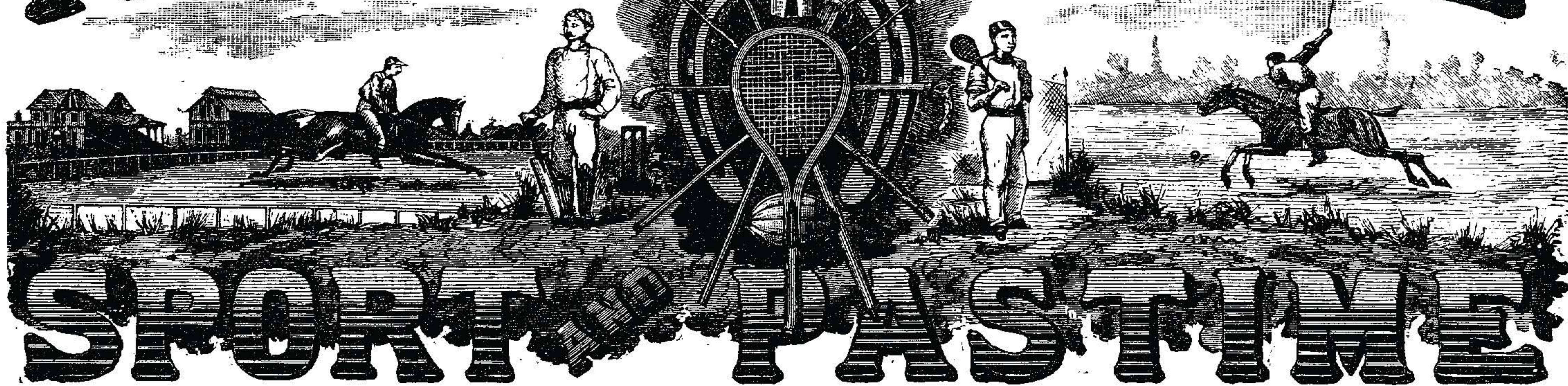


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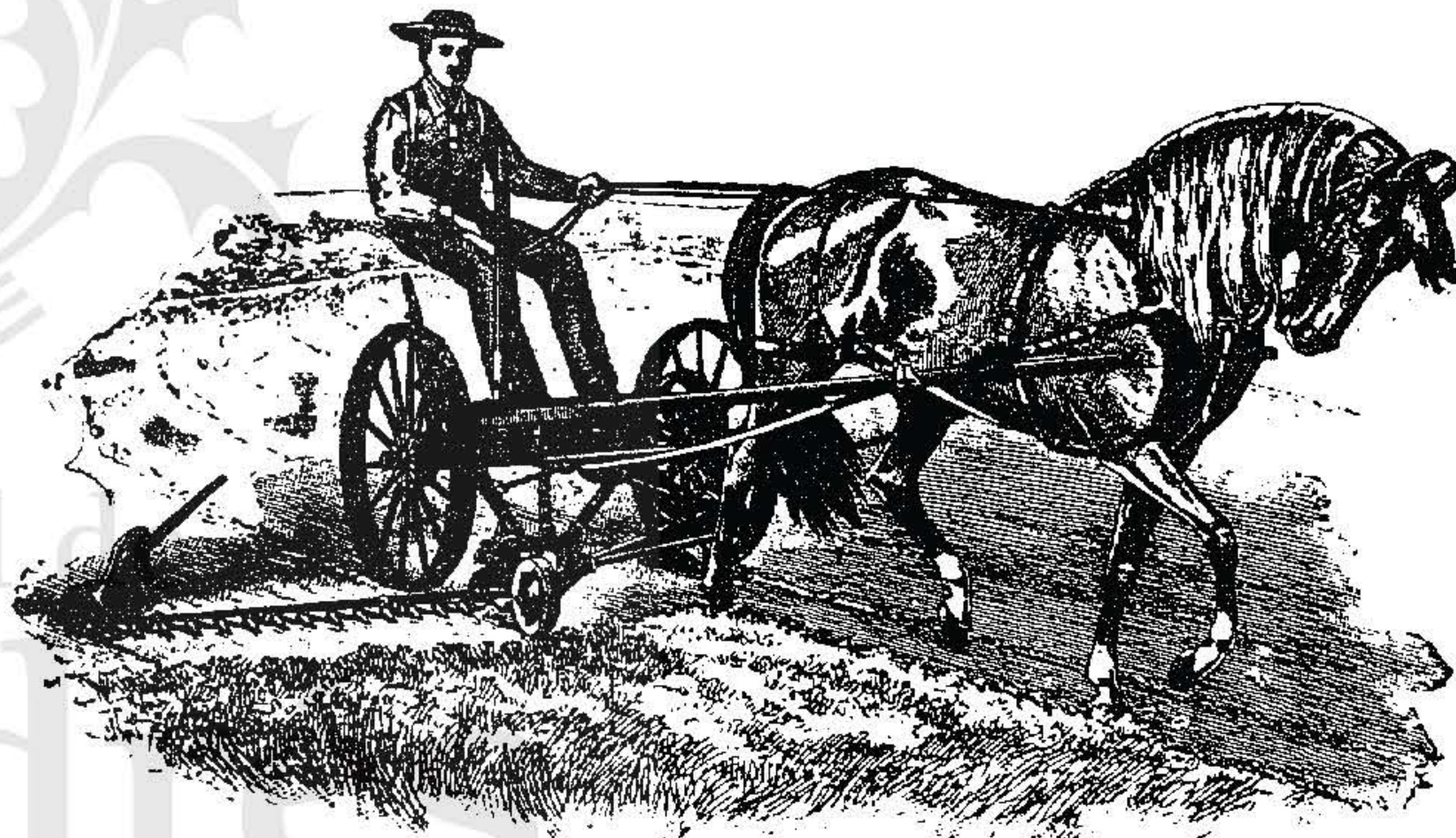
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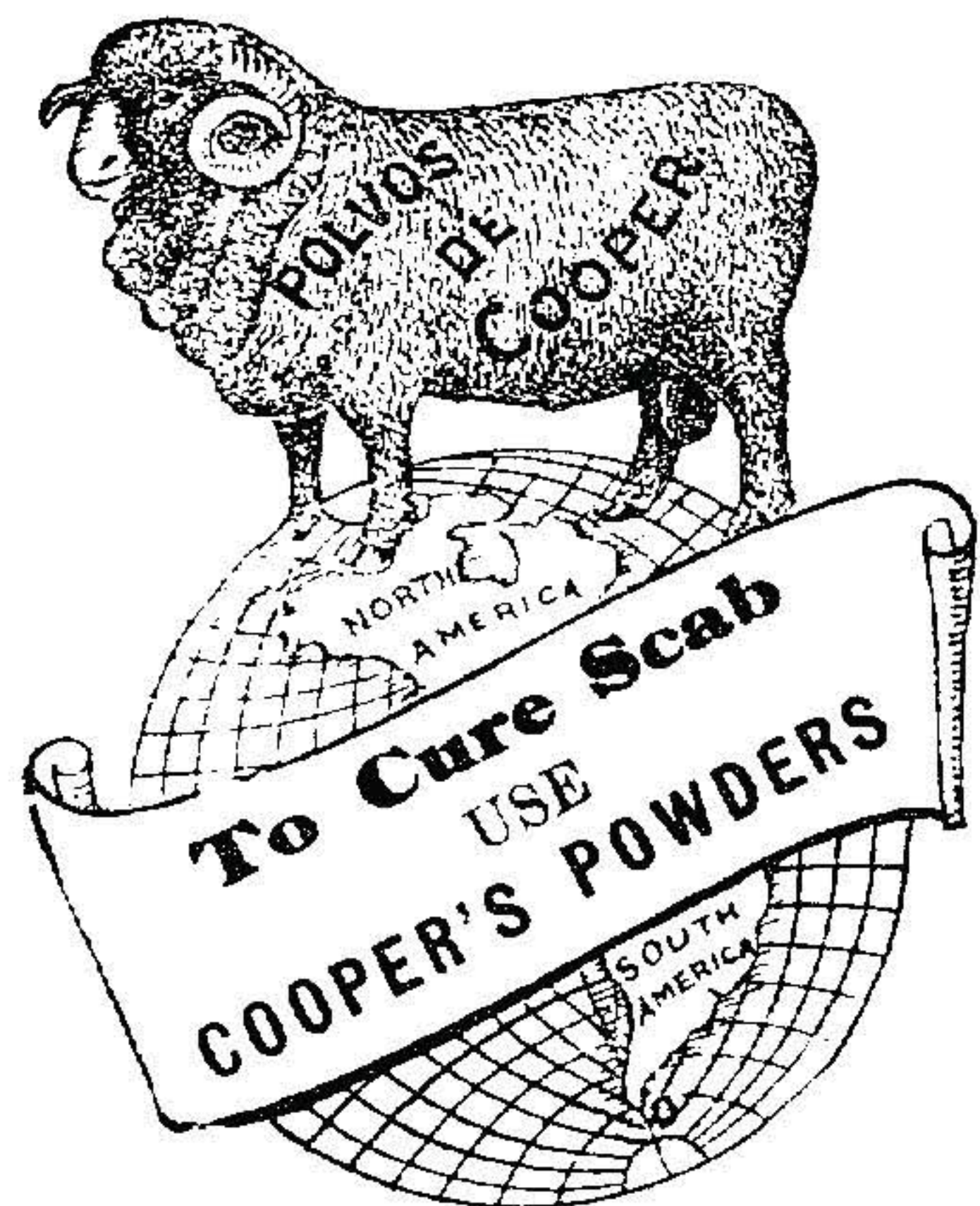
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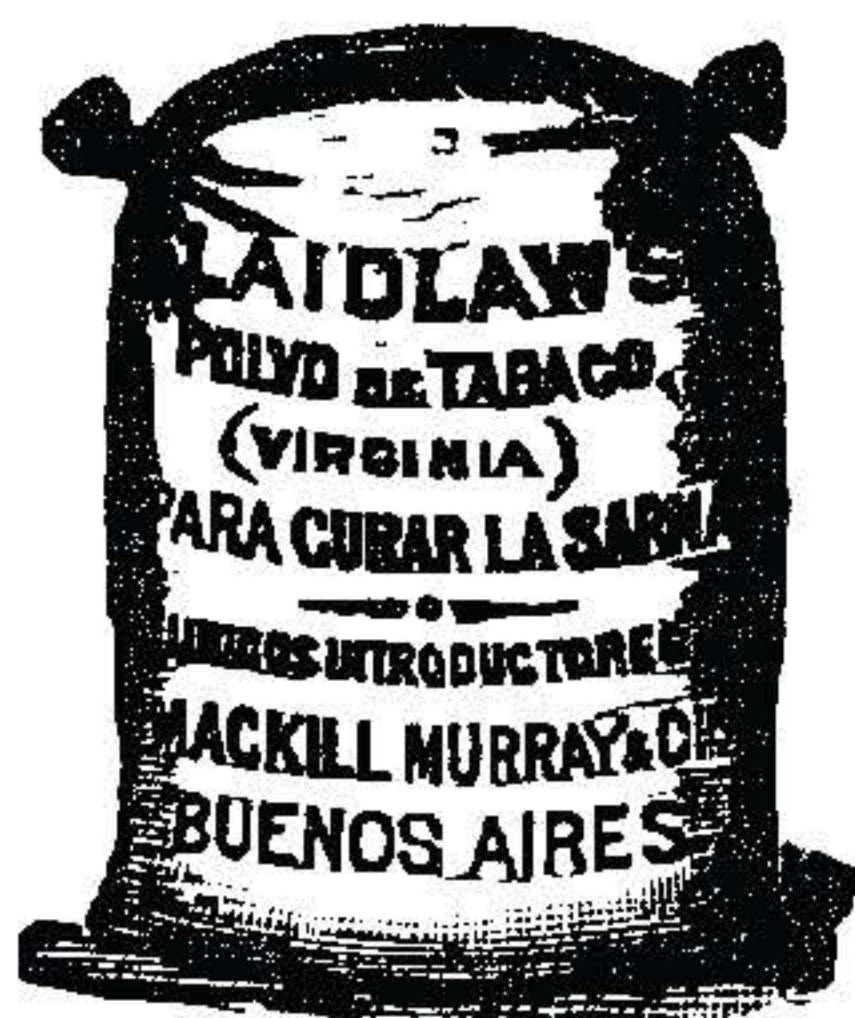
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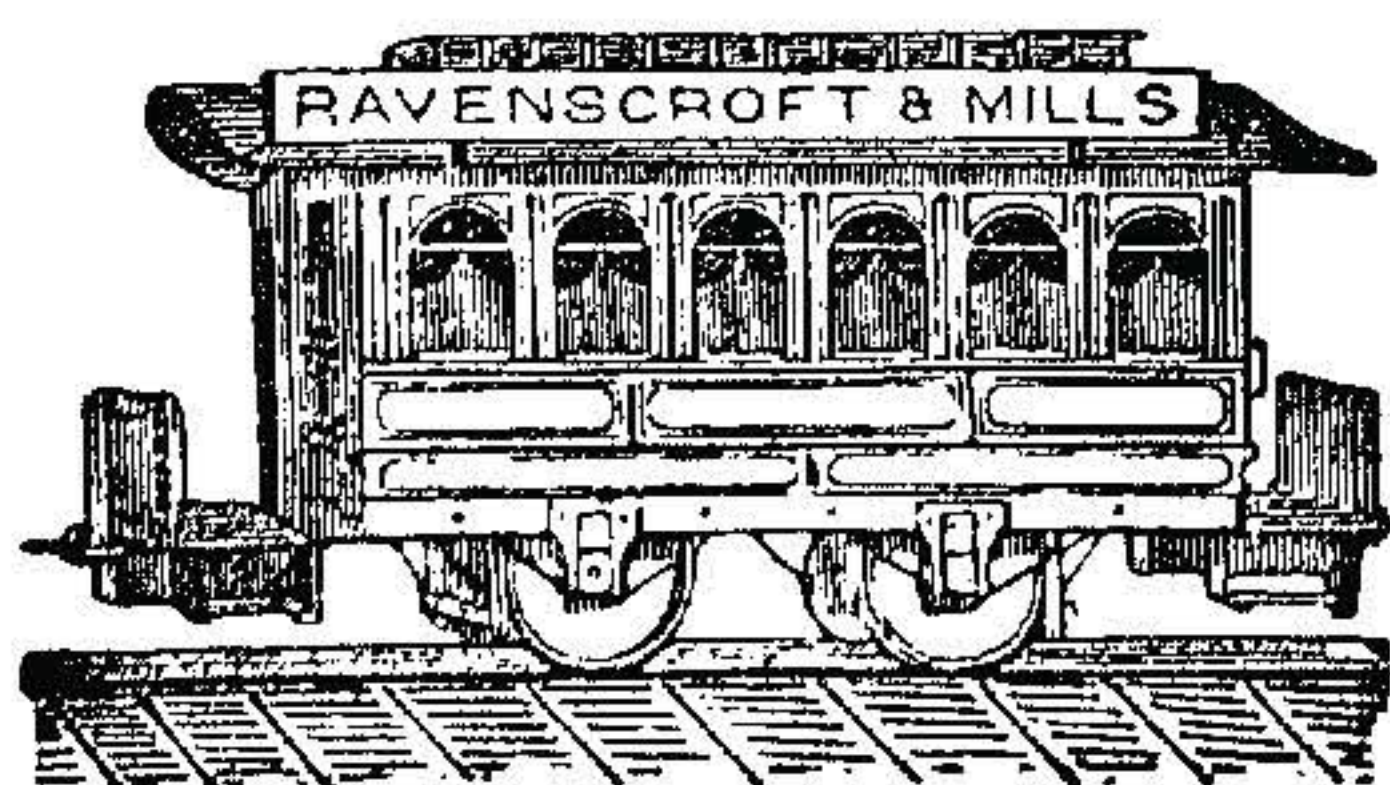
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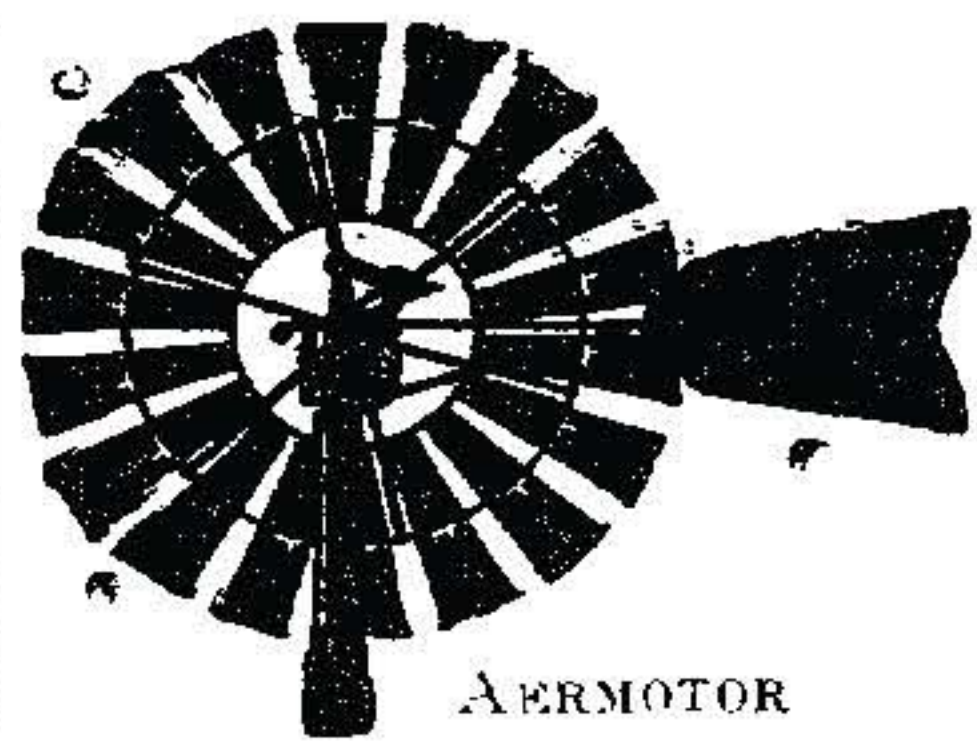
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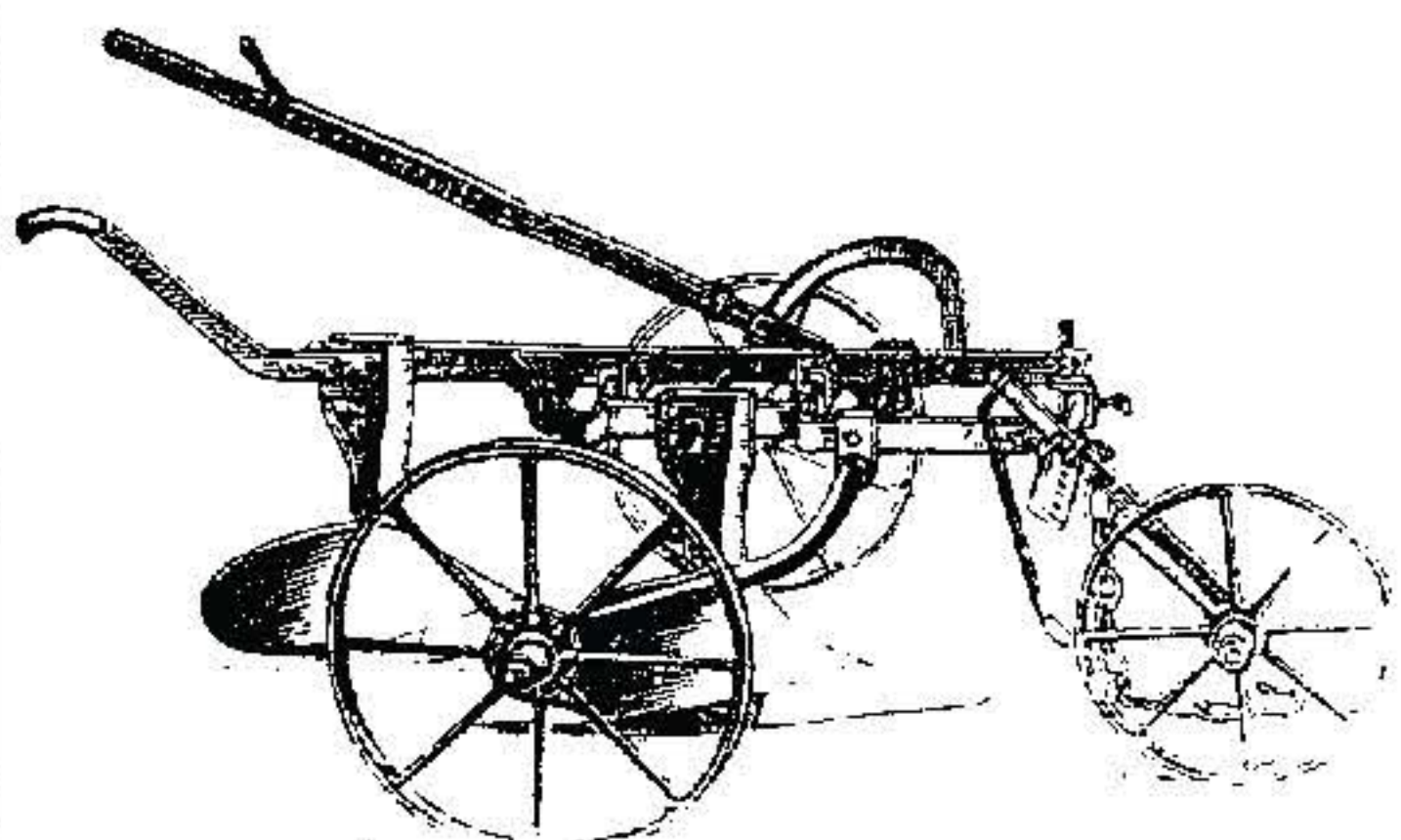
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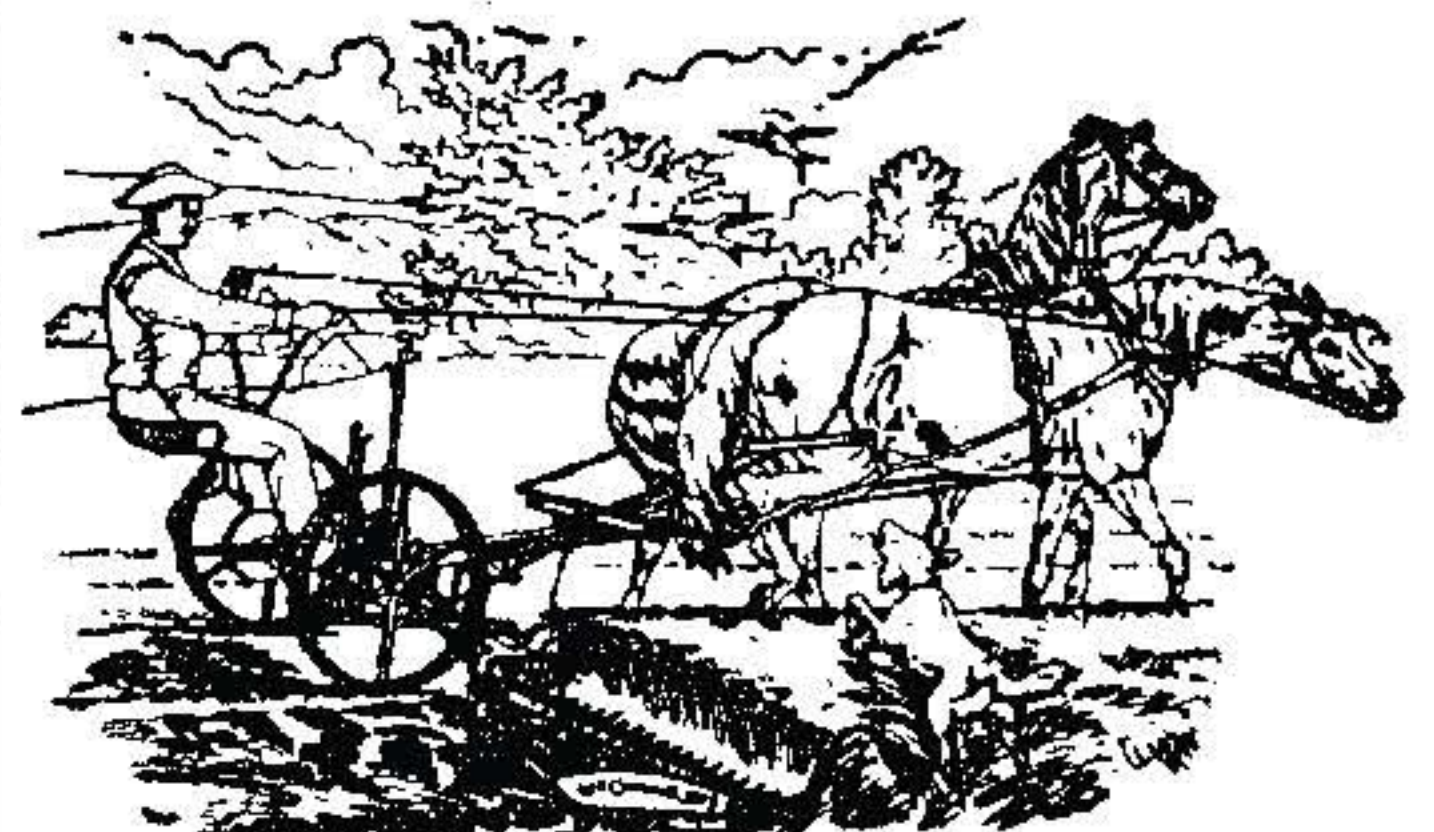
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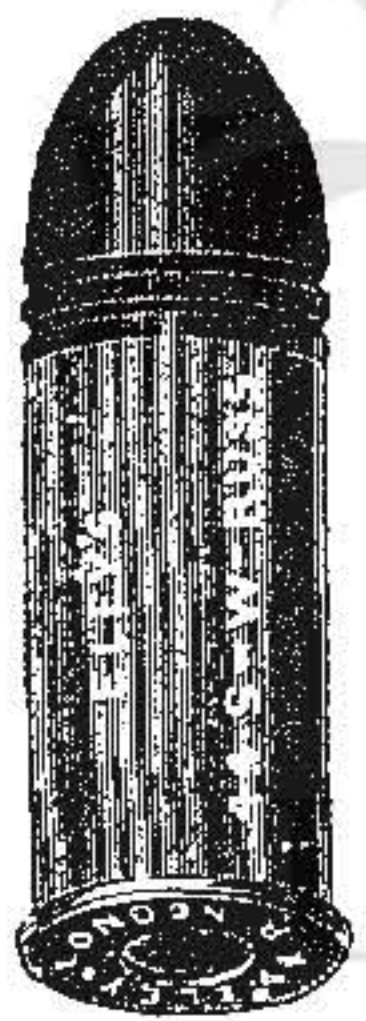
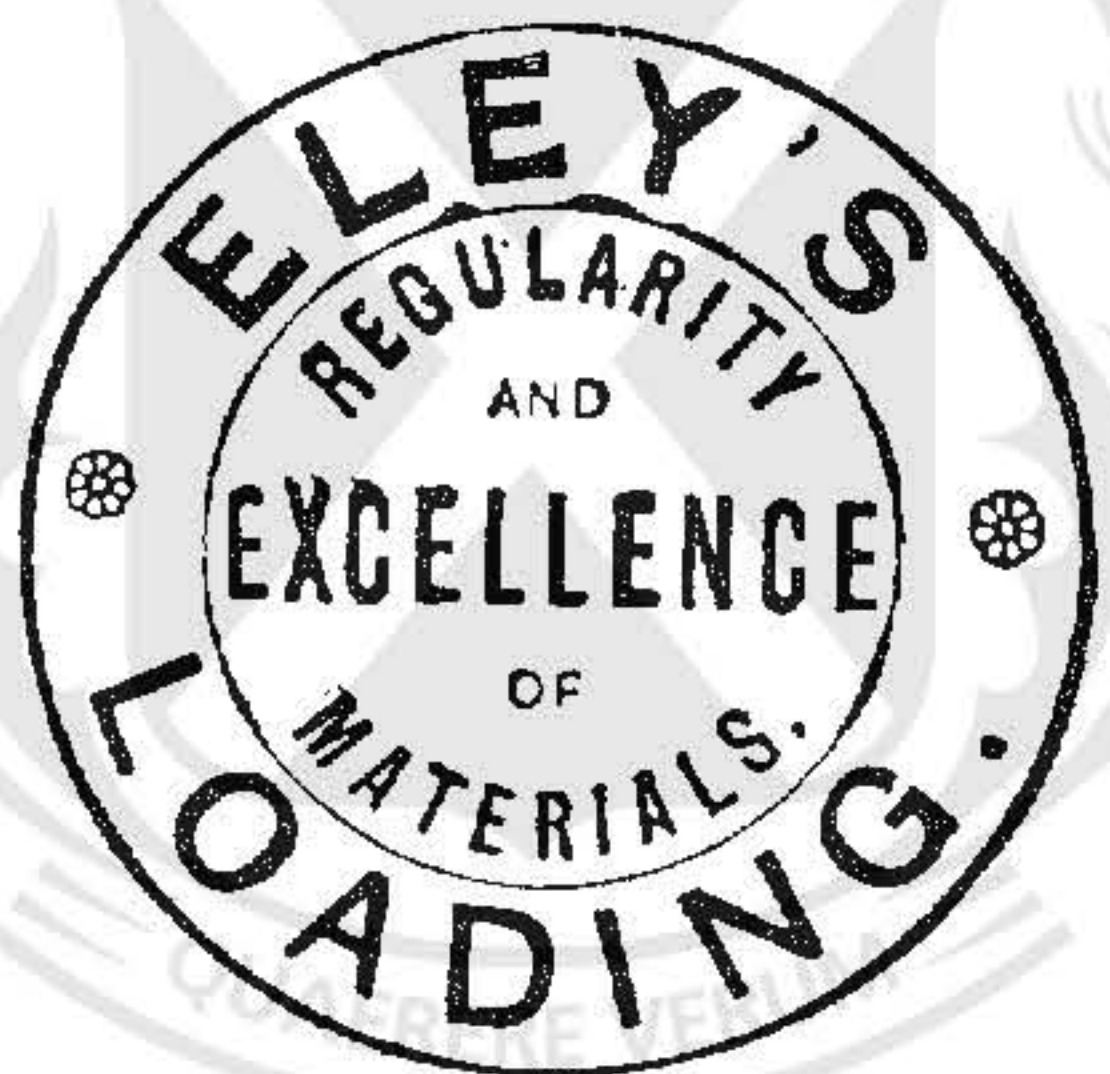
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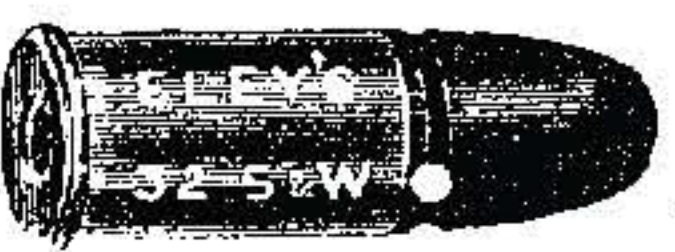
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1891

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. 1No. 10—May 11:
THE CRUISE OF THE DART, No. 2No. 11—June 1:
THE CRUISE OF THE DART, No. 3No. 12—June 22:
THE CRUISE OF THE DART, No. 4No. 13—July 6:
HURLINGHAM CRICKET XI.No. 14—July 20:
UNITED RAILWAYS CRICKET XI.No. 15—August 10:
ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS.No. 16—August 31:
THE BUENOS AIRES RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM.No. 17—September 14:
HURLINGHAM POLO TEAM.No. 18—October 5:
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—PALERMONo. 24—February 15:
ST. HONORAT.No. 25—March 22:
HURLINGHAM.No. 26—April 26:
THE GAUCHOS IN LONDON.No. 27—June 20:
THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TEAMS.No. 28—August 23:
THE BUENOS AIRES FRONTON.No. 29—November 1:
ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS, 1893.No. 30—December 6:
LOMAS A.C. ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TEAM.No. 31—December 13:
THE VALPARAISO AND BUENOS AIRES CRICKET TEAMS.No. 32—December 27:
HURLINGHAM POLO TEAM.

1894

No. 33—January 10:
THE NORTH & SOUTH CRICKET TEAMS OF 1893.No. 34—January 31:
ARGENTINE YACHTS.The back numbers of the *River Plate Sport and Pastime* containing the above Photographs, price 50 cents each (other back numbers 30 cents), may be obtained from the Publishers,**Ravenscroft & Mills**

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HOME NEWS

RACING

The following figures are published by the French paper "Le Jockey" with regard to the largest amounts won in any single season by a French three-year-old. The place of honour is held by Baron de Schickler's Ragotsky, whose three victories last year brought in £18,238; while next to him comes Count de Lagrange's Rayon d'Or, who in 1879 won, principally in England, £17,947. Next to them come Stuart with £15,037 in 1888, Chêne Royal with £12,613 in 1892, Ténébreuse with £11,804 in 1887, and Frontin with £11,803 in 1883; the smallest amount won by any three-year-old at the head of the list being in 1878, when Insulaire secured only £5,317. Prince Soltykoff was first that year, as Thurio won nearly £6,000 by his victory in the Grand Prix; but that is the only occasion upon which an English-bred horse has won the most money. Ragotsky swallowed up so many of the good things, that only two other three-year-olds won as much as £5,000, these being Callistrate (four races worth £10,236) and Ramleh (seven races worth £5,434), though it may be noted that among the eleven three-year-olds whose winnings ranged from £5,000 to £2,000 is a southern horse named Pastison, who secured eighteen races of the modest value of £2,715.

BOXING

CORBETT AND MITCHELL.

The following telegrams were received in England on January 12th:

Jacksonville.—Licenses were issued to-day by the city authorities authorising the fight between Corbett and Mitchell on the 25th January, and a contest between the coloured boxers, Perry and Wilkins, on Monday. The latter is looked upon as a test case. The president and officials of the Duval Club laugh at the threats of Governor Mitchell, and say that the contest will certainly come off.

Another telegram from Jacksonville says that the Adjutant-General had called a meeting of Militia officers

to ascertain the action they proposed to take should they be called upon to stop the fight between Corbett and Mitchell. He was informed by the officers that the question had been canvassed, and that they had decided to pay no attention to the Governor should he proclaim martial law in Duval county and order them out. They added that their dearest friends were interested in this matter, and knowing that no law could warrant the Governor to proclaim martial law to prevent a boxing contest, they would not recognise him!!

Telegrams have been received here, some stating that the two principals had been taken by the police and locked up, others that Corbett won the fight, Mitchell not standing up long in front of the American.

YACHTING

It is announced that Valkyrie has been placed in dock at Brooklyn, New York, and she will undergo some preparation for the early American regattas. Our authority states that the object is not so much to test Valkyrie's capabilities against the American yachts as it is to familiarise her crew with the general surroundings of American yacht racing, including also its social amenities, which are vastly different from anything of the kind in England. The first effect of the polite attentions of American citizens on a simple-minded crew unused to "attentions" of any kind is said to be quite overpowering. If this is the case, it is very necessary that they should become inured and hardened in this pleasant side of American yachting. With regard to the America Cup, matters rest pretty much the same as they did at the conclusion of the last races. No challenge will be given this year, but, if all goes well, two English noblemen will associate in issuing a challenge for races in August or September, 1895.

FOOTBALL.

With the whole country bound in frost there was but little football to record during the first fortnight of January. Nevertheless, the first international match of the season, England v. Wales, under Rugby rules, was played on January 6th at Birkenhead, on a ground which had been carefully covered with straw and which played well till the frost took possession of its surface. We read that Wales had selected, with one exception, the same team that succeeded in vanquishing England twelve months since, and on paper it looked a very formidable side, with its splendid combination at three-quarters. The confidence of the Welsh authorities was by no means surprising. Though opinions may have varied with regard to the English team, the element of strength was undeniable, and there was only one absentee from the originally selected list. Saville, who is suffering from an injured knee, could not play, and Murfitt (West Hartlepool), who has played such a consistent game this season, was given the place. For a time it seemed doubtful whether Lockwood would take his place in the team, but whatever may have been the difficulty it was overcome. The weather, though fine, was bitterly cold, but notwithstanding this inconvenience, and the counter attraction of skating, some 7000 spectators witnessed the match, which proved very interesting, and created great enthusiasm from beginning to end. If anything, "gallant little Wales"—last year's champions—were the favourites at the commencement. However, in the result, England won by five goals (twenty-four points) to a try.

The "Field" says that the defeat of Wales was brought about chiefly by the failure of their three-quarters. It is tolerably certain that the state of the ground, which, despite most admirable care and attention, was treacherous—hard in places at the start and hard all over some time before the finish—had a deterrent effect upon the majority of the players. This of itself was sufficient to prejudice in some measure the methods of play which Welshmen have made so famous, but the lack of that excellence of combination which had been expected was not entirely due to the condition of the surface on which the match was played. The absence of that machine-like precision which seems to be so necessary to the success of the modern style of play, was largely due to the profit which attended the endeavours of the Englishmen to break it up; and while to this end Lockwood's efforts contributed greatly, the splendid tackling of the English forwards, and their admirable footwork when the game was loose, helped in an even greater degree to disorganise the Welsh three-quarter line. In tight scrimmaging the Welsh forwards were seen to the better advantage, and they fed their half backs more effectively than did the Englishmen; but the latter made up for their deficiency in this respect by some following up of the smartest character, and frequently before the Welsh three-quarters had time to set themselves going they found they had to deal with some very sure tacklers from the rival front division. It seems strange to read that the celebrated A. J. Gould, one of the most surprising failures of the match, has taken part in no fewer than twenty-one international matches, a record which has only been equalled by W. E. MacLagan.

England: J. F. Byrne (Moseley) (back), S. Murfitt (Durham), C. A. Hooper (Middlesex Wanderers), *R. E. Lockwood (Yorkshire), F. Firth (Yorkshire), (three-quarter backs), *C. M. Wells (Harlequins), *E. W. Taylor (Northumberland) (half backs), *J. Toothill, *T. Broadley, *H. Bradshaw, H. Speed (Yorkshire), W. E. Tucker (Cambridge University), J. Hall (Durham), *A. Allport (Blackheath), *E. Soane (Somerset) (forwards). Wales: W. J. Bancroft (Swansea) (back), *W.

McCutcheon (Oldham), *A. J. Gould (Newport), *J. Conway-Rees (Oxford University and Llanelly), *N. Biggs (Cardiff) (three-quarter backs), *P. Phillips (Newport), *F. C. Parfitt (Newport) (half backs), *F. Mills (Swansea), *A. F. Hill (Cardiff), *W. Watts (Newport), *A. W. Boucher (Newport), D. J. Daniel (Llanelly), *T. C. Graham (Newport), *C. B. Nicholl (Llanelly and Cambridge University), *J. Hannen (Newport) (forwards).

* Old International.

Referee—Mr J. A. Smith (Scottish Rugby Union).

Touch Judges—Messrs. W. Cail (President, English Rugby Union), and H. S. Lyne (President, Welsh Rugby Union).

Of the eleven matches played, England have won eight to two, the other game having resulted in a draw. Wales won in the seasons 1889-90 and 1892-93.

This is the only match of any importance recorded by the latest mails, though should the weather have been favourable, some remarkably interesting football was to have been played on January the 13th.

SKATING

The Professional Speed Skating Championship of the World was held on the 10th and 11th of January at Zwolle, in the Province of Ober-Yssel, in Holland. As Harald Hagen, the Norwegian, entered, contrary to his expressed determination, the races were invested with an international character, as otherwise they would have been confined to the Dutch. Hagen carried everything before him except in the 500 metre race, the final of which, between him and Marten Kingma, was evidently a splendid sight. We read that Marten Kingma led by ten yards half way, but at the finish Hagen came with a tremendous rush and nearly got up, being beaten by less than six inches. No one but the judges could tell which had won, even those standing close by being unable to say what the result was. One-fifth of a second was returned officially as the difference in the times; but, of course, as was admitted, it was not nearly so much as that. Hagen was most dissatisfied with the result, and said it was unfair. He, in fact, misbehaved himself, and was insulting to the judges, stating he was certain he was first, and that this was the only time he had ever skated in Holland, and it would be the last. There is no doubt, however, that the judges were perfectly honest in their verdict, and no competitor could possibly tell whether he had won or not. Perhaps, under the circumstances, a deadheat would have been a discreet decision; but that was a question entirely for the judges. Kingma's time was 51 1-5 seconds. In the 10,000 metres race Hagen showed decisively his superiority over a distance as he won by more than a minute. His time for 5000 metres was 8 min. 33 2-5 sec., and for the full distance 18 min. 52 1-5 sec., both being records. Marten Kingma was second in 20 min. 15 sec., van der Schaaf third in 22 min. 7 4-5 sec., and ter Molen fourth in 22 min. 8 1-5 sec. Hagen's skating was simply magnificent, and his victory entitled him to the title of the champion of the world, besides the extra prize of 200 guilders. His winnings on the two days thus amount to £50.

THE KHODJA

It was Christmas time in Constantinople, but there was not much merriment attending the feast, for the enemy was at the gates. Skobeloff and his Russian wolves were encamped at San Stefano, hungry for the prey which they saw before them after their long chase across the Balkans, and the streets of the city were filled with bands of wretched mahadjirs, or refugees. A month or two before I had taken up quarters in a village on the Bosphorus with four or five other men, and of course we had most of us brought out a dog or two with our baggage. But our dogs were scarcely a success, and as soon as they touched Turkish soil, seemed to lose most of their former pluck, and to be oppressed with the pervading spirit of discouragement which hung over a place to all intents and purposes already taken by the invader. Like every other Turkish village or quarter of Constantinople, our village of Ortakeni had its army of street dogs and these brutes resented the intrusion of their English cousins as ferociously as if they had been Russians. It was in vain that we tried to rally the courage of our pets. After one or two encounters, it was quite sufficient for a street dog to make his appearance round a corner for any or all of ours at once to sink behind their masters for protection. There was a legend then current of how an Englishman once possessed a favourite Dalmatian or carriage dog, which was torn to pieces and devoured by the street packs, and, vowing vengeance, he procured from England the fiercest bull terrier to be had for money, and, after training him to run behind the trap, painted him with many spots, and drove again along the road where his first favourite had been killed. The natives, thinking another Dalmatian had come, went for him with one accord, and fourteen or fifteen of them strewed the path of the victor. On hearing this tale, we almost decided to club together and do likewise; but, after many consultations, other counsels prevailed, and it was settled that we would fight the Turks with their own weapons.

The first acquisition we made was a huge Albanian sheepdog, about six months old, but already the size of a prize St. Bernard, and this was followed by an Asia Minor greyhound with jaws like a steel trap. Both of them, however, required training for the work, especially the Albanian, who was far too good-natured in the first place, and, secondly, too confident of his strength and weight; so that, instead of falling upon the foe, he

(Continued on page 5).

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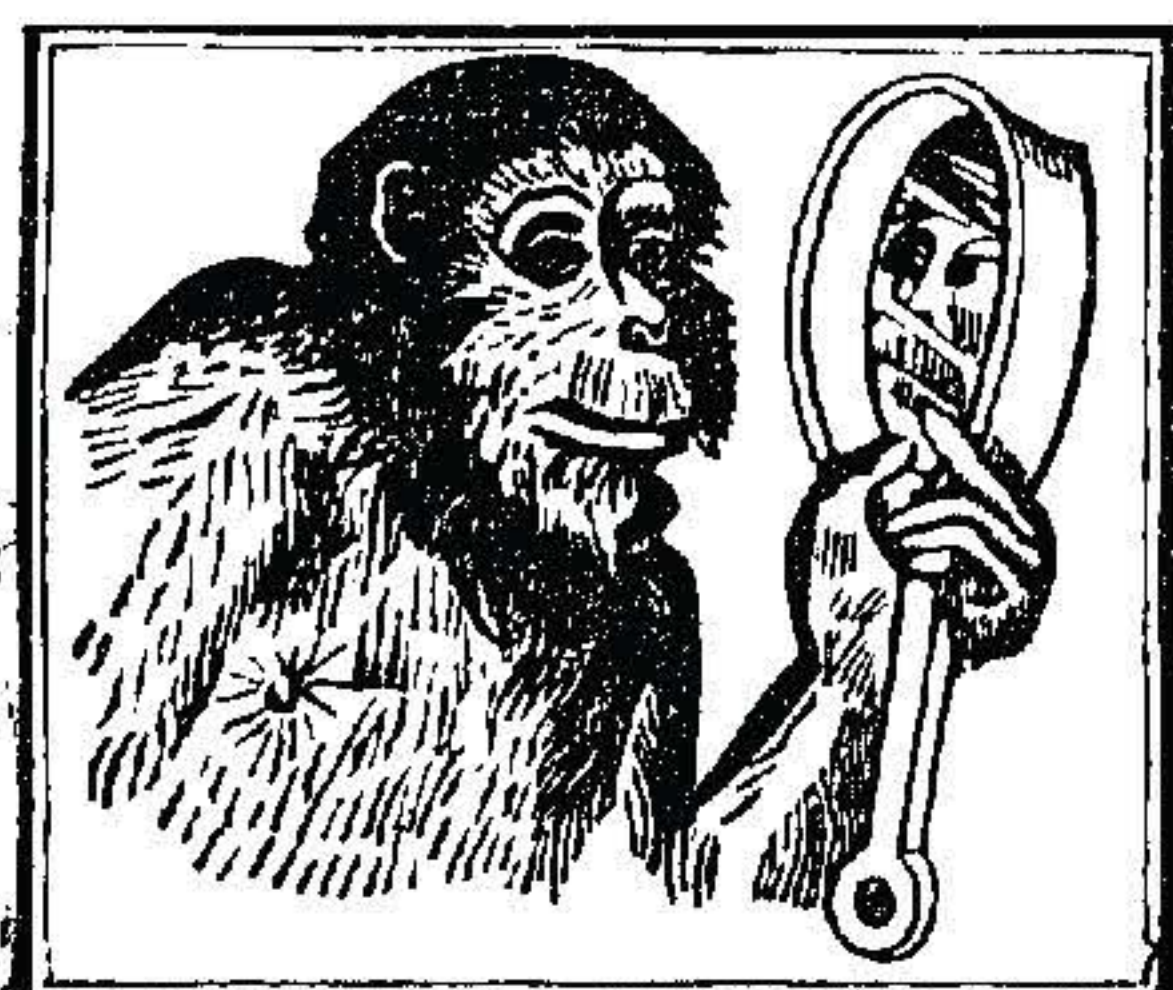
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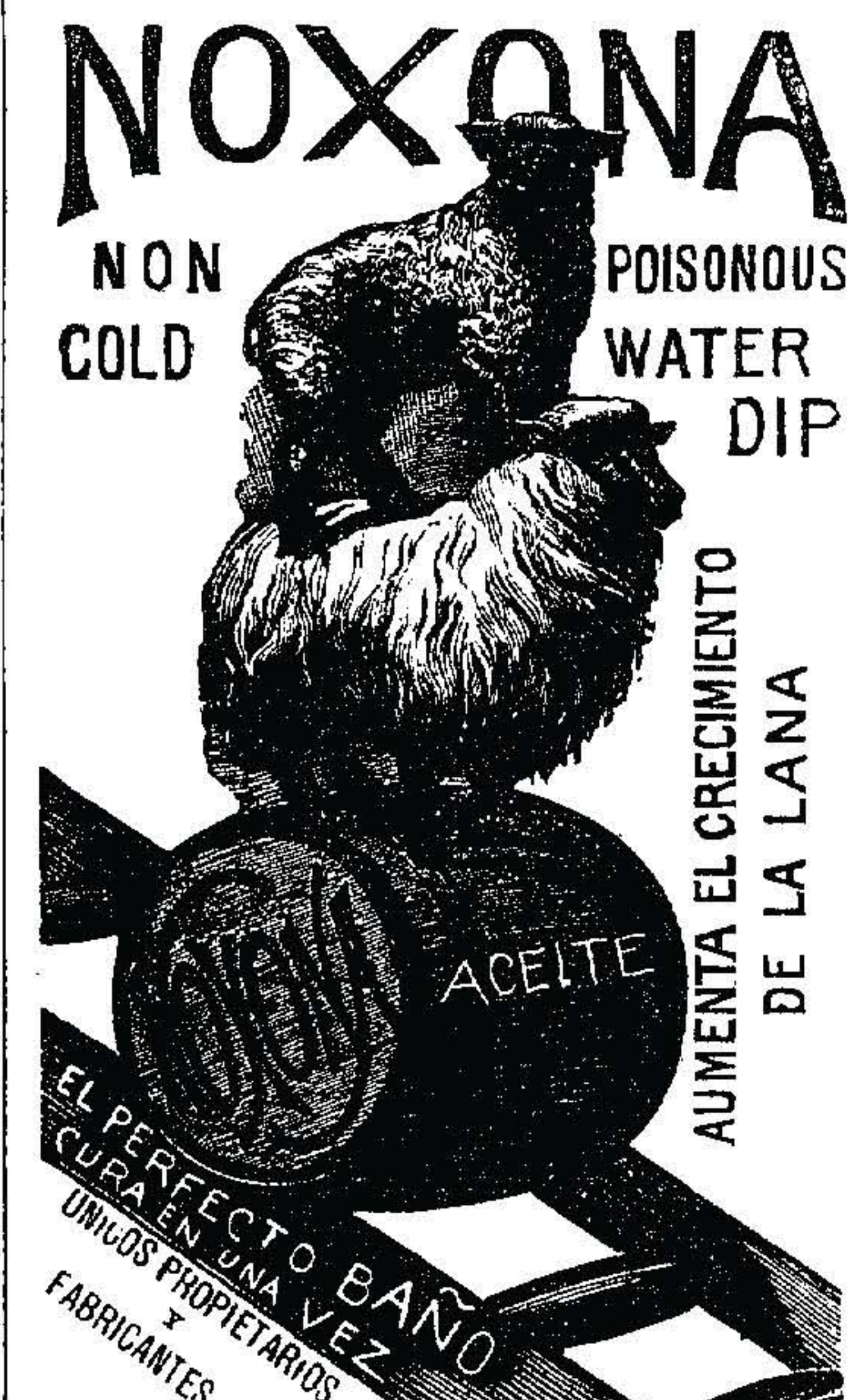
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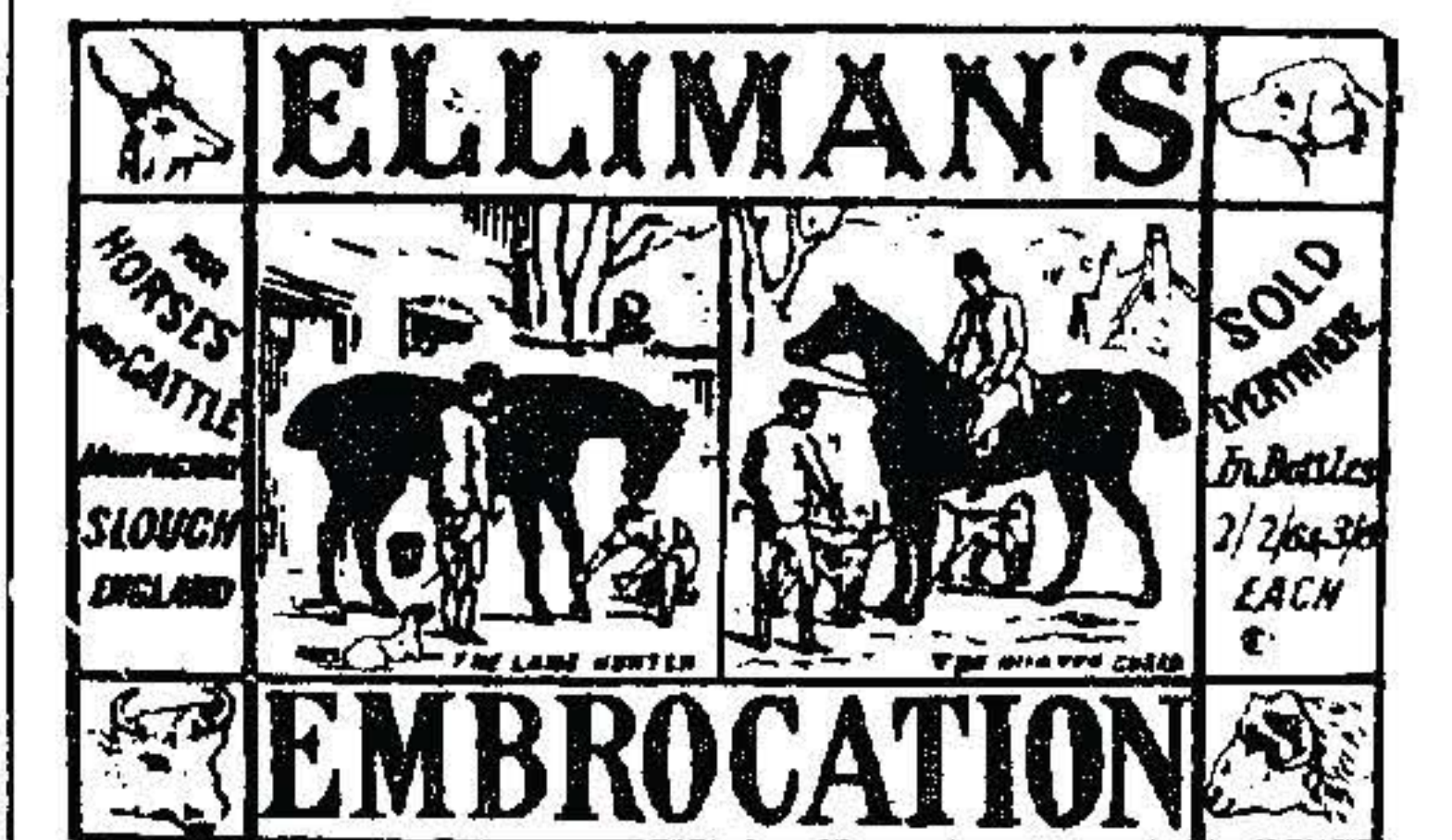
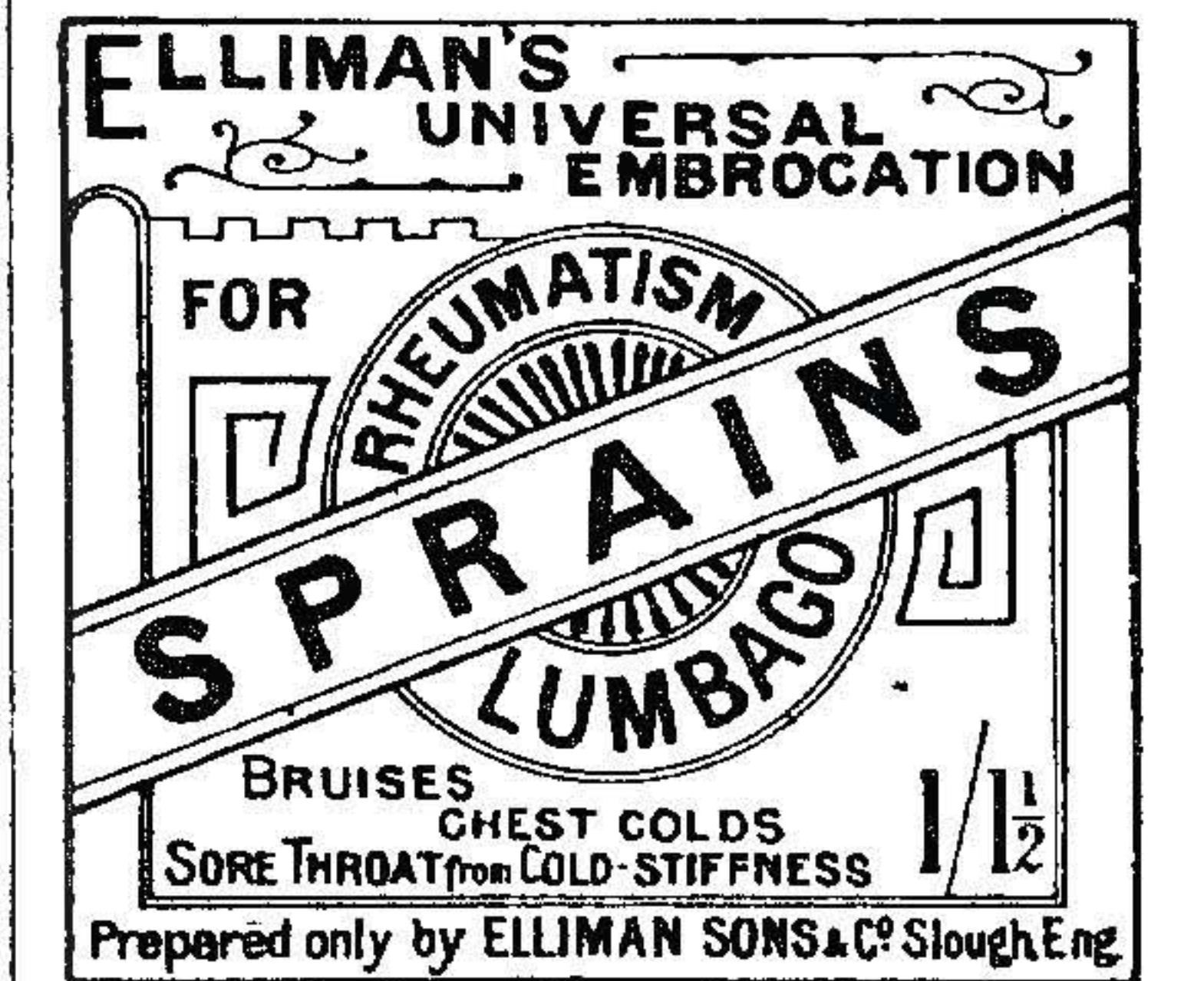
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would simply growl and snarl, and, if it came to a fight, would content himself with knocking over his adversary and walking off. What we wanted was a real "tackler," and somebody proposed to find a pup in the streets and regularly teach him to fight. After some search, we discovered a litter in a hole in the wall, and as they were lively and vicious youngsters, we picked the stoutest one and carried him off in spite of the angry remonstrances of the whole family. When we had him safe at home and seated him on the table, little more than a ball of fluffy fur, he took it all in good part, and calmly surveyed his novel surroundings with such a comical and philosophical expression in his small black eyes and over his whole face that we forthwith christened him the Khodja. But quiet and dignified as he was when let alone, he snapped and growled prodigiously at every liberty taken with his tail or other parts of his person, and gave every promise of being as savage a cur as could be desired in later days. This promise was faithfully fulfilled.

It may not have been a very laudable enterprise that we had undertaken, but it must be remembered that we were smarting under the murder of one or two of our old dog friends, and the maiming and utter cowering of the rest, when we resolved to hunt the village dogs of Ortakeni like wolves. I believe that to-day the canine population of Constantinople has been much reduced by police measures, and that those left are spiritless, miserable representatives of their fathers. But at the time of which I write it was dangerous to go out at night unarmed, and the dogs were far more like wolves than domestic animals. I doubt if there is anybody alive who is fonder of dogs than I am, and I hate to see a couple fighting; but I never looked upon the Constantinople dog as a real dog at all, but rather as a wild beast, and when Khodja tackled one of his brethren, it was as if I was watching a pair of wolves, for the Khodja developed into a most wolfy likeness.

Here is his portrait at the age of about a year and a half. A lean head with a broad skull between two prick ears, and an enormous jaw set with splendid teeth; chest not very broad, but deep; well ribbed up, and rather narrow flanked; somewhat long, but extremely muscular and sinewy legs, terminating in broad, strong feet; a long, bushy tail, and a rough, straight, wiry coat. Such was the celebrated Khodja, whose fame was destined to ring throughout Constantinople. We fed him on raw meat chiefly, and systematically teased and worried him in his youth till he grew very misanthropic, and, though he never bit any of us, he was quite independent of any discipline, and retorted with horrible growls if corrected. Of course he had first to fight all our own dogs. The mere sight of his wolfish face and grin was sufficient for most of the English contingent whilst he was still a pup. When about six months old, he fell foul of the greyhound, and, though somewhat over-matched, he gave such a good account of himself that they decided to be friends afterwards. A little later he made up his mind to try conclusions with the Albanian, Rex. He had evidently cogitated this bold stroke for some time previously, as wisely became a true Khodja, but once having made up his mind, he calmly attacked the big dog when gnawing a bone. Rex was stupefied at first at the audacity of the pup; but, finding he was in earnest, soon polished him off, and Khodja sorrowfully retired to hospital for a day or two to ponder on the truth that you want a lot of science to give away twice your own weight. As months went on, though, he occasionally renewed hostilities, and one day, after a prolonged battle, in which he had fixed on to Rex's forearm, he retired triumphant, somewhat mauled, but a decided conqueror; for Rex would never fight him again.

Then began the campaign. We would ride out with our pack, and, singling out a street dog, would give chase. The first one up would of course, be the greyhound, who, in the beginning, would be rather shy of nipping; but, when he learnt that doughty assistance was close at hand, he soon took to it, and would grab his dog as if it were a hare. If the customer was a tough one, he would await events; if not, he would continue the struggle by himself till Khodja arrived. He always came in second, and very seldom left anything for blundering old Rex to do. The result was that in a few weeks we had practically cleared the village of dogs, and our own could scamper about wherever they pleased unmolested. Two curs, however, remained in stubborn defiance, one was black and one was white. The greyhound would not touch them, and Rex pretended not to see them. Khodja was for ever skirmishing with them, but they were older and perhaps stronger than he. We named them the Black and the White Enemies, and determined to let them fight it out with the Khodja. Whichever won we would stick to.

The next act in the drama took place on a lovely spring morning, just at sunrise. Our old Montenegrin bekdjy, or gate porter, who loved Khodja like a son, came rushing into my room with tears streaming down his wrinkled, walnut-coloured cheeks and cried out, "They are killing the Khodja, sir; do come and save him." I leaped out of bed, and, just as I was, ran out into the street, where, sure enough, I found the Black Enemy and the Khodja engaged in deadly strife, whilst another dog, bigger than either, was joining in against any old piece of the Khodja's anatomy he could get a chance at. By dint of shouting and belabouring them with sticks, we drove off the assailants, and, the bekdjy picking up the almost defunct Khodja in his arms, we tenderly carried him inside and laid him out on a grass plot. I am not exaggerating when I say there were very few inches of whole skin on the poor dog; in many places strips of an inch or two long were hanging from gaping wounds, and he was simply dripping with blood all over. His proud tail was bitten clean through and through in three places, and he was never able again to rise its defiant curl over his bristling back.

I smoothed him out in the best semblance of a dog that I could, bathed his trembling carcase, and left him with a bowl of water in reach of his nose; and there he lay for thirty-six hours, growling at intervals, after which he got up and limped stolidly off to see the bekdjy.

We were all very indignant at the conduct of the Black Enemy in calling in an ally, for the second dog was the well-known champion of the colony of Beshiktash. Under ordinary circumstances, the Black Enemy would not have been allowed inside the Beshiktash territory; but he must have held a parley and come to terms both with the Beshiktash dogs and those of the other quarters which lay between, by the conditions of which a free pass was granted him and the strange champion. If we were indignant, though, it may perhaps be imagined what the Khodja's feelings must have been! Every canine law of chivalry had been broken, and he brooded terribly over his wrongs. At length we missed him, and he only came back at night, again covered with blood, and half his old wounds reopened. But he had lost his sulky expression, and seemed altogether rather pleased with himself; and the reason was made clear next day, when it was reported that he had sought out the Black Enemy in his own den, and, after a terrific duel, had at last torn him to shreds. Thus one of the scores was wiped out. Next he had to settle with the Beshiktash dog. This job took him two days, as he had to fight his way through the troops of a hostile country; but the Khodja was not one to be turned from his purpose. Witnesses of this battle said it was also a severe one; but I am inclined to think that, in spite of the size of the other, his heart was small, and when he saw the Khodja's avenging smile, and heard from the Khodja, as he undoubtedly did, that the fate of the Black Enemy was in store for him, his resistance was feeble. At any rate, Khodja was very little the worse for this adventure, and at once went into training for the White Enemy. The fight came off again in the early morning, under the windows of an Under Secretary of State, who lived opposite. I will not describe it in detail—indeed it would be difficult to do so, as it was a lock and a grinding of teeth and chawing of flesh from beginning to end. But after a few minutes I saw the Khodja was not getting the better of it, and a feeling of pity for the brave young dog came over me, so I took a pea rifle down from its hook and went out into the street. They were still at it furiously, but the White Enemy was uppermost, and looked as if he almost had the Khodja "out." I waited a little longer, but then could not stand it, and planted a bullet in the Enemy's ear. With a last growl he gave a savage wrench at the Khodja, who, finding himself suddenly free from attack, continued to worry his dead foe, whom he doubtless believed to his dying day that he killed himself. As soon, though, as he saw that all was over, he shook himself and stalked majestically away, having fought his last good fight.

The consequences of this were so quaint that I must give them to complete the story. Feeling a shade of remorse for having shot the gallant White Enemy, I sent for the village sexton to bury him a little higher up on the Tash Nerdiban by the side of the road. A small grave-mound was the result, and on this I planted a post with an inscription in Turkish, Greek, and other languages to this effect: "Here lies the White Enemy. He knew not fear, and died like a soldier with his face to the foe." This new grave soon excited curiosity, and a rumour went abroad that the Englishman had killed a Jew (why a Jew, I do not know). A deputation came up to inquire, and were convinced with difficulty that it was only a dog. Here, however, a new complication arose. The Tash Nerdiban led up to a Turkish camp or advanced post on the Maslak road, and soldiers were continually passing up and down it. When they heard that a dog was buried there, and read the inscription comparing him to a soldier, they declared an insult had been put on the whole Turkish army. In fact, for two or three days things were very unpleasant, and the soldiers threatened to storm our house and have satisfaction. The question was discussed at the Council of Ministers, and detailed explanations were asked for and given. The poor Khodja was frequently assaulted by the soldiers for the sins of his masters, and also for his own name, which was also taken as an insult to all wise and holy Khodjas. But when he got a sabre cut or a clout on the head, he gave back a nip in the leg, and both he and we survived the incident.

It may be thought that the foregoing is an invention, but, on the contrary, it is strictly and rigorously true from beginning to end; and many who live on the Bosphorus shores must still remember well the preceding tale. What ultimately became of the hero, I do not know; but several years afterwards, on revisiting Constantinople, I heard he was still alive, though the brief time at my disposal did not allow of my visiting him. A stouter-hearted friend or foe never lived in a dog's skin, and it is to be hoped that some of his sons inherited the virtues of the Fighting Khodja of Ortakeni.—A. H. B. in "The Field."

H. SCOTT ROBSON

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EN PASSANT.

The sale of books at the English Literary Society announced in our last issue for Wednesday, the 31st, was, owing to stormy weather, postponed till Wednesday next, the 7th inst., when a large number of good books and magazines will be offered for sale, amongst them being a complete set of the "Sporting and Dramatic News" from its commencement.

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"He that doth good for multitudes finds few are truly grateful" was written by some accurate observer of human nature in times gone by; if poor Guy de Maupassant can see from where he is, he will vouch for the correctness of the statement. He was, during his day, quite the idol of the French novel reader, but when his niece, who was his heir, through want of money had to sell his collection of china, bronzes, pictures, desk and all his bric-a-brac, the bidding at the auction was anything but keen. His yacht *Bel-ami*, in which he spent so many pleasant hours on the Mediterranean, was sold for the miserable sum of £320. Some of the small things brought better prices, but, on the whole, the sale was distinctly poor.

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An American friend writing from Eastbourne thus describes golf, the raging mania amongst the old and young of the British Isles at present:

Most all day yesterday I played golf. I took Clarence along with me to carry my golf swatters. These swatters are a compromise between a street-car hook and a crop. Clarence took the umbrella stand full of these things—a receptacle made for the purpose of holding six or seven kinds of swatters. The field consisted of a paddock owned by a neighbouring duke, containing forty acres of ground and seven decayed horses. It might have been one of the decayed nobility, but when I saw the wind was from that quarter I could not help noticing it.

I wore my new golf clothes, and Clarence cheered me with his presence. The day was cold and kept me active. Clarence told me of his past life, and ordered a lunch to be brought to me at the end of the link. The link is the round one has to make, a sort of tour over the "eath," as Clarence calls it, with gopher holes so far apart, which you go for with your ball. The winner is the man who gets his ball in these gopher holes with the least number of swats. That's swat's the matter. You hit the ball as hard as possible in getting from one hole to another, and the game is fraught with as much excitement as kicking a frozen turnip along a wintry road. When you get near the hole, however, you must be more careful, or you will miss. You must also get your ball out of any bad place, too, where you have driven it, and must use the golf club to do it with, too.

You can imagine how I felt when I drove my ball into the midst of a picnic here and it landed in the marmalade glass of a young lady of rare beauty. Knowing the rules of the game, she remained like a statue until I came up and with wonderful skill drove the ball safely across the field, leaving a track of marmalade "arf way across the 'eath," as Clarence said. This incident was printed and commented upon adversely by the London Press, so I give it here correctly in order to set myself right.

The Press in stating that I scattered a quart of jelly, a jar of pickles and the brains of an intellectual dog over the entire party was grossly wrong, and the report hurt me a good deal because my friends who had invited me to come and play golf with them, afterward excused themselves on the ground that diphtheria had broken out in their families.

Golf is a Scottish game, and is as full of dry humour and pious, ringing girlish laughter as the death of Lady Jane Grey.

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While on the subject of games, I read in a home paper of an anxious mother who considers the gymnasium the greatest of all enemies of the drawing-room, for, she says, love being a jealous mistress, a man cannot love and pursue athletics at the same time, wherein she speaks the truth; but, between times, athletes sometimes do fall in love and even marry, and their children are often healthy. more so, in fact, as a rule than those belonging to people who have not taken the trouble to keep their bodies in decent physical condition by a healthy exercise of some sort. As for the athlete not being able to serve love and athletics at the same time, I suppose he is much like everyone else in this particular, and finds one thing at a time, especially if it be the first attack of love, as much as he can attend to. Seriously speaking the sooner mothers and maiden aunts get over the idea that the human body must in its first years be wrapt up in cotton wool and kept in woollen mufflers and goloshes when it grows older, the better it will be, not only for our army and navy, but for the whole of our race in the future.

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I take the following information from the "Westminster Gazette" about a French chroni-

cler who was anxious to know how several selected great men furnished what we should call their dens, what he calls their workrooms. To gain access to all the rooms was not easy, but fortunately many of them were photographed, and so the evidence was complete. The chronicler's leaning was evidently towards men of letters, and his results are, on the whole, surprising. Daudet's study was severe in its simplicity, the furniture the scantiest and the plainest. That of Dumas had a few pictures on the wall, small panel pictures, and on his table a female Sphinx in bronze. Coppée, the poet, has his books in extraordinary disorder, and his appliances for tobacco abundant and well filled. Pierre Loti has his workshop fitted up like an eastern bazaar; De Goncourt's is rich in curious books and bindings; Sardou's is absolutely plain and very untidy; Zola's crammed with bric-a-brac; Massenet's austere and empty—a notebook, a thermometer, and a water bottle; Meilhac's crowded with books, reviews, and journals, and by the hearthrug two armchairs, one for the master of the house, the other for his friend and collaborator Halévy, both of a size and impartially comfortable.

Under a heading of "Physician, Heal Thyself," a curious list of facts relating to sickness prevailing amongst the medical men at home is given. The epidemic of influenza is mainly responsible for the large number of deaths, which, during last November, amounted to seventy per cent. more than in the same month of the previous year. Doctors are proverbially culpably negligent about their own ailments, but I hope these figures will be a warning to them not to play with influenza.

"Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis." Waiters are complaining at home that they can't live because they get no tips, people used to tip but the habit has been falling off to the detriment of the waiter's income. The question of tipping has long been a vexed question with the public of a certain class who want to travel, but who are so small hearted that anything not charged in their bill they shirk paying. A waiter has just as much right to his tip as the hotel or restaurant keeper has to be paid for his food or lodging, in most of the good places the waiters pay for the privilege of serving, or to put it in a business way, rent certain tables, instead of making a fixed charge for waiting on their customers, the custom has been heretofore to "leave it to you, sir," as the cabby is so fond of saying when he sees a country cousin. Where the waiter has been done in a great many places is when the restaurateur charges a penny or two-pence, as the case may be, for waiting and pockets it, this is manifestly unfair to the waiter, as people not in the know go away thinking they have paid for the waiter.

It will be a poor day for the gourmet when tipping does go out of fashion, and I am inclined to think that restaurant eating people at large will be distinctly well less served when the waiter feels that the little attentions and suggestions we appreciate so on his part are no longer necessary to his service as money making attributes. Neither will it be to the advantage of the caterer to have the time honoured custom done away with, as he would then have to pay his waiters good wages instead of making a profit out of them as heretofore, and we should hear no more confidential whispers of the merits of a bon bouche to be had for the asking, but not on the list. When I hear a man object to tipping I always remember the tale of the waiter who, when he reminded a customer, who was a regular frequenter, that he had forgotten to leave a "pour boire," was answered by the customer saying he was a member of a society for abolishing tips. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, "and I am a member of a society for accidentally spilling hot soup over gentlemen's clothes."

A goodly collection of Latin bibles, numbering no fewer than 543, the property of Dr W. A. Copinger, professor of law in the Victorian University, has been bought by a theological college in New York. This collection has sixty-nine more editions than the British Museum, and 351 more than the Bodleian.

An interesting note about the weight of bees appears in an American journal devoted to agriculture. It seems that an ordinary bee, not carrying any load of pollen, weighs the one five-thousandth of a pound. Five thousand bees thus make up a pound weight. When, however, the

bee is carrying his load of pollen or honey, as he returns from foraging amid the flowers, his weight is increased nearly three times. He carries thus about twice his own weight, a result not surprising to those who have studied the muscular powers and ways of insects at large. When bees are loaded it requires only eighteen hundred of them to make up the pound. Details are also given regarding the number of bees which may exist in a hive. From 4lb. to 5lb. weight of bees are found in an ordinary colony. This means, in figures of population, some 20,000 to 25,000 individuals. A big swarm, it is said, will often double this estimate.

Commenting on this article, Dr Andrew Wilson says:—"Talking of bees, if any of my readers wish to indulge in a very curious and fascinating bit of zoological study, they should read the story of what is called 'parthenogenesis' in bees and other insects, such as the aphides or green-flies of the roses and other plants. For such eggs of the queen bee as are fertilised when laid, turn out workers (or neuters) or queens, while those which are not fertilised at all develop into males or drones. This is very singular, because fertilisation of an egg or seed is regarded ordinarily as necessary for its due development. I know of nothing more extraordinary than the story biology has to tell regarding this curious by-way of animal development."

While the sayings of Dr. Andrew Wilson are still in my mind, I should like my readers to note what he says about influenza. "I have been reading up," says the shrewd scientist, "influenza literature of late days, with but scant intellectual results, I am afraid. I fancy the microbe is like that of rabies in one way, in that both ultimately seek the nervous centres, and work out, either directly or through the products they throw out, their dire effects on the brain. The horrible mental depression, lassitude, nerve-weakness, and so forth, all seem due to this partiality of *la grippe* for the nervous realm. If it be true that our white blood-corpuscles are engaged in fighting whatever microbes gain entrance to our frames, then I should say they have yet to learn how to combat the influenza germ successfully. As far as I can learn, there is no specific, save plenty of fresh air and attention to the good old rule—keep up a high standard of your general health, and, above all, don't be afraid of infection, or worry about your chances of acquiring or escaping the malady. And when it does seize you, go to bed at once, and don't do as I did in attempting to toil on, for influenza is like typhoid fever itself: the sooner you go to bed, the sooner will you be up and out of it."

The Juca-Tigre was only allowed to appear once in the Zarzuela Theatre, on account of the ridicule it threw on the Brazilians. The piece was stopped by the Chief of Police and the Mayor before the Brazilian Minister had time to officially object to it. The theatre-going public don't lose much by this step, though a tremendous crowd assembled to see the second performance, not knowing the play was prohibited.

On Wednesday evening of last week we had a storm in Buenos Aires about five o'clock, during which, in a quarter of an hour, twenty millimetres, or over a quarter of an inch, of rain fell, as gauged by the National College observatory. The wind with it was something phenomenal, nothing like it has been known for twenty-two years, so say those who keep note of these things. Luckily no great amount of damage was done, round about here, but the telephone companies suffered from having some posts blown down, which interrupted their service for a day or so. Although the rain fell so heavily in the city, the suburbs are still dry and dusty, not having had a single drop to freshen up their gardens and wash their trees.

The improbability of events happening account for a good many sayings which have become proverbs; for instance, when the maxim "Those in glass houses should not throw stones," became a byword, there is no doubt that the idea of any one living in a glass house was very remote from the wit's mind, who first used the expression as a change from the historical suggestion to clear one's own eye before meddling with our neighbour's. From Japan comes the news that a Dutch doctor of medicine has invented a glass house, which he claims is not only practical as a residence, but which is impervious to heat. The walls are of double glass set in an iron frame.

Between the glasses a chemical liquid is introduced, which does not obscure the light. The roof is made in the same way as the walls. The ventilation is arrived at by two chimneys, one for winter, the other for summer. I would not have mentioned this new notion, the actual practicability of which I rather doubt, only it is pleasing to think that while we are being subjected to the fierce heat of this unnatural season, some one, though unknown and far off, is working for our peace of mind and bodily comfort. That Dr Van der Heyden may succeed in his philanthropic endeavour, and thereby lay up a store of shekels for all future Van der Heydens, is, I am sure, the earnest wish of every one who objects to the melting process we have been going through this summer.

The elections in the city and the provinces seemed to have passed off quietly. The result all over the country is decidedly in favour of the Radicales. The "Prensa" is loud in its praise of the Chief of Police, who it says did his duty. We never discuss these matters in our columns, but it seems rather a left-handed compliment to laud a man for doing the duty he is paid for.

Jabez Balfour still provides copy for the papers. No one can tell yet how the case may turn. So far, they have not been able to get him away from Salta, where he is kept closely guarded, while the national powers and those of Salta arrange between themselves what course they will take.

The yellow fever scare is over for the nonce. The health of the city on the whole is satisfactory, the heavy rain appearing to have done good by washing the town; the folk at the Boca had rather a bad time though on Saturday, during the high tide the place was under water as usual. The Highland Mavy scored, as she was able to get off after being on ground for more or less half a dozen days.

I met the ingenuous matron who wrote to "Boots" some time ago, asking him how much her baby ought to weigh; she laughed at his answer and told me the reason she had asked him was that a friend of hers had told her that in the office of every sporting paper a table was kept giving "weight for age." Had she known, she said, that this table did not refer to the human race, but was meant for horses, she would have applied to her doctor in the first place.

The men who succeed most in this world are those who make the most of their opportunities. One who seems to be doing his best for himself and his brethren is the head doctor of the Health Board of this town, who has got the Mayor to lay a proposal before the Municipal Council, making it compulsory that every theatre, ball alley, circus, race course, and a vague, etc., be furnished with a special room, with a bed and all the necessary articles for attending to injuries, such as carbolic solutions, splints, cotton wool, bandages, and a long list of other things nearly enough to stock a chemist's shop, and that each place shall be required to have a doctor on duty during the hours of the performance. It does not say so, but I presume the doctor in attendance will want to be paid for his work. Will the Health Board pay them, or is it another way of taxing the unfortunate caterer for public amusement?

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
From whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content.

Were Burns here at present he would add to the last line and "St. Andrews Gazette," which in its first innings scored well, and gives the idea of being a valuable addition to the literary team as well as a witty and valourous companion to the older members.

By the last mail I hear that the Orleans Residential Club, Brighton, has been taken over lock, stock and barrel by the Hon. A. Bourke who so successfully reorganised White's, no doubt he will do the same for the Orleans which was far from being in a good way.

On Monday, 5th inst., Vaillant, the anarchist, was guillotined in Paris, his last words were, "Long live Anarchy!" It is to be hoped, now a start has been made, that everyone caught using dynamite, or anything else explosive, with intent to do harm should be treated as murderers and punished capitally; nothing else will ever stamp out this class of fiend.

The Noble Art of Self Defence

(COMMUNICATED.)

(Concluded.)

Oh, dear! That little man appeared to be able to hit me with stinging severity from the opposite side of the sixteen-foot ring. I fought, and even succeeded in knocking him down twice, with Johnny Walker's cross counters, but I was painfully aware that he was hitting me five times to my hitting him once. There were roars of applause from the pugs round the ring each time I knocked him down, cries were heard of:

"Bravo the gent. Bully for the gent, etc., etc."

Nevertheless, I could not disguise the fact that I was getting considerably the worst of the affair.

My nose was bleeding, I was not quite certain whether I was standing on head or heels, and I felt that lovely sensation of singing in the ears which denotes the receipt of a downright drubbing, so after about ten minutes I extended my right hand, with the words—

"That will do, you're too good for me," and off went the gloves.

Whilst performing my ablutions and dressing, an idea that had already dawned on me took firmer root, to the effect that the whole thing was a plant, so, once dressed, but with the humming still in my ears, I walked up to old Nat and asked him.

"Look here, you old rascal, what made you put that man on to me to thrash me?"

"What man?" asked he.

"Why, that little devil who has just given me such a pounding."

"No, he didn't," went on Nat, "you put your 'ands up very well; why, you knocked him down twice. See what the other boys say."

"That's all very well, Nat," I remarked, "but he hit me five times to my hitting him once. When I hit him he took it like a morning cocktail, but when he hit me he hurt me. The whole thing was a put up job. Now, tell me, who is he?"

"Why, my little friend, Pete," said Nat.

"Pete what?" I asked.

"Why, Peter Morris," said Nat with a grin.

"Oh, Peter Morris, the champion of the feather weights, eh?"

"Yes," acquiesced Nat, with another grin.

"What caused you to set him on to me in that way?"

"Look here, young man, just you take a 'int, don't you never hit a fat man in the belly again."

I then thoroughly realised the fact that Nat Langham, too fat and lazy to thrash me himself, had deputed Peter Morris to do the job for him, and very efficiently he carried out his orders.

Not long after this I was having a drink with Nat at Alec Keene's, when rather a weedy-looking individual walked in on the same errand.

"There, sir," whispered Nat to me, "that ere gent will probably be a hantagonist o' yours at that amateur lightweight championship you're a thinking of going in for. Jem Mace says he's very smart, but Jem and myself we both think you can beat 'im."

"Well, Nat," I replied, "he may be smart with the gloves, many of the weedy ones are; but, if it came to anything more serious, it would not take me ten minutes to knock him into the middle of next week."

"What's that you say?" asked Nat, with a patronising sort of leer.

I repeated my opinion about the ten minutes.

"Look 'ere, sir," said Nat, "I'll give you a bit of advice. If you have a difference with another gent, and can't settle 'im in two minutes, you say there's a friend a waitin' for you round the corner, and you just scootle."

"Why?" I demanded.

"Cos you gents' 'ands won't stand more than about two minutes."

The truth of this remark came home to me some few years afterwards, when I was mobbed in the Paris streets for a Prussian spy, by the semi-mad "blouse" class of population, then in a state of patriotic frenzy.

I lost a Poole frock coat, a Lincoln and Bennett top-per, and a gold-mounted Sangster umbrella. I got my face badly scratched, and my left leg bitten by the first man I knocked down, but all this was child's play to the punishment I inflicted on my own hands. I could scarcely write for a week, but I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had saved my own life and hurt a lot of Frenchmen. Had it not been for the lessons I had formerly received from sundry masters that French crowd would have torn me limb from limb.

Another instance, where the noble art saved me from death by an assassin's knife was over a roulette table in Alexandria. I had had rather bad luck and was losing my temper, so in a moment of desperation I laid one sovereign on number 23 and another on the red. The table had only twenty-four numbers and one zero, so when "twenty-three, red," turned up the croupier raked me over twenty-four sovs. I was reaching out to collect the money when another hand intervened and placed itself on my money. I kept tight hold of his left wrist with my right hand and appealed to the croupier, who being a Greek himself, and probably a confederate of the would-be robber, shrugged his shoulders and declined to offer an opinion as to the ownership of the money.

I saw that a row was imminent, so I made the croupier take the money back, and called for the proprietor of the establishment. Meantime, words were already running high, the few respectable people present siding with me, and the riff-raff with the Greek. I have al-

ready said that Alexandria was a lawless place, so lawless, in fact, that everyone went about well armed. I had a Tranter revolver in my hip pocket, and also two American knuckle dusters, one in each side pocket of my loose flannel sack-coat. Words soon came to deeds, and I stood ready, my left hand in the coat pocket, with the knuckle duster fitted on. For the information of those who may not know, I will state that the real American knuckle duster, on the hand of a man who knows how to use it, is a truly terrible weapon at close quarters; it is very different from these twopenny-halfpenny things one can buy in the "armerias" here. Mine weighed close on to half a pound each, and covered nearly the whole space from knuckle to finger joint. It was not long before Mr Greek's hand went behind his back, and I caught a momentary glimpse of his knife as it came out in approved Greek fashion. I stepped back about a yard and a half, and as he came for me I let him have the Yankee knuckle duster straight from the shoulder, landing it with all my force in the region of his collar bone. I cannot tell to this day what momentary feeling of mercy prevented me hitting him in the face, had I done so, I think I should have smashed in his skull. As it was, he fell into the nearest corner of the room with a groan; out went the lights, and his friends commenced to shoot. It didn't take me long to drop on to hands and knees and crawl under the roulette table. When the police, such as they were, arrived and re-lighted the gas, there were no less than seven wounded men carried out, one of them wounded mortally. Of course, I was run in, and spent the night in a cell in the British Consulate. I got off with flying colours early the next morning, having plenty of witnesses to prove that I had only acted in self defence, but, in the course of the investigation, we found that the Greek was ill in bed with a *broken collar bone*. So much for knife versus knuckle duster. I recovered my money from the proprietor of the establishment at noon the next day, and never saw nor heard of my Greek antagonist afterwards.

Numerous instances of this kind might be quoted, but their recital would take too much space and time; I will, therefore, only quote one more, in as few sentences as possible. This was when a certain Mr M—, connected for years past with railways, in the Banda Oriental first and the Argentine Republic afterwards, had also to fight for life. He, himself, when he reads this paper, will vividly remember the circumstance.

He was then in charge of a certain portion of the goods traffic department of the Central Uruguay Railway in Montevideo, and a difference of opinion arose between himself and an Indian looking cartman. M— was a very powerful man, and evidently a good boxer; furthermore, he was certain of his point, and, like most Englishmen, insisted on it, from a keen sense of duty. A sort of scuffle occurred, and the Indian drew a long knife. The result, to be brief, was that M— not only saved his life, but so thoroughly pounded that cartman that the fellow died in the hospital, within ten days afterwards.

Having endeavoured to prove the utility of the science, I will wind up with a few words of advice, which, emanating from the reminiscences of a man who has seen a deal of the world, and gone through many difficult experiences, may prove of service to younger men who have their troubles still before them.

First of all, besides learning to ride, row, play cricket, football, polo and the like, endeavour to acquire a good knowledge of the use of your fists, for you never can tell how soon the knowledge will be of service to you.

Whilst learning to drub others, learn to take a drubbing yourself with a good grace; because, however, good a man may be, sooner or later, he will meet with a better. There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and much the same remark may be applied to boxers.

Second.—Do all you can to avoid a quarrel. A soft answer turneth away wrath, and a soft answer will in most cases enable you to smooth troubled waters, thus rendering an appeal to force unnecessary.

Third.—Take every available opportunity to have the gloves on with all sorts of opponents, for, as no two men are exactly alike, no two styles of boxing are precisely similar. Never mind, if now and again, you get the worst of it. It will not only do you no harm, but, on the contrary, a deal of good, every fresh opponent giving you some new wrinkle, which did not occur to you before; besides teaching you to keep your temper.

Fourth.—Learn, as soon as possible, the great secret of the art, which may be summed up in one word—anticipation. Rapidity of movement is everything. Anticipate your opponent, and half the battle is already yours.

Fifth.—If you have to face knife, pistol, or even sword-stick, bear in mind that the only advantage you have is that you possess two weapons to the other man's one; therefore, learn a free use of both hands, not only for assault but also for defence. Heenan's great fault was that he seldom used his powerful right arm except for defence, and even that very rarely. A sound knowledge of the use of both hands once won me a breakfast for thirteen, when matched against a fencing master, he armed with his buttoned foil, and I with a pair of boxing gloves and a fencing mask.

In conclusion, I cannot do better than quote the advice given in that marvellously natural book, "Tom Brown's Schooldays," where the author writes more or less as follows. Endeavour to the best of your ability to avoid quarreling. Should you be challenged, and you really have moral objections to fight, have the courage to refuse at once. If you object to bodily pain, which might prove dangerous to individuals of nervous temperaments, by all means say "No." But, if you refuse, simply for fear of getting the worst of it, you are acting the coward. Should circumstances render it absolutely necessary for you to fight, go for it with a will, and

whilst remembering, in the moment of victory, that mercy seasons justice, keep up your pecker when you are getting the worst of it, and never give in as long as you can stand and see.

CESTUS.

List of Clubs with their Secretaries

POLO CLUBS

- ASSOCIATION OF THE RIVER PLATE—F. J. Balfour, 559 Piedad.
 BELGRANO—*Black and White*—J. K. Cassels, Lavalle 108, Belgrano.
 CAMP OF URUGUAY—*Pale Blue*—L. Edwards, Barrancas Coloradas, Colonia.
 CANADA DE GOMEZ—*Red and Yellow*—J. S. Robinson, C. de Gomez, F.C.C.A.
 CASUALS—*Crimson and White*—R. McC. Smyth, Venado Tuerto.
 GUALEGUAY—H. Jewsbury, Gualeguay, Entre Rios.
 HURLINGHAM—*Blue, Red and Yellow*—F. J. Balfour, 559 Piedad, Buenos Aires.
 LA MERCED—*French Grey and Cerise*—P. H. Cawardine, La Merced, Chascomus.
 LA VICTORIA—*Brown and Yellow*—Magnus Fea, Estacion El Trebol, F. C. Central Argentino.
 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 FE—R. S. Foster, Chiru Traill, F.C.C. and 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.
 TUYU—H. Gibson, Los Ingleses, Ajó, F.C.S.
 VENADO TUERTO—*Chocolate and Gold*.

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—*Claret and Light Blue*—Thomas A. Hall, 2 Plaza Jewell, Rosario.
 TUCUMAN—A. S. Reade, Tucuman, F.C.N.O.A.

LAWN TENNIS CLUBS

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

CRICKET CLUBS

- BUENOS AIRES—*Black and Red*—A. Lace, Banco Británico, Buenos Aires.
 CENTRAL URUGUAY—*Black and Orange*—A. N. Davenport, Talleres, F.C.C.U., Montevideo.
 FISHERTON—J. Beaumont.
 HURLINGHAM—*Blue, Red and Yellow*—F. J. Balfour, 559 Piedad, Buenos Aires.
 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.
 ST. ANDREWS—*Blue and White Stripes*—T. Bridge, Plaza Constitucion, F.C.S.

BUENOS AIRES HUNT CLUB

- Th. Wilzer, 55 Pavon, Belgrano.

KENNEL CLUB

- H. H. Ewen, Piedad 559.

ROWING CLUBS

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

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The writer's name and address are required with all letters but not for publication, unless desired. Letters and enquiries from anonymous correspondents will not receive attention.

Advertisements, orders for papers, &c., should be addressed to Messrs. RAVENSCROFT & MILLS, PIEDAD 559, BUENOS AIRES, and should be kept distinct from communications intended for the Editorial Department.

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River Plate Sport and Pastime

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1894.

SPORTING NOTES

In order to supply additional reading to a certain portion of our readers who do not care so very much about things of a purely sporting nature, we have started a new column entitled "Round the Town," which will tell more of things social which occur daily and nightly in this "Paris of the West."

.

Although there have been no cricket matches of very great importance during Carnival, still there have been some interesting games to record. Last week it was proposed to take a scratch eleven down to Montevideo, but the originator of the scheme did not meet with sufficient encouragement, and the thing fell through. I believe that he secured nine men, but as some of these were not very anxious to play, he had to give up the idea.

.

At Hurlingham there has been a racquet and fives handicap tournament going on during the past two days, but as it was not finished when we went to press, which we did early, I shall have to hold over an account of it till next week. A goodly number of members have been staying in the new club house which, as a real good cook has been secured, bids fair to become a popular institution. It will be taxed to its utmost capacity next month during the polo tournament, when I hope our friends from camp will turn up in greater force than ever.

.

A committee meeting of the Polo Association will be held at Piedad 559, on Wednesday next at one o'clock p.m. The business—arranging for the tournament to be held at Hurlingham next month—is most important, so as full an attendance as possible should attend. The weather is sorely against polo just now, and I fear that many teams will come to the tournament very much out of practice.

.

Ponies, too, appear to be getting harder to find every day, at least, really first-class ponies are. Perhaps it is that more men are taking to the game, and consequently causing the demand to be greater than it used to be. However, the fact remains that real good ponies are becoming scarce, and that their price is growing bigger and bigger as the natives get to know their value for the game. Indiscriminate "Mestizacion," too, is helping to blot out the good little criollo pony, and give us in his place a weedy Galloway not strong enough to carry our boots.

.

What a welcome rule would it be for cricketers in general if it were decreed that, say in three years' time, no batsman should be allowed to bat left handed. When odd numbers are being scored nothing is more tiresome to both spectators and players than to wait whilst the whole field have to change position three or four times during the over.

The use of the left hand is of course a mere matter of practice, but if a man plays any game well right handed, he soon becomes equally good left handed if he can make up his mind to practice. And in the same way a left handed cricketer would by no means be put out, except for a short time, by such a rule, as he would no doubt soon become as good a right handed cricketer as he was a left handed player, and besides would cease to be a nuisance to everybody playing in the same game with him.

.

We have lately had the opportunity of seeing how soon a right handed player can get into the way of using his left hand at polo, one of the most difficult games there is in which to employ either hand, not so much on account of the natural awkwardness, as the always necessary employment of the two hands in different ways, one for the reins and one for the stick. Mr H. S. Robson hits as hard and clean with his right as with his left hand, and can change his stick very quickly into either; Lacey is becoming almost as good a polo player with his left hand as with his right; and I think I am right in saying that the only goal scored against Hurlingham by Petacas at the Cañada de Gomez tournament was a long shot hit by Martinez with his stick in the left hand.

.

With regard to Rosario's complaint last week that he had not received his medal won at the Rosario Athletic meeting on the 30th of August, 1893, I am told that the medals were taken to Rosario some three weeks ago by the same gentleman who took them upon a former occasion. The delay was owing to the illness of the engraver to whom the medals were sent for inscription.

.

Once or twice in these Notes I have mentioned cases of racehorses being trained in the water when their legs were either too unsound to stand galloping, or the ground too hard to work them on. Apropos of this mode of training I take the following from a Ceylon paper, showing that it is not so uncommon as many think:—

The Turf Club is really to be congratulated in that through not watering Havelock racecourse and keeping it fit, trainers are driven to tax their ingenuity to the utmost to find a softer one. This morning might be seen Mr Hadden's Spring, between the hours of six and seven, gallantly doing his mile in the sea. The party left the jetty in a boat, and when near the beach a boatman, with Wool "up," waded to the shore, and the latter, after fixing the rope to his charge's head-stall, returned to the boat on his two-legged mount, sitting him as if to the manner born. The oars were then set to work, and the boat sped out to sea with Spring in tow. After the muscles had been fully exercised the party returned to shore, and Spring, snugly covered up, was seen speeding stableward looking all the better for the novel training she had undergone.

.

Rapier, in a recent number of the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," remarks that a considerable share of the big races at home have been won this year by owners who bet little or not at all. Mr McCalmont, who is, of course, at the head of winning owners, bets very little, though he had a treble event about Visinglass, often not backing his horses for a shilling, even when he fancies them greatly. The Duke of Westminster must be well up, with Orme's Eclipse and other races, and he never bets. I do not even think the Duke of Portland ever does so now, though formerly he sometimes had enough on a horse in a big race like the Derby to yield a sum sufficient to provide presents for those who had aided in the victory. Mr Houldsworth, who never bets, won the Jubilee with Orvioto. Douglass Baird has carried off some useful stakes with Harbinger, and he never bets. Whether or not Lord Rosebery does so now I do not know. He was a great plunger in former days, but report states that he does not back his horses now, so that nothing but the stakes followed the victories of Ladas. Prince Soltykoff, who won the July and Chesterfield with Speed, bets very seldom. At the head of the list of winning owners, indeed, will be found the names of several owners who have little, or in some cases absolutely nothing, to do with the ring.

.

There has been too much comment on the unpleasant incident which happened at Hurlingham on Friday for me to allow it to pass unnoticed. For a description of the race itself I must refer my readers to our account of the meeting. It is sufficient for me to say that the mare led

into the straight and was going well till she heard Brandyball's feet rattling on the hard ground behind her. She, being a great coward, would not then try, and Brandyball drew ahead till the stands were reached, but the latter's effort being over there, and Cigarette going on under the first cut or two of the whip, she got up in the last few strides. The ponies finished very wide apart, and each jockey thought he had just got home. This is a true description of the race, in which all good judges, and those riding in it, will bear me out.

.

So much for the race itself. On returning to the paddock Cigarette was greeted with whistling and hooting. The reason, which was not at first apparent, being that one of the owners of Cigarette was in the judges' box.

Comment on this is needless. No one present, not even those who were responsible for the discreditable display, really imagined for one moment that the verdict was other than the correct one. Englishmen are not in the habit of suspecting the bare possibility of a prominent member of their club being even biassed in favour of their own property; but I quite agree that the incident may be termed unfortunate, because it gave an opportunity for a lot of ignorant and irresponsible persons to make an outcry with what might be considered a show of justice, if judged by the standard of turf morality existing in the Argentine. To this extent, and this only, can it be termed unfortunate.

.

For these reasons, I repeat, and these only the incident was an unfortunate one, but the number of those, who know anything about racing, and who are willing to give it their time to the onerous duties of a steward on a race day, are so few that it is by no means an easy matter to find officials who are absolutely without interest in any of the races.

The remedy for this is easy, and is entirely in the hands of the members of the club, though I must doubt if the noisy contingent could muster many members if the truth were known.

Let them attend the general meeting of the Club where the committee are chosen, and one is to be held immediately. Let them put forward the candidates they consider suitable for the position and put them in office. Hitherto they have signally failed to attend to such matters, and have never been present at a general meeting, and they therefore have no right whatever to say, as they undoubtedly have, that the racing committee is a family party.

They have their rights, the remedy lies in their own hands. Let them make use of it or refrain from the unmanly alternative of craying against injustice where none exists.

.

I noticed that none of the great sticklers for formality said anything about the cross on the past of Brandyball, when he tried to take the rails in the beginning of the race, which was plainly visible from the stands, and which entirely destroyed what chance the other pony whose forelegs he struck may have had and which would have certainly disqualified him had the rider of Cigarette, or anyone connected with the other ponies in the race, cared to have objected. In conclusion I can only remind those who disagreed with the judges' decision that it is impossible to judge a close finish at Hurlingham from the Stand when the horses pass the post some distance from each other, and in the case under notice they were some nine or ten yards apart. The horse under the judges' box always appears to be lengths ahead to those in the stand.

.

The sum total to be inferred, and I have had some experience and studied the subject pretty carefully, is this. There are a certain number of men here who keep ponies for polo and racing who enter them at every meeting, careless whether they may win or lose—simply racing for the amusement to be got out of it—and who devote their time and energy on the race day to the by no means pleasant task in this country of acting as stewards, or assisting, in some capacity or other, in carrying on the meeting.

There are others who run a pony only when they have a pretty good thing on, who always have an eye to the dollars to be made, and who are noisily exuberant when they win, and proportionately noisy when they lose. The line between the two is not very clearly drawn, but those belonging to each class are pretty easily distinguishable.

The latter class is principally comprised of men who have never belonged to any club at home, have never owned a horse or pony till they came to this country, and know no more about racing than what they have been able to pick up at the racecourses here, a worse school than which we do not know of, and who are only too ready to attribute to others the motives by which possibly they might have been actuated if they had found themselves placed in a similar position of trust. In fact, they judge others by themselves.

Boots.

CRICKET

CRICKET FIXTURES.

FEBRUARY

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

BUENOS AIRES C.C. v. WESTERN RY. C.C.

This match was played at Flores on the 4th and resulted in an easy win for the Buenos Aires Club. A capital wicket had been prepared for the match, and, no less an important item, a remarkably good lunch was provided. To this latter detail the Western Railway probably owe something, as they went in first and made nearly all their runs after lunch, their total amounting to 105. Buenos Aires scored a hundred and thirty and odd runs for the loss of four wickets, so gained a most decisive win. The full scores of the match we will publish next week.

LONDON BANK C.C. v. LOMAS A.C.

As will be seen from the scores below, the Lomas eleven created a record on Friday last, when they dismissed the London Bank team for the small total of seven runs. The home side—the match was played at Lomas—won by an innings and 118 runs.

Below are the scores:

London Bank C. C.		1st inn		2nd inn	
S. Francis, b. Rath	8	b. Tupholme	2		
F. Wilmot, b. Rath	0	b. Bridger	1		
J. Stuart, run out	1	b. Bridger	0		
G. S. Anderson, b. Rath	4	run out	2		
C. W. Thompson, b. Rath	1	absent			
G. Miller, b. H. Anderson	1	b. Tupholme	0		
A. Challinor, b. Rath	0	b. Bridger	0		
A. Chaussard, b. Rath	0	b. Bridger	1		
A. Goodfellow, b. H. Anderson	3	c. Anderson, b. Bridger	1		
F. Carter, c. Halstead, b. Anderson	0	not out	0		
G. W. Howe, not out	0	b. Tupholme	0		
Extras	10	Extras	0		
Total	28	Total	7		
Lomas Athletic Club		1st inn			
P. M. Rath, b. Anderson	73				
R. B. Brooking, c. Carter, b. Stuart	3				
A. Anderson, b. Goodfellow	55				
P. L. G. Bridger, c. Wilmot, b. Anderson	13				
H. Anderson, b. Goodfellow	2				
F. H. Jacobs, b. Goodfellow	0				
C. W. Reynolds, b. Goodfellow	21				
R. L. Halstead, b. Goodfellow	2				
B. W. Gardom, not out	40				
H. O. Dodds, b. Stuart	2				
C. Tupholme, not out	14				
Extras	28				
Total	253				
Innings declared closed.					

QUILMES C.C. v. HURLINGHAM C.C.

This match was played at Hurlingham on Friday in most unpleasant weather, and resulted in a decisive win for the home eleven by five wickets and ninety-one runs. The scores which we give below speak for themselves:

Quilmes		1st inn		Hurlingham		1st inn	
F. Dore, c. Darch, b. Garrod	1	J. R. Garrod, c. Smythe, b. Morgan	14				
W. D. Bailey, b. J. Gifford	9	R. E. Anderson, b. Dore	9				
B. B. Syer, c. Garrod, b. J. Gifford	9	E. R. Gifford, b. Bennett	63				
H. Smythe, not out	6	E. L. Rumboll, c. F. Bennett, b. J. Bennett	35				
F. W. Fothergill, b. Lacey	2	J. D. Gifford, b. J. Bennett	0				
F. J. Bennett, b. Lacey	0	nett	0				
E. Morgan, b. J. Gifford	3	Lacey (pro.), not out	1				
F. Bocquet, b. J. Gifford	0	J. T. Darch					
M. Caldwell, b. Lacey	0	H. M. Mills					
A. Brodie, b. J. Gifford	1	M. G. Fortune	did not bat				
J. Bennett, did not bat		W. Russell					
		H. K. Trotman					
Extras	2	Extras	2				
Total	33	Total	124				

LOMAS—PUBLIC WORKS v. PRIVATE FIRMS.

A match between two elevens bearing the above titles and captained respectively by Mr B. W. Gardom and H. K. Trotman, was played at Lomas on Monday, and after a capital game which became quite exciting at the finish, the Private Firms won by the narrow margin of fourteen runs. The cocoanut matting pitch puzzled some of the players who were not used to it. Rath both bowled and batted well for his side, and the same remark applies to the Public Works captain, Mr Gardom.

The scores were as follows:—

Public Works		1st inn		Private Firms		1st inn	
A. Palmer, c. Halstead, b. Bridger	9	R. L. Halstead, c. and b. Gardom	3				
R. B. Brooking, c. Jacobs, b. Bridger	4	H. K. Trotman, b. H. Anderson	5				
F. Foster, b. Bridger	1	P. M. Rath, run out	42				
G. Wootton, b. Bridger	5	F. H. Jacobs, c. Palmer, b. Gardom	10				
R. E. H. Anderson, b. Rath	7	A. Anderson, b. Gardom	7				
H. Anderson, b. Rath	3	P. L. G. Bridger, c. F. Clarke, b. Gardom	9				
B. W. Gardom, b. Halstead	24	H. W. Ritchie, b. H. Anderson	2				
Ballantyne, c. Anderson, b. Rath	0	H. Withington, b. Brook- ing	5				
F. W. Clarke, b. Bridger	0	H. O. Dodds, c. Gardom, b. Brook- ing	22				
R. W. Clarke, not out	24	S. Gibson, b. H. Anderson	1				
G. Leslie, b. Rath	8	D. Gibson, not out	2				
Extras	30	Extras	21				
Total	115	Total	129				

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	Public Works			
	O	M	R	W
P. M. Rath	18	5	24	4
P. L. Bridger	18	3	33	5
H. Anderson	14	—	11	—
R. Halstead	4	1	17	1

Private Firms

R. B. Brooking	13	2	34	2
H. Anderson	19	5	42	3
B. W. Gardom	17	6	32	4

LANUS v. ROSARIO RY. C.C.

The above match was played at Lanus on the 4th, and as will be seen from the scores below resulted in a win for the home club by 69 runs. Lanus went to the wickets first, and when they had scored 168 for the loss of six wickets declared their innings closed. The Railway eleven were all out for 99 runs, Rudd and Tupholme dividing all but one of the ten wickets between them, and so were beaten as stated above.

The scores were as follows:

Lanus		1st inn		B. A. & R. Ry. A. C.		1st inn	
R. W. Rudd, b. Lucas	40	B. B. Syer, b. Brown	37				
M. Fitzgerald, run out	11	J. D. Shepard, b. Rudd	16				
J. C. Lee, c. Shepard, b. Lucas	1	W. Williams, c. Brown, b. Rudd	13				
W. Brown, b. Justican	25	H. Lucas, c. St. Fitzgerald, b. Rudd	5				
F. Reeves, b. Lucas	1	L. Justican, c. Tupholme, b. Rudd	19				
R. Brooking, not out	53	H. Luckily, b. Tupholme	1				
F. Fothergill, b. Justican	6	F. Stearn, c. Lee, b. Tupholme	0				
J. Bridge, not out	13	C. J. Howe, did not bat					
C. Tupholme		E. Morgan					
J. Howe		G. W. Pettinger, not out	1				
Extras	18	F. F. Webb, b. Rudd	0				
Total	168	P. Harcastle, b. Rudd	0				
		P. Norman, b. Brown	1				
		Extras	6				
Total	99						

RACING

HURLINGHAM—FEB. 2.

The Hurlingham racing season was opened on Friday last. The day could hardly be a more unpleasant one from an atmospheric point of view, as it was oppressively hot, and a scorching wind blew almost the whole afternoon. Racing commenced with a five hundred metre scurry, for which there were eleven entries, nine starting. El Pobre proved in much better fettle than any of the others running, and being wonderfully quick off the mark, won very easily. He repeated this performance in the maiden race, when there seemed to be nothing able to make him gallop. The event of the day was a match between Mr J. McClymont's Tiburon II. and Mr L. Moser's Pardo. The former is a criollo pony, with a wonderfully good back, quarters, and shoulders, and besides he was turned out in first rate condition. Pardo is a well bred pony from Curumalan, and a very good likeness of Nautilus in miniature. Tiburon ran wonderfully well, but blood told in the end, and Pardo won very easily. The match was arranged privately, and decided by permission at the meeting, but that was no reason why Pardo's jockey should have turned out like a butcher boy who had got up in a hurry.

The Galloway race proved a very easy task for Lavalle, who came away when the rest stopped, after half the course had been covered, and won in the commonest of canters from Pardo, who did not show himself to be much of a stayer.

The thousand metre race for ponies resulted in a dead heat. So said the judge, and so said half of the public, but the other half disagreed, forgetting at the moment that the centre of the stand at Hurlingham is a hundred and twenty yards from the winning post, and only twelve yards from the rails, and that the two ponies finished nine or ten yards apart. However, the subject is an unpleasant one, as the scene which followed was hardly a creditable one for many of those who took part in it, and who probably now feel somewhat ashamed of themselves.

A decider was run off, when Brandyball won as he liked. So the discontents had two chances of backing their fancy and of winning each time. We may as well state here, and nobody is in a position to do so better, that whether Cigarette won or not, it did not affect her owners pecuniarily in the least.

Details of the meeting are as follow:

A HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of \$15 each, with \$50 added, for Ponies of 56 in. and under; 500 metres.	
Mr J. Mandia's El Pobre, 56 in, 72 k	Owner 1
Mr J. Ravenscroft's Daiman, 54 in, 78 k	Owner 2
Mr J. Gonzalez' Salsifi, 56 in, 71 k	Mr Amare 3
Mr E. Hicks' Whitelegs, 56 in, 74 k	Owner 0
Mr R. J. Curtis' Rip, 55 in, 69 k	Mr E. Robson 0
Mr L. Rousse's Mignon, 56 in, 72 k	Owner 0
Mr J. Ravenscroft's Tiddledywinks, 54 in, 70 k	Mr McMorrان 0
Mr F. Furber's Muchacho, 56 in, 65 k	Mr J. Lean 0
Mr F. Franks' Rattlesnake, 53 in, 63 k	Mr F. J. Balfour 0

El Pobre was quickest away and won easily by two lengths, half a length separated second and third, with the rest close up.

Dividends—El Pobre \$3.55 win and 2.60 place, Daiman 2.80 place, Salsifi 2.85 place.

MATCH; 500 metres.	
Mr L. Moser's Pardo, 57 in, 65 k	Hughes 1
Mr J. McClymont's Tiburon II., 57 in, 65 k	Pelegriño 2

Tiburon was quickest away, but Pardo soon drew level with him, and holding him easily all the way, won as he liked by a length.

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; 800 metres.

Mr J. Mandia's El Pobre, 56 in, 72 k	Owner 1
Mr J. Gonzalez' Salsifi, 56 in, 72 k	Mr Amare 2
Mr J. L. McMorrان's Brandyball, 55 in, 69 k	Owner 3
Mr E. Hicks' Black Prince, 55 in, 69 k	Mr Vignoles 0
Mr W. Paats' Flecha, 54 in, 66 k	Owner 0
Mr J. Ravenscroft's Tiddledywinks, 54 in, 66 k	Mr E. Robson 0
Mr F. Franks' Rattlesnake, 53 in, 63 k	Mr F. J. Balfour 0

El Pobre again jumped off with the lead and won in a canter by two lengths, a length separating second and third.

Dividends—El Pobre \$3.35 win and 3.45 place, Salsifi 5.15 place.

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 J. Bond 1
Mr L. Moser's Pardo, 57 in, 63 k	Mr J. Lean 2
Mr L. Rousse's Aly, 58 in, 66 k	Owner 3
Mr E. Hick's Glengarry, 58 in, 66 k	Owner 0
Mr F. Pearson's Charlie, 58 in, 66 k (car 67 1/2 k)	Mr E. Robson 0
Mr H. H. Ewen's Rama Negra, 58 in, 64 k (car 65 1/2 k)	Mr D. Hussey 0
Mr J. McClymont's Tiburon II., 57 in, 63 k	Mr J. Mandia 0

Tiburon II. got off with a flying start and soon held a good lead from the others. At the thousand metre post Pardo joined Tiburon and the pair raced together to the turn for home, when the latter was beaten and

Lavalle went to the front. In the straight Lavalle drew away and won in a common canter by five or six lengths, a close race between the next pair resulted in Pardo beating Aly by half a length for second place.

Dividends—Lavalle \$3.90 win and 2.75 place, Pardo 2.80 place.

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

Mr J. L. McMorrans' Brandyball, 55 in, 69 k.

Mr F. Franks' Cigarette, 55 in, 67 k	Owner	1
Mr J. Ravenscroft's Daiman, 54 in, 78 k	Owner	3
Mr E. Hicks' Whitelegs, 56 in, 73 k	Owner	0
Mr W. Paats' Flecha, 54 in, 66 k	Mr J. Mandia	0

Flecha led from Cigarette to the straight, where the latter took the lead. Four hundred metres from home Brandyball came along and passed Cigarette, who was running unkindly at the stand, but the former dying away in the last hundred yards the pair finished a dead heat.

Dividends—Brandyball \$11.85 win and 10.95 place, Cigarette 2.15 win and 2.90 place.

The dead heat was run off immediately after the race, as the consolation race fell through for want of entries. The two ponies ran together for three parts of the way, but the mare stopped when asked to go, and Brandyball won as he liked by two and a half lengths. The dividend paid on Brandyball over the decider was \$8.10.

ESTANCIA AND COLONY.

We have made careful enquiries during the past few days regarding the loss of nearly three hundred cattle at Cañada de Gomez station, a short time back, and we find that the attack made on us by the correspondent to the "Times of Argentina," who so inaptly signed himself "Fair play," was most unwarranted, as the facts of the case as stated by us were quite true. We may mention here that Mr Kingsland tells us he had a hundred and five bullocks in the same train as those which died, and he did not lose a single one for the very simple reason that he had them all unloaded and fed and watered in a potrero.

* * *

With regard to the Salas case, we regret having been somewhat misinformed. The official account of the affair is as follows:—Some of the cattle were shipped on the evening of the 11th and the rest on the morning of the 12th, all very weak from want of food and water. They were all dispatched in forty-four wagons at 10.55 on the morning of the 12th, arriving at Salas at 7.55 p.m. on the same day, their owner travelling with them and making all his own arrangements for getting his animals unloaded. The cattle were crowded in the wagons under protest from the station master, some thirty-three or thirty-four travelling in each wagon, instead of twenty as should have been, and in consequence many more died than otherwise would have been lost.

* * *

Invitations are being circulated to assist at the Rural Fair to be held at Chascomus on the 1st and 2nd of March. Applications for stalls and accommodation should be made to Don Angel S. Barreiro, Calle Belgrano 58, where the Rural Society of Chascomus has its offices.

* * *

To quote prices, or to mention what has been doing during the past week in the markets is impossible, as on the only two working days business was at a comparative standstill and very little produce changed hands, though outside in the camp work has been going on much as usual. The members of the Bolsa on Saturday confined themselves to throwing water bombs at each other, those more carefully dressed coming in for the bigger share.

* * *

Mr D. Kingsland has bought four square leagues in Puan, adjoining Mr J. Ravenscroft's estancia Los Tres Cuervos, for Mr H. Bell. The purchase is a good one, as the district is becoming more important every day, and when the projected railway is finished Puan will no doubt be a most flourishing centre.

* * *

The following question was put in the British House of Commons by Sir Herbert Maxwell last month:

"The question was whether the attention of the President of the Board of Agriculture had been drawn to evidence given before a select committee of the House of Lords, to show that it was a common practice among West-end butchers to sell foreign and colonial beef as 'Best Scotch'; that of five pieces of beef purchased from butchers in Kensington, and described as 'Best Scotch,' four were found to be American; that a large firm in the West-end of London, professing to sell only Scotch and English meat, had sold only six sides of Scotch meat in the course of a year, the rest being American; and that it was the practice in Birkenhead to dress carcasses from the River Plate in the Scotch fashion and consign them to London as 'best Aberdeen oxen;' and whether any means existed of checking, prohibiting, or punishing fraudulent trade so hurtful to the interests of British agriculture; and, if not, whether the board contemplated proposing legislation to that end."

* * *

There can be little doubt that enormous quantities of foreign beef and mutton are sold in England as home

grown when they really are imported. The amounts of beef and mutton imported do not at all agree with those sold, nor could Scotland produce one-half of the amount of "Best Scotch" meat which is sold with that inviting description. We can only rejoice that River Plate beef is sufficiently good to enable butchers to pass it off as "Best Scotch."

* * *

Writing on dairy matters, a correspondent in a home paper states that at the Chicago dairy trials, in the cheese test, the Jerseys distanced both the shorthorns and the Guernseys; indeed, there was no comparison between them. Every Jersey cow made more than 1 lb. of cheese per gallon of milk, in most cases considerably more, whereas, with one exception, every shorthorn cow made less than 1 lb. to the gallon, while the three Guernseys fell below this standard. The shorthorns cost slightly more for food than the Jerseys, which might be expected; but although their yield of milk was in most cases larger, the increase was water. The Guernseys cost much less than the other two breeds for food. In the ninety days' butter test, in which net profit ruled the results, there was only one shorthorn in the first twenty-two animals out of seventy-four; the first fifteen were Jerseys and Guernseys, of these three only were Guernseys.

* * *

The best cow among the Jerseys gave 2 lb. 6½ oz. of butter as a daily average. The best shorthorn average was about 1 lb. 13 oz. All the leading cows of the three breeds gave between 3000 lb. and 4000 lb. of milk; but two of the shorthorns and three Guernseys gave less than 2000 lb.; twenty-seven cows, chiefly Guernseys and shorthorns, gave less than 2500 lb. In the thirty-day butter test, forty-five cows competing, all the first twenty-three animals, with one exception, were Jerseys and Guernseys, the winner of the ninety days' test, Brown Bessie again standing at the top. This animal, which has since died, only lost top place in the cheese test by failing to gain in live weight. The Jerseys have pre-eminently obtained first place in all the three trials, but, our authority says, after seeing the whole of the animals, the shorthorns had no chance from the commencement, as they were in no sense representative of the dairy shorthorn type.

* * *

Our Cañada de Gomez correspondent writes: "Fair Play," in the "Times of Argentina," has raised quite a storm in a teacup over the few perfectly fair, and, as to fact, correct comments, which I made in "Sport and Pastime." I had intended to write to the Editor of the "Times," but on seeing a most excellent letter in that journal of date February 1st, signed "Justice," I came to the conclusion that it would be a work of supererogation and so refrained.

Carnival is upon us once more, with all its idiotic demonstrations of fool's play. How grown-up people, who are supposed to have been endowed by nature with the average amount of brain power, can indulge in such puerile manifestations, passes my comprehension. They say that there is "no fool like an old fool," and I am very much of that opinion. The fools whom we have just now, every facility to sample, are both old and young, but they are all fools, if possible one bigger and more foolish than the other.

On Friday night poor Macnaughtan was reported sinking, but yesterday he was a shade better. It is understood that Mr Macnaughtan's friends are claiming heavy damages against the railway company, and that Mr Grant of Rosario is acting in their behalf.

We have a succession of dust and rain storms. It is becoming monotonous to chronicle them.

Wheat continues to come in in such quantities that one almost wonders how it can have been produced in a limited area supplying one station, and the more so when one hears that from storms and other causes a vast quantity has been lost.

Threshing is not yet half finished, so the influx may be expected to go on for some time yet. Good for the railways, and indeed for all concerned.

* * *

We learn from French statistics that the number of "cultivators" in France is 6,913,000, of whom 2,151,000 farm their own land, while over 1,300,000 are tenants of land. Moreover, about 727,000 of the 3,500,000 day labourers have also a little land of their own; so that there are three-tenths of the peasants working solely upon their own land, and two-tenths more cultivating in part their own land, in part that of other people. In

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

addition to that, a great many of the farm servants are sons of small holders, destined to become in time holders themselves; so that it is not too much to say that more than half of those who till the soil are themselves the owners of it. The figures are borne out by the registry of direct taxes, which gives the number of rural and urban properties in France at 8,454,000.

* * *

The importance of having stables ventilated in accordance with correct principles of hygiene is generally admitted, says the "Live Stock Journal." That the supply of fresh air should be ample is frequently insisted upon, but that the light should also be abundant is not so commonly recognised. Some stables are at midday in a state of semi-darkness—a condition, to say the least, anything but conducive to the well-being of the horse. No animal enjoys the light of day more than he. In his wild state he frequents the open plain or mountain side, in the full light of day. Wild horses are never found to inhabit gloomy forests or dark ravines. The horse is a child of light, and he should be treated accordingly in domestication, if he is to be kept in perfect health and spirits, with his eyesight unimpaired. The frequent transition from a dark stable into full glare of day cannot fall to act prejudicially on his visual organs, and so also must almost permanent gloom and darkness. If we studied only his comfort, we would give him at all times a stable full of cheerful light as well as refreshing air.

* * *

We have been favoured by Mr F. Robinson of La Rosita, Cañada de Gomez, with the following full particulars of the unfortunate affair at Cañada de Gomez station of which we have been accused of publishing an incorrect account. Mr Robinson says:—I have watched the case with great interest, and have heard it argued out from various points of view, in fact from all except that of the actual buyer who seems to have known and cared less about his cattle than anybody else. The "tropa" seems to have started badly from the very first, as they arrived in Cañada on Saturday morning, the 13th of January, expecting to find the wagons ready for them, but owing to a dust storm their train was delayed, and they had to wait in Cañada in a potrero rented for them, till Sunday morning, before they could be loaded up. It took nearly the whole day to load them, the cattle giving a good deal of trouble and a lot having to be hauled in on the lasso. There were 282 novillos in all. The station master here, Mr Baines, gives me the following information. "The special train with the cattle and a man in charge of them on behalf of the owner, Mr Plaue, left Cañada station on Sunday night at 8.40 p.m., January 14th, for Buenos Aires; they were stopped at Francisco Paz before getting to Pergamino for about nine hours by the dust storm, and finally they arrived at Pergamino at about two o'clock p.m. on Monday, the 15th." I was in the station at Pergamino at the hour they arrived, and went up to the man in charge of the cattle and inquired about them; there were then a number of animals down in the wagons. The line beyond Pergamino was blocked to all traffic by the dust, so the train could not proceed. In the station at the same time was an estanciero from Marcos Juarez, Pareja by name, who had bought some 20,000 sheep in Pergamino and surrounding neighbourhood, having previously made an arrangement with the railway to supply a special train to run backwards and forwards between Pergamino and Marcos Juarez with the sheep.

They supplied Sr. Pareja with the train once, and he sent one lot to Marcos Juarez, when they took the train away from him and sent it to Cañada to load up those unfortunate cattle, which, as I have said, got as far as Pergamino and could get no further. Meanwhile Sr. Pareja's sheep were dying in Pergamino whilst waiting for the train that was loaded with the cattle. Pareja made a proposition to the man in charge of the cattle when he saw that the line was blocked and the condition of the animals, to unload the cattle in Pergamino, doing the work with the peons he had for his sheep, and offering to give them a maizal he had in Pergamino (the only possible thing to eat in the place at the time owing to the seca) and water also; the peon would not agree to this, but said the cattle were not his and he would not take any responsibility at all. Sr. Pareja then went in to Rosario from Pergamino, and I went also in same train, he called to see the traffic manager to know why they had stopped his train as he was losing sheep by the hundred whilst they were at the station waiting to be loaded up. The result of this I don't know, but I know that Sr. Pareja made the proposition about unloading the cattle in Pergamino so that he might use the train, which could not proceed, and so send his sheep up to Marcos Juarez which was

JUAN LEAN

GENERAL CAMP AGENT

AND

Salesman in Corrales

195 - RECONQUISTA - 195

(Union Telephone 973)

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.

on a clear line. If that had been done the animals' lives would have been saved. The railway people in Pergamino did not know what to do under the circumstances, the peon or capataz not willing to do anything or assume any responsibility, and the address of the owner, Mr Plaue, not being known to anybody in the railway or the capataz either. They don't seem to have been able to have corresponded with him, or else he seems to have been indifferent, and not answered their letters. Anyhow, the only thing that occurred to the officials at Pergamino was to send the cattle back to Cañada, where they arrived on Tuesday at 5.30 p.m. with from eighty to ninety dead novillos on the floors of the wagons. The station master, with all the peons he could muster, at once set to work to unload them in the station corral, they worked all night by the light of lanterns, but owing to the dead cattle on the floors, and I dare say to the condition of the live animals themselves, which were mad with thirst, it was 3 p.m. on Wednesday before they finally unloaded all. The train consisted of end loading wagons, and they say that the dead animals blocked up the gangway so that it was difficult to get the others out.

There is no doubt that the station master here did his level best, but not being able to find competent peons to do the work, and, naturally, not understanding the handling of cattle, particularly mad cattle, the work went ahead but slowly. Once in the corral he did not know quite what to do; he tried to give them water from some half barrels he procured, but as soon as they were filled the mad animals knocked them over, and they could not get a single peon in the whole of the town to take them out to any of the neighbouring potreros. Mr Baines says the most contrary directions were given him by people who considered they knew all about it. Some said the cattle must have water, but that it would take, at the least, twenty good men to take them to water; others said that to give them water now would be to kill them at once. He did his best, there is no doubt, and was working hard with his own hands all night, pulling some out by the lasso, clearing away the dead ones, etc. I arrived on the scene at about four o'clock on Wednesday, having only just heard about it, and I never saw such a sight in my life: eighty or ninety dead animals in the wagons, and about the same number dead and dying in the corral, and the rest at about the last gasp. These would look at you, and then make a mad charge at you, till stopped by the wires of the corral. I saw at once that something must be done, and quickly, so I went to the station master and offered to take charge of, water the cattle, and keep them till the owner turned up. He, of course, only too gladly made them over to me. I sent for my peons, and with great difficulty we got them out of the corral, and into one of my potreros in the Rosita, leaving a good many on the road that were too far gone. They were very wild, and two of my peons got their horses badly horned, so that I had to send them home at once, and I, myself, had two or three narrow escapes. We managed to save the lives of 112, which I still have in my potrero, so you see that 170 novillos died from thirst. At present they don't seem to have any owner, as neither Mr Plaue nor the Railway will claim them. I myself should say that Mr Plaue was most to blame for the affair, for once having shipped his cattle he disappeared, and nothing was heard about him until a few days ago. Even the man in charge did not know where to address him in case of accident. Besides, surely if the Railway grant free passes for men to travel with cattle, those men should be competent to act in an emergency like the one under notice, or what is the use of sending them down at all? At the least they should be able to communicate with their employers. Mr Plaue seems to have effaced himself altogether, and thrown all the responsibility on the Railway, and neither he nor his capataz did anything at all from beginning to end. Who should have known the condition of the animals arriving at Pergamino better than the man in charge? and if not caring to act on his own responsibility, why did he not communicate with his master? I should say that the owner was in fault too for putting an incompetent man in charge of his special train. Anyway, I want to get rid of the cattle, and wish an owner could be found for them. The facts I have related are correct, as far as I know, and you can make what use you like of this letter.—Yours truly, F. S. ROBINSON."

ROUND THE TOWN.

The past week has been one entirely devoted to rest and enjoyment, and as such may be wiped out from the commercial calendar for the year, for with the exception of Thursday, 1st inst., holidays have been the order of the day, and all the offices in town, if not entirely closed, have at least put on their feasting aspect, only one or two clerks being in attendance to keep up appearances.

This state of things, although most welcome to the hardworking clerk on a monthly wage, must tell on such artisans as are paid by the day, and I have little doubt that, were they consulted, the majority would gladly abolish every holiday in the year, with the exception of those for which we have a biblical precedent.

* *

Whilst on the subject of holidays, most of my readers will remember the famous month in 1891 during which, to the best of my recollection, we only had eleven official working days.

As a retrospect, it is interesting to note the futility of the measures adopted by the powers that were during that famous period.

* *

It will be remembered that Dr. Pellegrini's Government, in order to save the State Banks, declared a series of holidays, closing the doors of those establishments, and hoping thereby to avert the fate which, sooner or latter, must inevitably take them.

* *

It was during that period, that General Bartolomé Mitre, who had with difficulty been prevailed upon to become a candidate for the next Presidency, arrived from Europe, and on his landing in Buenos Aires he was hailed, amid frantic enthusiasm, as the saviour of his country, two days holiday being necessary in order to adequately celebrate the event.

* *

To-day, the Government Banks, if not dead, are at least "in articulo mortis" and General Mitre, that upright and patriotic statesman, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot" has returned to that seclusion from which he unwillingly emerged. Sic transit gloria mundi!

* *

Carnival has been gayer than usual this year, for what reason I know not, but certain it is that the streets through which the various corsos pass have been more animated, and the public dancing balls more frequented than in former years.

The inevitable musical societies have nobly responded to the call, and much rivalry exists between them for the trophy given by the various corso committees for the best band.

* *

Although so many "comparsas" compete only one prize is generally given, the committee thereby occasioning much dissatisfaction among the unsuccessful ones, who generally air their grievances in the columns of the press half way through Lent. Were I the committee I would give them all a gold medal, as has been done at Chicago with the exhibitors—but that is another story.

* *

Carnival nowadays is chiefly limited to the lower classes, and is looked forward to by them for months beforehand, and the carnival balls in the theatres are consequently the slowest things imaginable. The costumes are cheap and tawdry, being chiefly obtained from the wardrobes of the different theatres, and intense propriety, coupled with furious dancing, prevails everywhere.

Every Jack takes his Jill and dances the whole night with her, and it is no unfrequent thing to see a staid married couple stepping it with the best. The late Domingo Zariatogui, the popular newspaper seller on the Northern Railway was one of these, and it was a fine and elevating spectacle to see him dancing every dance, waltz, polka, schottische, habanera, any and all of them, with his consort, a buxom dame of some forty summers and mother of five children.

* *

The day is passed when beautiful and high-born ladies used to signal to brave cavaliers in the corso, or make rendez-vous with them for the following day's Saturnalia, separating only in the grey dawn of Ash Wednesday morning; neither of them ever unmasking and probably never meeting again, but perfectly contented at having passed a few pleasant hours of folly in such happy and irresponsible fashion. That is the true Carnival, and the "raison d'être" of masks, dominos, and other disguises, but, alas! that sort of Carnival is now as dead as Queen Anne.

* *

After all, it is only Latin races who can enjoy themselves in this happy fashion, and the entire absence of all insobriety and quarrels is worthy of note. I shudder to think of what Carnival would be in England, as I fear the British working man would feel that he had neither enjoyed himself nor properly celebrated the event unless he had had a fight of some kind or got uproariously merry over his beer.

Let us nevertheless be thankful for these holidays, as it brings to us all a brief respite from our labours and forms a pleasant break in the ordinary and somewhat monotonous routine of our lives in exile.

A Day's Hunt in Central South America.

Almost in the centre of South America, on the Alto Paraguay, some seventy leagues from its source, in the Brazilian province of Matto Grosso, lies the little village of Santa Cruz do Barro, or Barro de Bugre, as it is more generally called from the river of that name, which here joins the main stream. It owes its existence to poia or ipecacuanha, and is the starting place of most of those who earn their livelihood by gathering this root. The country on the western bank consists, for the most part, of the densest forest, while on the eastern there is plenty of lightly timbered grass land. The climate during the dry season (which lasts from about April to October) is not unpleasant, the nights being always cool, though the sun is naturally very hot in the middle of the day. In the wet season, however, the climate is most unpleasant, and fever is rife.

Game is fairly abundant, including jaguar (commonly called tiger), puma, tapir, peccary, deer of three varieties, ostrich, mutù, etc. Having plenty of spare time, and being satiated with fishing, I made enquiries as to shooting of one of the principal merchants in the place. The man, who turned out to be a great sportsman and the owner of a pack of mongrels, said to be good tiger dogs, told me that any day I liked to go out with him he would show me some sport.

Some two days afterwards I was roused from my hammock by my friend, who told me that a peon had just arrived from a small farm of his, some three miles to the north, with the news that a tiger had killed a pig during the night. The day was only just breaking, so, hastily taking some cartridges and a 500 Winchester Express. I started off with my friend, whom I will call Pascual, and the peon. The former was armed with a double-barrel muzzle-loader of about 32-bore, with a most elaborately carved stock, but somewhat rickety locks, and he beguiled the time by recounting marvellous stories of the feats he had performed with this arm. He used the same load for everything, from a tiger to a pigeon; about a drachm of fine powder, half a newspaper, and three or four slugs, then some more newspaper, was, according to his theory, equal to anything likely to be found in the forests of Brazil. The dogs, headed by a dissolute-looking old varmint, answering to the name of Gabion who was, as the owner proudly said, "el maestro," followed soberly behind. They were a miserable-looking lot, with ears hanging in tattered strips, staring coats, mere skin and bone, scarred with many a token of the savage little "porco do matto," or wild pigs; but they did their work very well indeed, and would bay anything, from a tortoise to a tapir, as I subsequently discovered.

We did not take long to reach the miserable rancho, which, with a small corral, constituted my Brazilian friend's country establishment, and found that for some nights two tigers had been in the habit of promenading within a short distance of the corral, with a view to a pork supper, and that an unfortunate pig which had strayed during the day from the herd had fallen a victim to their appetites. His remains were discovered in a patch of bush close by, and tracks of the tigers were to be seen going in the direction of the river. Unfortunately there were no tracks near the kill, and the dogs would not own those pointed out by the peon, which appeared to me to be some days old. So we entered the forest and made towards the river, distant about a mile, close to which the tigers were most probably taking their morning nap.

Before long a chorus of yaps announced that the dogs were in full pursuit of something, and Pascual, after listening intently for some time, pronounced that it was merely a bichinho (some very insignificant vermin), as only the younger and less experienced of the pack were giving tongue, Gabion and the more reliable elders being silent. Gabion, it was said, though he hunted other animals, only spoke to the scent of a tiger, and disdained meaner quarry. Scrambling through the dense bush, scratched and bleeding, we at length had the satisfaction of finding ourselves close to the pack, who had something at bay, and were creating a terrific hulla-bulloo. We were unable for a long time to see what the dogs had got, but at length discovered it was a yacaré, or alligator, evidently guarding its nest. Fearfully disgusted, I despatched the unlucky brute with a shot through the head, and uncovering the dead leaves which formed the nest found some two score eggs; but as neither I nor my friends hankered after alligator eggs we left them to take their chance of hatching. The nearest water being more than half a mile away, I was rather surprised to find a nest so far from the river. For the next two hours or so we did not come across anything but an enormous cargado, or tortoise, on which our pack could not make much impression. Pascual tied this to a tree, so that it could not escape, saying that he would get it on our return, as he very much liked tortoise stew. Tapir tracks were very numerous along the river banks, and the ground showed many traces of pigs as well, but we did not come across any.

I was becoming rather sick of the business when Pascual stopped me, exclaiming "Oiga Gabion" (Hark t-Gabion). Though I did not recognise the old dog's note myself, my companion was confident that we were now on the track of the tigers. "Es onca mismo," he cried, and away we went in the direction of the sound, forcing our way through thorns and vines, careless of the punishment we received, till at last, bleeding and soaked with perspiration, we were so close that we could plainly hear the yells of the pack; but the onca did not wait for us, and made off, hotly pursued by the dogs. We followed as best we might, and, after a long and painful scramble, at length came upon the bay. The whole pack were furiously growling round the base of a huge fig tree, on one of the projecting branches of which was

perched a dejected looking puma, who was staring in a listless, uninteresting way at them, as if their proceeding were in no way connected with him. Es onca pardo no mas! "Only a puma," said Pascual, disdainfully; "but shoot it all the same." So I tumbled it off with a bullet in the shoulder down among the dogs, who promptly went for it. Badly wounded as the poor brute was, it severely mauled three or four of the dogs before it died. On examination our victim proved to be a female in milk, and had evidently recently littered, which was unfortunate. The peon, who had come up on the sound of the shot—for, being unarmed, he wisely preferred to keep some distance from the expected tiger—cut open the puma to get the bullet, and was very surprised to find that it had burst into fragments, and made a fearful mess inside her chest. He was loud in his praises of the Express cartridge when I showed him one; but when, on asking the cost of such cartridges, I told him about 40,000 reis (40 milreis) the hundred, he told me that he would never be such a fool as to waste money in that way; and I evidently went down in his opinion at once.

I suggested that the puma might possibly have been responsible for the defunct pig; but the man assured me that he had seen one of the tigers, and, moreover, that it was an onca preta, or black one; and the tracks near the house were not puma's but jaguar's. This was true; nevertheless, though we hunted for some time more, neither the jaguars nor the puma's cubs or mate could we discover, and so we started back dejectedly. From what I could discover, the black variety of jaguar seems much more common in the north than in the south of Matto Grosso.

On the way back we had a most exciting run after a tapir, which, however, saved its bacon by taking to the water. These brutes swim and dive remarkably well, and show great cunning in eluding the dogs. I subsequently shot several, one of which had been recently cruelly torn by a tiger. They were all covered with carapatos or ticks.

Just before we arrived at the edge of the forest an opportunity occurred to Pascual of exhibiting his skill with his beloved espingada. We disturbed a fine mutú, or curassow, which flew up and perched in a tree close by. After a good deal of theatrical manoeuvring with his weapon, Pascual squinted along the barrels and pulled the trigger, but no report followed, as the cap had been knocked off on some previous occasion: the second barrel went off all right, as did the mutú, in the midst of a regular cloud of paper. Pascual used the most appalling language. In the course of several other excursions with him, I discovered that such was the general result of his shots, though few could equal him in knowledge of the habits of the different wild animals and birds.

Before I left the Barro, I sold Pascual, at his urgent request, a Martini sporting carbine with some 200 cartridges. He grew immensely proud of this rifle, with which he got to make fairly good practice. On one occasion, while showing it to an admiring circle in his store, he managed to let it off by mistake, and hit quite a number of things, including a wooden case, containing a saint, a bale of calico, and the only bottle of Worcestershire sauce in the village. I expect that, unless impelled by curiosity he has taken his weapon to pieces and been unable to put it together again, by this time he has added various tigers and other game to his record.—SOMBRERO-GUAZU, in the "Field."

A PNEUMATIC SADDLE

The present era is likely to be known to history as the pneumatic age, says a North American contemporary. What with pneumatic tubes and pneumatic tires, pneumatic bells and pneumatic guns, to say nothing of pneumatic orators in Congress, the wind works seem to be coming to the front. The latest thing in the pneumatic line is the invention of a Washington man, Jack Rogers, one of the well-known members of the Columbia Athletic Club, and his invention is a saddle. Rogers was by no means a tenderfoot when he went West the last time, having lived on alkali and baking powder bread for a number of years west of the one hundredth meridian. On his last trip out he was softened by a long course of luxurious living in the effete East, and when it came to riding miles a day on a broncho that would jolt the screw top off a tin canteen on a Sabbath day's journey he was, strictly speaking, not in it, or that was, he did not want to be. So, after casting around after means of alleviating his distress, he got a pair of old hot-water bags that had been knocking around in the camp medical outfit, and improvised a couple of saddle pads that did away with saddle blankets, and were cool and easy on man and beast. With true business instinct he patented the device, and had a few pneumatic saddles made. It is a contrivance that is likely to be looked down upon by the callous residents of the West, who consider it a matter of no moment to settle their breakfast by fifteen minutes' exercise on a bucking broncho before starting off for an all-day's ride, but in some localities the thing has taken quite extensively, and now the German army is experimenting with it in the cavalry service. What the outcome of this will be it is hard to say, but to an ignorant outsider it looks as though there might be danger of the superheated air exploding under the violent pounding.

SPORT IN NORTH AMERICA.

A keen English sportsman resident in the States sends "Rapier" of the "Sporting and Dramatic News" the following wail as to the surroundings. He says: "You have no idea what a lack of the spirit of sportsmen there is in all this huge country. You are blocked right and left when your enthusiasm begins to flow as you get into a discussion about some great race or achievement of man or beast. The American is saturated with business; he has no time to become anything but a 'sport,' and therefore never becomes a 'sportsman.' One can't blame them; they've had to make their way single-handed most of them; and being without hereditary tendencies that way, and there being absolutely no idea about that cricket and football are the proper things for a boy to do at school, they have not the associations in which we were all reared at home. The term 'old country' gains most of its sentiment in this manner, and I doubt if any American away from America feels just the same as does the Englishman abroad. The men who love best to see a good horse struggle home under the top weight, the head on his jockey's shoulders just getting him home a nose, are few; those who howl when the same horse is coming home, watching only the muzzle to see if their bets are safe or in danger, are legion; and the 'good, game horse' doesn't come in until the betting tickets are cashed and the horse gone to his stable, broken down, may be, after just landing the last dollar he ever will win. They always bet; they bet on the Yale-Harvard football game, and they certainly yell for the side they prefer; but they do not play the game themselves. Even in athletics it seems to be all drifting into professionalism, which is business, and it is the same at the club and in the drawing-room, *i.e.*, that the talk takes the form of eyeing sport as a professional business, and is tiresome for that reason. You notice it instantly, for it is the exception to see, or rather hear, that ring which tells you that a man has been through it himself, and feels and appreciates the real spirit of the game. No nation that condones lynching can be one of good sportsmen. To any one who, born and bred in the country, learned to ride as soon as his legs were long enough to go across the fat back of a pony; went to boarding and public school, taking his fights and his caps for cricket and football as a matter of course, rounding up in the first eleven and fifteen; coming home every holidays to find his father only too delighted to see him going on in the good old way, and to mount him with the local pack to do the best he can for himself and hold his own when he learns by experience how to do it; and then his blue at the 'Varsity—this man will always find Americans' ways of amusing themselves to be dull and colourless, and had better, if he must migrate, go to a land where Englishmen rule."

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Cows (mestizas)	43-65	33-50	24-32	12-15
" (criollas)	28-33	22-28	14-17	7-8
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Lambskins, per dozen	2.00-2.50

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" (amarillo), old, 100 kilos	6.00-6.50
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FIXTURES

CRICKET

Sunday, Feb. 11—London Bank v. B.A.C.C., at Palermo.
Sunday, Feb. 11—Lanus v. Lomas, at Lanus.

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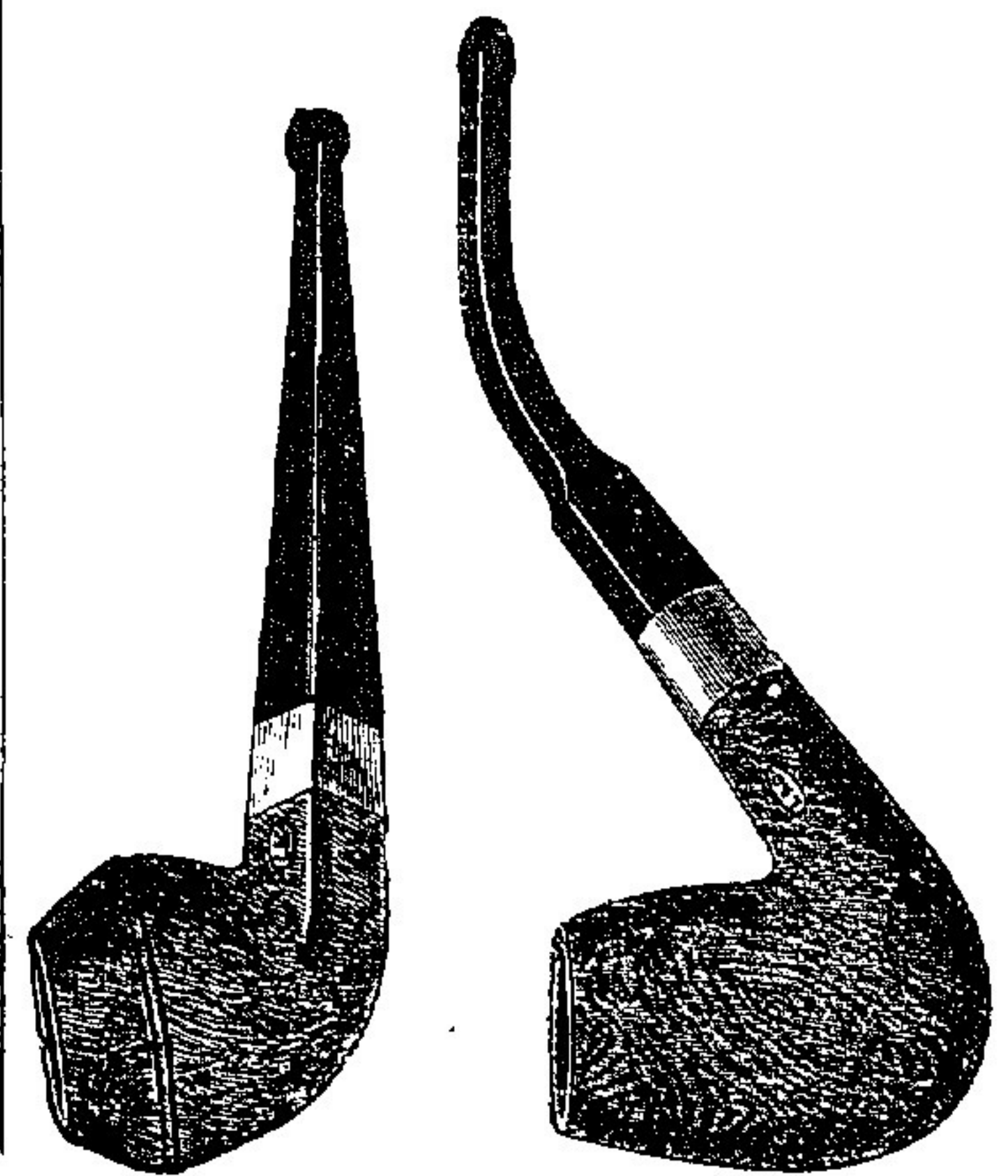


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A Summer Ramble in the Cordilleras.

(Continued.)

We got up at once and put on our coats, for the morning air was chilly and it wanted yet three hours to sunrise, and taking our rifles went off. The moon was still above the summit of the volcano but in less than an hour we knew it would be hidden, and that was the time we expected the Indians would make their rush. In the toldo we found Namun and five or six of the elder men sitting round a small fire smoking. They looked up as we entered, but neither moved nor spoke so we all four, Potts, Jack, Brandon, and I walked round to where the chief was sitting and seated ourselves on the ground by his side. We lit our pipes, and when we had been smoking for some few minutes Namun began to speak:—

"You know, my brothers, that from what the captive said this evening that this is the very tribe which brought destruction among our people years ago, and Calu's father, Icalu, was the chief who killed my father and carried off our cattle and women, to-day we must avenge them and to you (pointing at Potts) I entrust the charge of the men with rifles. Twenty men with rifles have gone with Hilca, forty-six still remain, take with you these three ingleses and those forty-six men, and go out to that little ridge of rocks you have seen by the edge of the river and hide there. The Indians will charge straight for the village, don't fire a shot until they have passed you and then fire as fast and as straight as you can. The rest of the men with lances and cutlasses will be divided into three groups, I will lead one and a capitanejo will lead each of the others, and immediately after we hear your volley we will all charge together before they have recovered from their first shock. Should any have separated and gone off up the valley among the woods, Hilca will deal with them, and with his men block the mouth of the ravine so that none escape. Now go, you have little time to get ready, you will find the forty-six men who go with you in front of my toldo, only remember there are ten men placed beyond you, to give notice of the approach of the enemy, don't shoot them by mistake."

After that we rose and went out one by one and now for the first time noticed, that while we had been sleeping, the cacique had been organising his men, for three groups or regiments were drawn up close together, each man standing by his horse, and each man had the point of his spear turned down to the sand so that the moon could not shine on it. About sixty yards in front of the chief's toldo the riflemen lay on the ground, not a detail had been forgotten. We hurried off to our tent, put on our cartridge belts and stuffed our pockets with as many they would hold, and then went off and joined the others. These got up as we reached them and followed us without a word, and then half running, and half walking we sped away towards the rocks. We had barely got there when the moon sunk below the summit of the mountain and the valley was merged in shadow. The rocks to which we had come were a narrow ledge about twenty-five yards long, and the highest not more than five feet, a better position could not have been found for being close together they formed both a breastwork and a hiding place.

"That Injun," said Potts, "is a born general, he couldn't have placed his men better now, we blaze into them in the flank while he attacks in front, and that brother of his with two hundred men roasts them in the rear. It's about the finest trap I've seen."

In the village all the fires were out, and not a sound was to be heard except now and then the bark of a dog. Ours were all tied up inside the tent.

"What about our horses," said Brandon, "won't they take fright and break away when the fighting begins?"

"Not much," said Potts, "there were two men with them when we came away, besides all our men's horses are there, too, with people to look after them and prevent them stampeding. I tell you that chief is worth a pile, he has thought of everything."

We sat there in silence for some time, perhaps half an hour, though perhaps to us the time seemed longer, when I felt a hand laid on my shoulder, and looking round saw an Indian's face close to mine. "Horses coming," he whispered, we all listened but could hear nothing, but after a minute or so we espied some men trotting towards us, and then we could make out some dark forms. They came straight up to where we were and we counted nine men.

"They are all collecting at the mouth of the ravine," said one, as he reined in his horse in front of us. "We go on to tell the cacique."

"Where's your other man?" asked Potts.

"Gone to tell Hilca," he replied, and they all cantered off.

"By the lord, that cacique is better than I thought an Injun could be," whispered Potts in my ear. "You see he rode up his mind last night where he would post us, though he never said a word about it, only he told those fellows to come and let us know on their way back. But listen, what's that?"

"Hist," said an Indian near me, and I heard the cracking of several rifles and a low rumbling, the noise of many hoofs.

"Now then," said Potts, a little louder, in Spanish, "no one must fire until they are past us."

We all crouched down, with our eyes only just above the level of the rocks, and waited, the rumbling grew louder and then out from the gloom came a crowd of men at a hand gallop. On they came, riding right for the mountain, at the foot of which they knew the village was, just as they were in front of us the dogs in the tolderia all started barking loudly and then the Indians knowing that they were discovered gave out a long hideous yell, but at the same time fifty flames shot

from the rocks they had not noticed, and fifty rifles cracked sending a shower of bullets among them, an answering yell came from just in front as Namun and his three regiments rushed down on them like a whirlwind. We dare not shoot again and could see nothing, for the dust hid everything from our view, though we could hear amid the shouts and screams the sound of our men's machetes as they struck the Indians lances. We could not tell either how many men had been killed by the volley we had poured in, nor dare we move from our ambush behind the rocks for it was still too dark, and riderless horses were galloping about everywhere. The fight was stubborn, and the two contending parties were mixed up in one serging mass, fighting it out in the dust and darkness. We all stood up, now and then getting a chance shot, for the pampa men were distinguishable whenever they showed outside the dust by their long lances, and I saw Potts knock over six one after another. But it seemed to me more like a huge scramble at football than a fight, for the whole affair hardly covered two acres. Neither could we distinguish any voice in particular for they were all yelling at once, and the sound was one I cannot describe, though now and then a death shriek could be heard above the general uproar. None of us spoke I know, we were all too intently watching that cloud of dust, then we saw three or four men gallop away, and then more, and in the end out from the dust came a flying crowd, into which we fired as fast as we could load. At length all that were left alive had turned tail, but to our surprise Namun did not follow them though we could distinguish his voice shouting out orders to his men, and a few minutes after he rode up on a big grey horse whose neck and chest were streaked with blood.

"Why don't you follow them and finish them off," cried Potts.

"Listen," he replied.

And almost at the same moment we heard a scattered volley and more shouting in the distance, and knew that the flying Indians had run right up against Hilca and his two hundred men in the mouth of the ravine.

"Now quick and get your horses and follow us," he shouted, and he galloped off followed by his men.

We ran off as hard as we were able in the direction of the village, but as we passed the place where the fight had been we saw numbers of dark bodies laying about, some of which moved and one or two shouted to us as we went by, but what they said we did not stay to learn but ran on, intent only on getting our horses and joining in the fight we knew was going on down the valley. The sky was now reddening fast and it was getting light, so we made out quite easily our horses under the trees and seven or eight men holding them, and a tough job enough they had, for the firing and the shouting had scared them so that one or two had broken their bridles and got away, and the others were doing their best to achieve the same end. We ran straight for our tent to get more cartridges, not that we had nearly fired away what we had taken with us, but because we wished to have as many as we could carry, as the fight was only half over. Our small regiment, who had all their ammunition with them in little square leathern ponchos strapped round their waists, ran straight to where their horses were being held, and mounting, rode off as hard as they could leaving us behind.

"Come along," cried Potts, "those other fellows are off, the affair is about finished, I reckon, but we may just as well see the end of it."

As we were mounting our horses Cora came running up to us.

"Oh, Jack," she cried, "do come and hold my horse, he won't let me mount."

"What do you want a horse for?" he asked, "you're not coming."

"Of course I am," she replied, "that is what I stayed behind for when all the women and children were sent up into the mountains. I must see the end of this fight."

"No," said Jack, "you just stay where you are, it isn't safe for you."

"If you don't take me with you," she cried in a passion, "I'll never speak to you again. My horse is ready but I cannot mount him, he is gone mad."

We cantered up to her hut, and there we found her horse saddled and bridled, a high peaked Chilean saddle on his back, in his mouth he had a little silver bit, too slight I thought to hold a hot-blooded horse. He was a chestnut, and very handsome though rather weedy, and evidently in a state of great excitement, as he was covered with sweat and kept impatiently pawing up the ground first with one foot and then with the other, giving an angry kick with one hind foot at a time, as a horse in a temper always will.

"He is not fit for you to ride," I said, "you will never hold him."

"Why not? I never ride any other, he is quite quiet when I am on his back."

We had no time to waste talking, so, catching hold of the bridle, Jack told her to mount—her stirrup was the same as those all the Indians use, except on great occasions when they bring out their silver gear, namely a good sized button at the end of a raw hide thong attached to the saddle, so slipping the thong between the first and second toes, and treading on the button, she vaulted into the saddle astride as lightly and quickly as any horse tamer I have ever seen. And then we started. The chestnut, however, was half mad with excitement, he gave one or two violent plunges, stretching out his nose at the same time as though trying to wrench the reins out of his rider's hands, but she only laughed as she leant slightly forward and raced over the level space that lay between the village and the mouth of the ravine where the fight, or rather I should say slaughter, was going on for the pampa men were now outnumbered nearly two to one and were fighting only for their

lives. We could see the dust quite clearly, and sometimes distinguished three or four mounted men, for it was getting quite light though the sun was not yet up. We rode along the edge of the woods, and were going nearly full speed when we were overtaken by a riderless horse who raced past us with a lasso trailing full length behind him from the recado. This was too much for Cora's horse, he gave a snort of rage and a terrific bound which snapped the frail bit and the reins hung useless in the rider's hand, and then he started off after the other.

Jack shouted to her to jump off, but either she did not hear, or else she was too frightened, for away she went clinging to the saddle with her hands. Now the riderless horse ran right up a narrow glade in the monte in which, for about a mile and a half, there were no trees, and Cora's horse followed, and we behind, though every stride he took increased the distance, so that as we neared the end of the glade she was more than two hundred yards ahead; we saw her sway once or twice in her saddle, and I expected and hoped that she might fall off, for though, certainly, she would be seriously hurt, yet that was better than having her brains knocked out by the branches of the trees towards which her maddened horse was quickly carrying her. With horror, I saw her drawing nearer to the woods, but when within three hundred yards of them some cattle and horses came clearing out across the open space from the woods on the south, and behind them six men whom we knew at once, from the long lances they carried, to be Pampa Indians. They saw her, for they opened out so that she should pass between them, and, as she passed, two of them threw their bolas, which, catching her horse round the hind legs, brought him heavily to the ground. They then rode up to where Cora lay, some yards ahead, apparently stunned, and we saw them run their lances through her several times. It turned me quite sick, but I heard Jack give a yell like a wild beast as his horse rushed past me, for I had pulled up at the horrid spectacle. I am not particularly soft-hearted, myself, and have seen horrors enough perpetrated by these Indians to harden any man, but a wanton, cold-blooded murder like that caused me to hesitate for a second, and in that second's hesitation the others passed me, and, consequently, I saw the whole of what occurred immediately after. As I have said Jack passed me, and so did Potts and Brandon, and the Indians again opened out to receive their charge. Potts, as he raced on, put up his rifle, fired, and one of the two men who had speared Cora fell over his horse's neck dead. Jack rode straight at the other, who galloped forward to receive him with his lance's point three yards in front of his horse's head; as they closed Jack fired his revolver, and then I saw his knees go up and he fell over his horse's haunches to the ground, with the lance sticking in his left shoulder; the Indian also fell off, shot through the chest. Brandon shot one, and Potts bowled over another. I fired two shots but missed, and the two remaining Indians cleared through the woods for their lives. When we could stop our horses, for the pace we were going had carried us some distance past where the dead bodies lay, we rode back. Cora was beyond our help; she was quite dead, with five lance wounds through her body, her left arm was broken, and she had a large bruise on her left temple, so we passed on to Jack, who lay on his back some ten yards from her. The lance was still sticking in his shoulder, but the wound was too high up to have done much damage, though, from the way his head was twisted round, we feared he had broken his neck.

"Oh! Master Jack, Master Jack," cried poor old Brandon, jumping off his horse and running up to him, the tears running down his cheeks and off the end of his nose, "don't say as you're dead, sir, don't. My God, what ever shall we do?"

"Pull the lance out of his shoulder first of all," said Potts, stolidly, "and then straighten his neck, and now," when he had done these two things himself, "let's see what other damage there is."

We felt him all over, but could find no bones broken, though, as I raised his head to examine his neck, blood began to flow from his nose.

"That's good," said Potts, "hold him up with his face to the wind, but, Lord, what a bump he came on to the back of his head, lucky there weren't no stones round or he'd have been killed right away. Concussion of the brain, I'm afraid, that's bad enough down here, though, in all conscience, with no saw bones round to bear a hand, but we must try and pull him through, somehow. Gall's dead as a nit, though, can't help her, undertaker's job, that; pity, too, though, doocid fine gall, but its Providence, I guess, for Jack would only have made a fool of himself about her."

Meanwhile, poor old Brandon was stooping over Jack, with hands clasped tightly between his knees, blubbering like a child, and peering into Jack's face; and Jack breathed, though that was the only sign of life he gave, and blood flowed from both sides of his shoulder, for the lance had gone right through. We listened eagerly but could hear no sounds of firing, so we concluded that the fighting was finished.

"You stay here with your pal," said Potts at length, "while I ride down to where Namun is and bring help to carry him back to the village," and with that he started off as hard as his horse could gallop, in the direction of the ravine.

In less than half an hour he returned bringing with him the chief and five or six men. Namun rode right past us to where Cora lay dead, and getting off his horse stood looking at her for two or three minutes, and then walked up to where we were. Tears ran down his cheeks, and he seemed much affected.

"She was my sister," he said, as he brushed away the tears with the back of his hand, as though afraid of showing any emotion; "but she is avenged. Look at

this," and he held up his short sword, or machete which was covered with blood, and notched all the way up.

He, too, was wounded in several places. He had a nasty cut on his ribs, and another on his left arm; indeed all the men who came with him were more or less hurt.

"Will the Ingles live?" he asked.

I replied that I thought so.

"Good," he replied. "Then you wait here, I have sent four men to the village to bring Antoine's little bed. When they come they will carry him there, and then come back for Cora. I am weak, too. I have lost much blood, so I will go on."

He mounted with difficulty and rode off, and then I turned to Potts and asked him how the fight had gone.

"Well, you see, it was about over when I got there. But it seems as though our fellows had got them into a corner and just butchered them. There must be considerably over two hundred dead there, and they say about twenty-eight of ours are rubbed out as well, and Hilca has gone off down the ravine like a scalded cat, with about forty more to bring the pampa men's spare horses, and they reckon there are over a thousand close to, in charge of some boys, for when they came to fight they left everything behind them. Those Araucanos have scored properly this time. But there are more Indians up the valley. These we just met are some of them. They don't know nothin' of what's been going on down here. They'll find things ain't going quite as they expected. Here come the men with the bed."

So Jack was lifted up and put on the little camp bed and taken off to the village, Brandon going with him on foot leading the two horses, but Potts and I remained beside the body of poor little wilful Cora; not that anybody could harm her now, but out of respect, and the Indians appreciated the act, though they failed to understand us. We went and examined the four dead Indians.

"The ways of God Almighty are inscrutable," said Potts, when we had looked over them all, "for whatever he created these reptiles for beats my comprehension. A Chin'e is bad enough, and so is a nigger, but you can civilise them both to a certain degree, but whatever he was thinking of when he invented these darned scum for, has never yet been cyphered out. It's utterly impossible to civilise them. It's been tried everywhere, and never succeeded. The more you civilise them, the worse they are. Directly they put on a pair of pants they want to go to the towns, and that means getting drunk. They can't help it, and a drunken Indian is a hell fiend. Look at 'em in the States, what a mess they have made of it there civilising them, and as for work, has any man seen an Indian work? They may have been put here originally to keep down the wild beasts, but now the wild beasts don't want keeping down, so the Indians had best be got rid of. It does rile me some to hear the parsons talk agin killing them, for I reckon the man who says that don't know what he's talking of. The Jesuits tried it down here hundred's of years ago. There's the remains of their chapel on the island of the lake Naguel Huapi, and where's the Jesuits? Why, they was all killed, and no more come, and what they gave up ain't worth trying, you bet. No, let the man who wants to civilise them have a fair show, and see how he likes it."

"That's just what I've always said ever since I saw their first raid, but of course it's no use talking to people who have never seen any of their work. I have given that up long ago, they can stick to their opinion if they like, and I am quite sure no one will ever alter mine on that score. Look at that poor little girl there, what good could it do them to run their lances through her as she lay stunned and helpless? It was the cursed devilishness of their natures that prompted them to it, but they paid for it, thank goodness. I only wish we could kill them twice over. But what an awful sell it has been for these fellows; most of them were killed, eh?"

"Yes, not many got away, some few did, not through the ravine though, some cleared up this way I'm told, and if so they must have taken to the mountains on foot."

"What do you think of Jack?"

"Oh, he'll be all right in a few days, his skull aint cracked, I felt that to make sure, but he got a scrumptious tumble, and as for the wound in his shoulder that aint of no account to speak of, he's young and healthy, and a little blood letting never does a youngster no great harm, and it makes him more careful."

In about an hour the men came back for Cora, her horse was standing a few yards off, evidently half stupefied by the tumble he had had; one of the men went up to him and took off the saddle and bridle and then cut its throat as he told me "by order of the cacique," and then we lifted her up carefully, and put her on the bed and sorrowfully wended our way back to the village. We took her to her own hut, but old Maimai was not there, she was away tending the chief and other wounded men who had been brought in, and there were many, so Potts and I went off also to give what help we could, and by this means came to learn the whole details of the fight. We were told by one of the men who went with Hilca that as soon as they got news that the Indians had come up the ravine they secured their horses with double hobbles and then crept down close to where they were, on foot, they saw them start for the village but a few, perhaps a dozen or fifteen, struck off to the south alone, intent probably on looking up horses and cattle. They took no notice of these knowing that they were safe, but went and took up a position right in the mouth of the ravine, all the men who had not rifles collecting a small pile of good sized stones. They heard our volley and the shouts of Namun's men as they attacked immediately after, and then they came rushing back; when they were close to, the Araucanos fired their rolley and the men who had not rifles showered in their stones, killing many and knocking others off their horses. The Indians not being able to get their horses to face the shower of stones that continually

poured in among them, jumped off and breaking their lances off short came for them on foot, and a hand to hand battle ensued, but then Namun charged down and the thing was finished in five minutes, twenty-four of our men were killed there for the Indians fought like tigers, knowing that no quarter would be given, and six were killed at the fight which had taken place near the rocks. Calu had been killed there, they found him lying dead, with a hole where a bullet had entered under his right ear and come out at his left temple. The victory had been complete, the pampa men had been exterminated, though there were not half a dozen men who had been in the fight who had not been wounded.

Jack lay insensible all that day, we kept on applying cold water bandages to his head, but he never moved hand or foot until the middle of the next night, and then he moved his right arm and muttered something, we could not hear what, but it seemed a step in the right direction, and sent old Brandon nearly wild with delight. We then took it in turns to sit up with him, but meanwhile other things had happened, which, though they did not directly concern us, have to be related.

In the first place, messengers had been sent off immediately after the fight to call back the women and children to attend the wounded, to help to bury the dead, and also to bury poor Cora, who now lay on the little bed in her own toldo dressed in white, her own bloodstained clothes having been taken off and burnt. The cacique was very bad, the wound on his ribs had been more serious than we had at first imagined, and as night came on he became delirious, and Potts had to go and stay with him, as the Indians were afraid, saying that the gualiche or devil had taken possession of him, and they would have let him go off by himself, raving as he was, for they dare not lay hands on him to prevent him. Then Hilca had returned bringing with him fifteen hundred horses. These he had found near the outer road of the ravine, he had also taken four boys who had been left in charge of them while the Indians came up to the village to fight, these horses had been brought by the Indians to hunt on, as no man ever leaves his tolderia with less than five or six spare mounts or often more. The men had been out up the valley collecting the horses belonging to the Indians who had been killed, and nearly three hundred had been brought in, with saddles and bridles on them, some of great value on account of the amount of silver with which they were covered. Calu's horse especially, a splendid bay, the head stall and bridle of which were of solid silver, clumsily worked it is true, but of great value, the saddle, too, was covered with it, and the stirrups weighed about two pounds each of solid metal. Every horse that we found saddled up the valley had one or two good ponchos beautifully worked and dyed in many different colours in stripes, for these pampa women make their own dyes from bark, wood, or roots of trees, shrubs, and weeds, and the dyes so made never can be washed out, but remain bright and clear for ever. So that although there was sorrow in the tribe, there was also rejoicing, not merely on account of this spoil which was already taken, but also on account of that which was yet to come; for Hilca was to start the following day with two hundred men well armed, mounted on the newly acquired horses, and with the Argentine captive as guide, to go and destroy Calu's tolderia and bring back all the cattle and other spoil to be found there. On one subject, however, Namun insisted, and this gave much discontent among some of the young men, and that was that no women should be brought back. "For," said he, "we will have none of this spawn of the devil to mix with the blood of our tribe, there are some of them among us now, but while I live there shall be no more with my consent. Any man who wishes to take to himself a wife from among the pampa tribes can do so, but he shall no longer belong to the tribe." Many were against this decision and said that the wounds he had received had made the chief mad, but Hilca I was glad to see stood up for him, and said that he was quite right, there were enough unmarried maidens in the tribe for all the young men who wished to marry, and there was therefore no reason why they should look for wives from among other tribes. So Hilca started, and the men who remained behind set to work to collect all the dead bodies of the pampa Indians, and laid a hundred of them close together in a square, and then covered them over with sand and earth, and put another layer of men on the top of the first, and covered them well up also, and on the top of the heap they piled a great quantity of loose stones, so that the heap when it was finished, stones and all, was over twenty feet high. The bodies of the thirty Araucanos who had been killed were taken to the village and each one placed in the toldo to which he belonged, there to await the arrival of the women, and these would arrive on the following day, for the place to which they had been sent was not far off and they would travel both by night and day to perform their sad office. Old Maimai was much altered since the death of Cora. While I was sitting that evening, the same day as the fight, in our tent looking after Jack, she came in with an earthenware jar filled with a decoction of Quinia with which she had been curing the wounds of the chief and others. She bathed Jack's shoulder with it for some time in silence, and then turning to me said:

"Did I speak truth or not when I said that they would part in four days' time never to meet again?"

"Yes, you spoke truth," I replied.

"And was right when I said that her own wilfulness would cause her death?"

"You were right, but you might have prevented it had you chosen, knowing what you did."

She turned on me, her eyes blazing with fury.

(To be continued.)

Cañada de Gomez

THE RECENT LOSS OF CATTLE AT CAÑADA DE GOMEZ.

February 1, 1894.

To the Editor *River Plate Sport and Pastime*.

Dear Sir,—

May I have one word in answer to a letter appearing in the "Times of Argentina" of the 30th ult., signed "Fair Play," simply in my own justification? I have not the slightest intention of entering upon a correspondence with the writer, were you, Sir, inclined to permit it, which I very much doubt.

What I stated in the few remarks which you printed in your issue of the 24th January I say is substantially correct, nor does "Fair Play" in any way prove the contrary. I did not "gloat" over the report that a claim had been made against the railway company for damages, and also that a fine would be inflicted upon them. The small paragraph which I penned was a statement of fact known to me personally, with the sole "hearsay" of the claim for compensation and the fine. How could the latter have been other than "hearsay"? I can have no feeling whatever in the matter, so why should I be "disappointed" if the company have not to pay, or if it is found that no one is to blame? I imputed no blame whatever to anyone; I did not argue the question as to whether the cattle might have been unloaded at Pergamino or at any other place. I said that the cattle were sent from Cañada to Pergamino and from Pergamino to Cañada, through the dust and heat of four days and nights, without food or water, and that on arrival here they were mad. I did not say that it was an easy matter to "sujetar" cattle in such straits, ignorant though I be. I fancy it would be as easy as to "subdue" anyone determined to rush into print, and recklessly to make false statements in an abortive attempt to prove that all "men are liars."

The correspondent agrees with my statement of fact, and then calmly says that I am "profoundly ignorant of the matter." How can these contradictions be reconciled, and what does "Fair Play" know of my capacity to make a true deduction from what I see, in this case I may say, and smell? If I am "profoundly ignorant" surely "Fair Play" fares slightly worse: he is not only in the boat on board which he wishes to embark me, but Palermo being a slight step from Cañada he can only have got wind of the matter "on hearsay" from the Press, or perhaps the wind wafted the aroma to the fashionable suburb from which he writes. Has "Fair Play" read the report in the "Argentine News" of 27th January, 1894? With the Salas case which he quotes I have nothing whatever to do, nor with the other cattle "who" "perished in the camp."—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

YOUR CORRESPONDENT.

Argentine Association Football League Smoking Concert.

The third Smoking Concert in connection with the Argentine Association Football League took place last Thursday, in the Salon La France. In the absence of Mr Hutton, who through illness was unable to attend, the Hon. Secretary occupied the chair.

Judging from the opening remarks of the Chairman, one might have expected a very disappointing evening, whereas the contrary was the result.

Messrs Crow and Greenlees were both absent through illness, thus we were debarred from hearing our popular tenors; and Messrs Smith, Morgan and McReddie found it impossible to attend through business engagements.

All these misfortunes were, however, mitigated by the kindness of Messrs Henry and Robinson, who offered to assist at the last moment, and the other artistes, who one and all gave extra "turns."

Mr Permain with comic songs, Mr J. S. Lee with some smart hits about the badges and football, Mr Taylor in a three-part ventriloquist colloquy, Mr McQueen on the violin, and Messrs Henry and Robinson, all contributed to the evident delight of a very large audience.

Mr Sterling, in costume, danced twice, with an agility that many a younger man might envy.

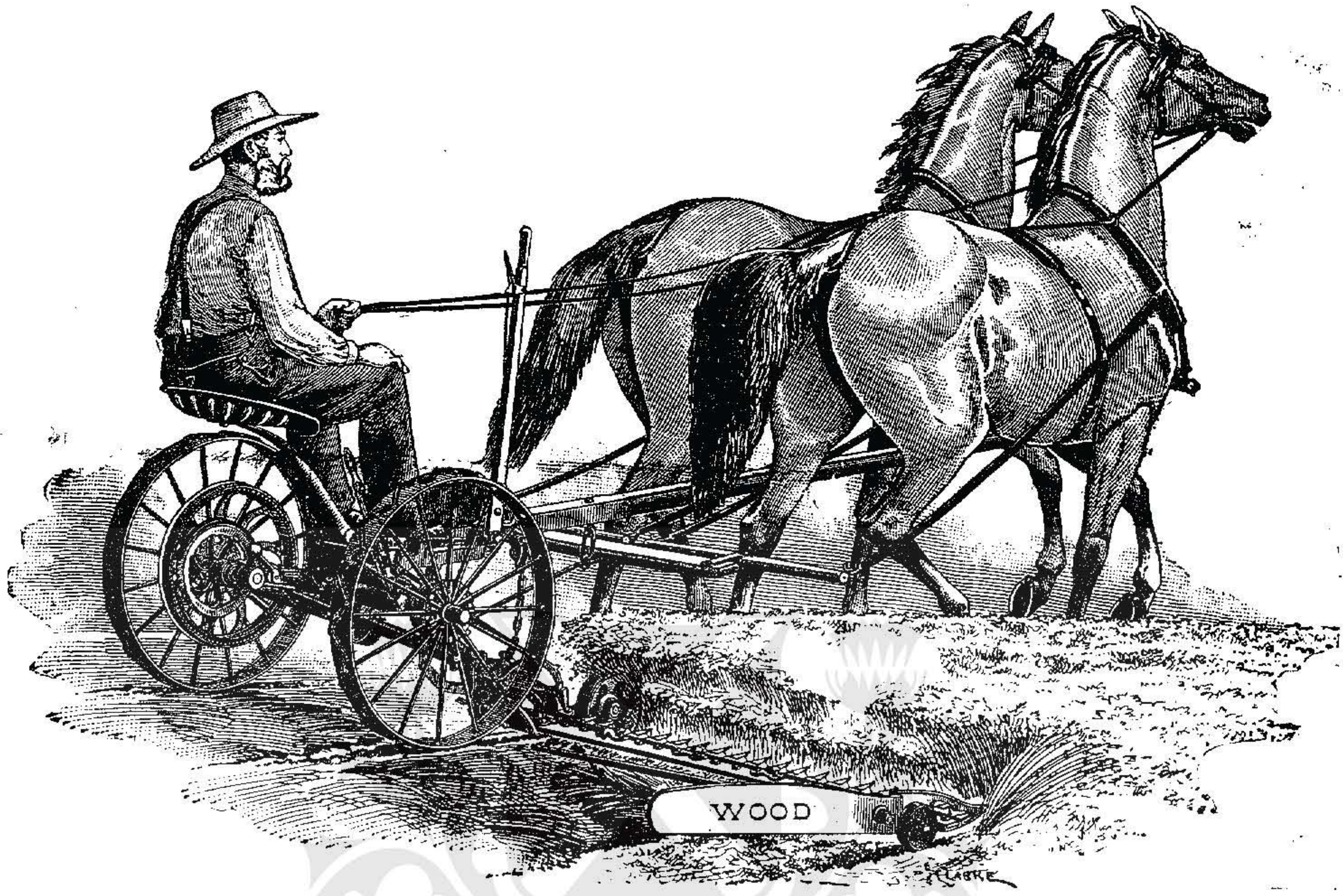
The accompanist, Mr L. G. Bentham, succeeded in carrying out his part of the programme in a most satisfactory manner, and the Association are to be congratulated at having such an able pianist at hand, especially when the improvised nature of the programme is taken into consideration.

At the conclusion of the concert Mr Lamont presented the badges for the last season to the Lomas Athletic Club's winning team: Messrs. Reynolds (cap.), Carter, Rath, Bridger, Buchanan, Bridge, Jacobs, Anderson, G. Leslie, W. Leslie and Nobili, amidst great cheering, those who were not members of the winning Club joining as lustily in their congratulations as the winners' own colleagues. Whilst this aspect of honest rivalry pervades amongst our countrymen, what fear should we have of losing our position as the first athletic country of the world? Football and cricket are the two games where nothing but the sheer, honest desire of doing one's best can be considered the only incentive, and, happily, as Mr Hutton remarked at the first concert, there is not much possibility of the ruinous introduction of betting in them.

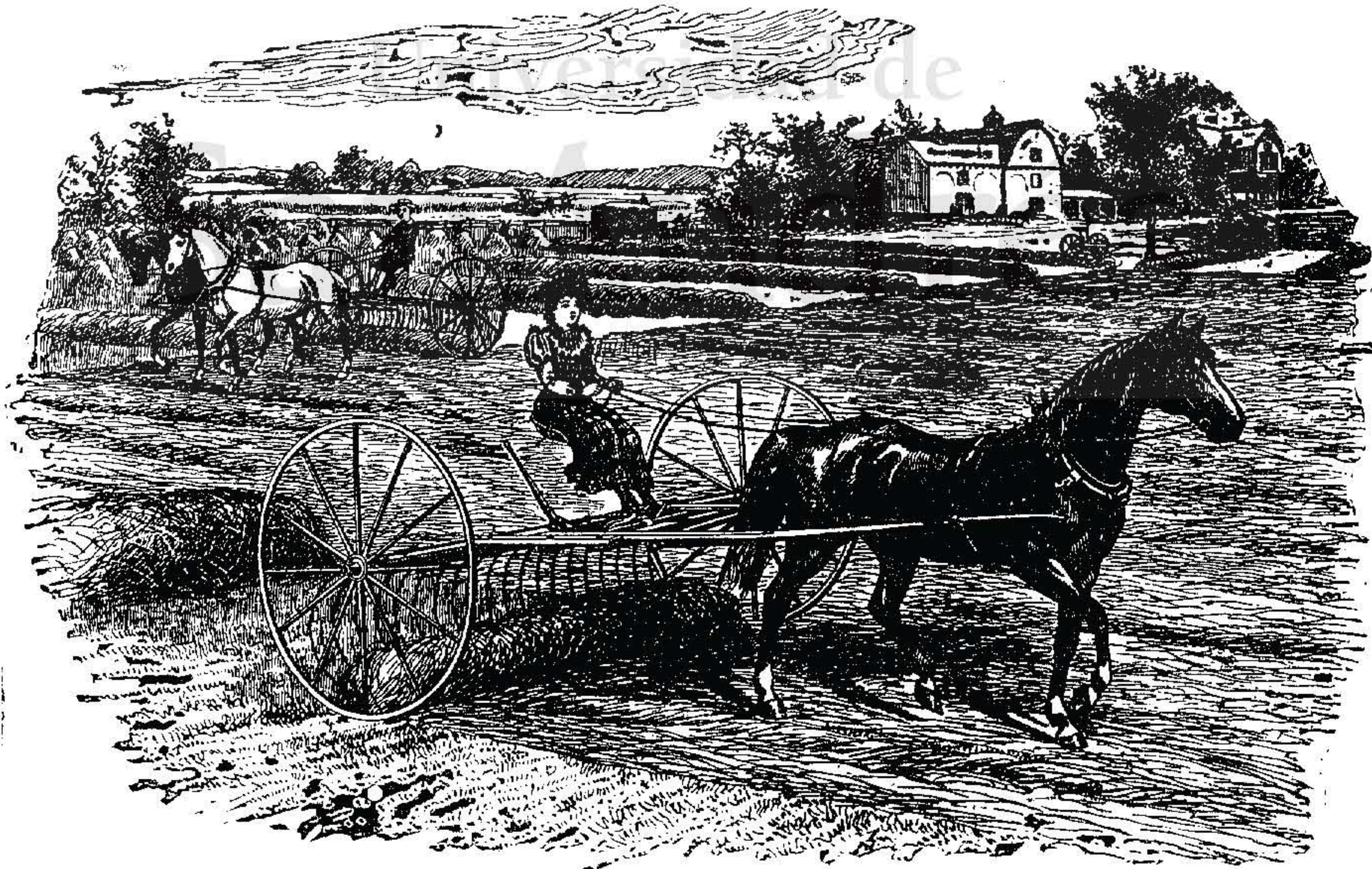
A very pleasant episode concluded the proceedings. Mr Lamont was presented with a set of diamond studs in acknowledgment of his able services to the Association. The presentation was made by Mr B. B. Syer, and after Mr Lamont had returned thanks the proceedings terminated, everybody well satisfied with the evening's amusement.

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