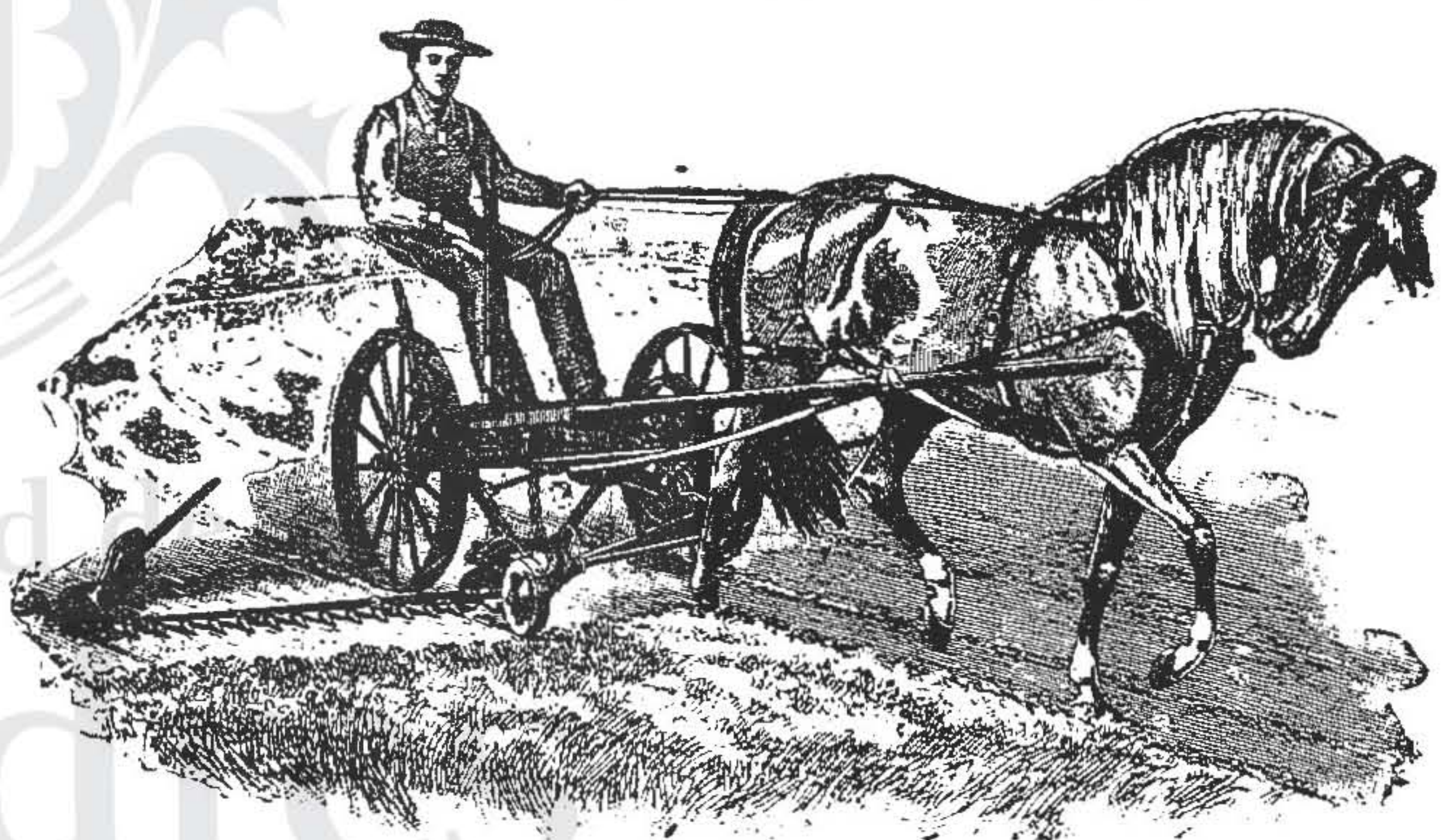
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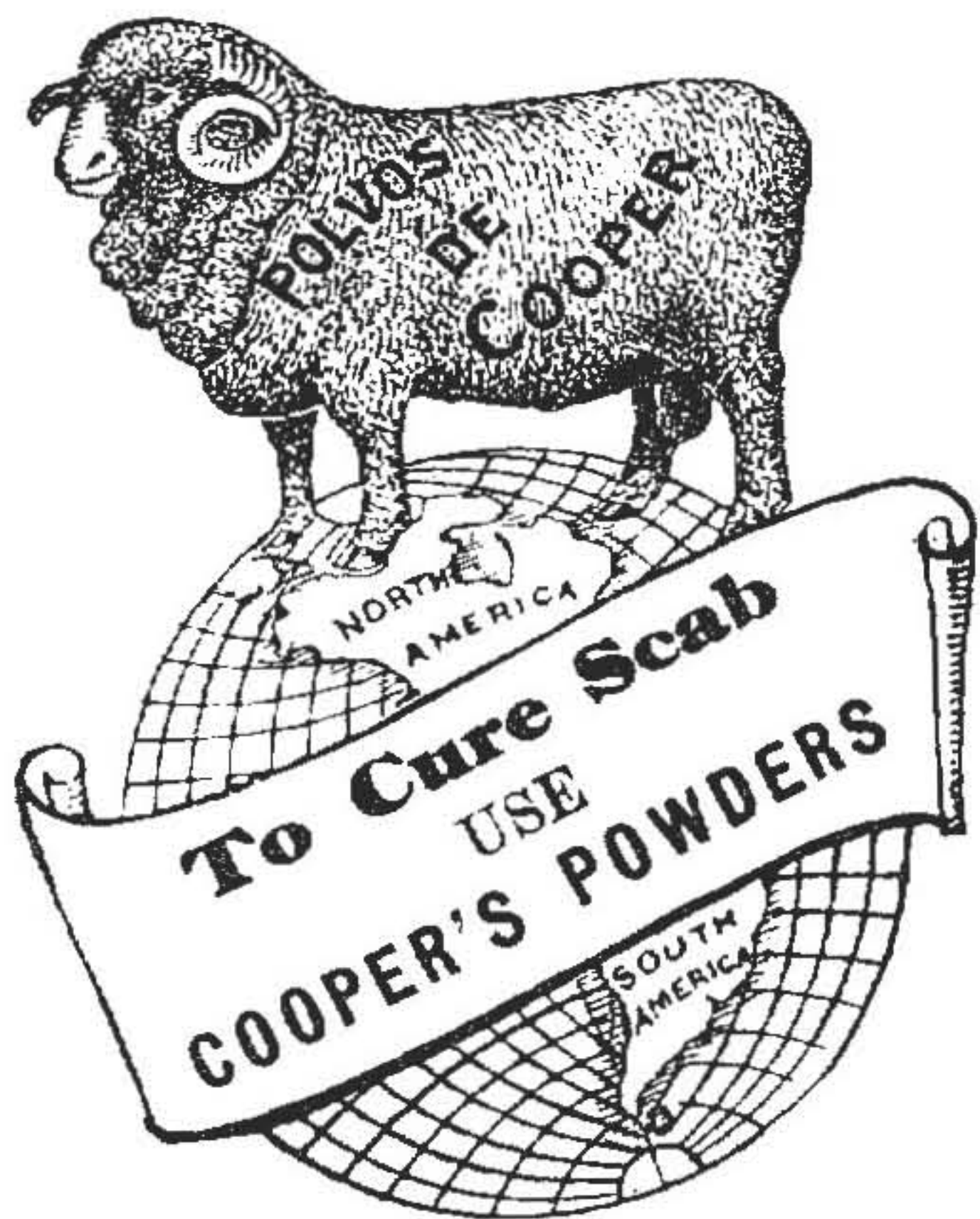
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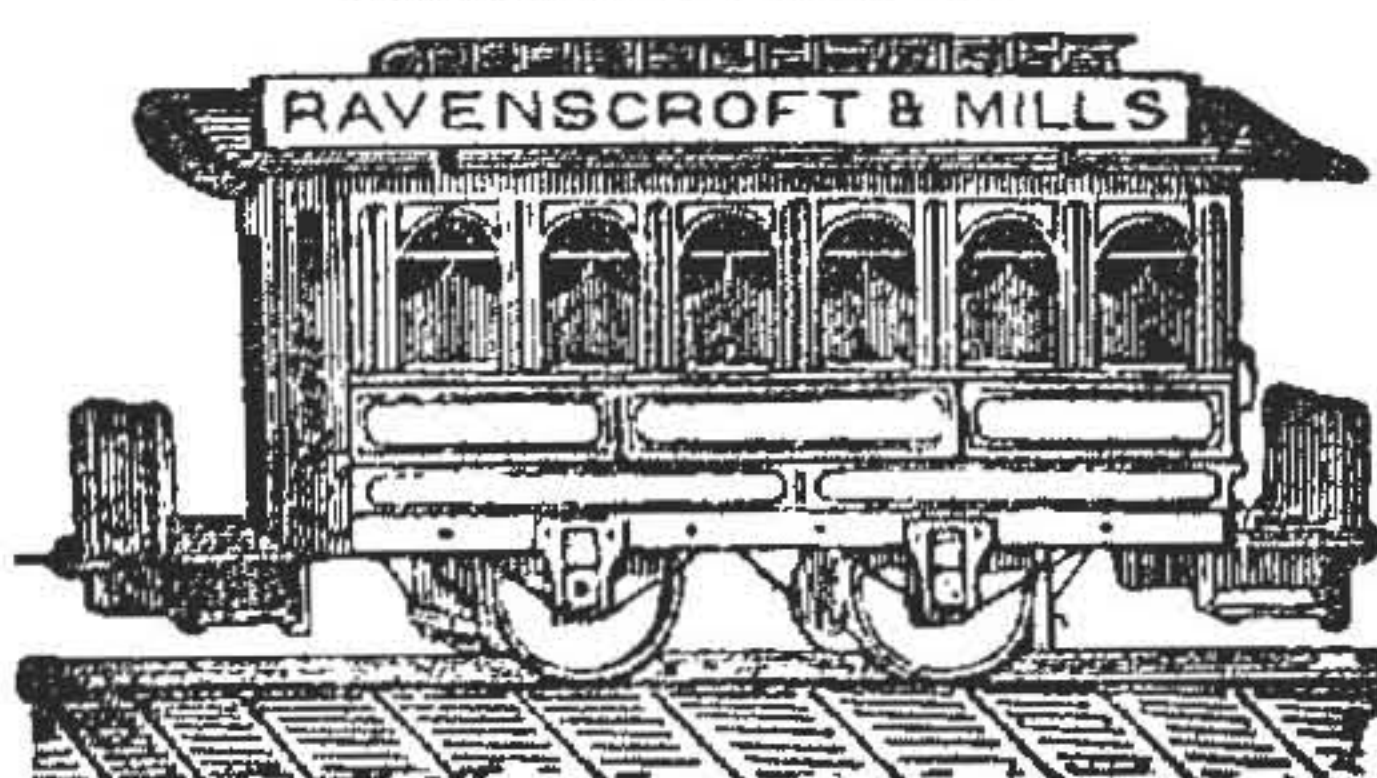
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" " Calf.

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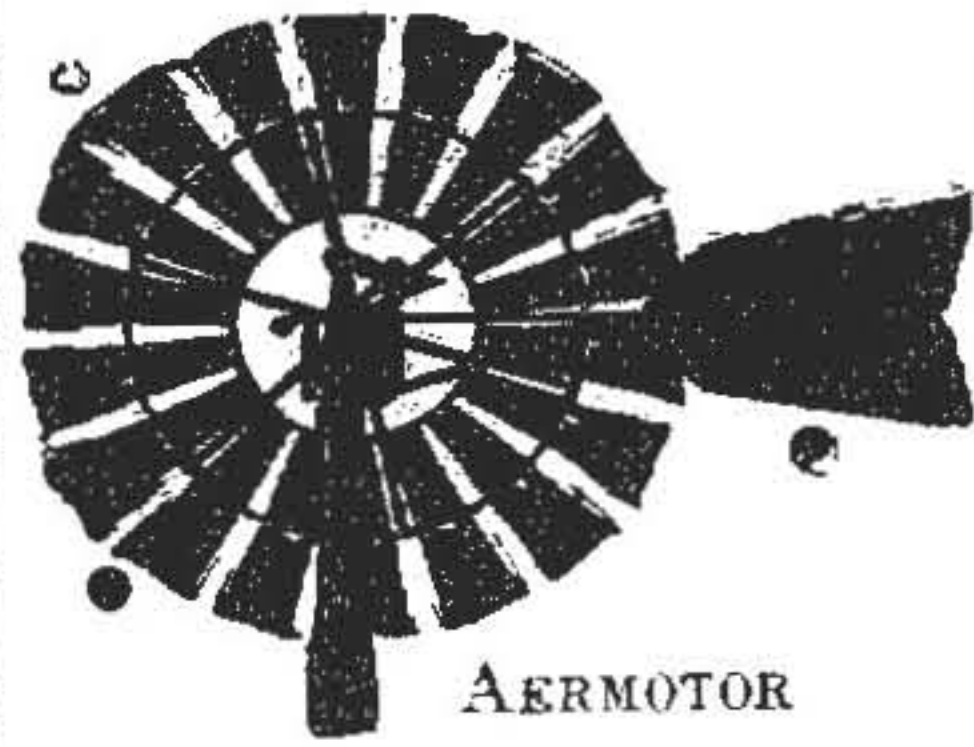
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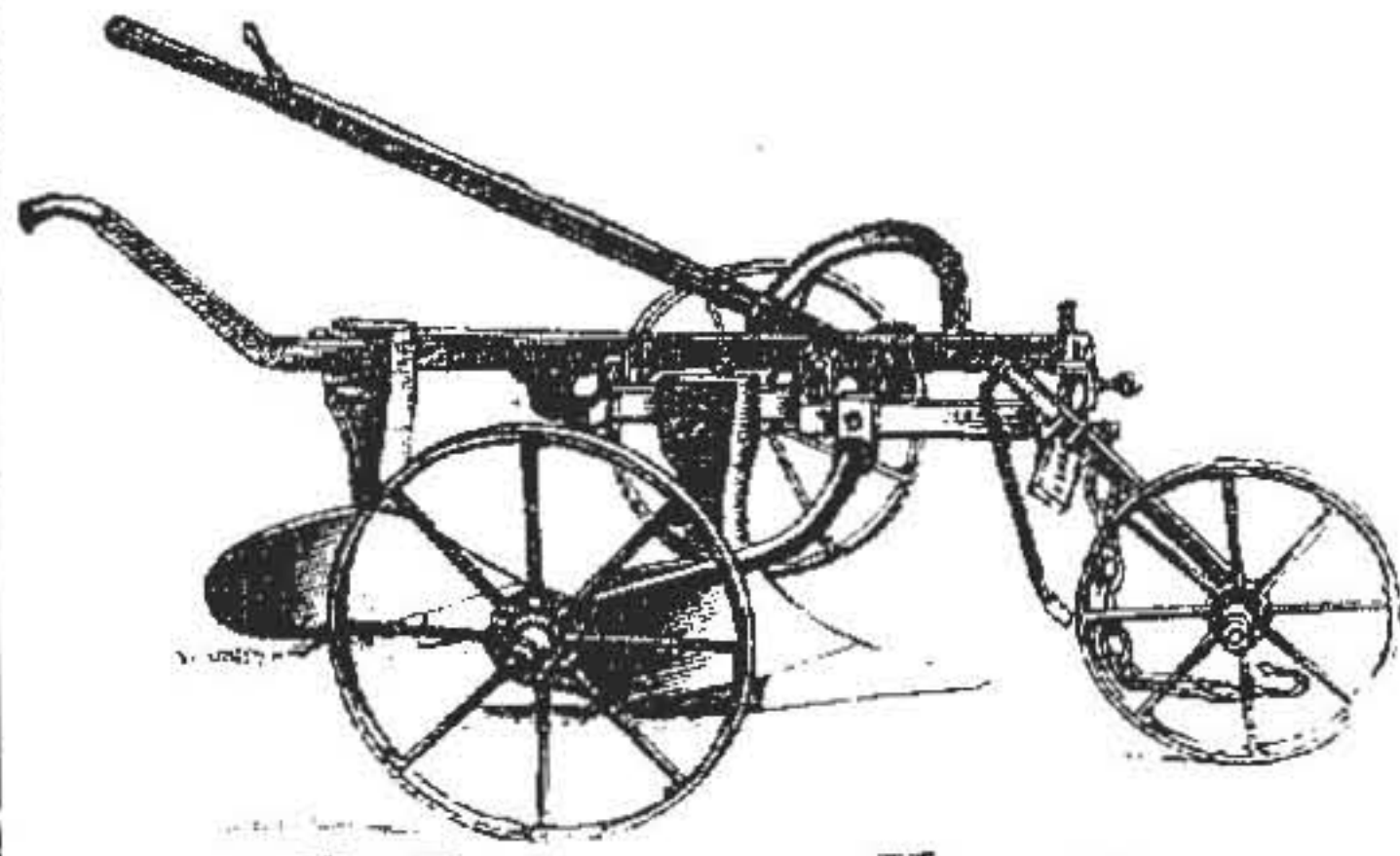


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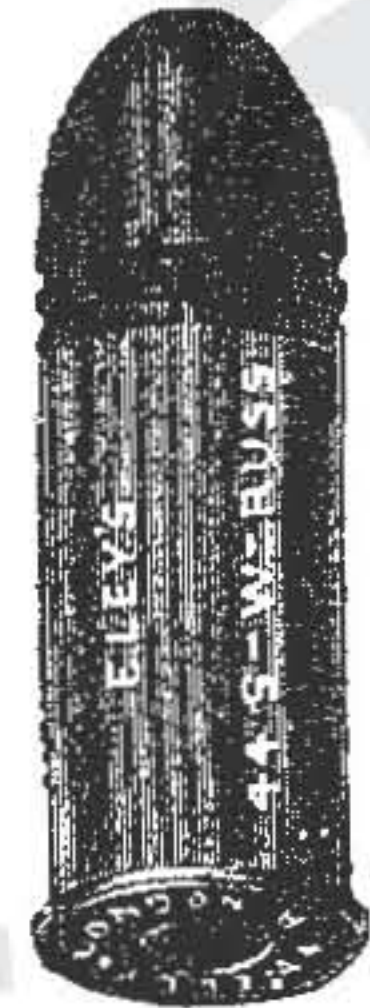
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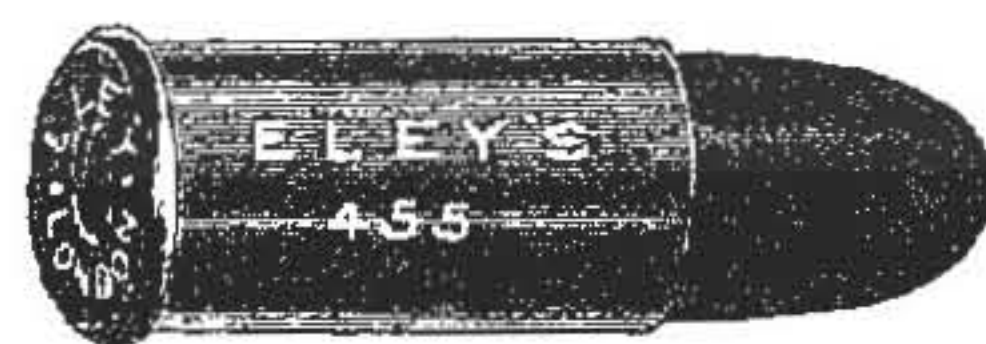
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1891

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

1892

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

RACING

Frost caused several of the steeplechase fixtures, arranged for the few days immediately before Christmas, to be abandoned, and amongst them was the Boxing Day meeting at Kempton Park. For the Christmas meeting there, however, the weather was most genial, and so there was an immense attendance of holiday folk. The going was good, and the racing interesting. We give below the result of the chief event of the first day, the Christmas Hurdle Handicap, which Ben Gough won in a canter. During the afternoon, Rory O'More, Mr G. Masterman's, fell badly and hurt his jockey (R. Martingall) rather severely besides getting much cut about himself.

On the second day of the meeting fog spoilt sport and racing was poor compared to the previous afternoon's, and the only decent field was for a selling hurdle handicap, which Belted Earl won from twelve others. The last race was won by the Midshipmite, carrying 13 st 3 lb, from Tor Cross and May Morn. Appended are the two principal races of the day.

Following immediately on the heels of Kempton Park was a meeting at Hurst Park. The sport throughout was rather tame. Below we give the details of the most important races of the day:

KEMPTON PARK—December 26.

Christmas Hurdle Handicap of 200 sovs; 2 miles.
 Mr H. Clifford's ch c Ben Gough, by Ben Battle, dam by Lord Gough—Worthless, 4 y, 11 st 2lb (inc. 7 lb extra)..... T. Adams 1
 Mr H. Heasman's Prince Frederick, aged, 12 st 2 lb..... Williamson 2
 Mr W. Blake's Romeo, 4 y, 10 st 3 lb..... Rudd 3
 Capt. Bewicke's Cameronian, aged 11 st 2 lb. Owner 0
 Mr C. Grant's Esher, 4 y, 10 st 11 lb..... Dollery 0
 Mr W. R. Cridland's Useless II., 3 y, 10 st 10 lb Mr H. M. Ripley 0

Betting: 6 to 4 agst Prince Frederick, 4 to 1 agst Esher, 9 to 2 agst Ben Gough, 100 to 15 agst Cameronian, 8 to 1 agst Romeo, and 10 to 1 agst Useless II.

December 27.

Richmond Handicap Hurdle Race of 110 sovs; 2 miles.
 Mr W. Low's b g Alcæus, by Galopin—Mitylene, aged, 11 st 9 lb..... Sensier 1
 Mr J. Collin's Eventide, 5 y, 11 st 11 lb..... Morris 2
 Mr E. Woodland's Grey Wether, 3 y, 10 st 4 lb Mr H. Woodland 3
 Betting: 11 to 10 agst Eventide, 6 to 4 agst Alcæus, and 6 to 1 agst Grey Wether.

HURST PARK—Dec. 29

Mortlake Selling Steeplechase of 100 sovs; 2 miles.
 Mr W. M. Clark's b g Imperial, by Holmby—Impetuous, 4 y, 11 st 1 lb..... McKie 1
 Mr A. Lawson's Forester, aged, 12 st 3 lb..... Dollery 2
 Mr G. C. Scruby's Vendome, 5 y, 11 st 9 lb..... H. Moore 3
 Mr E. Woodland's Theodoric, aged, 11 st 12 lb Mr H. Woodland 0
 Mr E. Woodland's Glengarry, aged, 11 st 12 lb. Oates 0
 Betting: 6 to 5 on Forester, 9 to 4 agst Imperial, and 10 to 1 agst any other.

December 30.

Old Year Handicap Steeplechase of 200 sovs; 2 miles.
 Mr T. R. Atkinson's b g Warrington, by Bar-caldine—Incognita, 5 y, 11 st 9 lb..... Escott 1
 Mr E. Loder's Field Marshal, aged, 11 st 12 lb Mawson 2
 Mr H. Heasman's Prince Frederick, aged, 10 st 9 lb G. Williamson 3
 Mr W. B. Purefoy's Bouchal-na-Slieve, aged 11 st 10 lb..... Shanahan 0
 Count N. Esterhazy's Igen, 4 y, 10 st 10 lb. G. Morris 0
 Mr Leyland's Champion, aged 10 st 7 lb..... Dollery 0
 Mr T. Wadlow's Secretaire, 6 y, 10 st 7 lb R. Nightingall 0
 Mr W. C. Keeping's Biscuit, 5 y, 10 st 7 lb. Mr Pullen 0
 Mr E. G. Fenwick's Fetteresso, 4 y, 10 st 2 lb. Penton 0
 Mr W. Sibary's Calife, 5 y, 10 st 2 lb Mr H. M. Ripley 0
 Betting: 2 to 1 agst Field Marshal, 7 to 2 agst Warrington, 100 to 14 agst Igen, 8 to 1 agst Prince Frederick, 10 to 1 agst Fetteresso, and 20 to 1 each agst Bouchal-na-Slieve, Biscuit, Secretaire, and Calife.

RACING IN INDIA.

Many of our readers will be interested in the following paragraph which we take from the "Asian." It was written after the Calcutta second extra meeting at which Westminster, a horse by Phoenix out of Martlet, bred by Mr Kemmis, raced here by Sr. Boucau, and sent by his breeder to India some twelve or eighteen months ago, won his first important race. Our colleague says that though the most valuable purse of the day, the Maiden Horse Stakes provided by no means the most interesting race, and few of the nine competitors were worth the stake they were competing for. The South American Westminster, though every inch a race-horse in appearance, has so far only managed to win a small event in Southern India, and the others were, with the exception of the newly-landed and obviously-unfit Grill and the English mare Mrs O., little better than sky-racers. The talent went for Westminster, about whom twos were not easily obtainable. The race proved a very easy victory for the favourite.

BICYCLING

We read that considerable activity continues to be displayed in bicycling circles in the United States. The two riders, M. F. Dirnberger and J. P. Bliss, are still employed on the manufacture of new records, and their later efforts have been attended with some success. On the 12th and 13th inst. they were engaged on the track at Birmingham, Alabama, assisted by a running horse hitched to a sulky, on the back of which an efficient wind shield had been rigged up. On Dec. 12, Dirnberger rode a mile with a flying start in 1 min 51 sec, covering en route the two-thirds in 1 min 12 3/5 sec, and the three-quarters in 1 min 21 3/5 sec. Bliss, from a standing start, rode two-thirds of a mile in 1 min 17 sec, three-quarters in 1 min 26 2/5 sec, and the mile in 1 min 54 4/5 sec. On Dec. 13, Dirnberger, with a flying start, rode a furlong in 12 2/5 sec, and the quarter mile in 25 1/5 sec. Bliss rode a quarter mile, from a standing start, in 28 4/5 sec. The weather was cold, but fine. The increase in the number of riders in the United States is shown by the fact that the membership of the League of American wheelmen has now reached 35,469.

FOOTBALL.

An association match was played at Reigate on December the 26th, between the Army and Surrey, and through neither team were at their full strength the losses were equal and a most keenly fought and enjoyable match was left drawn with a goal to each side.

The return match between Notts County and Notts Forest was played on Boxing day before twelve thousand spectators at Nottingham. The first match was won, it may be remembered by the County team by two goals to one, and altogether fifteen wins to fourteen, six games being left drawn.

Excitement naturally ran very high and the match was very fiercely contested each side in the end scoring one goal each.

Another boxing day match which attracted great interest was one between Gloucester and Somerset at Midsomer Northon and which resulted in a draw of three goals all.

At the Scotch International trial fixture, Edinburgh and Glasgow v. The Rest of Scotland, at Edinburgh, the former team played three half backs and the latter four, and from the result shown it is more than probable that Scotland will adopt the Welsh system in their international matches this season, as The Rest of Scotland managed to win a fast and exciting game by twelve points (two goals and a try) to four points (two tries).

The teams were as follows:

Edinburgh and Glasgow—D. Macgregor (Edinburgh Wanderers, back), J. C. Woodburn, F. E. McEwen (Kelvinside Academicals), I. Grant (Edinburgh Wanderers) (half backs), G. S. Wilson (Watsonians), R. C. Greig (Glasgow Academicals) (quarter backs), J. D. Boswell (captain), G. T. Neilson, W. Auld (West of Scotland), T. L. Hendry, W. Dykes (Clydesdale), W. B. Cownie, A. W. Falconer, H. B. Wright (Watsonians), A. H. Anderson (Glasgow Academicals) (forwards).

Rest of Scotland—A. V. Macgregor (Hartlepool Rovers, back), G. T. Campbell, G. Macgregor (captain), W. P. Sangster, H. T. S. Gedge (London Scottish) (half backs), W. P. Donaldson (London Scottish), M. Elliott (Hawick) (quarter backs), F. G. Anderson, E. R. Balfour, R. Scott-Morton (London Scottish), H. F. Menzies (Aberdeen), M. Kemp, A. Dalgleish (Gala), T. M. Scott (Melrose), R. Hunter (Jed Forest) forwards.

Criticising their play the "Field" says that the four half backs all did yeoman service, their combination leaving nothing to be desired. Macgregor's kicking was extremely good, and Gedge and Campbell had some lovely runs, the one from which Gedge scored being the best bit of play of the afternoon. On form his international cap seems assured. His saving—the weak spot in his armour the last time he was north—was every whit as good as Campbell's, which is praise indeed. Both quarters were in first class fettle, saving and tackling pluckily outside a beaten pack during the first period, and passing smartly when those in front began to hold their own. Elliott would have been even more effective but for Wilson's off-side tackling, which the referee, unfortunately, did not see so often as could have been wished. Of the forwards, Dalgleish, Menzies, Scott-Morton, and Kemp were most prominent, but all worked hard from start to finish. For the Cities, D. Macgregor, like his vis-a-vis, improved as the game went on, and he kicked to touch judiciously. The half backs compared somewhat unfavourably with the galaxy of talent opposed to them, but for ordinary club players all may be said to have played up to form. Besides it must be said that the service of their quarters was not nearly so good as on the Rest's side. Greig was the better quarter, his dribbling being useful in the extreme. Wilson saved and tackled well, but frequently transgressed the off-side rule to the manifest disgust of a large section of the onlookers. For nearly three parts of the game the forwards held the upper hand, Boswell, Neilson, Hendry, and Auld being conspicuous in every rush. In the closing stages, however, they seemed to tire, and then it was the turn of the Rest's backs to display their prowess.

WOMEN'S GOSSIP.

Dear Kate,—

When in to-day's morning paper we see a note of the days of storm and atmospheric disaster for the coming year, predicted by a certain learned foreign professor, and feel glad as the fulfilment of his last year's prediction has not been absolute, and we are still in the land of the living—not blown away by hurricanes nor absorbed by wandering comets—we may permit ourselves to hope that the atmospherically disastrous days of 1894 may be less terrible than the sage leads us to look for; it may interest you to hear something of the antiquity of such predictions, and of the old almanacs in which they used to be embodied.

In the course of reading lately, I came on some interesting old notes of these things, and as they may amuse you shall make up my last letter for the year with some jottings therefrom.

First, then, look at the pretty calendars by which we now count months and days with great respect for their origin is most ancient, and as far back as the days of early Rome, it was customary to announce the first of each month publicly, and affix such notice to some public building with the notes of religious feasts and civic celebrations for the month appended.

This, then, was the very first calendar which received its name from the Greek verb "to call or proclaim," and thence the proclamation itself was styled "Fasti Calanderes," and the first of each month "Kalends," and by-and-bye all books for noting daily events or accounts throughout the months of a year began to be called "Calendarium," a calendar, from which the word in common use with us to day is, of course, derived.

In the ruins of Pompeii an ancient calendar was found cut on a square block of marble, three months being engraved on each side in perpendicular columns, each headed to its proper sign in the zodiac, and the information given is astronomical, agricultural and religious.

The calendar, it is said, refers to time in general and its revolutions in the due course of nature, the almanac to the time comprehended only in the annual revolution of the earth round the sun; and it marks by computation particulars of general interest such as holidays, religious feasts, historical events connected with the days, or the weather, and at one time made weather or other predictions. The etymology of the word is much disputed as Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic definitions are claimed for it, while some authorities say our ancestors, who had the habit of engraving on

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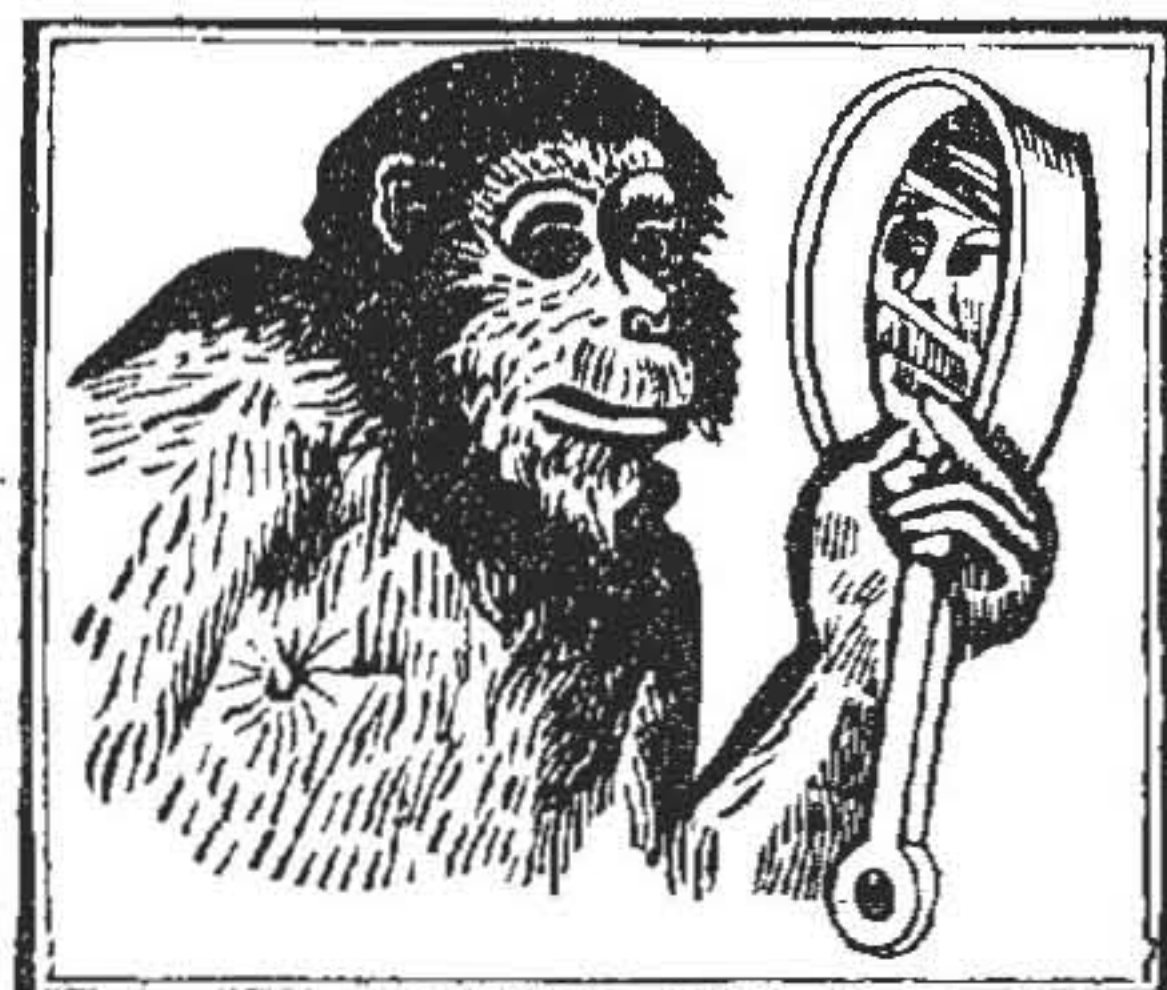
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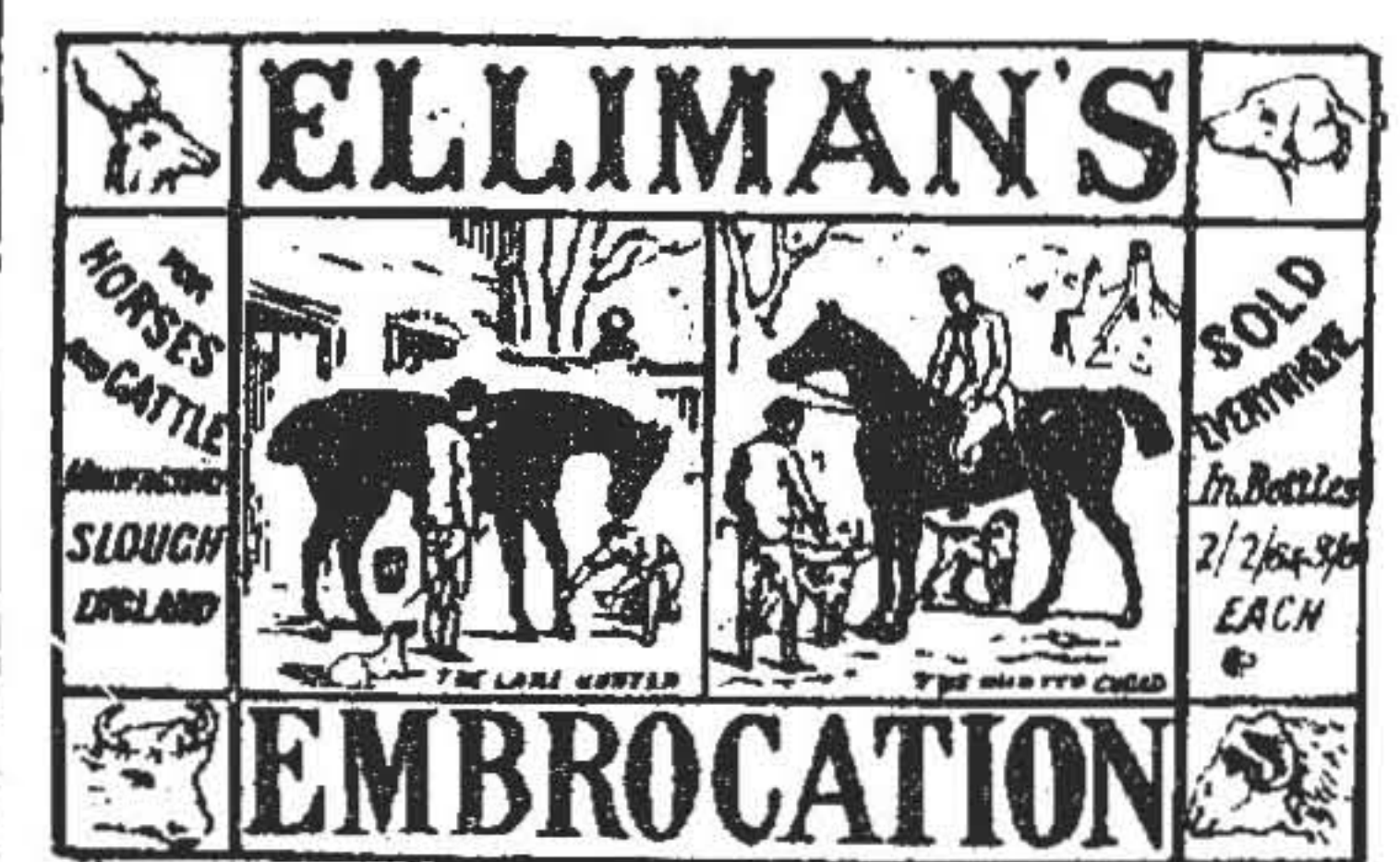
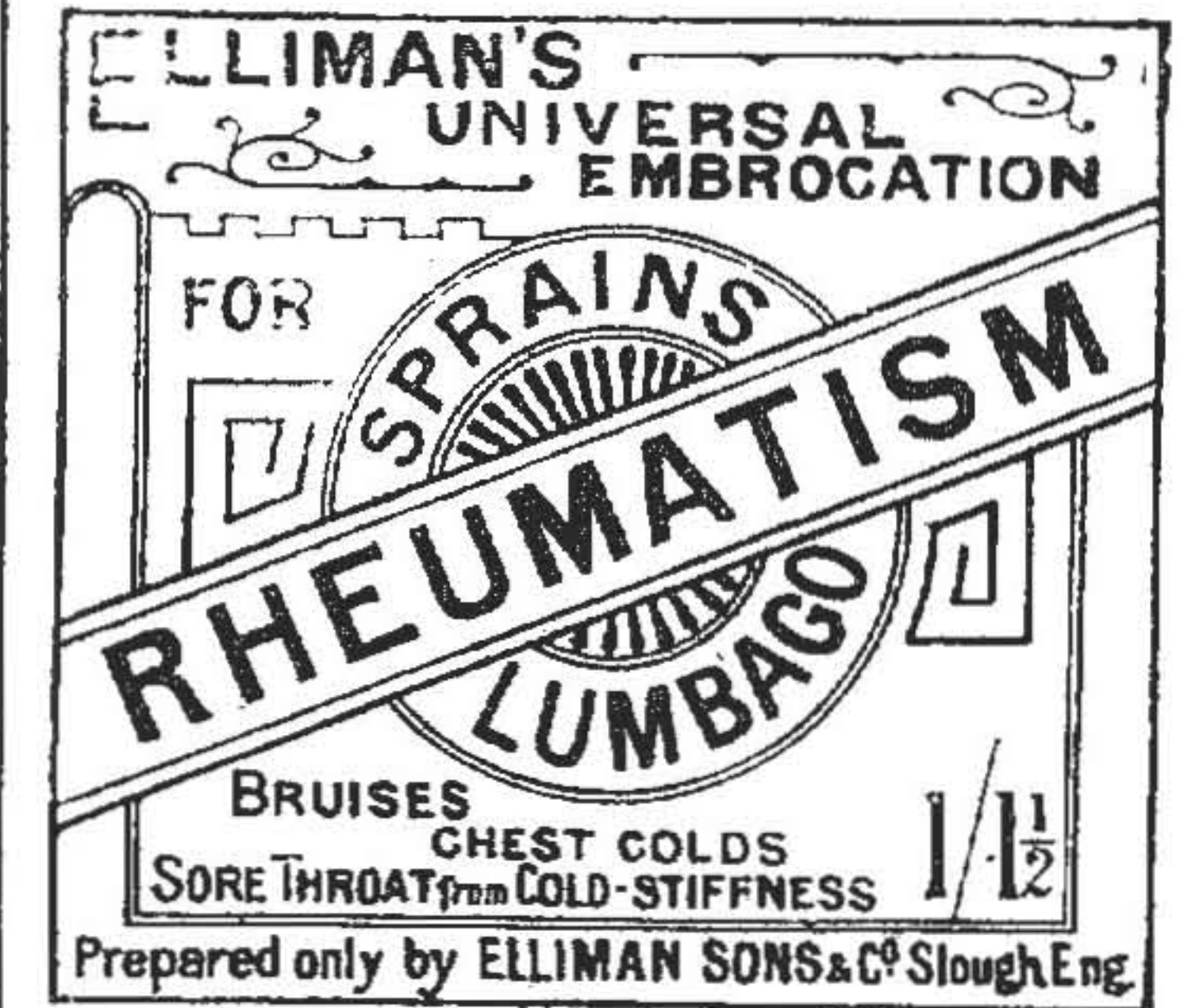
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certain square sticks the courses of the moon for each year, so that they could tell full moon, new moon, and their festival days accurately, and these sticks they called "al-mon-aght," that is "al-mon-heed" observations of the moon, hence "almanac"—a plausible enough derivation truly. One of these very ancient almanacs is still to be seen in St. John's College, Cambridge.

The "Clog Almanac" described by Dr Robert Plot in a "Natural History of Staffordshire," in 1686, as being in use there throughout the northern counties of England and in Denmark, was a square stick or box of hard wood, eight inches long, with the year's dates engraved on it, it could either be hung up in the family dining room or used as part of a walking stick. This Clog was generally a perpetual almanac, and mostly in use for telling the day the year began on, Sundays, and holy days.

The history of written almanacs is said to date back to the second century of the Christian era, as the Greeks of Alexandria are said by the historian Theon to have used such things as early as 150 A.D. The most ancient astronomical almanacs actually traced, however, date only about 1150 A.D., and a certain Petrus de Dacia published in 1300 an almanac of which a manuscript copy is still in the Sairlian Library at Oxford. Astrology as well as astronomy has place in this almanac, as the influence of the stars in each month is duly noted.

Alchemy, astrology, and much false learning was at that time mingled with the study of astronomy, so these almanacs often contained predictions which so affected individuals and communities as to become dangerous to the public weal, and by and by we see that the making of any prediction in a yearly almanac or calendar had in France to be forbidden by law, though in England no such severe statute seems to have become necessary.

Manuscript almanacs of the 15th century are not uncommon, but the first printed almanac was the "Kalendarium Novum" for the three years 1475, 1494 and 1513, it was printed at Buda in Hungary.

The first English printed almanac was "The Shepherds' Calendar" translated from the French and printed by Richard Pynson in 1497, in it each month introduces itself with a verse, the first two lines for January being:

"I am called Januyere the colde
In Christmas season good fyre I love."

And here we seem to have something on the exact lines of our Shakespeare, Longfellow and Tennyson calendars of to-day, though one fancies the delicate colouring and lovely flowers and landscapes of these nineteenth century productions would vastly have astonished the compilers of the middleages!

Later lines in the verse for January touch on the birth of Christ, and are of a religious nature, so here also is the prototype of the everyday text almanac of our time.

"Poor Robin," a very famous almanac of a new fashion, printed in 1664, has also verses at the heads of the odd pages of the Calendar. In 1664 also John Evelyn published his "Kalendarium Hortense," the first gardener's calendar, with directions for garden work for each month, and dedicated it to the poet Cowley.

Partridge's was the next well known almanac, Moore's followed in 1711, and the "Lady's Diary," one of the most respectable English eighteenth century almanacs, was begun in 1704, and continued to circulate till 1841, when it was incorporated under the same name with its rival "The Gentlemen's Diary," which had been begun in 1741. The prices in 1753 were very high, the sheet of the Stationer's Company selling for three guineas the copy, "The Gentlemen's Diary" for three guineas a copy, "Moore's Almanac" for five, and "The Lady's Diary" for as much as ten guineas a copy!

Very good times for the publishers truly, but not so much for the public, and I fancy if we had to pay so much for the pretty trifles of Messrs De la Rue and Co., and the other publishers of calendars and almanacs, we should neither buy nor send so many of what forms a sort of Christmas card that is a pleasant compromise between the ordinary Christmas card and a present.

Evening dress, in view of the coming winter gaieties, is very much to the front just now and very charming it is. I hope your hot season will be soon on the wane, so that you can adopt the attractive fashion of fur trimming, for evening wear, on satin, velvet or brocade; for nothing can really make a more dainty or artistic finish to a dress than the narrow line of fur now in vogue.

White satin is still exceedingly fashionable and white moiré is its acknowledged rival. Either, made with a trimming of narrow, but costly dark sable round the skirt and corsage, is eminently distinguished and eminently becoming! Some lovely white brocades have an outline of silver round the leaves or flowers of the pattern and with these the faintest suspicion of diaphanous pink crepe gives the most lovely effect, like the pink blush one sees on snow clad mountains, more than anything, is this pink draping on white satin or silver brocade, and the narrow band of dark sable round the low corsage, and as a finish to the large puffed sleeves makes it very "chic."

A pretty but more elaborate fashion is to have a white satin or moiré over-skirt (and train) cut up in front at each seam as far as the knees and showing a petticoat embroidered in pearls or in jewelled beads, holding the seams together at the close of each opening.

A fashionable bride lately wore a dove in pearls and diamonds on the left shoulder, and the fashion has been followed at recent balls. Sometimes, graceful drapery is caught by the little jewelled bird, at other times it holds chains of diamonds in its mouth, which drop downwards over the puffed sleeve like a stream of glittering dewdrops.

Outlining of the seams of gowns in opalescent beads or sequins is very fashionable, and looks very well; the foot of the skirt can be gracefully finished off with a band of the same brilliant trimming.

A white brocade gown, with the petticoat as well as the wattleau train and corsage, bordered by rich, dark Russian sable, is a gown which is simple and stately in style, and exceedingly refined and becoming. These brocades, by-the-bye, are generally English manufacture, and the Spitalfield weavers, of whom I told you lately, have much credit in their lovely designs, and ought to be encouraged by all loyal British women at home or abroad who have the good of their country's industries at heart.

By the way, chinchilla is a fur you have in great perfection; I think a green velvet, or velveteen gown would look lovely with its train, sleeves and corsage, bordered with narrow chinchilla.

For young girls, tulle is again much worn, and pretty, simple ball dresses are made of it in all shades of colour, as well as in black and white. Tan and chestnut shades are a good deal worn in the evening, and contrast well with the paler but more pronounced tints of pink, blue, or heliotrope. One of the prettiest gowns I have ever seen was a tulle ball gown of a soft tan shade, worn by a handsome brunette at a military ball, where the delicate tan threw into relief the gay uniforms that so cruelly murder all shades of reds and pinks, and vulgarise so many blues.

Older women at present often wear bodices of rich, dark velvet or brocade of different hue and material from their skirts, but, for young girls, bodices are always made the same as the skirt.

The hair, though simply dressed—often in the coiled chignon, for which the light coil frames are so useful—at the back is very much waved, in front over the ears and on either side of the middle partings, now reappearing; it is a pretty fashion, but one that cannot be very good for the hair, as the use of the irons must injure its gloss and strength in years to come, though no immediate injury is noticed.

Jewellery is made in most exquisite forms just now, precious stones being very lightly mounted and allowed to depend for their attraction on their own intrinsic beauty of hue and colour, aided by all the skill of experienced cutting. A great deal of jewellery is seen just now at full dress functions, several rows of a necklace now being worn instead of the single row seen in recent years, and string upon string of pearls are twisted round the neck and allowed to fall down almost to the waist, like the old-fashioned gold watch chains in pictures of our grandmothers. In the hair, too, diadems, little jewelled wreaths round the back coil, and upstanding pen feathers or wired butterfly wings, encrusted with glittering jewels or beads, are much worn.

A very clever, and not very expensive little contrivance, is a gilt or jewelled claw, with a spring to catch the veil on to the hat or bonnet, and which can also be worn as a brooch at the neck. Rows of diamond buckles on velvet are very pretty necklaces, and so are velvet bands edged with very narrow dark fur, and studded with little glittering jewels.

You will be amused to hear that a gentleman writer to the "Queen," in dealing with that learned subject—ancient Egypt—mentions that the first authentic dress-maker's bill was probably one which has just been discovered, and which is for presents, made by a king, whose name is, alas, unknown to the Temple of the Ghost God, of garments for the priests and their households. The tablet discovered says there were given "in all, ninety-two pure vestments, the bill of the Temple for the priests for that year." And some of the items are "twelve white robes of the Temple, eight robes of the house of his lady, ten collars of the house of his lady, ten pure gold collars, two white robes;" and mention is also made of "scented robes" and "winders," or scarves for the waist.

And now enough of dress, ancient and modern. That interesting Hungarian novelist, journalist, and patriot, Maurice Jokai, is about to have his jubilee celebrated, and it is pleasant to know in what high honour the man who has suffered and fought for his country, as well as loved it and written of it, is held by celebrities of his own and other lands. And so, ta-ta,—Yours ever,

MARGERY.

HURLINGHAM

(CONTRIBUTED)

It was a very happy thought that of opening the new club house at Hurlingham with a dance, and may blessings rest on the originators of the idea, for we had a most enjoyable time. We boarded the six o'clock train last Saturday and throwing the week's business worries to the winds or, to express it more correctly to the afternoon "virazon," we found ourselves in good company, in good spirits, and anticipating a good dance, albeit we were "going to shake a toe" on a hot night, in a particularly hot Argentine summer.

At the Retiro and Palermo stations we found large parties awaiting the train, and when we steamed away from the heat and noise of the city, and made for the cool heights where Hurlingham was donning its gala attire to receive us, we mustered a goodly company. Seldom is it that a Pacific train has such a valuable freight of fair women and doughty men. Out we got at Hurlingham, and at the station we had the first indica-

tion of the attention which was to be showered on us all the time of our visit, unhappily far too short. Cabs for ourselves and carts for our luggage were waiting to convey us, bag and baggage, the short distance to the club, and just to put a finish on the animated scene up dashed a four-in-hand scientifically steered by a well-known sportsman, and in which a fair contingent was very soon seated. "Mirabile visu!" How has Hurlingham got on before without a drag. Why, it is a natural accessory of the club. But where was the coaching horn; something was wanting, and the spirit of Mr Weller senior seemed to me to be plaintively remonstrating "Why don't they give them a tootle, Sammy?"

The Club was reached in a few minutes and the grounds were soon lit up with gay arrivals all intent on a stroll before dinner, enjoying the refreshing breeze and inspecting the preparations for the "baile."

The new Club house is a very handsome building and greatly adds to the appearance of Hurlingham. It was given over to the ladies, although we all dined in what is to be the billiard room, and judging by the laughter from upstairs one could imagine that the fair tenants were "skying a copper" to decide on the selection of their rooms. To dine some fifty souls, more or less hungry after a taste of Hurlingham air, is no light matter, and I should like an introduction to the "chef" for he must be capable of great things. I must, however, get on to the dance and I will pass over the dinner, which in itself was a great achievement, merely quoting the quaint Mr Samuel Pepys, "My dinner was noble and enough."

We started to dance about ten o'clock in the main hall of the Pavilion, and a very cool ball room it proved to be throughout the whole night. The floor was capital and no little attention had been given to it, and the band played its best which was all that could be expected of the "profesores." Then one had only to step out of the ball room to the front of the Pavilion where comfortable chairs invited self and partner to enjoy the cool night. And when the moon rose and cast its soft light over the land what a pretty scene it made. Groups of merry makers dimly shadowed in the great pavilion, couples strolling about the grounds, silhouettes faintly defined but real, here and there the glow of a cigarette, the stillness of the night only broken by silvery laughter or the distant throbbing of a waltz as the couples floated past the windows of the ball room.

"How well the night is made for tenderness,
So still that the low whisper,
Scarcely audible, is heard like music."

But we must leave the moonlight and go back to the dance. The whole night went with a go from start to finish. The programme was excellent, though the powers that be had mistaken their guests, and had introduced two Lancers. They would have none of them—square dances were "off," and waltz, polka, and pas de quatre followed each other at a furious rate until we all trooped down to supper. And what a pretty supper room the hall down-stairs made, the floral decorations of which had been directed by Mrs Woodgate, as usual with marked success. Small tables—how suitable these small tables are at a dance—were posted about the room, and very neatly they were got up too, a crowning feature to each table being a magnum, with its golden head sparkling like a miniature lighthouse. As one thirsty soul remarked to me as he glanced round the room: "This is truly magnificent." The menu is worth quoting. Here it is:—

MENU DE SOUPER

Consommé Frappé
Mayonnaise de Crevettes
Batitus en Aspic
Chaudfroid de Poulet
Langue Salée en Belle Vue
Dinde Truffée à la Macédoine
Game Pie
Oeufs Farcis à L'Indienne
Salade à la Russe
Charlotte à la Hurlingham
Bavaroise à la Framboise
Salade de Fruit
Glace Dame Blanche
Bombe Panaché

Hurlingham, Jan. 27, 1894.

The best of things has to come to an end sometime, and so did the Hurlingham dance, but only because the dawn reminded us that it was another day. The last good nights were said, and the sterner sex set out to their respective quarters in the village or to the station, where sleeping coaches were put at their disposal.

After such an enjoyable time the party were reluctant to leave, and when the day was but young the men were seen returning to the scene of the night before, and we sat down to a breakfast which said wonders for the resources of the Club. A great many remained during the day, and with games, a match or so, and polo, the day passed at the same rapid speed as the night before.

The whole thing was an immense success, and during the winter months it is to be hoped that Hurlingham will be the scene of other dances, and which can easily be done by running a special train back to town when the dance is over. The amount of trouble taken by our hosts must have been very considerable, and tho', perhaps, I should not mention names, yet everyone saw that thanks to the indefatigable energy of some four or five unflagging spirits, the dance achieved the success it did. We owe them a hearty vote of thanks, and they deserve it.

EN PASSANT.

The English Literary Society has announced the sale by auction on Wednesday evening, the 31st inst., of a large number of magazines, amongst them being thirty-seven volumes of "The Sporting and Dramatic News," the complete issue from 1874 to 1892, inclusive. They are half bound in leather, and the reserve price has been put at \$1 paper per volume: it is more than probable several of our readers would be desirous of acquiring a few volumes at so small an outlay. The auction is to be a public one.

.

Truly did Gibbert speak when he said in jest that the life of a policeman was not one of happiness; a man would need to be good-humoured to stand cheerfully what I saw at the corner of a principal thoroughfare in this capital a couple of days ago. From a big lodging house came most piercing yells as from some one in great terror or dreadful pain, the wily guardian listened for some minutes, then thinking it time to act blew his whistle; four comrades quickly came up. After holding a council of war, they blew their whistles and another reinforcement came up, all this while the screaming continued uninterruptedly; after a little more talk planning, I suppose the campaign, those valiant sons of the force entered the house and disappeared upstairs, while the crowd that had gathered stood gaping in breathless expectation of seeing the unravelling of some fearful crime. After an anxious suspense a woman appeared at the window with a parrot, the blues bringing up the rear, looking somewhat relieved, though crestfallen. For a moment the crowd did not take in the parrot's part, but when it screamed they laughed, and the bobbies returned to their posts amidst the not cheering remarks of the citizens they protect.

.

The new torpedo boat to take the place of the Rosales has been successfully launched in the Mersey. She measures 250 feet in length, thirty-one feet beam, sixteen feet depth. Her displacement is 1183 tons and her engines, which are triple expansion, are of 4500 horse power. She is expected to be ready in April or May so we may expect to see her out here in June or July, though what there is for her to do when she does arrive, except get into the same state as all other ships that lie idle in a river, is a problem to be solved by those who ordered her.

.

The Patria, which may be described as an enlarged and improved Halycon type of the British navy, is built of steel, and has been designed to combine high speed with superior seagoing qualities. An important departure from the vessels of her type in the British navy, and one which will conduce largely to seaworthiness and comfort, is the substitution of a complete spar deck in place of the poop and fore-castle. Distillers and evaporators of large capacity, and complete electric installation in duplicate are provided. The boilers are of steel, four in number, of the locomotive type, working at a pressure of 155 lbs. per square inch, to be worked under the closed stokehold system. The armament will be a formidable one for the class of vessel, and will consist of quick-firing guns, machine guns, and five torpedo tubes.

.

The astral question that has been disturbing the minds of many who have asked for information on the subject, can be very pleasantly answered by reading a very well-written article in "La Nacion" of Monday, in which one is told that Venus and Jupiter are the two brilliant planets that have been beautifying the skies every evening of late.

.

In a multitude of councillors there may be wisdom, but a multitude of police officials is like too many cooks, as was shown in Mar del Plata on the 28th inst., when the authorities made a raid on the rooms usually devoted to games of hazard, belonging to the Bristol Hotel Company. It appears that Señor Juan Fernandez was expressly sent down from La Plata, but early in the morning his intentions became known all over the town. At one time it looked as though some, more hot-headed than others, would offer resistance to the police entering the rooms; however, when the authorities presented themselves in the morning, at twenty minutes to twelve, there was no opposition offered to their entry. In the meantime, Dr. José Luro, [president of the Bristol Hotel], had formally protested against the violation of the Company's rooms, and stated that he

only gave way to force. Of course, when the law protectors did get inside the premises they found nothing in the way of gambling utensils. They have now done their duty, and I suppose play will be allowed to go on uninterruptedly and unmolested to the end of the Mar del Plata season.

.

When mosquitos are rife as they are in a great many places just now, though in some their voracious appetite for our blood is more difficult to quench than in others, the best plan I know to live peacefully and keep an unspotted skin is to beautify our grounds near the house by planting castor oil plants, they are exceedingly handsome trees with beautiful big leaves, and are easily grown, and possess the excellent quality of being so disliked by the mosquitos that where they are grown the insects keep away.

.

I read somewhere, a day or two ago, that Messrs Clark had made a carriage drive in the Andes as far as Las Cuevas, and if the Argentine Government would only continue it over the Cumbre, when the Chilian Government engineer gets the track finished he is working at, which he hopes to do in about six weeks, that people will be able to drive over to Chile. It is quite true that there is a sort of road as far as Cuevas, but although after many years jolting over paved streets and therefore accustomed to rough paths, I think it is hardly fair to speak of the road as a carriage drive. It is rugged all along and uneven most of the way, but there are places nothing but a bullock cart could get over. Along the short route there are places where even a bullock cart could not pass. In the meantime travellers will almost do better to keep to the patient mule, his paces are not uncomfortable, while his feet are absolutely sure, and I should say, as a conveyance, would be much less fatiguing than being driven in a coach whose springs must of necessity be strong enough to shake one badly.

.

Pick-pockets have been very active of late. The "Prensa" gives a very good account of their way of working on the platforms of the trams. When they see a few people on the platform of a tram, with a likely subject amongst them, they get up and so crowd the platform, they then edge up to the chosen one, and a confederate puts out his hand apparently to support himself against the back of the tram, close to the victim's face just about his chin, the others then take what they can find out of his pockets, if he feels anything he can't look down to see what is going on, on account of the arm stretched across. If he actually feels anything taken from his pocket and collars the owner of the arm, the other fellows drop off and allow the one left behind to be searched, knowing full well nothing will be found on him. All the world over it is more or less the same, people are themselves responsible for many of their own troubles, but here the way they crowd up tramways which are already full, is a distinct temptation to the light-fingered gentry and gives them an opportunity that it would be unbusiness-like to neglect. Apart from this, overcrowding is unhealthy and unreasonable as a guard cannot do his work properly, nor it is not fair on the horses.

.

In the matter of restricting the corsos to one during the coming carnival, the Municipality have had to give way. I shall not attempt to give a list of the corsos, as the feelings of their august body may again be so played upon as to induce them to yield to the popular wish and give the inhabitants a free hand to have corsos where they like, these corsos are really very harmless, now that water throwing is not included in the game, they give a great deal of pleasure to the poorer people and their children, at the same time they offer a distraction to the rich who spend a good deal of money in flowers and sweets, which tends to make money circulate, and so better the lot of all.

.

The municipal powers that be evidently intend that their orders with regard to masquerading are to be very strictly carried out. I see they have already arrested half a dozen of what they call "sugetos" in the police reports, because they took time by the forelock and paraded the streets in carnival costume. I am afraid a good many people will be run in unless the edicts about being allowed in the streets in fancy frocks only between the hours of from 7 to 11 p.m. is very widely made known. Of course everyone

who reads the newspapers will know about it, but, I take it, the majority of people who play carnival are people who don't read the papers and, therefore, I think I see many a peso transferred from the private pockets of the individual to the public purse of the municipality by way of a fine for breach of this new order.

.

As was announced in these pages some time ago, the Plaza Victoria is again to be the scene of a transformation. The work has already begun, but what form it is going to take is only known to those who have ordered the changes, but we hope they will at least spare the palm trees. I was sorry when the old blue-gums were taken away, for I hold that property such as trees belongs to the people and nothing but absolute necessity is a sufficient excuse for their removal by a temporary municipality whose thirst for notoriety during their short stay in office is the cause of their vandalistic attempt to glorify themselves during their term of power. It certainly does not seem fair when the town is as poor as it is at present, that money should be spent on such works as Palermo park while there are streets crying for paving stones.

.

There is quite a discussion going on in the ladies' papers at home as to whether ladies should smoke or not. Of course, newspaper people must have something to write about, and this subject is as good as any other, perhaps better, for those who are fond of following the intricacies of women's ways. Some people hold it to be disgraceful, others simply ungraceful for women to smoke; the former are certainly wrong, the latter, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, have missed the mark. If it be good, or, at all events, not bad for men to smoke, there can be no carnal sin in women smoking if they want to; however, for those who are interested in the subject, I refer them to "The Queen," "The Gentlewoman," and other official organs of ladies' freaks of fashion. For my part, I think it will be found that in this, as in all other things, our nice women will submit to the influences that surround them. Men will smoke for a variety of reasons, too long and useless to describe here. A great many of them do themselves a great deal of harm, but, if they like it, they maintain they have the right to suffer, though many hold that man has no right to impair his physical state, and thereby prejudice his mental condition to the extent of not always being his best self; however, these moral and physical soliloquies are out of place in a sporting paper. I suppose as long as man is man, and temptation is put in his way, he will fall, as several of our staff have done lately by indulging in some new cigarettes called Bedouinos, which were sent here as a present for their approval, and which they pronounced good.

.

The Jabez Balfour business plods on its weary way, he is still safe in goal in Salta as a preventive measure, so says the attorney-general, until such times as it has been argued out as to whether he can be extradited or not. There seems no doubt he will eventually be brought down here and have a chance of explaining to the judges why he should not go home. In the meantime, Mr Bridgett, the English Consul, has sent all the effects belonging to Balfour he could find, such as documents, papers, luggage of all sorts down to Buenos Aires, it seems the judge in Salta wants these things, but he can't have them until the President of the Republic gives the necessary order for their return. Mr Bridgett seems to know what he is doing, the Consulate is naturally very reticent on this subject and there is little more information to be gained from the Legation, but anyone interested in all the details of the case will find the best up to date information given in the columns of our daily contemporary "The Times" of this city.

.

Practical jokes are great fun sometimes, but the one mentioned in the "Times" as having been played upon Mr Obin is rather awkward for the zealous secretary of the French fete. Somebody wrote him a letter saying he could have a merry-go-round out of the Plaza Constitucion for the coming fete, without more ado he sent and had the merry-go-round brought along, the tale goes the letter was not from the owner, who was annoyed, and asked the police to find his plaything, which they did, Mr Bodin and his two trusty workmen are in the Moreno police station wondering who wrote the letter.

Regarding Snowden's descent down the slide into the lake and the discussion as to the rate of speed, I saw the performance accurately clocked last Thursday, the time was six seconds.

.

The play Juca Tigre, written by Sr Nicolas Granada of Oriental birth, long looked for and well boomed, was played for the first time on Monday, 29th inst., amidst an even mixture of cheers and groans from the audience. The piece is very extravagant in its attempt to ridicule the military. I should think its life will not be long. The scene leaving the theatre was far from orderly.

.

La Trazzini has made a great hit as Anetta in Crispino e la Comore at the San Martin. She is always good, but in this role perhaps she is better than usual. I have seen nothing else of interest since last week.

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The forgery of bank notes in this country is an old established business which the police have long been trying to stop. They deserve great credit for the capture of a band of forgers who had made the peaceful village of Floresta their headquarters. It appears that they had forged \$50 notes, similar to the Tucuman issue, for the amount of \$40,000, out of which they have successfully passed \$13,000 on to the public. It took the police some time, after finding the right house, to discover the plant, which was hidden under the kitchen floor, over which stood the oven. Febo Puricheli engraved the plates. Dante, also an Italian, a lithographer by trade, who had worked for the South American Bank Note Company, managed the press work. Another man is in durance vile with them, and no doubt some others will be implicated before the matter is finished up. The sooner the Government here see their way to hang murderers and shut forgers up for lengthened periods, the better it will be for all those living in this Republic.

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Sir Gerald Portal fell a victim to malarial fever contracted out in Africa while home trying to recruit. His career though short was brilliant and full of hard work. There are few men at the age of thirty-five who can show such a record of ability. In Uganda especially his administrative powers will be missed.

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Yellow fever is in the outer roads. A man who got on board the Tagus at Rio died in the Lazareto, another man is ill but the doctors don't seem quite sure whether it is yellow fever or gastro enteritis. The other passengers by the Tagus quarantined in Martin Garcia are in excellent health. Of course the usual scares are taking place in town when anyone gets a touch of colic. The "Prensa" of Tuesday had a long article on disinfection and yellow fever, which those interested may read. Liberal libations of castor oil will be found the safest and speediest way of preventing or curing attacks of indigestion such as cause most of the scares.

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The great circular building in the Champs Elysées, between the Palace of Industry and the Avenue d'Antin, where the panoramas of the Siege of Paris and that of the Vengeur were on view has been transformed into a Palais de Glace, and forms now a veritable fairyland for skaters. The walls are covered with innumerable mirrors destined to reflect the graceful silhouettes of the fashionable lovers of the sport. The floor has given place to a lake, which is artificially frozen by machinery. The mirrors are alternated with views of Naples, Capri, and the east, from the design of M. Pichat. The orchestra numbers fifty musicians, M. Wittmann being the conductor.

There is no doubt that this wonderful ice palace will become as much frequented as the panorama of the siege was.

.

I copy the following remarkable feat of Mr Hardy's from the "Sunday Times" as an event which seems almost superhuman in its rapidity:—

Mr T. B. Hardy the other night astonished and delighted the Savage Club by executing in ten minutes a crayon drawing covering a superficial area of twelve square feet. The drawing represented the "Pool of London," and was a reminiscence of Wyllie plus Vicat Cole. The rapidity of the artist was wonderful, and while the effect was naturally impressionistic, we could

clearly discern the Tower of London, two large steamers, and a flotilla of barges, both "dumb" and with sails. The work was done for a charity, and the auction which followed its execution resulted in its being knocked down to Mr W. S. Penley for £25.

Cañada de Gomez

Jan. 29, 1894.

Yet another sad event has to be recorded; this time the victim is another estanciero in Santa Fé, and though happily he was not killed, the injuries sustained by Mr Macnaughtan, of La Independencia, were of a terrible nature. Coming after the death of Marcus Elliot, caused by a fall from his trap; the death of poor Tom Parry, killed at polo by his horse; and the late detestable and brutal murder of Palmer Smythies; it might appear that a Nemesis pursued our countrymen in the district.

The accident to Mr Macnaughtan, of which I write, occurred on Thursday afternoon last, outside the station of Las Rosas, at the level crossing. He was driving a dogcart, and was attempting to cross the line whilst a train was shunting. The horse, it is said, "empacared" when directly in the track; the train coming on struck the trap, which was overturned, and Mr Macnaughtan was thrown under the wagons. The result was fearful; leg and arm were broken and crushed in such cruel manner as to necessitate amputation. The poor fellow asked for Dr Friend of Rosario, who was on the spot as speedily as possible, but necessarily some time elapsed before he could be summoned and a special train made up and despatched. Dr Friend took his patient, as soon as possible, into Rosario, where, on arrival at the Hospital on Friday morning, amputation was, as I have said, found to be necessary. The shock to the system must have been terrific, but I am informed that consciousness never forsook the injured man until the train had passed Cañada. What hours of horrible pain he must have endured! We can hope, and we do sincerely hope, that a strong constitution, and the best and most experienced surgical and medical aid, and excellent nursing may pull him through.

It is only a very few years ago that Mr Macnaughtan came out to this country, on a visit to his friend, Brisco Ray, then at Schonberg, where he stayed for some time.

Liking the country, and La Independencia, in the neighbourhood of Las Rosas, being in the market, he, in conjunction with Mr Francis Bradney, bought the estancia from Mr Fred Smythies. A trip home followed before taking possession of the place, which he has only practically occupied for some few months.

Widespread sorrow has been occasioned, and equally widespread is the hope for the recovery of one who has endeared himself to all.

EXPERIMENTS WITH WHEAT

Some years since, Mr Darwin received from Russia two varieties of wheat of which an extraordinary story was told. They were sent to him by the Governor of the province of Samara, and one of them, marked "kubanka," was said to be a valuable kind, which kept true only when sown on fresh steppe-land; but if it was sown on such land for more than two years in succession till the soil became in some degree impoverished, it degenerated into an inferior sort called saxonka, bearing the synonym of Ghirka. Mr Darwin was informed that there were no intermediate varieties between the two wheats, kubanka passing into saxonka, on poor land, at one jump. It is evident that transmutation of this kind—if it actually happened—would be an important factor in practical agriculture. We might expect to find the varieties of our cereals rapidly changing according to soil and cultivation. The coarse and bearded variety of wheat called rivett, a sort yielding well on poor clays, might be expected to pass into a beardless form when sown in superior land. Our best sorts, such as Talavera, might, on the contrary, take the form of Kessingland in poor land, and still greater changes might be looked for. In the poor farming of former times the impoverished soil of Scotland was unable to produce anything better than the "small oat" (*Avena strigosa*). Can anyone suppose that good cultivation alone would have changed *A. strigosa* into any of the forms of *A. sativa*, the "great oat," which now flourishes nowhere better than in Scotland? Such sudden changes do not happen. Certain improving lairds in Shetland have, in our own time, supplanted the small oat of the country by the more productive great oat, but they imported the seed from "the south." Another example of fixity is that of the wild oat (*A. fatua*). That pest of some districts has been subjected to high culture for generations, growing, as it does, with our ordinary crops, and receiving the same treatment; yet it never changes its form. It cannot be improved even with long continued cultivation in superior soil.

Under these circumstances Mr Darwin sought for a scientific agriculturist who would put to test the assertions of his Russian correspondents, and he finally committed the seed of the two varieties to the care of the late Mr A. S. Wilson, of Kinmudy, the famous author of "A Bushel of Wheat," who minutely described his experiments and their results in several successive years in the columns of the "Gardener's Chronicle." As the experimenter has passed away, unfortunately, within the last few weeks, a short notice of his experiments may not prove an inappropriate tribute to his memory. Mr Darwin was informed that in the province of Samara the fields were often seen with kubanka and saxonka wheat growing mixed together. The market

prices were as seven to four, kubanka being the most valuable. The two sorts are easily distinguished, kubanka having a thick-set ear, saxonka an open or thin-set ear. Mr Darwin doubted whether these two sorts did actually change the one into the other, and he therefore requested Mr Wilson to experiment upon them. Accordingly, in April, 1878, that gentleman sowed the two sorts, side by side, in a garden. He found that the saxonka germinated more rapidly than the other variety, and took the lead in growth. In other respects it proved itself more robust than its rival, adding stems with much greater rapidity by the process known as "tillering." As often happens in the sowing of foreign wheat in this country, red rust attacked both sorts. We may say briefly that at harvest the result of the experiments of that year was that the kubanka seeds had varied in nothing but size and colour from those which were sown, and the same held good with the seeds of the saxonka. The Russian story on this point had been that there were no intermediate varieties to be observed in the fields, the plants always yielding either true kubanka or true saxonka—a fact which certainly gives rise to a strong suspicion that mixed seeds must have been sown.

In the following year Mr Wilson continued his experiments with seed of his own growth sown in the spring. The saxonka plants again grew stronger than the kubanka, and produced three or four times as many tillers. The plants were again attacked by red rust, but it was again evident at harvest that no change had taken place in the character of their ears, the kubanka remaining a thick-set ear, the other a longer one, more thinly set. In another experiment that year, where the seeds were sown broadcast in the corner of a field, the saxonka showed the highest fertility, and the number of its plants at harvest greatly exceeded that of the kubanka, though the latter had been more thickly sown. As the result of his experiments, Mr Wilson came to the following conclusion. He says:

"It is not absolutely certain, in the case of the mixed sowing, that some of the kubanka seeds did not produce saxonka plants, or some of the saxonka seeds kubanka plants; but it is certain that there were more of saxonka seeds sown than there were of saxonka plants reaped, so that no transmutation was needed to produce any one of the saxonka plants; and thus certainly the best conclusion is, that the predominance of saxonka has here arisen, not from transmutation of kubanka, but from the higher or more immediate vitality and fertility naturally inherent in the cells and protoplasm of the saxonka embryo under the circumstances."

All Mr Wilson's experiments have produced results quite fatal to the claims of transmutation. During several centuries of very indifferent Scottish agriculture, the impoverished soil of Scotland was unable to produce any kind of oat except the small oat (*Avena strigosa*), and there are no examples of that species having been enlarged into the great oat (*Avena sativa*). The belief on the part of an English professor that he had changed the wild oat (*Avena fatua*) into a cultivated variety is no longer credited. Mr Wilson has himself cultivated the wild oat for many years, and it has not changed in the slightest degree. With regard to wheat, the result of his experiments has convinced him that no transmutation of one form of that cereal into another takes place. A poor soil and want of food may reduce the size of the plant, but they do not alter its character. He has ascertained that the kubanka variety of wheat tillers well in good soil, throw up strong stems and produce prolific ears; but in poor soils saxonka, as a wheat of slighter structure, makes less demand upon the land and has greatly the advantage. The amount of fertility of the soil, therefore, has much to do with this imaginary transmutation of varieties. In a wheat of high productive power, the fertility of the land may be the chief cause why one form of wheat exterminates a less prolific form.

In fertile soils, the kubanka wheat—which a Russian authority pronounces to be the most prolific of all kinds of wheat—would probably exterminate all rivals, and in so doing it might be thought by some observers to have transmuted their forms into its own. In a poor soil, on the contrary, the saxonka wheat would probably oust the kubanka but there would be no change of form, either in the one case or the other; the kubanka would not degenerate into saxonka, nor saxonka improve into kubanka. Each would hold its own character, and each in a few years would become preponderant in the soil that suited its character. High fertility, therefore, and high productive power are causes for the supplanting of one form of wheat by another in a field containing a mixture of all sorts, and in the course of a few years the least productive sorts, or those least adapted for the land, would probably cease to exist. It may be concluded from these observations that a natural selection of the most productive wheat or other cereal is always in progress. We do not say that the discriminating hand of man does not in these cases greatly assist nature, but it is clear that prolificacy is assisted by a natural process in the way we have now described, so that the more prolific varieties of wheat have a better chance of reproduction than those which are less fertile. In such a struggle for existence as goes on in our wheat-fields under ordinary conditions, the least vigorous and least prolific variety must in time go to the wall.—"Field."

HURLINGHAM RACES

February 2, 1894

SELLING POOLS will be held in the DINING-ROOM of the ALBION CLUB at 9.30 p.m. TO-NIGHT (WEDNESDAY).

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.

AGENTS.

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River Plate Sport and Pastime

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1894.

SPORTING NOTES

There will be a pool on the Hurlingham Races at the Albion Club this evening.

Jockey's and trainer's licenses for this year must be taken out or renewed before the end of next month at the Jockey Club.

There was a rumour last week that the fight between Mitchell and Corbett, which should have come off at 11 a.m. on the 25th, had been stopped by the police, at Jacksonville and seems to be the truth.

The Buenos Aires Rowing Club has suffered a great loss through the death of Mr Edward E. Zimmerman, who died on Monday. Mr Zimmerman was one of the most active members of the Club, and it was chiefly owing to his energy that the New Union de Regatas was established and carried on so successfully.

The programme is published of the smoking concert to be held under the auspices of the Argentine Association Football League to-morrow evening at the Salon La France. At this concert the badges won by the Lomas A. C. in last season's competition will be presented to the winning team. A capital evening's entertainment has been provided, and a full house is assured.

The want of faith in Argentina and Argentina's sons seems to have spread even as far as the sporting world as the "Sportsman's" Special commissioner says that he never cared for Fecundo even "though he has the reputation of being by Ormonde." I think I can safely say, in this case at any rate, that there is no doubt as to the colts' pedigree being correct.

At the annual general meeting of the lady members of the Quilmes Club, held on Thursday the 25th inst., at the residence of Mrs. Morkill (kindly lent for the occasion), the ladies elected to fill the positions of management were as follows:—President, Mrs. Morkill; secretary, Mrs. Woodgate. Committee: Mrs. Pembroke Jones, Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Murray.

The handicapper's lot, like the policeman's is not a happy one. At least the lot of some handicappers we know is anything but a bed of roses for the day or two following the publication of the weights. Not so much that any hole can be picked in his handicaps on public form or official information, but because there is always one man who thinks his horse has been specially singled out and loaded with weight so that he might not win.

The most annoying thing about these grumblers is that they will never back their opinions and allow you to take their horses and run them against others they complain of as being lightly weighted, and for any stake they like to mention,

as I have often asked them. They confine themselves to grumbling freely till the time of the race which they generally go very near winning if not win out right.

The reason for the whole thing is that the handicappers for Hurlingham are known personally to every owner who races there, and as a prophet has no honour in his own country, so is a handicapper credited with no knowledge by his friends. One often sees a placed horse, who has received say two kilos from an unplaced horse in a race at Palermo, handicapped on the following Sunday at four or five kilos from the same horse for a race over the same distance, and yet one seldom hears anything murderous said about the Jockey Club handicappers, simply because few know who they are.

A match was to have been run at Hurlingham, on the 28th, between a man on foot and a pony ridden by his owner, the conditions being fifty yards out and fifty yards home with a turn round a post, the course to have been three yards wide, but owing to the conditions not having been properly understood by both parties, it was allowed to fall through. Many were disappointed, as the pony had travelled a long way to run it, but as it was, it was better cancelled, as the result would have been very unsatisfactory to the loser.

In the old days, before the polo pony was invented, the man nearly always soon a race of this description against a horse, but now ponies can turn almost as quickly as men, and unless some restriction, such as making them turn in their own length as in the match I have mentioned, it is almost any odds on the quadruped. At the same time there are always men ready to back themselves against the horse even now.

The programme of the race meeting to be held at Hurlingham on Tuesday next will be found in another column. During the afternoon the cricket match between Hurlingham and Quilmes will also be in progress, so there will be plenty of attraction for visitors. For the first meeting of the season the programme is a very full one, as the entries average over eight for each race. There is a good deal of speculation going on about the match between Pardo and Tiburon II.

Recent matches at home have caused the comparative merits of the four three-quarter and three three-quarter systems to be freely discussed by football men. The adoption of the Welsh game, as it is called, seems to be general in spite of the absence of any real test as to whether it is so greatly superior to the old system or no. It seems likely that we shall hear that the Scotch team have adopted the new system in their International match against England.

The death was announced on Wednesday, December 27th, of the Rev. Charles Merivale, D.D., D.C.L. of Oxford, and LL.D., of Edinburgh, at the advanced age of eighty-five years. The deceased was educated at Radley and St John's College, Cambridge, and, curiously enough, played in the first Radley and Eton cricket match in 1824, and formed one of the Cambridge crew which were defeated by Oxford in 1829, the first University boat race.

The following extraordinary account of an accident in the polo field comes from India:—

In a polo match played on Monday week at Pindi between the Devonshire and the Sixtieth Rifles, one of the officers of the former regiment lost a valuable pony. Just at the close of the game the poor animal stopped short and appeared to be very lame. Upon examination it was discovered that it had broken its off hind and near fore legs. As it had had no fall, the two vets who were present concluded the accident must have been caused by turning sharply on very hard ground. Of course nothing could be done, but to put the poor beast out of its pain as soon as possible.

A funny story is told by a French paper of an incident which has recently occurred at a town in the South of France during the Christmas visit of a circus. One of the chief attractions of the show was a troupe of performing dogs, and after they had gone through various feats, their trainer observed that Azor, the most accomplished of them all, would favour the audience with a pianoforte solo. Accordingly, Azor mounted a chair and struck up the "Marseillaise." At this moment, however, some one in the audience shouted

out "Rats." Azor made one bound in the direction of the cry, but—the pianoforte went on playing!

At a committee meeting of the Buenos Aires Lawn Tennis Club held on Monday evening it was decided to hold the open Championship Tournament on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday the 24th, 25th, and 26th of May. The events at the tournament will be as follows:—

Championship of the River Plate
Ladies' Singles, Handicap.
Gentlemen's Singles, Handicap.
Mixed Doubles, Handicap.
Gentlemen's Doubles, Handicap.

In due course invitations to join in the Tournament will be sent to the different Clubs, and further particulars will be published regarding it.

The favourite for next year's Derby is described in a home paper as follows:—

In colour a bay, without white save for a birth mark under the saddle, Ladas stands within a shade of sixteen hands, and is a colt of exceptional length and quality. With the best of shoulders and plenty of heart room, scarcely a fault can be found with his conformation except that he has somewhat rounded joints, which might prove a source of trouble in the event of the ground being hard next spring. Every true sportsman, however, hopes that he will escape training casualties, and that he may carry the colours of his popular owner first past the post in the Blue Riband of 1894.

We read in the "Chilian Times" that the three Silver Cups, run for over the five-mile Special Steeplechase course at Viña del Mar, are now on view in Messrs Westcott and Co.'s window, and fine "recuerdos" they are, for the owners of their respective winners, of that interesting event.

"We are rapidly advancing," says our contemporary, "towards another steeplechase season, and it is to be hoped that the members of the V.P. C.C. are seriously thinking over their prospects for the Club Race, and that the list of entries will compare favourably with that shown on our previous Quilpué Cross-Country cards when sixteen chasers faced the starter."

Mr E. Paul, who committed suicide in London last month, was well known in coaching circles at home, and he ran a coach, which he horsed himself, between Chicago City and the World's Fair, most of last year, a venture over which he lost a lot of money. Mr Paul had made a will which the coroner said was not a legal document, as it was not legally attested. It was as follows: "This is the last will and testament of me, Wentworth Francis Dean Paul, of the Raleigh Club, second son of Sir John Paul, Bart., of 7 St. George's Place, Hyde Park Corner. I revoke all other wills made by me, and leave all I have to Edward Cassidy, son of Major Cassidy, of Welling, Worcestershire, on condition that he keeps my horses and never works them, also my dogs.—Wentworth F. Dean Paul."

The following will play for the London Bank v. Lomas on February 2nd:

G. S. Anderson, C. W. Thompson, J. C. Wilmot, S. Francis, T. M. Lees, A. G. Goodfellow, J. Chaussard, J. Stuart, F. X. Carter, A. M. Challinor, and another.

Train leaves Plaza Constitucion at 9.45 a.m. for Lomas.

The teams for the cricket match between Hurlingham and Quilmes at Hurlingham, on Friday, will be as follows:

Hurlingham—J. R. Garrod, E. R. Gifford, J. D. Gifford, R. E. H. Anderson, E. L. Rumbold, J. T. Darch, H. K. Trotman, M. G. Fortune, W. Russell, Lacey and another.

Quilmes C.—F. Dore, F. W. Fothergill, E. Morgan, F. Bocquet, F. Pembroke Jones, J. Bennett, F. Bennett, W. D. Bailey, T. Smythe, B. B. Syer and another.

The phototype of Argentine yachts published by us this week was taken from photographs kindly given us by Mr F. Kinch. The yachts and the fishing boat, were winners at the Yacht Club Argentino's regatta held with such success in November. It may be remembered that these yachts were described in our account of this regatta. The Emma is an American centreboard boat, a cutter drawing some three feet. The Ariel is also a cutter, and is English built; the Hortensio is little more than an open pleasure boat, with a centreboard, and a very smart boat too. She is one of the latest purchases of the club.

CRICKET

CRICKET FIXTURES.

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.

MONTEVIDEO CRICKET CLUB—FIXTURES

Sunday, Feb. 11—A to K. v. I. 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.

HURLINGHAM v. BUENOS AIRES C.C.

This important fixture was played at Palermo on the 23th. Buenos Aires won the toss, and on account of the threatening aspect of the weather wisely chose to bat first, and to this they, in some part, owed their win, as rain commenced to fall at 12.30, and continued steadily till after lunch, leaving the wicket heavy. Messrs. Boyd and Garrod played well for their scores, and to them was credited more than half of the Buenos Aires total of 209. Seven bowlers were tried by Hurlingham during the innings. Rath proved most successful, Slater not being so successful as he always is on the Hurlingham wicket.

Hurlingham, with the disadvantage of the heavy wicket, could not reach the Buenos Aires total by thirty-nine runs. Their last wicket fell just before the stroke of time; in fact, a little before the finish, when Messrs. Mills and Forde were together, it looked as if the visiting team would manage either to hit off the required number of runs, or succeed in making the match a draw. Buenos Aires tried six bowlers, so altogether thirteen men handled the ball during the match. Both the innings of Mr P. Rath and Mr T. A. H. Forde are deserving of special note.

The scores are as follow:—

B. A. C. C.		Hurlingham.	
R. E. H. Anderson, c	9	P. L. G. Bridger, b	2
Forde, b Slater.....	7	Knox	15
S. Francis, b Rath.....	72	A. Anderson, c Barton,	15
J. R. Garrod, b Lacey ..	19	b Knox	51
E. R. Gifford, c Fort-	50	P. M. Rath, c Garrod, b	6
tune, b Rath.....	13	E. R. Gifford.....	10
A. Boyd, b Rath.....	1	Lacey (pro.), l-b-w, b	33
J. D. Gifford, c A. An-	16	Garrod.....	2
derson, b Slater.....	8	E. L. Rumboll, l-b-w, b	6
R. W. Anderson, b Sla-	0	Knox	23
ter	0	T. A. H. Forde, b G. S.	8
G. S. Anderson, b Rath	0	Anderson	3
T. V. M. Knox, b H. B.	0	H. B. Anderson, c R. W.	3
Anderson	0	Anderson, b Knox...	3
H. Webster, not out...	0	L. J. Hutton, c Knox, b	3
A. M. Barton, b H. B.	0	J. D. Gifford.....	3
Anderson	0	H. M. Mills, c Webster,	3
		b G. S. Anderson...	3
		M. G. Fortune, not out.	3
		W. P. Slater, b G. S.	3
		Anderson	3
Extras	14	Extras	16
Total	209	Total	170

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

B. A. C. C.					Hurlingham				
	O	M	R	W		O	M	R	W
W. P. Slater	24	5	60	3	J. D. Gifford	11	2	31	1
P. M. Rath	18	2	44	4	T. V. M. Knox	20	4	57	4
Lacey (pro.)	19	7	48	1	G. S. Anderson	10	1	28	3
E. L. Rumboll	8	1	18	—	J. R. Garrod	4	—	21	1
P. L. G. Bridger	6	2	12	—	E. R. Gifford	7	2	14	1
L. J. Hutton	3	—	9	—	R. W. Anderson	2	1	3	—
H. B. Anderson	2	—	5	2					

RACING

HURLINGHAM—FEB. 2.

The following are the entries and programme of the meeting to be held at Hurlingham on Friday next:

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

Mr J. Ravenscroft's Daiman, 54 in, 78 k.
 Mr E. Hicks' Whitelegs, 56 in, 74 k.
 Mr J. Mandia's El Pobre, 56 in, 72 k.
 Mr Curtis' Rip, 56 in, 72 k.
 Mr L. Rousse's Mignon, 56 in, 72 k.
 Mr J. Gonzalez' Salsifi, 56 in, 71 k.
 Mr J. Ravenscroft's Tiddledywinks, 54 in, 70 k.
 Mr W. Paats' Flecha, 54 in, 70 k.
 Mr W. H. Potts' Inquieto, 53 in, 66 k.
 Mr F. Furber's Muchacho, 56 in, 65 k.
 Mr F. Franks' Rattlesnake, 53 in, 63 k.

MATCH; 500 metres.

Mr J. McClymont's Tiburon II., 57 in, 65 k.
 Mr L. Moser's Pardo, 57 in, 65 k.

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.

Mr J. Gonzalez' Salsifi, 56 in, 72 k.
 Mr J. Mandia's El Pobre, 56 in, 72 k.
 Mr E. Hicks' Black Prince, 55 in, 69 k.
 Mr H. Anderson's Kitty, 55 in, 69 k.
 Mr W. Paat's Flecha, 54 in, 66 k.
 Mr J. Ravenscroft's Tiddledywinks, 54 in, 66 k.
 Mr J. L. MacMorran's Brandyball, 54 in, 66 k.
 Mr F. Frank's Rattlesnake, 53 in, 63 k.

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

Mr W. H. Potts' Lavalle, 58 in, 78 k.
 Mr F. Franks' Cigarette, 55 in, 66 k.
 Mr L. Moser's Pardo, 57 in, 63 k.
 Mr L. Rousse's Aly, 58 in, 66 k.
 Mr E. Hick's Glengarry, 58 in, 66 k.
 Mr F. Pearson's Charlie, 58 in, 66 k.
 Mr H. H. Ewen's Rama Negra, 58 in, 64 k.
 Mr J. MacClymont's Tiburon II., 57 in, 63 k.

A HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of \$10 each, with \$50 added, for all Ponies 56 in. or under; 1000 metres.

Mr J. Ravenscroft's Daiman, 54 in, 78 k.
 Mr E. Hick's Whitelegs, 56 in, 73 k.
 Mr F. Frank's Cigarette, 55 in, 67 k.
 Mr F. J. Balfour's Newty, 53 in, 66 k.
 Mr J. MacMorran's Brandyball, 54 in, 66 k.
 Mr W. Paats' Flecha, 54 in, 66 k.
 Mr E. Hick's Black Prince, 55 in, 65 k.

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.

P O L O .

A scratch game was played at Hurlingham on the 28th in which the sides were picked from the following players: Messrs J. Ravenscroft, Newman Smith, F. Holt, F. Furber, J. M. Mullaly, F. J. Balfour, E. Robson, H. Robson, and P. Cawardine.

Unfortunately, in the first quarter of the game, Mr Mullaly collided with one of his own side and fell rather heavily and we regret to hear that he will be unable to ride again for some little time owing to the severe bruises he received.

Before the game was commenced a match was run between Mr Cawardine's Old Tom (owner) and Mr F. J. Balfour's Newty (Mr F. Furber). The conditions were fifty yards, round a post, and back again, the course as far as the post being three yards wide. Newty managed to beat Old Tom, who had been brought up from Chacomus for the occasion; the latter had all the worst of the luck as he turned the quickest but fell foul of the hurdle marking the course.

During Carnival there will be a scratch polo tournament at Hurlingham, for which already some ten or a dozen players have entered.

ESTANCIA AND COLONY.

Mr Tom Bell shipped by the ss Buenos Airean to London, on the 26th inst., 1300 Lincoln sheep from his estancia, Campana, in the Banda Oriental. The average weight of the sheep was 67½ kilos, the heaviest was 98 kilos, and the smallest 63 kilos. This is the largest shipment of sheep of the class ever made. Mr Bell will ship another lot of a thousand sheep of the same quality within about a week.

Perhaps, writes G. E. S. from Montevideo, some of your readers would kindly inform me if the following is anything extraordinary. I placed a hen, not very large, weighing about two kilos, on twenty-eight eggs. On the afternoon of the twenty-first day three chickens were born, the next morning the number had increased to fifteen. These fifteen chickens and also the hen I took away from the nest, and placed another hen that

wanted to sit on the remaining thirteen eggs. The same afternoon seven more were born, and the following afternoon two more, making a total of twenty-four chickens out of twenty-eight eggs.

A neighbour of mine set once twenty-nine eggs and brought out twenty-nine chicks, but fifteen of them died within a week. All my chickens are healthy and strong.

According to the "Argentine News" all but three of the 270 cattle, mentioned by our correspondent, last week, as having been four days and nights penned up in trucks at Cañada de Gomez without food or water throughout the fearful heat and dust of the week before last. The cattle were loaded up in trucks at Cañada de Gomez to be despatched to Buenos Aires, but owing to the block on the line caused by the dust storm, they could not get beyond Pergamino, and were returned to Cañada. They were there left in the trucks just as they were loaded. Not being familiar with the facts of the matter we do not know who is the right party to become for such ghastly piece of cruelty, but it seems to no that in a case of the sort the public should have interfered by force, as the condition of the wretched animals must have been generally known to the neighbourhood.

Our Cañada de Gomez correspondent writes: "Yesterday (Sunday, 28th inst.) the rain came up from the south-west, about seven o'clock in the morning, and continued a steady downpour until 3.30 p.m. There seems to be more to come as this morning is gloomy and threatening. The air is beautifully fresh, a great relief after the stifling heat which we have lately experienced. There is a little damage to uncovered wheat on wagons, but I think that the good done more than balances the evil. Cattle are looking much better. The camps are in fair order for feeding."

Mr Hill, of Monte Cristo, has had a very serious attack of dysentery, which at one time it was feared might terminate fatally. He was alone on the estancia and foolishly refused to allow a peon to come in for assistance. Luckily word was somehow brought to Armstrong, and the same morning Dr Angeletti passed up to Tortugas. Hearing the state of affairs he drove from there to Monte Cristo, and at once took Mr Hill into Cañada where he is rapidly gaining health and strength. This is the first real case of dysentery in a serious form of which we have heard for some time in Santa Fé.

We take the following from Messrs. Gibson Brothers' valuable wool report for the past month:—

"As far as the estanciero is concerned, the pressure of this wool season is quickly drawing to a close, the greater part of the cosecha having, by this time, been placed in the markets. There yet remains, principally from the north, a big amount of wool in deposit and in the markets to be dealt with, but the unfavourable advices from Europe will not allow the buyer to purchase at the seller's price. The amount of burr and 'tierra' has sadly depreciated the prices and competition, but we are glad to see that those who took advantage of our advices, published in our pamphlet at the beginning of this season, have profited to no mean extent. To give our clients some idea of the difference in prices obtained for wool, classified and skirted according to our directions, we quote the prices under the Liverpool heading just received, of a consignment forwarded by us, with the mark R. T. Taking gold at 350, this price works out at over fourteen paper dollars the ten kilos, which after deducting twelve per cent. for expenses, leaves a price which is very gratifying to the remitente.

"As we have stated in our former advices, the preparation of a clip, which is really of small trouble to the grower, brings a remuneration which more than compensates him for his extra time and care taken to place his wool in a condition suitable to the buyer.

"The markets at present are extremely dull and even with gold at its high price wool fails to elicit higher bids. Superior crossbred, and lanas finas especiales, which are very scarce, still maintain their prices but for the burry article, or other defects there is no competition." The prices referred to above show a return of 8½ d. per lb. for the consignment, excepting the few bales of skirtings which fetched 6½ per lb.

There are now so many really thoroughly efficacious sheep dips in the market that to recommend one before another is almost impossible. In answer to three enquiries from the South, however, regarding a new named one, in this country at any rate, the Noxona, we have much pleasure in saying that this dip is wonderfully well recommended by sheep farmers who have used it, and who swear by it both as a wool improver and a speedy scab curer.

According to reports in European stock journals, an Italian has discovered a preventive and cure for tetanus or lock-jaw. As the horse is the most susceptible of any of our domestic animals to this disease, and as it is generally fatal in its results, the news that a cure has been discovered will be gladly welcomed by horsemen. Lock-jaw is nearly always the result of a wound and is never a primary malady. According to the Italian scientist who believes he has discovered a cure for lock-jaw, it is due to a bacillus which is present in the dirt of the street or stable and in the upper layers of moist soils. Wounds impregnated with the dirt containing

this bacillus result in lock-jaw. To effect a cure, either in man or in the lower animals, the subject is first rendered immune by the introduction of a substance which the Italian scientist calls tetanus anti-toxin. From the blood of the subjects thus treated the antidote is prepared with which other patients may be treated by means of hypodermic injections. If further experiments confirm the efficacy of the remedy, lock-jaw will cease to fill the horseman's heart with terror as it has in the past.

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We see that a correspondent, writing to a contemporary, writes very strongly about the paragraph which appeared in our issue of last week, under Cañada de Gomez, mentioning the unfortunate affair of some two hundred and seventy cattle having been four days without food or water at Cañada de Gomez station. As our correspondent's details do not disagree with those of any of the numerous accounts published, both here and in Rosario, and as we blamed nobody and said less about the affair than our contemporaries, we think such harsh criticism rather unfair from the pen of one who signed himself "Fair Play."

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A tremendous fire occurred last week in Tres Arroyos which did great damage to camps, stock, and agriculture. The fire commenced in the colony of Dr Butti, and fanned by a strong wind, soon extended over a district of thirteen leagues by three. The colony of Dr Butti suffered the greatest loss, as wheat, machines, and animals were all destroyed. The fire eventually was stopped at Dr Blanchi's camp, where three stacks of wheat were totally destroyed, besides a good deal of agricultural plant.

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Most travellers on the Pacific Railway will have noticed, just outside Palermo station, a few hundred acres of alfalfa. The owner of this land has thoroughly irrigated it, and he certainly has his full reward. No sooner is one cutting made than the grass seems to be about a foot high in a week's time, and of course this summer his crops have been almost as heavy as in normal seasons. The success scored by the worthy Basco owner of the land should be sufficient to set others to work on the same lines.

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It is strange that the suburbs of Buenos Aires seem never to get their full share of any rain that has fallen lately, and this seems specially so on the Western line. We have news from all parts of the republic that rain has fallen copiously, yet the gardens and chacras round about the city are as dried up to-day as they were two months ago.

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The Banda Oriental has been during the last few days as much benefitted by rain as have the camps on this side. Rain has fallen in almost every department in torrents, and estancieros are rejoicing in consequence.

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Whatever harm the drought this summer has done, it has at any rate done some good in impressing on our farmers the necessity of a permanent and reliable water supply, and on our chacareros the benefit of irrigation.

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The appointment of Dr Diego de la Fuente as chief of the Land and Colonies offices seems to be a popular one. The letter written by Dr Diego de la Fuente accepting the post has been published by most of our Argentine contemporaries, who are of the opinion that a better man could not have been found for the important position.

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With regard to the Salas affair, we regret exceedingly to have published anything incorrect, and would gladly publish the true version of the case if it were sent us. Whoever is to blame in the matter under notice we do not know, but we do know that the way animals are treated on some of the railways in this country is a disgrace to civilisation. We hope the Rural Society will soon be able to announce that it has been successful in its endeavours to improve the present condition of animals during a journey on our railways.

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A flock of twenty-seven ostriches which were shown at the World's Fair at Chicago and attracted many visitors have been brought over to London and are now on show at the Westminster Aquarium. They are from an ostrich farm in California.

WOMEN'S GOSSIP

Read Margery's Letter

IN

"Sport and Pastime" of January 24th.

It contains an excellent recipe for

PURIFYING THE AIR

and you will see what she says about

SANITAS

One Trial will prove that Margery is right.

Wholesale and Retail of

Kidd and Hutton, Bolivar 385

It is claimed for Texas that it is the greatest horse country in the world. A writer in a Texas paper says "he was roaming in this vast prairie country long before the white man concluded to make it his home, and he is here still within twenty miles or less of this place, it is said, but this may be a little doubtful; but 150 or 200 miles west of here he abounds in large droves, and, from what I learn of parties I know, the term 'wild' fits them extremely well, for they can sniff you from two to five miles away, and by the time the fleetest horse can catch them, though he have the staying qualities of the old four-mile repeater, he is completely exhausted. The horses native here seem to have boundless lung power, for they can stand feats of endurance almost incredible. For instance, they can step out seventy-five or one hundred miles to-day and be back to-morrow without fatigue or injury, and they are a much better class of horses (having been bred largely to thoroughbred stallions for a long time) than one would think, judging from the kind shipped from Texas to Tennessee and Kentucky."

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The *poa pretensis* of the botanist has obtained a very wide reputation as the Kentucky blue grass, and led many into the mistaken belief that it was a peculiarly American grass, confined to the famous pastures of the region whence it derived its name; on the contrary, it is one of the most common grasses in all parts of the country, being variably known as June grass, green meadow grass, common spear grass, Rhode Island bent grass, and it is the well known smooth stalked meadow grass, or green sward of England. There is no grass which accommodates itself to any given locality with greater facility, whether it be the Mississippi Valley, New England, Canada, the shores of the Mediterranean, or the North of Russia. It is found thriving upon gravelly soils, alluvial bottoms, and stiff clay lands, in the permanent pastures of Missouri, and along the road sides of Minnesota. Soil and climate cause variations in its size and appearance, and this protean habit accounts for the various names by which it is known. It probably attains its highest luxuriance and perfection as a pasture grass; the sod is easily obtained and perfectly enduring there being no such thing as its running out on good land, and it will give more late feed than most grasses, and no amount of pasturing is sufficient to utterly destroy it; it is greedily eaten by stock; it dries full of nourishing properties, and cattle will fatten upon it. Blue-grass cannot be recommended for hay.

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The present position of the agricultural engineering firms of England is one of the most gratifying evidences that could possibly be afforded of the superiority of the English engineering trades to all the foreign competition that can be brought against them. Notwithstanding all the attempts of American, German, French, and other agricultural engineers to supersede English agricultural machinery abroad, our agricultural engineering workshops are, according to the "Engineer," many of them to-day, crowded with export orders to all parts of the world. At the present time this activity is specially noticeable, and calls for the most congratulatory remark. That in the midst of depressed times for many of our other industries, the agricultural machinery trades should be so busy as now seems to point to a preference abroad to English machinery of this class of an unmistakable character. American engineers boast of the lightness of their agricultural machinery, and the Germans make an especial point of the low prices at which their machines are offered. Neither of these professions, however—whatever amount of weight may attach to them—are sufficient to rob English firms of their old markets; nor, happily, does there seem any serious probability that they will do so. European Consuls are fond of writing home to the Foreign Office pointing out how in South Russia, and some of the Turkish provinces, and in Roumania and Bulgaria, the cheaper goods of Germany and the native machine manufacturers of South Russia itself are selling in enlarged numbers against British implements, and of this sort of correspondence we have quite lately had fresh examples. But the returns of our export trade in machinery do not seem to give much countenance to these reports, and particularly is this the case in the dominions of the Czar themselves. At the annual gathering of the Steam Plough Works, Leeds, a few days ago, Mr W. Fowler, whose position as an engineering authority will be everywhere admitted, remarked that "Ever since he was a boy he had heard people say that England was going to the dogs. However, it had not got there yet, and he did not think it would if they all did their duty to the country." There is a great deal in such criticism as this, and certainly, as regards the agricultu-

ral engineering trades, it represents the present correct position. No doubt there are competitive machinery difficulties before us, but English pluck and skill will, we believe, surmount them all.

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The Victorian Government have received from the Major-General commanding the troops in Ceylon the following despatch:—"Headquarters, Colombo, Ceylon, October 16, 1893.—Sir,—As I am most desirous to supply the troops under my command with refrigerated instead of the very inferior class of meat afforded by this colony, I have the honour to request that you will give me assistance to this end by furnishing me with the names of such firms in the trade as might be willing to undertake the supply. The quantities required would be 1300lb. daily for Colombo and Kandy. Certain initial expenses would be necessary, such as the erection of a refrigerating store and the appointment of a local agent to superintend the receipt and issue of the meat, and it would be necessary also that any firm tendering should deposit the value of one month's supply at the time of tendering, to remain at interest in the bank named by the War Department, as security for the due fulfilment of the contract if accepted."

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The Netherlands Society for the Promotion of Industry offer a gold medal and £30 for the best paper on the production of electricity by windmills: its storage, transmission and utilisation. The following points in particular should be attended to:—(1) What is the average energy a common windmill is able to produce per day of twenty-four hours, in combination with an electric accumulator? What would be the installation most suitable to this effect, and what would be the cost of one horse-power per hour? (2) Is it possible, from an economical point of view, to apply the new aerial motors on an extensive scale for the accumulation and the utilisation of this energy? If so, what mechanical appliances would be required for this purpose? The project of a supposed application of the system, by which a factory is provided with light and power, is wanted as an illustration. Answers must be sent before July 1, 1894, with the author's name, in a closed envelope, to the general secretary of the Society, F. W. Van Eeden, at Haalem, Holland.

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By the use of electric light the Hon. W. W. Rawson, of Arlington, Mass., claims that he makes a gain of five days in each of his three crops of lettuce—that is, two weeks in a season—that the gain on one crop pays all the electric lighting for the season, thus giving him the gain on the other two for extra profit. His attention was first called to the usefulness of the light by the advance made in the growth at the ends of his greenhouses next the street and in the glare of the electric light. This was so marked that he introduced the light through his lettuce and cucumber houses. Dr. Bailey, of Cornell University, says, as the result of his own experience, that the influence of the light is greatly modified by the intervention of a glass roof. Plants injured by a naked light were benefited by the protected light. Five hours' light per night at a distance of twelve feet hastened maturity a week or ten days, but proved injurious to young plants and those newly transplanted.

Coursing Wild Turkeys in Mexico.

BY FRANK A. MAYER.

To the average eastern turkey hunter, with his paraphernalia of clay pipes, hollow wing bones, more or less elaborately constructed blinds and log pens; with his unfailing complement of small bore rifle or big bore shot-gun, waiting perchance for many weary hours for an opportunity which never offers, the idea of hunting his favourite game on horseback, with only a dog and rope, must be incongruous, to say the least. His extended experiences with this wary bird preclude any possibility of success in such an attempt, seemingly, and resolve themselves into one incredulous protest against its feasibility.

Has he not had tangible evidence that the predominating trait of the turkey is excessive caution, and its chief characteristic a supernatural insight into and contemptuous disregard for the futile machinations of his deluded hunter? Why, everybody knows that a turkey is wilder than a deer; and who has not heard the apocryphal old Indian's distinction between them—"Deer feed—wag um tail, look up, see Injun standin' still. 'Ugh! Black stump,' he say, go on feedin'. Turkey feed—see Injun. 'Ugh! D—n ole Injun,' ho say. Flay away off." His preconceived ideas are all at variance with such a proposition, and his mind refuses to entertain such a preposterous absurdity.

And yet, come with me this pleasant day in early November to the rancho of my old friend, Don Plácido Nuñez, down on the San Bernardino bottoms, where I can assure you the most courteous of Castilian welcomes, and that still more delightful thing—a new and pleasurable sensation.

There is a balmy softness in the air, and the senses are feasted on unwonted things. The charm of novelty is over all, and eyes, ears, and nostrils are alike employed in its enjoyment. Where else on earth does the night blooming cercus flourish in its weed-like spontaneity in winter, or the aloe flower on the open hill sides? The purple bloom of the bee weed is a throb with the wealth of murmurous life; and the giant nopals are studded at every joint with humming bird jewels. Strange birds sing in the grove shadows of unfamiliar trees, or flame across the sandy places into

JUAN LEAN GENERAL CAMP AGENT

AND

Salesman in Corrales

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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.

the tan-coloured chaparral, which is still heavy with blossom. There is a perfumed dryness in the air, a wealth of summer lingerie thrown carelessly about, a general impression of colour extravagance, and a sense of inviting languor. You have surprised Mother Nature in a noonday siesta in her private boudoir.

When we reach the mouth of Guadalupe canon there is a new light in your eyes and fresh colour in your cheeks. The bare-legged girl drawing water at the estufa with an old fashioned sweep glances admiringly at your fresh complexion and murmurs a soft "Buenas dias!" The old Don comes out bareheaded and greets us effusively as we dismount before the door of the long, low, rambling old hacienda, whose walls are puce grey with age and neglect, and a smiling peon takes our horses. Out of polite deference to my friend, "who has not the Spanish," it is in broken English that he begs "we will enter our own house," and the hounds who have been fawning upon him partake of the honor.

There is no Señora Doña Mercedes now—the white cross in the churchyard at Dos Cabezas is hers—only Conchita and Dolores, who will bring us our thick chocolate with a vanilla bean in it to-morrow before we are up, entering our bedroom with an innocent indifference begat of innate purity, and a modest and commendable desire to please.

We sit down to the modest repast of fried beans, mutton with chile sauce, and thin cakes of corn flour, and do a palpable justice to the cookery of old Anita, who smiles her delight at our evident appreciation.

"Had I been apprised of the honour of your visit, Don Francisco, there would have been a fowl, some panecillos (rolls), and a panade (sweetmeat). As it is you will fare but indifferently." But we are loud in our praises of her tortillas and frijoles, and she beams with complacency.

You of course go out with the Señoritas for a ramble over the rancho. They both talk a little "Inglese," and you have a laudable desire to increase your Spanish vocabulary. I, old fogey that I am, with a wife and babies at home, remain with Don Placido to smoke a cigarito, talk over bygone reminiscences, and discuss the arrangements for to-morrow's hunt. For to-morrow it will be. Everything halts here—time and seasons alike. It is always "mañana ó dia pasado mañana!" (to-morrow, or the day after to-morrow!).

We are in the saddle at daybreak for the turkeys come down early to drink and feed in the open vegas or parks. The greyhounds, which have not been fed since sundown, have an eager hungry look about them which presages a keen, quick run when the game is found. It is a gathering en famille. The young ladies are mounted—one on a stylish looking pinto; the other on a flea-bitten roan, who is better than he looks. You are surprised to see them astride and in semi-masculine costume; but no matter! You will see riding to-day, and of a kind that disbars the use of a habit. And then who could expect to use the riata in any other position?

The Don on his big black, and Pedro (the peon) on his grey hack leading a pack mule, bring up the rear. For ourselves, we have a pair of iron greys well inured to the business, and at each pommel hangs a light buckskin lariat, made especially for this work. Pedro alone carries my Winchester, in case of emergency, or on the chance of big game, and, with the hounds in leash, we head for the mesa near Elias creek.

We are on the ground now, in the shelter of the timber, and every eye is strained for the first sight of the game. Dolores points quickly towards a moving object in the edge of the woods, two hundred yards away, and you utter an exclamation of astonishment, for there, with an undulating sweep like a wave on the sea beach you see a line of glossy plumage surge out on the open stretch. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes pass, and still they come. Then the last straggler has entered the chaparral, and we uncoil our lariats, and, spreading out in a semi-circle between them and the timber, urge our horses quietly forward. We get within a hundred yards before they discover us; then, as I slip the hounds, there is a hoarse cluck of alarm, a thundering flurry of wings, and the chase is on.

Sit deep in your saddle now, and ride as you never rode before! The air in front of you is black with rushing forms, but their flight will be short, and there is open ground ahead. The thorny chaparral tears at your legs, and you know now why the señoritas ride astride and eschew riding habits. Mark them in the van, with lassos playing a rataplan on their horses flanks, and their hair streaming in the wind. Now we have reached the open ground, and already we see the leaders drop to the ground and break into a run. The hounds are closing up rapidly, and in a moment will be upon them. A frantic gobble of terror, and the hindmost springs into the air, but his fat body has been over nurtured by the abundance of mast, and the take-off is slow. A streak of tan-coloured hair leaps up after him, and in another second we hear the clump of the jaws as he rolls him over in the loose soil. Another leap through the cloud of dust, and the other hound is fast to a magnificent gobbler, which is still kicking as we ride up. "Bravo! Flash. Good dog! Swift. After them, boys!" and, leaving the dying birds for Pedro to pick up, we fly onward in swift pursuit. Three times is this repeated, but the flights are getting shorter, and now the hounds kill them on the ground. They scatter confusedly, and Dolores swings her lariat over her head. Z—ip! and there is a laughing cry of triumph as the flying noose encircles the head of a big gobbler, and doubles him up with a broken neck. Whizz; and my own lariat crosses Conchita's, as we both pull our birds up standing, and rapidly haul them in hand over hand.

A blow on the head from the loaded end of our cuertitas (whips), and we leave them where they lie, and coil our ropes anew. But you have not been idle. Well thrown, my friend! But your loop was a trifle large,

and the outstretched neck is very long and thin. The noose catches him round the body just in front of the wings, and he will be loose immediately. Turn your horse now and gallop like mad through yonder clump of greasewood, dragging him through it where he shall catch and break his neck in the branches. "Bueno! Amigo," and you have roped and killed your bird in gallant style. But see yonder! For the third time the old Don is coiling his rope on the run. A huge turkey leaves the ground in a last spasmodic flight, but the big black is almost on him as he raises. Once, twice, thrice the old man's arm whirls above his head; then the slender coil leaves his hand in an unbroken circle, and gradually diminishing as it goes, falls in an eight-inch ring directly in front of the turkey, who drives his neck into it with a thud which is distinctly audible from where we sit watching that superb cast. The trained black wheels instantly, and, in a cloud of dust and glory, with his prize bounding like a huge rubber ball at the end of his taut riata the old vaquero comes galloping up to us, bowing to his pommel in graceful acknowledgment of the enthusiastic praise we shower upon him. We literally choke off the dogs now, and assist Pedro in picking up and packing our game. We have eighteen turkeys in the panniers, and only stop long enough to let you try your hand again on one old fellow of aldermanic proportions, which we find skulking in the brush. Amid a running fire of jest and laughter rillery, we run him to a standstill, and, after a score of futile attempts, in which you successively catch your hat, your horse's neck, and innumerable mesquite boughs, your rope settles down fairly on his bronze neck, and he is hauled out amidst a mimic thunder of applause.—(Shooting and Fishing).

Great Soldiers and their Horses.

All the great soldiers of the world have loved the horses that bore them to victory. General Robert E. Lee was devotedly attached to Traveler, the horse he rode through all his great campaigns, and about the last words uttered by him was regarding this horse. The physician attending him remarked that Traveler was waiting for his exercise. Stonewall Jackson considered old "Sorrel" a part of his military family, and was very particular in regard to his care. In many things the two were alike, particularly in the entire indifference to danger and disregard for the perils of the battlefield. The Duke of Wellington had a favourite horse, Copenhagen, which he rode at Waterloo. The Duke was not unmindful of his horse in his old age. He had ample rations, the best of care, and roamed at will the commons in the park at Strathfield Lane, and so long as the Duke's name appears in history that of the horse will appear with it, for it is inseparably linked with his. Washington rode the finest of horses. At the battle of Gettysburg General Lee sharply rebuked one of his staff officers for flogging his horse, which became unruly at the sound of the cannon. Napoleon, Green, Marion and Lafayette have acknowledged their indebtedness to this noble animal. Warwick, "the Kingmaker," slew his horse rather than have it fall into the hands of his enemy. Napoleon, at St. Helena, said of his horse: "He has memory, knowledge and attachment; he distinguishes his master from his servants, although these are more constantly with him. I had a horse which distinguished me from the rest of the world, and which manifested by his haughty gait when I was upon his back that he carried a man superior to those around him. He would not suffer any one to mount him except myself and the groom which took care of him. When I lost my way I threw the bridle upon his neck and let him pick his way, with the invariable result of finding the right road."

The Noble Art of Self Defence

(COMMUNICATED.)

(Continued.)

I will now recount a few experiences, to show how useful a fair knowledge of the noble art can be, in defence of one's life.

I was in Alexandria, during the famous cholera epidemic of 1865, when even the "Times" quoted the daily deaths at over 1400, and the few surviving doctors estimated them at over 2000. Our office was situated on the shady side of that fearfully hot square known then under the synonym of Place des Consuls. A vast majority of the foreign residents, say some 60,000 or more, cleared for Europe, but seven of us, although offered free passages home and back, elected to stay and fight it out. We had afterwards no cause to complain about the remuneration gained thereby. Nevertheless, although we did not work more than about three to four hours a day, existence in that office was anything but enjoyable. The street on our side of the plaza was graced from early morning until sun-down with one continuous string of Arab and Turkish funerals; coffin after coffin, with their ghastly contents, attended by mourners, male and female, these mourners diminishing day by day, as by twos, threes, and half dozens their own remains were conveyed off by the ever diminishing survivors to their last resting place. The deep bass, groaning chant of the men, and the wailing, melancholy shrieks of the women were not in any way conducive to one's comfort or peace of mind. The result was that the few young Englishmen who remained at their posts, accompanied by two Frenchmen, one German, two Maltese and an Italian formed themselves into a sort of mutual exhilaration society, which we styled the U.S. The nightly haunts of the members of the

Us consisted generally of, first: the Casino in the Place des Consuls, with its French music hall songs and its roulette table; second, one or other of the German or Bavarian beer-shops still open, finishing up usually at two, three or even four in the morning with a dance at the Hotel Victoria. This Hotel Victoria was rather a large, imposing beer-shop, kept by a Bavarian, and boasted of an extensive beer and dancing-salon, paved, as is the custom in Egyptian cities, with well laid mosaic. The charm of the establishment at that moment was a Hungarian-Bohemian string band composed half of men and the other half of comely, buxom lasses, who played their violins, violas and guitars with excellent taste and judgment, the band varying the musical programme with an occasional German vocal solo, duet, or chorus. For a time, it was an extremely pleasant way of killing several weary, monotonous hours, which might otherwise have turned out choleraic. I must tell my readers that, in those days, Egypt was an utterly lawless country, the only law existing amongst foreigners being consular, and even that, in most cases, very lax. The natural consequence was that Alexandria alone could boast of some 10,000 Greek and Italian bandits and cut-throats, whose own countries were too hot to hold them, many of them being noted murderers. Well, for a fortnight or three weeks, we of the Us had matters pretty well to ourselves in the Hotel Victoria and a jolly time we had of it, especially as there existed the good old German and Hungarian custom of inviting one, two or even three of the girls to join in a waltz, galop, polka or mazurka.

These girls, besides being good musicians, were all excellent dancers. The pick of them was a very handsome Hungarian, named Marie, and she was always in great demand whenever the band struck up a waltz by Strauss or Gung'l. Her usual partner was a young Englishman named Saunders, who, although only nineteen years of age, appeared, from his hirsute adornments and muscular, well-knit figure, to be at least five and twenty. He was a universally popular young man, for, besides being an exceptionally good dancer, he was a good athlete and gymnast, an oarsman, a very good cricketer, and a fine boxer, in addition to which he was one of those merry-hearted, jovial, devil-may-care young fellows, who immediately take one's fancy. Marie was evidently "spoons" on him, never refusing him a dance, her face brightening up with pleasure whenever he came forward to ask her, and a very comely, graceful couple they represented. After a time, two Greeks appeared on the scene, the next night four more, and, ever on the increase, it was not much more than a week after the appearance of the first pair before we had a Grecian community of nearly a hundred of the worst characters that the lawless Mediterranean could produce. Amongst their number was one very famous individual, with a Mephistofeles cast of countenance, whose pet boast was that nobody could face him, and that he had already killed over a hundred men with his knife, and yet this gentleman was still at large. The Greek does not use his knife in the same way as the "gauchio" of this country does: his system is quite the reverse. He fixes his thumb over the base of the handle, and stabs with the drum of his clenched hand, using his left arm as a buckler. The Mephistofeles gentleman was palpably "mashed" on Marie, and had made up his mind to cut Saunders out. We all saw what was going on, and mutually agreed to appear every night in force, and well armed. One night, some twenty-five of us turned up, as usual, Saunders amongst the number, and his first act was to walk across the dancing saloon and ask Marie for the next waltz. She willingly accepted, the consequence being that the band, having struck up the introduction to that beautiful composition of the most immortal of the Strausses, "An der schönen blauen Donau," Saunders walked to claim Marie, and lead her out to the floor. As the prelude was turning into the air in its fascinating, masterly manner, Saunders was putting his arm round Marie's waist to commence on the first bar of the waltz itself, when he was seized by the left arm from behind. He turned and found himself face to face with the Greek Mephistofeles.

"Perdone, Signore," said the latter, with a malicious scowl on his ugly face, "questa Signorina has promised this dance to me."

Saunders, who, amongst his many accomplishments, spoke German remarkably well, turned to Marie and asked her:

"Marie, ist das wahr? ist es doch möglich dass Sie dem Herrn diesen Walzer schon versprochen haben?" (Marie, is that true? Is it, then, possible that you have already promised this waltz to the gentleman?)

"Nein!!!" was the indignant reply, "nor would I deign to dance with a man of that description."

Saunders explained this to the Greek, who still persisted in his attempts to take possession of the lady who by this time had retreated, in terror, to the orchestra. The Greek tried to follow, but was intercepted by S— both men being then in the middle of the large saloon. The Greek, half mad with rage, gave Saunders a shove, Saunders replied by lowering his powerful, active young body, and giving Mr Greek such a splendid "shoulder," that he sent him staggering half way across the saloon. There was a Greek oath, and out came the terrible knife.

Saunders was armed only with a short Malacca cane, with its leaden loaded knob, and, English like, as he danced back, he threw this, his only weapon, behind him, clapped his hat on the back of his head, and prepared to meet the Greek with nothing but nature's weapons to help him. The Greek, seeing before him an unarmed lad, evidently made sure of summary victory, and went for him, to be received by a left hand steadior in the right eye, instantaneously followed by a terrific right-hander, just above the bridge of his hooked Grecian nose. His heels went into the air, and the back of his head came into fearfully forcible contact with

the mosaic pavement. There he lay, insensible, all the spectators rising to their feet simultaneously. The small body of Englishmen, whipping out their revolvers, immediately formed a ring of about two dozen round Saunders; the Greeks, at least a hundred in number, prowling round, knife in hand, like blood thirsty tigers, waiting for an opening. There was something like a minute of terrible suspense, during which I could feel my heart thumping almost audibly. I don't care who the man may be or however brave, but at such a moment he is bound to feel a certain sensation of apprehension, if not downright fear. Had those cut throats commenced an attack simultaneously from all sides, wholesale slaughter would have been the natural result, knives versus revolvers. However, some one managed to bring mephistofeles to his senses, by dashing water in his face, and with difficulty he was raised to his feet, the blood streaming down his moustache and beard, and staggering like a drunken man, he raised his left hand in tone of command to his adherents and shouted: "Spetta"!!!

Then, reeling towards the English ring, and indicating Saunders with the forefinger of his left hand, exclaimed: "Dami la mano."

"Go to—," was Saunders' reply.

"Dami la mano," still insisted the Greek.

"Stand off, you scoundrel, or I'll give you another."

We then pointed out to the Greek that he still held his knife in his right hand, having probably picked it up from force of habit, and we told him that if he wanted to make peaceable overtures he had better drop that weapon. With an impatient movement he threw the knife behind him, and walked towards us with both arms extended. Looking round to his followers he shouted, "Put away your knives," and then to us, "Signori, retire your pistols, there shall be no more quarrelling while I am here. Gentlemen, that young man is the only human being who has ever dared to face me when I had my knife in my hand; he has not only faced me, but beaten me; henceforth I am his slave, his dog, etc., etc."

The Greek was as good as his word, for months afterwards, until he himself was shot from behind by an Italian brigand. He followed Saunders like a shadow through all the latter's nightly spees, and woe betide the man who even attempted to quarrel with S—, whose terrible bodyguard was sure to be in attendance on him.

There are amusing incidents also connected with one's experiences of the noble art which are worth recalling.

For instance, I had had ten months' tuition from George Sims, a year and a half from that splendid sparrer, but utterly ignorant brute, Johnny Walker, whose hasty departure for the States gave rise to the saying of "My name is Johnny Walker." The latter's system of teaching was strictly practical, without any attempt at the theoretical part of the matter. His usual greeting, as one stood face to face with him, was:

"Now, I'm goin' to 'it you on the nose."

And, to do him credit, he generally succeeded. After nearly a year, during which period he regularly tapped my claret once, twice, or even three times a week, I, from sheer necessity, learnt to stop him, whereupon he developed another means of inflicting punishment, in the shape of a right hand counter, which caught one under the left lower jaw, thereby throwing the jaw painfully out of gear, and rendering mastication difficult for some days afterwards.

His sudden disappearance caused me to look for another master, so, at the instigation of a friend, I joined the German Gym, at Kings Cross, where Jem Mace was acting as tutor.

Jem's masterly teaching, theoretically and practically administered, soon put me on my feet, enabling me to win seven first prizes through the various London clubs. Naturally, I became a bit cocky-minded, thinking there was no one of my weight to touch me. It was not long, however, before I found out how bitterly I was mistaken.

The night of Gannon's benefit, I purposely went early to Owen Swift's with the idea of having a quarter of an hour's practice with any pug I might chance to meet. As I entered the bar-room, I noticed Nat Langham, gorgeously dressed, in full fig, with his considerable corporation embellished by a very white, clean waistcoat. I walked up to him, just as he was about to lift a pewter of half and half to his lips, I intended no harm, but, knowing Old Nat very well, I gave him a smart back-handed tap on the stomach, with the words:

"Good evening Nat."

He put the pewter down on the counter, without partaking of one drop of its contents, and I then realised the fact that my tap on the stomach had surprised him, causing a few drops of half and half to appear on the resplendent white waistcoat. His face changed a bit, as he endeavoured to wipe out the copper-coloured spots from the waistcoat, and he observed:

"Ullo, Sir, 'ow are you?"

"All right, thanks, Nat, I'm afraid I've spotted your white waistcoat; I'm sorry—I didn't think I should take you so much by surprise."

"All right, Sir, all right. By the bye, there's a little man coming here directly, who's about a match for you."

"Very good," I answered, "let him come along."

I felt rather flattered at the idea of a little man being a match for me, as I knew he must be a noted pro.

Presently the little man did appear, very highly dressed, as was the wont with prizefighters in those days, and greeting Nat with a nod and the words—

"'Ow do, Nat?"

Was answered by the older man, "'Ow do, Pete? 'Ere's a gent as wants to 'ave the gloves on with you."

Now, I didn't particularly want to have the gloves on

with that special man, but, being in for a bit of fun, I accepted his invitation of "Come along, Sir," and divesting myself of superfluous clothing, I held out my hands for the gloves.

I noticed, as Pete was also taking off his togs; that old Nat was engaged in somewhat mysterious conversation with him. I also remarked that the gloves, fitted on to my hands by a couple of pugs, were of the class known in those days as mittens, covered with black silk, very much used, and consequently very hard.

However, I shook hands with the little man, who was barely five feet four inches in height, and could not have weighed much more than nine stone, put myself into position, and commenced operations.

(To be continued.)

FIXTURES

CRICKET

Friday, Feb. 2—London Bank v. Lomas, at Lomas.
Friday, Feb. 2—Hurlingham v. Quilmes, at Hurlingham
Sunday, Feb. 4—B.A.C.C. v. Western Ry., at Tolosa.
Sunday, Feb. 4—Rosario Ry. v. Lanus, at Lanus.
Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 5 and 6—Rosario v. Lomas, at Lomas.

RACING

Friday, Feb. 2—Hurlingham Club Meeting.

PRICES

Price of gold on the Bolsa from January 24th to 30th inclusive—

Wednesday.....	345.20 %	Saturday.....	352.00 %
Thursday.....	349.00 "	Monday.....	348.00 "
Friday.....	352.00 "	Tuesday.....	345.50 "

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

	Special	Fat	Carnes gorda	Buena carne y carnudos
Bullocks.....	\$.....			
Novillos (mestizos).....	53-65	48-60	31-46	18-30
" (criollos).....	38-45	32-38	20-30	14-16
Cows (mestizas).....	43-65	38-50	24-32	12-15
" (criollas).....	28-33	22-28	14-17	7-8
Calves.....	9-12.50	2.50-9		

Hides—Bullock.....	\$12.50-14.00
" —Novillo.....	7.00-12.20
" —Cow.....	4.50-7.00
Sheepskins, per kilo.....	0.45-0.70
Lambskins, per dozen.....	2.00-2.50

Sheep—Lincolns.....	\$6.50-9.00
" —Lincolns of 45 to 55 k.....	—
" —Mestizo-Lincolns.....	6.00-9.00
" —Rambouillet.....	3.55-6.20
Ewes.....	2.20-7.20
Lambs.....	2.00-2.80

Wheat (barleta), 100 ks (new crop).....	\$5.50-6.70
" (French), 100 kilos.....	5.00-6.60
" (Candeal).....	6.00-7.50
" (Saldomé) (new crop).....	5.40-6.70
Maize (morochó), old, 100 kilos.....	6.30-6.90
" (amarillo), old, 100 kilos.....	6.00-6.50
Hay, 1000 kilos.....	50.00-55.00
Wool—Cross Lincoln.....	5.90-11.50
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BELGRANO—Black and White—J. K. Cassels, Lavelle 108, Belgrano.
CAMP OF URUGUAY—Pale Blue—L. Edwards, Barrancas Coloradas, Colonia.
CAÑADA DE GOMEZ—Red and Yellow—J. S. Robinson, C. de Gomez, F.C.C.A.
CASUALS—Crimson and White—R. McC. Smyth, Venado Tuerto.
Guauguay—H. Jewsbury, Guauguay, Entre Rios.
HURLINGHAM—Blue, Red and Yellow—F. J. Balfour, 559 Piedad, Buenos Aires.
LA MERCED—French Grey and Cerise—P. H. Cawardine, La Merced, Chascomus.
LA VICTORIA—Brown and Yellow—Magnus Fea, Estacion El Trebol, F. C. Central Argentino.
LEZAMA—Red and Black—E. J. Craig, Estancia Las Barrancas, Lezama.
MEDIA LUNA—Pale Blue with Crescent—Scott Moncrieff, Soler, F. C. Pacifico.
MONTEVIDEO—Chocolate and Green—Fred. A. Christie, Club Inglés, Montevideo.
North Santa Fé—R. S. Foster, Chiru Traill, F. C. C. and R. Roldan—W. Ellery, Roldan, F.C.C.A.
Rosario—W. F. Christie, F.C.C.A. Rosario.
San Jorge—C. H. Hall, San Jorge, Estacion Molles, F. C. C. del Uruguay, Montevideo.
SANTA FE—Red and Blue—J. McNaughtan, La Independencia, Las Rosas, F.C.C.A.
SANTIAGO DEL ESTERO—Green—Dr. Newman Smith, La Banda, Santiago del Estero.
Tuyú—H. Gibson, Los Ingleses, Ajó, F.C.S.
VENADO TUERTO—Chocolate and Gold—C. Innes Taylor, Venado Tuerto.

ATHLETIC CLUBS

AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OF THE RIVER PLATE—Blue and White—E. Danvers, 559 Piedad.
B. A. AND R. RY.—Yellow and Black—F. F. Webb, 248 Avenida de Mayo.
CAMPANA—B. J. MacCullagh, Campana.
CORDOBA—J. C. Bowden, Gerencia, F.C.C.C., Córdoba.
ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL—Red and White—Percy Hill, 3502 Santa Fé.
FLORES—Light Blue, Yellow, and Dark Blue with narrow White Stripes—B. G. Henderson, 89 B. Aires, Flores
HURLINGHAM—Blue, Red and Yellow—F. J. Balfour, 559 Piedad, Buenos Aires.
JUNIN—C. J. Love, Junin, F. C. Pacifico.
LOBOS—Blue and Red—James F. McKeon, Lobos, F.C.S.
LOMAS—Blue and White—P. L. G. Bridger, Casilla de Correo 1121.
Montevideo—H. D. McMaster, Club Inglés, Montevideo.
QUILMES—Dark Blue and Orange—F. W. Fothergill, Plaza Constitucion, F.C.S.
ROLDAN—T. H. Wilson, Roldan.
ROSARIO—Caret and Light Blue—Thomas A. Hall, 2 Plaza Jewell, Rosario.
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BUENOS AIRES—Light and Dark Blue and Yellow—T. S. Boadle, 25 de Mayo 149.

CRICKET CLUBS

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

FOOTBALL CLUBS

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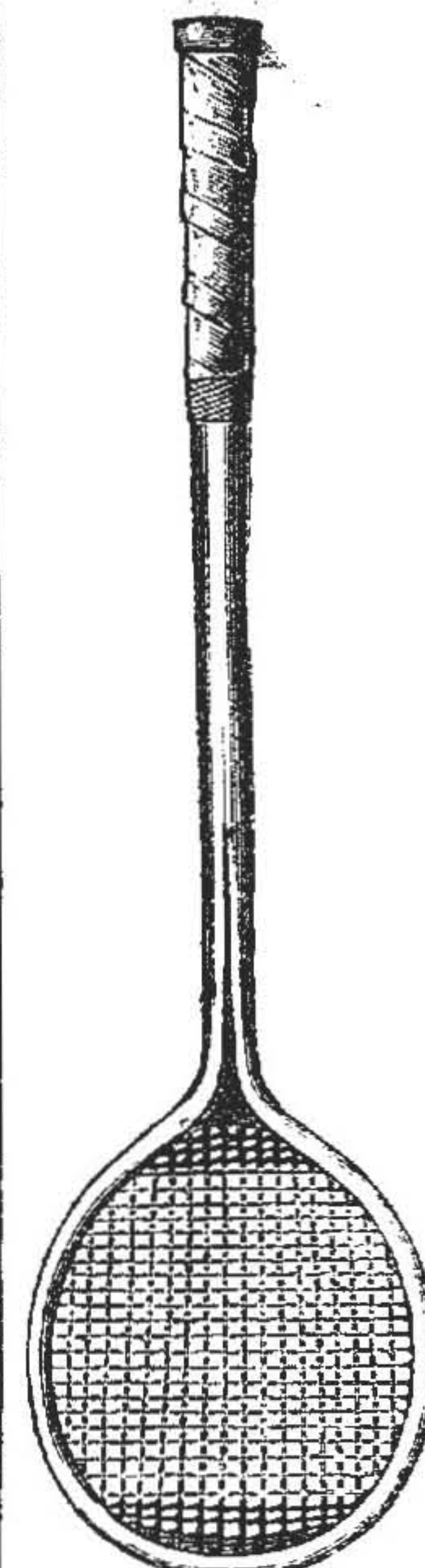
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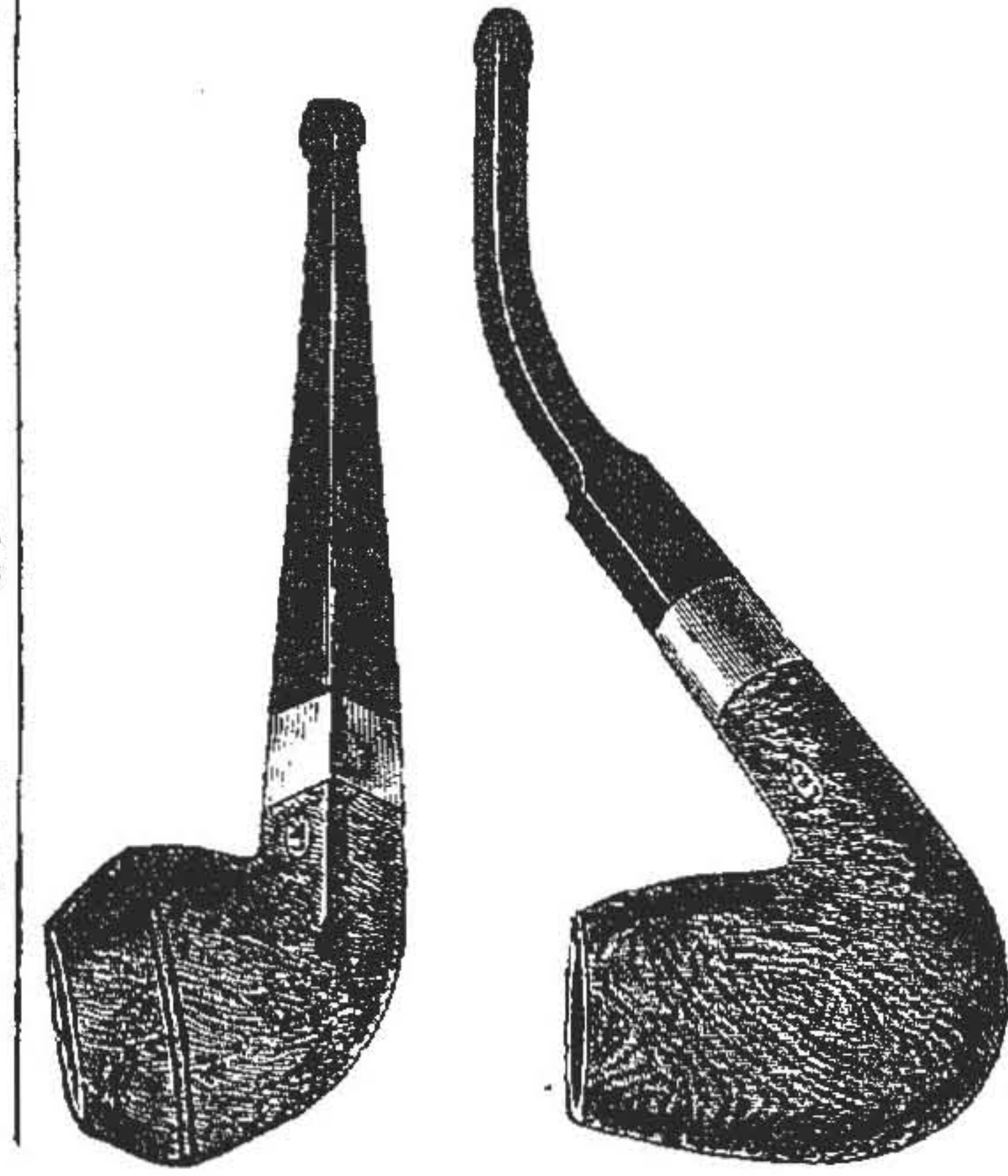


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(Continued.)

The next day we went out, all three of us, with some of the Indians, who were going to kill a couple of cows for food, there naturally not being any guanacos or other game near the village, and nobody caring to go away far enough to hunt. Namun also sent off Hilca with three led horses to meet the men whom we were expecting, and bid them hurry as much as possible, telling him at the same time to light a fire as soon as he met them, so that by the smoke we might be able to judge how soon to expect them. We found a fox, and ran him to earth among some rocks, much to the amusement of the Indians, who could not make out why we seemed so anxious to kill him. We soon lassoed the cows we wanted, killed them, and after cutting them up, loaded them on horses we had brought for the purpose, and were on our way home, when in the distance we saw a man riding at a foot's pace, and seemingly not at all steady on his horse, for now and then he swayed so much that we thought he must fall off. We stood and gazed for an instant, and then one of the men said—

"That is Tobal. I know him by his height. He was the shortest of the men who went with the Americano, and he seems ill."

We then raced up to see what ailed him. It was indeed Tobal, but in a sorry plight. His right arm and collar bone were broken, he had a nasty wound on his left side over the ribs, and his body and face were otherwise bruised and scratched. We asked him what was the matter with him, but he was so weak that he could hardly speak, but from his waistbelt he produced a piece of paper closely written but so smeared with blood, that I could hardly read it, so we sent a man on with him to the village, and we got off our horses and sat down to try and make out the sense of the note. With much trouble I read as follows:

"The game has begun at last, mates. Just before sunrise this morning I and the bearer of this came accidentally on a man hid behind a stone, an Injun and a good one, for he came for us straight. I didn't shoot the creature for fear of the noise rousing the others, so my pal gripped him, and I couldn't use my knife either, so as my man was getting the worst of it I pushed them both over into a gully. Tobal broke his arm, collar bone, and some ribs, t'other man broke his head. Fix up Tobal and send another man. Have seen some Injuns, but not many. There are bound to be other scouts about, and I am afraid some of them may have seen the fight. Keep the men out of sight as much as possible, but send the two women for water to the laguna continually, making them change their dress each time, so that if seen it will be thought that all the women are there. Will give notice if they intend to attack. (Signed) Potts."

What with the bad writing, and the paper being soaked with blood, it took us some time to decipher this interesting epistle, but as soon as I had done so, and translated it for the benefit of the Indians, we galloped off to tell the news to the cacique. We soon passed Tobal, and rode straight on. Namun was not at all put out by the news, he evidently was expecting something of the kind, but he told Cora and the old woman, Maima, to make a comfortable bed for the wounded man.

"Can either of you mend bones?" he asked. "Antoine said he could, but as none were broken while he was with us, we had no means of seeing how he did it. There are some bits of wood and other things in the box in my toldo that he brought from Chile for that purpose."

I told him that I could do all he wished in that line, as I had set a good many broken legs and arms on my travels, having had several of my own treated, so we went off to examine the contents of the box.

There I found a complete case of surgical instruments, lint, bandages, linament, and a bundle of ready made splints, also several illustrated books in the French language on medicine and surgery. On the front page of each was written in a very neat hand, Antoine Duplessis, Paris, 1858. There were a host of other things in the box as well, for it was a large one, and these I promised myself the pleasure of examining at some future date, though, unfortunately, events followed one another so quickly, that I never had an opportunity of finding out more of the history of that most peculiar person than his name.

I directed the bed to be made under the trees in the shade, for the weather was very warm, and the wounded man would have more air there, and when he arrived we helped him off his horse, and having laid him carefully down I proceeded to examine his injuries. Besides the broken arm, collar bone and ribs I found that the front lock of hair on his head was torn up and a piece of skin with it, but the skin had been placed in position again and then I comprehended how near a thing it had been, and why Potts had pushed them both over into the gully at the risk of killing them, both, for I knew the ways of these Pampa Indians and had seen them on two occasions fighting when their arms had been taken away. The way they manage is this, they approach one another warily after the manner of two cautious boxers, they dodge and feint for a minute or so, and then one man, seeing an opening, makes a spring, and endeavours to get his left arm behind the neck just under where it joins the head, if he succeeds he twines his fingers in the forelock of his adversary and, putting out all his force, with one jerk pushes his head back over his arm which he pulls forward at the same time and so breaks his neck; and this had evidently nearly happened to Tobal, though luckily for him Potts had had the presence of mind to save his life by almost killing him, though why he had

not simply killed him with his knife and so saved the injury to Tobal we could not make out, until in the evening he was able to tell his own tale, and this was what he told us:

"After we had posted the men in the raving and the Americano had sent the others off by twos, he and I went together across the mountains to wait for dawn in order to see whether any Tehuelches were near the entrance, but just as it was getting light, we found a man hid behind a big stone, he must have seen us for some time, but dare not leave the stone for he saw that the Americano had a rifle, but when he saw that he must be discovered, for we were close on him, he stepped out and came at us whirling a bola round his head, but before he could throw it I closed with him. Where the bola went to I don't know, but I got him round the ribs under the arms and shouted for the Americano to stick him with his knife, but, and I am ashamed to admit it, the Tehuelche was stronger than I, and he twisted me round, always keeping my body between him and the knife, then one arm went round behind my neck and the fingers of the other hand were twisted in my hair, and my head was forced further and further back till my neck cracked, and then I felt a push and we fell. I thought I was dead, but the next thing I knew was that the Americano was bathing my face with water. He had fetched my horse, too, so I must have been unconscious some time, for it was left more than a league away, he put me in the saddle and gave me the paper I brought and sent me here.

"And the Tehuelche?" I asked.

"His head struck a stone, for he fell under me, and he died."

This much he told us with much effort, in fact when he had finished his story he was so exhausted that he could say no more, so I told Maima, who had taken charge of him after I had set his bones, and tied the piece of skin on his head in place, to send inquisitive persons away, and to allow no one to speak to him. That skin wound on the head was a very nasty one, too, for the skin had been torn off bodily in the shape of a triangle, the base of which only was adhering to the remainder of the scalp, and this I was afraid might occasion him more harm than one of the broken bones. Namun was for sending off at once to bury the dead Indian so that he should not be found, but I said no, for was such a thing necessary Potts being on the spot would certainly do it himself, and so as we afterwards learnt he did, and the disappearance of that Tehuelche meant the safety of the whole tribe.

That night we slept but little, sentries were posted all round the village to give the alarm should anything suspicious be heard or seen, and we knew now, beyond a doubt, that the news brought by the pedlar about the coming invasion was correct; hostilities had commenced but all we could do was to sit still and await events, as I have already explained we had little doubt as to the issue of the fight, though at the same time we awaited the reinforcements anxiously, as their arrival would do away with any uncertainty that might remain.

The next day passed in doubt and expectancy, for we saw no smoke that night to indicate the junction of Hilca with the expected contingent, nor did we receive any news from Potts; in fact, there was an unpleasant sensation pervading the whole camp with, I may say, the exception of Jack and Cora, who seemed to ask nothing better than to be left alone, and that they were, for we had far more serious matters on the tapis than the billing and cooing of this pair of young turtle doves, and, to my surprise, old Maima, whom I thought would have tried to put a stop to any such thing, looked on with perfect indifference, and this very thing set me off thinking. I wanted to know more of that strange gift, if, indeed, a gift it were of the old woman, and now I saw her sitting alone by the door of her hut, for Cora was off somewhere with Jack, so I sauntered slowly up and saluted the old dame, and being asked to take a seat did so.

"And how is the sick man?" said I, by way of a beginning.

"Bad," she replied, "as bad as he can be and live; the men of to-day have not the strength of the men when I was young. All last night he talked and raved, clean off his head, the bandages you put on are all right, but he must have bled a lot, and I think struck his head, too, in the fall, but he won't die this time."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Because I know the manner of his death, and it is not thus."

"And mine?"

"I know yours, too, and you cannot avoid it."

"Tell me what it will be."

"T'were better not, though if you wish it I will."

"Yes, I want to know."

"I saw you lying dead on the open camp, you were lying on your back, dressed much as you are now, and in your chest was a bullet wound, and your right arm was broken by another, but you were much older, for your hair was grey."

"I think you are deceived this time," I said, "for I think that by the time my hair is grey I shall have left this country."

"I am not deceived, you will die as I say, you cannot escape your fate."

"How do you know? the water you look into may lie."

"It is not possible for the water to lie, for the water is merely the recipient of the figures I see, placed there by the Master of Life."

I thought the old woman was mad so refrained from asking her more questions on this matter, though it was strange that she should have foretold Jack's death in such a manner, for as far as I knew she had never seen a red coat, but while I sat silent he and Cora came in view.

"A nice pair," said I, wishing to change the subject.

She looked at them as they came along towards us, and then said—

"Yes, but in four days' time they will separate, and neither will see the other again," she rose to go inside her toldo, but I stopped her with a question.

"How so?" I asked.

"Wait, and in four days you shall judge for yourself whether I speak truth or lie," and with that she went inside, and I went to look for Brandon.

I found him at his usual task of rubbing up the rifles, not that they wanted it at all, but he had little else to amuse himself with, and he was excited as anybody at the thought of the coming fight, and to-morrow night the moon would be full. The sun went down once more, but we had no news from Potts that day, nor had we seen the smoke, so taking Potts' silence as an augury that there was nothing to fear for that night at least I turned in early, for none of us had slept much the night before, and slept peacefully till morning.

I was awake by Brandon coming into our tent in a great state of excitement with the news that a thin column of smoke had been seen in the mountains just before sunrise, and not very far off either, by which it might be supposed that the reinforcements we were expecting would arrive before night. On going outside we found everybody in a state of excitement, groups of men were scattered about in front of the different toldos talking eagerly.

I hurried off to Namun's place to enquire whether any messenger had come in from Potts but none had arrived, so Jack and I went off for a bathe in the lake. We were nearly dressed again when we saw a man come galloping down to where we were, and as he neared us we saw he held a small piece of paper in his hand from which, when he gave it to me, I read as follows:—"Dear mates, We snared another scout this morning, a native, not an Indian, he refused to talk till I began to cut his throat and then he told me that Calu intends invading at once to carry off all the cattle and women he can lay hands on. The man Tobal and I killed was a cousin of his, and he is waiting his return and report. I guess the smoke I saw this morning meant the arrival of the new contingent, they must not be seen by any scouts there may be out, keep them outside the valley till after dark. The Tehuelches only number four hundred men, so we shall be as many as they and better armed. I shall be back before the fun begins. Adios, (signed) Potts."

So that was all right, and we hurried off to impart the news to Namun and the rest of the tribe. He was delighted at this unexpected reprieve of a day or two which would enable us to meet the enemy in force, for it was a sheer piece of luck that the scout who had been killed was Calu's cousin. He sent men out to bring in a lot more cows for meat, to supply the new comers with a plenteous repast, and also sent a messenger to the head of the valley to meet them there, and detain them out of sight till after dark, when they might be brought up to the village. All that day Brandon and I lay in the shade of the big trees and smoked and talked; the old man was highly excited at the thought of the fight, his only anxiety being "Master Jack" who, according to his usual custom, had gone off somewhere with Cora.

"I darn't go 'ome, sir, if anything was to 'appen to him, and what's worse I don't know what he means to be up to with this Miss Cora as they calls her. Last night, sir, after you was asleep I saw them a kissing of one another, back of the old woman's 'ut, just for all the world like a pair of babbies, and then when he come to bed he didn't go to sleep for ever so long, but lay there a smoking and a thinking awful hard, sir. If he was to take it into his 'ead sir to marry her right away he'd do it, and the more we'd try to stop him the wosser it ud make him. He's that contrary when he makes up his mind to a thing as there's no persuading him out of it. What would you advise, sir?"

"I don't know," I replied, "if he is as stubborn as you say, and you've known him longest, I don't see what we can do. If I was to try and persuade him out of it I might be only hurrying things on, I think we had better leave things as they are for a time, and trust in providence."

That was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and while we were talking Namun came up and said:—

"I am going up to the end of the valley to meet the people who will arrive to-night, if you like to come there are horses caught for you."

So Brandon and I went off without troubling to look for Jack, five other men went with us. It was a beautiful afternoon, and the trees were all in leaf as the spring was well on now, and here and there as we rode along we caught glimpses of the snow-clad tips of the mountains as they towered high above us, on the tops of several of which Namun told us the snow never melted.

I remarked to him as we went on what a lovely place he had chosen to live in.

"Yes," said he, "it is what you call pretty, but if you are fond of woods and water and tall mountains, you should see the place where the women are, those are our winter quarters, we go there in the autumn and remain there all winter, and there is no getting out of the place either till the sun melts the snows, but we move about continually, we have many of these potreros (literally 'paddock'), and we change about from one to the other whenever the grass gets eaten off. We are seldom more than two months in the same place, besides game gets scarce also, as we seldom eat our cattle or goats. In some of the lagunas and rivers in the Cordilleras there are fish, too, though in some there are none."

"And gold?" I enquired.

"That there is everywhere, and that will, eventually, be our curse. Silver there is also in great quantities, we have often sold lots of it to the Indians who live to the south of the two big rivers (the Colorado and Negro), and lovely crystals also of all colours. Antoine

took some of these with him to France, as he said they were worth much money there."

"And you know nothing of your origin, nothing of where your tribe originally came from; have you no traditions?"

"The only tradition we have is that our forefathers were originally of a white race, but not wishing it to be known for some reason or other whence they came, they told their children nothing, though now from intermarriage with the Tehuelches, the Ranguelos and other Pampa tribes, and also from continual exposure to the weather, our people are much darker than they must formerly have been; still, it is easy to be seen that we are of white origin. When we go to the place where we have sent the women, old men and cattle, you will see for yourself, for the young girls, especially, are quite fair, and many of them have blue eyes; and some of them are very beautiful."

"Are you married?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "and Hilca also. We don't allow polygamy, though in some branches of our tribe who live further south the head men often have two wives; though never two wives of our tribe, one of them is always a Pampa woman, but these are bought wives, they are very clever at making ponchos and sewing guanaco skins together, so I fancy," said he, laughing, "they are more of an investment than anything else."

I had never before found the chief so communicative, hence all these questions which, much after the style of a modern newspaper interviewer, he answered quite readily.

We were now at the head of the valley, and began riding up a deep gorge by the side of a stream, when suddenly we came in sight of a lot of men riding towards us, most of whom at least were riding, though some were on foot leading their horses.

"Here are our men," said Namun, "though there seem to be more than I expected," as we drew nearer, a handsome, middle-aged man rode up and saluted the chief, but, as they spoke in their own language, I could not understand what they said; Hilca came up and shook me by the hand, and told me that just before our messenger had arrived there had been a big marriage feast, and there were a great many young men at the village from other encampments, so that in all more than three hundred had come. "We will have some fun with those Pampa dogs," said he, "we will kill them all first, and then, if Namun allows, we will go and sack their tolderia and serve them as they intended serving us. They have lots of cattle and horses and little guanacos (sheep) also, and those are what we want. These men have ridden hard and fast, their horses are dead beat, and many of them lamed from galloping over the stones, and the men are hungry, they have had no food for two days."

I told him there was plenty of meat at the village, and also about Tobal's fight with the pampa scout, which made him laugh.

"It was lucky," he said, "that the Americano thought of pushing them into the ravine, or Tobal's neck would have been broken for a certainty. Those pampa men are fearfully strong in the arm."

It wanted yet half an hour to sunset, so Namun made them all dismount to wait for dark, though sorely against their will, for they argued—"We can beat them easily as we are now more than they, besides we have forty rifles and plenty of ammunition, so why should we be afraid of being seen?"

But Namun explained to them that if such a number were seen the Indians would be afraid to come, and they would miss the chance of giving them a good lesson. There was not a murmur after this, he laughed, too, when the head man suggested that they should carry the war into the enemies' country, and said it would be a good thing, as they wanted more cattle. It was curious to me to see the deference these more than half savage men paid their chief, they crowded around him listening like children to what he said, and it was plain to see that his will was their law. When we eventually reached the village we found that enormous fires had been lighted inside every toldo, at which huge quantities of beef were roasting. But these speedily disappeared, and were replaced by more. They had barely finished the second supply when we heard some horses galloping, and running outside to know who it was, found it was Potts and his men returning and bringing with them the prisoner he had taken.

"How many men have come?" he asked, before he dismounted.

"Three hundred and ten," I replied, "and forty rifles."

"Jehosaphat!" he cried, "then we are a hundred more than they, and seventy rifles to the good, we can chew them up like anything. Here, get off," he said to the prisoner, giving him a shove, "and show the gentlemen your ugly face."

He then told us that the Indians had collected at the end of the ravine, and evidently meant attacking at once.

"So much the better for us and the worse for them," said Namun. "But it is their own fault, and I don't think many will return to tell the story, but we will follow those that do and bring back their cattle."

"That's the style," said Potts; "but I'm darned hungry, ain't eat anything worth speaking about since yesterday morning. Give me something right away, and then we must arrange for the reception of his majesty King Calú."

We took him into Namun's tent, and Jack ran off to get a pannikin full of caña from our little keg, which was still more than half full. When he had finished Namun sent to call in the capitanejos (or lieutenants) and the prisoner, who had been fed, and they all squatted down in a ring in front of the toldo, and Potts, speaking in Spanish, began his report.

"Amigos," he began, "this man (pointing to the prisoner) was taken by me while trying to spy on our

camp, and I made him talk by shoving the end of my knife into his throat. You can see the hole there just under his ear; but it has done him no harm, and loosened his tongue. I cannot vouch for what he has told me, for what he said he said under compulsion, but I propose that he shall give us one or two necessary pieces of information, and in case of his refusing to do so that we shall at once hang him up to one of these trees. Are you of my opinion?"

A chorus of "Si" answered him.

"Bueno," he went on. "Now it remains with you (turning to the prisoner) to choose whether you will tell us what we want to know, or be strung up. But remember if you tell us any lies you will be strung up just the same, but if you tell us the truth you will be let go, or rather made to go, for you would be a disgrace to any tribe of decent Indians. So make your choice while you have the chance."

"I will answer any questions you may put."

"Then, first, how many men has Calú?"

"Three hundred and ninety-five."

"Have they any firearms?"

"None."

"What are, or rather were, his intentions when you left?"

"His intentions were to surprise you yesterday morning at dawn, kill as many men as he could, and take away what horses, cattle and women he could find. The reason he did not do so was that his cousin, who had been sent out to try and find out how many men were here, had not yet returned. I came to look for him."

"And when do you think he will try and carry out this charitable enterprise?"

"To-morrow, at dawn."

"Then you may thank your stars that I caught you. For to-morrow will be the last day of his life, and also of a good many of his men."

And now Namun motioned to Potts that he wanted to ask a few questions, and he began—

"How long have you been with this tribe?"

"Seven years."

"Then you know some of their history?"

"Yes, I have heard them talking and I speak their language."

"Did you ever hear of their having made an invasion into the mountains?"

"Yes, Calú's father, Icalai his name was, invaded and killed the cacique of the Araucanos, and carried off lots of cattle and women; but that was before my time. I have heard them speak of it."

"How far is it from here to his tolderia?"

"Three days' journey if you travel without hunting."

"Are there many fighting men left there?"

"About a hundred and fifty."

"Many cattle?"

"No, not more than five hundred, and that was the reason he was coming for yours, but they have about two thousand mares, nearly as many horses, and about three thousand sheep."

"Good—and you could take us there?"

"Certainly, if I am sure my life would be safe."

Namun sat thinking for some minutes, and then motioned to one of the men who were standing round.

"Take this man away, give him as much as he wants to eat, and see that he does not escape—he will be useful to us by and by."

"Now," said Potts, "what are your plans?"

"I think the best thing to be done," replied Namun, "would be to let them enter the valley unmolested, and when once in send a body of two hundred men round to the mouth of the ravine through the woods and then fall on them from both sides at once, and so kill as many as possible."

"Won't do," said Potts, "they won't all come together, they are sure to separate when they get out of the ravine into the valley. But if you like we might put a couple of hundred men with twenty rifles in the woods to the south of the entrance, and then if they all came straight on here they could attack them from behind while we go for them in front."

"Has any one else any suggestion to make?" called Namun in a loud voice.

The head man of the auxiliaries stood up and said a few words which Hilca told me signified assent to the counsel of Potts, and one or two of the older men spoke to the same effect.

"Bueno," said Namun in Spanish, for out of courtesy to us he spoke in that language so that we should be able to understand, "then we will send two hundred men under my brother Hilca to hide in the woods and act according to how events turn out, and you brother," turning to the head man of those just arrived, "need rest, you must remain here and get a few hours' sleep, let the young men have the first chance to-morrow, your name for bravery is made, they have theirs to make. We must, however, have ten men to place near the entrance as sentries, they must be scattered about and well mounted, to give us timely warning. Every man must have a horse tied up and bridled, and the men must all sleep outside in groups, each group with its capitanejo, and each group must have two men awake all night to see that the horses don't break away, and that we are not surprised. You, Hilca, take twenty men with rifles and start at once, you can take the other hundred and eighty men from those which belong here, the others have come far and fast and need rest. All the other men who have rifles must collect and sleep here in front of my toldo, so as to be able to dispose of them as seems best when the time comes. And now let us try and sleep for a couple of hours, for to-morrow we have much to do."

With that the meeting broke up, and Potts and Brandon and I went off to our tent. Brandon had caught a horse each for us, which we saddled and tied up, hanging the bridles on a branch so as to be handy at a moment's notice.

"Well, I guess there will be an everlasting slaughter to-morrow," said Potts as he stretched his long limbs out on his rugs, "these fellows have some old scores to pay out and will kill every mother's son they can lay hands to, and sarve 'em right, they aint got no call to come invading round here, they only comes for loot, but where's Bickersteth?"

"I expect he is round at the old woman's hut," I replied.

"That chap's preparing trouble for himself, and us as well I guess, its the young un as he's after or my name aint Potts."

Potts went to sleep immediately and I did the same, in our clothes just as we were, and slept till nearly three when an Indian sent by Namun came to rouse us.

"The Lucero (morning star) is high, brother," said he, and the cacique calls you to his toldo."

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE

Casilla del Correo 1543,
Buenos Aires,

January 29, 1894.

To the Editor *River Plate Sport and Pastime*.

Dear Sir,—

Will you kindly oblige me by explaining the term "Galloway," and also, what are the horses qualified to run in races open to them?

Hoping the favour of a reply in your issue of Wednesday next, believe me, yours truly,

L. R.

[A Galloway is a horse whose height may be anything over fourteen hands, or fifty-six inches, but not over fifteen hands or sixty inches. Thus a pony may measure up to fourteen hands, and a Galloway up to fifteen hands. Any horse measuring not more than fifteen hands may run in races open to Galloways, unless a certain height be stipulated. Thus there are often races made for ponies or Galloways fifty-eight inches or under, in which case of course no horse which measures over fourteen hands two inches can run.—Ed.]

Rosario de Santa Fe, January 28.

To the Editor *River Plate Sport and Pastime*.

Dear Sir,—

Apart from its proverbial function of "gathering no moss" procrastination is an evil thing in this world of promptitude and immediate action, therefore may I be allowed, through the medium of your columns, to remind the R. P. A. A. that I have not up to the present received the standard medal I won here on the 30th of August, 1893.

At the end of October last the medals were sent up, but in spite of our names being printed correctly in the programme, three were returned on account of the names being wrongly spelt, since then the matter seems to have dropped.—Yours faithfully,

ROSARIO.

Facts about Insects.

Ants are provided with a poison bag which discharges a fluid having a strong sulphurous smell, sufficient to drive away most insect enemies.

It is estimated that the chinch bug, Hessian fly, army worm, and cotton worm have cost the people of the United States more than the Civil War.

The amount of silk produced by each spider is so small that Reaumur computes that 663,522 would be required to produce a pound of thread.

The fly lays four times each summer, and eighty eggs each time. The descendants of one female fly in a single season may number 2,080,320.

Termites have five different classes of societies, workers, sentinels, soldiers, males, females. Of the last two classes there is only one each in every nest.

Attempts have been made to produce spider silk, but have failed, the ferocious nature of these insects not permitting them to live together in communities.

The clothier bee covers her nest of eggs with a cloth made from the woody fibre of the plants, and thus preserves her young from sudden changes of temperature.

The hornet's nest is sometimes two feet in diameter. The outside layers have a small interval between each, so that if rain should penetrate it is soon arrested.

In times of scarcity the South African natives sometimes rob the nests of the termites, and as much as five bushels of grain have been taken from a single nest.

M. de L'Isle discovered an animalcule that could run six inches in a second, and calculated that it must move its legs no less than 1200 times in that brief period.

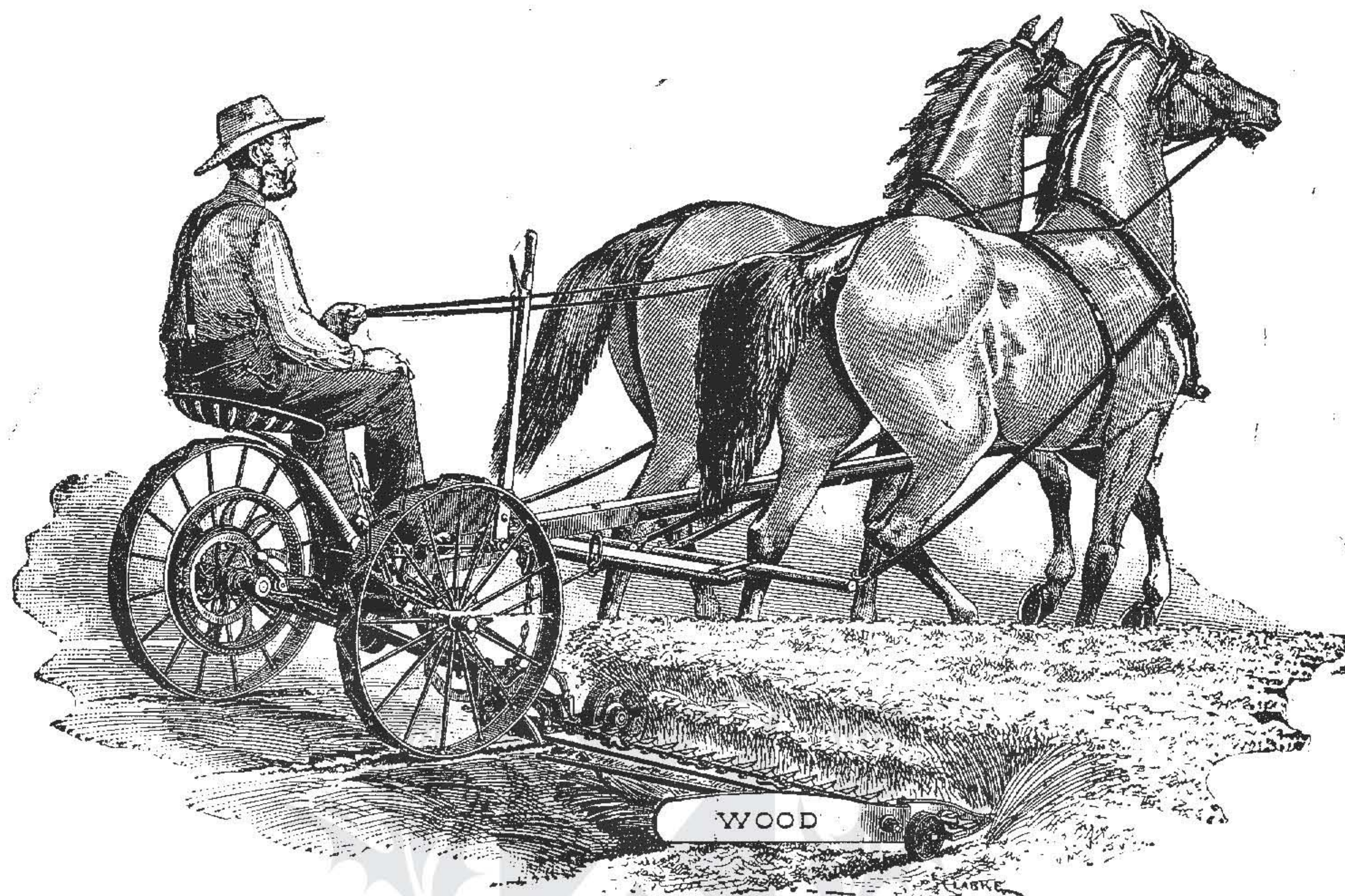
H. SCOTT ROBSON

GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT

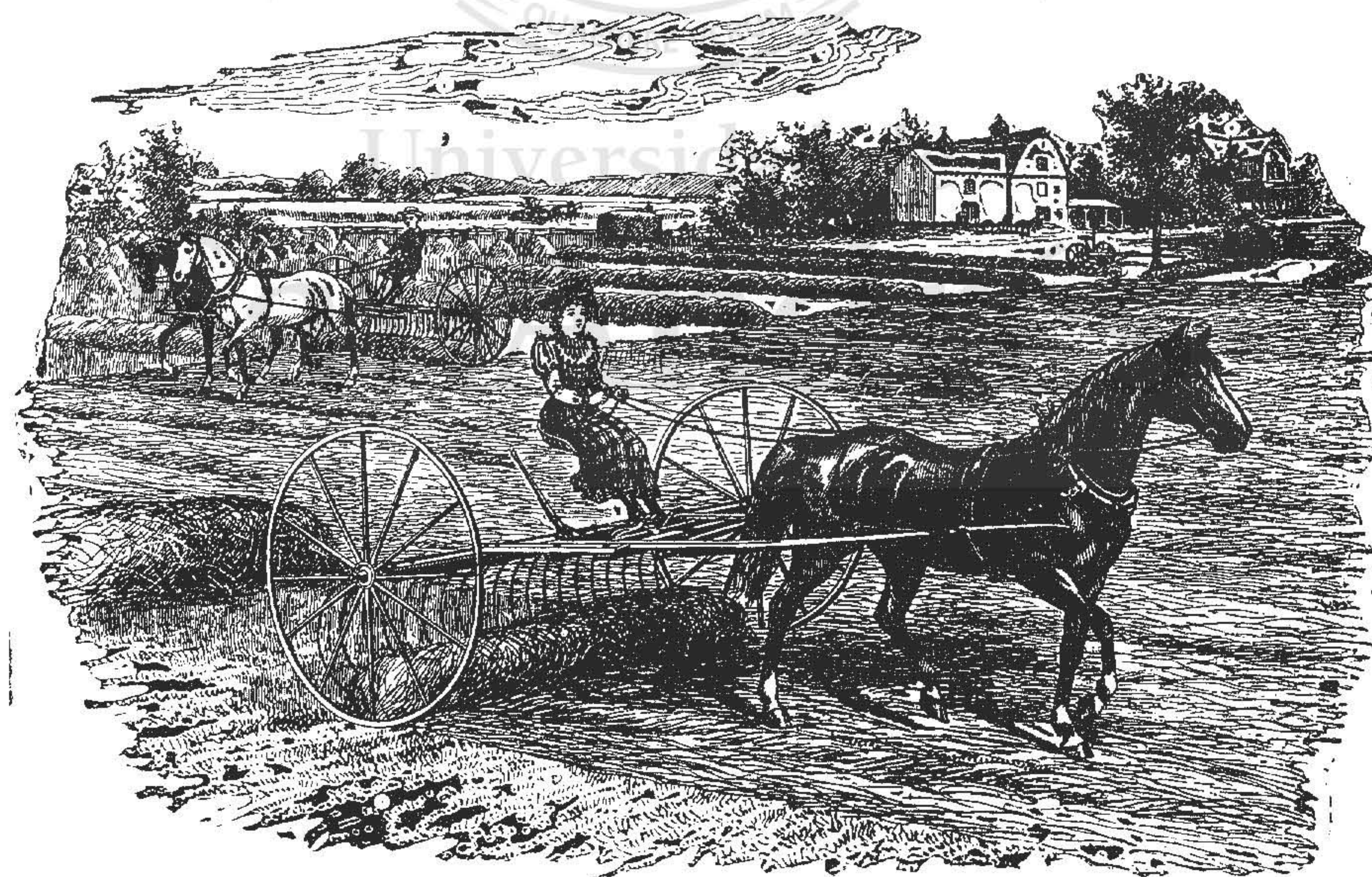
Camp, Live Stock, House Property

Bolsa de Comercio No. 8

WALTER A. WOOD'S MOWERS



HAY RAKES

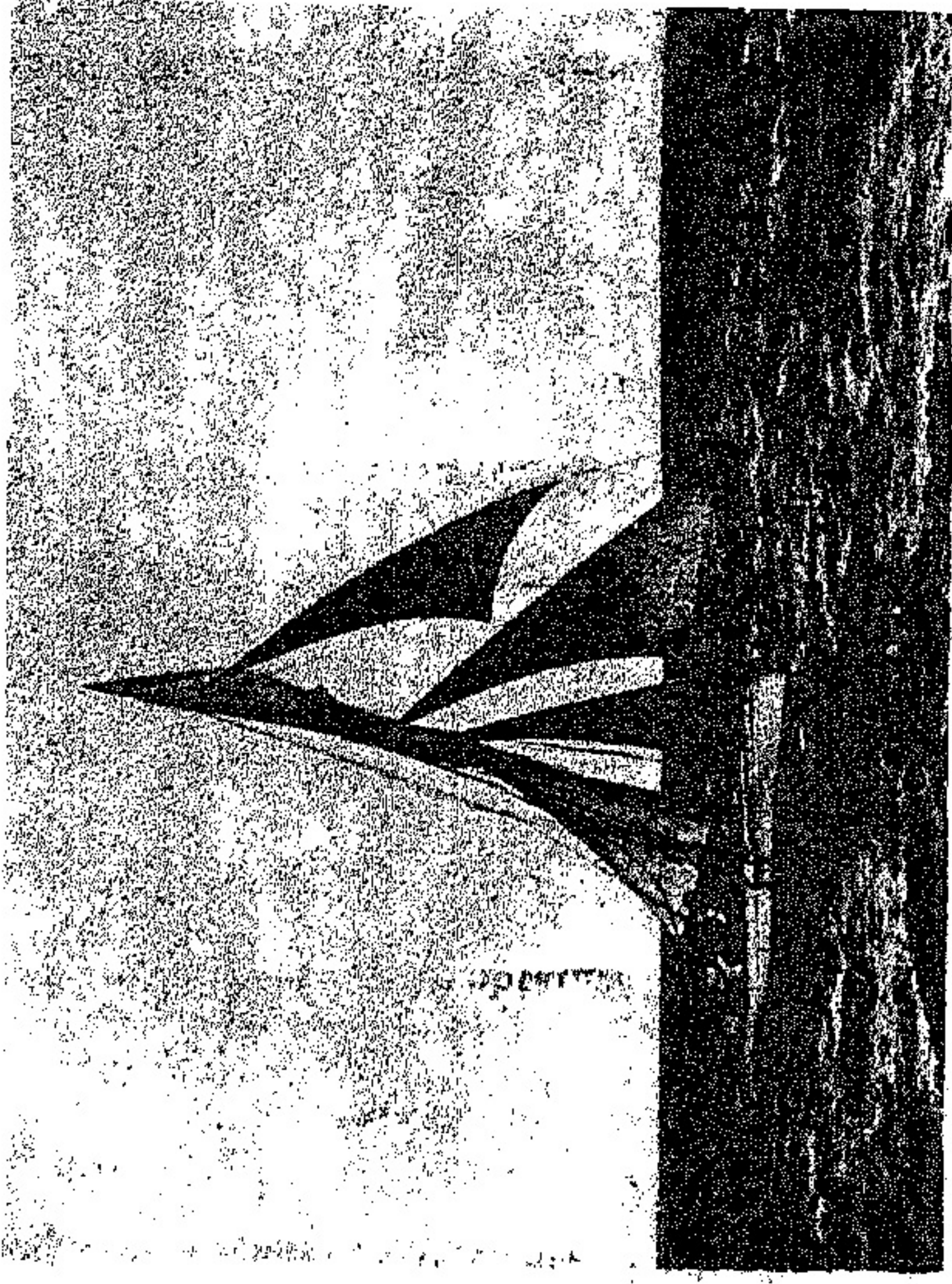


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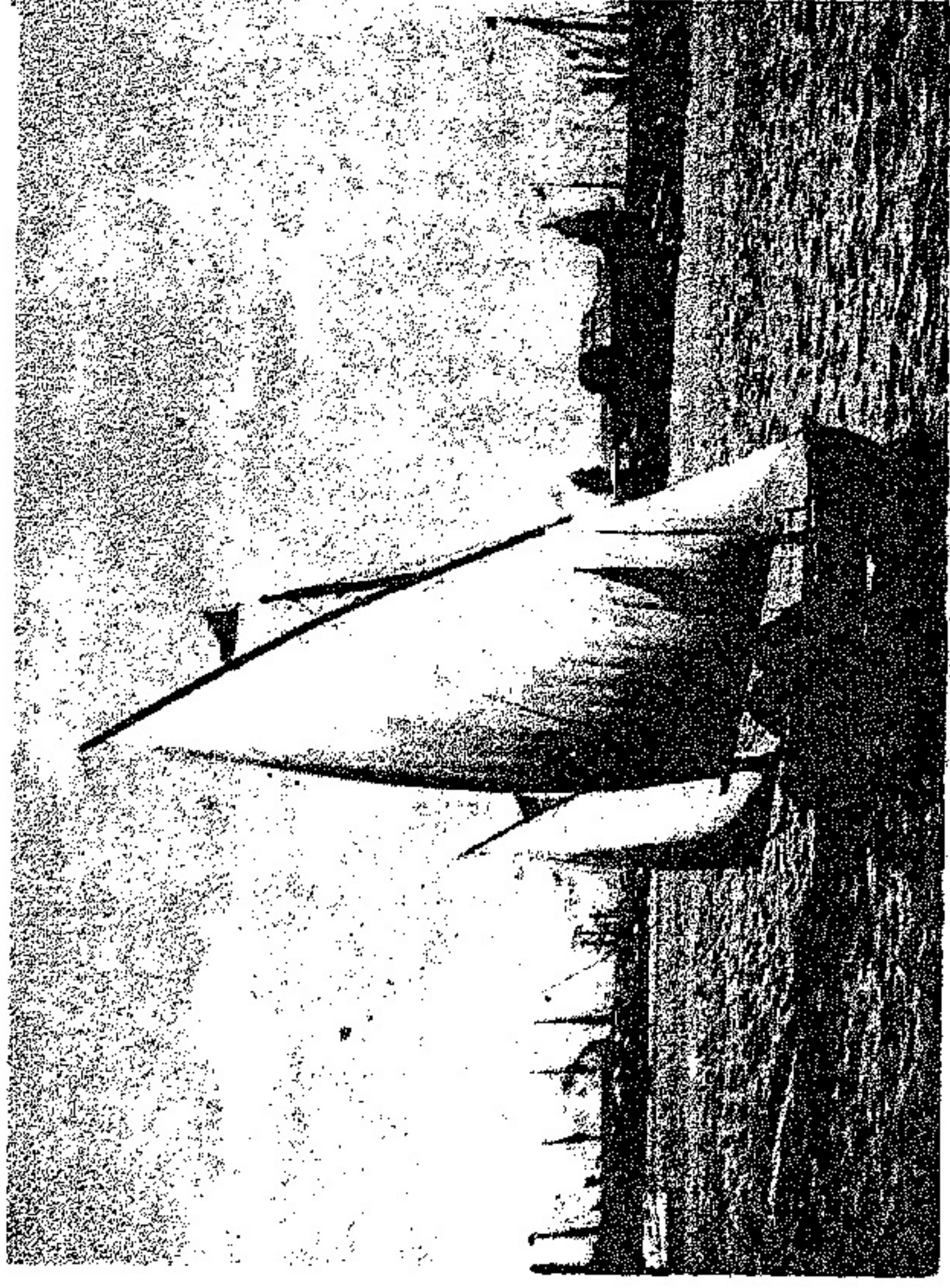
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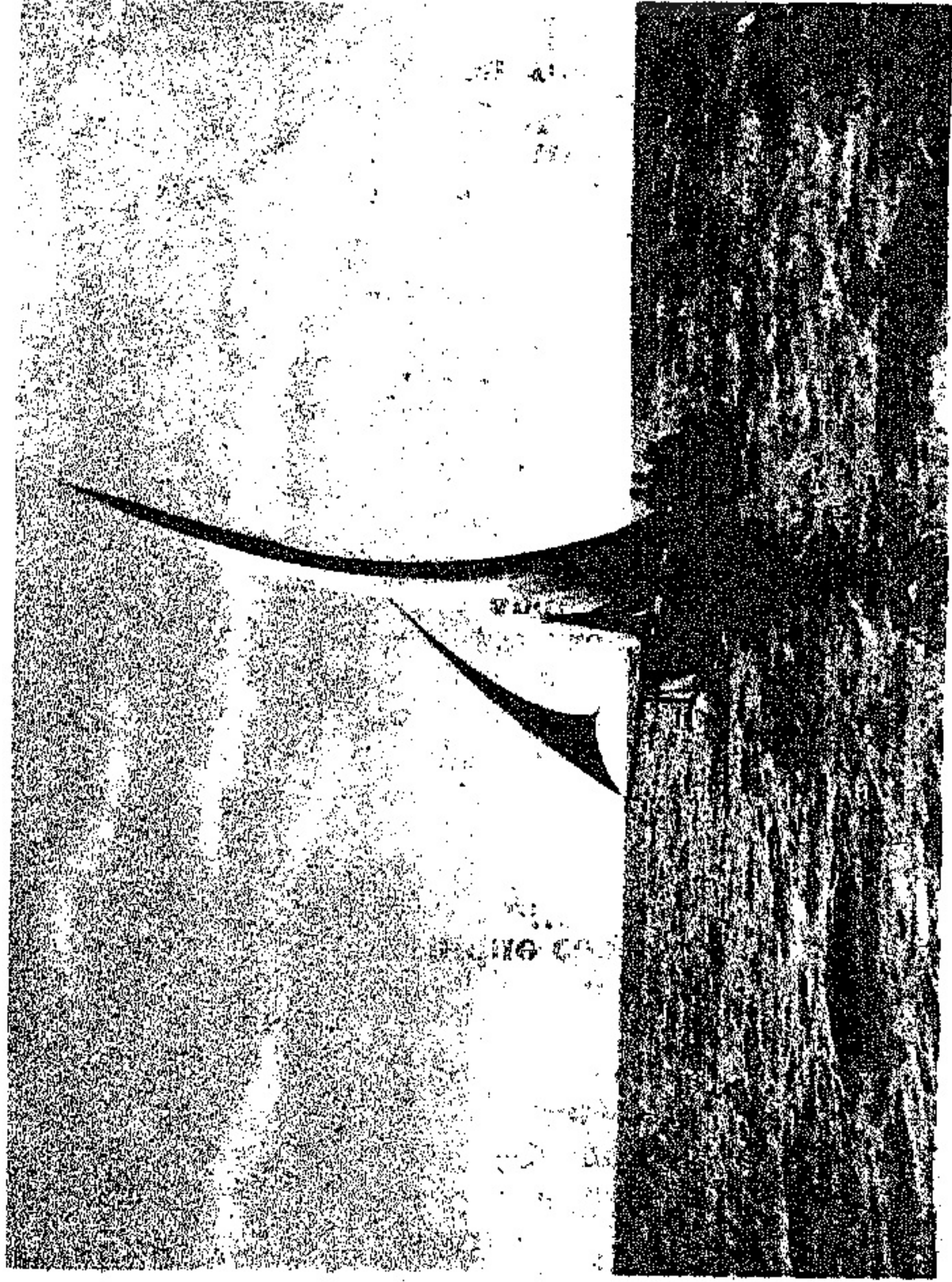
ABRIEL
A. LANÚS



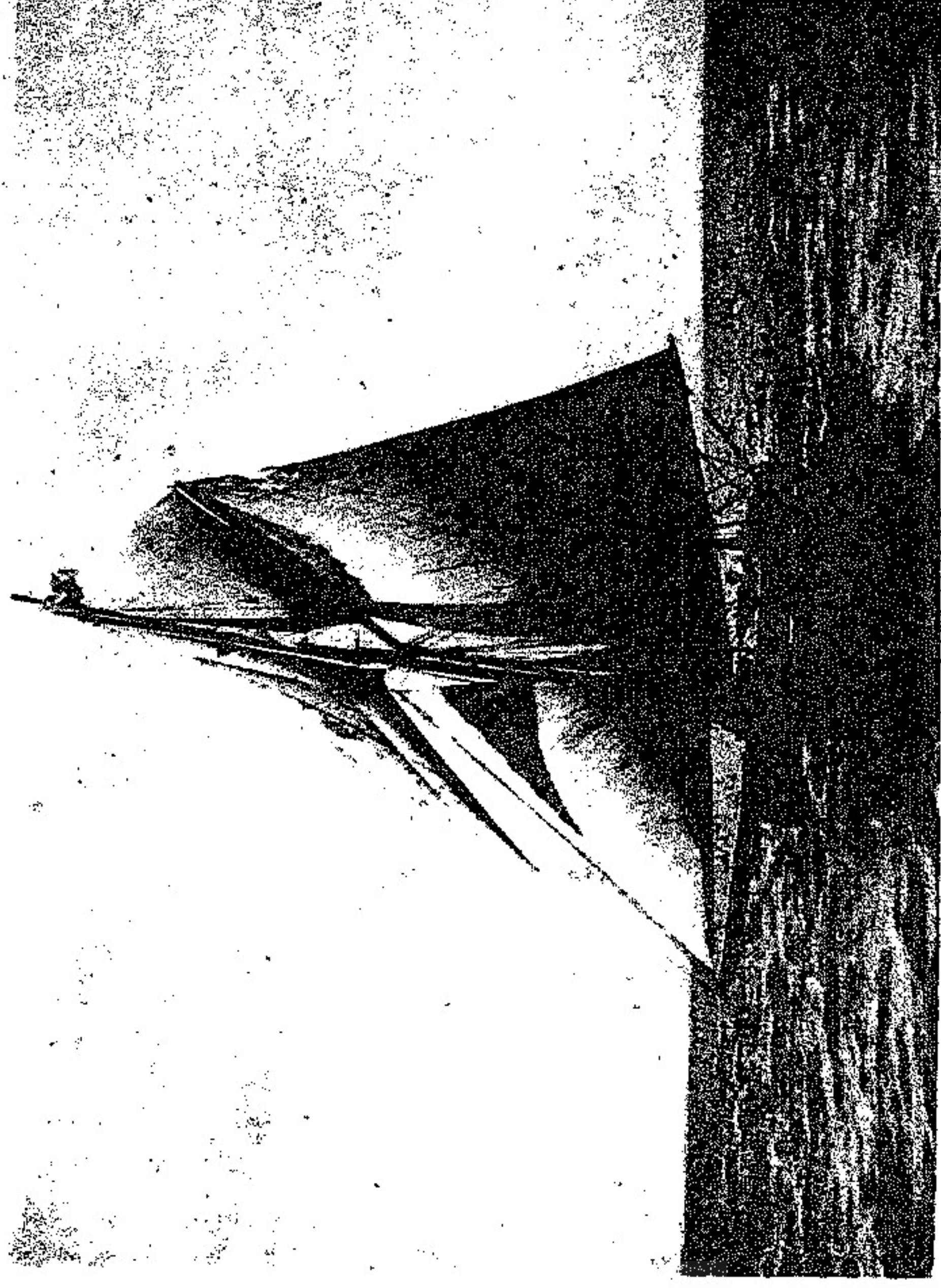
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